SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1849.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 14. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed Utroque." Number 18.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,
is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their Office in the Brick Building of L. W. Dember & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

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

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—
12s. 6d., in Advance;—3s if not paid until the termination of the year:

But as the Proprietors intend to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, they offer 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. They propose 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.
All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to
DURANT & CO.
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.
[The time of high water here given is for P. M.]

Jan.		h.	Sun. s	Moon s	H	w.
29	Saturday,	7	45	4 20	7 19	11 25
30	Sunday,	7	45	4 21	8 19	— —
31	Monday,	7	45	4 22	9 11	0 38
1	Tuesday,	7	44	4 22	8 33	1 9
2	Wednesday,	7	45	4 23	9 45	1 52
3	Thursday,	7	45	4 24	10 54	2 38
4	Friday,	7	45	4 25	— —	3 23

Full Moon 29th. 3h. 36m. morning.

MINERVA
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
84, King William street, Mansion house, London

TRUSTEES.
Thomas Hankey, junior, Esquire,
Francis Mills, Esquire,
Thomas Heath, Esquire,
Claude E. Scott, Esquire,

DIRECTORS.
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Thos. Heath, Esq., *Deputy Chairman.*
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John Harvey, Esq. R. F. Watson, Esq
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AUDITORS.
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PHYSICIANS.
Dr. Tweedie, F. R. S., 30, Montague Place, Bedford-square, London.
Dr. John Paddock, saint John, N. B.

SOLICITOR.
John Saunders Bowden, Esq., 66, Aldermanbury.

BANKERS.
Messrs. Glyne, Halifax, Mills & Co.
Sir Claude Scott, Bart & Co.
WM. THOS ROBINSON,
Actuary and Secretary.

The principles on which this Company is founded were adopted after mature consideration; and in the Assured it offers the combined advantages of the most successful establishments of its kind that have been formed of late years—moderate rates of premium and a large proportion of profits. The soundness of its principles, and the extensive influence exercised by the Directors have placed the Company on a sure basis; and the accumulations have been so considerable as materially to benefit the Policy holders.

Tables are prepared, enabling persons to insure, either participating in profits, or at the least possible cost. By the former method they realise all the objects of Life Assurance, and benefit by their own longevity, without the speculative risk of Mutual Assurance Societies.

Four fifths of the profits given *every five years* to the Assured by the participation scale.

AT the FIRST division of Profits for the five years ending 31st December, 1844, the Reversionary Bonus averaged 31 Per Cent. *on the Premium paid during the preceding five years.* The equivalent reduction of Premium averaged nearly 17 Per Cent. *on the Annual Premiums payable during the succeeding Five Years.*

The SECOND division of Profits, was made on 23d June, 1847, for the five years ending 31st December 1846. The clear divisible surplus was then £30 269 7s 9d, four-fifths of which, have been distributed according to the provisions of the Deed of settlement, among the Policy holders an AVERAGE REDUCTION on the PREMIUMS PAYABLE until the next division in 1852, of 31½ per cent; or give an equivalent REVERSIONARY BONUS, averaging £8 13s. 5d. per cent. on the sums assurred, on 53½ per cent. on the *Premiums received thereon, during the last five years.*

The THIRD Division of Profits will take place in June 1852 and all Policies effected by the Participation scale during 1849 will Receive Two Years Bonus at such Division if then in force.

Persons assured with this Company are allowed to reside in the colonies of *British North America, New South Wales*, and *Cape of Good Hope*, without extra charge upon payment of sea risk only for the two latter.

No appearance before the Court of Directors required.

Loans are granted on deposit of Policies for five years standing, to the extent of their value.

In addition to the utmost liberality exercised by the Directors in the settlement of claims, the Company will be liable, should a person assured die within one month after a renewable Premium become due, provided the Premium be paid within the stipulated period.

No entrance money or fees of any kind are exacted, nor any charge made for Policies beyond the cost of the stamps.

Premiums may be paid, either by even annual or half yearly payments, or a single payment, by payments for a limited number of years, on a graduating scale.

Tables and every information can be obtained on application to the Office of
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO., *No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B.*
St. John, N. B. 1849. *Agents for New Brunswick.*

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 £37,000 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. P. A. Wiggins, Esq.

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 this 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 as 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.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW-BRUNSWICK.
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Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire.
Dalhousie—William S. Smith, Esq.
Fredericton: George Lee, junior, Esq.
Hampton: Samuel Fisher, Esq.
Hopewell: Thomas B Moore, Esq.
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Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.
Richibucto: William Browne, Esq.
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Woodstock: James Robertson, Esq.
WILLIAM J. STARR.
FREDERICK R. STARR.
Managers, St. John, N. B.

February, 1848.

National Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
King street.

THE Subscriber having leased the Premises known as the *Commercial Hotel*, situate in King street, a few doors below the St. John Hotel, is prepared to receive permanent or transient Boarders. The House has undergone a thorough repair, and every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of parties patronising this establishment. OLIVER BYRAM.
St. John Sept. 7, 1849.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE
ABANDONED BY
Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerous sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an outdoor patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, John Pirie, Mayor

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles, the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawns and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B

"OF INTEREST TO ALL,"

TO THE LADIES.
THE GENUINE BALM OF COLUMBIA, FOR RESTORING THE HAIR.

"Long hair is a glory to woman," says Paul,
And all feel the truth of the pious quotation;
Preserve it then, ladies—your glory may fall,
Unless you protect it with this preparation.

If you wish a rich, luxuriant head of hair, free from dandruff and scurf, do not fail to procure the genuine Balm of Columbia. In cases baldness it will more than exceed your expectations. Many who have lost their hair for twenty years, have had it restored to its original perfection by the use of this balm. Age, state, or condition, appears to be no obstacle whatever; it also causes the fluid to flow with which the delicate hair tubes is filled, by which means thousands (whose hair was gray as the Asiatic eagle) have had their hair restored to its natural color by this invaluable remedy. In all cases of fever it will be found the most pleasant wash that can be used. A few applications only are necessary to keep the hair from falling out. It strengthens the roots, it never fails to impart a rich glossy appearance, and as a perfume for the toilet it is unequalled. It holds three times as much as other miscellaneous hair restoratives, and is more effectual.

☞ *Caution*—Never buy it unless you find the name of Comstock & Co., proprietors, on the wrapper of each bottle, or you are cheated with a counterfeit article.

DR. SPOIN'S SICK HEADACHE REMEDY

Why will you suffer with that distressing complaint, when a remedy is at hand that will not fail to cure you? This remedy will effectually destroy any attack of headache, either nervous or bilious. It has cured cases of twenty years' standing.

WORMS IN CHILDREN.

Kolmstock's Vermifuge is the most extraordinary remedy ever used. Should there be no worms it will not hurt the most delicate child but will do it good. ☞ *Caution*—All of the above named articles are sold only genuine by Comstock & Co., 59 Poydras st New Orleans; Comstock & Bro., 69 Second st., St. Louis, under the Monroe House; and Comstock & Co., 21 Cortlandt st., N. York, proprietors of the original and only genuine Magical Pain Extractor, and Hays' Liniment for the Piles.

☞ *Have you a cough?—Do not neglect it*—Thousands have met a premature death for the want of attention to a common cold. Rev. Dr. Bartholomew's Expectorant Pink Syrup will most positively give relief and save you from the most awful disease, Pulmonary Consumption, which usually sweeps into the grave thousands of the young, the old, the lovely and the gay.

HAYS' LINIMENT FOR THE PILES.

The worst attack of the Piles are effectually and permanently cured in a short time by the use of the genuine Hays' Liniment. Hundreds of our first citizens throughout the country have used this liniment with complete success. It is warranted to cure the most aggravated case.

☞ *Caution.*—Never buy it unless you find the name of Comstock & Co., upon the wrapper, proprietors of the genuine article, or you are cheated with a counterfeit.

DEAFNESS.

Use DR. McNAIR'S ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness. Also, all those disagreeable noises like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, which are symptoms of approaching deafness. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, or twenty years, and were subject of ear-trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside those trumpets, beside made perfectly well. It has cured cases of ten, fifteen and even thirty years standing of deafness. Price $1 per flask.

Principal Office, Twenty-one Cortlandt street, New York.

For sale by S. L. TILLEY, King street, St. John N. B.

FALL and WINTER
CLOTHING,
AT THE
SAINT JOHN CLOTHING MART,
WATER STREET,
Stephen's Brick Building.

The subscriber has received per late arrivals.—A LARGE assortment of West of England Beaver, Pilot, Superfine Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, and Doe Skins.

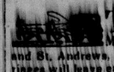
Ready-made CLOTHING;
500 Over COATS Blue, Black, Brown, Drab &c., got up in the latest styles and improved shapes, richly trimmed and manufactured in the Establishment by an experienced foreman;
200 superfine Frock, Dress, and Sack COATS, of various textures and qualities;
300 shooting Coats, in Plaids, Cassimers, Doe skins, Tweeds, &c.;
1000 pair PANTALOONS, in a'ue Black, plain, figured, checked and striped Cassimeres, Buck and Doe skins, Blue, Beaver, Pilot, Tweeds and Moleskins, of every description and quality;
200 Reefing and Fine Cloth Jackets;
1000 Vests, a great variety from 2s. 6d. upwards;
A good assortment of Youths' CLOTHING.
Lambs Wool shirts and Pants, Regatta Shirts, Blue, Red and White Flannel, do., White Shirts, linen fronts; silk and satin Hdkfs, scarfs and stocks, in great variety; Fur and Cloth Caps, Travelling Bags and Trunks, silk, India Rubber, Cotton and Worsted Hdkfs, with a large assortment of Hosiery, silk, Beaver, Felt and Glazed HATS, all of which will be sold at the lowest Cash Prices.

Gentlemen leaving their orders and selecting the CLOTHS, can have them executed at the shortest notice.

Those wishing to purchase will find it much to their advantage to call and judge for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

St. John, Nov. 23, 1849. F. NEILL.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE
BETWEEN
St. John and St. Andrews,
DAILY.



THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St. Andrews, hereby gives notice that his carriages will leave each of the places, every morning, (Sundays excepted,) going through on the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names, or at the St. John Hotel, where Stage Books will be kept. GEO. CHRISTY.

THE LAST OF THE MANNINGS.

The bodies of the two convicts were placed in shells, after the casts of the head and synopsis of the brain of each had been taken, and in the evening both were deposited in a grave prepared for them in the corridor leading from the yard to the chapel.—The coffins were partially filled with lime, in order to insure an early decay of the remains, this plan being invariably adopted within the walls of a prison. The phrenological developement of the heads is said to agree in a very remarkable manner with the character of the convicts as at present known; and Mr. Donovan, who has prepared the synopsis, will shortly publish the result of his examination for the information of the curious in these matters. Several members of the police force having obtained admission to the room, managed to possess themselves of some of the long and beautiful tresses of the female, which they afterwards disposed of at high prices to those whose depraved taste renders them ambitious to obtain such revolting relics of notorious criminals. The whole of the property found in the possession of Maria Manning, at the South-Eastern Railway station, still remains, in the hands of Inspector Yeates, and Burton, the police constable. The latter only holds a few trifling articles; but the former has property in the police station said to be worth nearly 200*l*. Mr. Binns, Manning's solicitor, has laid an embargo on the whole of it, by a suit against Manning, for money lent in defending him; and the Secretary of State has directed it to be detained until the bill of costs be sent in. The property will be sold in the course of a few days, and, after paying the legal gentleman who defended the convicts, the surplus will be handed over to Mr. Edmund Manning, the brother.—Among the property are several satin dresses, a number of lace veils, ruffles, two gold watches some French rentes, worth 70*l*., and a large assortment of female wearing apparel. The property which belonged to O'Connor is being administered to by his brother, and will be given.—*Weekly Chronicle.*

Calcraft, the hangman, expects to realize at least £150 by the execution of the Mannings.—100 by the sale of their clothes to Madame Tussaud. That speculative lady gave him 70 guinies for the clothes of Rush, and cleared upwards of £1,500 by her wax model of that wretch.

The East-Wind.—Take an easterly wind differing in no appreciable particular from its neighbours and what a nuisance it is! All creation feels it as it sweeps along. Flowers droop and lose their brightness and leaves shrivel when it touches them. Let it glide ever so gently over the surface of a lake and the cold blooded fish avoids the shallows, and sink into the depths of his native element, as though death floated on the water. In vain the angler tries his every artifice—the fish have lost their appetite, activity, and merriment—they will hide until the enemy shall have passed. All animals have a horror of it! even a donkey is delicate enough to turn his back upon it; cows, horses, sheep, and even pigs, look grave at this unwelcome wind. Man abhors it as he would a demon.—Who ever heard of anybody being happy in an easterly wind? We should like to know whether any disciple of Momus every faily laughed in its face? We don't believe that the old founder of fun himself could have done such a thing. It broods over like a nightmare, upon one's spirits. Ask the hypochondriac how he feels under its fostering influence? It is in vain to ply your remedies against gout and rheumatism in an easterly wind.—Patients respond to it like barometers.—Does any body know what an easterly wind headache is? We do and moreover it admits of no cure. It may condescend to go away *ewa sponte* when the wind changes but Croton oil of the very strongest could not carry it off till then. Ask the old lady with the corns what she thinks of an easterly wind—depend upon it she will soon tell you where the shoe pinches. Ask the same question of the young lady with the taper waist and if she tells the truth—which if you are a man of the world you will wonder at—she will delicately hint at a pain in her side.

A Curious Calculation.—What is a billion? The reply is very simple, a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced; but no man is able to count it. You may count 160 or 170 in a minute; but let us even suppose you may go as far as 200; then an hour will produce 12,000, a day 280,000, and a year of 365 days, 195,120,000 Let us suppose that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count and continued to do so, and was still counting. He could not even now, according to the usual supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he required 9,512 years, 24 days, 5 hours, and 37 minutes.

THE DISOWNED.

"Go, ingrate, go! and never again blight my eyes with your presence! You have disgraced your family—you have broken your mother's heart, and caused me to regret most bitterly that I ever had a child!"

These words were addressed by a stern-faced man to a tall, pale stripling, who stood nervously crushing a straw hat between his palms. He made no reply to the stern mandate, but kept his eyes fixed upon the hat.

"Go, boy, and finish your career," continued the parent; "You have made good progress in the road which leads to ruin. Go, Charles Archer—go at once."

Still the youth stirred not, spoke not, though the constantly changing colour of his face, and the quivering of his white lips, revealed the emotions that were struggling within.

"Why do you wait, idiot? Is money your wish! I think you will sink fast enough without that to drag you down!"

At the close of this cutting speech, the manner of the youth changed entirely. A crimson glow burned in each smooth cheek, while all the rest of his face was pale as ashes—his eyes flashed, and he drew up his slender figure to its full height.

"I go, sir, but upon you, unrelenting parent, rests my ruin—if I am ruined! You have never spared me—even in merest childhood, my little were punished with the utmost severity—and often when a forgiving word from you would have melted my wild spirit to repentance, and saved me from further sin, you have frozen my better nature by your cold harsh treatment, and now I am afraid I shall go down—down to perdition."

The excited youth paused, and removed his dark burning eyes from the face of his father, and again bent the yielding hat.

He had never before presumed to speak in reply to his parents' reproaches, but now he was goaded so severely that the words could not be forced back; the tongue *would* express the heart's promptings."

"And you were waiting in order to add to your other sins, vile reprobate!" muttered the father, in deep, hissing tones, as he regarded the boy with an expression of hatred.

Again the youth's manner changed, and his face became paler and paler; a mournful look subdued the glare of defiance which had just gleamed from his eyes, and tear-drops fell upon the crushed hat. "God knows I waited not for that, but sir, I—I—wish to see my mother once before I go," said he, raising his face with an imploring look.

Mr. Archer mused a moment, and then said in half-relenting tones, "it is but natural, boy, that you should wish to see her, though grief for your misdemeanors has laid her upon her death-bed.—The door of her room is slightly ajar; you may look in, but don't presume to speak to her, or let her see you; she is now sleeping."

"Oh, father ——"

"Call me not by that name! you have forfeited all right to address me by so endearing a title!"

The fierce interruption.

"May I not just speak to her, and ask her forgiveness and blessing?" humbly pleaded the youth.

"No, by the Rood! You shall no more wring her poor heart. Go, now, from this house, and carry with you the thought that you have brought your mother in sorrow to the grave!"

Charles looked in the wrathful face darkening upon him, and again the daring, all-defying spirit broke bounds, and casting a look of terrible meaning at his father, turned upon his heel and left the room, determined never again to enter it.

Was not that unhappy parent wrong in the course he pursued towards his erring child? Surely he was, and the time was at hand when he should bewail his hastiness in sackcloth and ashes.

Mr. Archer was a very wealthy and educated man. He possessed a strong sense of honour, which, however, was often clouded by his fiery overbearing spirit, that could not brook the slightest opposition. He was a man that could not throw the mantle of charity over the deviations of his fellow beings from the path of rectitude, though he was himself frequently led into error by his passionate, misguided temper.

His wife was the gentlest and most yielding creature that ever blossomed in this world; his will was her law, and she was much attached to him; indeed, she had never been the subject of his angry fits, because she had never thwarted him. She loved her child tenderly, though she was often grieved by his wayward courses; still his father took the management of the lad into his own hands, and she had but little influence, though Charles entertained for his quiet mother a deep affection, which, as we have seen, did not deter him from the commission of many misdeeds. He possessed much of his father's impetuous nature, though it was softened by many of his mother's more gentle qualities. If the boy had been properly managed, he would have made a fine, high soulded fellow; but here was the fault; his impulses had not been trained to take a correct course, and in childhood he was perpetually erring and perpetually repenting, till the hardening processes his father adopted for his reformation made him thoroughly reckless. He was sent to college, and at the age of eighteen, expelled and given over as utterly incorrigible. We have introduced him at the time of his return home after his college disgrace.

This would be a small circumstance to change a parent's love to such bitter hate, but it was the crown of a mountain of offences, and touched the pride of his father in a tender spot, and really almost broke his heart. It was the spring of the year, and near the sunset hour. Charles rushed down the broad stairs, out of the open door, and paused not until he found himself beneath a favorite tree, and free from observation.—He flung himself upon the green sward, and for some time terrible thoughts and resolves held tumultuous dominion over his mind. He looked at the beautifully tinted clouds that were furled in the west like thousands of banners, but their beauties only made him more desperate. A river rushed through the fields a short distance from him, and as the the sound of the murmuring water fell softly upon his ear, an evil prompter whispered him to go there and finish his miserable existence. He started up and strode to the river's brink; there was a precepitous rocky bank, the sides of which were overgrown with dwarfish shrubs and moss; a little distance from him, and at the foot of that the water flowed fifteen or twenty feet deep. 'A fine place to plunge in,' thought he, and he climbed the steep hill-side. As his head came above the hill, a fair face rose up on the opposite side.

"Mary Gray!" exclaimed he, lowering his eyes in deep abasement; for he thought how unworthy he was even to speak her name, and she, too, was embarrassed, but they were old acquaintances, and Mary smiled, and greeted him with a cordiality which evidently to his sensitive spirit was forced. She had heard of his college disgrace, but she knew not that he was now an outcast. With a sorrowful smile he extended his hand, and said,

"Mary, good bye, forever and ever."

"Ah, where are you going Charles Archer?" she inquired, with no small degree of interest.

"I know not, but your are here in season to see me take passage for that mysterious place, "from whence no traveller returns." Oh, Mary dear Mary, would I were better for your sake, but I am lost—lost!"

In another moment he had disappeared over the steep bank, and rushing to the verge, she saw the dark water close over him.

She ran shrieking down the hill for assistance, that, alas! was not at hand. She did not meet any one till she reached Mr. Archer's residence, when she saw that gentleman traversing the garden walk. She hurried up to him, and with bloodless lips related the scene she had just witnessed. Then that unhappy parent was awakened to an almost overwhelming sense of his loss.—Rousing his servants, they hurried to the stream, and some plunged in at once, while others ran along the bank. Poor Mary ran to and fro, her hair floating wildly in the wind, and wringing her hands in some anguish; for though scarcely sixteen, she had cherished more than a sisterly regard for the unfortunate boy. Her father had suspected the attachment, and sternly forbade it; for they were but little more than children, and he was determined to check it in the bud, for he saw an alliance with Archer would bring nothing but sorrow and misery upon his child.

But with that perverseness said to be a characteristic of her sex, she had fostered an attachment for him, and even gone so far as to secretly plight him her troth; to her untutored imagination his "wild" follies appeared as rather creditable, and she sagely told an elder sister that the most dissipated young men frequently became the very best old men.

But now she thought of nothing but Charles perishing in the dangerous element. She could not see him, neither could the men. They swam about the stream till almost exhausted, in search of the body, but it could not be found, and it was supposed that the rapid current had carried it down the river.

It was searched for day after day by Mr. Archer, who bitter mourned the untimely death of his child. As soon as he was beyond his reach, he saw how he might have managed to reform him; but it was now too late, and at the close of the tenth day he returned home, accompanied by his neighbours, who had manfully aided in the search, and gave up all hopes of recovering the body.—He entered the room where his wife daily by wasting away. She raised her eyes to his weary, haggard face, with an eager look.

"No success, Margaret our poor boy can never be permitted a Christian burial."

Mrs. Archer made no reply, but turned to the wall, and tears rolled down her sunken cheeks like rain.

"May God forgive me for every harsh word I ever gave that lost child,' cried the wretched man dropping upon his knees.'

'A low soft voice, responded a fervent amen.'

It was Mrs. Archer who could not conceal from herself the truth. She felt that her husband was in a measure the cause of their child's fearful end, though she knew not of that last meeting in the library, of how her son had pleaded in vain to see her once more, and it was well she did not—she could not have survived the knowledge.

Mr. Archer did not forget it; the "still small voice, goaded him almost, and wrought a great change in his hard heart. He was no longer the impetuous, exacting man of former times, but mild and forbearing. He had even been a money making man, but that objects was forgotten, and impelled by his newly awakened spirit he strove to lay up treasure in Heaven. He prayed earnestly that his gentle companion might be spared to him yet a little longer, and a merciful Father heeded the petition.

Ten years passed away and the memory of Charles Arthur was like a dream of the past save his father and mother, and Mary Gray. She had never forgotten and had never married. There are many who denounce all womankind as false, changeful creatures, they are most sincere in their denunciations, and doubtless think them richly merited; but these persons look no deeper than the surface, and do not even know that they are so unjust as to condemn the whole, for the short comings of a few. Our Mary Gray did not belong to the changeable class. She still cherished the remembrance of her lost love, but it was enshrined in her hearts, and none not even her own family suspected its own existence. She had given a true account to Mr. Archer of her last interview with Charles and the attachment of the son for the sweet girl was perpetuated by the father, who loved her as his own child.

These ten years had wrought many changes.—Mrs. Gray had died, and her husband had placed a stepmother over the children; the eldest daughter had married, and the youngest had been laid in a lowly grave by the side of its mother, and Mary was the only remaining child at home.—Mr. Archer had long wished to adopt her, and now for the first time Mr. Gray consented to go with her to him, and Mary went to cheer the home of her childless friends. She was now twenty-six and possessed a cultivated intellect and well balanced mind. She had always paid her new mother much respect, but Mrs. Gray did not love Mary for hers was a narrow soul, and she looked upon her step-daughter with her superior mind and judgment, with a jealous eye, and was secretly glad when she went away. Mary had been much persecuted since the death of Charles. She had received severa' very eligible offers of marriage, which her father, instigated by his wife, had insisted upon her accepting each one as it was proposed; but she remained steadfast in her refusals, determined that her hand should never be given without her heart.

Weeks, months, years, rolled on, and Mary Gray was thirty—an old maid as the world call those, who, from choice or necessity, remain single. About this time a gentleman from a far distant city, passing through the place, took a fancy to a beautiful farm adjoining Mr. Archer's and purchased it of the proprietor at a high price. The gossips said he was enamored of Mary Gray's fair face, and graceful, polished maners; but from the most observing gossips are sometimes deceived, and Mary certainly knew nothing of it, for she had never even spoked with him.

A few days after she met Mr. Ashmead—the new proprietor of Hazel Lodge,—at a small party, and was more interested in him, than she thought, own even on her strict self-examination. There was something in the deep, dark eyes of Ashmead that stirred up long buried remembrances, for they bore a strange resemblance to those of poor Charles Archer.