St. John Daily Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at the Office in the Stone Building of L. H. Dretler & Son, west side Prince Wm. Street.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, Circular and ornamental, Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—

12s. 6d. IN ADVANCE.—25s if not paid within the termination of the year.

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, after as practicable, the Credit system, and as the facilities of making small subscriptions contribute for those who never pay, he offers the following

Inducements for Advancing,

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, or 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.

☞ By the Year.—The rate of advertising by the year is six pounds per column, and half, quarter, or eighth part of a column in the same ratio.

☞ 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.

GOODS.

By the "Gipsey," "Charles," and "Richmond," &c., received and for Sale:—

75 BAGS Shingle and Clapboard fine Cut Nails, at 2½d. per lb.; 25 kegs, 100 lbs. each, 7d'y. 8d'y, 9d'y, and 10d'y Horse Nails; 50 kegs 6d'y, 8d'y, and 10d'y Wrought Rose and Clasp-head Nails; 10 casks 2½, 3½ and 3 inch Boat Nails; 10 casks 4½ and 5 inch Spikes; 700 yards Superfine Scotch Wool Carpeting; 360 do Fine Scotch Wool Carpeting; 25 kegs yellow Paint; 5 boxes Cocoa Paste; A variety of WOODEN WARE.

Also—By the "Albert" from London:

A Case containing first-rate CHARTS of the English and Irish Channel, North Atlantic, Nova-Scotia, the St. Lawrence, &c., &c.;
6 Ten inch Brass Compasses;
24 Log Glasses; 30 Parallel Rulers;
12 Gunter Scales; Quadrants, Thermometers, Ruled and Plain Log Books, &c.—For sale by the Case. JOHN KINNEAR.

St. John, July 18, 1851.

THE FANCY ARCADE,

CORNER OF KING AND CROSS STREET.

KEEPS constantly on hand for Sale, Gold and Silver Watches, a neat assortment of Gold French and English Jewelry, Fans, Perfumery, Scented Soaps, Colognes, Hair Oils, Liquid Rouge Preparations, Musical Instruments, Violin Strings, hair, clothes, tooth, nail and other Brushes, Feather Dusters, gilt Framed and Zinc Mirrors, Steel Pens and Holders, lead and slate Pencils, Drawing Paints, Sun Glasses, Spectacles, Watch Guards, Fob Chains, Steel Beads, and Purse Trimmings, Cross-bea Boxes in great variety, playing, courting, and conversation Cards, Alabaster Goods, silk Purses, French Paper Weights, Fire Crackers, Wax Dolls, and Writing Books, Stationery, and upwards of 2000 other different articles.

N. B.—This establishment is well worthy the inspection of Country, Wholesale as well as Retail purchasers, as the Proprietor selects his Stock personally from Foreign Markets.

August 1. J. CROUCH.

GRANITE HALL,

No. 1, Dock Street.

SUMMER OVER COATS, in loose and Plain Sac styles, made of a superior article of Venetian Cloth, cut and made up in the neatest manner, only 25s., or made to Measure at 27s. 6d., and a perfect fit warranted.

July 18. THOS. R. JONES.

NEW BOOKS.

Per Steamer "Admiral."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July;
Fowler's Phrenological Journal do.;
Capt. O'Sullivan, or Adventures Civil, Military and Matrimonial, by W. H. Maxwell, Esq.
The Birthright, by Mrs. Gore;
Blanche of Navarre, a Play by G. P. R. James;
The smuggler a Tale;
Wallace, the Hero of Scotland, by G. W. M Reynolds;
French without a Master;
Tom Cringle's Log and Cruise of the Midge;
A further supply of Masonry, &c.

July 4. B. O'BRIEN.

TO LET—Possession given immediately.

THE first flat of the subscribers HOUSE, in Elliott Row—comprising two Parlors with Bed rooms, Kitchen and Pantry, a frost proof Cellar, and a well of water in the yard. The premises are in thorough repair, and suitable for a genteel Family. Enquire on the premises.

July 25. E. C. MINNETTE, Jr.

NOTICE.

MR. WILLIAM B. KINNEAR, intending to return so this City in the early part of autumn, has taken the office lately occupied by the Messrs. Jack in Prince William street, where he will attend to professional business, in connection with his Nephew, Mr. H. W. Farrs.

Mr. H. W. Farrs having removed to the above Office, will let the one lately occupied by him, until the 1st May next, at a low rent.

July 25.—6t

German and French Goods.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received from Germany, Nine Cases assorted TOYS and DOLLS, and Two Cases from France, comprising an extensive assortment of French China FLOWER VASES, Fancy PAPER WEIGHTS, PERFUMES, HAIR OILS, SCENTED SOAPS, WALKING STICKS, Cricket BATS, Balls, and Wickets, &c., &c.

☞ Ladies' Morocco BASKETTS, wrapers and TOYS Wholesale and Retail. WM. MAJOR.

Perfumed Spirits and Chocolate.

Just landing ex *Albert*, from Liverpool, viz:

8 CASES Farina's genuine Eau de Cologne, Lavender, Water, Extract of Rose, D'Orsay, Bouquet, &c. &c., in short bottles;
2 Cases fine FRENCH CHOCOLATE, in cakes and tablets. For sale by

August 1. SANNEL, STURDEE & CO.

CABLES, ANCHORS, &c.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale:—60 Wood and Iron Stocked ANCHORS, assorted sizes, 5 to 25 Cwt.;
25 Chain CABLES, ⅞ inch to inch, 45 fathoms each;
Chain Cables, ⅞ to 2 inch, 45 fathoms;
Iron Mast, 7 HANGING CHAIN;
Also—60 Tons best SWEDISH IRON FELLY.

August 1. ALLISON & UPTON.

GRANITE HALL, No. 1, Dock Street.—GREAT BARGAINS in Black Cloth SACK COATS.

25s. only for a fair article;
30s. " " medium article;
35s. " " warranted Wool Dyt.

July 18. T. R. JONES.

Miscellaneous.

(*From Arthur's Home Gazette.*)

THE PASSIONATE WIFE
A DOMESTIC HISTORY.

BY PAUL CRAYTON.

(*Concluded.*)

One day, when Lucy intend to leave home in charge of the house, while she went to market, Susan was nowhere to be found. Hence Lucy was obliged to remain at home, much to her disappointment. In an hour Susan returned, happy and independent. She had been drinking; and when Lucy remonstrated with her, she only laughed, and answered pertinently. This was too much for Lucy's temper. In expressed in another fit of passion, and the detected woman lost not Susan's hair by handfuls!

There was so much to excuse their fit of passion that William, although deeply injured, forgave it as he had done the last.

But in spite of Lucy's promises and grand resolutions, she could not govern her temper. In a few weeks, another fit of passion seized her on a very slight occasion; and in a short time still another came to cloud William's domestic happiness. Still William forgave. In the midst of these storms a child was born. It was a girl, and William chose to call it by his mother's name—Lady.

For an entire year Mrs. Mowbray had no more fits of passion. William began to hope.

"The mother's temper is subdued by the child," he said, and thinked heaven for the change.

One day, however, the dress catched pricked the child, so that it cried piteously. High words were the consequence. Mrs. Mowbray had another fit of passion.

As William knew nothing of this ocurrence at the time, but little was said about it.

But now Lucy became a subject to fit of passion more violent than ever. One day, when enraged, she struck her child in the presence of William.

"This is too much!" muttered William, clasping the injured innocent in his arms. "You are not fit to bring up a child, and I vow that Lucy shall not be robbed by your tempest!"

Mrs. Mowbray's rage was terrible. She would have torn her husband's hair had he not interposed his powerful arm.

William felt that it was now time to act. He had forgiven until forgiveness was no longer a virtue.—Seizing his wife's wrists, he led her forcibly to her room, and locked her up.

Lucy raged like a wounded tigress. But she was alone; she could not frighten William into the weakness of setting her at liberty before her temper was subdued. When he locked the door, and left her, he had said—

"I will subdue you, or you shall starve!"

So Lucy gradually became calm. The consequences was, she became rational—she was prostrated with shame and remorse.

For twelve hours she wept bitter tears, alone in her chamber. It was now morning; and after weeping all night, she sank into a troubled sleep.

Mrs. Mowbray was aroused by the maid, who came to inform her that breakfast was waiting. She hoped that William's resentment was ended, and hastened to meet him. But he was nowhere to be found.

"Where is Mr. Mowbray?" she inquired, timidly.

"He went away yesterday afternoon," replied the domestic.

"And has not returned?"

"He said he would not return within three days!" Lucy became deathly pale.

"But where is my child?" she asked.

"Mr. Mowbray made me do up all her clothes."

"But where is she?"

"He took her with him."

Lucy fell to the floor like a corpse.

The domestic dashed a pitcher of water in her face, and she recovered from her swoon.

Two days after, William returned, alone. He found his wife plunged in the depths of shame, remorse and despair.

"Where—where is my child?" she cried in agony.

"In safer hands than yours!" answered William, coldly.

Lucy fell upon her knees before him, with streaming eyes and clasped hands she begged forgiveness, and pleaded for her child. But William was inexorable.

"Fear nothing for Lucy," he said. "She is in good hands, and will want for nothing."

"O, cruel, cruel!"

"It may seem so, Mrs. Mowbray; you may think so; but I am merciful to my child. You, certainly, cannot complain."

"Oh! but you will not divide me from my child?"

"Hear me, Lucy; when that child was born, I formed a resolution. It was, that if ever you attack her in a fit of passion, I would take her from you. You shall not spoil my child. I have done my duty, and prayers and tears cannot move me."

So Lucy pleaded in vain.

From this time, the intercourse of William with Mrs. Mowbray, was of the most cold and formal nature. He became stern, thoughtful, reserved; she, petulant, unhappy, and more than ever subject to fits of passion.

What William had done with little Lucy no one could imagine. Mrs. Mowbray was untiring in her search for the absent child, but her efforts were of no avail. About once a month, William left town, and was gone three or four days at a time; and Lucy heard that on those occasions he went to see his daughter.

One morning, from some trivial cause, Mrs. Mowbray gave way to another fit of passion, in the presence of her husband. William remonstrated with her, and her anger was intense against him. After indulging in much unwomanly abuse, Lucy exclaimed—

"I won't be tyrannized over any longer. It's no use giving up to you, and if I have fits of passion it's because I have cause. You've carried off my child, and now I will go away too!"

William said nothing, and Lucy had thrown on her bonnet and shawl, and was moving towards the door.

"Mrs. Mowbray," then said he to her, coarsely, "you are doing that which you will be sorry for."

"Sorry or not, I will go home to my father!" cried, Lucy, with flashing eyes.

"No, you cannot go more," replied William, calmly, "I warned your fit of passion in time, and now if you wish to leave me, go. But not home, Lucy."

"I will go, in spite of you!" and Lucy darted forward. William stood between her and the hall door. She was furious, yet calm and resolute.

"This is too much, Mrs. Mowbray. Mind! if you are determined to oppose me, take the consequences!"

And for the first time in her life Lucy struck her husband in the face.

Mrs. Mowbray became deadly pale. He turned aside and passed his hand over his face. As he did so, his whole countenance changed, and in a deep voice was broken by the quaking of his very heart.

"Madam, I warned you. Go home to your father, if you wish. But if you go, Consult for your!"

Mrs. Mowbray was terrified to see the deep meaning of those words. Perhaps she thought of her humiliated husband, and pleaded for her child.

In an hour, Mrs. Mowbray was under her father's roof.

By this time, however, her rage had subsided in a great measure, and she felt ashamed of the step she had taken. But the consequences that she had struck her husband, and dared not go back to him that night.

On the following day, she rose early with remorse and wretchedness. Lucy will demand to return, and pleaded an excuse to pass another night with her friends.

The next morning she said to herself:—

"If I remain, should till another day William will imagine I intend to be still forgive me, he will come and entreat me to return home."

But he William did not come, Lucy felt her pride fall her. Humbled, trembling, remorseful, on the evening of the third day of her absence, she set out to return to her husband.

"He has suffered as a thousand times," she said to herself whenever her memory dared to, "and earth, he will forgive the only fault."

With trembling anticipations of joy, Lucy approached the house. But the dusky light of the evening dazzled her, blinded her, and fainting, fell on the stoop. The cool air revived her, and she recovered to find herself in the hall. But the dreadful fainting had unnerved her, and she trembled over her terrors, and she ascended the stairs.

At the door of her husband's room Lucy tolerated her trembling heart. Then she knocked. Then she knocked again. At last she ventured to turn the door, and entered. But her husband was not there. She ventured to go to the door to see from the hall.

At that moment a young lady emerged from the opposite side of the street, and looking up good naturedly at Mrs. Mowbray, cried out—

"Ye won't find nobody there. The folks are all gone away, and the house is to let."

Poor Lucy! This was a death blow to her hopes! Her heart stopped beating, and she gazed upon the cold stone; and a moment after, the blood rushed into her brain tumultuously, and her eyeballs rolled in darkness. But Lucy did not faint. With a desperate effort, she staggered to her seat, and with her veil drawn closely over her face, returned by the way she came.

Once more Mrs. Mowbray rested beneath her father's roof. Rested in body, but not in soul.—Much as she had suffered, the agony of years could not have equalled the terrible pangs of that endless night! The past seemed a dark mass of follies; the present a torture, a harvest of the thorns she had sown, a sulger gloom; the future a black globe, which turn it, and turn it as she would, showed no spot of warmth and brightness on its cold dark surface.

On the following day, Mrs. Mowbray received a letter. It was from her husband. It enclosed a check for five hundred dollars, and contained the following:

"I have bidden you an eternal farewell. I shall never see you again. To the many injuries your temper has heaped upon me, you have added an insult which, in a man, I would have punished with a fearful retribution. Coming from you, I can only hide it in my heart, among the ruined hopes and corroding sorrows which have been my marriage portion.

"I have one consolation. My dear child is left to me. I am with her and shall never leave her; I shall devote myself to labor for her happiness.—Do not think that I will prejudice her mind against you, for she shall never know of your fault, nor of the cause of our separation, nor of the ruin you have wrought.

"Enclosed is a check for $500, which I trust will supply your immediate wants. I have retired from all business with the world, and my income will now be small; but one third you shall receive, quarterly, while on one third I shall myself live frugally. I will devote the remaining third to the maintenance and proper education of my child.

"A part of our furniture I have directed to be sold; but every thing I thought you would wish to preserve, is now stored for you, and at your disposal, as you will learn from my friend and agent, Mr. Grey."

Lucy read this brief epistle eagerly, and re-read it with dismay. But she had still a purpose and a hope. She flew to Mr. Grey, her husband's agent.

Mr. Grey was a calm, stern, unpronounceable man; faithful, honest, and self possessed. From him, with all her prayers and entreaties, Lucy could gain no lately intelligence of her husband and her child. All he could grant her was the delivery of a letter to William.

Accordingly, Lucy wrote, "pouring all her remorse, sorrow, love and power of prayer into her letter; she hoped that William would relent.

But William placed no confidence in a woman entirely controlled by fits of passion; and his reply was formal, severe, perhaps cruel.

After struggling long with her despair, Lucy at last began to feel resigned to her fate. Upon one thing she was resolved; the bane of her existence, her abominable fits of passion, should never again ruffle the evenness of her temper; she would conquer herself if the effort killed her.

"I must be patient," said the unhappy Lucy to herself. "I have no one to blame but myself. My misery is my own creation, and it is just that I should suffer. I will be patient, then, and resigned."

But oh, it was a hard task, for a young wife and a fond mother to live divided from her husband and child, with no bright spot in the sky of the future on which to look and repose her hopes; with no consolation, no friend in whom to confide and find comfort!

Dreary indeed was Lucy's life, but never did she complain. She suffered in silence, and endured with patience her wretched lot. She seemed plunged into the deepest humiliation, and her face wore ever the mourning apparel of her heart. It is impossible to describe the abhorrence with which she looked back upon her past fits of passion.

Five years of sorrow, regret, and humiliation, rolled their heavy burden over Lucy's heart. During this time she had written frequently to her husband, through Mr. Grey, and received no replies to her letters. All she knew of her husband was, that she received every quarter an allowance, which she knew came from him. Had he left her to starve, her remorse could not have equalled that which this manifestation of his goodness, four times a year, kindled in her heart.

One day, however, Lucy was surprised by a visit from Mr. Grey.

"Mrs. Mowbray," said he, abruptly, "I come to you with a message from your husband."

The blood flowed back upon Lucy's heart, almost suffocating her; then it rushed again to her brain, causing it to reel with dizziness. The sudden intelligence quite overpowered her, and she sank upon the sofa. She could not speak, but her clasped hands implored Mr. Grey to go on.

"Your child," said he, entering, "is dying. If you wish to see her, go with me."

What Lucy had after hearing this astounding intelligence, she knew not; but Mr. Grey declared, afterwards, that she was completely out of her senses. She wished to go—to fly—without a moment's thought or preparation, and would have left the house as soon as much as her bonnet or shawl, had he not taken her under his care. I said Lucy knew nothing of time, when she recovered her consciousness, she was flying away with her husband's agent in a carriage.

The journey seemed to Lucy like a wild dream. She alternately received something of what she had seen, and dimly remembered riding on the highway, when the sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing. She also had some recollection of the speed, clatter and dizzy rocking of railroad cars; but not until she found herself at her journey's end, was she fully conscious of all she was around her.

Lucy was in her husband's arms. The hot tears that flowed upon his bosom relieved her heart, and cooled the fever of her brain.

"Lucy," said William, kindly, "calm yourself, I have sent for you to behold your child before she dies. She is very ill."

Lucy was strong again. Her eyes flashed wildly through her tears.

"Where is she?" she cried. "Oh, my darling! my Lucy!"

William led the way. Upon a curtained bed, in a dark and silent room, the little sufferer lay. She was asleep.

"Be calm—softly!" murmured William.

But, already the strong influence of mother's love had startled Lucy to the bedside of her child. She clasped the unfloral in her arms, sending tears falling upon the child's pale face, as she wept. She was not frightened, but seemed to understand the meaning of it all. Extending her feeble arms, little Lucy twined them about her mother's neck.

William approached, but not a word was spoken. Silence was only interrupted by the sobs of the mother and the faint murmur of welcome of her child. William gazed a moment, but tears blinded him, and he turned away.

"Are you indeed my mother?" asked little Lucy in a feeble tone.

"Yes—yes, my darling child! I am your own mother! Oh, my darling!"

What more was said cannot here be written. It was natural language of strong affection and deep passion, which none can interpret; it was poetry to the extreme for expression—eloquence, whose power can only be imagined.

Again Lucy was at her husband's feet. It was too much for even her stoic nature. He had known of her penance and humiliation, and now her heart softened. He raised her into the room, he forgave everything, all the love and devotion of former years seemed with double force upon his soul, he pressed her passionately to his heart.

Little did that fond husband and father, in some moments, for his feeling, has hastened to forgive and love, and finding that heart, yet pulsating for love, and joy and faith, she seemed endowed with new life and power and hope.

The little sufferer rallied feebly for her mother as soon as she was out of her sight, and would not rest if she was not continually at her bedside. The child seemed to love her as if she had never known any care but hers, and no affection but that of her mother.

"For one thing," said Lucy to her husband, "I sincerely thank you. You have never taught her to hate her mother's faults."

To the surprise of all, little Lucy began from that day, to exhibit symptoms of returning strength.—The presence of her mother seemed to infuse her with fresh vigor. In a few days she had so far recovered, that the physician declared her out of danger.

"I owe her life to you, Lucy," exclaimed William, with warmth. "You have snatched her from the grave."

"Can I then be with her henceforth!" timidly asked Mrs. Mowbray.

"Let the past be forgotten," murmured William. "I forgive every thing; I feel assured that you will be to Lucy a mother. I, too, need to be forgiven for the unnecessary severity with which I have treated you."

"Nay," cried Lucy, "your severity was necessary. It has made me another being. I trust I am now fit to be your wife and the mother of your child. I have suffered much, and I have caused you much—too much suffering; but, now that you have forgiven me, let all be forgotten in the joy of the present. I feel too thankful in being restored to my ever dear husband and darling child, to weep over the past."

The trial was over. The ordeal of fire was passed. Suffering had purified the hearts of the young couple; softened them, and strengthened them in virtue and love. The beautiful child that had restored the husband to the wife, and the wife to the husband, forming an everlasting tie of affection between them. Little Lucy became the idol of their affections, the centre of their hopes, and she was early taught to love goodness rightly; to govern her impulses, and to abominate "FITS OF PASSION."

THE LOST HUSBAND.

A ROMANCE OF MANCHESTER.

A writer in Dicken's "Household Words," touches for the truth of the following:

The owner of the estate, (Gaskill hall,) some time in the first half of the last century, married young; he and his wife had several children, lived together in a quiet state of happiness for many years. At last business of some kind took the husband up to London; a week's journey in those days. He wrote and announced his arrival; I do not think he ever wrote again. He seemed to be swallowed up in the abyss of the metropolis, for no friend (and the lady had many and powerful friends,) could ever ascertain for her what had ever become of him; the prevalent idea was, that he had been attacked by some of the street robbers who prowled about in those days, that he had resisted and had been murdered. His wife gradually gave up all hopes of seeing him again, and devoted herself to the care of her children; and so they went on tranquilly enough, until the heir came of age, when certain deeds were necessary before he could legally take possession of the property. These deeds Mr. S——, (the family lawyer,) stated have been given up by him into the mission gentleman's keeping just before the last mysterious journey to London, with which I think they were in some way concerned. It was possible that they were still in existence; some one in London might have them in possession, and be still unconscious of their importance. At any rate, Mr. S——'s advice to his client was that he should put an advertisement in the London papers, worded so skillfully that any who might hold the important documents should understand to what it referred, and no one else. This was accordingly done; and, although repeated at intervals for some time, it met with no success. But at last a mysterious answer was sent, to the effect that the deeds were in existence and should be given up, but only on certain conditions, and to the heir himself.—The young man in consequence went to London, and adjourned, according to direction, to an old house in Barbican, where he was told by a man, apparently waiting him, that he must submit to be blindfolded, and must follow his guidance. He was taken through several long passages before he left the house; at the termination of one of these, he was put into a chair and carried about for an hour and more; he always reported that there were many turnings, and that he imagined he was set down finally not very far from his starting point. When his eyes were unbandaged he was in a decent sitting-room, with tokens of family occupation lying about. A middle-aged gentleman entered, and told him, that until a certain time had elapsed (which should be indicated to him in a peculiar way, but of which the length was not then named,) he must swear to secrecy as to the means by which he obtained possession of the deeds. This oath was taken; and then the gentleman, not without emotion, acknowledged himself to be the missing father of the heir. It seems that he had fallen in love with a damsel, a friend of the person with whom he lodged. To this young woman he had represented himself as unmarried; she listened willingly to his wooing, and her father, who was a shopkeeper in the city, was not averse to the match, as the Lancashire Squire had a goodly presence, and many similar qualities, which the shopkeeper thought might be acceptable to his customers. The bargain was struck; the descendant of a knightly race married the only daughter of the shopkeeper, and became a junior partner in the business. He told his son that he had never repented the step he had taken; that this lowly-born wife was sweet docile, and affectionate; that his family by her was large and his and they were thriving and happy. He inquired after his first (or rather, I should say his true) wife with kindly affection; approved of what she had done with regard to his estate, and the education of his children; but said he considered he was dead to her, as she was to him. When he really died he promised that a particular message the nature of which he specified, should be sent to his son at Gargrift; until then they would not hear more of each other; for it was of no use attempting to trace him under his incognito, even if the oath did not render such an attempt forbidden. I dare say the youth had no great desire to trace out his father, who had been one in name only. He returned to Lancashire, took possession of the property at Manchester, and many years elapsed before he received the mysterious intimation of his father's death. After that he named the particulars connected with the recovery of the title deed to Mr. S——, and one or two intimate friends. When the family became extinct, or removed from Garrett, it became no longer any very closely kept secret, and I was told the tale of the disappearance by Miss S——, the aged daughter of the family agent.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.—The following story of a noble act of humanity is from the interesting German tales of Krummacher:

Two travellers once rested on their journey at an inn, when suddenly a cry arose that there was a fire in the village. One of the travellers immediately sprang up, and ran to offer his assistance. But the other strove to detain him, saying, "Why should you waste your time? Are there not hands enough to assist? Why concern ourselves about strangers?" His friend, however, listened not to his remonstrations, but hastened to the fire, the other following and looking on at a distance. A woman rushed out of the burning house, crying "My children! my children!" When the stranger heard this he darted into the house among the burning timbers, while the flames raged fiercely around him. "He will surely perish," cried the spectators. But after a short time, behold he came forth with scorched hair, carrying two young children in his arms, and delivered them. She embraced the children, and fell at the stranger's feet; but he lifted her up, and comforted her. The house soon fell with a crash. As the stranger and his companion returned to the inn, the latter said, "Who bade thee risk thy life in such a dangerous attempt?" The first answered, "He who bids the put the seed into the ground, that it may decay and bring forth the new fruit." "But if thou hadst been buried among the ruins?" His companion smiled and said, "Then should I myself have been the seed."

TOOK HER FREEDOM.

The following facts are related in Frederick Douglass' paper:—

A slaveholder, accompanied by his wife and children, and having with him a female "chattel," was spending a few days at Niagara Falls. Wishing to have a view of the magnificent cataract from the British side, he ventured upon the dangerous experiment of taking his '*chattel*,' in company with his wife, on British soil. By some strange, if not inscrutable, agency—whether the birds of the air, or the grass beneath her feet whispered it, we know not—the '*chattel*' became aware that she no longer breathed the *free* air of "the model republic," a secret which she kept with singular wisdom until the time for action arrived. The master, desirous to visit the battle ground, and to see the very spot where the Yankees flogged the English," dismissed his family, accompanied by the chattel, to the American side; while he gazed on Brock's Monument and other famous sights in that vicinity. The slave safely deposited the family, it seems, at the "Cataract," this done, she made her way to the ferry, took the small boat, and a few noble strokes of the ferryman's oars brought her in safety over the rubid waters to the Canada shores; speedily made her way to the door of a respectable colored man, where she was immediately received, sheltered, and protected.

The master soon obtained intimation of her flight, and ascertained her new abode; and he proceeded to the house and demanded an interview with her.—The woman very wisely preferred that the interview should be held with a partition between, he upon the ground beneath, she at the window above.

Slaveholder—Jane, what has prompted you to this behavior?

Chattel—I wanted my freedom, sir.

Slaveholder—Have I not always treated you well? What should induce you to leave me?

Chattel—I want to be free, sir.

Slaveholder—Come, Jane, none of this foolishness, you must go back with me, and you might as well go back first as last, for, go back you shall.

Chattel—Well, indeed, I aint going back, "that's a fact."

Slaveholder—What do you think will become of your children?

Chattel—What will you do with my children, God only knows. I 'spect you'll do with 'em just what you're done with my other children—sell 'em My going back won't make no difference, and I aint going back.

Finding the woman wholly intractable, the slaveholder began now to curse and rave like a demadman. He cursed the abolitionists, he cursed Canada, he cursed the British, and finally he cursed the Queen. The crowd that stood around listened patiently to his curses, until he cursed the British Queen, when a burly Englishman stepped up, and aiming the action to the word, said to the slaveholder, "Say that again, and I'll knock your teeth down your throat." It was fully spoken, and worked like a charm. The slaveholder, thinking discretion the better part of valor, smothered his rage, and shrank away from the crowd amid jeers of derision, leaving his "*chattel*" in the uncontested enjoyment of the rights and dignity of virtuous womanhood.

WRITING FOR A NEWSPAPER.—There are few persons who do not think themselves competent to such an act. Comparatively few, however, are able to write so as to be read. Before writing, know exactly what you have to do, and what you wish to say; have the whole compass and detail of your subject in your mind, say it in plain old English, use the most easy words and forms of speech in your power, do not use obsolete or out of the way terms, use no exordium, come directly at what you aim, and give the largest possible number of ideas in the fewest possible number of words. Use no circumlocution, and when you have done, stop; an article is never too short when the writer has comprehended his subject; any verbose additions only take from the force of an article. We have more than fifty regular or occasional contributors to our paper which is issued but once a week.—Wordy articles from all these would fill two daily papers of the size of the *Olive Branch*.

We beg our contributors all to learn to say much in a few words. This is one of the most difficult parts of the art of writing, especially of a newspaper writer. Persons gifted with a concise, forcible, yet graceful and easy style, never fail of success.—Daguerreotype your subject and leave your reader to study the picture.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

A NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—A late number of Dickens's Household Words, contains an article on the Greenwich Observatory, in which the writer in speaking of a contrivance by which the wind is made to record on sheets of paper, its direction and force, for all hours of the day observes that when these sheets are bound up into books, as they, perhaps are, they might with truth be lettered: "Autobiography of the Wind, written by itself; an Italian Autobiography."—*Springfield Republican*

THE OLD GARRET.

Mysterious garret! household relinquish room!
Gathering the sweepings of Time's busy broom;
Thou quaint old chronicler of the days gone by,
What curious relics mind thy precincts lie!
How oft, a child, I climbed thy creaking stair,
And gazed in wonder on thy pageant rare!
A random leaf torn out from History's page,
A faithful portrait of a former age,
As if "Pandora's box" were emptied here,
How like "Rag-fair" thy furnishings appear!

A saddle without girth, my father once bestrode,
Ere yet the trusty carriage claimed the road;
A pillion, too, safe buckled on behind it,
Was here 'lang syne; ah, now, indeed, I had it!
Would they could tell their tale! Perchance they carried
My father and my mother, ere they married,
To meeting, huskings, apple-bees, and quiltings;
These were our forefathers' tournaments and tiltings!

What words of love they heard; for one is stupid,
Who doth not know such riders were fun for Cupid!
Yet should our beaux and belles adopt the fashion,
How all the world would run to lay the lash on!
And thus we change; what ones was deemed polite,
Our modren pens now scarcely dare to write!

A ricketty old loom, a pair of cards, a reel,
The broken remnants of a spinning wheel,
Which once were gay with ceaseless click and
A household factory for each active girl;
Whose "*worsted-work*" was not by "counting stitches"—
She spun and wove her father's coat and breeches!
And made, beside, huge piles of finest linen,
A nine-days wonder to we modern women,
Who spend our time in music, chat, rattle,
Or gathering up the village tittle-tattle,
To tell it o'er with added glories,
The ready tribute gossip pays such stories!

But let me hasten—many things I view,
Exciting smiles, and calling tears up too!
Those quaint old portraits, leaning, gainst the rafter,
Whose queer bedizenment excites my laughter,
Are panoramic views a pictured show
Of men and fashions three score years ago!
That huge old hat, the bell-crown rising high,
Exciting mirth from every gazer's eye,
Once found its home upon a patriarch's head,
Who resteth now amid the sleeping dead.
Well may I look, with mingled awe and pride,
Upon that sword, which lieth close beside,
For many historic legends are portrayed,
Written in crimson on its trusty blade!
When first our fathers battled for the right,
Struggling for freedom from Britannia's might,—
That sword, upheld within a hero's hand,
Brought joy and freedom to this favored land!
That faded cloak, and poking awkward bonnet,
With wirty bows decked out in clusters on it,
Fulfilled their part amid the grand array,
My mother graced upon her bridal day,
That boot-case, quaint and dingy, dark and dusty,
Whose volumes, stained with age, are damp and musty,
Blurred with carving, wears a crown upon it,
What wonder, then, a Freeman's taste should spurn it?
A mass beside of heterogenous matter.
A China tea-pot and a pewter platter,
A rabbit-pan, bake-kettle, and a skillet,
A dozen pot-hooks laid within, to fill it,
A broken punch-bowl, dripping-pan, a ladle,
A pair of snow-shoes, and a headless cradle,
(Which rocked successive, all the girls and boys,
Three generations through of "hopes and joys;")
Some weird old chairs, rheumatic in the legs,
A bureau mounted high on twisted pegs,
A toaster, frying-pan, a jack, a spit,
An old tin kitchen, with skewers made to fit,
A pair of rusty tongs, a bellows grown asthmatic,
Their service done, find place within the attic!"

While in your corner, see the wondrous file
Of papers, garnered safely, file on file,
Not sheets, like those we striding moderns ken,
But tiny sheets, a modest twelve by ten!
And as I turn to scan their pages o'er,
And read the records of the minds of yore,
Strange things I meet:—"Advertisement—To sail,
The packet-sloop Eliza, (without fail;
Provisioned for a week! from Providence to York!"
And then there followed that a curious talk,
Naming the time the post would leave the town,
Carrying the mail on horseback, up and down!
Dear, dear simplicity! they little thought
To what perfection science could be brought;
And should they wake in this storm, lightning age
What breathless wonder would their powers engage;
Ah, much I fear, their strong good sense would fail them,
They'd drive us all to judgment down to Salem

Pomfret, Ct. NILLA.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN THE SACRED SANCTUM.—1. Come in at all times.—What business has he to be anyway?

2. Take the papers with perfect freedom.—What else can we have for them?

3. If you write, be a very commonplace, and so fill up his paper. Never mind wearying and disgusting it. Why shouldn't he be glad to spend an hour in reading?

4. If you see an article you think is true, but manner or tone not to your mind, never mind. What business has he to be presumptuous?

5. If you find the paper cramped with too much matter. Why should he want to keep his readers waiting from his visitors?

A SUGGESTIVE THEME.—Which the proprietor of a collection now entering Astor Library, to set in front of the premises, comprising a miscellaneous assortment of vanishing, nearly to gas growing, lines of twenty men engaged in packing up with one accordion, the twenty of which were seen to stand in the middle of the living church, a row of the Danielle the twenty the tyrannosaurus, exclaimed—

Be Jabers! an' what sort o' tunes is that, thing lady with the tail?"