Weekly Chronicle.

THE

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

VOL. VII. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1843. No. 45.

THE CHRONICLE

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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.

JULY.	R. SUN.	S. MOON.	H. W.
8 Saturday,	4 25	7 43	1 13
9 Sunday,	4 26	7 43	2 7
10 Monday,	4 27	7 43	3 8
11 Tuesday,	4 28	7 42 *rises.*	11 28
12 Wednesday,	4 28	7 42	8 15
13 Thursday,	4 29	7 41	8 42
14 Friday,	4 30	7 40	9 6

9 10
10 2
10 47
morn
0 3
0 37

Full Moon 11th, 0h. 27m. evening.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq., President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: C. C. Stewart, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: James Travis, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Hon. John Robertson.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Business at present conducted under the Firm of ROBERTSON & MARSHALL, as Blacksmiths, &c., dissolves by mutual consent on the First day of May next. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm, will be closed by JOHN R. MARSHALL, who is duly authorised to perform the same.

DAVID M. ROBERTSON,
JOHN R. MARSHALL.

St. John, April 27, 1843.

THE Business formerly conducted under the Firm of Robertson & Marshall, as Blacksmiths, &c., will be continued by the subscriber on his own account, at the old stand South side North Slip.

JOHN R. MARSHALL

FOR SALE AS ABOVE—

60 ASSORTED ANCHORS; Edge Tools of all descriptions constantly on hand.

Also, to Let for One or Three Years—The TANNERY establishment in Union street, formerly occupied by George Whitekir, junr., apply as above. April 28.

Dissolution!

THE Business heretofore carried on by the Subscribers under the Firm of SANCTON & CROOKSHANK, is this day Dissolved:—all unsettled accounts they request may be arranged as speedily as possible with GEORGE P. SANCTON, at the *old stand*—York Point, at which place only all applications on business must be made to him.

GEO. P. SANCTON.
A. G. CROOKSHANK.

May 17, 1843.

☞NOTICE.

THE differences between the undersigned John Kerr, Edmund Kaye, and James R. Crane, having been amicably arranged, and the dissolution of the Partnership between them, under the firm of JOHN KERR & CO., mutually resolved on.—Notice is hereby given, That all debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to, and those due from the same, discharged by the said John Kerr and Edmund Kaye.

JOHN KERR,
EDMUND KAYE,
JAMES R. CRANE.

26th April.

☞NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of WILLIAM & JOSEPH SCAMMELL having expired on the 20th instant, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm will be closed by JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

W. SCAMMELL.
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

Saint John Hotel, 20th May, 1843.—[Courr.]

THE SUBSCRIBER returns his thanks for the liberal patronage given by the Public to the *St. John Hotel*, under the firm of WM. & J. SCAMMELL, and begs to inform the Public that he continues the House on his own account, and every thing will be done to continue to give the fullest satisfaction.

JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

May 20, 1843.—[Courier]

☞NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having retired from the firm of JOHN KERR & Co., and having taken that commodious Fire-proof BRICK BUILDING on the North Market Wharf, formerly occupied by Messrs. JAMES LOCKWOOD & Co., where he intends carrying on the business of *Commission Merchant and General Agent*, offers his services to his friends and the Public in that capacity, with the assurance that the facilities he proposes will enable him to give satisfaction to them who may entrust him with their business.

May 5 1843. JAMES R. CRANE.

NOTICE.

THE business of the Firm of John Kerr & Co. will in future be continued by the subscribers under the same Firm. JOHN KERR.

26th April. EDMUND KAYE.

C. W. KETCHUM,

Has removed to the stone Building in Prince William street, owned by W. H. Street, Esq., and has received per *Vanguard* and *British Queen*, a part of his ***Summer Goods***, which have been selected with the utmost care, and will be sold extremely low for *Cash only*.

PER VANGUARD—

PLAIN, Fancy and Embossed Lace and Kid Mitts and Gloves; Plain, Chine, Foullard, Striped, Tartan, and Oriental Silks and Satins; Volutes; Crapes de Pekmard; Satinetts; Plain Chine and Tartan Cotton and Silk Velvets.

Gents. Tartan, Damask, Paris, D'Orsay, Hannington, Napier and Spanish silk VELVET and SATIN; Cravats, Neck Ties; SCARFS and VEST PATTERNS, some extremely rich;

Ladies' silk, satin, and Velvet Squares, Scarfs, Pillerines, Capes, Mantles and Shawls, of the newest description;

French Twill, silk Syrians, Gentian, Cashmere, Llama, Chine, Chusan, Balzarine, De Laine, Lustre and Orleans Cloths;

French and English Ribbons—*new styles*;

Satin, silk and Gingham PARASOLS;

Hosiery, Braces, Collars and Fronts;

Boys' Caps, &c.; Printed and Furniture Cottons; some very low Cotton, Worsted and Woollen Plaids; Gambroons, Cantoons, Moleskins, Cloths;

Brussels Carpeting;

Also—a choice quantity of silk, Tyrolese, and Chip trimmed BONNETS; Artificial Flowers; Cap Borders; Wreaths; Widows' Caps; Bonnet shapes, &c. &c.

Also, per Sarah Ann:—Drawn and Fancy Netts, Quillings, Rouches, Insertions, Laces; Thread and Cotton Edgings; Collars; Lace Falls & Veils, Cap Crowns, &c.

Bullion, Loaf, Chinnello, Knotted and Loop FRINGES; silk Buttons; Cords and Tassels; Girdles; Cap springs; Prepared Bone and Cane; Tambour, Marking, and Knitting COTTON; Cotton Reels and Balls; Real Gold and silver Buttons; check, stripe, drawn, book, mull and jaconett Muslins; Cambrics, Lawns, &c.

Rolled Linings; French Dimity; Regattas; Bed Ticking, Ginghams, Tweeds, Buckskins, Broad Cloths, &c.; Saxony and Welch Flannels; Table Covers; *Orleans Cloths as low as 8d a yard*; De Laines and Chellies;

An elegant assortment of Shawls & Handkerchiefs; Silk and Cotton Hosiery; Cambric, cotton, and silk Pocket Handkerchiefs; Cardinal capes and scarfs.

PER BRITISH QUEEN:

An elegant assortment of Tuscan, Rutland, Chip, Fluted, Dunstable, Rice, Cordonnet, silk, satin, Parisian and Tyrolese BONNETS;

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS; Wreaths and Bouquets; Marabout and Ostrich Feathers;

Rouche's, Caps and Cap Fronts;

Cases of Bonnet Shapes, for sale very low;

Handkerchiefs, scarfs, shawls; printed and plain Velvets; Woollen and cotton Plaids.

Also—

A quantity of very superior London Prints.

☞The remainder of his stock momentarily expected per *Princess*, from Liverpool. 11th May.

New Perfumery,
COSMETICS AND SOAPS.

THE subscriber has opened a splendid assortment of NEW PERFUMERY, SOAPS, &c. among which are the following choice Perfumes:—Victoria Bouquet, Prince Albert's Bouquet, the Princesse's Bouquet, Adelaide Perfume, Daws' Perfume for the Handkerchief, Hanney's Rondeletia, Essence of Rose, Rose Bloom, Milk of Roses, Smyth's Lavender Water, Arquebuzade Circassian Cream for the Hair, &c.—SOAPS; Prince Albert's Ambroid Shaving Cream; Riggs' Military Shaving Soap; Grattio & Peirces' Ekemelik or Sultana Soap; Floating Soap; Rose Soap; Sand Balls; Brown and White Windsor Soap, &c. &c.

May 17. JOHN G. SHARP.

INDIA HOUSE.

THOMAS S. MAGEE, begs to inform the Inhabitants of Saint John and the Province generally, that he has taken the premises in Dock street, formerly occupied by Mr. MCCOSKERY, and known as the "India House," where he intends keeping on hand a general assortment of *GROCERIES, WINES, &c.*, the principal stock of which he is daily expecting to arrive: and as he purposes doing business, as far as practicable, on the *Cash system*, he will be enabled to obtain goods of the best description, and sell them at the lowest prices, and only such as he can with confidence recommend.

The COFFEES will be of the best quality, and being manufactured by the process of the

STEAM MACHINERY,

has no doubt that their heretofore reputation will be fully sustained in the article which will be found at this establishment.

Grocers are respectfully informed that he will Toast and Grind their Coffee or Grind Pepper for them on very advantageous terms.

On hand—About 60 tons of pure ICE, from Lily Lake, for sale in any quantities at the

GOLDEN ELEPHANT,

April 28. Dock street.

Received 16th May, 1843,

Per "*Sarah Ann*" from Liverpool:

GRIFFIN'S SCYTHES, Sickles, Reaping Hooks, Garden and Ditching SPADES, Square SHOVELS.

6 casks HARDWARE: Knives, Files, Scissors, Sheep Shears, Tailor's Shears, and other Cutlery.

Plated Squares, Sand Paper, Curry Combs, White-wash, House, and Tar Brushes, Cast, German, and Blister Steel Plough Moulds, &c.

June 2. G. T. WILEY.

Bank Stock.

8 SHARES of the Capital Stock of the Bank of New Brunswick, for sale by the subscriber, JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

2nd June 1843.

TO LET.

THE second & third stories of that Brick Building corner of Dock st. & Market Square, at present occupied by the subscriber, being well situated for a Wholesale or Commission Business. Possession given immediately, if required.

April 28. G. T. WILEY.

TO LET,

TWO Flats in the Brick Building corner of North Market Wharf and Dock st.—Rent very low. Apply to

Feb. 10. JOHN G. SHARP.

TO LET,

SEVERAL Rooms in the subscriber's house, corner of Charlotte and Duke streets. Apply on the Premises to

Feb. 10. E. DURANT.

Miscellany.

THE BLACK HANDLED KNIFE.

By the Author of "The Pirate Chief."

"Blood has been shed ere now, in the old time—
Ere human statute purged the general weal—
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed,
Too horrible for the ear."

CHAPTER I.

It was a stormy November night. The wind whistled over the black moor, and the clouds were driving across the sky, covering the moon that now and then passed between them, and looked down, cold and chilly upon the scene. Over the barren moor rode a horseman, swift and desperately as if in haste to reach his journey's end; and ever and anon, as the wind blew furiously around him he wrapped closer about him his ample riding cloak, and spurred yet harder his flying steed. The road that he was journeying, lay across one of those vast and barren heaths, so common in England, long the rendezvous and scene of operations, of those gentlemen of the Paul Clifford school, "knights ycloped of the post." The moon that had been playing bopeep through the night, now seemed to have entirely disappeared, behind the mountain cloud that stretched across the sky; and the road dreary enough at all times, was rendered trebly dismal by the pitchy darkness of the night. Nevertheless, the rider kept upon the course, as if perfectly familiar with the road; and strove by anticipating the roaring fire, and warm welcome of mine host of the Green Dragon, to drive from his mind sundry exceedingly uncomfortable visions of footpads and of highwaymen, with bludgeons, pistols, daggers, *ad infinitum*, in prospective. And truly, our rider had cause to dread a midnight meeting with the aforesaid gentry; for between ourselves, k nd reader, many a one had been indebted to him for a brief blessing and a short leep into eternity.—You start,—but do not conjure up, *a la Radcliff*, visions of a secret desperado—his acts were all *sundam artem*. Briefly, he was no other than a circuit judge—

"Of rogues the scourge—the friend of honest men,"
as some ante-deluvian sage has said or sung. Yet, though old, and perhaps devoid of that most useful quality, strength—the firm lip, and the sparkling eye, coupled with a brace of "*contingents*" that peeped forth most commonly from his saddle bags, showed he would not yield without a struggle, though attacked by fearful odds. He rode on, and, while pondering on the perils of the way, keeping a sharp lookout for enemies, if enemies there were, he was suddenly startled by the sound of Horses' hoofs, breaking the stillness of the night, and seemingly approaching at a speed that soon bro't them vis-a-vis. The old man grasped his pistols, and held ready while the sound approached nearer and nearer, and in a few seconds a horse appeared, urged at its greatest speed across the heath. The justice, seeing but one, drew up to meet him; but the horse checked not his headlong career, but bounded on, like an arrow. The moon just then bursting from behind the clouds, shone full upon the visage of the rider—it was ghastly pale—the eyes seemed fixed and staring; and the hair streamed wildly from beneath a close velvet cap, while his mantle, having burst its fastninge, hung trailing from the saddle. Twas but a moment that the eye of the justice rested upon him, when the moon again was hidden by the cloud, and the footsteps of the retreating horse sounded fainter in the distance. But that glance was enough. The sudden appearance of the steed had started him, and wild figure of the rider almost terrified—but the pale face and rigid gaze, lighted by the white moonbeams, were impressed most deeply on his memory. He set spurs to his horse, and galloped over the road in the direction of the circuit town, at which the court of justice, in which he should preside, would be held upon the morrow.

CHAPTER II.

An hour's hard riding brought the justice to the country-town. He galloped through the deserted streets, waking the echoes of the old houses and startling the slumbering watchmen from his comfortable nook where he reposed—"the world forgetting by the world forgot." Having some pressing business with a fellow justice that he much desired to transact before the sting of the court, he resolved, before proceeding to his hotel to call upon him, in the hope that he should not have yet retired to rest. Riding through a few squares, he turned a corner, and checking his horse before the gate of a splendid mansion, dismounted, and proceeded to fasten his horse to a post. The mansion was one of the Elizabethan structure, that were so common at the close of the last century, but, like many an ancient relic, are now passing fast away. A spacious court-yard enclosed by a high wall surrounded it, and on the other side, another wall of terrace stretched parrallel with the first along its length—ornamented with sundry openmouthed nondescripts, dignified by the village king-at-arms, with the title of *lions rampant*. Against one of those figures, and opposite the ring-post, at which our friend, the justice, was engaged in fastening his horse, leaned the figure of a man seemingly wrapped in sleep. The justice, having fastened his horse, turned around, and was proceeding towards the house, when his eye fell upon the form of the sleeper. Supposing it a servant of the mansion, or at most, a sleeping guardian of the night, the justice moved forward and grasping his arm to rouse him from his slumber. Suddenly he started back in deadly terror: for his hand was wet with blood, and from the breast of the figure swelled a purple stream, and gushed upon the ground. Almost stunned with surprise and terror, the justice started back, but, recalled to his senses by the ghastly sight before him, he flew to the house, and seizing the massy knocker before, he woke a peal around that startled the sleepy inmates from their beds, and bro't them to the windows. A dozen heads emerged from as many casements, and a dozen of voices inquired the case of such disturbance.

'Murder!' shouted the horror-striking justice, in a voice, hoarse with excitement—'murder at your very gates: and will ye stand parleying there?—Hasten!—perhaps life still remains.'

'Surely,' answered a voice,—'surely it is my friend, the justice Wilmot.'

'Hasten,' cried the justice, 'it is I—hasten for the love of heaven.'

Thus adjured, the inmates disappeared from the windows, and soon a confused throng appeared, and followed the justice, who had returned to the body of the murdered man. When they reached the spot, he was plucking from the yet warm breast a case-knife with a curiously carved handle of ebony. He held it up, to the gaze of the shuddering spectators, who now gathered round, with quivering lips and dilated eyes, to view the body. It was soon recognized as a young man of rank and wealth in the town, who had been known as a gay lively youth, and who was to have been married the succeeding morn. A burst of horror followed recognition of the boy, and the question went from mouth to mouth, "Who is the murderer?" But none might answer that. The deceased had borne an irreproachable character, saving some youthful wildness, and he was not known to have quarrelled with any of his companions. It was known evident that gold was not the murderer's object, for his purse was yet untouched, and a valuable ring still glittered on the death-pale finger. Suspicion found no mark to fix upon, until the thought flashed through the minds of the beholders, that perhaps the judge himself might be the murderer. The horrible suspicion once awakened, seemed to the excited witnesses as almost certainty; when it was remembered that he first had given notice of the murderer, and even now his hand was stained with the blood of the murdererd man. What means his hoarseness and evident terror at the moment when he aroused the house—and why, at the moment was he there, instead of his hotel? And the blood upon his hand—the knife he held—what meant they? Immediately they surrounded him, and, spite of his vehement protestations of innocence, and the friendly remonstrances of his friend and fellow-justice, Mr. Rawleigh, he was bound, and hurried to the prison.

CHAPTER III.

The succeeding day saw Judge Wilmot a prisoner at the bar of the court at which he should preside, charged with the fearful crime of murder. His well-known respectability, and amiable character, together with the entirely circumstantial nature of the evidence, would have induced his discharge upon his examination, but the great excitement of the populace rendered a public trial expedient.—The evidence having been given, and the remark of the council heard, the prisoner was called upon by the presiding judge, at the request of Mr. Rawleigh, to give a detail account of what he had witnessed, and whatever circumstances he could offer in his defence. He commenced by describing and lamenting on the dreadful suspicion that had placed him in his present situation, and proceeded to give a narrative of what had occurred upon the preceding evening. He narrated his adventure on the heath, and the appearance of the nocturnal horseman—his wild and ghostly countenance, and the fearful rate at which he rode—and spoke of his arrival in the town as we have related, and his horror at discovering the body; and concluded with a solemn adjuration to Almighty God to attest his innocence, and the truth of what he had related.—The evidence was summoned, the council for the government proceeded in his remarks, and the judge charged the jury in an earnest and impressive speech, in which he spoke of the enormity of the crime, the irreproachable reputation of the prisoner, Judge Wilmot, and the wholly circumstantial evidence on which the accustain was based.—The jury retired: and in a few moments returned a verdict of "NOT GUILTY." A murmur of disapprobation went through the court—for so strong was the majority impressed with the conviction of the guilt of the prisoner, from the suspicious circumstances of the last evening, that they regarded the verdict as the effect of partiality towards the prisoner, on account of his wealth and distinction. This feeling vented itself in shouts and groans, as the acquitted prisoner, accompanied by his friend Judge Rawleigh, left the courthouse and proceeded to the mansion of the latter. As he left the carriage at the gate, and cast his eyes at the spot where the body of the murdered man had lain, he involuntarily shuddered. This was received by the observing populace as a new evidence of his guilt, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he escaped unirjured to the house. Having partaken of some slight refreshments, he was accompanied by his friend, at night fall, to the outskirts of the town, in order to avoid the mob, which had increased, and surrounding the house, vociferously demanded the person, of the man, who, in spite of reason, they still persisted in believing guilty.

CHAPTER IV.

Again the justice crossed the heath, and retraced his way in the direction of his home. What his feelings were can hardly be described to those who have not been in such a situation. Accused of a crime he could not think of but with horror, confined in a prison, arraigned as a criminal at the very bar at which he had so often presided; and, though acquitted, still deemed, guilty by those who should have known him, all these were enough to prey upon his mind, and give a sadness to his countenance. He pursued his way, pondering upon the events of yesterday, and the dreadful crime of which he had been accused. His home lay at the distance of thirty miles and thither he proposed to retire, until the excitment consequent upon the trial, had in some degree subsided, and he might resume his professional labors. Late in the evening he arrived at a village, and repaired to the house of a friend at which he intended remaining for the night. He was received with a warm welcome, and provided with a bed, and wearied with the excitements of the day, with the opiate of a good conscience, was soon sunk in a quiet slumber. In the morning he arose, and descended to breakfast, previous to his setting forth on his journey. The very first object that met his eyes, and caused him to start, involuntarily back, was the face of a young man, who sat at the foot of the table. It was the very same countenance that had so startled him in his ride across the heath—the same pale lips, and wild expression, if possible more wild and haggard still. Fortunately, his surprise was not observed by the object which had created it, and he entered into conversation with the family on the ordinary topics of discourse. At the moment the morning papers were brought in, and a member of the family taking one up, read from it *Dreadful Murder*. The attention of the justice was immediately arrested, and almost unconsciously he glanced towards the youth, whose face had so strangely moved him. He was silent, but his pale face was overspread with a slight flush, and his teeth were firmly set. The judge's friend read the article, and exclaimed,—

'Good Heaven, Mr. Wilmot,—What means this?—a gentleman of hitherto unblemished character. Nowell Wilmot, a justice of the peace, is suspected of the murder. He has been arrested, and will be tried at the next court.'

Wilmot kept his eye upon the youth at the foot of the table while the article was read, and observed the blood, alternately recede and appear, as the account proceeded, although he uttered no sound. The justice then in as succinct a manner as possible related the events of the preceding day, omitting the appearance of the horseman on the heath. The countenance of the youth while listening to this account, expressed deep emotions, but it was unnoticed by the family, who, themselves were most deeply interested and excited by the story. After a few remarks, and expressions of horror at the crime and regret at the trying position which their friend the justice had been placed in, the party proceeded to breakfast. The meal was eaten in silence. An embarrassment seemed unconsciously to have come across them; and at its close the guest prepared to resume his journey. More than once, ere he was ready to depart, he caught the eye of the youth fixed upon him, and his lips almost opening to address him; and he snatched a moment to speak with his friend upon the subject.

'Tell me,' inquired the justice, when they were alone together, 'who is this young man who is now an inmate of your family? I have never seen him here before, and yet his countenance is familiar.'

'He is at present a boarder in my family,' answered his friend. 'He has been here but a short time, but the letters with which he presented himself were from respectable gentlemen in the North, and on their representations, I admitted him to my family. But why, friend, do you ask? Know you aught concerning him?'

'Nothing,' returned the justice, 'but his countenance seems familiar. But tell me,' he continued, 'was he from home, on the evening of the day before yesterday?'

'Mr. Wilmot,' cried his friend, 'you cannot surely suspect him of that fearful crime. If you do I must assure you you are mistaken. He has occupied his room in my house every evening since he has become an inmate of it. But what reason have you for the suspicion?'

'None, none, whatever, since you assure me of his presence here. But an incident which occurred upon that night, came most forcibly to my memory when he met my eyes,'—and he related the adventure over the heath, and described the appearance of the horseman he had met.

The relation had a visible effect upon his listener. He was astonished at the resemblance which the judge had perceived between the youth and the horseman; but he again assurred him that his suspicions were incorrect, and that the youth, upon that evening had not left the house. After the conversation, the judge's horse having been brought to the door, he proceeded, with his companion, to the door, and bidding farewell to the family, prepared to renew his journey.

CHAPTER V.

The justice had taken the bridle of his horse, and was about to mount, when a rustling was heard above his head, and something fell at his feet. He looked up, and perceived a daughter of his friend at one of the windows of the breakfast-room, with a napkin in her hand, from which, apparently, she had inadvertently dropped what had fallen at his feet. He stooped to take it up, and found not a billet-douz,—he was too old a man to receive them, but simply a *fork*. With a smile he was returning it to his friend, who stood beside him, remarking that it was rather dangerous to drop such pointed allusions, when his eye fell upon the handle of the fork. Instantly a change came over his face. He started, and seizing his friend's hand, exclaimed,

'The knife, sir—the knife belonging to this fork—have you it?'

'I have,' said his friend; 'it is an heirloom in the family a very singular—'

'Where is it—let me see it,' exclaimed the justice: 'I charge you let me see the knife.'

His friend startled by his vehemence, knew not what to answer. Hastily calling to his daughter, he desired her to bring the knife belonging to the fork which had fallen from her hand. Then turning to his friend,

'Mr. Wilmot,' said he, 'I beg that you will give me an explanation of this strange conduct.'

'All shall be explained,' said the justice; 'but the knife, the knife.'

His companion knew not what to think of the vehemence of the justice; but at this moment, the girl returned, and said that the knife could not be found—'it had been missing for three days.'

'It must be so—it is,' exclaimed the justice, and rushing past his friend, he re-entered the house, and flew swiftly up stairs. He entered the parlor, and there, upon a sofa, sat the pale youth—the horseman of the heath. He proceeded directly to his side, and seizing him by the arm, cried, in a voice to which excitment gave a fearful tone:

'Young man, I arrest you for the crime of murder.'

The youth sprang to his feet,—turned deadly pale and then meeting the fixed eye of Mr. Wilmot, fell upon his knees, shrieking in a despairing voice,—

'I do confess the crime. O save me—save me from myself. I killed him—save me, save me!' and the wretched youth sank fainting to the floor.

Words fail in expressing the astonishment of the family, who had followed Mr. Wilmot to the parlor, and heard from the lips of the unhappy youth the confession of his crime. After they had, in some degree recovered from the shock, they proceeded, with the usual means, to restore to sensibility the fainting murderer. His neckcloth was taken off; his vest unfastened; and to the horror and surprise of all, it was discovered to be a woman. Her neck of snowy whiteness, was laid bare, and round it was hung a miniature. They opened it—it was the portrait of the murdered man. All the usual restoratives were had recourse to, to bring the lady to life, but in vain—she never breathed again.

* * * * * * *

The trunks of the deceased were opened, and there was found the story of her life. She had loved the murdered man; he had sworn to marry her, and had deserted her, and she sworn revenge. How well she had executed it has been seen. She was buried in the village churchyard. No stone marked her grave. Deeply had she sinned; but deep had been her provocation. The witnesses of her confession and death freely exculpated the justice and he again rode his circuit. From his own mouth, while journeying with him across the same heath, I received this tale, which "I say as 'twas said to me."

THE MECHANIC.—If there is any man in society upon whom we look with esteem and admiration it is the honest and industrious mechanic, who by his unaided exertion has established for himself a respectable situation in society; who, commencing in poverty, by his skill and assiduity surmounts every obstacle, overcomes every prejudice and succeeds in establishing himself a reputation, whose value is enhanced for those who come after him.—Such a man we prize as the noblest work of which human nature is capable, the highest production she can boast. And let it ever be borne in mind by the young mechanic just entering on the stage of active life, let it ever live at the foundation, and be the moving spring of all his efforts, that this situation he must strive to attain. It can be attained by all. Untiring industry and a virtuous ambition, never fail of their reward. They never yet were exerted in vain, and never will be, while honesty and justice are left in the human heart. It was well remarked by an eloquent writer, that the mechanic who was no inheritance but health—no riches but industry, and no ambition but virtue, is the sole king among men, and the only man among kings.—*Com. Bulletin.*

BERLIN POPULATION.—There are few, if any instances of increase of population so rapid as that of Berlin. In 1650, it reckoned 6,100 inhabitants: in 1700, it had increased to 29,000; at the birth of Frederick the Great, in 1712, it contained 61,000; at his accession to the throne in 1740, its capital contained 90,000; and at his death, in 1786, there were 107,000. On the accession of Frederick William III. in 1797, he found 165,000 inhabitants in Berlin; and on the accession of the present monarch, in 1840, the number was 339,234.

PROFESSIONAL DUNNS.—A little timid attorney presenting a copy of a writ to a bluff auctioneer, apologised for his unfriendly visit, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty of his profession.—Certainly, replied the knight of the hammer, you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so must I mine, and immediately knocked him down.

The Mobile Herald takes ground in defence of the ladies' corsets. It says, a corset board supports and strengthens the chest of a lady. If so, it may be properly termed the "board of health."

SLEEPING AND WAKING DREAMS.

BY MRS. ANDY.

The bright and varied dreams that cheer
The darkness of the night,
How soon our sorrows disappear
Beneath their magic light!
Long banished pleasures they renew,
Long absent friends restore;
The loved and lost, the good and true,
They yield to us once more.

'Tis true we wake and sigh to meet
The world's returning strife,
But coming night shall bid us greet
In sleep another life
Age may assert its ruthless power,
But still those dreams remain,
Giving to us the precious hour
Of youth and joy again.

But there are dreams more bright more blest,
That fall us in the day;
How soon in such enchanted rest
Life's vigor steals away!
We imagine fair and cloudless years
Beneath a spell like this,
And deem our changeful tears
A fairy land of bliss.

We wake—we feel our trust betrayed,
We mourn in fruitless pain;
Alas! when once such visions fade,
They charm us not again;
A faint sad vestige of the dream
May in our hearts be nursed;
But never in its second beam
So sunny as its first.

And when in age we sadly sigh
O'er blighted hopes of truth,
We trace in bitter mockery
The day-dreams of our youth;
Yet we had viewed this world of woe,
Perhaps with kindred glance,
Had we ne'er decked it with the glow
Of fanciful romance.

Safe are the dreams that night bestows—
They come to us unsought,
And pass unbid; but woe to those
Who dream in daily thought:
Who picture friends and lovers true,
Glad scenes, unbroken ties—
Oh! how should they endure to view,
Life's rough realities?

Meet we then turn from Joy's fair bowers,
All lovely as they seem?
No—hopes of radiant light are ours,
Hope is that sire not's dream:
They tell us and our pleasures brief,
There is a land more dear,
And whisper in the time of grief—
"Thy refuge is not here."

[Heath's Book of Beauty, 1843.

AN ARMY OF LOCUSTS.

It was about three o'clock, or perhaps a little later and so the distance was a hill, the only elevation we had seen since we left Lemberg. I was riding upon the outside of the calash, reading a book, and we rolled slowly along I perceived a large black cloud lying upon the top of the hill. I first tho't it betokened a thunder storm, a daily occurrence during the whole of our journey. I was, however, struck with the motion of the cloud, which seemed to assume all shapes lengthening and contracting, and throwing itself into various contortions. I know not to what this could be attributable, but of course immediately referred it to the unusual and unerring cause which accounts for all physical phenomena—*electricity*. As I was still gazing upon it the calash suddenly stopped, and Count ——, who was in the van, beckoned me to him. "Do you see that large black cloud in the distance, Doctor?" I have been watching it for sometime, I answered. "Well, what do you think of it?" It is not difficult to say what it is, but I am puzzling my brains to find out what causes it to make such evolutions: and as I spoke, it suddenly tapered into a long string.—"Now look at them," said the Count. "These are the locusts upon wing. I hardly ever saw such an army in the air. We shall hear what devastation they have done before we get to Odessa. Woe to him on whose fields they alight—not a green thing will remain."

The party soon reached Severinowka, but the locusts were before them. They dined with the Count's uncle, was to give them "forty different kinds of wine to drink, and thirty-nine of them detestable," according to the promise of the doctor's patient. But Ceres was in such danger, that we hear little of Bacchus. The "thin, spare, and feeble old man," showed the Count and the Physician, not into the cellar, but into the garden:—

It is almost impossible to hope for credence from those who had not been eye witnesses of the sight which the garden presented. The whole of the surface was covered, ankle deep, with these insects, clambering pell-mell over each other, but all proceeding in the same direction. They did not allow us to tread upon them, but, on our approach, rose on wing with a whizzing sound, and flying forwards over the heads of the main body, settled down again in the vanguard, over the body of their army. This is the manner in which they alight from the wing; the first rank pitches upon the ground, and the others do not follow the train, but precede this field. The sight of them upon the trees was most curious. The branches were bent to the ground by the incumbent weight, and the Italian poplars resembled weeping willows, from their lighter branches being reversed by the weight of the locusts. Several trees were already completely bared, for the insect destroys much more than it consumes. It gnaws the stem of the leaf, and not the body, so that the leaf drops upon the ground almost entire, its stalk only having been eaten. When the insects are browsing upon the trees, they are not so easily scared away by the appearance of man as when merely settled upon the ground; they hold fast to their food, and the boughs must be shaken before they will leave their hold. This was indeed a curious and amusing experiment, for it was something like magic to see a tree throw up its branches into the air, as soon as the locusts were shaken off. Their destruction must be very tough, for many is the stalk of a large sunflower which I have seen gnawed through by these insects. They seem, indeed, to be particularly fond of the stalk of this flower, and, as several are employed upon it at the same time, it soon breaks where the part is weakened by their gnawing: and it is curious to see the insects rise suddenly in the air when put to flight by this unexpected accident."

To this we shall append a few general remarks: Volney has given as accurate description of these insects in his Travels in Syria, and mentioned several facts which I witnessed. He observes that they are accompanied in their flight by birds the size of a thrush, which devour them and make continual war against them. These birds are cherished by the peasants in Syria, and so they are by the people in this country. I have watched them for hours, but must confess I never saw them make much ha-