St. John Daily Chronicle,

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume XVII. Saint John, New-Brunswick, Friday, November 12, 1852. Number 10.

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—$3 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.

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.

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

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

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

1852.
Spring Style of HATS.

C. D. EVERETT & SON

HAVE just received, per *Cuba* from Boston, their *Spring Style* of HAT BLOCKS, and are prepared to furnish Gentlemen with *Fashionable HATS*, of various qualities.

Our best Hats, which are equal to the best manufactured in the United States or elsewhere, are only 20s. each; other qualities proportionally low.

HATS and CAPS of all kinds constantly on hand. ☞ *Call and see the New Style.*

C. D. EVERETT & SON,
East side Market Square and North side King-Street.
March 12.

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

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.

JOHN BARRY,
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 per the highest price given for Old Silver.

June 4.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL.—At the old Stand Again!

THE Subscriber would respectfully intimate to his friends and the public at large that he again occupies his old stand, and he is prepared to furnish them with all the NOVELTIES of the Season, and the substantial realities of life with which they have been formerly accommodated in this Establishment.

DINNERS, SOUPS, LUNCHES, SUPPERS, &c., at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. JAMES NETHERY.
St John, N. B., May 7th, 1852.

HENRY P. SANCTON,
Soap and Candle Manufacturer,
ORANGE STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.,

HAS constantly on hand, SOAP and CANDLES which he can recommend to his friends and the public in general—such as cannot fail to give satisfaction to the consumer and dealer—and trusts, by attending to his business, to ensure an amount of patronage which it will be his effort to deserve and extend.

☞ Those who are in want are invited to call and see for themselves—We confidently assert that there are no better manufactured in the City.—The smallest favor thankfully received.

☞ *MIND!! Orange-Street—near the Centenary Chapel.* July 2.—3t

WM. WESTLEOTORN,

HAS Removed his place of business to Dock street opposite the Store of Mr. Emerson, where he will be ready at all times to execute orders in his line.

☞ Journeymen and an Apprentice wanted.

TURPENTINE & OLIVE OIL.—10 Barrels Spirits of TURPENTINE, 2 Casks of OLIVE OIL,
August 6. S. L. TILLEY.

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 application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

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

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst: Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.,
Chatham: William Cutman, 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.,
Monkton (the Bend) Bliss Botsford, Esq.,
Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.,
Richibucto: William Bowser, Esq.,
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.,
St. Stephens: W. T. Rose, Esq.,
Shediac and Cocagne: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.,
Woodstock: James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR,
February, 1850. *Manager, St. John, N. B*

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.

RAILROAD HOUSE,
SOUTH SIDE KING STREET—ST. JOHN

THE Subscriber, in accordance with the fashion of the day, deems it necessary to acquaint his friends and the Travelling Public, that he has Fitted Furnished, and Repaired his House, in a manner that defies rivalry, for the accommodation of PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS.

His Fare consists of the choicest delicacies of the season. Clean Beds, good attendance, and (Better yet) moderate charges, are the prominent features of his establishment.

Truly grateful to his former patrons, he solicits a continuance of public favour.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT IS A *LIVERY STABLE.*

With Fashionable "Turn-Outs," And excellent accommodations for the Horses of Travellers and Country customers.

May 21. JAMES E. McDONALD.

FASHIONS!—The Subscribers have made arrangements their Senior when in Paris last season, to receive a regular supply of the New Parisian Fashionable HATS, as early as they appear. Our Spring Stock of these Goods, to be opened by the *Deem* upon arrival, from one of the first houses in the trade, will convince our patrons that the newest fashions, with combined elegance, durability and cheapness, are at all times offered to our customers. LOCKHART & CO

TURPENTINE AND BURNING FLUID.—3 Casks Burning Fluid; 2 do. Spirits Turpentine. For sale by

23 July FELLOWS & CO.

NOTICE.

A. McL. SEELY has removed his Office to the City, Wiggins' Brick Building, over the Telegraph Office, and opposite the new Post Office, where he will continue the business of

TIMBER BROKER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Having in May last resigned his Bond business to RICHARD SEELY and D. V. ROBERTS, and the receiving and surveying of Timber at Indian Town to GEO. W. ROBERTS, solicits for them that patronage so liberally bestowed on himself. 2; May 7.

WINE, BRANDY, &c.—Now landing ex *Sir Harry Smith* from London, *Henry Fletcher* from Grangemouth, and *Osmanlis* from Clyde—Our Spring supply of Choice Old WINES, &c. consisting of Port, Pale Golden, and BROWN SHERRY, Madeira, Pale and Brown Cognac BRANDY, Bollands' GENEVA, London Brown Stout and PORTER, Scotch and East India PALE ALE, which with a well assorted Stock of choice Old WINE, &c., are offered for Sale by.

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,
May, 7. WINE MERCHANTS.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.
in King's County.

THE FARM, comprising Lots 34 and 35, containing 400 acres each, situated on Mill stream, Studholm, one mile above Hon. John Ryan's residence, 100 acres of which is very superior Intervale, 50 acres cleared.

There are on the Premises a good HOUSE, and a new Frame BARN, 30x40 feet.

Will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, if required, and at a low figure.

Reference to W. E. Jack, Esq., or Mr. C. Botts.
St. John, April 23, 1852.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, his Farm, situated in the Parish of Springfield, (King's County.) The said Farm contains Two Hundred Acres, Eighty of which is cleared and under good cultivation, with a comfortable Dwelling House, and good BARN: cuts Twenty-Five Tons English HAY, annually. The Farm is situated near a Grist and Saw Mill, and likewise a Carding Machine, and within 4 miles of Belcisle Church, and 1 1-2 of the Baptist Meeting House. It is known as the Case Settlement, and branches off from the Finger Board to Sussex and Mill Stream, and is within thirty-three miles of the City of Saint John.

Terms of Sale will be half down, and the remaining half in yearly instalments.

For further particular apply to the Subscriber on the premises. JOHN O'NEIL.
Springfield, (K. C.) June 18, 1852.

FARM at Musquash for sale:—

A VERY valuable and well situated FARM, at Musquash in the Parish of Lancaster, 15 miles from the City of Saint John, containing 460 acres in the whole—60 acres of which are Dyked Marsh, the remaining best quality Upland, about 100 acres being cleared and in excellent condition.—The Mail Road to St. Andrews and the United States runs through the property. It is situated in the Village of Musquash—bounded on one side by the River, and in a place well calculated both for farming purposes and a public establishment.

There is on the place, a large and convenient Dwelling House, in good repair; also, a small house, suitable for a tenant; a Blacksmith's Shop, and two large Barns, capable of containing 60 tons of hay besides cattle; and plenty of good water near the house.

The Farm and Establishment will be found on examination to be well worthy the attention of any persons inclined to purchase; and the probability is that the Western Railroad Depot will be at this spot.

The terms of payment will be made easy; and further particulars may be obtained on application to DUNCAN ROBERTSON, Esquire, Barrister at Law, St. John, or to the Proprietor on the premises.

May 21, 1852. WILLIAM FOGG.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT ABOLISHED!—MORAL GUARDS! *Good Pupils only Retained!! The Incorrigible Expelled!!*—This School contains three departments—the INFANT, the COMMERCIAL and the MATHEMATICAL. The Infant department, conducted by a female, accommodates pupils of both sexes, from 3 to 6 years of age, in Spelling, Reading, Mental Arithmetic, and Natural History, at 7s. 6d per quarter. The Commercial Department, conducted by two teachers, receives pupils leaving the Infant Department, and furnishes to them a through instruction from Spelling up to Common and Mental ARITHMETIC—the elements of Mathematics, Geography with the use of the Globes, English Grammer, &c., together with Reading and Writing, at fees from 10s to 20s per quarter.—The Mathematical Department, conducted by two teachers, comprises Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Book Keeping, use of the Globes, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, &c., the Reading Writing, and Speaking of the FRENCH LANGUAGE, and Classics, at fees from 25s to 30s per quarter.

S. D. MILLER, A. M.,
ay 10 tf *Manager.*

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.

For Sale or Lease,
And immediate Possession given:—

A SAW MILL, with 300 acres of Land attached, in upper Sussex, formerly owned by John C. Vail, Esq., and now in possession of H. C. Snider—Terms moderate. Enquire of

Feb. 27. L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

DRUGS, Medicines, &c.—The subscriber has received per *Sir Harry Smith*, from London, his Spring Supply of English DRUGS, MEDICINES, SPICES & PERFUMERY, which together with his Stock in store, he offers Wholesale and Retail at the lowest market prices.

S. L. TILLEY.
April 23. *No. 15 King street*

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has removed the Retail DRY GOODS and FANCY WARES of the *Variety Store*, from the South Side to the *North Side of King street*, (in Vernon's Brick Building) to the Store lately occupied by Dr. Livingston, which will be conducted under the name and style of the ST. JOHN HOUSE, where a general assortment of Retail GOODS will be supplied, and solicits a continuance of the Public favours.

JOSEPH LORDLY,
Proprietor.

Selling off at the Variety Store, a large quantity of Mahogany Household Furniture, Clocks, Room Paper, Tea, Boots, Shoes, Stoves and sundry other articles. J. LORDLY.

FOREIGN GOODS.

At the Cheap Hat, Cap and Fur Store, Number 17, King st., fresh arrivals per Steamers "America" "Sarah Louisa," and William Wallace.

A FEW Cases of the *Paris* Velvet HATS, so much admired by our customers at 20s.; Drab and Silk *Kossuth* and *Magyar HATS*—best quality—*very cheap.* Leghorn and Summer Hats *in new styles*, with an extensive variety of articles Manufactured in the premises—the attention of the Wholesale and Retail Trade, is invited to this fine stock. (June 18.) LOCKART & Co.

PEW FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—that eligible and commodious Pew, (cloth lined and cushioned,) No. 34, in the Organ Gallery of Trinity Church. Apply to

GEORGE BLATCH,
Barrister at Law

SHOULDER BRACES.—A fresh supply just received and for sale by

August 27. FELLOWS & CO.

Cod Liver Oil and Lime.

THIS compound which is universally admitted to possess many advantages over the simple Oil, in the cure of Coughs, Colds, and Consumption, is prepared and sold by

GEORGE F. EVERETT & CO.,
No. 4 Kingstreet, (adjoining Barlow's Corner.)
Sept. 31, 1852.

LITERATURE.

THE DARK CLOSET.

By MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

It is terrible to strive with an accusing conscience! I have tried to overcome my remorse by reflecting that what I had done was done, and could not be altered. I have tried to stifle my anguish by prayers, to atone for my crime by tears. All has been vain, because all has been selfish.

I will make one *more* effort: I will try confession. Yes, I will confess not to Heaven only, but to earth. This humiliation may be blessed. Perhaps it may save some mother from errors like mine; from sorrows like mine: I shall not then have suffered in vain!

I must give a sketch of my own history, in order to make my confession fully understood. I do this, not with a view to palliate my faults while acknowledging them. No; my sins are great, and not easily excused: but I know what none besides can, the causes which have made me thus capricious and erring. And while I confess my errors, shall I not expose their causes? It is the only way in which I can hope my story may be of advantage to others. It would otherwise be like a warning of danger, without showing any way of escape—it might terrify, it would not enlighten or improve.

I trace my terrors of feeling and conduct to the errors of my early education. I was an only child. My father was devoted to his business, and paid little attention to my training. He only called me to him to give me some pretty plaything, or dainty, and I liked him because of these pretty and nice things he brought me. When my humors and appetites were gratified, I was fond of him and glad to see him; at other times, I felt no more affection for him than the cook; for she, too, pampered my appetite with all sweet and savory articles of food. My father never taught me; and I cannot now recall any early association or ideas which rested on him for their origin. He had no moral power over my heart and mind.

My mother was a good manager; her house and table were always well arranged. She was fond of dress, but fonder of me; and had she known how to train me judiciously, she would have done so. But she thought that the chief end of life was to live well, and that I needed a little of every good thing she herself indulged in. To that, from my cradle, I was pampered with every luxury, and thus taught to associate my happiness with my own gratifications of sense. I never loved any person because they loved me; but only because they gave me things I loved.

How much is depending on early impressions! How great the responsibility of those who have the privilege of training children rationally! There is not an absurdity in habit, a prejudice of judgement, an error in principle, but we Americans are at liberty to correct it. And yet, in one respect, there is not a people on the face of the earth who err so wofully in the management of their children. We kill them, body or soul, and often both, by early indulgences of the appetite. They literally eat themselves to death. Hundreds of children perish every year of diseases caused by repletion. And many who, by the strength of their constitutions, survive this pampering, are rendered sluggish in mind, and feeble in body, selfish, irritable, and miserable for life. I speak now particularly of the children of the rich. To the poor, in this respect, poverty is a blessing. Oh, I have felt what I would describe! I first remember myself as a puny, sickly creature, exhausted by the load of indigestible substances I was tempted to swallow. I have no doubt—indeed, I know that my temper was irritated by the stimulating effects of the rich and racy condiments I was permitted to gorge myself with. I was restless, and almost always across; but it was caused either by the cravings of the diseased stomach, or the pain of a burdened one. Thus passed my infancy, when impressions, never to be effaced in this world were made on my mind.

I was not sent to school till I was about seven years old, as my mother thought I was too feeble to bear the fatigue and confinement. She went with me the first day, when we only staid half an hour, to see how I liked it. I recollect my first impressions of that school. They were pleasureable, very. The children were all so busy, and looked so happy, I thought I should like to be a scholar. But, alas! my habits were totally averse to steady application. I had only considered books as playthings, which were pretty enough when new and full of pictures; but to pore over them day after day, to learn a lesson, was hateful. I had always been bribed to learn by the promise of something good to eat; I had no idea of any pleasure from the exercises of my rational or moral facilities. I was wholly a creature of sense and passion. I sucked my comfits when I should have studied my lesson; and, when the teacher took away my basket of confectionary, I was so angry I threw away my book. The teacher punished me, and my mother took me from the school.

"Poor child!" said my mother; "all her fault was eating a sugar-plum!"

This first scene of my school life was type of the whole course till I was nearly fourteen. During these seven years, my mother had changed my school at least twenty times, besides keeping me a considerable part of each year at home. I think the teachers should bear some of the blame of this fickleness. I was, to be sure, a fretful, indolent, spoiled child; but I had capacity to learn, and, if my instructors—I attended schools taught by man as well as ladies—had studied my composition, and adapted their instructions accordingly, I do believe I might have been won to love books, and the discipline necessary to give me good habits, and self-control would then have been comparatively easy. I believe this method was afterwards effected in part; and, had the same management commenced earlier, it might have been entirely successful.

When I was about fourteen, a lady, a friend of my mother, and the confident of all her troubles with respect to my education, strongly advised that I should be placed at a seminary in the country. She said it would improve my health, and the preceptress was a lady of such excellent judgment and principles that, if anything could be done to improve me, she would be sure to spare no pains to effect it. My parents had begun to despair of my capacity. I had been pronounced incorrigibly dull by every teacher. My father was mortified, and my mother grieved, by my conduct; and so, as a last resource, they sent me to the country.

Mrs. L——, the preceptress, made many minute inquiries of my mother. I recollect them well; and the expression of her countenance, too, when she looked over my trunks, and found one nearly filled with rich cakes, and confectionary, and essences, and rare jellies. She said nothing at the time, but she appeared afterwards to understand my disposition perfectly. She took me into her own room, had a bed fitted up for me beside hers, and every night, after I retired, she sat down beside me and conversed. At first, she said only a few words, perhaps some inquiries about my lesson or my thoughts, and a little explanation of what would be done the next day.—By degrees, she introduced stories of the good scholars she had had, and then she repeated short poems, and pointed out their beauties, and endeavored to make me comprehend and feel them. She recited poetry in a most impressive manner; and I remember the effect which some of those poems wrought on me. I think I may say, the first time my heart was ever melted by the pathos of sentiment was hearing her recite Wordsworth's ballad: "We are Seven." I wept: sweet tears they were; for, they had been called forth by sympathy with innocence. Mrs. L. bent over me and kissed my cheek. The tears were in her eyes, as she said—

"My child, Louisa, you will yet be all I can wish."

In this manner, without any appearance of undue solicitude on her part, she won my confidence. I thought it was not strange she should talk thus with me, because I had always been used to so many attentions from my mother; but, had she not taken me to her own room, her solicitude would have been remarked by the other scholars. But how different were my mother's nightly salutations from those of Mrs. L.

"Louisa, dear, how do you feel? Shall I get you anything to take before you go to sleep?" my kind, but mistaken mother would say.

Mrs. L. never inquired about the state of my stomach; she gave me cordials for the heart and mind, and, by her skill, awakened such new and pleasant ideas, that I would lie quietly musing till I fell asleep. And this sleep was to me a great blessing, for I had been from an infant, troubled with restlessness through the night.

For the first three months I recited to Mrs. L. my lessons were very imperfectly studied, but she bore with me; for she said that my moral affections were strengthening, and that I was acquiring a taste for mental beauties. The process was slow, for I had been, as it were, indurated in my selfish appetites, till I hardly felt a wish for social enjoyments. This was, in some measure, caused by my being an only child, and for that misfortune I was to be pitied. But at last I became fond of my schoolmates, and interested in my studies. I learned well, and my parents were astonished and delighted at my progress. The last year I spent with Mrs. L. was the happiest of my life, and it was the most useful. The truths which then dawned on my mind have been darkened by many shadows, but still they have never been totally obscured. Oh, why did I not remain longer in their light till my vision had been strengthened to discern their fairest beauties? I should not then have followed the delusions of sense and sin.

I was about sixteen when my father died, and my mother sent for me home immediately, and never afterwards permitted me to attend school. I cannot blame her; for she was solitary, indeed, and only seemed to live for my sake; but the circumstance was a fatal one to my improvement. I was not sufficient strong in self-control to practice the lessons of industry and forbearance my dear Mrs. L. had taught me; and my mother's whole soul was absorbed in my happiness, which she thought could only be insured by indulgences. I became again the petted darling, and every luxury was sought for me. And this indulence seemed charming, and I thought it folly for those who were rich to trouble themselves about learning.

My father had left us rich.

For some years I led a life of complete inanity. My mother took care of my wardrobe; and this, with managing the house, gave her full employment. I had little to do when at home, and I was not very fond of society, so that I was obliged to have recourse to the complaints of ill health to diversify my life. I had the dyspepsia one year, and was nervous the next, successively. And this might have continued to the end of my days, had not an incident, which occurred while I was on a tour to Canada, roused me once more to exertion. That incident introduced me to a Mr. C——. I was pleased with him from the first, and I wished to make a favourable impression on him. I was tolerably handsome, I believe; my maid always told me I was beautiful; but Mrs. L. had warned me against being flattered by those I thought my inferiors—so, as no person but my maid had ever assured me I was beautiful, I did not quite think myself so. But I was rich. There was no doubt of that; and I found means to let Mr. C—— know I was rich. I had better not have boasted. He was a man of a fine mind and highly cultivated taste; and after he found I had had the means so abundantly of education, he was less inclined to pardon the ignorance he could not but discover in me. He seemed to fear, too, that addressing me would make him appear mercenary, as no one could think there was a fitness in our characters and tastes. Oh, how I did regret my wasted time! I would have given half my fortune for the benefit of one year's improvement at Mrs. L's. School. It could not be bought, however.

Mr. C—— did not propose for me, but said he thought he should visit Boston the next summer. I came home, and set resolutely to my studies, resolving I would redeem the time. But habit was too strong for my resolution. 'I had been indolent so long that employment distressed me; and then I was ashamed to allow my ignorance to appear to those who intended to give me lessons, and I became more peevish and discontented every day.—I was dissatisfied with myself, and had no kind Mrs. L. at hand to soothe my spirit by the pity which encourages. It was better for me, though, that I made the exertion, for I have never since had the dyspepsia, and I should never have been nervous if—my poor heart! when will it be stilled forever.

Mr. C—— never came to Boston. He married a few months after I parted from him, and I heard of him at Washington, with a fair and intelligent wife, to whom he seemed devoted. The disappointment was for a time very vexatious to me, because I had allowed him to know my partiality; and to escape from my own thoughts, I went more into company.

My mother had one excellence. She was sincere in her character. She never managed to get me a husband; in truth, I do not think she wished to have me married, because she feared I never would find a husband sufficiently kind. But she was growing into years, and she was troubled at leaving me alone in the world. And she began to hint to me that it was time I made a selection. A number of single gentlemen visited at our house, for our establishment was elegant, and table such as a gourmand would worship. The character of our male visitors may be easily understood.—They came to be feasted without any metaphor. There was little said or thought of "reason," or the "soul," at our table. But we had delicious soups, and rich wines.

I married Mr. M——. He offered himself to me because I was rich; I accepted because I was nearly thirty and feared I should do no better. There was no love on either side; but we lived together tolerably well till after mother's death, which happened about a year after my marriage. I mourned her loss; but it was a selfish feeling entirely, because she had saved me from all domestic cares, and I did not see how I could live without her.—Soon my troubles began. I could not manage the household as my mother had done, though I harassed myself with constant cares; and my husband found fault continually. An epicure is always selfish. Never, never let any woman, who wishes for domestic happiness, marry a man whose soul is in his palate. A gourmand will be a tyrant—a capricious, unreasonable tyrant. My husband was a tyrant, and in witnessing the paroxysms of rage into which he would be thrown, when disappointed of any good thing on which he had set his appetite, gave me more impressive lessons than sermons could have done. I am persuaded that those who would be happy must be temperate in all things; and that excess in eating is as wicked as excess in drinking.

But I linger on circumstances that may seem trifling. They are trifling with what I must tell. The confession must be made. It shall be, though my heart break in the effort.

The second year after my mother's decease, I became a mother myself. My daughter, my sweet lovely child! still thy image lives in my heart.—When thinking of thy first smile, of the pressure of thy soft cheek to mine, I can yet feel the thrill of thy soft touch upon my bosom. It is a blessed thing to have the affections called forth. I had never loved so till I loved my child. The affection I bore my own mother was a selfish feeling, and I was by no means regard to what she did for me. This was the fault partly of my education, and partly of circumstances. But when I looked on my little delicate babe, my own, a being dependent on my care, and one that I could make happy, oh! my heart was drawn towards it with a yearning of fondness, hope, delight, that was perfectly new and almost overpowering. I could have laid down my life for her—and yet I murdered her!

Righteous heaven! was this the punishment of my early self-indulgence?

Though I loved my child, and earnestly wished to train her rightly, I was not fitted for the task. Now it was that I felt the deficiencies of my own education. The lessons of Mrs. L. had impressed my mind with a sense of my infirmities of temperament and inconsistencies of conduct, but I did not stay long enough with her to learn how to correct them. I knew I had been wrongly managed, but I had not discriminated the manner or degree.—Like many other superficial reasoners, I thought the reverse of wrong must be right. My mother, I knew, had indulged me too much; and so I determined not to indulge my child at all. I made no difference between those indulgences that excite the passions or gratify the appetite, and those which call forth and foster the kind affections and moral feelings. My whole system was one of rigid self-denial. The consequence was, my child feared me, and she never was happy with me. She loved the nursery-girl much better than me, and that was a source of constant grief and vexation. I used frequently to send away the girl and let Caroline cry as long as I dared, to punish her for not choosing to have me feed her, and dress her. I fear it was to gratify my own temper as much as to govern hers, that I exerted my authority. None but those who have subdued their own passions are fit to be intrusted with children. They may otherwise love children, but they will not be just towards them.

It was in the month of June—a bright, balmy day—such a one as seems designed for human enjoyment, when, to be happy, we have only to open the heart to the sweet sunny influences around us; and yet, if the heart is not right, how wretched we may be. I was unhappy that day. Some difference with my husband had occurred at the breakfast table. Since the birth of my daughter, we had lived in much better harmony; he had been more reasonable, as he knew I must attend to the child, when anything had gone wrong in our household affairs. And I believe he loved me more as the mother of his child than as his wife; for he was doatingly fond of Caroline, and our chief difficulties now arose respecting her. He insisted that I was harsh with her, and that it made her obstinate; and then he told a long story about his own mother, and how she used to persuade her children—not hire or drive them—but reason with them.

We had differed that morning in our opinions respecting the time when Caroline should be obliged to learn her lessons steadily. I wanted her to commence then, for she was three years old; my husband thought it was well enough, if she chose to learn, but insisted that no compulsion should be used. But, notwithstanding what he said, I went out and purchased books, and determined to commence that very day, and that she should take her lessons at regular hours every day, whether she were or were not pleased. I came home in no pleasant humour, for I had bowed to a lady who did not return my salute, and I felt enraged at her insolence. With these feelings of anger uppermost in my mind, I entered the nursery. Never shall I forget the sweet looks of my child at that moment. She was sitting on a cushion, with her face towards the door, the sunlight streamed through the window curtain, its beams fell on her pale-yellow hair, and the ringlets seemed clusters of pure gold. The nursery-maid had been twisting roses among her curls, and the little creature was passionately fond of flowers; so, when I entered, she looked up to me with a laugh of such heartfelt joy that I had come to see her pretty roses, and her blue eyes sparkled with the light of a happy and innocent heart.

"I have brought a new book for you, Caroline," said I.

"My roses, mother; see my pretty roses!" said the child.

I turned to the maid, and bade her take off the roses, for Caroline should say her lesson. I spoke sternly, and Caroline began to weep; I minded nothing of her tears, but took her on my knee and gave her the book.

She threw it on the floor, and cried for her roses. I ordered the maid to go down with the roses; and, when she was gone, I told Caroline that she should pick up her book and read to me. She refused to pick up her book; she was obstinate; but then I had provoked it by my own imprudence in teasing her to read when her mind was engrossed with another object. I should then only have told her of the rose, how it was spelt, and shown her the picture of it, and told her stories about it, that would have made her interested to learn more. What tyrants we are with our children, when, instead of aiding their ideas, we would force them to understand ours!

I had not succeeded to make Caroline pick up her book, when the maid entered to say Mrs. F—— was in the parlor. Mrs. F—— was a very proud and very fashionable lady, and I was glad to receive a call from her; but in my struggles with Caroline, I had quite discomposed my dress, and this made me excessively angry with the child. Never before had I felt so towards her. I wanted to punish her severely. The maid offered to take her, but I bade her go down and say I would come soon; and then I told Caroline I should shut her in my dark closet while I was gone. She had always been afraid to be alone in the dark, and one of the very few things in which I had uniformly indulged her was to have a light burning through the night. If she ever awoke, and found herself in the dark, she had always been frightened.

When I told her I should put her in the dark closet, she screamed as loudly as possible, and I hurried her in quick, before she had time to yield, because I feared Mrs. F. would hear her shrieks. I locked the door and took the key, to prevent the maid from letting the child out, as I thought that would destroy all the salutary effects of the punishment. I tell all these minute particulars that I may be judged truly. I confess my faults; but yet I did not seem to myself to act unreasonable at the time. Are there not others who have deceived themselves, and been cruel when they only meant to correct?

Caroline had given one long shriek as I shut the door. "Mother! mother it is dark! all dark!" was the last I heard her say.

Mrs. F—— was extremely polite, and she stayed a long time; I cannot tell how long. My heart misgave me every moment; I wished she would go, for I thought of my babe. But she had to tell me of her new bonnet, and ask my opinion of the trimming, and advise me to employ her milliner—such was our discourse while my child was dying!

The moment she was gone I rushed up stairs, and called "Caroline! Caroline!" as I unlocked the door. She did not answer. She lay extended on the floor of the closet—her eyes rolled up till only the white glared in their sockets—her features convulsed—and purple as with suffocation. Why dwell on this scene? Horror! horror! is all the word that can express my feelings.

The physician reported she died by fits. The world believed it; her father never knew otherwise; but on my conscience the burden of her death has lain like a mountain of fire, burning while it bowed me to the earth.

"It is dark! all dark!" sounds continually in my ears. It is dark! all dark! to my husband.—World that I could place my trust in the God of light!—*Godey's Magazine.*

HINTS TO LADIES.—Stair carpets should always have slips of paper put under them, at and over the edge of every step, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpet against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or two as long as the carpet is wide, and four or five inches in breadth, so as to be a distance from each stair. This simple plan, and so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the addition of the strips of paper, by which considerable saving will be made in the household expenditure.