St. John Daily Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Deveber & 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 Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, he offers 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. He proposes 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.

☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

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

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

George Hutchinson,
SURGEON DENTIST——PETERS' STREET
[*opposite the residence of Dr. Paterson*]

CHARLES W. STOCKTON,
Attorney & Barrister at Law,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

DOOLEY'S
Merchant's Exchange Hotel——Post Office Building,
State street, BOSTON.
TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per day.

MARINE AND FIRE INSURANCE.
TORONTO, C. W., AGENCY.
Apply to CHARLES L. STREET.
November 21. 6t

Notice.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the Firms of "Allison and Spurr" here, and "James Dewolfe Spurr and Co," at Liverpool, G. B., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All persons having claims upon either of the above Firms are requested to render them for settlement; and all parties indebted will please make early payment to either of the undersigned.

EDWARD ALLISON,
JAMES DEWOLFE SPURR & CO.
By EDWARD ALLISON, *his Attorney.*
St. John, 1st March, 1852.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of the late JOHN BRUNDAGE, of Lancaster, in the County of Saint John, farmer, deceased, are requested to hand the same duly attested, to the Subscriber within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

SUSAN BRUNDAGE,
Lancaster, Jan. 30, 1852. *Administratrix.*

☞ *NOTICE.* ☜

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm of SANCTON and BROWN, is dissolved.—All debts due to and from the concern, will be paid or received by JOHN BROWN. Dated 1st September, 1851.

HENRY P. SANCTON,
JOHN BROWN.

THE Subscriber having purchased Mr. Sancton's interest in the SOAP AND CANDLE MANUFACTORY, would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he is now prepared to furnish all who may patronise him, with the manufactures above named, equal in quality, and on as good terms as any other Establishment in the City.—Having in his employ men, who, from long experience, thoroughly understand the business, he hopes, by strict attention, to merit a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore received by the Establishment.

Sept. 6. JOHN BROWN.

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, 1 mile North of Hammond River Bridge, where he is prepared to entertain Travellers at all times and seasons.

DINNERS, &c. &c., go 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.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29, 1851.

NEW-BRUNSWICK STEAM SASH, DOOR, AND BLIND FACTORY.—*Harding Street, St. John.*

HAVING put up the best Machinery that can be procured for the manufacture of Doors, Sashes, Inside and outside Blinds, Window Frames, Mouldings, and other kinds of Wood Work. I am prepared to furnish to any extent the best and cheapest article ever offered to the people of this Province.

May 9. JOHN E. TURNBULL.

JOHN BARRY,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

KEEPS constantly on hand SILVER PLATE, WATCHES and JEWELLERY of the best description.

Having secured the services of Mr. DAVID WEST, from the Establishment of Mr. ROBERT ROWELL, Chronometer and Patent Lever Finisher, Liverpool, Watters himself from the experience he has had in the above Establishment, that all orders entrusted to his care will be executed in a style equal to any house in *England.* June 6.

New York Scientific American.

HAVING recently been appointed Agent of this valuable Scientific and Mechanical Journal the subscriber is prepared to transmit the names of subscribers to the publishers, Messrs. Munn & Co. New York.

St. John, February 27, 1852. PETER STUBS.

INSURANCE.

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.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON Fire and Life Insurance Company.
[*Established in* 1836.]

Capital £2,000,000—in shares of Twenty Pounds.

THE Stockholders of this Company are responsible to the full extent of their property for the liabilities of the Company.

The undersigned hereby notifies the Public of New-Brunswick that the above-named Company have empowered him, by a full and ample Power of Attorney, to open an Office in the City of Saint John, for the Insurance of PROPERTY against loss or damage by FIRE, in any part of the Province, and to sign and issue Policies in the name of the Company; and that in virtue of the power vested in him by the said Power of Attorney, he has appointed Mr. ADAM JACK to act as Agent for the said Company, in the receiving of proposals for Insurance, and the inspection of premises proposed for Insurance, and all other the usual duties of an Agent; and to collect and receive the amount of premium on any policy issued by the undersigned in the name of the said Company, or for the renewal of the same.

The Deed of settlement, and the supplemental Deed of settlement, lies with Mr. JACK, at the Office of the *New Brunswick Marine Assurance Company*, also the pamphlets issued by the office at Liverpool, affording ample details of the mode of transacting business by the Company.

The rates of premium will be as low as any other respectable Company, and the undersigned trusts a fair portion of public patronage will be accorded to the Company.

Losses not exceeding £500 will be settled without referring to the head Office at Liverpool.

EDWARD ALLISON.

Dated at St. John, N. B., 4th August, 1851.

Provincial, Mutual and General Insurance Company.
Established under the Act of Parliament at Toronto, C. W.
CAPITAL £100,000.

THE STOCK of this Company is divided into the Mutual and Proprietary, each branch being kept entirely distinct, and liable only for its own losses.

In the Proprietary Branch, Policies are issued in the usual way on Ocean and Inland Marine Risks, and on Fire Risks in Cities and Villages. In the Mutual branch, Policies are issued on Country or Farmers' Risks only, covering losses from Fire or Lightning the insured giving a Premium Note and a small sum in cash; these Policies run from one to five years.

Local Directors for New-Brunswick;
W. H. STREET, ISAAC WOODWARD, and CHARLES MCLAUGHLAN.

The Security which this Company affords is undoubted and the Premiums will in all cases be as moderate as may be consistant with safety.

All Notes and Cash Funds accumulating at this Agency will be retained and deposited at the Bank of British North America.

All losses will be adjusted and promptly paid in St. John, without referring to Toronto; and, in case of dispute, the Company consent to actions being brought in this Province.

Forms of Application and Enquiries answered at the Office, Prince William Street, St. John.

CHARLES L. STREET.

Sept. 19.—6m.

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 £51,000 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.
Medical Examiner.—Wm. Bayard, Esq., M. D.

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 the 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 to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of applications, 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.

CALIFORNIA.—Parties proceeding to California can effect insurance on liberal terms.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.
Bathurst: Theophilus Deblois, Esq.,
Chatham: William Carman, junior, Esq.,
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire,
Dalhousie: William S. Smith, Esq.,
Fredericton: J. Henry Phair, Esq.,
Hampton: Samuel Hallett, Esq.,
Hopewell: Thomas B. Moore, Esq.,
Hamilton (the Bend) Elias Botsford, Esq.,
Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.,
Richibucto: William Rogers, Esq.,
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.,
St. Stephens: W. T. Rose, Esq.,
Shediac and Cocagne: Richard Cassavil, Esq.,
Woodstock: James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR,
Manager, St. John, N. B.

GREAT REMOVAL.

AS a number of my friends have requested me to re-open my BOARDING HOUSE, I have therefore concluded to do so; and will be most happy to accommodate any of my old friends, or any of my new ones, and do pledge myself to give them as good Food, &c., and at as reasonable a rate, as can be obtained at any other House in this province.

Indian Town, February 6th, 1852. JOHN B. TRAVIS.

MISCELLANY.

THE BLACK VEIL.

ONE winter's evening, towards the close of the year 1800, or within a year or two of that time, a young medical practitioner, recently established in business—an intimate friend of ours—was seated by a cheerful fire in his little parlour, listening to the wind which was beating the rain in pattering drops against the window, and rumbling dismally in the chimney. The night was wet and cold: he had been walking through mud and water the whole day, and was now comfortably reposing in his dressing-gown and slippers, more than half asleep and less than half awake, revolving a thousand matters in his wandering imagination. First, he thought how hard the wind was blowing, and how the cold, sharp rain would be at that moment beating in his face if he were not comfortably housed at home. Then his mind reverted to his annual Christmas visit to his native place, and dearest friends; he thought how glad they would all be to see him, and how happy it would make Rose if he could only tell her, that he had got a patient at last, and hoped to have more, and to come down again in a few months' time, and marry her, and take her home to gladden his lonely fire-side, and stimulate him to fresh exertions. Then he began to wonder when his first patient would appear, or whether he was destined by a special dispensation of Providence, never to have any patient at all; and then he thought about Rose again, and dropped to sleep, and dreamed about her 'till the very tones of her sweet merry voice sounded in her ears, and her soft tiny hand rested on his shoulders.

There was a hand upon his shoulder, but it was neither soft nor tiny, its owner being a corpulent, round-headed boy, who, in consideration of the sum of one shilling per week, and his food, was let out by the parish to carry medicine and messages. As there was no demand for the one, however, and consequently no necessity for the other, he usually occupied his unemployed hours—averaging fourteen a day—in abstracting peppermint drops, taking animal nourishment, and going to sleep.

"A lady, sir—a lady!" whispered the boy, rousing his master with a shake.

"What lady?" cried our friend, starting up, not quite certain that his dream was an illusion, and half expecting it might be Rose herself—"What lady? Where?"

"*There*, sir," replied the boy, pointing to the glass-door leading into the surgery, with an expression of alarm which the very unusual apparition of a customer, might have tended to excite.

The surgeon looked towards the door, and started himself, for an instant, on beholding the appearance of his unlooked-for visitor.

It was a singularity tall female, dressed in deep mourning, and standing so close to the door, that her face almost touched the glass. The upper part of her person was carefully muffled in a black shawl, as if for the purpose of concealment; and her face was shrouded by a thick black veil. She stood perfectly erect, her figure was drawn up to its full height, and though the surgeon *felt* that the eyes beneath the evil were fixed on him, she stood perfectly motionless, and evinced, by no gesture whatever, the slightest consciousness of his having turned towards her.

"Do you wish to consult me?" he inquired, with some hesitation, holding upon the door. It opened inwards, and therefore this action did not alter the position of the figure, which still remained motionless on the same spot.

The female slightly inclined her head, in token of acquiescence.

"Pray walk in", said the surgeon, politely.

The figure moved a step forward; and then turning its head in the direction of the fat boy—to his infinite horror—appeared to hesitate.

"Leave the room, Tom," said the young man, addressing the boy, whose large round eyes had been extended to their utmost width during this brief interview.—"Draw the curtain, and shut the door."

The boy drew a green curtain across the glass part of the door, retired into the surgery, closed the door after him, and immediately applied one of his large eyes, to the key-hole on the other side.

The surgeon drew a chair to the fire, and motioned the visitor to a seat. The mysterious figure slowly moved towards it, and as the blaze shone upon the black dress, the surgeon observed that the bottom of it, was saturated with mud and rain.

"You are very wet," he said.

"I am!" said the stranger, in a low, deep, voice.

"And are you ill?" added the surgeon, compassionately; for the tone was that of a person in severe pain.

"I am" was the reply—"very ill: not bodily but mentally. It is not for myself, or on my own behalf," continued the stranger, "that I come to you. If I laboured under bodily disease, I should not be out alone at such an hour, or on such a night as this; and if I were afflicted with it, twenty four hours hence, God knows how gladly I would lie down, and pray to die. It is for another that I beseech your aid, sir. I may be mad to ask it for him—I think I am: but, night after night, through the long dreary hours of watching and weeping, the thought has been ever present to my mind; and though even I see the hopelessness of human assistance availing him, the bare thought of laying him in his grave without it, makes my blood run cold!" And a shudder, such as the surgeon well knew, art could not produce, trembled through the speaker's frame.

There was a desperate earnestness in the woman's manner, that went to our friend's heart. He was young in his profession, and had not yet witnessed enough of the miseries which are daily presented before the eyes of its members, to have grown comparatively callous to human suffering.

"If," he said, rising hastily, "the person of whom you speak, be in so hopeless a condition as you describe, not a moment is to be lost, I will go with you instantly. Why did you not obtain medical advice before?"

"Because it would have been useless before; because it is useless even now," replied the woman, clasping her hands passionately.

The surgeon gazed for a moment on the black veil, as if to ascertain the expression of the features beneath it; its thickness, however rendered such a result impossible.

"You *are* ill, you be said, gently, although you do not know it. "The fever which has enabled you to bear, without feeling, the fatigue you have evidently undergone, is burning within you now. Put that to your lips," he continued, pouring out a glass of water—"compose yourself for a few moments, and then tell me, as calmly as you can, what the disease of the patient is, and how long he has been ill. The moment I know what it is necessary I should know, to render my visit serviceable to him, I am ready to accompany you."

The stranger lifted the glass of water to her mouth, without raising the veil; sat it down again untasted, and burst into tears.

"I know," she said, sobbing aloud, "that what I say to you, now, seems like the ravings of fever. I have been told so before, less kindly than by you, I am not a young woman, sir; and they do say that as life steals on towards its final close, the last shortest remnant, worthless as it may seem to all beside, is dearer to its possessor than all the years that have gone before, connected though they be with the recollection of old friends long since dead, and young ones, children, perhaps, that have fallen off from, and forgotten one, as completely as if they had died too. My natural term of life cannot be many years longer, and should be dear on that account; but I would lay it down without a sigh—with cheerfulness—with joy—if what I tell you now, were only false or imaginary. To-morrow morning, he of whom I speak will be, I know, though I fain would think otherwise, beyond the reach of human aid; and yet to-night, though he is in deadly peril, you must not see, and could not serve him."

"I am unwilling to increase your distress," said our friend, after a short pause, "by making any comment on what you have just said, or appearing desirous to investigate a subject you seem so anxious to conceal; but there is an inconsistency in your statement, which I cannot reconcile with probability. This person is dying to-night, and I cannot see him, when my assistance might possibly avail. You apprehend it will be useless to-morrow, and yet you would have me see him then.—If he be indeed as dear to you, as your words and manner would imply, why not try to save his life before delay and the progress of his disease, render it impracticable?"

"God help me!" exclaimed the woman, weeping bitterly. "How can I hope strangers will believe what appears incredible, even to myself! You will *not* see him then, sir?" she added, rising suddenly.

"I did not say that I declined to see him," replied the surgeon; "but I warn you, that if you persist in this extraordinary procrastination, and the individual dies, a fearful responsibility rests with you."

"The responsibility will rest heavily somewhere," replied the stranger, bitterly. "Whatever responsibility rests with me, I am content to bear, and ready to answer."

"As I incur none," continued the surgeon, "by acceding to your request, I will see him in the morning, if you leave me the address. At what hour can he be seen?"

"*Nine*," replied the stranger.

"You must excuse my pressing these inquiries," said the surgeon, "But is he in your charge now?"

"He is not," was the rejoinder.

"Then even if I gave you instructions for his treatment through the night, you could not assist him?"

The woman wept bitterly, as she replied, "I could not."

Finding that there was but little prospect of obtaining further information, by prolonging the interview; and anxious to spare the woman's feelings which, subdued at first by a violent effort, were now irrepressible and most painful to witness, our friend repeated his promise of calling in the morning at the appointed hour. His visitor after giving him a direction to an obscure part of Wolworth, left the house in the same mysterious manner as she had entered it.

It will be readily believed that so extraordinary a visit produced a considerable impression on the mind of the young surgeon; and that he speculated a great deal, and to very little purpose, on the possible circumstances of the case. In common with the generality of people, he had often heard and read of singular instances, in which a presentiment of death at a particular day, or even minute, had been entertained and realized. At one moment he was inclined to think that the present might be such a case, but then it occurred to him that all the anecdotes of the kind, he had ever heard, were of persons who had been troubled with a foreboding of their own death. The woman, however, spake of another person—a man—and it was impossible to suppose that a mere dream, or delusion of fancy, would induce her to speak of his approaching dissolution with such terrible certainty as she had done. It could not be that the man was to be murdered in the morning, and that the woman originally a consenting party, and bound to secrecy by an oath, had relented, and though unable to prevent the commission of some outrage on the victim, determined to prevent his death, if possible, by the interposition of medical aid. The idea of such things happened within two miles of the metropolis, appeared too wild and preposterous to be entertained beyond the instant. Then his original impression that the woman's intellects were disordered, recurred; and as it was the only mode of solving the difficulty with any degree of satisfaction, he obstinately made up his mind to believe she was mad; certain misgivings upon this point, however, stole upon his thoughts at the time, and presented themselves again and again through the long dull course of a sleepless night, during which, despite all his efforts to the contrary, he was unable to banish the black veil from his disturbed imagination.

The back part of Walworth, at its greatest distance from town, is a straggling, miserable place enough, even in these days; but five-and-thirty years ago, the greater portion of it was little better than a dreary waste, inhabited by a few scattered people of most questionable character, whose poverty prevented their living in any better neighbourhood, or whose pursuits and mode of life, rendered its solitude peculiarly desirable. Very many of the houses which have since sprung up, on all sides, were not built until some years afterwards; and the great majority even of those which were sprinkled about, at irregular intervals, were of the rudest and most miserable description.

The appearance of the place through which he walked, was not calculated to raise the spirits of the young surgeon, or to dispel any feeling of anxiety or depression that the singular kind of visit he was about to make, might have awakened. Striking off from the high road, his way lay across a marshy common, through irregular lanes, with here and there a ruinous and dismantled cottage, fast falling to pieces with decay and neglect. A stunted tree, or pool of stagnant water, roused into a creeping, sluggish action, by the heavy rain of the preceding night, skirted the path occasionally: and now and then, a miserable patch of garden-ground, with a few old boards knocked together for a summer-house, and old palings imperfectly mended with stakes pilfered from the neighbouring hedges, bore testimony at once to the poverty of the inhabitants, and the little scruple they entertained in appropriating the property of other people to their own use. Occasionally a filthy-looking woman would make her appearance from the door of a dirty house, to empty the contents of some cooking utensil into the gutter in front, or to scream after a little slip-shod girl who had contrived to stagger a few yards from the door, under the weight of a sallow infant almost as big as herself; but scarcely any thing was stirring around, and so much of the prospect as could be faintly traced through the cold damp mist which hung heavily over it, presented a lonely and dreary appearance, perfectly in keeping with the objects we have described.

After plodding wearily through the mud and mire, making many inquiries for the place to which he had been directed, and receiving as many contradictory and unsatisfactory replies in return, our friend at length arrived before the house which had been pointed out to him as the object of his destination. It was a small, low building, one story above the ground, with a more desolate and unpromising exterior, than any he had yet passed. An old yellow curtain was closely drawn across the window up stairs, and the parlour shutters were closed, but not fastened. The house was detached from any other, and, as it stood at an angle of a narrow lane, there was no other habitation in sight.

When we say, that our friend hesitated, and walked a few paces beyond the house, before he could prevail upon himself to lift the knocker, we say nothing that need raise a smile upon the face of the boldest reader. The police of London, were a different body in that day to what they are now; the isolated position of the suburbs, when the rage for building and the progress of improvement, had not yet begun to connect them with the main body of the city and its environs, rendered many of them (and this in particular) a place of resort for the worst and most depraved characters. Even the streets in the gayest parts of London, were imperfectly lighted at that time, and such places as these were left entirely to the mercy of the moon and stars. The chances of detecting desperate characters, or of tracing them to their haunts, were thus rendered very few, and their offences naturally increased in boldness, as the consciousness of comparative security became the more impressed upon them by daily experience.—Added to these considerations it must be remembered that our friend had spent some time in the public hospitals of the metropolis; and although neither Burke nor Bishop had then gained a horrible notoriety, still his own observation might have suggested to him how easily the atrocities to which the former has since given his name, might be committed. Be this as it may, whatever reflection made him hesitate, he *did* hesitate; but being a young man of strong mind, and great personal daring, it was only for an instant;—he stepped briskly back, and knocked gently at the door.

A low whispering was audible immediately afterwards, as if some person at the end of the passage, were conversing stealthily with another on the landing above. It was succeeded by the noise of a pair of heavy boots upon the bare floor. The door-chain was softly unfastened: the door opened, and a tall, ill-favoured man, with black hair, and a face, as our friend often declared afterwards, as pale and haggard as the countenance of any dead man he ever saw, presented himself.

"Walk in sir," he said in a low tone.

The surgeon did so; and the man having secured the door again by the chain, led the way to a small back parlour at the extremity of the passage.

"Am I in time?" inquired our friend anxiously.

"Too soon," replied the man. The Surgeon turned hastily round, with a gesture of astonishment, not unmixed with alarm, which he found it impossible to repress, though he would gladly have recalled it.

"If you'll step in here sir," said the man, who had evidently noticed the action. "If you'll step in here, sir, you won't be detained five minutes, I assure you."

The surgeon at once walked into the room; the man crossed the door, and left him alone.

It was a little cold room, with no other furniture than two deal chairs, and a table of the same material. A handful of fire, unguarded by any fender, was burning in the grate, which brought out the damp if served no more comfortable purpose; for the unwholesome moisture was stealing down the walls in long, slug-like tracks. The window, which was broken and patched in many places, looked into a small enclosed piece of ground almost covered with water. Not a sound was to be heard, either within the house or without; and our friend sat down by the fireplace, to await the the result of his first professional visit.

He had not remained in this position many minutes, when the noise of some approaching vehicle struck his ear.. It stopped; the street-door was opened, a low talking succeeded, accompanied with a shuffling noise of footsteps along the passage, and on the stairs, as if two or three men were engaged in carrying some heavy body to the room above. The creaking of the stairs a few moments afterwards, announced that the new-comers having completed their task, whatever it was, were leaving the house. The door was again closed, and the former silence was again restored.

Another five minutes elapsed, and the surgeon had just resolved to explore the house in search of some one to whom he might make his errand known, when the room-door opened, and his last night's visitor dressed in exactly the same manner, with the veil lowered as before, motioned him to advance. The singular height of her form, coupled with the circumstance of her not speaking, caused the idea to pass across his brain for an instant, that it might be a man disguised in woman's attire. The hysteric sobs which issued from beneath the veil, and the convulsive attitude of grief of the whole figure, however, at once exposed the absurdity of the suspicion; and he hastily followed.

The woman led the way up stairs to the front room, and paused at the door to let him enter first. It was scantily furnished with an old deal box, a few chairs, and a tent bedstead without hangings or cross-rails, which was covered with a patch-work counterpane. The dim light admitted through the curtain which he had noticed from the outside, rendered the objectes in the room so uniform a hue, that he did not at first perceive the object on which his eye rested when the woman rushed frantically past him, and flung herself on her knees by the bed-side.

Stretched upon the bed, closely enveloped in a linen wrapper, and covered with blankets, lay a human form stiff and notionless. The head and face which were those of a man, were uncovered save by a bandage which passed over the head and under the chin. The eyes were closed. The left arm lay heavily across the bed, and the woman held the passive hand.

The surgeon gently pushed the woman aside, and took the hand in his.

"My god!" he exclaimed, letting it fall involuntarially—"The man is dead!"

The woman started to her feet, and beat her hands together—"Oh! dont say so, sir," she exclaimed with a burst of passion amounting almost to frenzy—"Oh don't say so, sir; I can't bear it—indeed I can't. Men have been brought to life before, when unskilful people have given them up for lost; and men have died who might have been restored, if proper means had been resorted to. Don't let him lie here, sir, without one effort to save him. This very moment life may be passing away. Do try sir,—do for God's sake!"—and while speaking, she hurriedly chafed, first the forehead and then the breast of the senseless form before her, and then wildly beat the cold hands, which, when ceased to hold them, fell listlessly and heavily back on the coverlet.

"It is of no use, my good woman," said the surgeon, soothingly, as he withdrew his hand from the man's breast. "Stay—undo that curtain."

"Why?" said the woman, starting up.

"Undo that curtain," repeated the surgeon, in an agitated tone.

"I darkened the room, on purpose," said the woman, throwing herself before him as he rose to undraw it.—"Oh! sir, have pity on me! If it can be of no use, and he is really dead, do not—do not, expose that corpse to other eyes than mine."

"This man died no natural or easy death," said the surgeon. "I *must* see the body!" and with a motion, so sudden that the woman hardly knew he had slipped from beside her, he tore open the curtain, admitted the full light of day, and returned to the bed-side.

"There has been violence here," he said, pointing towards the body, and gazing intently on the face, from which the black veil was now for the first time removed. In the excitement of a minute before, the female had dashed off the bonnet and veil, and now stood with her eyes fixed upon him. Her features were those of a woman of about fifty, who had once been handsome. Sorrow and weeping had left traces upon them, which not time itself would ever have produced without their aid; her face was deadly pale, and there was a nervous contortion of the lip, and unnatural fire in her eye, which showed too plainly that her bodily and mental powers, had nearly sunk beneath an accumulation of misery.

"There has been violence here," said the surgeon, preserving his searching glance.

"There has!" replied the woman.

"This man has been murdered."

"That I call God to witness he has," said the woman, passionately; "pitilessly, inhumanly murdered!"

"By whom!" said the surgeon, seizing the woman by the arm.

"Look at the butcher's marks, and then ask me," she replied.

The surgeon turned his face towards the bed, and bent over the body which lay full in the light of the window. The throat was swollen, and a blue, lived mark, incircled it. The truth flashed suddenly upon him.

"This is one of the men who were hung this morning!" he exclaimed, turning away with a shudder.

"It is," replied the woman, with a cold unmeaning stare.

"Who is he?" inquired the surgeon.

"My son," rejoined the woman; and fell senseless at his feet.

It was true. A companion, equally guilty with himself, had been acquitted for want of evidence; and this man had been left for death, and executed. To recount the circumstances of the case, at this distant period, must be unnecessary, and might give pain to some persons still alive. The history was an every-day one. The mother was a widow, without friends or money, and had denied herself necessaries to bestow them on her orphan boy. That boy, unmindful of her prayers, and forgetful of the sufferings she had endured for him—incessant anxiety of mind, and voluntary starvation of body—had plunged into a career of dissipation and crime. And this was the result. His own death by the hangman's hands, and his mother's shame, and incurable insanity.

For many years after this occurrance, and when profitable and arduous avocations would have led many men to forget that such a miserable being, existed, the young surgeon was a daily visitor at the side of the harmless madwomen; not only soothing her by his presence and kindness, but alleviating the rigour of her condition, by pecuniary donations for her comfort and support, bestowed with no sparing hand. In the transient gleam of recollection and consciousness, which preceded her death, a prayer for his welfare and protection, as fervent as mortal ever breathed, rose from the lips of this poor friendless creature. That prayer flew to heaven, and was heard. The blessings he was instumental in conferring, have been repaid to him a thousand fold; but amid all the honours of rank and station which have since been heaped upon him, and which he has so well earned, he can have no reminiscences more gratifying to his feelings, than those connected with The Black Veil.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.—Of all other means of curing a cold, let a man eat nothing whatsoever for two days, provided he is not confined in bed, because, by taking no carbon into the system by food, by consuming the surplus which caused his disease by breath, he soon carries off his disease by removing the cause. This will be found more effectual if he adds copious water drinks to protracted fasting. By the time a person has fasted one day and night he will experience a freedom from pain and clearness of mind, in a delightful contrast with mental stupor and physical pain caused by colds. And how infinitely better is this method of breaking up colds than medicines.

BITTER BEER.—The *Medical Times and Gazette* state that the fashionable longing for bitterness having surpassed the bitterness of hops, manufacturers have in despair resorted to a more potent bitter in the shape of strychnine, *nux vomica*, the grain of which, the writer remarks, will have more effect than a canister of gunpowder in producing tremors, and in some cases permanent ill-health.

JOE MILLER.—The remains of this patriarch of puns and jokes, hitherto peaceably resting in the burial-ground in Portugal-street, will now be disturbed to make way for the new buildings of King's College Hospital. Surely "Old Joe" ought not to be carted away, and *shot* as rubbish. Some plain memorial of him might soon be raised, if an appeal were made to the public.—*Notes and Queries.*

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.—Customer (in a hurry).—"Now, operator, can you cut my hair right away?" Obliging Coloured Artiste.—"Yes, sah" [A lapse of five mintues is supposed to be devoted to the England invasion case.] Customer (horrified)—"Why, it's all off!" Coloured Artiste (complacently.)—"Yes, sa! You said, cut it right *away*!"

The editor of the *Springfield Post*, speaking of the rights of the softer sex, says to be unmarried—"Discard fear, sport a bloomer, put the question to the astonished gentleman, and before he has time to recover himself, carry him off to the priest, and marry him, 'will he, nil he.' There's no law against forcibly marrying a man, it's all on the other side."

A "foin" young gentleman, in turning swiftly on his heel yesterday, in Brodway, ran his head against a young lady. He put himself in a position to apologize. "Not a word," said the quick witted beauty; "it isn't hard enough to hurt anybody." The coxcomb frowned and sloped—the young lady curtsied as gracefully as an angel.

A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher, as large as life. "But," returned the artist. "that board is much too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's a bad job," said he, "but lookee, sir, ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

ANECDOTE OF LORD ELDON.—Lord Eldon asked a medical friend of mine how many sons he had. The reply was, two—one very sharp and quick, the other slow, but sure. "What do you mean to make of them?" "I purpose making a lawyer of the sharp one and a doctor of the other." "Do no such thing," rejoined his lordship; "make the clever one the docter, the other the lawyer—I was never anything but a pleader."—*The Stomach and its Difficulties, by Sir James Eyre.*

Talking about women voting, the *Burlington* (U.S.) *Sentinel* says, "Cradles are the ballot boxes for women, in which they should deposit not votes but voters. That makes a Warwick of every mother of 'em."

At Carlton house, it being mentioned once that Mrs. Clarke had confessed all her faults to the Duke of York, some one exclaimed, "What candour!" "And (added George IV.,) what a memory!"—*Literary Gazette.*

WANTED.—The lid of a *box* on the ear. The handle of the *cup* of affliction. The cow that gave the *milk* of loving kindness. A *leaf* of the *balm* of consolation. A few *hairs* from a *tale* of woe.

In order to deserve a true friend we must learn first to be one.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Mamma, I want more bread and butter.

Between 9,000 and 10,000 of the engineers have signed the employers' declaration, and returned to their work.—*Wakefield Gazette.*

Sir Robert Peel set the Tamworth bells a-ringing on receipt of intelligence of the resignation of the ministry.

Isaac Butt, Esq., Q. C., arrived in Cork on Tuesday. He proceeded to Youghal to canvass the electors of that borough.

Tuesday night's *Gazette* contains the appointment of the Marquis of Chandos to be Keeper of the Privy Seal to the Prince of Wales *vice* Sir James Gibson Craig, resigned.

A house in Ladbrooke-square, Kensington, has been taken for Kossuth, whose family is expected to take possession on the 1st of May.

A splendid gold chain and badge, purchased by private subscription, and worth two hundred guineas, is to be presented to Mr. W. H. Hornby, Mayor of Blackburn.

A corpse has been burnt to cinders at a wake at Belfast. The company got drunk, the mourners ignited the bedclothes, and the living escaped as best they could.

Kalabergo, the Italian murderer, expiated his crime at Oxford Castle on Monday, in the presence of upwards of 10,000 spectators.

It is reported that the new Smithfield market will be in Copenhagen Fields, closely contiguous to the Great Northern Railway.

A cow in the possession of Mr. [illegible], Lees, in Boylston Forest, a short time [illegible] for her owner three strong calves, all of which are alive and healthy.

A girl residing in Tamworth put her footsteps warm water to cure a cold, fell asleep, and when she awoke, a few hours afterwards, found her limbs powerless.

The Mowley Advertiser states that within the last few days £140,000 have been subscribed by the Carlton Club for the purpose of the impending elections.

According to the last advices, not a drop of rain had fallen at Hong Kong.