St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume [illegible] — Saint John, New-Brunswick, Friday, November 3, 1854. — Number [illegible]

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE [illegible]

[illegible]

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.

☞ V. B. PALMER, [illegible] and Chestnut streets."

Mutual Insurance Company.

Joseph Fairweather, Esquire, President.
J. W. Lawrence, Zebedee Ring, } Directors.
S. L. Tilley, S. K. Foster, }
J. M. Robinson, Esquire, Solicitor.
Isaac Woodward, Esquire, Secretary.
Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary North Market Wharf.

Provincial Insurance Company,
TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
For Marine and Fire Risks.
ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:
LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
Charles McLauchlan, }
George Thomas, } Esquires.
Thomas Beer, R. N. }
I. WOODWARD, Agent.
Office—Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street, over the Telegraph Office. Aug. 19.

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,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

WM. SLEETH,
MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS, TABLETS AND Architectural Ornaments, IN MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.
may 1 Duke Street, St. John, N. B

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE HOTEL, Post Office Building, State Street, Boston.
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MERRITT'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.

We have obtained the Victory.

KENNAY & SCRIBNER,
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 O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuss legs, and circular bottom,	55	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-3 Octave to A above.
N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.
Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!
1854.
Per steamer "Arabia" the Subscriber has received from London a supply of the following SEEDS warranted fresh and true to their kinds:
BEET—Long Blood and early Turnip;
CARROT—Long Orange, Early Horn, White and Yellow Belgian, Long Surrey Altringham;
CABBAGE—Early York, Drumhead, Large Battersea, Green Globe Savoy, Morning Star, King of Cabbages;
CELERY—White Solid;
CUCUMBER—Early Frame, Long Prickley;
CRESS—Double Curled;
LETTUCE—Drumhead, Victoria Cabbage, White [illegible];
NASTURTIUM—Red, Crimson and Yellow;
RADISH—Long Salmon, Short Top, Turnip;
TURNIP—Swedish, Laing's Swede, White Flat [illegible], Early Stubble, White Globe;
[illegible] FLOWER SEEDS.
May 13, 1854. W. O. SMITH.

TO ARRIVE
Per Lisbon and Barbara from London—
600 KEGS Brandram's No. 1, White LEAD; [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] CLOVES;
[illegible] SENNA;
[illegible] GLUE;
[illegible] Mustard;
[illegible] Gold Leaf.
[illegible] Hemp and Canary SEED.
S. L. TILLEY

LEECHES.—1 Case superior LEECHES.
May 12. S. L. TILLEY.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON Fire and Life Insurance Company.
Established in 1836.
Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.
Capital, Two Millions Sterling.
Unlimited liability of the stockholders of the Company.
Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000.
Instalments called in, £197,197 10 0
Accumulated funds, 346,972 4 0
£544,169 14 0

THE 18th annual General Meeting of the proprietary was held at Liverpool on the 10th Feb'y last, when the following Report of the business of the Company during the past year was submitted:—

"The income of the Fire Insurance Department [illegible]

	1852.	1853.
Receipts,	£99,654	£112,812
Losses,	59,091	42,046
Profits,	£39,563	£70,766

These results show, notwithstanding the very numerous and destructive fires that have occurred both in this country and especially in America, that great caution has been exercised in taking risks, on the part of those on whose judgement the Directors must necessarily in a great measure rely. The reserved fund now amounts to £143,712.

The Officers for the current year at Liverpool are:

TRUSTEES:
Sir Thomas Bernard Birch, Bart., M. P.
Adam Hodgson, Esq., S. H. Thompson, Esq.

DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL:
T. Brocklebank, Esquire, Chairman.
Francis Haywood, Esq. }
Joseph C. Ewart, Esq. } Deputy Chairmen.

Thomas Booth, Esq.	Harold Littledale, Esq
Francis C. Braun, Esq.	William Lowe, "
William Earle, Esq.	Alex. McGregor, "
George Grant, Esq.	John Marriott, "
Francis A. Hamilton, Esq.	Thomas Sellar, "
Thomas Haigh, Esq.	Charles Saunders, "
Robert Higgin, Esq.	John Swainson, "
Jas. Aspinall Tobin, Esq.	George Holt, "
Geo. H. Lawrence, Esq.	Hugh Hornby, "

Swinton Boult, Esq., Secretary.

The Agents at St. John, N. B. beg the attention of Parties desirous of effecting Insurance against Fire on their property, to the position of the Company, as shewn from the foregoing extract from the annual report, and to the important fact that every Shareholder of the Company is liable to the extent of his means for claims on the Company.

EDWARD ALLISON, } Agents,
ADAM JACK, } St. John, N. B.
August 18, 1854.

S. K. Foster's
HOME MANUFACTURES,
For Spring and Summer Trade.

GENTLEMEN'S best Walking BOOTS—English Leather;
Boys' Calf and Kip BOOTS;
Youths' Calf, Kip, and Grain BOOTS;
Gentlemen's Patent Wellington Dress BOOTS
Gentlemen's Elastic Side Walking Boots;
Gentlemen's Patent Calf Elastic Side Dress BOOTS;
Boys' and Youths' Patent Elastic Side Boots;
Boys' and Youths' Calf, Kip, Patent and Grain BOOTTEES;
Gentlemen's Calf, Patent, Kip and Grain Bootees;
Misses' and Children's Patent and Fancy Boots and Socks;
Women's and Girls' Strong BUSKINS;
Women's Cheap House SLIPPERS,
Wholesale and Retail.
April 7. S. K. FOSTER

Dedicated by Special Authority to the Queen of England.
In Parts at 1s. 3d., and Divisions, handsomely bound in Morocco cloth, gilt, 9 4-2
The British Colonies,
THEIR HISTORY, EXTENT, CONDITION, AND RESOURCES:
Illustrated with Maps of each possession, and Portraits of the most celebrated Promoters and Defenders of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.

Adapted for the use of Statesmen, Merchants, Manufacturers, and intending Emigrants, containing the best authenticated statements relating to the geography, geology, climate, animal and vegetable kingdoms, character, customs and social state, religion, education and crime; agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries; the most recent official details concerning the population, government, taxation, and expenditure, imports and exports customs duties shipping, defences, staple products, live stock, cultivated and waste lands, banks, coins, paper money, weights and measures, wages, &c., with a copious Colonial Gazetteer, and every description of useful and interesting information.

BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, ESQ.,
Editor of "The Illustrated Atlas, and Modern History of the World."

It has been deemed that full and correct information concerning the Extent, Condition, and Resources of the British Colonies would be acceptable to all classes of the community, and strengthen the natural ties arising from Kindred Common Origin and Language.

Published by John Tallis 160 London. Office in St. John over Kemp & Adams's Market Square.
ROGER HUNTER, Agent.
Saint John, April 21, 1854.

Geneva, Ale, Barley, &c.
Landing from the ships "Barbara" and "Lisbon" from London:—
20 HHDS. fine Pale GENEVA;
50 Brls. Stout PORTER, "I. W. Bridges & Sons;"
50 brls. East India Pale ALE, "Herberts;"
2 cases best Bengal Indigo; 4 cases No. 1 Starch;
30 kegs E. and S. F. MUSTARD;
20 do. best Ground Ginger;
1 case Servants' Friend; 1 cask Nutmegs;
2 cases Liquorice JUICE;
5 casks Pickles, }
4 do. Sauces, } "Crosse & Blacks.
Ex "Selecta from Glasgow:
2 Puns. Campbelton WHISKY;
10 hhds. } Fine Pale GENEVA;
10 qr. casks }
20 matts Wine Bottles; 10 bales bottle Corks;
25 barrels fine Pot BARLEY;
5 bales Wrapping PAPER;
75 boxes Tobacco Pipes, } very superior;
25 [illegible]
10 [illegible] Blue Vitriol;
1 [illegible] Copperas; 2 brls. Cream Tartar.
For sale by ROBERT ARMSTRONG,
July 7. No. 7, Dock-street.

Intelligence Office.
MR. CROWLEY'S SCHOOL and INTELLIGENCE OFFICE having been closed a few weeks on account of the Cholera, will be re-opened on the 7th inst. for business.
Persons interested may apply immediately at his old stand, Princess-st. Sept. 7.

May, 1854.
NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE.
[illegible]
H. HUNTER
HAVING [illegible]

The stock in part consists of—
BROADCLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Beaver Cloths, Alpacas, Moleskins, Homespuns, Tweeds, Cashmeres, &c. &c.
VESTINGS—A rich and splendid assortment, in various patterns.
The Ready-Made Department comprises COATS, VESTS, PANTS, in every description of material in use, and of all qualities and prices, Cut in the most fashionable styles, and made up on the premises by the best Workmen the city can supply.
OVERALLS, Oil Clothing.
☞ To the FURNISHING Department particular attention is invited, as it comprises a very general assortment of Shirts, Collars, Shirt Fronts, Neck Ties, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Gents' and Ladies' Carpet Bags, Trunks, Umbrellas, Hats, Caps, &c.
☞ Gents who would prefer selecting the Cloth and leaving their orders, can have their garments made in the most fashionable style, by the best of workmen, and the shortest notice.
No second price—all Goods marked in plain figures.
☞ Please observe that it is the *Brick Building* you go into.
May 12, 1854. H. HUNTER.

NEW GOODS.
Just received per Ship "Aquatic," and now in course of opening—
LADIES superior Black Cloth BOOTS;
Ladies Spring lustey Merino Walking Boots
Ladies White and Black Satin Slippers;
Ladies Bronze Kid Slippers;
Ladies Black and Bronze "Schottishe" SHOES;
Ladies Enamelled Exhibition Slippers;
Misses Bronze and Black Kid Slippers;
Misses Enamelled Exhibition Slippers;
Misses white and black Satin Slippers;
Misses Cashmere and Prunella Boots;
Ladies Bronze Kid Polka Boots;
Children's Bronze Kid Shoes;
Children's Boots and Shoes, in great variety;
Gentlemen's Patent Dancing Boots;
Youths' Patent Dancing Pumps;
Boys' Patent Dancing Pumps;
Boys and Youth's Patent Elastic Side Boots.

DOMESTIC WORKS.
The Subscriber would call especial attention to his Gentlemen's Dress BOOTS, City make; also to his Men's Boys' and Youths' BOOTTEES, of every sort required for Town or Country wear Women's and Girl's House SLIPPERS; Children's Boots and Shoes, of various styles.
For sale wholesale and retail.
February, 1854. S. K. FOSTER.

JOHN HARRY,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks, Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish challenges competition.
JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.
—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.
Traders, Pedlers, and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

Carding Machine for Sale.
THE Subscriber offers for sale his Carding Machine, which is in the best of order, and is now in operation at Wiggins' Carding Establishment at the Grand Lake.
Also, 15 acres excellent Tillage LAND, with a good Frame Dwelling HOUSE, and other Buildings belonging to the establishment. The water privilege is second to none in the County.
STEPHEN S. WIGGINS.
Grand Lake, (Q. C.) June, 1854.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber having taken out a License as an AUCTIONEER for KING'S COUNTY, takes this method to inform the Public that anything intrusted to his care will receive the best attention, with moderate Terms. J. D. MABEE.
Hampton Village, K. C., Sept. 29, 1854.

BURNING FLUID.—5 brls. superior ex 'Themis,' from Boston.
March 24. W. O. SMITH.

Ship for Sale.
THE HULL and Spars of a new Ship now on the Stocks at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, of the following dimensions, viz.:
Length of Keel, 121 feet;
Breadth of Beam, 28 "
Depth of Hold, 13 "
Can be launched early in September—will be sold on accomodating terms. Apply to
G. M. BURNS.

German Toys.
On Consignment.
THE Subscriber has just received 6 Cases of GERMAN TOYS, which he will Sell by the CASE at a very small advance.
Ladies' Frizzettes, Braids, Ringlets, &c. &c.
August 4. [Courier] WM. MAJOR.

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.

ON HAND—A Full Supply of
BALM 1000 Flowers; Morrison's PILLS;
Holloway's PILLS and OINTMENT;
Locock's PULMONIC WAFERS;
Redding's RUSSIA SALVE;
Cockle's Anti-Bilious PILLS;
Lyon's KATHAIRON;
Barry's TRICOPHEROUS;
Buchan's Hungarian BALSAM;
Stohn's Elixir of Health;
And all the new proprietory MEDICINES, with a superior assortment of fine French, English and German CHEMICALS, Glass Ware, Drugs, [illegible] OILS, &c. &c. Warranted pure and [illegible].
July 21. FELLOWS & CO.

[illegible] Barrels Northern Clover SEED.—For Sale by G. M. BURNS.
April 14. South-Market-wharf.

BURNING FLUID.—Per schr. Boston, from Boston, a few barrels superior Burning FLUID.
November 11. S. L. TILLEY.

MORRISON'S PILLS.—Just received and for sale by oct. 28. FELLOWS & CO.

Poetry.

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

Within a fragrant bower side
A Maiden—young and fair;
Unscathed by the hand of fate—
Untouched by grief or care.
Her life had been a summer dream;
Not here the transient sunny gleam
Upon an April day;
Her skies serene were ne'er o'ercast,
And Time but smiled on her, and passed
Upon his gloomy way.

A Young man came to woo the maid,
She was so passing fair
And yet his heart was sore afraid
To find another there!
But still he hasten'd to her side,
And murmur'd, "Wilt thou be my bride?
My name, fair maid, is Love."
The Maiden raised her eye of blue,
Her cheeks had lost their richest hue,
Yet she did not reprove.

And hoarsely then the rival said,
As leaning on his staff,
"I also love thee, pretty maid;
(The Maiden turn'd to laugh!)
"I do not come thy hand to sue,
"As younger, gayer gallants do,
"I come thy love to buy;
"I cannot boast of youth or health,
"As love might do; my name is Wealth
The Maiden heav'd a sigh!

Young Love had heard that passing sigh;
His heart was thrill'd with joy;
The Old Man heard it, and his eye
Glanc'd coldly on the boy.
Full well he knew the charm of gold;
Full well, that maidens' hearts were sold,
And why should he despair?
Where Love might woo, their Wealth might
And lay at peace his hoary head, [wed,
Upon that bosom fair.

Then Love press'd nearer to her side,
The Old Man stood alone—
Love murmur'd "Wilt thou be my bride.
My Beautiful—mine own?
I'll bear thee to some soft retreat,
Where violets and roses sweet
Shall deck thy virgin bed;
I'll love thee when no longer fair,
Say, Maiden! wilt thou wed?"

The Maiden turned her head aside,
The youth her purport guess'd;
She saw how fiercely Love and Pride
Did struggle in his breast!
But yet no fond endearing word
From out those coral lips was heard;
Her eye of blue glanc'd cold,
Her cheek now pale with anger burn'd,
And as she from the Young Man turn'd,
She smil'd upon the Old!

Wealth laugh'd a strange unearthly laugh,
His smile was cold and grim,
For bitterly did young Love quaff
The cup prepared for him;
Then spake to the Maiden fair,
"I'll deck my love with jewels rare,
And she shall sit in pride
Within my gorgeous hall of state,
While goodly trains of menials wait
Upon the Old Man's Bride!"

Young Love had mark'd how great the spell,
He trembled like a leaf,
And e'en from his proud eye then fell
A single pearl of grief
The Maiden not a word did speak,
But crimson'd was her damask cheek,
As pass'd she to the Old;
Love turned away in haughty pride,
Then sunk upon the earth—and died!
And now my tale is told.

Dublin University Magazine

Miscellany.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

There are some curious incidents on record of sleeping and waking. In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blows over toward him, he becomes gradually narcotised, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher on his face and body. Dr. Oppenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman, thirty years of age, who from long-continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to the abuse of mercury and opium, until at last unable to pursue his business he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his who, whenever anything occurred to distress him soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A fellow student also, at Edinburgh upon hearing suddenly the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed, and almost instantaneously, amidst the glare of noon day, sunk into a profound slumber. Another person, reading aloud to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death bed, fell fast asleep, and, with the book still in his hand went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was uttering. A woman at Hennault slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once for forty days. A man, twenty-five years of age, at Timsbury, near Bath, once slept for a month, and two years after he slept again for seventeen days. Dr. Macnish mentions a woman, who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliotson, who has collected several instances of this sort, quotes the case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered. Herodotus, in "Melpomene," alludes incredulously to a race of the Scythians, or Tartars in the extreme North, who were reported to sleep six months of the year. "Two young gentlemen," says Dr. Graves, "college students, went to bed in perfect health the night previous to their examination; they slept soundly; the elder one rose early in the morning, and left his younger brother in bed still asleep; he remained so for two hours more, having slept altogether for more than ten hours, when he woke in a state of complete insanity." The same author likewise relates the case of a gentleman who fell asleep with his head resting on his hands folded together before him on the table, after dinner. On awakening one arm was paralysed, and remained paralytic to the day of his death, which followed not long afterward. The celebrated General Elliot, Frederick the Great, and John Hunter, seldom slept more than four or five hours in the twenty-four. Dr. Macnish mentions a lady, in perfect health, who never slept more than four or five hours at [illegible]. General Pichegru, according to Sir Gilbert Blane, had only one hour's sleep in the same [illegible] for a whole year. The venerable St. [illegible] [illegible] three parts; [illegible] he devoted to sleep, eight to [illegible] and eight to converse with the world. [illegible] Moivre slept twenty hours out of the twenty-[illegible] Quin, the celebrated player, could at his pleasure slumber twenty-four hours in succession; and Dr. Reid could, when he liked, take as much food and as much sleep as would serve him for a couple of days. Theodosius, falling asleep in the morning watch of his last great battle, saw in his dreams an apparition that assured him of a victory over his desperate foe Eugenius; and the issue of the forthcoming day verified, or coincided with this strange presentiment. The Dauphin, son of the unfortunate Louis XVI, the descendant of the Sovereigns of France and Navarre, shut up in a loathsome cell, with a hole in the wall, through which his scanty rations were thrust, was killed by the want of sleep. His feverish temples were scarcely laid upon his pallet, when a stern voice pealed round the walls—*Capet, ous tu? dors tu?* By a refinement of cruelty of this description, his ductile and confiding spirit, drawn out to the last gasp, silently gave up the ghost, on the 8th of June, in his tenth year, 1795. The famous St. Dominic never reposed except on the floor, or the bare boards, which served him for a bed. St. Bonaventura, one of the first Franciscans, made use of a common stone of some size, instead of a pillow; and St. Peter of Alcantara slept but one hour and a half in the twenty-four hours for forty years together, either kneeling or standing, with his head leaning aside, on a little piece of wood fastened for that purpose in the wall. He usually ate but once in three days; yet he lived to be old though his body was attenuated and weak that it seemed to be composed of the roots of trees, and his skin so parched that it resembled the dry bark of a tree, rather than flesh. People may sleep in all sorts of postures. According to Mr. Wilkinson, the ancient Egyptians, who, as every body knows, shaved their scalps, slept with their heads resting on an iron prong, like that of a pitchfork, welted with something soft. This they did for the sake of keeping their heads cool which they supposed strengthened their wits. The postilion will sleep on horseback, and the sentinel at his post. An entire battalion of infantry have been known to sleep on the march. It is about three or four o'clock in the morning that this propensity to sleep, is most overpowering—the moment seized upon by troops for driving in the evening's outposts, and taking the bivouac by surprise. Maniacs are reported, particularly in the Eastern hemisphere to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorating ray of its polarised light is permitted to fall into their apartment; hence the name of *lunatics.* There certainly is a greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state; for those who pass the night in the Campagna di Roma inevitably become infected with its noxious air, while travellers who go through without stopping escape the miasma. Intense cold induces sleep, and those who perish in the snow sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death.—*Journal of Physchological Medicine.*

THE THIRTEENTH JUROR.

When the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gendarmes, was placed in the dock of the court of assise, there was a general stir amongst the crowd, which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit, not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of state. He had figured at length in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Lepervier had undertaken his defence, M. Tourangin, the attorney-general, was to conduct the prosecution. Now at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be pitted against each other in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard balls. It was a perfect riot of tropes and figures, and a delicious confusion of pariphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defiled before the charmed auditory, and sported, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets passing even that of the Abbe Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the great lady of the last century by her trainbearing page. In this pompous diction—a man became a mortal; a horse a courser; the moon was styled pale Dian. My father and my mother were never called so, but invariably the authors of my being; a dream was a vision; a glass a crystal vase; a knife, a sword; a car a chariot, and a breeze became a whirlwind, all which no doubt tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty. Pierre Granger was a clumsy built fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with foxy hair, a high colour, and small cunning grey eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, where his three children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic halo round their perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to look at him; and his autograph was in considerable request, as soon as it became known that Madame Cesarine Langelot, the lioness of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a ballad by a rhetorician and a problem by the engineer in chief of the department; neither gentlemen, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet prisoner.

When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of stolid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side, whether the wished to exercise the right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to twelve such honourable names; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of Major Vernor. At the sound, a slight murmur was heard amongst the spectators, while MM. Tourangin and Lepervier exchanged a rapid glance, which seemed to say: 'Will not you challenge him?' But neither of them did so: an officer conducted Major Vernor into his appointed place and amid profound silence the indictment was read.

Major Vernor had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family or friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. 'Do I trouble my head about *your* affairs?' he would say. 'Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at day break to-morrow morning with gun, sword, or pistol.' Major Vernor was precisely the very man to keep his word; the few persons who had entered his lodgings reported that his bedroom resembled an armoury, so fully was it furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this, he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havannah. He was tall, excessively thin, bald, and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evenings he used to frequent the public reading rooms of the town; but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his moustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said, "Good night, major." Then the major would stop, fix his grey eye on the speaker, and reply "Good night, monsieur;" but in so [illegible] a tone, that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation.

It was remarked that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was during the remainder of the evening the victim of some strange ill-luck.—He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome glass or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the Major possessed an evil "eye," that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: "He must have said 'good night' to the major."

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, [illegible] habitually silent, seemed usually [illegible] the fare. One day, however, after tasting some bread soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: "How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely [illegible]?"

"Monsieur, no doubt, forgets that this is Good Friday."

"Send me up two mutton chops."

"Impossible, major; there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in town."

"Let me have some fowl."

"That is not to be had either."

"What a set of fools," exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles reeled and rocked, just as if all the wine in their bodies had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter, and said: "Baptiste, go to my lodgings and bring me the inlaid carrabine which hangs over my pillow."

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale when Baptiste returned with a double-barrelled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major cooly examined the locks, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, walked out, followed at a respectable distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel.—Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens; two large ones flew out of a turret just as the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

"*Sacrebleu!*" cried he picking them up, "I'm regularly sold—they're both lean!"

He returned to the hotel, and, according to his express orders, one moiety of the ill-omened booty was dressed in a savoury stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily, that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food.

From that day the major became an object of uneasiness to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared upon the public promenade, every one avoided him; at the theatre, his box was generally occupied by himself alone, and each old woman that met him in the street, invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernor was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation; at first, he used to receive a good many of these, and the perfumed billets served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, and it may be easily understood why the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernor.

The paper of accusation, notwithstanding, drawn up by the attorney-general with a force and particularity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amid profound silence, broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had deliberately settled himself to sleep. The gendarmes tried to rouse him from his unnatural slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half-open his dull brutish eyes.

When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid fiendishness of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire, because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself; as to his children, they were dirty squalling little things—no loss to him or any one else.

It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Tourangin and M. Lepervier both made marvellously elegant speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having so very bad a cause to sustain. Although he knew well that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration, he managed to squeeze from his lachrymal glands a few rare tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine, to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son.

At length the case closed, and the president was going to sum up; but as the heat in court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshment, leave was given to the jury to retire for half an hour, and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve of the jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbert, the Thirteenth lighted a cigar, and reclining in an arm chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched with an envious eye the odoriferous little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

"Would you like to try one?" asked the major, politely offering his cigar case.

"If it would not trespass too much on your kindness."

"By no means. You are heartily welcome."

The juror took a cigar, and lighted it at that of his obliging neighbour.

"Well! how do you like it?" asked the major.

"Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?"

"From the Havannah."

Several jurors now approached, casting longing glances on Major Vernor's cigar case.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given the last one to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honour of accepting some."

At that moment an official came to announce that the court had resumed its sitting; the jury hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar rose, and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking, he fell backwards, and lay senseless on the floor.

The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernor to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the Town Hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger.

Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with one voice, that the wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernor, however, stood up, placed his back against the door and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said slowly: "I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same."

"Sir," replied the foreman, in a severe tone, "you are answerable to your conscience for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult."

"Am I, then, so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the major meekly.

[illegible]

"Just so, Monsieur Cerneau."