St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume XVIII. Saint John, New-Brunswick, Friday, August 18, 1854. Number 30.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every FRIDAY afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

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

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the publisher.

☞ Terms—12s. 6d., if paid within the year, 15s. if not paid until after expiration of the year.

All Letters, Orders, Communications, &c., must be post-paid, and addressed to

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

☞ The *Chronicle* is filed, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244 Strand, London.

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

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, President.
J. W. LAWRENCE, ZEBEDEE RING, S. L. TILLEY, S. K. FOSTER, } Directors.
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, Solicitor.
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, Secretary.

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

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

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Rankey, Sturdee & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

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

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

We have obtained the Victory.

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

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuss legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-3 Octave to A above.

N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.

Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

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

Landing ex the Middleton.
CRUSHED and Bastard White SUGAR;
Boiled and raw Linseed OIL;
Cases of Salad OIL; bags Black PEPPER;
Cream of Tar, and Blue and White STARCH;
Dried CURRANTS and COOKING RAISINS;
Bath Brick and Black Lead;
ARROW ROOT and Caraway SEED;
Candle WICK and BORAX.
For sale by JOHN KINNEAR,
April 10. Prince Wm. street.

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

Ladies Cloth & Prunella Boots.
THE Subscriber will receive per Steamer "Admiral" A Consignment of FOURTEEN CASES of Ladies, Misses, and Children's Cloth Prunella and Kamiskate BOOTS—which he offers for Sale at Wholesale. S. K. FOSTER.

BUCHAN'S FLUID—For sale, Boston, from Boston, one hundred barrels superior Burning FLUID.
November 11. S. L. TILLEY.

New Brunswick Hotel.
Charlotte street, nearly opposite the Country Market, Saint John, N. B.
THE Proprietor of the above Establishment thankful for past favors, would respectfully inform the travelling Public, that having erected a large addition in rear of the main Building, he is now prepared to furnish ample accommodation to 70 or 80 Boarders. The Proprietor is determined to leave no means untried to merit the patronage of the community.

Travellers arriving late at night will find the House always open and ready to recive them.

The Sleeping Rooms are large and well ventilated, and the improvements and conveniences which have been made render it emphatically the House of the stranger.

It has always been a Temperance House and the Proprietor is determined to adhere strictly to the Total Abstinence principle.

This House is centrally located, and is well supplied with well furnished apartments, clean beds, good fare, the best attention, and reasonable charges, which should render it worthy the support of Travellers.

A Large STABLE has been erected on the premises, capable of accommodating 70 Horses.

Good Hostlers are always in attendance.
July 8, 1853. E. W. FLAGLOR

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the Premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Lawton, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of

MONUMENTS,
varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready money. M. FITZGERALD.

St. John, April 29, 1853.
N. B.—All kinds of STONE CUTTING for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

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

At Wholesale Only.
300 DOZEN low price Shawl Pins, various patterns; 80 dozen Coat Links; 60 gross Agate Buttons; 180 dozen Catholic Pictures, in neat glass frames; 8 dozen Ladies' Leather Statchels; 40 dozen Berlin Bracelets; 10 gross Silk Purses; 120 bundles Fiddle Strings; 1,200 bundles Steel Beads and a variety Steel Purse Fittings, just landed ex John Barbour, for sale at the Fancy Arcade, Corner King and Cross Sts.
April 28. J. CROUCH.

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

S. K. FOSTER'S
Ladies' Fashionable Shoe Store,
FOSTER'S CORNER, GERMAIN STREET.

Ladies' White Satin BOOTS.
Just received per steamer from Liverpool, via Boston:
LADIES' superior White Satin BOOTS; Ladies superior Black Satin SLIPPERS;
Ladies' superior White Satin Slippers;
Also, per schr. "Henry Parker," from Boston:
26 Boxes INDIA RUBBERS, viz:
Mens' very best Felt Lined Patent Rubber Boots;
Mens' heavy Patent Rubber OVER SHOES;
Men's light Patent Rubber do.
Ladies' very best Patent Rubber BOOTS;
Ladies' superior Lace-up Rubber SHOES;
Girl's superior Lined Rubber BOOTS;
Ladies' very best Rubber Over SHOES—light and heavy;
Boy's very heavy Patent Rubber OVER SHOES;
Children's stout Patent Rubber Over Shoes.
February 20. S. K. FOSTER.

S. K. FOSTER'S
Ladies Fashionable Shoe store.
Foster's Corner Germain Street.

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

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

WANTED.—Two good Cabinet Makers, to whom constant employment and good wages will be given. None need apply but men of steady habits.
M. N. POWERS, *Undertaker.*
March 31. Germain-street

MOLASSES! MOLASSES.—Just Received per "Rio Grande from Cienfuegos
10 Hhds } Muscovado Molasses very superior
20 Tierces
10 Barls
March 4, 1853. ROBT. ARMSTRON.

NOTICE.
THE subscriber is in readiness at all times, with excellent Teams of Horses, to convey Lumber to the Eastern side. Terms moderate. Apply to R. G. WILLIAMS, near the Post Office.
Carleton, June 23.

LEECHES.—1 Case superior LEECHES.—
May 12. S. L. TILLEY.

Dedicated by Special Authority to the Queen of England.
In Parts at 1s. 3d., and Divisions, handsomely bound in Morocco cloth, gilt, 9 4-2
The British Colonies,
THEIR HISTORY, EXTENT, CONDITION, AND RESOURCES:
Illustrated with Maps of each possession, and Portraits of the most celebrated Promoters and Defenders of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.
Adapted for the use of Statesmen, Merchants, Manufacturers, and intending Emigrants, containing the best authenticated statements relating to the geography, geology, climate, animal and vegetable kingdoms, character, customs and social state; religion, education and crime; agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries; the most recent official details concerning the population, government, taxation, and expenditure, imports and exports customs' duties shipping, defences, staple products, live stock, cultivated and waste lands, banks, coins, paper money, weights and measures, wages, &c., with a copious Colonial Gazetteer, and every description of useful and interesting information.
BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, ESQ., Editor of "The Illustrated Atlas, and Modern History of the World."
It has been deemed that full and correct information concerning the Extent, Condition, and Resources of the British Colonies would be acceptable to all classes of the community, and strengthen the natural ties arrising from Kindred Common Origin, and Language.
Published by JOHN TALLIS 100 London. Office in St. John over Kemp & Adams's Market Square.
ROGER HUNTER, AGENT.
Saint John, April 21, 1854.

Halifax Tailoring Establishment.
Now opposite Mrs. Sears' Residence, and First Shop from the corner of Princess and Germain Streets.
THE Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends, and the public generally, for the handsome support that has been extended to him, and assures them he will ever be ready to attend any order that may be given him for execution. He further wishes the attention of the public to his unrivalled Stock of CLOTH, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c.
Having carried on business in the West of England, he has had extensive experience in Cutting both Military and Naval uniforms as well as every other kind of Fashionable Dress. Subsequently he has been employed as Cutter in the first Establishment in Halifax for seven years, where he took the premium for Cutting Coats; and it was admitted by one of the best Cutters in New York that he is the best Cutter of Spring Bottom Pants in North America.
Persons wishing to learn the most scientific mode of Measuring and Cutting Coats may obtain information at this Establishment.
☞ Garments Made and Trimmed on the most reasonable terms.
August 19, 1853. C. H. BARTLETT.

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

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

HOLLOWAYS PILLS AND OINTMENT—Duty is 27½ and for sale by
Octo. 22. FELLOWS & Co.

RUNAWAY.—All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting or harboring Joseph H. Scorr an indented Apprentice to the subscriber, who has left this office without liberty.
August 1853. WM. DURANT.

REGULAR TRIBER
"ELVIRA"
St. John and Manhan, Cornwallis.
THE Schr. SERENADE, Potter, master, will leave for Cornwallis about the middle of the ensuing week, and will run regularly between the above places during the season. For Freight or Passage please apply to the Master on board, or to G. M. BURNS.

Geneva, Brandy, &c.
Just received per Gallipot *Ankeberg*, from Rotterdam:—
50 HHDS. fine Holland GENEVA;
100 cases do. do.
Now landing ex brig "Robert," from Charente:
7 Pipes, 26 hhds., 15 Qrt.-casks, & 30 cases Hennessy's Fine Old BRANDY;
150 Dozen TUMBLERS, assorted sizes. For sale at lowest rates.
JOHN McCOSKERY,
June 30. Reed's Point.

Poetry.

THE REJECTED.

BY J. L. FENTON.

Well, 'tis done the word is spoken—
Could I but the past forget;
Then the dream so rudely broken,
Had not left despair regret.

Could I banish thought forever,
Thought which bears me back to thee;
Then the cause that bids us sever,
Had not crushed—but set me free.

But a dark and gloomy feeling
Weighs upon my heated brain;
Weighs the heavier, by concealing
That which feeds my mental pain.

Dark and dreary sadness reigneth,
Reigneth o'er my spirit lone;
And the thought which mostly paineth
Is, that faith for aye hath flown.

Yet the breast which fondly cherished
Every thought thou didst impart,
Still retains, though hope hath perished,
One bright spot on memory's chart.

Still I feel that time will show the
All which now I fain would show;
And though distant thou wilt know me
As thy friend, in weal or woe.

Think of this when flatterers hover
Round that graceful form of thine;
Think, O think thou mayest discover
Faults more sinful yet, than mine.

Miscellany.

THE HISTORY OF A BACHELOR.

"Le marriage est une chose tres serieuse: on n'y pent pas trop penser. Heureux ceux quily pensent toute leur vie!"—BACHELOR'S CONSOLATORY REFLECTION.

It has always been puzzle to this very large circle of acquaintances, that my old friend, Charles Dashwood, is not married. And although, out of my superior wisdom, I do not share this astonishment, I must confess it to be reasonable enough in the ordinary and superficial observer. Thus, I did not attempt to contradict my wife's valuable friend, Mrs. Rabington, when, only a day or two since, she favoured me with her sentiments on this subject.

'For the last ten, fifteen ay, twenty years,' she began, while my thoughtful friendship mentally thanked heaven that Dashwood was safely out of hearing of such a cold blooded calculation. 'I have been in daily expectation of the intelligence that Mr. Dashwood had taken unto himself a wife. Every successive season that I have returned to town from the sea-side or the Continent, I have examined my pile of letters and billets, in the anticipation that one of the highly-glazed envelopes would yield forth the wedding cards, and 'at home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dashwood. You know, he is the very man of all one's acquaintances that you would naturally suppose most likely to marry. There is nothing in the world to prevent it; everything on the contrary, tending to render it the most desirable consumation possible. Ever since I have known him, he has been entirely his own master, with a liberal income, a handsome house, of which any woman might be satisfied to be the mistress; in fact, with every attendant circumstance to render matrimony most desirable. Then he himself is young (at least he was, and twenty years seems to have made small difference in him,) quite good looking enough for a man—clever—kind-hearted—very popular in society. 'Ques voulez vous de plus? I declare I should stare very wonderingly at the woman who could refuse such a combination of attractions. Shouldn't you?'

Here she took breath, and stopped for an answer; so I bowed assentingly, although I had happened to see, without staring, one or two females answering he description.

'Well, then, it follows, of course, that since the fault does not lie on the other side, it must be all his own; and yet he has the name of being a great admirer of the ladies; and, indeed, during all these years that I have known him, I remember he has always had some one fair object of his attention at the various parties, balls, and pic-nics, where we are accustomed to meet. There was that pretty Clara Vandeuleur (you know her, surely—a tall girl, with black eyes, and beautiful eyebrows?)—everybody used to talk of Clara Vandeleur and Mr. Dashwood; everybody said that would be a match. But she married Captain Allan, and went of to Gibraltar—and next season there was our friend 'en prise,' to all appearance by the golden-haired beauty, Miss Dundas. She suddenly vanished from among us (didn't she go into nunnery?) and Mr. Dashwood consoled himself by a tremendous flirtation with little Rosa Sunningham. I confess I never thoroughly fathomed that myster; and why, when, as every one said, she might have had the handsome, brilliant, affluent Charles Dashwood, Rosa quietly went and married that sober, matter-of-fact country cousin of hers, I don't comprehend to this day. Well, after that—let me see---who came next?'

But although I was compelled to listen to my guest's verbose resume of these long gone by incidents, I have no intention of wearying my readers by its repitition in full. Her thoughtless chatter, however, with its usual ingenious mosaic of truth and fiction, set me thinking on the fate of one in whom I have taken a considerable interest, ever since we were first thrown together as boys at school.

From that time, Dashwood and I have been friends and intimates. At that same school—(and fondly we both remember the old brick-house, with it huge mulberry-tree, and sloping lawn, and dear Doctor Kirby, stern-browed and kindly-hearted!)—at school we were classmates and partners together in every boyish frolic; at college we were chums; and when my profession called me into active life, and he happy fellow! as I thought then, with a ready made income, and no one to control him in spending of it, set off for the tour of Europe, separating us for some to or three years even then we corresponded, with a regularity and a length of manuscript more befitting the letter writing powers traditionally imputed to young ladies, than the bearded, broad clothed 'men of the world,' as we began to consider ourselves.

When again we met, our friendship resumed itself, and I was soon called upon to enter on the duties of the post he had assigned me—that of his sole exclusive confident. I believe that candour of his disposition than anything else. I believe that he poured out to me his thoughts and feelings. Certainly, it was not for the purpose of gaining advice, for which he never troubled me; and, indeed, when on some occasions I volunteered a little in that respect, my counsel was uniformly and at once rejected. That was not to be wondered at, so unlikely as we were.

Temperament like his are the surest to be soon influenced by love. And his experiences dated from his school days, when little Ada Kirby nearly broke his heart by preferring a bigger boy's bigger oranges to his, accompanied, though he thy were by an ingenious 'impromtu, which we had both lain awake half the night before composing.

"Then, at Oxford, how hardly I fought to prevent him from marrying a young milliner there, with nothing to recommend her but her bright eyes and glossy hair, and whom, I veritably believe, he would in spite of me, have made Mrs. Charles Dashwood, had she not put a step out of the question by eloping one morning with a very youthful baronet in an adjacent college.

His long letters during his travelles were chiefly filled with the same burden. Such agonies of admiration as he suffered in Paris, Vienna, Baden, Rome, Venice, Florence, Lisbon, Madrid, and even at St Petersburgh, were I should think, seldom endured by man. Till I grew familiar with his peculiar traits of disposition, I was in constant alarm with regard to my friend's matrimonial prospects. I looked for the announcement of his marriage with the expectant faith of Mrs. Babington, though to be sure, with not quiet the same assured satisfaction in the expectancy. His taste, with regard to women, was so catholic—I e was so honestly and unconventionally indifferent to all considerations of rank, fortune, education, or position—that I remained in perfect suspense as to whether I should be called upon to greet as his wife a Spanish gitana or an Italian prima donna, a French marquise or a Parisian grisette, a Russian widow, rolling in gold, or a Welsh milk-maid, to whom shoes would be a very novel luxury.

'I never brought to look upon thy single face again!' I observed to him, some time after his return, when I had been gently rallying him on the high flown strain of devotion in which he used to write to me concerning various of his foreign beauties.

"Ah! all that is past,' he replied, with earnest emphasis; 'those were boyish feelings, keenly felt, but soon forgotten. It is very different now. When a man loves, it is an irrevocable irredeemable destiny, whether for good or evil.'

I divined the coming confidence. I believe I am a very good listener—certainly, I have always been so to him—and on this occasion I was a patient auditor to his eloquent description of the lady's attractions and his own devotion. I forget at this moment whether it was Jane Wilmot or Clara Vandeleur that had now enslaved him. His attachment to *une* demoiselle followed so closely on the other, I may be forgiven the slip of memory. However, I know that both affairs ended in nothing. I scarcely know why; but I must confess that my knowledge of the concluding passages in Charles' love adventures was always of the vaguest. He was less confidental on these points; it was with regard to their commencements and rapid growth that he always placed me 'au fair.'

I remember one morning, when I had not seen him for some time, he came to my chambers, and threw himself into a chair opposite to my writing table, with a face of the most radiant ecstacy.

'Congratulate me, my dear fellow! I'm the happiest man in the world—I am accepted!'

'My congratulations have long been awaiting you,' I answered, heartily shaking his hand. 'I am truly happy my old friend, in your happiness. But tell me, I added, dubiously, remembering we had not had any confidence for a considerable period, 'who is the lady.' Has Clara Vandeleur—or Julia——.'

'Clara!—Julia!' he repeated, with an air of disdain, vastly uncomplementary to those ladies—'what are you dreaming of Staunton? No, indeed! This time I have not been deceived by the meretricious attractions of a mere ball room young lady. My little Lucy is as pure, unsophisticated and inexperienced as a child. She is little more than a child, indeed, in years, though she has all a woman's depth of soul and boundless capability of loving. She is not 'out' even. She is still under the care of her governess; she knows nothing of the world except from books—nothing of mankind, of society.'

Now, I am ashamed to confess, I have long forgotten the particulars of this; I only remember something about a thunder-storm in a field, no shelter but the perilous trees, an umbrella, and a cloak chivalrously brought to the rescue by Dashwood---gracious acceptance of the same---as also his escorting home the two ladies, &c.

'Mrs. Tremaine, a clergyman's widow, is intrusted with her education by my Lucy's father, who is a colonel on service, now with his regiment at ——. Most fortunately, my father now the late Mr. Tremaine, so I am kindly received at her cottage at Fulham; the only unmarried male visitor, I believe he added exultingly, 'they live so very much retired, by Colonel Forde's express desire.'

'And how does the colonel like the idea of his son-in-law elect?'

'The news is now on its way to him, if indeed, he does not return to England ere he can receive the letter. He is about to come home on sick leave; but Lucy---oh, Edward! You must see her! such a single-minded, single hearted being, her innocence shining in her face!---her loving eyes---blue eyes (don't you think women's eyes should never be any other colour?) and her fair delicate cheeks, whose blush is the faint pink of an apple blossom; then her hair, which she wears in long curls, floating about her face and neck like a golden cloud.'

And so on. I had scertainly never seen my friend so enthusiastically in love. For reasons of my own, I could entirely sympathise with him, and bore even the proverbially wearisome 'lover's raptures' with every indulgence. And when he departed, elate and eager to go and spend the evening at Fulham, it needed the exercise of all my friendship to prevent a feeling, half of envy, mingling with my felicitations to the fortunate lover.

Alas! poor Dashwood was not long destined to be an object of envy on this score. A few weeks passed by, and again he sought me; but this time it a haggard look, and a distracted air, that alarmed me even before he spoke.

'For heaven sake tell me what has happened to you?' I exclaimed, as he threw himself, in a kind abandonement, on my sofa, and covered his face with his hand.

'I have lost her!' he said at length, in a tone of calm despair, very different from his usual passionate grief; they have taken her from me.'

His last words relieved me from the apprehension I had entertained, that poor Lucy was dead. But even had that last, worst calamity occurred, he could not, it seemed to me, have regarded his situation more hopelessly.

It appeared that Colonel Forde had returned home sooner than had been anticipated, and finding his only child in the society of, and engaged to, a young man of whom he knew nothing, his wrath had been perfectly overwhelming. Without allowing any explanation or remonstrance, he had, with true military promptitude, at once removed his daughter from Mrs. Tremaine, and had carried her off, no one could tell whither. Mrs. Tremaine was too much overcome by dismay at being thus suddenly deprived of her charge to be able to assist the unhappy lover with her advice, even had she been disposed to do so.

'Which she is not,' said Dashwood, as he strode to and fro along the room, the recital of his woes having aroused him out of the dull lethargy he had before suffered under, "for she looks upon me with disfavour now, as being the cause of bringing her into this trouble. Unjust; but all the world is unjust; As if my wretchedness was not the the hardest to bear! as if any misery could be put in comparison with mine!'

'But my dear Dashwood,' I said, soothing, 'surely your case is not really so desperate as you imagine. Colonel Forde is like many men of his class, madly unreasonable while he is in a passion; but his senses will surely return when his blood cools.'

'You talk admirably,' interrupted Dashwood, with impatient bitterness, "as all lookers on can. You know nothing about—you are not in love.'

I was silent. He went on heatedly—

'You don't know what it is to set your whole soul on one being, to concentrate all your life's sunshine in one face, to merge all that your ear can drink of music in the sound of one's voice! She is gone from me, I may never see her more, and you talk of consolation. You have never been in love—you do not understand what I feel!'

Still I was silent, till his heart, a generous heart always, reproached him, perhaps, for he turned to me and grasped my hand with compunctious cordiality. Then he sate down and besought me to advise him; so I began over again to argue the probability of the colonel's anger subsiding, when he surely might be brought to listen to the overtures of a man of Dashwood's position for the hand of his daughter.

'You must follow them directly—see the colonel convince him.'

'But, my good fellow,' interposed he, 'how am I to find them out—there is not the slightest clue.'

'You—a lover?' I cried, in very sincere astonishment, 'and can't devise means of finding out your mistress! Why, if she were in England, in Europe, in the world ever, I'd force my way to her.'

He looked somewhat surprised at this sudden warmth in his usually phlegmatic and self possessed friend. However, he listened to me, resolved to take my advice, and with only a few more passionate parentheses about Lucy he expressed himself ready to exert himself to the utmost to recover her.

So we set to work in a business like manner, to ascertain whither the colonel had conveyed his daughter; and after a vast deal of trouble, we discovered that he had borne her off to Paris, and that they were visiting at the fashionable hotel of some friend or relative residing there.

To Paris, accordingly, my friend rushed incontinently. I saw him off. As he pressed my hand, thanking me for my sympathy and help, his face was flushed with engerness, his whole manner full of a sort of chivalrous excitement.

'I will find her—tear her away—bear her off—though she were guarded by her tyrant father's whole regiment!'

These were his parting words, and I turned to my own abode with sincere admiration of his energy.

I waited with great patience for a letter from Paris. It came. He was in despair. They had left Paris the very morning after his arrival—is it possible, thought I, that he passed a night without stirring heaven and earth to see her!—and he had not yet, even with his utmost diligence, discovered their retreat. 'But I will,' concluded the epistle, with numberless blots and agitated flourishes.—'They shall not, with all their arts, keep me from my beloved Lucy. Life shall leave me ere I submit. What is life to me without her?' &c.

Another letter followed quickly on the first.—Joy of joys! he had seen her, tho' only in public, and at a distance. Directly after he had despatched his depressing intelligence to me, he adjourned to the Grand Opera. There' between the acts of '*La Juive*,' happening to cast his eyes around the audience part of the gorgeous theatre, he beheld, seated in a private box, *au troisieme*, the object of all his waking thoughts and dreaming fancies, fair and fresh, and with the same innocent blue eyes as ever, save that there was a pensive shade in them, he thought. But what was that to be wondered at? The rest of the letter was so perfectly unintelligible in its ecstacy, that I could not at all make out whether he had gained any advantage from this recontre, besides the rapture of beholding his adored one. But, to be sure, I thought, all will be right now. He will have discovered her abode, made friends with the colonel, and his next letter will contain an invitation to the wedding.

I solaced my friendly anxiety thus, for some weeks, during which I received no tidings from Dashwood. Happy lovers are proverbially forgetful of everybody and everything, save each other; a fact I knew, though, alas! not from personal experience; and I knew also, that Dashwood especially was never oblivious of his confidant when he had any woes to pour forth into his sympathising ear.

Believing, therefore, that my friend was happily established as 'finance' to the colonel's fair daughter, and sunning himself in her smiles at Paris—Oh, blissful fate! thought I, this dismal November weather—imagine my utter astonishment when, on my way down the Strand one morning, recovering from a twentieth concussion against a passing street passenger, I looked up, and distinguished Dashwood's familiar face beaming on me through the yellow fog.

He appeared half abashed by my unequivocal expression of surprise. The smile passed from his features, and he became singularly confused, and even constrained in his manner, as I linked my arm in his, and drew him with me to my chambers.

'And now, Dashwood,' said I, when we had reached my sanctum, thrown ourselves each into an easy chair, and each also taken a turn at the poker—his intimacy qualifying him even for the dear privilege of stirring my fire—'now tell me, what has brought you to London? How long have you been here?'

And I poured forth a string of interrogations, at each successive one of which he looked yet more uncomfortable than before, his handsome face flushing visibly, till at length he nervously grasped the sacred poker, and inflicted sundry hammerings on the big lumps of coal.

There are some things the most patient man cannot submit to, even from his dearest friend. I confess to the weaknesses common to my sex, and that I was equally annoyed by my questions being unanswered, and my poker being brandished thus unceremoniously. To allow any other human being to interfere at all within the solemn precincts of your fenders is, as every man will feel, a tremendous proof of the strength of friendship. But there is a limit even to the closest attachment and I maintain, when another man takes up your poker, and deliberately breaks your big lumps of coal, it passes that limit and altogether exceeds the privileges of intimacy.

This consideration possibly caused some accession of asperity to the tone in which I repeated my questions.

'Leave the fire alone, Dashwood, and condescend to speak, to satisfy the anxiety I have, as you know, long been in on your account. When did you leave Paris?'

'About—about three weeks ago,'

'Three weeks! and you never let me know,—never——'

'My dear fellow, the fact is, I was distracted, maddened past endurance.'

'How was that? Your last letter bore good news of the object of your journey. Nothing has happened since, I trust?'

'Nothing!' he repeated. 'Oh, Edward! a whole world has happened—counting by feelings, not events.'

I could not understand him at all. The expression of his face was exulting rather than depressed; his evident embarrassment, even, was not that of a man labouring under any misery. I put another query—

'How is Lucy?'

At this the colour rushed into his face, and he stammered something in reply which was quite inaudible.

'I don't want to force your confidence,' said I, coldly, 'I will ask no more questions since it appears unpleasant to you to answer them. Shall I offer you a glass of wine?'

'Don't be foolish,' he cried, with a laugh, and an effort at throwing off his restrained air; 'I'm not such an ungrateful dog as you deem me. Only—to tell the truth——'

'Ah!' I exclaimed, a sudden light bursting upon me, 'I see it all—you've eloped, you and Lucy?'

'No, no, no!' said he, quickly and emphatically; nothing of the kind. Miss Forde is, I suppose, still in Paris, enjoying herself among the numerous gaieties naturally attractive to her youth and—and intellect.'

'Miss Forde—Strychnine antidote!' I ejaculated to myself, beginning to see, dimly, what such meant, to say, beginning to find clearly in my mind a certain disdain for my friend's inconceivably volatile nature.