SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1850.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 11. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 23.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Devober & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

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Weekly Almanack.

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

Feb.		h.	Sun. s	Moon s	H. W.
2	Saturday,	7	24 5	4 11 55	2 43
3	Sunday	7	23 5	5 — —	3 38
4	Monday,	7	22 5	6 0 57	4 47
5	Tuesday,	7	21 5	7 1 56	6 7
6	Wednesday,	7	20 5	8 2 56	7 22
7	Thursday,	7	19 5	10 3 49	8 23
8	Friday.	7	18 5	11 4 40	9 9

Last Quarter, 34 day, 8h 34m, morn.

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LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
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February, 1848.

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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*

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
King Street

THE Subscriber having leased the Premises known as the *Commercial Hotel*, situate in King street, a few doors below the St John Hotel, is prepared to receive permanent or transient Boarders. The House has undergone a thorough repair, and every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of parties patronising this establishment. OLIVER BYRAM.
St John Sept 7, 1849.

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 9, Union street, South wark, 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 outdoor 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, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B.

Miscellany.

PHENOMENA OF DEATH.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and the mind to reflect. On the first attempt by one of the fanatic adherents of Spain to assassinate the William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant of time that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence were impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effects of gun-shot wounds it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensation, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character—of gentleness or ferocity—to the latest breath.

Some of the cases are of interest, to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under mortal wounds till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness." Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal. "Indeed I feared so," he responded with unpoised attentiveness, "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer, if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sunk dead upon the turf."

Drowning was held in horror by some of the ancients, who conceived the soul to be a fire, and that the water would put it out. But a Sybarite, could hardly have quarrelled with the death. The struggles at the outset are prompted by terror, not by pain, which commences later, and is soon succeeded by a pleasing languor; nay some, if not the majority, escape altogether the interval of suffering. A gentleman, for whose accuracy we can vouch, told us he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his eyes were about to be closed upon it forever. Yet he neither feared his fate nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation which soothed and gratified him made a luxurious bed of a watery grave. A friend informed Mathieu-le-Vayer, that such was his delight at groping at the bottom, that a feeling of anger passed through his mind against the persons who pulled him out. It is probable that some of our readers may have seen a singularly striking account of recovery from drowning by a highly distinguished officer still living, who also speaks to the total absence of pain while under the waves; but adds a circumstance of startling interest—namely, that during the few moments of consciousness the whole events of his previous life, from childhood, seemed to repass with lightning-like rapidity and brightness before her eyes; a narration which shows on what accurate knowledge the old Oriental framed his story of the Sultan who dipped his head into the basin of water, and had, as it were, gone through all the adventures of a crowded life before he lifted it out again. No one can have the slightest disposition to question the evidence in this recent English case; but we do not presume to attempt the physiological explanation.—*Quarterly Review.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.—We have pleasure in placing on record an incident in the domestic history of Queen Victoria. We learn that it is the usual fashion for the Queen and Prince Albert to breakfast alone, and with no attendant, but a confidential page. When we heard this, we were led to dream of a graceful youth, with ruffles at his wrists and powdered hair, as, in our youth, we beheld the pages that annually bewildered us by their grandeur in attendance on his Grace the Commissioner who represents Royalty in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. No such thing. A page, it seems, is often a common-place specimen of adult humanity. One such was, on one occasion, waiting at the breakfast table, when, like Nehemiah of old, he looked sad in the Royal presence. "Wherefore," the Queen said unto him, "is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? This is nothing else but sorrow of heart." As in the case of Nehemiah, the page, at first sore afraid, at last took courage, and revealed to his Royal mistress the cause of his grief. His daughter's husband was on his death-bed, at Brigston, and his wife and six children had none to comfort them. The Queen instantly ordered the presence of another attendant, furnished the sorrowing man with money for the journey to his daughter, and ordered him, on his return, to report to her the circumstances in which the family were placed. His son-in-law, as had been feared, died, leaving his widow and family unprovided for; but in the Queen they had found a friend. The children were placed in various hospitals in London, and for the mother a situation was procured, at once honourable and comfortable. —*Edinburgh Witness.*

DICK TURPIN.—Died at Collyweston, on Tuesday last, at the advanced age of 92, Mrs Elizabeth Freeman, relict of Mr. Francis Freeman, butcher and publican. In the time of the celebrated Dick Turpin she had the office of taking a quart of ale to him at the door of the Bull and Swan Inn, St. Martin's, Stamford; he heartily drank of the ale, and putting the silver tankard in his pocket, galloped off on his favourite mare Black Bess, to the wonder and vexation of the landlord, Mr. Turtle. On her marriage with Mr. Freeman, she became landlady of the White Swan Inn, at Collyweston, where she resided for upwards of fifty five years.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

Testimonial to a Philanthropist in Humble Life.—When the cholera was raging at New passage, Plymouth, and the greatest difficulty was found in inducing competent persons to peril their lives in giving necessary assistance to the sick and dying, there was one young man who volunteered his services and elicted the admiration of all who were witnessses of his exertions. When the pestilence had disappeared, he resolutely refused to receive any pecuniary reward. The late mayor, resolved that his conduct should not go unrewarded, or at least unacknowledged. The young man, whose name is Edward Solomon Anstey, and who is a labourer in the dockyard, has accordingly received a Bible and a Book of Common Prayer, elegantly bound, and having the following inscription on the fly-leaf: "Presented by the Mayor of Devonport, (John Beer) to Edward Solomon Anstey, as a token of respect, for his assiduous, kind, and disinterested attention to several sufferers from cholera during the awful visitation of that mortality in 1849." In addition to this, Anstey has received the following letter from the Secretary of the Board of Health: Dec. 11, 1849.—Sir—I am directed by the board of Health to convey to you their warmest thanks, for your kind and unremitting attention to many of the sufferers from cholera during the late visitation; they tender you this vote of thanks, as the only tribute they have in their power to offer you, and trust that your meritorious conduct will meet with its due reward."—*Devonshire Chronicle.* [This should put to shame many *professed* philanthrophists in better circumstances.]

A DEAD SWINDLE.—An undertakers bill.—*Punch.*

Hypocrisy—the world's tacit acknowledgement of the superiority of virtue.

If you are great, be condescending; it is better to be loved than to be feared.

Why should a baker never need a *walking stick?* Because "bread is the *staff of life.*"

Are you not ashamed to make yourself a woman, when Heaven has made you a man?—*Aristotle to a Fop.*

NOT RUINED YET!—Orders have been received by the various shipbuilders of Sunderland, during the week for 50 new vessels of a large tonnage.—*Gateshead Observer.*

"Let go the job, there, quick; let go!" shouted the captain of an eastern packet to a raw hand, as a squall came up. "What's all that yellin' about? I aint a touchin' yer job," retorted Jonathan.

ADVERSITY.—Adversity exasperates the fool, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, put the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

A Yankee advertises a house to let, immediately alongside a plum garden, from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season.

NEW-YEAR'S JOLLITY.—At most of the manufactories in the town the 'hands' have this year clubbed together, for the sake of economy, and purchased large quantities of rum out of bond. The quantity already purchased in this way, it is said, is really enormous. In this transaction, there is a ludicrous mixture of Scottish prudence and Scottish folly. The idea of a person setting the whole of his wits to work in order to plan the most economical method of getting drunk, is enough to cause at once a smile and a sigh.—*Mo trose Review.*

TRUTH AT LAST.—There is an eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to market for sale, fixing the price at 100 rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth 100 rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The Mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

TEETOTALISM IN PARLIAMENT.—Mr. Cobden, in the course of his address at Bradford, said, in allusion to Colonel Thompson, that it was due to the gallant member to say, that he had been a total abstainer from intoxicating liquors between eight and ten years; and it was a curious fact, that the two best workers in the House, Colonel Thompson, and Mr. Brotherton, were teetotallers.

A QUEER VERDICT.—In a libel suit at the West, the counsel for the plaintiff told the jury that he did not ask for damages from a desire to obtain money, but merely as an indication that his client had been wronged; and if a verdict in his favour, giving him damages, was returned, not one cent of the money would be taken from the defendant. The jury thereupon returned a verdict for the plaintiff of 450 dollars, *not to be paid.*

INNOCENCE.—A Dutchman in Albany, some time back, went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one, as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked if he wished him to fill both vessels. The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis is for de *milluh*, and dis for de *watter*, an' I will mix 'em so as to shute myself."

MARY STUART AND HENRY DARNLEY.—It was to the baronial mansion of Crookstown, Renfrewshire, surrounded by the richest and most varied scenery, that Mary was conducted soon after her marriage with Darnley, to enjoy, in the sweetness of retirement, the society of her beloved lord. The site of the yew-tree is still pointed out, in what had once been a garden, under whose ill-omened branches Mary is said to have sat with Darnley, enjoying that reciprocal felicity which was soon to be embittered by the blackest malignity and the virulence of political and religious rancour. There was an ancient ballad in allusion to the royal visit, of which the following lines only have been preserved:—

"When Hary met Mary under the yew-tree,
What Hary said to Mary I'll not tell thee."—

Mackie's Castles, Palaces, and Prisons of Queen Mary of Scotland.

PURCHASED LOVE.

(CONTINUED.)

(*From the Dublin University Magazine.*)

It was a bright, sunshiny summer morning, and Matilda Macdonald flitted through her pretty drawing-room as gaily and as gladly as any of the butterflies which, newly awakened to life by the warm sunbeams, sported amidst the flowers in the garden out of doors. Her violet eyes and rose cheeks were in all their freshness; she was charmingly dressed; her sunny ringlets waved with a breezy lightness; she laughed, she danced, she sang, in the very exuberance of happiness.

As her aunt, Miss Ormond, entered, there was the contrast which summer and winter exhibits in the face of the two.

"Aunt, he is mine—he is mine—he is just gone—he brought me this book—he told me he loved me—he adored me; oh, he is delightful; he said, for I asked him about it, he had no thought now of that Edith Moore."

"And did he say nothing of the engagement which it is perfectly well known has existed between them," interrupted Miss Ormond, in a cold voice, strangely different from the ardent, though child-like glee which Matilda had spoken.

He said that I had his heart now, and that he would most certainly give up Edith Moore for me.

"But her father is an attorney, he will take law proceedings against Mr. Leslie for a breach of promise; and as Mr. Leslie is a Presbyterian clergyman, his church, which is very strict, will take the matter up, and there will be much trouble.

"Oh, but, aunt, I have just settled a plan of proceeding which will satisfy all parties. I shall not tell dear Leslie until I have all arranged. He will think me so clever. I am just going to send for Mr. Moore. I am entirely mistress of my own fortune, you know, and I shall spend some of it in making Leslie secure in his happiness with me."

She paused and gazed on her aunt with an air of proud triumph, to which Miss Ormond made no response.

"You do not know what I am going to do, aunt; you think I am childish, but you shall find I have management and cleverness with me. Ha! I shall stop the mouths of those poor creatures, the Moores; a little of my money will make the old attorney give up his law proceedings; and Miss Edith with all her learning and pride, and she has enough of the last, though she has nothing else that I know of—some of my gold shall comfort her for the loss of my Leslie.

"Your Leslie!" reiterated Miss Ormond, in a low, stern tone; "are you so very sure he is your Leslie? Do you never suspect that your money may be one of your principal attractions in his eyes; he is poor, and has extravagant tastes. I am told; his desertion of Miss Moore shows that his principles cannot be good. Were I in your place I would not so highly value the proffered love of a man who has showed himself so changeable. I could place no reliance on his affections; he ides, I firmly believe he loves Miss Moore deeply, and perhaps loves her still in the bottom of his soul, though he is dazzled by your youthful prettiness and wealth; but, Matilda, mark my words, a reaction may take place in his feelings after he marries you, and if so, your state will be beyond all measure wretched. I know well that Edith Moore is not a woman to be given up by a man of Mr. Leslie's nature without a struggle, sooner or later. He is intellectual, and his nature has some noble points; though, in his present conduct, he exhibits weakness and baseness of soul; but Edith Moore is no common woman, and she has long been the presiding spirit of his mind. Remember what I am saying, that mind will yet cling to her after this fancy which he has taken for you has passed away."

"Aunt, you are most unkind and cruel, but I only laugh at your words. Love Edith Moore again, indeed!—no never!—my Leslie shall be my own for ever! But I know you wish to make me miserable; it is a vain attempt, for I trust too much to the last words of my own Leslie."

Matilda drew herself up to the full height of her slight figure, and paced with a proud step through the apartment. The girlish, the almost childlike air, which usually characterised her appearance, had, for the moment, passed away, and the spirit of a proud, resolute, and most determined woman was depicted on her young, fair face.

"You are the only child of a sister whom I loved, and why should I wish to give you one moment of unnecessary pain," said Miss Ormond, as the tears suddenly sprang to her sunken eyes, and her voice became broken. "You know well, Matilda, that in living with you, and in giving you my advice, I had no single motive except your good."

Matilda was well aware of the fact, as Miss Ormond lived on an income of her own, and steadily refused all the pecuniary favours which her neice wished to lavish on her. She had also been frequently solicited by another wealthy relative to leave Matilda, and take up her abode with that relative, but she had peremptorily refused to leave the orphan child of her sister.

"I have thought it right to tell you the strict and stern truth respecting Mr. Leslie," continued Miss Ormond; "and I again repeat to you, that if you consult your own future happiness, you will abandon all thoughts of him, and permit him to fulfil his prior engagement."

"Aunt, I cannot—I cannot give him up, for I love him so much."

An expression of earnest intensity passed over her face, and it struck Miss Ormond much, for she sighed deeply, and remained silent.

"Indeed I love him deeply—you do not know how deeply—and he loves me. I believe he will continue to love me; I can trust to him so implicitly. What happiness could he and Miss Moore have now, if loving me as he does, he were to persist in fulfilling his engagement to her?—would they not be miserable? Believe me, Aunt, I shall do my best to make compensation to Miss Moore. I am generous and rich, and money will be better to her and her family, in their poverty, than the hand of a man without the heart.

She spoke with energy, and Miss Ormond was evidently shaken.

"I know from the generosity of Edith Moore's nature, that she will at once give up Mr. Leslie to you when she knows his affections are changed. She will not ask any of your money—she will not accept of it; her father may, however, avail himself of your proposals. Yet, Matilda, though all may be quietly arranged, and though Frederick Leslie may marry you with all the semblance of a new, deep love, yet I tremble for your future happiness. Once more I beg of you that if possible, you will forget the impression he has made on your heart and——"

"It is impossible, aunt; my heart would break were I to attempt to renounce him now."

"May God help you, then, and guard over your future fate!" whispered Miss Ormond, moved by the deep emphasis with which Matilda had uttered the last words.

"I have to beg of you, aunt, that you will allow me quietly to work out my own designs. You have given your opinion now, and no future responsibility will rest on you. Nothing you can say has any power to alter my determination. I know you are actuated by mistaken zeal for me in your conduct; but I know better that were I to follow your advice, I should most effectually ruin my own happiness for ever."

"God knows that I would fain save the child of my departed sister from a sorrowful fate."

Miss Ormond turned to a window recesses, for the tears were streaming over her face.

Matilda seated herself by a small table, and opening an ivory and satin wood writing desk, she selected a sheet of perfumed and gilt note-paper, and proceeded to write to the father of her rival Edith, requesting an interview with him at an early period.

The father of Edith Moore had just finished an early dinner with his family when he received Miss Macdonald's note. The dinner had been, as was usual with them, poor, scraggy and scanty. The different members of the family, including six or seven boys and girls all younger than Edith, appeared dull and dissatisfied; the gloomy face of the father cast a shadow on everything. The younger children might have been cheerful and gay over their plain fare; but their father repressed their mirth, telling them always, when they were noisy, to be quiet immediately, for his head ached. Poor man! his head was, indeed, always aching; for he was perpetually pinching how to get rich in the world, and never could succeed. Edith repressed the bitterness of her own feelings and strove—strongly a task—to infuse some into spirit of cheerfulness into the family circle. She forced smiles over her face, and tried to converse pleasantly and softly, so that her father might not complain of his head. But she found it in vain to combat against the heavy dullness of that scene; she could not bring the semblance of pleasure over the wasted face of her mother, who was nervous and sickly, with anxious, dejected eyes, and lips which rarely opened to utter one word of conversation; and as to the attorney, he bestowed a sharp and morose glance once or twice on Edith, as he heard her voice striving to break through the silent dreariness of the circle, and there was a bitter meaning in his look, which she plainly read; for it told her to be silent, as a girl deserted by her lover should be. Edith felt no things of anger at the unfeeling for sternness. She felt deep pity for her father's mind, which by its own gloom added doubly to the darkness of misfortune.

"From Miss Macdonald!" said the attorney aloud, glancing at the signature of the note, in some surprise.

At the name of Miss Macdonald the blood heaved tumultuously around the heart of Edith, and then felt as if it would pause. It was but for a second, and she allowed no outward sign of emotion to appear.

At the name of Miss Macdonald the eyes of Samuel Barry—the one clerk whom the attorney contrived to keep—looked up on Edith's face, and then he too, and his lip heavily quivered, and he flushed his face, as if he was ashamed at such a moment he should manifest a want of feeling by observing her distress.

Samuel Barry's feelings concerning Edith had been too deep for his own peace. Living beside her, and listening to and observing the manifestations of her mind and disposition, he had long and silently admired and loved; but he had believed that love to be entirely hopeless; and, therefore, he had never breathed it to its object. He was a young man of plain appearance; his features were large and heavy; his eyes were deep-set, dim, and sorrowful; and he smiled and spoke but seldom; yet there was a touching sofiness in his voice and manner which made him generally liked. In the extreme quietness and absence of all pretence which characterised his department, no indications of a superior mind were visible; yet there were high powers of intellect hidden within him. On some very rare occasions, when strongly excited, he had exhibited a flow of commanding and overpowering eloquence which made it evident that his proper sphere was the bar, and that he was wrongfully buried in the obscurity of a poor attorney's office. Edith had often remarked his studious habits. At every leisure moment he could spare from the time allotted to meals, he had a book in his hand. She had frequently striven to draw him into conversation concerning his studies, as she observed and pitied the silent depression of spirits under which he seemed always labouring, and while she imputed to his anxiety respecting his circumstances, as he was very poor and friendless; but her efforts to cheer him generally left him more low spirited than ever.

The attorney perused Miss Macdonald's note, without making any comment on it, or stating the contents in any manner. He was not in the habit of being very communicative. After he finished his meagre dinner, he silently left the apartment. Edith felt convinced that Miss Macdonald's communication had some reference to Leslie or herself, but she made no outward observations on the subject. She could not, however, prevent a pallor, even more than usual, overspreading her face, though the general expression of calm serenity was there. Samuel Barry, glancing over the pages of the book in which he had for some moments buried himself, saw the heart-sickness depicted on Edith's face—he knew well the bitterness of the feelings against which she so firmly struggled. It was rarely he made any attempt to enter into conversation with her, but now he addressed her with some observation concerning the book he was studying. His kind, gentle voice gave her an emotion of relief amidst the misery of her own dark, unexpressed thoughts. She replied to him, and they gradually entered into conversation, which was only interrupted when it was necessary for Samuel Barry to proceed to his office. Edith was much surprised at the earnest, unaffected, unadorned, but most genuine and stirring eloquence he had displayed on the points they had discussed. She was not previously aware of the extent of his information, nor of the peculiarly profound and solid nature of his mind and of his views on all matters.

As he turned away, to proceed to his office, his deep dim eyes fixed on her for one moment, with an expression which told of the purest and strongest affection. Samuel Barry possessed the description of mind which, above all others, is fitted to love and appreciate an intellectual woman, such as Edith. He had risen far—very far—above the semi-barbarism of taste, which induces men only to like a pretty plaything for the companion of life. The fairest and freshest face of youth and loveliness had no charms for him, if he did not find there the wise and highly intellectual mind which he prized. He could pardon the absence of the first flush of love in woman; he had no antipathy to faded complexions, and no very particular horror of the bony outline of a figure past the age of voluptuous roundedness in bosom and arms. In the female mind alone was he exacting of charms.