SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1849.

THE Weekly Chronicle

Volume 13. "Nec Regi, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 38.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE

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

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

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—

12s. 6d., in Advance;—3s if not paid until the termination of the year:

But as the Proprietors intend to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, they offer the following

Inducements for Clubbing,

by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. They propose to send

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies of the Chronicle, *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;
For $20 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;
For $40 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;

Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to

DURANT & CO.
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

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

May.	H.	Sun. s	Moon s	H.	W.
19 Saturday,	4	31 7	22 3	2	9
20 Sunday	4	30 7	23 3	36 10	1
21 Monday,	4	29 7	24 4	14 10	49
22 Tuesday,	4	28 7	25 Sets.	11	37
23 Wednesday,	4	27 7	26 9	4	0
24 Thursday,	4	26 7	27 10	5	0 48
25 Friday,	4	25 7	28 10	57	1 34

New Moon, 22d, at 3h. 10m, morn.

Mutual Insurance Company.

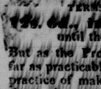
THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

Minerva Life Assurance Office,
King William-street, London.

NO extra charge for residence in British North America, or sea risk to or from Great Britain. All Assurances effected,—proposals for which are made to this Agency prior to the 1st January, 1849,—will acquire an additional year's standing at the Third Division of Profits, which will take place in June, 1852.

Tables of Rates of Premium and every other information can be obtained by application at the Office of RANNEY, STURDEE, & CO.
Dec. 22. Agents for New-Brunswick.

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



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

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.
October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

Torryburn House,
RE-OPENED.
SEVEN MILES FROM THE CITY.

THE subscriber having leased the above establishment, begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has fitted and furnished it in a superior manner, and rendered it in every way comfortable and convenient for those who may favour him with a call.

Private families can be accommodated—and all who visit his house may rest assured that every attention will be paid to them.
Dec. 15. PETER DRAKE.

HAMMOND RIVER HOUSE.

THE Subscriber grateful for past patronage from the Travelling community, begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he has lately removed his establishment to the above House, 16 miles from this City, 3 mile North of Hammond River Bridge, where he is prepared to entertain Travellers at all times and seasons DINNERS, &c. &c. got up at shortest notice. Constantly on hand, a choice supply of WINES, &c. &c.

Comfortable and commodious Stabling attached to the Premises; careful hostlers always in attendance. WASHINGTON ALDEN.
February 2, 1849.

Wallsend and Smiths' Coal.

To arrive about the 10th May—

THE Cargo of the *John and Isabella*;
the Cargo of the brig *Spring*;
the Cargo of the brig *Beaver*;

consisting of superior Wallsend and Smiths' Coals from Newcastle, are now offered for sale, to arrive by JOHN KINNEAR.
April 20. *Prince Wm. Street.*

Farm for Sale.

SITUATED in the Parish of Lancaster, 5½ miles from the city, consisting of 200 acres, 25 of which is cleared. The Post road to St. Andrew's runs through it, and fronts on the Bay of Fundy. There is a good House, Stable Outhouses, &c. on the premises, and an excellent Mill privilege. Enquire at the Chronicle Office, or to March 9. W. SCOTT.

☞ The above Farm would be exchanged for Property in the City.

Pork, Tea, Beans, &c.

BY the "*L. O'C. Doyle*," from Boston:—82 Barrels First Quality BEANS; 25 brls Prime PORK; 20 Chests Congo Tea; 15 Hhds. Prime Molasses; 6 Bales CLOVES; 12 Willow Waggons; 9 Boxes Clothes Pins; 1 Bale ass'd Door Mats; 6 Children's NURSERY CHAIRS; 6 Dozen Hickory Axe Handles.

For sale by JOHN KINNEAR.
April 20. *Prince Wm. Street.*

National Loan Fund
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.
(Office Nelson street.)

ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*

Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq. F. A. Wiggins, Esq.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOANS.—Two thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash, in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies

Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst—Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.
Chatham—William Carman, junior, Esq.
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire,
Dalhousie—William S. Smith, Esq.
Fredericton: George Leo, junior, Esq.
Hampton: Samuel Fisher, Esq.
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Moncton (the Bend) Miles Botsford, Esq.
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Woodstock; James Robertson, Esq.

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

February, 1848.

Tea, Coffee, &c.
Per Schr. Beverley from Boston.

22 CHESTS Fine Congo TEA;
10 bags COFFEE,
10 brls. Bright VARNISH,
5 brls. Spirits of TURPENTINE,
7 chests super Souchong TEA.

For sale by JOHN KINNEAR.
March 2. Prince Wm. street.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.
Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

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

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY's Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

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

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

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

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

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

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthma,	Inflammation,
Bilious Complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the Skin,	Liver Complaints,
Bowel Complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Douloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever 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, Gaspe; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Sheffield; John Lewis, Hillsborough; 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

Miscellany.

AN EGYPTIAN HAREM.—A party of eunuchs stood before a faden curtain, which they held aside when the gentlemen of our party and the dragoman had gone forward. Retired some way behind the curtain stood, in a half circle, eight or ten slave girls, in an attitude of deep obeisance.—Two of them took charge of each of us, holding us by the arms above the elbows, to help us up stairs.—After crossing a lobby at the top of the stair, we entered a handsome apartment, where lay the chief wife, at that time an invalid.—The ceiling was gaily painted; and so were the walls,—the latter with curiously bad attempts at domestic perspective. There were four handsome mirrors; and the curtains in the doorway were of a beautiful shawl fabric, fringed and tasselled. A Turkey carpet not only covered the whole floor but was turned up at the corners. Deowans extended round nearly the whole room,—a lower one for ordinary use, and a high one for the seat of honour. The windows, which had a sufficient fence of blinds, looked upon a pretty garden, where I saw orange trees and many others, and the fences were hung with rich creepers. On cushions on the floor lay the chief lady, ill and miserable-looking. She rose as we entered; but we made her lie down again; and she was then covered with a silk counterpane. Her dress was, as we saw when she rose, loose trowsers of blue striped cotton under her black silk jacket: and the same blue cotton appeared at the wrists, under her black sleeves. Her head dress was of black net, bunched out curiously behind. Her hair was braided down the sides of this head-dress behind, and the ends were pinned over her forehead.—Some of the black net was brought round her face, and under the chin, showing the outline of a face which had no beauty in it, nor traces of former beauty, but which was interesting to-day from her manifest illness and unhappiness. There was a strong expression of waywardness and peevishness about the mouth, however. She wore two handsome diamond rings, and she and one other lady had watches and gold chains. She complained of her head, and her left hand was bound up; she made signs by pressing her bosom, and imitating the dandling of a baby, when, with her occasional tears, persuaded my companions that she had met with some accident and had lost her infant. On leaving the harem, we found that it was not a child of her own that she was mourning, but that of a white girl in the harem: and that the wife's illness was wholly from grief for the loss of this baby: a curious illustration of the feelings and manners of that place!—*Miss Martineau.*

Hon. A. H. Stephens of Ga., in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:—

"A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich painter, who took him in, fed, and lodged him, and sent him on his way, with his blessings. Those kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled on; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estate. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy, years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession.—He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her perpetuity;" and Mr. Stephen's added with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, "*that orphan boy stands before you.*"

CRIME IN LIVERPOOL.—The following is a return showing the number of prisoners brought before the magistrates for the borough during the year 1848, distinguishing the different countries to which they belong:—

Countries.	Males.	Females.	Total.
English,	7838	3750	10,588
Irish	5280	3514	8,794
Scotch,	644	543	887
Welsh,	519	265	784
Isle of Man,	128	25	153
Foreigners,	607	23	630
Total,	14,816	7720	21,036

A similar return, furnished from the jail at Leeds, shows the number of prisoners to be 2009, giving Liverpool an unenviable and overwhelming majority.—[Liverpool Albion.

ONE MISSING.—The Reverend F. Coyle, in a lecture on memory, delivered at Adelaide (reported in the *South Australian Register*), instanced stage drivers, whose memory of the orders and directions given them is remarkable. He once rode outside with the owner and driver of a stage from Troy to the land of the Knickerbocker; the driver could not have had less than fifty parcels and messages to deliver by the way; but he was at a loss, he knew he had forgotten *one* parcel, but 'ding him if he could remember what it was.' At length the stage arrived at his own door, when the children came rushing out with a "Welcome home, Pa; but, oh, where did you leave Ma?"—"May I be teetotally scorched," said he, "if I hain't forgot Sal!" That was the missing parcel.

A newly-married couple went to house-keeping not long since in this city, in Poplar street. At breakfast the next morning after their entrance, the gentleman said to his lady, "My dear this is Poplar street, and by putting a (you) in it becomes *popular*." "And by putting us in it," promptly replied the lady, "it will become *populous*."

A *club* of women in Paris, who contend for the widest and most extended rights, have a code of by-laws. One of the articles runs in this wise:—"Any young women who finds herself married to a man *fifty* years of age, shall have a perfect right to swap him off for two of *twenty-five* years each."

A CLEVER BOY.—A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said, "He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes mother," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Bawson, threwed the cat into the well, and stole old Hinckley's gimblet."

A young dandy, who sported an enormous moustachio, asked a lady what she thought of his looks. "Why," said she, "you look as if you had swalled a squirel, and left the tail sticking out of your mouth."

AGRICULTURAL.

DRAINING.—We hope that farmers have done all in their power to drain their arable land sufficiently. It is in vain to propose any great improvements in the cultivation or manuring of lands not sufficiently drained. We have witnessed the injury done to arable land by stagnant water, and the want of good outlets to the drains, that might be remedied without much difficulty. We were once of opinion, that open drains would, in most situations, be the most suitable here, in consequence of the covered drains being liable to be frozen in winter and continue frozen when their action would be most required. We are now of opinion, however, that covered drains, three feet deep, all over, well made with tiles and small stones alone, may answer exceedingly well in most situations, where they will have sufficient fall, as they require more fall than ordinary drains. Three feet deep is the least they should be sunk below the surface, and four feet would be better. Small stones, where they can be had conveniently, will answer as well, and we believe, better than tiles, unless small stones are put in with the tiles. Whether open or covered drains are employed, the land has to be drained, if we expect to raise good and profitable crops, and any farmer who will not drain may as well give up all idea of other improvements in arable culture, as they cannot be successful on land insufficiently drained.—*Lower Canada Journal.*

TREES.—The season for planting apple trees and shrubbery is fast passing away. If any reader has a spot of ground where an ornamental or fruit tree will flourish, let him improve the opportunity that is now offered, and if he has land for the purpose let him rear a forest. Trees cost but little money in the first instance, and but little labour afterwards, to keep them thrifty and in a healthy condition. The advice given to Jock Jabos was excellent, "stick a tree in the ground Jock, it will be growing while you're sleeping."

It must be a matter of no small consequence to a man who has reached to a good old age, when he can set under the grateful shade of noble trees which his own hand has planted.

"A wood coeval with himself he sees,
And loves his own contemporary trees."

TO DESTROY INSECTS ON VINES.—Soft soap 2 pounds, flour of brimstone, 2 pounds; powdered tobacco, 2 pounds. Boil for half an hour in 6 gallons of water; apply luke-warm.

Farmers who have applied lime with partial or little apparent benefit, often estimate its use erroneously, by not taking into account the long endurance of its enriching powers, which is many times that of common barn manure.

THE SHOPS OF ROME.

The shops are universally small; many have no windows for the display of goods, but are entered by a large arched open door-way, like a coach-house, with folding doors, falling back to the wall of the house in the street. On each side are hung glass cases, exhibiting articles for sale. Even in the principal street, the Corso, where they have windows, there is not one that makes an attempt to attract your attention. The silk mercers, so showy with us, you pass unnoticed. Indeed, all their articles of dress are of a common sort, except a few Parisian make.—Soap and perfumery they seem to excel in; in this article surpass every other country. The vast number of kids butchered for the poor, accounts for their remarkable cheapness. The most numerous shops are those who deal in cameos and mosaics, which may be considered as the principal manufactures of Rome.—There are many book-shops, chiefly stored with Catholic literature, purchased by the numerous students in the university and the propaganda.—I found only two small music shops, filled with opera songs, waltzes, and polkas, printed generally at Milan and Venice. I inquired for Roman productions, either ancient or modern; of the first, none could I find; and of the latter, only a few specimens, wretchedly printed on thin paper. There is but one dentist, who can neither speak a word of English or French; but there are two great blessings, Monaldini's library, where you can read all the English papers, and Lowe's grocery warehouse, where you can purchase English tea. There are other shops in the Palazza di Spagna, where they profess to deal in English goods, all of which are extravagantly dear. A bottle of Day and Martin's blacking costs as much as half a dozen bottles of *Lachryme Christi*, or what is still better, their 'Wine of Cyprus.'—*Gardner's Sights in Italy.*

It is injurious to cough leaning forward, as it serves to compress the lungs, and make the irritation greater. Persons prone to the enjoyment, should keep the neck straight and throw out the chest. By these means the lungs expand, and the windpipe is kept free and clear. There is an art in every thing, and the art of coughing is perhaps as important in its way as any other.

A young lady thinks that the unmarried men should be distinguished from the married men by some prefix to their names. Ladies are known as "Miss" and "Mrs." but every gentleman is a "Mr." and many an anxious mother finds her hopes of a son-in-law blasted by having the intended victim speak of his *wife*.

A wag sawing with a saw that was not the sharpest saw in the world, after vainly trying to saw with it, broke out at last as follows:—Of all the saws that ever I saw saw, I never saw a saw saw like that saw saws.

"Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gubbens of Stubbens the other day. "Oh! not at all; he has only assigned over all his property, and fallen back to take a better position!" was the reply of Mr. Stubbens.

An Irishman, writing from Ohio, says it is the most illigant place in the world. The first three weeks, he says, "you are boarded gratis, and after that you are charged nothing at all. Come along, and bring the childer."

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.—A Canadian of this city who bought a patriarch of a turkey that had frightened every purchaser from the idea of making a *gay*-ful feast off him, said afterwards—"I took him home—my wife bile him tree hours, and den he crow. My wife put him in de pot with the 'taters, and he kick 'em all out."—*Northern Tribune, Bath, Me.*

Laugh at no man for his pug nose; you can never tell what may jarn up.

HEAVEN BLESS THE CAT!

"Are you going to Stepford, sir?" said a stranger, addressing Herbert Percy, at the steamboat landing at——

If ever there was a person of fastidious taste it was our hero, and at first he looked rather scornfully on the coarse, ill-natured speaker; but Herbert Percy was a gentleman, and, after a moment's hesitation, he answered blandly that he was going to the village so named.

"Will you take charge of a young lady, then, for me?" asked the stranger, as if unconscious of any freedom.

Herbert, though he smiled at the man's ignorance of etiquette, in thus addressing a perfect stranger, rather than the captain of the boat, on whom he might be supposed to have some claim, immediately assented, and the man left our hero at once, saying he would go and bring the young lady.

"This looks very like an adventure!" said Herbert to himself. And while he is wondering to what it would lead, we will give the reader a little insight into his history.

Very peculiarly situated was Herbert Percy.—Left an orphan at an early age, he would have been wholly destitute, but for the interposition of a gentleman, who, having once loved his mother in vain, had never married, and now thought himself happy in being permitted to take charge of her child. This charge, however, was not a personal one, for before Herbert was two years old, and before his parent had been dead a twelve-month, his benefactor sailed for the East Indies, where he was extensively engaged in commerce, and whence he had fortunately come on a visit about the time that Herbert's parents died.

Our hero accordingly took his new guardian's name, and grew to be fifteen years old before he again heard of Mr. Percy. About that time, however, his benefactor wrote to America that he wished the boy to be transferred to an intimate friend of his, Mr. Reuben Gray, who was about to undertake in his behalf the charge of large ironworks, that had been yielded up to Mr. Percy for a debt.

Mr. Gray, or rather Mr. Percy, for it was this gentleman himself in disguise, welcomed our hero to the Coralton Iron Works with unfeigned delight; for in every feature of the child he saw what reminded him of his first and only love. Herbert was accordingly brought up as heir of Mr. Percy.

As soon as Mr. Percy had established himself at Coralton, he sent for his two orphan nieces, the children of his two deceased sisters. The eldest, Maria, was a lively, quick-tempered girl, but headstrong; she was very beautiful, however, in both face and figure. The youngest, Emma, was only a pretty child, scarcely in her thirteenth year; she was shy and timid, but studious, tender of heart, and with a sweet yielding temper.—Strange to say, Mr. Gray, or rather Mr. Percy, loved the wilful Maria best: on the principle, we suppose, that parents often think most of the child which gives them the greatest trouble. He early formed the plan of uniting her to Herbert; though he confessed to himself that the young man's refinement of manner and mind would probably shrink from the boldness and frivolity of hers. He hoped, however, that time would improve his niece; and in order that this might be done, and that Herbert might not imbibe any early prejudices against her, he proposed, when the young man came from college at nineteen, that he should visit Europe for two years.

As Herbert, however, was still ignorant of the identity between Mr. Gray and Mr. Percy, a letter from this latter gentleman was produced proposing the foreign tour. Herbert was only too glad to go. He was to write to his benefactor, under cover to Mr. Gray.

Herbert went through the same scenes, the same ordeal that other young men do who spend two years abroad, travelling from one place of interest to another. While abroad he wrote to Mr. Percy, directing his letters to Mr. Reuben Gray, always enclosing a much larger one to his benefactor in the East Indies, which letters, of course, as they were meant for him, were opened and read by Mr. Gray. He was pleased that the young man so justly appreciated him in his character of superintendent, and more pleased to find that Herbert complained of his coldness. "I feel as if I could give him my whole heart," said Herbert, in one of these letters, "but he repulses me, yet he is indulgent and kind. I wrote him to talk to me unreservedly, as you do, my dear father and benefactor; you meet all my wants, your words of affection cheer an animate me, but Mr. Gray, spite of the tenderness I have for him; and which he must see, never even shakes hands, or seems at all glad to see me after three months' absence."

This was the high felicity Mr. Percy did not dare to give way to his feelings towards the son of the woman he had so fondly loved. But there was not a moment when the young man came near him that he did not long to fold him in his arms, for he was so like his mother, and his voice when quite young resembled hers so exactly, that Mr. Percy often feared his emotions would betray him.

Herbert came home much improved in appearance, and highly benefited by the observations he had made abroad. It was on his way to Coralton, after he landed from the packet, that the request was made to him with which our story opens.

In a moment our hero found himself leading the young lady along the plank laid from the steamboat to the shore. She, blushing, shy, and timid: indeed Herbert saw she trembled at stepping on the plank. When on board the boat, he endeavoured to open a conversation with her; but he could get no answer except "yes" or "no."—However she was very pretty, very graceful and modest, and listened with attention to Herbert's conversation, which was principally of scenes abroad. Herbert was very sorry when the boat stopped at Stepford. He was going farther on, and did not land; nor was this necessary, for a hackney coachman, whom the young lady said had been sent for her, was in waiting. The name on her small trunk was Brown—E. Brown.

Herbert went on to Coralton, where he was received with joy. But, after the first few days of exciting welcome were over, he began to feel dissatisfied. Why was it? He had never felt so before. The truth was the modest face of that young girl haunted him. It was the ideal which, in his boyish fancies, he had pictured for his future wife.

Perhaps Herbert thought all the more of the young girl, because he was continually contrasting her with Mr. Gray's niece, Maria, who was now twenty, and had grown even bolder, and more boisterous. Of his cousin Emma he saw nothing, for she was at school, and when she came home once or twice at vacation, it was at periods when he was travelling. They spoke of her, even Mr. Gray himself, as still a mere school girl, and Herbert scarcely thought of her except when others named the poor girl. In fact, he was always thinking of the young girl he had met on board the steamboat.

"I am very tired of this idle life," said he, one day, to Mr. Gray, "it is not right that you should labour incessantly. I owe Mr. Percy much: let me assist you."

It was some time before Mr. Gray could speak; but when he did, it was to reply that he had just received a letter from Mr. Percy, in which Herbert was requested to devote three years to the study of the law. At the same time he produced a letter in Mr. Percy's handwriting directed to Herbert, which when opened, proved to contain the same request.

On his way to the city, Herbert could not resist the temptation of stopping at Stepford; but as it was quite a large town, he could obtain no clue to the young girl. He did not, our readers will recollect, even know the name of the persons she was visiting; Brown, too, was a very ordinary application, so it was no wonder that his week's search was fruitless.

But this failure only made him think more of her; a result which all who had been in love know to be natural. Her sweet, modest face often came up provokingly between him and the page of the dry law book he was reading.

Our hero had been engaged at his studies about ten months, and was in his twenty-second year, when he was thunder-struck by receiving the following letter from Mr. Gray.

"My dear Son—With painful feelings I sit down to break to you an incognita, begun without sufficient thought and maintained for years, but which has led to the most painful results. Know me at once, then, as Mr. Percy. The assumed name of Gray I adopted in order that I might teach you, if possible, to love me for myself.—That I have succeeded, my dear boy, I am assured; but alas; while I have gained my desire, I have unconsciously ruined another's happiness. I feel that I must cut this painful story as short as possible. You have often met my niece at my house: it has long been my dearest wish to see you married to her. But as I did not wish to force your inclinations, I resolved to let things take their course. She is proud, very proud, and, as you know, beautiful: so I did not, for a moment, think of the possibility of her loving you unsought. Yesterday, however, by accident I learned that she had long secretly loved you—indeed ever since your return from Europe. The very thought that you may love another will, I am sure, make her unhappy. This is a terrible blow to me; for you and she, above all others, divide my heart between you. I might, perhaps, have endeavoured to secure her happiness by making your union with her the contingency by which you would be heir to my estate; but, my dear boy, I would not be so unjust to you, whom I love as my own child, and whom I have reared in expectation of wealth. No, Herbert, I will leave you entirely free. I look on this unhappy affair as a punishment sent by Providence for my duplicity in concealing my name. Though it sends a poisoned dagger in my heart, I will bow and submit myself to the stroke.

"I have thought it my duty, however, my dear son, to tell you of this secret passion; because, as love grows by daily companionship, it is better you should come no more to Coralton. Only, if you love no one else, and think you can wed this poor, dear girl, it would be the happiest day in my life when I saw her your wife.

"HERBERT PERCY, *alias* REUBEN GRAY."

Poor Herbert was almost stunned by this intelligence. Yet he thought, at first, comparatively little of this strange transformation of Mr. Gray, whom he so deeply loved, into Mr. Percy, whom he had hoped yet to love. He thought only of the niece. He now saw a thousand things which he ought to have regarded as suspicious in Maria's conduct. But how could he marry her? True—she was beautiful, but in all things what a contrast to the young girl he secretly worshipped. Whenever he thought of that sweet, fair face—of that modest cheek blushing like a delicate rose—of those mild, almost saint-like, yet inexpressibly tender eyes, he turned with disgust from the vision of Maria's bold impudent manner, and the tones of her loud, coarse voice. All this may seem very strange; but there have been such things as love at first sight; and Herbert was an example of it.

At once, then, he decided to write back to his benefactor that he loved another. But Herbert had only seen Miss Brown once, and would others credit the fervour of a passion entertained under such circumstances? Besides, on a second reading, the concluding paragraph of Mr. Percy's letter appealed to Herbert more forcibly than a command. In the hope, there half expressed, the whole heart of his benefactor was obviously bound up. The tone of the letter, too, was so generous: should he be less so? Ought the mere possibility that he might yet meet and win his mistress, and thus secure his own felicity, to be set off against the certainty that, by marrying Maria, he could make two persons happy? Herbert was not selfish, he was generous to a fault. He sat down, and wrote to Mr. Percy that, if his niece would accept him, with no heart to give, he would marry her at once.

But no sooner was the letter despatched than his feelings suffered a revulsion. He pictured himself as the husband to Maria, and then, in contrast to her came up the memory of the young girl. He almost regretted he had sent the letter, and fearing his real wishes might be misinterpreted, he despatched a second letter, more explicit; but this one he directed to Maria instead of her uncle.

By the return mail came an answer from Mr. Percy. He wrote in tones of rapture. He had conferred with his niece; and together they had fixed that day week for the marriage, by which period Herbert was expected at Coralton.

Herbert scarcely believed his eyes. After what he had written to Maria, for her to show such eagerness, nay! even to consent to have him at all, surprised him. Herbert actually hated her now. She was ten times rader, coarser, and more bold than ever in his fancy; and the sweetness and modesty of her he had lost, were a hundred times enhanced in consequence.

At first he could not believe but that there was some mistake. Every mail he looked for a letter from Maria to say that the uncle had written before she received Herbert's letter; but none came; and, after waiting two days, more in disgust than ever at the partner fate was forcing on him, wrote a short, cold note to Coralton, stating he would come down on the day fixed for wedding.

"Live with her, I cannot," he thought, "but I will fulfil my word. I will marry her, as I have promised; but as soon as the ceremony is over, I will take leave of her for ever. My poor benefactor, it may make him unhappy at first, but he will flatter himself that all will at last come right. Oh! how have my high hopes of marriage felicity ended!"

Herbert took care not to reach Mr. Percy's mansion until nightfall. His benefactor met him at the door, embraced him with tears, and would have conducted him at once to his bride.

"No—no—not yet!" said Herbert, putting off the interview as long as possible, like a criminal