SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1856.

Weekly Chronicle.

VOLUME XX. "COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE." NUMBER 27.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

☞ George W. White, is an authorized Agent for the *Chronicle* at Young's Cove, Grand Lake.

☞ Archibald M'Allister, is an authorized Agent for the *Chronicle* at Gagetown.

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

Mutual Insurance Company.

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

Application for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary, Wiggins' Brick Buildings, Prince-street.

We have obtained the Entry.

RENNAY & SCHRINER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.

HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

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

The whole of the above Instruments are of 6 1-2 Octaves & A Stave.

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

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

English Looking Glass Plates.

FOUR THOUSAND PLATES of the following sizes—4 1-2 Inches by 6 1-2. Five Inches by Seven, 5 Inches by 8 1-2. Eight Inches by 10, 12 Inches by 18 Inches, 12 by 20, and 20 by 34 Inches—For sale at low prices if taken to sell again. JOHN KINNEAR,
September 14. Prince William Street

AN APPEAL.

I NORDHEIMER to manufacture a large supply of the most choice and elegant CONFECTIONS, something entirely different from anything heretofore offered to the citizens of Saint John, and in every way suitable for the coming Christmas, the Subscribers will not execute Wholesale orders in the Confectionary Department until the 15th day of December next, when they will open out a Stock with which every one will be delighted. They deem this necessary, having but three persons employed in the said department, and owing to the extensive demand for the commodity.

They therefore appeal to their generous patrons who have so kindly supported them since their removal to the New Store, No. 8, Germain Street, to defer sending their orders until the before mentioned date.

December 7. FELLOWS & CO.

PURE COD-LIVER OIL & LIME.—A further supply of this Valuable Medicine received by Steamer from Boston. W. O. SMITH.

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

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
Princess Street next adjoining Dunn's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.
August 25. St. John, N. B.

Tens, White Lead, &c.

Ex "Achilles" and "Eudocia"—
100 CHESTS Extra Souchong
10 do. superior family do } TEAS
25 do. Fine Congou,
5 Tons Brandram's WHITE LEAD;
1 do. Coloured PAINTS;
6 Casks Raw and Boil'd OIL;
1 Ton PUTTY;
15 Bales COTTON WARPS;
25 Bales COTTON GOODS, &c.;
6 Cases INDIGO; 1 case Ladies' BOOTS;
3 Chests Rolled PAPER;
2 Cases NUTMEGS—For sale low by
L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.
St. John, June, 1854.

FANCY GOODS, &c.

Just received from New York:—
CASE Wax and Pearl BEADS, with other Fancy Goods;
Silver, Twisted Shell and India Rubber Combs; Gold and Silver WATCHES;
Do. Do. Pencil Cases and Pens;
Gold Rings, a splendid variety of ladies and Gent. patterns;
Gentlemen's BOOTS and SHOES of every description.
☞ Parties requiring of the above, will please call and examine the quality and prices.
R. CARLILE,
Sign of the Golden Boot, No. 60, Waterloo Row.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL & PILLS.—Just received a fresh supply and for sale by Jan. 19. FELLOWS & CO.

HONEY WANTED.—I want to sell for cash, 1 hhd. Cuba SUGAR, 4 bbls. PORK, 10 bbls. Fine Cut Cavendish TOBACCO—Price reasonable.
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN,
March 28. No. 8, Prince Wm. Street.

THOMAS GOW,
Tinsmith and Sheet Iron Worker,
NEXT ADJOINING MERRY'S PIANO FORTE BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

OLD WINTER IS COMING!
Clothing for the Thousands.

CITIZENS AND STRANGERS!
You will find the largest and best assortment of
READY MADE CLOTHING,
AT
No. 1, Dock Street.

Got up expressly for FALL TRADE, and in point of quality will fully equal, if not surpass, the generality of Custom Work.

PRICES GUARANTEED
One-fifth less than any other concern in the City.
"*Owing to the Fact*"
That I import my own Cloths and Trimmings direct from the Makers, and give my Customers the IMPORTER'S PROFITS!
which they have to pay by purchasing elsewhere
Oct. 26. THOS. R. JONES.

BOWES & KENNEDY.
COPPER, TIN, and Sheet Iron Workers,
NO. 4, CROSS STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TIN AND ZINC WATER SPOUTS, STOVES, STOVE PIPE, & TINWARE, ALWAYS ON HAND.

☞ All kinds of Jobbing and repairing in our line thankfully received and punctually attended to. (3m.) August 24, 1855.

CAUTION.

ALL Persons are hereby cautioned against cutting or carrying away any WOOD, LOGS, or TIMBER, or in any way trespassing on the LOT of LAND belonging to the subscriber, situate in the Parish of PETERSVILLE, in the County of Queen's fronting on the Eastern side of the Nerepis Road, and adjoining the Property of Thomas Smith, and Edward Kearns; as all Persons hereafter found so Trespassing will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the LAW.

JOHN S. GARRICK.
November 16, 1855.

HORSE SHOEING.

[Shop one door north of the Country Market]

WILLIAM GABRIEL begs to Tender his sincere thanks to his friends and the Public for the extensive patronage hitherto received from them; and he takes this method further to inform them that he *is prepared* at all times to execute orders in his line of business, in the be t possible manner, and in the style that is most suitable to this Country.
January 20, 1854.

IN WANT.

MEN in want of either BOOTS, Bootees, or SHOES, will find it to their advantage to call into No. 5 Prince Wm.-Street, before purchasing else where. I have a large Stock on hand, and will sell them cheap for cash.
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.
Prince Wm.-Street, Sept. 15.

Hams, Tea, Apples, &c.

JUST Received—1 ton superior smoked HAMS; 40 bbls Apples; 2 Bales Cotton WARP; 25 Chests TEA; 30 boxes SOAP; 20 do. GLASS; 1 ton Redwood; 1 do. Logwood; 1 do Fustic—for sale by G. M. BURNS,
May 18. South Market Wharf.

Children's Socks and Stockings.

45 DOZEN Pairs Children's White Cotton SOCKS and STOCKINGS, very superior quality, for sale cheap by
A. A. COUGHLAN.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE—400 lbs. of Extra Goose FEATHERS; 500 do.; Russian do.;
3 new and handsome Patterns of Cloth Paper HANGINGS.
April 13. GEORGE NIXON.

JOHN KINNEAR,—Prince Wm. Street,—Is receiving, just landing, and for Sale—50 Kegs Cut NAILS; 4 Bales Taper CORKS; 4 Barrels Crushed SUGAR; 3 Barrels FLUID; 5 Tierces RICE; 18 Dozen assorted CHAIRS.
March 23.

Magazines for September, &c.

FRANK Leslie's Gazette of Fashions, Sept.;
Godey's Ladies Book, for Sept.;
Chambers Journal, Sept.;
Monthly Waverly Magazine, Sept.;
Dicken's Household Words, do;
Arthur's Home Magazine, do;
New York National do. do;
For sale by
Sept. 10. B. O'BRIEN.

NEW FURS.

OPENED this day via Steamer *America*, direct from London:
LADIES' FURS, in Stone Martin, Fitch, and Sable;
Gents' FUR CAPS, in Otter, Beaver, and Seal, newest patterns;
With a large variety in Store, at the lowest prices. LOCKHART & CO.,
Dec. 14. 41, King-street.

ASSORTED CRATES OF EARTHENWARE.

75 CRATES Assorted EARTHENWARE, suited to suit the Country trade, guaranteed free from breakage, offered low, for sale by
FRAS. CLEMENTSON.
September 14. 39, Dock Street.

ACOUSTIC INSTRUMENTS.
No Excuse for Deafness.

THE Subscribers have just received a varied assortment of the above, suited to assist the patient and imperceptibly disguise the defect of deafness, in a manner strictly in accordance to the science of Acoustics.
June 16. FELLOWS & CO.

COPAL VARNISH.—Best English and American—For Sale at
JOHN KINNEAR'S,
August 17. Prince Street

PUTTY, FIRE PROOF PAINT, &c.—Landing and for Sale by—14 Tons PUTTY;
5 Bbls. Fire Proof PAINTS;
10 casks Fine OIL;
1 case NUTMEGS, BUCK BARLEY, &c.
JOHN KINNEAR,
November 16. Prince Wm. Street

Poetry.

SONG OF PEACE.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Awake the song of peace—
Let nations join the strain;
The march of blood or pomp of war
We will not have again!
Let fruit-trees crown our fields,
And flowers our valleys fair;
And on our mountain steeps—the songs
Of happy swains be there!

Our assizes shall sepulcre,
And but the timbrel sound;
Soft dirges no more shall broken be
With drums paradise round.
No tears for lovers slain
From lovely eyes shall fall;
But music and the dance shall come
In halcyon joy to all!

The rider and his steed,
Their path of fame is o'er
The Trumpet and the trumpeter
Shall squadrons rouse no more!
No fields of victory won
With blade and battle-brand!
A nobler triumph shall be ours—
A bright and happy land!

Too long the man of blood
Hath ruled without control;
Nor widows' tears, nor orphans' sighs,
Could touch his iron soul!
But, lo! the mighty's fallen—
And from his lofty brow
The chaplet fades that circled there—
Where are his trophies now?

Look to the countless graves,
Where sleep the thousands slain!
The morning songs no more call forth
The stirrings bands again!
The din, the strife is past
Of foe with falling foe—
The grassy leaves wave o'er their heads
And quiet to rest below!
Sound high the harp of song.

And rise the joyous strain;
But war's rough note be it ne'er heard
To swell the chords again.
Put all its trappings past—
Vain pomp of bygone years—
To ploughshares grind the pointed swords,
To pruning-hooks the spears!

Come, man, to brother man,
Come in the bond of peace;
Then strife and war, with all their train
Of darkening woes shall cease.
Come, with that spirit free,
That art and science gives;
Come, with the patient mind for truth,
Seek it, and ye shall live!

Then earth shall yield her fruits—
The season forth shall bring,
And summer fair shall pour her sweets
Into the lap of spring!
While autumn, mellow, comes
With full and liberal hand,
And gladness then shall fill each heart
Through all the happy land.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE RESCUED CRIMINAL.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

A great number of persons who known the celebrated Dr. B——, a professor of the College of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the following anecdote:—

One day that he had procured the bodies of two criminals who had been hung, for the purpose of anatomy, not being able to find the key of the dissecting room at the moment the two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in an apartment contiguous to his bed-room.

Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut up there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause of the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment, or rather his horror, on discovering that the sack which contained the bodies was torn asunder, and on going nearer, he found that one of the bodies was missing!

The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeard impossible that the body could have been stolen. The good doctor felt rather nervous on remaking this, and it was not without an uneasy sensation; that he began to look about him, when to his horror and amazement, he perceived the missing body sitting upright in a corner.

Poor Dr. B——, at this unexpected apparition, became transfixed with terror, which was increased by observing the dead and sunken eyes, of the corpse fixed upon him; which ever way he moved, those dreadful eyes still followed him.

The worthy doctor more dead than alive, now began to beat a quick retreat, without however, losing sight of the object of his terror he retreated step by step, one hand holding the candle the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; but there is no escape, the spectre has risen and followed him, whose livid features, added to the lateness of the hour and the stillness of the night, seem to conspire to deprive the poor doctor of the little courage he has left; his strength fails, the candle falls from his hand, and the terrible scene is now in complete darkness.

The good doctor has, however, gained his apartment, and thrown himself on his bed; but the fearful spectre has still followed him—it has caught him, and seizes hold of his feet with both hands. At this climax of terror, the doctor loudly exclaimed, "Whoever you are leave me!"

At this the spectre let go its hold and moaned feebly these words: "Pity, good hangman! have pity on me!"

The good doctor now discovered the mystery, and regained, by little and little, his composure. He exclaimed to the criminal, who had so narrowly escaped death, who he was, and prepared to call up some of his family.

"Do you, then, wish to destroy me?" exclaimed the criminal. "If I am discovered my adventure will become public, and I shall be brought to the scaffold a second time. In the name of humanity save me from death!"

The good doctor then rose and procured a light; he muffled his unexpected visitor in an old dressing gown; and, having made him take some restoring cordial, testified a desire to know what crime had brought him to the scaffold.

He was a deserter.

The good doctor did not well know what means to employ to save the poor creature. He could not keep him in his house, and to turn him out would be to expose him to certain death. The only way, then, was to get him into the country; so, having made him dress himself in some old clothes, which the kind doctor selected from his wardrobe he left town early accompanied by his *pupil*, whom he represented as an assistant in a difficult case upon which he had been called in.

When they had got into the open country, the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore an eternal gratitude; and the generous doctor, having relieved his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him, with many blessings and prayers for his happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence, Dr. B—— had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Having gone one day to the bank, he was accosted by a well-dressed man—one who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants of the city.

The Merchant asked him politely if he were Dr. B.——, of London, and on his answering in the affirmative, pressed him to dine at his house; which invitation the worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment, where a most charming woman and two lovely children welcomed him in the most friendly manner; which reception surprised him the more, coming from persons he had never before met.

After dinner, the merchant having taken him into his counting house, seized his hand, and having pressed it with friendly warmth, said to him:

"Do you recollect me?"

"No," said the doctor.

"Well then, I remember *you* well, and your features will never be obliterated from my memory—for to you I owe my life. Do you not remember the poor deserter? On leaving you I went to Holland. Writing a good hand and being a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. My good conduct and zeal soon gained for me the confidence of my employer and the affection of his daughter. When he retired from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law, and without you, without your care, without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man! consider henceforth my house, my fortune, and myself as wholly yours."

The kind doctor was affected to tears; and both these happy beings participated in the most delightful expression of their feelings, which were soon shared by the merchant's interesting family, who came to join them.

INSTINCT OF THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant, unwieldly and uncouth as he seems, presents some remarkable features of character, combining the fidelita of the dog, the endurance of the camel, and the docility of the horse, with singular sagacity, prudence and courage.—There are many affecting incidents of his fidelity on record. It is related of one of the soldiers of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, that when, fighting in the territory of Argos, he fell wounded from his elephant, he rushed furiously among the combatants till he found his master, raised him gently from the ground with his trunk, and placing him on his tusks, carried him back to the town. A similar anecdote is given of King Porus, who, in an engagement with Alexander the Great, meeting with a similar casuality, his faithful elephant is said to have kept the enemy at bay till he had replaced the monarch on his back with his trunk, although the poor animal in this heroic defence, was severely wounded. An oriental traveller furnishes some amusing incidents respecting the docility and sagaciousness of this monstrous creature. In his journeys, he says, if he wished to stop to admire a beautiful prospect, the animal remained immovable until his sketch was finished; if he wished for mangoes growing out of his reach, this faithful servant selected the most fruitful branch, and, breaking it off with his trunk for him, accepting very thankfully of any part for himself, respectfully and politely acknowledging the compliment by raising his trunk three times above his head, in the manner of Oriental obeisence. Docile as he is, this noble quadrupid seems conscious of his superiority over the rest of the brute creation; a proof of this may be seen in the following circumstance related by another Eastern tourist. Some young camels were travelling with the British army in India, when, having occasion to cross the Jumna in a boat, and the driver, being unable to urge them forward, the elephant was appealed to affect the task. The animal immediately assumed a furious appearance, trumpeted with his proboscis, shook his ears, reared, struck the ground right and left, and blew the dust in clouds toward them. The camels, in their fear of the elephant, forgot their dread of the boat, and they rushed into it in the greatest hurry, when the elephant resumed his composure, and deliberately returned to his post. The celebrated Locke says, "It seems as evident to me, that some animals do, in certain instances, reason, as that they have sense."

This certainly derives something like corroboration from the following statement of facts:—

At the siege of Burport, in 1805, the British army, with his countless hosts of followers and attendants, and thousands of cattle, had been for a long time before the city, when, on the approach of the hot season, the supply of water generally fails. On this occasion, two drivers, each with his elephant—one large and strong, the other rather small and weak—were at the well together. The smaller animal was provided with a bucket, which he carried at the end of his trunk; but the other elephant not being furnished with this needful appendage, seized the bucket, and easily wrested it away from his less powerful fellow. The latter was too sensible of his inferiority openly to resent the insult, though he evidently felt it; but the keepers began to contend and abuse each other. At length the injured brute, watching the opportunity when the other was standing with his side to the well, retired backward a few paces very quietly, and rushing forward with all his might, he drove his adversary into the well. It may be supposed great consternation among the company was the result; and some fourteen hours assidous and ingenious labor was required to restore the ponderous animal from his novel, tho' not toc pleasant—because cool situation.

If a helpless living creature, or a wounded person lie in his way, the elephant will protect and succor him. An incident is recorded in the history of the seige of Seringapatam, to this effect:—

"I have seen," says the officer referred to, "the wife of a Mahoot give an infant in charge of an elephant, while she went about some business, and have been much amused in observing the sagacity and care of the unweildly nurse. The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie still in one position, would as soon as felt to itself, begin crawling about; in which exercise it would probably get among the legs of the animal or entangled in the branches of the trees on which he was feeding, when the elephant would in the most tender manner, disengage his charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by removing the impediments to its free progress.—If the little creature should happen to stray away too far, its mammoth guardian would lift it back as gently as possible to the spot whence it had started."

Take yet another example of the shrewd wit of this colossal creature. Some men were teasing an elephant they were conveying across a river. In the boat that was towed alongside they had a dog which began to torment it by pulling its ears. The elephant was resolved to resent the impertinence, and what do you suppose was her expedient? She filled her proboscis with water, and deluged the whole party. At first, the men laughed at the manœuvre, but she persisted until they were completely compelled to bail to keep from sinking; when seeing this she redoubled her efforts, and it is said she certainly would have swamped the boat, had the passage across been prolonged a few minutes longer. Thus much—although more might be presented—in behalf of the noble qualities of the elephant. We thus see that he is in no respect inferior to the dog in character, and yet—since the most excellent things are said to lie in a small compass—and the dog dose not, like his monstrous contemporary, retwo hundred pounds of solid meat per diem, or take up so much room—the prevailing preference for the canine will doubtless long continue.

Somnini mentions an elephant at Naples, which was employed with others in fetching water in a copper vessel, and perceiving that the water escaped from some fracture, he too it of his own accord to a smith's for repair, in imitation of what he had seen done before by his master.

EFFECTING REMINISCENCE.

Mr. Mannering and his wife, were sitting by their cheerful fireside, alone. He looked older a little, but time had laid very light hands upon him. The iron gray of his hair had turned to silver, and that ripe, mature of expression reigned over his noble countenance, which marks unerringly the perfection of manhood. Susie was close beside him; and his arm circled her waist, and his hand clasped her's, not as if the wild intoxicating ecstacy of a new love, but as if his whole heart with all its admiration and confidence, were immovably upon her.

Susie looked older, but her hair was just as smooth and bright, and her eyes just as black and loving as when he had made her his bride. She wore deep mourning; more becoming to her beauty perhaps, than any other dress; but it was the outward sign and symbol of her inward sorrow.—Mr. and Mrs. Mannering were childless. Paul, the first born, in the bloom and loveliness of his third summer, had been transplanted from his mother's bosom to an angel in heaven. Little Susie, the sweet daguerretype of her mother, came to cheer the household for a few brief months, and then she too faded away and they wept over her tiny coffin. Susie Mannering had surrendered her children without a murmur, but she wildly prayed that her husband might live to close her eyes, and stand by her grave; the whole wealth of her heart, the whole treasury of her affections, she poured out upon him; she desired nothing to love, nothing on which to bestow her devotion but her husband and heaven!

Mr. Mannering looked in her face with a serious smile, and said:

"Susie, have I ever pained you or made you unhappy since our marriage?"

"You are the noblest, dearest, best of husbands, and I the happiest of wives," she replied evasively.

"That does not answer my question. Tell me, Susie; I have a particular motive for inquiring."

"Not these many years," said she smiling, while her radiant face confirmed the truth of what she said.

"Well, Susie, since you won't bring me to the confessional, I must come voluntarily. Did you ever know that I was passionately fond of billiards during my bachelorhood?"

"Not from any such communication that you ever made me," she answered archly.

"Did you ever know I played after we were married, and our little Paul was born?"

"Husband," said Susie, "do you remember one night when our baby had a paroxysm of croup, and on Saturday night?"

"Most painfully well, Susie, what then?"

"That Saturday night, beloved, I heard that you allowed yourself an habitual indulgence in what I had always instinctively regarded as very vicious and sinful. In a word I heard that you were a gambler! My whole soul revolted. You had never empowered me by your confidence to contradict it, though I believe it false, every word. You have been absent late at night. O, husband, that night I was more unhappy than ever before, or than I have tasted ever deep and bitter sorrow, since. When I kissed and caressed our dear little Paul and Susie, and they were buried away out of my sight, I know that they had gone to the bosom of Jesus. But that night, somehow, I felt as if you, my best believed, for well as I loved my son, I loved you better. I felt as if you were on the brink of a fearful danger, and I was powerless to warn or save you."

"I was on the brink of a fearful danger, Susie, and your gentleness, your indescribable sweetness saved me. I have said 'Get thee behind me,' to many a temptation, because your dear image stood before me, in your heavenly purity and truth."

"I came home and found you asleep, Susie—You looked to me like a white-robbd angel just from heaven, sent to enfold in your arms my beautiful child. Such a lovely night, sweet wife—I will not talk of it—it unmanned me then, and will be one of the very last memories to fade out from my heart. You opened your eyes and welcomed me with caresses. You uttered no words of reproof, reproach or distrust—you only asked me if I loved you, and then you gently fell on my bosom."

Remorse kept me awake till morning. I had trembled upon holy time; I had caused tears to dim your eyes; I had trampled on my own principles; Clayton's face haunted me; I had committed a whole catalogue of sins, and the stings of conscience were keen and piercing.

You nursed me all day. O! how tenderly, and I mentally covenanted with myself and God never to give you like occasion again. At night I went to call on Clayton at his hotel. He was sitting alone in an upper room. A bottle of brandy, and a most suspicious looking vial stood on the table before him, and he was hastily finishing a letter.

He scarcely noticed my entrance, but soon finishing his writing, he deliberately folded the paper, and said:

"Mannering, you and I have been friends from boyhood—I desire one last favor from you. This is a letter to my injured wife—I want you to deliver it yourself, and tell her I could not survive both disgrace and ruin. God will bless you if you be kind to her," he added with almost suffocating emotion.

I took the vial in my hand and playfully shook its contents, though there was a dreadful fluttering at my heart.

"Why, my dear Clayton," said I. "What sort of a fifth act have I stumbled upon? You are not going to make off with yourself? What sort of cassoure have you here?"

Clayton gazed very earnestly into my face for a few moments, and then took the vial out of my hand.

"It is a desperate act," he said, "and I take a plunge into a horrible darkness, Mannering. But I am a desperate man—certain disgrace and ruin awaits me. I have squandered my own fortune—my wife was an heiress and now she is a beggar. It is a craven thing to tell you, but a man may be pardoned for the disclosures he may make in his last hours. The money you won from me the last night, I secretly borrowed from the vaults of the bank where I am employed, with the vain hope that one more indulgence of my passions would relieve my fallen fortunes. It is gone and I am a dead man!"

He raised the vial to his lips, but with a strength augmented by the horror I felt I reached it from him, before he had tasted its subtle contents, and dashed it against a brick wall that flanked the opening window. Clayton bowed his head upon the table.

"Well, this is truly a tragic way to make yourself agreeable," said I trying a composure I was very far from feeling. "You are a mad man, but not a dead man. Shame upon you to add insult to injury, by making your wife the widow of a cowardly suicide!"

I put the money I had won, with an additional sum, into his passive hand.

"Replace the first moment where it rightfully belongs, Clayton;" I said, "before a discovery of the fraud can possibly be made. And now you and I will pledge ourselves, after this most farcical of traces. What do you say?"

His hand instinctively extended itself towards the decanter.

"No, no, Clayton," I replied to his movement. "That is your worst enemy, and will be your destroyer, unless you break all friendship with it. Now let us solemnly, as men, as husbands, as fathers, as citizens, abjure all association henceforth with brandy and games of chance!"

The convulsive energy with which he grip'ed my hand was like the measure of a vice.

"You have saved me," he said, "and I will promise you anything."

Susie had listened with absorbing interest to this narration. "And did he restore happiness to his wife, and keep his pledge, as my noble husband has done?"

"Yes, dearest—neither of us has since set our foot within the precincts of temptation. He is now president of the bank he robbed, and I sufficiently happy and honored by being your husband."

Judge Williamson, or three-legged Willie as he was familiarly called, was one of the early judges of Texas. In his court a lawyer by the name of Charlton started a point of law, and the Court refused to admit the Counsel's statement as sufficient proof.

"Your law, Sir," said the judge; "give us the book and page, Sir."

"This is my law Sir," said Charlton, pulling out a pistol; "and this, Sir, is my book," drawing a bowie-knife; "and is the page," pointing the pistol toward the Court.

"Your law is not good, Sir," said the unruffled Judge; "the proper authority is *Colt on Revolvers*," as he brought a six-shooter instantly to bear on the head of the Counsel, who dodged the point of the argument, and turned to the jury.

On another occasion the Judge concluded the trial of a man for murder by sentencing him to be hung that very day. A petition was immediately signed by the bar, jury, and people, praying that longer time might be granted the poor prisoner. The Judge replied to the petition that "the man had been found guilty, the jail was very unsafe, and, besides, it was so very uncomfortable he did not think any man ought to be required to stay in it any longer than was necessary." The man was hung!"

TOUCHING STORY.—The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of the city, related the following anecdote:—

A poor little boy, on a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect to direct him on his way, reached, at nightfall, the house of a wealthy planter, who took him in, fed him, and sent him on his way with his blessing. Those kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round. Providence led him on, and he had reached the legal profession; his host died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulant of warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house—that orphan now stands before you.

A FIVE OLD COUPLE.—A woman aged 115 years has just died at Gravina. She had preserved her vision almost unimpaired, and all her teeth. Her husband, who died three years ago, had reached the same age as herself, and both sank at last under the burden of old age alone, for neither of them had ever been ill.