SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1845.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 9. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 43.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

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

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

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

Weekly Almanack.

June		R. Sun.	S. Moon	H. W.
28	Saturday,	4 27	7 33	0 20 7 6
29	Sunday,	4 28	7 33	0 50 7 36
30	Monday,	4 28	7 33	1 30 10 40
1	Tuesday,	4 28	7 32	2 5 9 40
2	Wednesday,	4 29	7 31	5 51 10 15
3	Thursday,	4 29	7 31	3 41 1 55
4	Friday,	4 29	7 31	Sets 11 32

New Moon, 4th day 11h. 45m. morn.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. SCOVIL, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

THE HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

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

The Directors of the company are Elphalet Terry, James H. Ills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntington, 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.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this Company in St. John.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Conn.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

☞ Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

S. K. Foster's Shoe Stores,

Corner of King and Germain streets.

New Boots and Shoes.

JUST received per ship *Saint John*, an extensive and general assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

suitable for the present and coming season, for sale Wholesale and Retail—cheap.

Further supplies daily expected.

April 4. S. K. FOSTER.

Paper Hangings, Printing PAPER.

The Subscriber has just received per Eleanor Jane, from Boston:

A SPLENDID Assortment of ***Paper Hangings;***

20 Reams Printing PAPER;

—ALSO—

Expected in a few days from Philadelphia, a very large assortment of the FINEST PAPER HANGINGS. JOHN LEITCH.

Carding Machines.

THE Subscribers offer for sale at their Establishment, Sackville, (Westmorland, N. B.) three setts of Woollen *CARDING MACHINES*, complete, which will be sold low.—The Cards are of English manufacture, from Leeds, and machinery warranted to make good work and to give general satisfaction.—Address to

J. MORICE & SON,

Sackville, Westmorland, N. B.

N. B.—Reference may be made to Messrs. Harris & Allen, or John Bryden, St. John. Dec. 13.

Globe Assurance Company.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the first Instalment of Ten per cent. on the Capital Stock of this Company has been paid in, and that the Directors of the Company are now prepared to make Insurance on Vessels, Cargoes and Freights.

May 9. JOHN DUNCAN, *President.*

New Supply of Boots and Shoes.

Just received per ships *Samuel, Emigrant, Sandrift, Corsair* and *Mary Pring*:—

A FURTHER supply of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Girls' Boys' and Children's

Boots & Shoes,

of every description, quality and price, from the cheapest to the very best imported into the Province—for sale Wholesale and Retail, Cheap.

ALSO—*On Consignment*;

2 cases well assorted BOOTS and SHOES, for sale cheap by the Package

May 30. S. K. FOSTER.

NELSON DeVEBER,

Attorney at Law,

Office in the CITY BANK BUILDING.

March 14. (6i.)

GUANO! GUANO!!

Pure Guano.

THE Cargo of the brig "Panope" direct from Ichaboe—for sale in lots to suit purchasers

Parties who wish to secure a genuine article will do well to apply early.

May 2 WM H. SCOVIL.

More NEW GOODS.

The subscriber is landing from on board the ship 'Lady Caroline,' from London:

34 PACKAGES of London GOODS;

75 chests superior E. I. Tea Company's TEAS;

10 Chests Madras INDIGO;

Which, together with his present Stock of Goods, will be sold at unprecedented low prices for prompt payment or good paper. More London GOODS daily expected.

May 10. WILLIAM HOWARD.

COAL.—Ex brig "Richard," N Parker from Newport; 240 Tons best Head Picked Rock Vein STEAM COAL.—For sale by

May 30. J. R. CRANE.

Boiler Plate Iron and Soap.

NOW LANDING, ex *Albion*, and for sale by the subscriber: 15 Tons best Boiler Plate Iron; 700 Boxes best Liverpool SOAP.

May 30. WM. CARVILL.

Cast Steel, Pipe Axle Boxes,

&c. &c.—JUST RECEIVED.

2 TONS sanderson's best Cast STEEL—well assorted;

450 Pipe Axle Boxes, assorted, 7 to 9 inch.

—ALSO ON HAND—

200 bags NAILS and SPIKES;

2 Rolls Sheet Lead, 10 lb. 6 square feet;

3 Tons cast iron Boilers and Pots;

100 Tons IRON of various qualities.

May 9. E. L. JARVIS.

London Eliptic Carriage Springs.

16 PAIRS 32 inch 3 and 4 Plate Superior Improved CARRIAGE SPRINGS, for sale by C. & W. H. ADAMS.

April 25. *No 2, North Market Wharf.*

More Cheap ROOM PAPERS.

JUST received per steamer from Boston at the subscriber's corner store, upwards of *Two Thousand Pieces of* **Cheap Room Papers** which he offers for sale at the uncommonly low prices of from 7½d. to 1s. a piece.

S. K. FOSTER.

April 11. Corner King and Germain streets.

MAY, 1845.

The subscriber has just received ex the "Lady Caroline," from London:—

20 KEGS of fine and superfine MUSTARD, 10 bags of GINGER, PEPPER and PIMENTO.

May 16. WILLIAM HOWARD.

CLARK'S Vegetable Universal

Life Pills

Nos 1, 2, &c.

Suited to every Age and Constitution—Will never fail to give relief, whatever may be your complaint.

TRY THEM!

"He that wants HEALTH, wants everything."

For sale by the Proprietor, at Coffee House corner, Market square, St. John, N. B.

IT is now an absolute and known fact, that every disease, whether it be in the head or feet, in the brain or meanest member, whether it be an outward ulcer or inward abscess, are all, though arising from many causes, reducible to the one grand effect, namely,—impurity of blood. In many cases where the direful ravages of Ulceration had laid bare ligament and bone, and where to all appearance no human means could save life, have patients by the use of these Pills, been restored to good health, the devouring disease having been completely eradicated. In consequence of the pleasantness of their operation they are universally used where they are known, and are fast superseding every other preparation of professed similar import. The most obstinate diseases are cured by the one similar act of continually evacuating the bowels with them until the disease gives way; therefore whatever may be said of the theory, the utility of the practice is raw beyond all doubt.

The same medicine, however, will not always have exactly the same effect on different persons, nor on the same individual at all times, and the best remedies partly lose their effect by being continued too long; a change occasionally is therefore absolutely necessary, and purgatives which have a somewhat different action frequently greatly assist each other in performing a cure. Care should always be taken by those who are in the habit of taking Pills, to procure such as are most congenial to nature, as improper purges may, and often do, produce very bad consequences; some of the bad effects produced by them are sore mouths, loose and rotten teeth, violent palpitation at the heart, Piles, nervous and painful disorders, tremors, agitation of mind, &c. Some Vegetable as well as Mineral substances may do much harm.

No Medicine prepared by the Proprietor will produce any such effect. TRY THEM! A single dose of the above named Pills may be had at any time if wanted.

"Any man can tell when a medicine does him good as well as a Physician."—Buchan.

And any one who will give these Pills a fair trial, and is not effectually cured or greatly relieved, whatever may be his complaint, shall have at least *half the cost* returned by calling on the Proprietor.

Other medicines may be used with the Pills, in a variety of cases with decided advantage, particularly in Consumption, Asthma, Rheumatism, and some complaints peculiar to Females, still the grand object in all cases is to cleanse the system, remove the morbid or opposing matter and purify the Blood.

These Pills are put up in quantities to suit purchasers, from 1s. 3d. to 5s. per Box, with proper directions, signed by the Proprietor in his own hand writing, without which none can be genuine.

Also, on hand:—Various other preparations which have been in extensive and singularly efficacious use in the United States for upwards of thirty years, some of which are known by the name of

"*THOMSONIAN,*"

And are thought the best Family Medicines that have ever been discovered by a very large majority of those who have used them.

To you who know the truth; nothing is stated in this advertisement but facts, and facts are stubborn things.

Those who purchase the larger size boxes of Pills will make considerable saving, as the 2s. 6d. box will contain more than two boxes at 1s. 3d and the 5s. box more than two of the 2s. 6d. boxes.

April 11

Health for All!!!

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* MRS. ANN MELISH, *(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 Abey, 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 substance. 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 had 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 Mother of Nostrums, HOLLOWAY'S 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,
Asthmas,	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 Doloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause. &c. &c.
Headache,	

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, Queen; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillborough; John Currey, 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.

May 3, 1844.

Spring Importations.

Per *Corsair* from Liverpool, *Mayflower* and *Lady Caroline* from London—

10 HHDS Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL.

1 Ton PUTTY.

2 tons Brandram's No. 1 WHITE LEAD,
25,000 best GOLD LEAF; 3 cases London Glue,
2 cases Indigo; 1 ton Copperas; 1 do. Alum,
1 ton Washing Soda; 1 do. Soda Ash,
4 casks Blue Vitriol; 2 do. Roll Brimstone,
2 casks sulphur; 6 kegs Salipetre,
2 bbls. Cream of Tartar, 1 do. Carbonate of soda;
10 do. Epsom salts; 2 do. Senna,
1 chest Gum Arabic; 1 do. Gum shellac,
10 barrels Root Ginger; 2 do. Ground ditto,
10 bags Black Pepper; 1 do. Pimento,
1 bag White Pepper,
17 cases assorted Pickles and sauces;
4 cases Sardines,
4 cases Scotch Orange Marmalade;
6 cases Finest Florence salad Oil,
1 cask superior French Vinegar,
3 cases Perfumery, Combs, &c.
1 case hair, nail, tooth and flesh Brushes,
1 case shoe, scrubbing and black lead Brushes,
5 cases Patent Medicines, surgical Instruments, Patent or common Trusses, Bandages, Jeffrey's Respirators or safeguard for the lungs. Patient Electrical Flesh Rubbers and Gloves,

JOHN G. SHARP,

May 23. *Corner North Market Wharf.*

JUST RECEIVED.—Ex *Lady Caroline* from London, one case

Carson's Patent Salting Instruments,

FOR SALTING AND CURING MEAT.

By the aid of this Instrument, persons in every clime can salt any quantity of meat thoroughly and instantly. With it a pressure is produced equal to 500 to 2000 pounds upon a square inch, which forces the brine through every part; consequently a large joint is equally salted in a few minutes; and as less salt is required, or sugar can be substituted the meat is rendered more tender, and the gelatinous and other nutritious properties are retained.

Valuable recipes for pickles and brine, also instructions for salting the different joints, supplied with each instrument.

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,

May 16. *Agents for St. John.*

VINDICATION OF THE CHURCH.

From the Address of Bishop Henshaw at the laying of the corner-stone of Grace Church, Providence, R. I., April 8, 1845.

The Protestant Episcopal Church, although among us the eldest daughter of the Reformation, has been too often viewed with feelings of distrust and aversion by her younger sisters. She has been too little known in this region of our country, and on this account has been misapprehended and traduced. She has no dread of the most rigid scrutiny into her principles and institutions; for this has uniformly contributed to her elevation in the estimation of the wise and good. She makes no complaint of those who oppose her with the weapons of fair and manly controversy; for they serve only to illustrate the strength of her position and the granite durability of her bulwarks and buttresses. But there is cause to blush for the honour of our common Christianity when, after she has proved impregnable in the warfare of calm discussion and dignified argument, the appeal is changed from reason to prejudice, and she is assailed by the shafts of sarcasm and satire pointed by the wit of grave orators of New England dinners, and the Reverend song-makers of the Tabernacle.

We have reason to be thankful that the day is passed when our good puritan forefathers imprisoned the Quakers, ostracised the Baptists, and forbade Episcopalians to use the Book of Common Prayer, because, forsooth, they had come to the Western world to enjoy religious liberty, and to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences! But we live amongst a portion of public excitement and gross prejudice, unfavourable to the calm investigation of truth. It may not be amiss, therefore, on the present occasion, when we are surrounded by many fellow Christians of other names, to take a brief notice of some of the popular objections to our Church, and attempt to show that it is entitled, at least, to toleration and respect in a free and enlightened community.

1. One of the vulgar objections to our Church is—*that it is* ARISTOCRATIC.

This objection must be made either with reference to the nature of its *ministry*—the character of its *government*, or its practical *influence in society*. And which ever view may be taken of its bearing, an impartial investigation will show that it has its origin in ignorance or misconception.

Does the objection arise from the *disparity* of *order* in the ministry? Our only answer is—that we consider the Christian Ministry as a Divine, not a human institution. We receive it as it was appointed by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, and transmitted by His Apostles to succeeding generations. The same orders of the ministry existed in the New Testament Church, under the names of Apostles, Elders, and Deacons. The same orders existed without opposition in the church universal for fifteen hundred years; and the same orders now exist in every quarter of the globe, and are acknowledged by nineteen-twentieths of the Christian world. If the alleged odious nature, therefore, be inherent in the disparity of orders, we believe it to be one which no human authority has the power to remedy. But unless the two lower orders of the ministry universally or generally complain that their Fathers in Christ become their oppressors, lord it over God's heritage, and govern them with the rod of tyranny instead of the law of love; unless the people complain that our ministry is more intolerant, bigoted, and dogmatical—more disposed to entrap or to oppress weak conscience—and more inclined to impose restraints upon liberty of thought and action than that of any other names, we shall view the objection as a nullity; and continue to believe that the rule established by the Head of the Church for the regulation of his household is best adapted to promote the spiritual good and the true liberty of its members.

Does the charge of aristocracy refer to the *system of our Ecclesiastical polity and Government*? It serves only to betray recklessness or want of information on the part of the objector. Let any man examine the Constitutions and Canons of our Church, and he will not fail to perceive the striking resemblance between them and the civil institutions of this great confederation of republices. In our parochial arrangements for the annual primary assemblies of the people to elect their vestries and other local officers—behold the counterpart of our municipal elections. The Bishop, Standing Committee, and Convention of Clerical and Lay Delegates in each Diocese—answer to the Governor, Council and Legislature of the respective states—while the General Convention, composed of the House of Bishops and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, representing the various Dioceses, and constituting the Supreme Legislative power of all has an exact resemblance, in its general character and powers, to the Congress of the United States, composed of the senate and House of Representatives. And the presiding Bishop may, to a limited extent, be considered as exercising, in our Ecclesiastical Constitution powers and prerogatives resembling those which pertain to the chief magistrate of the Union. While the rights of the Clergy, as an order of divine appointment, are not infringed upon, the rights and powers of the Laity are sacredly secured. So much so, that in this church, which some ignorantly traduce as a system of priestly domination,—not an election can be made, from the choice of a vestryman, or the licensing of a Deacon, up to the consecration of a Bishop, without the consent and approbation of the people; nor can a canon be enacted, or a rubric changed without their co-operation. The combined powers of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons is held in check by the co-ordinate power of the Laity.

Is the charge of being aristocratic intended to reproach us with the fact that *many of the more wealthy and refined and powerful in society are found numbered in our flocks?* We consider it no reproach to the Church that so many of the educated and distinguished are not slow to acknowledge her excellencies and feel her attractions. But her portals are alike open—and her precious gifts alike offered to the poor and the rich, to the humble and the elevated. They all meet in her courts as upon a level before the Maker of them all; and, in the privileges of a common communion, realize that they are one in Christ Jesus.

It is said that the *influence of our Church is adverse to popular freedom?* We bless God that his kingdom is not of this world. That the ministers of this Church degrade not their sacred calling by mingling in the strife and animosity of party politics,—and her people are left free to choose their own sides and form their own alliances; while the conservative influence of the whole body is felt in strengthening the foundations of order—Heaven's first law,—and cementing the institutions which bind society together.

If there were anything in the principles and institutions of our Church inconsistent with the genius of our free government, it is passing strange that it should have escaped the clear sighted vision of the Washingtons, the Hamiltons, the Jays, the Pinkneys, the Madisons, and the Marshalls of a departed generation, and many of the brightest ornaments of our legislation and jurisprudence in the living one, who while receiving the reverence and honours due to the ablest supporters and expounders of the liberties of the country, deemed it their duty and privilege, to attend upon the services of the Church and contribute to her support.

THE LOCKET.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, AUTHOR OF 'THE ROMANCE OF THE DREAMER,' ETC. ETC.

Chapter I.

It was in the autumn of the year 1800, when the republican army under Ney, Moreau, Lamb, Cyr, and other of its bravest generals was pursuing its victorious career, and laying waste some of the most important towns in Germany, the circumstance that we are about to relate took place.

The frequent want of stores, ammunition, and money, in the republican armies, and hope of plunder then so frequently held out to the French soldiers as the reward of victory, caused no inconsiderable alarm in the breasts of the more peaceable inhabitants of those places which were considered likely to become the theatre of hostilities.

Among these, the inhabitants of a German town of considerable importance—and which for distinction we will call *Erristien*—with ample reason for their misgivings: the daily, almost, hourly approach of the French being expected.

The family of Paul Kinmayer, a merchant citizen of great wealth, was amongst those most agitated by the afflicting intelligence. His household consisted of his wife, an only daughter, and a few domestics in whom he could place confidence. His daughter was the spring which regulated every action of the merchant's life; she was the apple of his eye, the sunshine of his shady places; for her he had accumulated his wealth, that her rare beauty might win with it a station of rank and influence; and now the hope of a whole life-time might be wrecked in a few brief hours.

His wife was the first to suggest a plan for the concealment of their treasures. Their mansion was situated near the extremity of the town, and from it a secret passage communicated with a bower in the garden adjoining; from thence, in the evening, a man might steal unperceived to the adjacent woods; and there she proposed that the merchant should, at night time, bury his treasure; or, at any rate, that *he* should proceed through the forest and deposit it with a relation who was to be trusted, who would not be suspected of possessing so much wealth, and who resided about two days' journey from the place.

For a time, Paul Kinmayer resisted every importunity of his wife. Who would protect them should the anticipated attack take place in his absence? the domestics were old and infirm, and they would be too much alarmed for their own safety to care much for others not akin to them. But when his wife spoke upon the future; when she impressed on him that it was wealth only that would be required of *her*, and that, deprived of that, all for which they had so long struggled would be scattered in a moment, his resolution gave way.

'I go,' he said, 'and I leave you in the trust of one whose all powerful hand will protect you; I leave you, indeed, in his infinite wisdom, he deems it fitting that the innocent should fall as an example and terror to the guilty.'

Collecting all that was most valuable into a small packet, as the evening approached, the merchant was prepared to depart. One jewel only remained behind—it was his own miniature, set in a locket, with diamonds of great value. It was his wedding gift to Amelia, and with it he hesitated to part; and placed it again around her neck with the same fervour and affection that he felt when he first presented it. To her and to his daughter the same care of her mother, he gave some necessary directions for their welfare during his absence, and taking an affectionate farewell, he departed, unknown to any but themselves.

It was in the evening of the fourth day after the merchant had departed that the roll of the drums, the shrill voice of the trumpet calling to arms, and the tumult among the inhabitants without, proclaimed to the inmates of the mansion that the enemy was fast approaching. The town was indeed filled with Austrian troops, but these had been so often and lately harassed and defeated by the victorious arms of the French, that it was not without reason the citizens felt strong misgivings in their prowess.

All chance of the merchant being enabled to reach his home, or even to obtain admittance within the town previous to the termination, was now entirely shut out. The wife had but little doubt that his reputed wealth would not permit the house to pass unmolested; and after causing the doors to be barricaded, and the windows and shutters secured, she proceeded with her daughter to the innermost apartment of the mansion.

CHAPTER II.

On the return of the merchant, the French army was evacuating the place, carrying with them the trophies they had wrested from the conquered Austrians, and a large supply of the stores and plunder from the devoted town. Paul's heart died within him as he stealthily entered the suburbs, and proceeded towards the place of his own residence.

Within the town all was confusion and dismay; here were open storehouses rifled of their contents, the very doors torn from their hinges; there, the trim of gardens of the richer classes broken down and trampled over; in the market places were groups of the middle and lower classes, loudly complaining of the excesses of both Austrians and France. Still Paul stopped not to join in the general outcry; his only anxiety was his own house. At length he reached his dwelling. With what a pang of intense anxiety he rushed through the open portal! the servants had evidently fled; the stairs bore the marks of heavy footsteps. Paul stopped not to examine them, or he would have seen that they were traced with gore.

With the speed of thought he rushed into their accustomed sitting room, and there a horrid spectacle awaited him. On the ground lay his wife, stabbed through the heart; one hand had fallen back as if to protect her from the attack of the assassin, while the other grasped tightly a few links of the gold chain to which had been attached the diamond mounted portrait.

Of his daughter there were no traces. Loudly did he call, and wildly did he seek, first in his own house and then through the whole town, until it was whispered abroad that he was mad; and so, for a time, he was; but anxiety brought weariness, and repose led to reflection.

How deeply Paul Kinmayer reproached himself for not taking the miniature with the other valuables, need not be related since he little doubted that his wife's resistance to part with it had led to the fatal catastrophe. One redeeming thought only flashed his mind, that by its agency—if indeed she had not shared the fate of her mother—he might be enabled to discover the missing daughter. To this end he resolved to devote the whole of his future existence; and after the funeral of his wife, he disposed of his house, the wreck of his household goods, and prepared to travel; whither, he knew not; but anywhere to fly from the scenes where all his hopes of earthly happiness had been blighted by the ruthless hand of the destroyer.

'And these,' he said, as he turned from his native town and house, 'these are the deeds perpetrated under the sacred manner of liberty! Alas! how is the divine attributes desecrated! How little, but the name exists in the blood thirsty dynasty of France!'

CHAPTER III.

Shall we follow the steps of Paul Kinmayer for twelve years? Shall we relate how he travelled in strange lands, ever in the wake of the French army—sometimes in disguise—how minute, but yet how cautious were his enquiries, and, alas! how fruitless? Shall we say how the pale man grew gray and feeble, as though half a century had passed over his head, in scarcely more than a tithe of one? No; for we could relate nothing that would interest the reader—nothing but the patient suffering of a bereaved man; hoping, but hopeless, seeking, but finding not; until it almost seemed that the faculties of the wanderer had ceased to embrace the original object of his mission—but they did not—they only slumbered.

It was something beyond twelve years after the scene related in our second chapter took place, that a French officer was reciting in one of the principal cafes of Paris to an eager crowd of listeners, the particulars of an inglorious retreat from Russia, of which he was one of the survivors. His age could not have exceeded thirty; but the dreadful hardships of the Russian campaign had told fearfully upon his hardened features. War, however, had not tamed, but had evidently added to, a naturally ferocious disposition; for he was detailing with savage satisfaction, the horrid torments of the enemy, already forgetful of the severities he had but just escaped, and to which so many of his comrades had fallen a sacrifice.

Among those who listened most attentively was a a stranger, who sat almost unnoticed, smoking in an obscure corner of the room, an involuntary expression of disgust at length betrayed him, and all eyes were immediately turned to where sat.

'I'll wager a Napoleon,' said the officer, 'that the old German never smelt powder but on a review day; and never saw more smoke than that which proceeded from his own meerschaum.'

'Better if others were like me; who remembering only that they are soldiers, forget that they are men.'

'How!' exclaimed the officer, starting on his feet, 'such sentiments here are dangerous; but you Germans are ever mystical. However, I'll tell you a German adventure, so, garcon, another bottle of cotrroti, and then——'

'Do you happen to know the German town of *Erristien?*' inquired the officer.

The dull eyes of the stranger seemed suddenly lit with a liquid fire, as he answered in the affirmative

It was my first campaign, continued the other; my father had been one of the bravest (he meant, one of the most blood thirsty) leaders of the revolution. His influence obtained for me a commission; and, crowned with every success, I found no difficulty in effecting for myself promotion. In the action I allude to we were allowed but two hours to make what pillage we could in the town of *Erristien* before we proceeded onward to greater and more glorious victories. Well, there was a jewelled of great wealth, whose house, which was pointed out to me by an Austrian prisoner, we entered, but in which neither jewels nor portable value could we find. The servants fled on our first entrance! the wife and daughter alone remained. The latter had locked themselves in a room which we soon burst open; we demanded of them their valuables; the trumpets had already sounded, 'to horse!' and I was preparing to leave the house, when a gold chain around the neck of the elder female, attracted my attention. There was attached to it'——

'A portrait!' asked the stranger, in a tone of ill-concealed anxiety. 'Don't interrupt me,' said the narrator; 'the story is dreller than any would imagine.'

The blood of the stranger came and went rapidly, and putting down his pipe, he was observed, for the moment, feeling about his pockets, as if in search of some missing article.

'You're right, it was a portrait; and in a valuable setting. Provoked at obtaining no booty, I demanded it of her; she should have had the worthless miniature, but she was obstinate. I tried to force it from her, but she resisted; nay, more, she tried to seize a pistol from my belt, and in the heat of my passion—I stabbed her.'

'Have you that portrait still?' asked the German.

'I have; though it has been taken from the setting, in which one of my own now glitters. You know *Erristien.*'

'I did, years ago.'

'And probably the original of this picture?' said the officer, profoundly.

'Well, well!'

'Ah! is he alive?'

'He is—to be *the Avenger.*' And before a movement was observed by the bystanders, Paul Kinmayer had, with fatal precision, levelled a pistol at the French officer, and shot him in the breast.

CHAPTER IV.

Mortally wounded, but not dead, he who had braved the heat of a hundred battles, and whom death had spared that he might make a more suitable atonement for his guilt, was carefully removed to a more private apartment.

Paul, who might have escaped in the confusion, did not attempt to do so; and he was, of course, taken into custody, and incarcerated in one of the dungeons of the police.

The following morning he was led forth for examination; the wife of the fallen officer, he was told, would be his accuser. But he walked with firmer step and lighter heart than usual. One portion of his mission had been accomplished; he had avenged his wife's murder, but he had found no traces of his daughter.

On reaching the place of examination, he was commanded to stand forth: a shriek—a long, agonizing shriek—was heard, and the prosecutrix fell senseless on the floor.

Restoratives were applied, and on her recovery the cause of her agitation was soon apparent.

'It is my father!' she said, and breaking through the crowd, she again fell senseless in his arms.

The impetuousness of her fall caused a locket to drop from her bosom, where it was still suspended by a chain. Paul Kinmayer snatched it up. Yes, it was the same—the same circlet of brilliants: but now it contained the portrait of—whom?—of his daughter's husband—*the murderer of his wife!*

Passing her to one of the attendants, the old man smote his breast, and called aloud in his trouble—

'Was it for this thou wert preserved, my beautiful—my pure!'

In consequence of the state of the witness, the examination was postponed, and the same evening the dying man requested that the prisoner, together with the chief of the police, might attend him.

On their arrival life was ebbing fast. The confession of the officer was brief; he admitted the murder of Paul's wife, and the justice of his retribution, he further confessed that the daughter being almost a child, was carried away by the common soldiers to the rear of the army; that she was forced from the apartment previous to, and knew nothing of her mother's fate; and that, repenting of his act, he had her conveyed to Paris, and educated at his own charge. With her years her loveliness increased; and she knowing him only as a benefactor, at last consented to marry him.

This confession was attested and forwarded to the Emperor. Meanwhile the friends of the officer came forward as prosecutors, his wife refusing to do so. The murder in the latter case was fully proved, and Paul was sentenced to death.

On the morning appointed for his execution he was reprieved, and suffered to enter a monastery, where he soon sunk under a broken heart.

With his wealth, which was considerable, he founded a convent for the 'Sisters of Mercy;' and in the still beautiful abbess, whose piety and benevolence so many have with justice, lauded and admired, may be discovered the unfortunate daughter of Paul Kinmayer.

Important Discovery in Manufacturing Iron.—The extensive demand for iron both in Europe and in this country, not only for railroads and ships, but an innumerable variety of purposes, has stimulated the inventive genius of some American, and the result is as important as it is justifying. Experiments have been made by Mr. W. Green, of New Jersey, at the Boston Iron works of Sherman and Atwater, in this city, whose extensive iron founderies are in New Jersey.

We learn from the New Haven Palladium that Mr. Green's improvement in the process of puddling the iron from the pig in the bar. Instead of using the pig iron, which cost about $35 the ton, he is enabled to use a large portion of the ore which cost but $2 50 per ton, by which he effects in labour and materials a saving of more than 33 per cent. and he gives a far better quality of iron than that which is obtained from the pig; as much better in appearance as china is better than earthenware. We have seen and compared the new specimen with iron made in the old way, and have marked the contrast as very great.

Mr. Green's secret consists chiefly in mixing a composition with his ore and while in a melting state, by which the carbon is more rapidly exhausted than it is under the old process, and the iron is thus in half the time, left tougher and finer.—*Am. paper.*

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mr. Caudle has been whispering with the Maid—Mrs. C. jealous and indignant.

A pretty pass things have come to, Mr. Caudle. Men won't know who are their own wives by and by. So, your skylarks are not enough to take your attention from your wife, but you must be saying soft things to our maid of all work!—*You say you did not?* I say you did. You needn't think to deceive me, Mr. Caudle. I see it all. I know you too well. It's a burning shame, so it is that you, the father of a lovely family, and the husband of a devoted wife, should whisper to the maid. But you did, Mr. Caudle. I—say—you—did! *You did not?*—Was ever a man so deceitful? what is your word worth, Mr. Caudle, when you lie right into my face? But the maid shall budge. *I won't keep her another day. She shall go long and bagging, if I have to do all her work myself. Lord knows I work hard enough as it is.* But I won't have that wench about the house. *Poor girl!* you say? Well, there now, that is *as much as to own* I. You would not *say poor girl*, Mr. Caudle, if you wasn't in love with her. It's no use. I see how it is. Poor girl, indeed! I should like to know where they belong or how they behave themselves. We women work and drudge just to see our maids of all work do nothing but whisper—not to our husbands. But I'll not endure it, Caudle. *You say hold my tongue?* No, I'll not hold my tongue. A pretty figure I should make holding my tongue, and you whispering all the time with my maid.

I tell you again *it's no use for you to deny it.* I see the guilt in your face; or *I should see it*; if there was a light in the room. *The more shame for you*, for blowing out the candle so long before you got into bed. Men don't blow out candles, unless they have something to be ashamed of.—But I'll not endure it. I'll go home to my mother, Mr. Caudle. No I won't. I'll discharge that maid first. *Poor girl!* again. Do you say that? *Poor girl!* you would provoke a saint. But I'll have my revenge. I'll tear the house down about your ears. We'll see then, who'll whisper to the maid. Nothing good comes of whispering. I should like to know what honest folks have to whisper about. *I don't whisper.* You may well say that. Indeed I don't. I wish I could speak with thunder. You would not pretend to sleep then. I'd wake all sleep out of you.

And next we shall have an elopement. Don't say *fool*, Mr. Caudle. Nobody's a fool except for marrying you. I say we shall have an elopement, and you'll be put in all the papers. Richard Caudle, Esquire, gone off with his servant maid, leaving a lovely and disconsolate wife and three children.—The maid not handsome, either. I say not handsome, Mr. Caudle. Would'nt that be a fine story for the rising generation to read? *You say you will elope if I don't hold my tongue?* I say you shan't elope—and I won't hold my tongue. It's not often that I use it goodness knows. But I will say, I'll follow you.—I'll follow you to the ends of the earth, like a poor, patient, abused wife as I am. But you shan't go. I'll tear the girl's eyes out first. And you shan't go to sleep either. You only make believe sleep. I know when a man's asleep. You need at snore so, for I don't hear it. I don't snore. I do—not—sn—snore—

[Here Mrs Caudle's jaws closed from very weariness, and she slept.]

Mr. Caudle has remained down stairs till past one with a Friend.

A pretty time of night to come to bed. Mr. Caudle. Ugh! As cold, too, as any ice. Enough too give any woman her death, I'm sure. What! *I should'nt have locked up the coals indeed?* If I had'nt I've no doubt the fell