SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1857.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

VOLUME XXI. "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 ornamentally) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally neatly executed.

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

☞ Terms—12s. 6d., if paid within the year, 15s. if not paid until after expiration of the year. Any person paying 10s. in advance will receive a copy for one year.

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

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

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

George W. White, is an authorized Agent for Grand Lake.

☞ The *Chronicle* is filed, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244 Strand, London. Professor Holloway is duly empowered to receive all monies due our establishment in London, and whose receipts will be regarded by us as valid.

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esq., *President.*

Directors—J. W. LAWRENCE, S. K. FOSTER, C. H. ESTABROOKS, JOHN ANDERSON. *Solicitor*—J. M. ROBINSON, Esq. *Secretary*—ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire.

☞ Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the office of the Secretary, Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street. May 23.

WILLIAM H. LESTER,
GROCER and Provision DEALER,
CORNER PRINCESS AND CHARLOTTE STREETS.

Goods sent to all parts of the City free of charge
September 19, 1856.

WILLIAM WEDDERBURN,
Attorney at Law, Conveyancer, &c
—OFFICE—
No. 13, NORTH SIDE OF PRINCESS STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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

MR. W. P. DOLE,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
HAS REMOVED to the Office lately occupied by Charles Watters, Esquire, in Messrs. Deveber's building, Prince William Street.
August 22, 1856.

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES AND HARDWARE.
CLEMENTSPORT, N. S.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE HOTEL.
State Street, Boston. Conducted on the European Plan.

Rooms per day,	50 cts.
Rooms per week,	$3,00
Lodging	37 1-2 cts.

N. B.—A Restaurant is attached, where Meals will be served at all hours of the day.
January 11, 1856. 1y.

SOAP & CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
Princess Street next adjoining Dunn's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MERRIT'S BRICK 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.

S. K. FOSTER'S Shoe Store.
Just received per steamer from Liverpool:—
A Large assortment of Ladies, Misses, Boys, Children's, and Infants CLOTH BOOTS, of all qualities, suitable for the season.
A great variety of Men's, Women's, Misses, Children's and infants FELT BOOTS, Shoes and Slippers of every quality.
OX HIDE—A large lot of Women's Prunella BOOTS, suitable for wearing under Rubber Shoes in Winter—for 3s. to 4s. 6d a pair.
Oct. 17. S. K FOSTER.

TEA.—Just received, and imported expressly for Family use:—
10 chests Souchong TEA;
10 catty boxes do. do.;
10 chests Breakfast Oolong do;
10 catty boxes do. do;
10 chests good retailing do.—For sale low.
August 29. JOHN McCOSKERY.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.
Ex *Ann Rankin*, and *Courier*, from London:—
1000 KEGS Brandram's No. 1, White LEAD;
230 Kegs Yellow, Red, Black, Green, and Blue PAINTS;
50 Kegs Zinc Paint;
25 Hhds. Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL;
3 Bbls. Copal and Oak VARNISH;
7 Cases Carriage and White Copal do.;
1 Cask Brandram's Liquid Dryer;
5 " do. Patent do;
50 dzs. Deep GOLD LEAF;
5 " Patent Glaziers' DIAMONDS.
For Sale at No. 1, North side Market Square.
Nov. 14. W. O. SMITH.

ST. ANDREWS' ALE.
THE Subscriber having been appointed AGENT for the sale of the above excellent ALE, begs to inform the public that he will in future keep on hand a constant supply, which will be furnished to his customers and the trade on very favorable terms.
Just Received—61 Casks, containing 10, 15, 20 30 and 60 gallons each.
November 17, 1855. JOHN McCOSKERY.

MEDICAL REVOLUTION!
THE WORLD UNANIMOUS!
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
THE GREAT COUNTER IRRITANT!

The virus of disease often makes its way to the internal organs through the pores of the skin. This penetrating Ointment, melting under the hand as it is rubbed in, is absorbed through the same channels, and, reaching the seat of inflammation, promptly and invariably subdues it, whether located in the Kidneys, the liver, the lungs, or any other important organ. It penetrates the surface to the interior, through the countless tubes that communicate with the skin as summer rain passes into the fevered earth diffusing its cool and regenerating influence.

SKIN DISEASES & GLANDULAR SWELLINGS.

Every species of exterior irritation is quickly reduced by the anti-inflamatory action of this Ointment, Angry Eruptions, such as SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, TETTER, RINGWORM, SCALD HEAD, NETTLE RASH, SCABIES (or ITCH) &c., die out, to return no more under its application. Hospital experience in all parts of the world proves its infallibility in diseases of the skin, the muscles, the joints and the glands.

ULCERS, SORES, AND TUMORS.

The effect of this unrivaled external remedy upon Scrofula, and other virulent ulcers and sores, is almost miraculous. It first discharges the poison which produces suppuration and proud flesh, and thus then cures which its healing properties afterward complete are safe as well as permanent.

WOUNDS, BRUISES, BURNS, AND SCALDS.

In cases of the fracture of the bones, injuries caused by steam explosions, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, RHEUMATISM, STIFFNESS OF THE JOINTS, and contraction of the sinews, it is employed and warmly recommended by the faculty. This marvellous remedy has been introduced by its inventor in person into all the leading Hospitals of Europe, and no private household should be without it.

UNDENIABLE TESTIMONY.

The Medical Staff of the French and English Armies in the Crimea have officially signed their approval of Holloway's Ointment, as the most reliable dressing for sabre cuts, stabs, and gun-shot wounds. It is also used by the surgeons of the Allied Navies.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:

Bunions,	Rheumatism,	Sore Throats,
Burns,	Ringworm,	Sores of all kinds
Capped hands,	Salt Rheum,	Sprains,
Chilblains,	Scalds,	Stiff Joints
Fistula,	Skin Diseases	Tetter,
Gout,	Swelled	Ulcers,
Lumbago,	Glands,	Venereal Sores,
Mercurial	Sore Legs,	Wounds of all
Eruptions,	Sore Breasts,	kinds.
Piles,	Sore Heads,	

☞ Sold at the Manufactories of Professor Holloway, 80, Maiden Lane, New York, and 244 Strand, London, by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the United States and the civilized world, in pots, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and 1$ each.

☞ There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

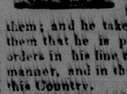
N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each pot.

S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 2, King Street, St. John, N. B.; A. Cey & Son, Frederiction; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alex. Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and ames G. White, Belleisle.

NOTICE!
JOHN KINNEAR, of the City of Saint John, Merchant, by Deed of Trust, bearing date the 11th November, 1856, having assigned to us all his Stock of Merchandise, Books, and other Effects, for the benefit of such of his Creditors as shall within the period named in said deed, execute the same, and give a discharge. Notice is hereby given that the said Deed lies at the Office of GEORGE THOMAS, Esq, for signature, and all persons interested therein are hereby required to sign the same and render their accounts within three months from date hereof, or they will be debarred from any participation or benefit therein.
GEO. THOMAS,
GEO. EATON, } *Assignees.*
SAML. D. BERTON,
St. John, 14th Nov., 1856. city papers.

Pictures! Pictures!
NEW PRINTS AND ENGRAVINGS.
POTTER & CO., have just received by the Mail Steamer "Niagara," a case containing a splendid assortment of NEW PRINTS AND ENGRAVINGS, comprising pictures in every style of art. Attention is particularly invited to those beautiful Pictures, after the English Masters, of Landscape Painting, and also to a superb lot of FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS, superior to anything yet seen in America.
Sept. 26. 85, Prince Wm. Street.

GENTS, SHAWLS.—The Subscriber has received an assortment of Gentlemen's SHAWLS, of superior quality to those usually imported. Also, Gents' MUFFLERS, for sale at reasonable prices, by D. H. HALL,
Nov. 11. 41, King-street.

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.

To Farmers, Travellers & Citizens.
YOUNG'S HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT is kept regularly open, as usual, with every comfort. Horses are properly attended to. The state of the market is daily furnished; with the latest news; and every effort is made, as heretofore, to benefit. His Hotel is No. 15, *opposite* his former well received Establishment in Charlotte-street, and reference is respectfully asked of former visitors. WM. YOUNG.

LARD OIL and PORPOISE OILS.—On hand 1 —120 galls. Extra Lard OIL; 200 galls. Porpoise OIL. For Sale low by.
S. L. TILLEY.
September 19. 35, King-street.

FUR COATS.—Fifty Fur Coats—in Fur Seal Hair Seal, Wool Seal, Lamb and Buffalo, made up to order, mostly large sizes, Fur and Cloth lined; (also, FUR BOOTS.)
D. H. HALL,
October 24. 41, King-street.

NEW GOODS.
NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE,
SEARS' BRICK BUILDING, NORTH SIDE OF KING ST.,

HAS received per late arrivals from *Great Britain* and the United States his FALL AND WINTER GOODS, would now respectfully solicit the attention of his friends and the public in general to his *Extensive and General Assortment of Goods*, which will be sold *WHOLESALE* and *RETAIL* at exceedingly low prices. The Stock in part consists of—

Winter Cloths.

in Pilots, Beavers, Witneys Siberian, Lambskin, Elephant, and Himalay Cloths, and various new materials for Over Coats, Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Double Mill'd Kerseys, Satinetts, Moleskins Tweeds, Homespuns, Flannels, Ticks, Shirting Stripe, &c., &c.

VESTINGS—In Cut Velvets, Silk Plush, Satins, Baratheas, Quiltings, &c., &c.

THE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

consists of an immense Stock of OVER COATS, in various materials and styles, and at all prices.

UNDER COATS

In Dress, Frock, Paletot, Sack and Shooting Coat Styles—in Superfine Broad Cloth, Cassimere, Doeskin, Tweed, Homespun, Satinette, &c.,

VESTS,

In Cut Velvets, Silk Plush, Satins, and an endless variety of materials for dress and ordinary wear.

PANTS

In any quantity and quality, and at any price required.

FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

Comprises a general assortment of Shirts, Collars, Shirt Fronts, Hosiery, Gloves, Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs, Ties, Scarfs, Muffle Handkerchiefs, Braces, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, Snow Stockings, Lambs' Wool and Flannel Shirts and Drawers, Cotton and Merino, do., &c. &c.

HATS and CAPS—in Fur, Silk Plush, Mohair, &c.

R. H. would intimate that as the Clothing is all cut and made up on his own premises by the best Workmen, it cannot fail in giving good satisfaction.

Garments made to order, in the most fashionable style and at the shortest notice.

No second price—all Goods marked in plain Figures. (Oct. 24.) R. H.

RECEIVED!
PER LATE ARRIVALS FROM THE UNITED STATES.
100 PIECES SATINETTS & DOESKINS; 5 bales Grey COTTON;
1 bale Cotton FLANNEL;
1 case American Shirts and Drawers;
1 " Silk Handkerchiefs and SHAWLS.
Also—An assortment of Ladies, Gents, and Children's Fancy BELTS; Tortoise Shell, India Rubber and Ivory COMBS; 1 case French Wax DOLLS; Silver and Albata Tea and Table SPOONS.
A splendid assortment of ACCORDEONS and FLUTINAS; Knives, Scissors, and RAZORS; Pocket Books, Portmonies, &c., &c.
9,000 vols. New and Second BOOKS, in various departments of Literature, to arrive per schooner "Orlando."
A large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, of a superior quality—made to order—just received per steamer.
☞ The public will please take notice that the above Goods will be sold at greatly reduced prices to suit the times.
September 26. B. O'BRIEN.

OVER COATS,
AT
JONES', 5 DOCK STREET,
"ONE DOOR ABOVE THE OLD STAND."
Black Beaver Over Coats,
Brown Beaver Over Coats,
Blue Beaver Over Coats;
Drab Beaver Coats,
Milled Broad Cloth Over Coats.
Pilot Over Coats.
Whitney and Mohair Over Coats.
Boy's Over Coats.
With every description of CLOTHING adopted to the season, at 20 per cent. deduction from former prices, in order to effect a speedy clearance.
Dec. 12. THOMAS R. JONES.

NIGHT SCHOOL.
AS usual, a NIGHT SCHOOL will be opened at the Commercial School Rooms on MONDAY Evening, 3d November next. Three Teachers will be in constant attendance.
For further particulars, enquire at the School Rooms, Corner of Sydney and Great George Streets. [Oct. 24.] SAML. D. MILLAR.

New Furs.
RECEIVED ex John Barbour and John Duncan, a superior assortment of FUR GOODS, in *Stone Martin, French Sable*, and *Fitch* BOAS, and CUFFS, and GAUNTLETS. Also—Chinchilla, Grey Squirrel, and Crimea CAPS.
D. H. HALL.

OAKUM & CORDAGE.—Landing ex *Eleanor* —200 bundles Brown OAKUM;
150 coils CORDAGE, 6 thread to 5 inch;
20 coils Bolt ROPE, 2 1 4 to 4 1-2 inch.
For Sale by JOHN WALKER,
Sept. 26. Ward-street

WINTER CAPS.—The Subscriber has just made up, and has on sale, a full assortment of Gent's. and Youths' FUR CAPS, various styles
Do. do. PLUSH, do. do.;
Do. do. CLOTH, do. do.;
Do. do. do, do. Fur & Plush. Trimmed.
Also—FUR COATS, BOOTS, and *Mufflers* GLOVES—in Fur, Buckskin, Cloth, Kid, &c.
D. H. HALL,
dec. 10. 41, King Street.

Hats & Caps.
THE Subscriber has received per *Adelaide* from Boston—A large assortment of FUR CAPS, latest styles; which, together with a large Stock of HATS and CAPS on hand, of his own manufacture, he will dispose of at very low prices.
A. MAGEE.
27, North side, and 38, South side King-street.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 14, 1856.
N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. Cash and the highest price paid for Shipping FURS.

E. STEPHEN, Water-street, has received per Packet ship John Duncan, a good assortment of Signal Lanterns, Dish Covers, Block Tin Tea and Coffee POTS, Tureens, Saucepans, Water Kettles, Pudding Moulds, Japan'd Bread Baskets, Spice Boxes, Spittoons, Dustpans, &c. &c. October 3.

ST. ANDREWS ALE.—Just received, a small lot of St. Andrews Steam Brewed ALE, very superior. For sale by
Nov. 14. JOHN McCOSKERY.

EXHORTATIONS.

Christian, *love* thy brother—love is from above;
Jesus bids his people one another love.
Christian, *help* thy brother in his every need,[deed
Prove how much you love him, not in *word* but

Christian, *cheer* thy brother, wipe away his tears;
With affection bid him banish all his fears.
Christian, *soothe* thy brother in his deep distress,
Let thy speech be always mark'd by tenderness.

Christian, *bear* thy brother on thy every prayer;
Surely thou wouldst have him in thy blessings share!
Christian, *raise* thy brother sinking 'neath his load
Cast himself and burden on thy faithful God.

Christian, *shield* thy brother, cling thee to his side
When by friends forsaken and by foes belied,
Christian, *aid* thy brother, weak, distress'd, and poor,
Christ will recompense thee from his heavenly store.

Christian, *seek* thy brother wandering from the fold,
Ere his heart is hardened, and his love grows cold.
Christian, *warn* thy brother tampering with his sin;
Solemn truth—go press it—evil's hardening!

Christian, *chide* thy brother when he's doing wrong;
Weak but look to Jesus, he will make thee strong,
Christian, *rouse* thy brother settled on his lees,
'Tis not self, but Jesus, we should seek to please.

Day is fast declining—night steals on apace!
Onward to thy labour, rich in heavenly grace—
Steadfast and immoveable—serving Christ the Lord,
Till he bids thee enter on thy bright reward!

—*A. Midlane.*

Miscellaneous.

MY OWN FUNERAL.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.

'Munich!' exclaimed old Mr. G——, as we were talking of my recent travels in Germany, over the port, and walnuts, 'ah! how many a strange memory does that one name call up! It was there that life—that is, the life of cities—first broke upon me in all its brilliant hollowness; and yet what do I know? Is there more real honesty beside the plough or in the vineyard? Well, no matter—man is man all the world over; but it was not at Munich that I first learnt all the treachery of which man is capable. It was there that I passed some of my happiest hours, and there too, that I died.'

'Died!' I exclaimed, doubtful whether I heard aright.'

'Yes, died,' replied the old gentleman, in a calm, matter-of fact tone, so that when I had opened my eyes to the full extent allowed by the School of Design to depict the passion of wonderment, and had asked myself two or three times whether he could possibly mean that he had dyed his whiskers there, or had really talked himself into such an autobiographical state, that he thought it necessary to bring the narrative down to his own disease, I came to the conclusion that my old friend was dozing.

'I suppose you speak metaphorically?' I suggested.

'Not a bit of it. I can understand that you should be surprised when I say that I died. But it is a fact, literal, positive, unqualified, at least ——; but not to spoil a good story, suppose I begin at the beginning.'

Now is it not pleasant to hear an old man talk of his youth! Is it not good for us who are entering on life, to learn from one who is leaving it? With one foot in the grave, how calm is the far view he can take of the days of his strength, with all its self satisfaction, in worldliness and disappointments. How complete is his experience—how valuable the lesson long since drawn and followed, now recalled and preached.

So then I listened:

It is forty years since I went to Munich. I was *attaché* to the embassy of that dear Lord E——, the most popular, because the most amiable and loveliest minister that Bavaria has, perhaps ever known. I had been turned out into this post from Oxford, at one-and-twenty and had not so much as seen a single London season. My father's seat, Eton, and the University, was all I knew of life, and how little is that? I can say now, without vanity, that I was handsome and distinguished. Besides this, I was very ardent and rather romantic, and I had not been three months in Munich before I was in love, yes, desperately in love, with Ida Von Frankenstein, a young countess with a large fortune, and justly the queen of beauty in the Bavarian capital.

Ida was not vain, but she was a flirt, and therefore, by a common rule of the heart, when she learnt from my silent devotion that my attachment was no mere admiration, of which she had so much, and more than enough, in the ball rooms of the gay capital, she conceived for me a deep passionate affection. But Ida, being a flirt, never showed it. By no act, word, or look, could I ever discover that she gave to me one thought more than to the most insignificant of the numberless young *fats* who laughed and danced and flirted with her. She was a queen in every respect, and she was determined that I should offer my homage submissively. Besides this she was very clever and full of a brilliant, satirical wit, which sometimes wounded, though I am certain that her heart was too generous and good to hurt another's willingly. Like all monarchs, she felt herself privileged, and believed that it was as easy for her to heal with a mere smile, as to wound with a mere word.

I say I never guessed that she cared the least for me, but had I been more than the simple boy I was, I might have discovered it, for by a series of artifices she contrived to draw me on first into a deeper passion, next into jealousy. To do this without repulsing me entirely, to excite my fears without destroying my hopes, she selected a young officer, of whom certainly I had little cause to be jealous; for, though rather handsome, and very fashionable, he was so intensely vain, and so tiresomely heavy, that often she had delighted me with her clever mimicry of his absurdities. And yet I *was* jealous, even to hopelessness—but then I was jealous of the very rose she held in her fair hand!

It was a terrible winter at Munich, where every winter is frightfully severe, and I was not strong. I was beginning to suffer from the intense cold, and Ida's conduct brought suffering of another kind. I was growing rapidly ill. I lost my buoyant spirits of yore, which the novelty of this brilliant life of the carnival season had brought out and elated beyond nature's bounds. My love had taken a firmer grip of me. I had but one idea—that one face only haunted me by day and night. I never slept. I was never calm for ten minutes. My morning walks were all taken in—that quarter where I knew—for love knows so much by instinct—that she would be. My evenings were devoted to meeting her, whether at ball, soiree, or common reception. It is true she always kept a place for me by her side; that while the heavy Stockenheim was occupied with elaborating some stupid compliment on the other side, she would turn to to me with some flow of wit, which the officer strove to catch and when caught, passed ten minutes in attempting to understand. It is true that I saw and knew all this, and yet I was jealous—all the more so because I adopted the world's narrow reasoning, and said to myself, 'This very conduct is a proof of her indifference. If she cared one atom for me, it is not in this way she would show it.' And she did not show it. She seemed to keep me, as it were, for her companion, because I was cleverer and quicker than the rest; but I knew that the heart has no rules, and that a woman may be fascinated by mind, but is bound by some sympathy which she cannot explain.

Thus I went on for some time. Beside her I lived, but when away from her one moment a strange depression came over me, and the idea daily grew upon me that I should soon sink under the excitement of this terrible passion. It was, therefore, I dreaded more than death to disclose my love. I felt that a refusal would kill me at once, and this dread grew upon me so fearfully that for hours I would lie on my sofa or my bed listless and unable to move. Of course I went to a doctor, for I would not confess to myself that there was no other disease in me then my hidden passion. The man of drugs shook his head, saw through me partly, and recommended change of scene. I never went near him again.

One evening I met Ida at the Duchess of D——'s. I had grown daily more excited, and every day I had imagined that she seemed to understand me more. I was now almost beyond self-government, and she was wonderfully kind. Though Stockenheim was there, she danced with me only, and we roamed the rooms together, and I talked rapidly and excitedly, now about the world in which I mixed, but which I hated, and about myself, and my own awful presentiment of death.

At times she listened seriously, I almost thought, sadly; but then, when she had drawn me on to speak still more fervently, she would burst out into a laugh, tell me I was mad or a dreamer, or ask me if I had made my will and left her anything.

Once as we quitted the ball-room, I saw her turn and throw a glance to Stockenheim who was watching her, as a dog watches his master eating, with a strong appetite in his great unmeaning eyes.

We strolled from room to room, and I did not see that the officer followed us. At last, in this little boudoir, I stopped her short.

'You have laughed at me long enough,' and my whole soul was in the words. 'You must listen seriously for one moment, and then—then, when you have killed me you may laugh as you like—I cannot help it. I know it will be my death-blow, but I must speak. I love you—love you more than——'

'How very amusing! How delightfully absurd! Monsieur Stockenheim,' and here like an apparition, he appeared in the door way, 'do come to my rescue. Here is Mr. G——, making me an offer, Ha, ha, ha!'

'Enough,' I said. 'Laugh now. It is your last chance.'

And with that I fled.

For a week I lay on my bed, more dead than living. I nursed my grief, my rage, my despair, and every hour brought me lower. One or two friends came to see me, and of them—one of those kind charitable beings who always takes care to tell you the news you least wish to hear—brought the intelligence one morning that Ida was engaged to Stockenheim.

'I will not believe it,' I cried, hoping against hope, and roused from despair by this new blow. 'I will go and judge for myself.

My vehemence gave me an unnatural strength. I dressed rapidly, and in spite of entreaties of my attendant during that terrible week, I rushed out and arrived at the door of the Frankenstein's hotel. I asked for Madame la Comtesse first, and when she was denied, boldly demanded to see her daughter. The astonished porter assured me—and I saw a lie in his face—that not one of the family was at home.

I turned away in misery, and by one of those fatalities so common in life, Stockenheim at that moment lounged listlessly up. I bowed stiffly to him, and crossing the street, watched him. He was admitted, and there was now no doubt.

That day I lay in a festival state. For hours I was unconscious. I was afterwards told the doctor had come and pronounced me in danger I knew it well myself. I felt so powerless, so down-stricken, that I could not hope to survive.

Towards night, however, I recovered a little. I became conscious. But I lay without a movement, with one hand stretched upon the counterpane, cold as ice. The first thing I recognized was something warm beneath this hand. It was the broad muzzle of my dear old dog Cæsar, who had watched beside my bed, fearful to disturb me, and now, by that wonderful instinct which God gives the dog that he may be man's friend, had perceived that I was conscious, and quietly assured me thus of his presence and his love.

I tried to speak, and in low, gurgling sounds I bade my valet be kind to poor Cæsar.

'I am dying, Karl,' I said. 'I know I cannot live over to-night. You have been a faithful servant, and to you I leave all that belongs to me in the way of personal property. In return, you must take care of the dog. Never leave him; promise me you will not. And when I am gone—you must write home and tell them all.'

I could say no more, for I felt death was stealing fast upon me.

The man bent over me, and wept like a child amid his promises.

Then came the awful thoughts of death. From what a life of careless worldliness was I passing into eternity. I had been gay, indifferent and thoughtless. I had lived for the world, and with it. How many a vice or sin which I had once thought trival, now reproached me with its glaring wickedness; and as eternity seemed to open upon me, and the awful judgment threatened, how vain, did all my life seem. Even that treasure, that one thought to which I had now long devoted my whole heart and soul, was a trifle, a folly, a vanity before God, and that awful awakening. I was too weak to pray—I could only dread—and gradually my thoughts grew dimmer. Memory passed. I felt that life was going from me. It was dreadful. I struggled to keep it. I drew a long breath. It was in vain. The breath came quick and thick: I felt it growing weaker and weaker. My head, my brain seemed to melt even, and then the last breath rattled up through my throat, and I was—dead.

You ask me what were my sensations in death. I had none. If death be what I suffered, or rather underwent, then the soul must be asleep or unconscious. I know not. I am a Christian and not a Sadducee, and yet that strange experience has a right to have shaken my faith.

What I did feel, however, when feeling returned I will tell you. At first it was a coldness, far surpassing any winter chill that you can imagine; no outer cold, but complete absence of warmth, within as well as without, even in the breath of my nostrils. Still I felt it most in my hands and feet. My next sensation was one of utter powerlessness, and that, too, of will as well as of muscle. I lay,—I was conscious of existence—but there was no thought in my mind, no movement in my body. My heart may have beat, probably it did so, but I knew it not. I scarcely even felt the breath pass through my open mouth, and as much as I did feel was cold and heavy. I say I was conscious; but that was all. I might have been dead; this might have been the grave; I know not. All thought, all memory was gone.

Then, little by little, my feeling grew sharper; I felt the cold more keenly still, and it was frightful agony. Then, too, I felt a strange pain in my stomach, as if it was shrivelled up.

I know not how long I endured this, but it seemed to rouse my dormant will, and as that returned, the use of my other senses returned likewise. My eyes were closed, but I knew that I could see, for I perceived a weight of darkness above the shut lids. Presently, too, I grew aware that there was something in my right hand; and as my senses grew keener, and the agony of cold and weakness became still more unbearable, my will grew stronger, my thoughts returned dimly, though my memory was utterly gone, and I determined to make an effort to move. I had no idea that I was dead, for I had no memory that I had ever been alive; but I was conscious of existence, and instinct, I suppose, prompted self-preservation.

My first attempt was to open my eyes, and in this I at length succeeded; but I saw nothing; all was dark. Only when I had lain for some time, gazing upwards, did I know that there was a space of dark air above, and that I was not shut in close.

My next effort was to feel what was in my hand, whatever it might be, I knew that it was smooth, and somewhat warmer than the icy flesh that held it. Then I strove to raise this arm but in vain. Again and again I tried, till suddenly, with an unexpected jerk, it bounded up, the muscles not being wholly under my will, and as it did so, I felt some hot drops on my face.

It was this that saved me—this, as it were, that awoke me. These drops brought the blood more quickly through my ice-bound veins and thawed me into life. Then I knew, at once, that I held a bottle in my hand, and in my frightful gnawing hunger, instinct guided it to my mouth. I poured half the contents down my throat, and, oh, how fearfully they burned, and yet how completely they restored me.

It was brandy, and my memory returned sufficiently for me to know that it was so. Yet I gressed nothing from that; my mind could not do more than perceive. I was too powerless to draw an inference.

But now the pain was lessened, my blood was warmed, I felt that my heart beat; I was conscious that I was alive. And now, too, though I was still unable to move, I could feel that I was shut up in some narrow casing. My feet touched something upright below them. My arms were laid close to my side, and my fingers and elbows found something upright and wooden on each side. I was frightfully cramped, and this was a new pain, and a source, too, of a vague fear. I felt my strength returning, and longed to be free. Yet I could not move. I felt as rather imprisoned, and this feeling was almost worse than the rest.

I raised my arm again with an effort, and swallowed some more brandy. Then my sight became clearer, and I discovered a dim grey light, as of the morning twilight, stealing upon the darkness.

Presently I could move my arms. I passed them about my body, and felt a number of brass buttons and the smooth cloth of a coat, and the smoother satin of a large embroidered vest. This taught me nothing. I thought it quite natural, but that was all; I remembered nothing at all.

Then I tried to pass my arms over the wooden casing that held me, and when I had succeeded in doing so, I found something crisp and flimsy, which reminded me of muslin, and something limp and smooth, which my returning memory told me was ribbon.

I asked myself what all this meant—whether I was alive or dead, dreaming or awake. In vain I tried to remember anything about myself; my memory seemed bound up beyond those simple limits. But I could bear it no longer. I made a great effort, and by the aid of my arms raised myself into a sitting posture.

Oh! how dreadful was the scene! I was surrounded by dead bodies in coffins in every direction, and corpses, too, not in a natural state for corpses to be in, but decked in fine clothes, and surrounded with flowers—them flowers, made of crape or muslin, and gay ribbons—corpses in marriage garments.

I knew not what it meant; for some minutes I gazed in simple unconsciousness. Next to me was an old man with white hair, his cheeks sunken in on both sides, his jaw broken down, as it were, from his face; and he was in blue and red uniform of a general, and a star—mockery!—upon his breast, and around his coffin, roses and tulips