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Weekly Chronicle.

VOLUME XX. "COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE." NUMBER 47.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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

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

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

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☞ George W. White, is an authorised Agent for the *Chronicle* at Youngs Cove, Grand Lake.

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

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

We have published the Victory.

KENNAY & SCHWENER,
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
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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.

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.

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

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

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

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Plumber and Gass 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.

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MANUFACTURER OF
Steamboat, Locomotive, Flue, and Cylinder
BOILERS,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
—ALSO—
SHIPS' WATER TANKS, &c., &c., &c.

Britain Street, (near Reed's Point,) Saint John, N.B. Particular attention paid to repairs. November 30, 1855.

HORSE SHOEING.
[Shop one door north of the Country Market]

WILLIAM GARDIEL 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 best possible manner, and in the style that is most suitable to this Country.

January 26, 1854.

JOHN BARRY,
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.

Teachers, 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.

FRESH made BUTTER, and FRESH EGGS, For Sale at JOHN KINNEAR'S
June 6, 1856. Prince Wm. street

MARVELLOUS REMEDY.
For a Marvellous Age.

Holloway's Ointment.

THE GRAND EXTERNAL REMEDY.

By the aid of a microscope, we see millions of little openings on the surface of our bodies. Through these this Ointment, when rubbed on the skin, is carried to any organ or inward part. Diseases of the Kidneys, disorders of the Liver, affections of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Asthmas, Coughs and Colds, are by its means effectually cured. Every housewife knows that salt passes freely through bone or meat of any thickness. This healing Ointment far more readily penetrates through any bone or fleshy part of the living body, curing the most dangerous inward complaints, that cannot be reached by other means

ERYSIPELAS, RHUEMATISM & SCORBUTIC HUMOURS.

No remedy has ever done so much for the cure of diseases of the Skin, whatever form they may assume, as this Ointment. Scurvy, Sore Heads, Scrofula, or Erysipelas, cannot long withstand its influence. The inventor has travelled over many parts of the globe visiting the principal hospitals, dispensing this Ointment, giving advice as to its application, and has thus been the means of restoring countless numbers to health.

SORE LEGS, SORE BREASTS, WOUNDS & ULCERS!

Some of the most scientific surgeons now rely solely on the use of this wonderful Ointment when having to cope with the worse case of sores sores, wounds, ulcers, glandular swellings, and, tumours. Professor Holloway has dispatched to the East, large shipments of this Ointment, to be used in the worst cases of wounds. It will cure any ulcer, glandular swelling, stiffness of contraction of the joints, even of 20 years' standing.

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These and other similar distressing complaints can be effectually cured if the Ointment be well rubbed in over the parts affected, and by otherwise following the printed direction around each pot.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:

Bad Legs	Chapped hands	Piles
Bad Breasts	Corns (Soft)	Rheumatism
Burns	Cancers	Scalds
Bunions	Contracted and	Sore Nipples
Bite of Moschetoes and Sand-Flies	Stiff Joints	Sore-throats
	Elephantiasis	Sore-heads
	Fistulas	Skin-diseases
Coco-bay	Gout	Scurvy
Chiego-foot	Glandular Swelling	Tumours
Chilblains	Lumbago	Ulcers
		Wounds
		Yaws

Sold at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London and 80, Maiden Lane, New York, also by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilized World, and in all parts of Canada, at the following prices:—1s. 3d.; 3s. 3d. and 5s. sterling, each Pot.

☞ 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.

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Sunbury Cotton and Woollen
FACTORY.

THE Subscriber respectfully announces to the inhabitants of this Province, that at a vast expense he has established an extensive POWER LOOM WEAVING ESTABLISHMENT, for the manufacture of COTTON AND WOOLLEN CLOTHS, suitable for Domestic Wear.

To parties furnishing the Woollen Yarn, white warp and weaving, twilled or plain, 7d pr yard.

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Ladies' Plaid Dresses, made to pattern, with warp and weaving, 9d pr yard.

If ALL wool, twilled or plain, 50 yards and upwards, 4d pr yard. If under 50 yards, 4d 1-2d. Plaidded ditto, 5d 1-2.

AGENTS.

Seeley & Beckwith, *Oromocto*;
J. & J. Hegan, *Saint John*;
Lauchlan McLean, *Fredericton*,
M. Muldoon, *Nerepis*;
George Kingston, South Branch Oromocto;
John Watson, *Run Gunnish.*

JOSEPH KINGSTON,
ROCKWELL FACTORY—NEAR THE OROMOCTO.
October, 1855.

FELLOWS & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Druggists,
GERMAIN STREET,
Opposite lower end of Country Market,

Manufacture, in addition to their popular remedies, CONFECTIONERY in every variety, viz. LOZENGES, CANDIES, DROPS, and PANWORK, all of which they warrant as being perfectly pure in every respect, containing no poisonous colours, and which will be sold as low as can be imported.

HARRIS & ALLAN over grateful for past favours beg leave to announce to their friends and the public, that they have lately fitted up a Steam Hammer and Scrap FORGE, for the purpose of converting Malleable Scrap into all kinds of dimension IRON; Shafts up to ten inches in diameter, Flat, Square, and Round Bars; Screw Keeks, &c. &c., it being an established fact that no description of dimension iron is equal to that manufactured from Scrap, and they beg to call the attention of a discerning public to the above facts.

☞ The highest prices given for Malleable Scrap Iron. Feb. 29, 1856.

Spring Hats.

RECEIVED per ADELAIDE—2 cases *Spring Fashion* Gent's best SATIN HATS. For Sale by DAVID H. HALL,
March 28, 1856. 41, King-street.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
Established in 1836—Empowered by Special Acts of Parliament.

CHIEF OFFICE—37, Castle Street, Liverpool, 20 & 21 Poultry, London.

THOMAS BROCKLEBANK, Esq., *Chairman*; J. C. EWART, Esq., M. P., and F. HAYWOOD, Esq., *Deputy Chairmen*; SWINTON BOULT, Esq. *Secretary.*

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Europe—Manchester, Hamburgh, Lisbon, Stockholm. *United States*—New York, New Orleans, Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, San Francisco. *British America*—Montreal, Halifax, N. S., Saint John, N. B., Saint Johns, N. F. *South America*—Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, Demerara. *Australia*—Sydney, Victoria, Adelaide, Swan River. *New Zealand*—Lyttleton, Wellington, Auckland. *Tasmania*—Hobart Town, Launcester. *East Indies*—Bombay, Calcutta, Ceylon, Madras, Manilla. *China*.—Canton, Hong Kong, Shanghai.

Capital, Two Millions Sterling.
Paid up Resources, £749,251 15 8, Sterling.
CONSTITUTION—UNLIMITED LIABILITY.
Fire Premiums Received in 1855, £196,271 16 11, Sterling

Business—Insurance against Loss or damage by FIRE, on every description of Property.

Losses paid promptly on proof of claim.

NEW BRUNSWICK BRANCH: OFFICE—98, Prince William Street, St. John.
(No Charge for Policy.)
April 25. EDWARD ALLISON, *Agent.*

Saint John & Liverpool
Line of Packet Ships,
1856,
Appointed to Sail from Liverpool as under.

Ships.	Capt's.	Tonnage.	To Sail.
Eudocia,	Spurr,	1015	5th March.
John Bartmer,	Marshall,	990	20th do.
Middleton,	Cooper,	996	5th April.
John Duncan,	Kenny,	921	20th do.
Imperial,	Moran,	1279	5th May.
Peter Maxwell,	Sadler	1058	5th June.
John Owens,	Doane,	1236	5th July.

These Ships are built of the best materials, sail remarkably fast, classed A 1 at Lloyds and coppered, and will be despatched punctually on the day appointed.

They are commanded by men of the greatest perseverance and nautical skill, and no expense or exertion will be spared to make this line efficient in every respect for the safe and speedy conveyance of goods and passengers.

Orders for Shipment of goods by this Line are respectfully solicited.

For Freight or Passage apply in Liverpool to Messrs. FERNIE BROTHERS, & Co., Walmer Buildings, Water Street, or here to

J. & R. REED.

S. K. FOSTER'S
Ladies Fashionable Shoe Store.
Foster's Corner Germain Street.

ENGLISH SHOES,
Received per recent Packet Ships and last Liverpool Steamer—

A Large variety of Ladies's, Misses' and Children's BOOTS and SHOES of the very finest Warranted qualities.

A General Assortment of
Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Cheap Boots and SHOES.

FRENCH SHOES:
Received direct from Paris, beautiful variety of Ladies' Satin and Kid SHOES of the present Paris Styles.

DOMESTIC SHOES, &c.
Gents' Calf, Morrocco and Patent Oxonions;
Gents' Morrocco, Calf and Patent Bluchers;
Gents' very superior Elastic side Boots;
Boys', Youths' and Children's Boots and Shoes;
Childrens' Fancy Boots and Shoes in great variety.

RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES.
Mens', Womens', Girls', Boys' and Children's LONG RUBBER BOOTS,
Lace Boots and SHOES in every Style.
March 28th. S. K. FOSTER.

Valuable Farms for Sale.—The Subscriber offers for Sale, Lot No. 6, at Salmon Creek, Johnston Parish, Q. C., containing 100 acres. The lot is most valuable for WOOD of almost every description, including Maple, Birch, Spruce, White Pine, etc. It is situated within a mile and a half of Green's Cove, where a wood-boat may load at any time while the navigation is open. The Post road to Judge Perry's landing runs across the front of the property. Persons wishing to view the place will please apply to Mr. Robert Strong, living in the vicinity.

Also, a Lot of Land, containing 200 acres, situated on the English settlement, head of Washademoak Lake, thirty to forty acres of which are cleared, ten acres having been ploughed. It has on it a good Frame Barn, in the vicinity there are Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches, several Schools, a Saw Mill, Grist Mill, Oat Mill, and a Carding Machine.

The post road runs through the property, and it is well timbered. There is a Stream by which a Mill may be driven. There is likewise between fifteen and twenty acres of interval not cleared. Mr. Richard Pearson, on the adjoining property may be applied to by persons who may desire to see the premises. Apply to W. H. ADAMS, or to
(Sept 23) JOHN HALL, *Saint John.*

New Stock for Spring, 1856.
Just received at the New Paper Store:—

3000 ROLLS of PAPER HANGINGS by the steamer Adelaide direct from the manufacturer. For sale cheap for cash.
GEORGE NIXON,
March 14. 164, Prince William-street

NEWCASTLE COALS.—Parties requiring to import the above article in any quantity can have information with regard to it by applying to
JOHN KINNEAR,
Feb. 8. Prince Wm. street.

NEW BOOKS.—New York Journal, January; Harper, do.; Peterson and National, do;
With an immense assortment of other late publications, Newspapers, &c.
January 4. B. O'BRIEN.

PUTTY, FIRE PROOF PAINT, &c.—Landing and for Sale:—1½ Tons PUTTY;
5 Brls. Fire Proof PAINTS;
10 casks Pine OIL;
1 case NUTMEGS, RICE, BARLEY, &c.
JOHN KINNEAR,
November 16. Prince Wm. street

HOLLOWAYS PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Robert's Poor Man's Friend; do. anti Scorbutic Pills; Morrison's Pills; Locock's Pulmonic Wafers; Cockle's Antibilious Pills; and many other English Remedies. Sold by
Feb. 18 FELLOWS & CO

Poetry.

THE LAKE.

I dream of a lake by the morning kissed,
And wreathed in the folds of its rosy mist,
Where mountains watch like enchanted kings,
Over a treasure of beautiful things.

For that lake is the home of everything fair,
That lives by the breath of the boundless air;
Bright flowers, and birds, and epicure bees,
And shells flung up by the prodigal seas.

Yet no one can tell, and none ever knew,
By what magical charm that fair lake grew;
But river and ocean seemed both combined
To shape the dream of a perfect mind.

There are beaches that lie, like Danae, bare
To the amorous breath of the golden air;
And the lawny marges, and river-like banks,
Are edged by the lotus of Indian tanks.

The water-lily lies out, asleep,
Moored like a bark on the ripling deep;
While the beacon fire of its central gold
Burns all night in its chalice cold.

And under its flat leaves the dolphin glides,
And the flying fish leap from the land-locked tides,
And leviathan spouts up a watery skein,
That falls on the meadows again like rain.

The voilets nestle in shady nooks,
Content with the joy of their own sweet looks,
And fiery flowers of Indian birth
Run, like streams of lava, over the earth.

Rich buds, deep-dyed in the tropic noons,
Hang round the trees in thick festoons,
Or trail o'er the sward, as the burning wake
Left in the flight of a fiery snake.

There the cactus opens its crimson mouth,
And gasps for the sultry sun of the south,
And orchards, like doves that thirst for the springs
Float in the air on their voilet wings.

The scarlet lychinis lights its lamp,
Like the watch-fire of some forsaken camp,
Smouldering deep in the matted grass,
Where the toad and the snake and the viper pass.

The white dog-rose illumes the woods
As the moon her imperial solitudes;
And the mountains are moist with a thousand rills
Fresh from the heart of the adamant hills.

By beach and tide, over lake and stream,
A spirit floats like a day-light dream;
It talks with the waves, and woos the trees,
And opens its heart to the evening breeze.

The pulse of ocean, the leafy thrill,
The song of the pine on the windy hill;
The breath of roses, the pipe of birds,
The spirit speaks with, as with birds.

For the soul of a poet is sheltered here,
Wrapped in the joy of a perfect sphere;
And all the beauty he loved and prized,
Is here ineffably realized.

So Shelley outlawed by dogmatists
From the orthodox Heaven for them exists,
In this fairy realm has built his throne,
And made a Paradise of his own.

Miscellany.

THE BUFFALO HUNT,

—OR—

LIFE IN THE EAST INDIES!

A THRILLING STORY.

BY WM. H. THOMAS.

Not many miles from the city of Manilla, up the river Pasig, in a northerly direction, past the town of Santa Messa, where but two or three huts and and a large cordage factory give any tokens that the place is inhabited, is a small lake—or pond, we should call it—which emptys into the above river, and takes its source from small streams which trickle slowly down the sides of a long chain of mountains, and forcing their way throu' rich meadows, fields of sugar cane, cool mango trees, and the luxurious banana, giving life and vitality to all, empties into the lake after their toilsome journey, and again sustains thousands of living animals who throng to the banks of the pond to quench their thirst during the noonday heat.

The vegetation around the lake is of the rankest kind, and is rarely penetrated by Europeans, who dread the poisonous serpent and the huge boa constrictor, which coils its folds amid the branches of the *dererter*, or some other tree of thick foliage, and waits hour after hour for its victim.

Woe to the man or beast that passes near it if hungry. A flash of lightning is not more swift than the uncoiling of the animal's tail, and without warning life is crushed out against the trunk some substantial tree, and the body slowly devoured—nothing being left to give evidence of the victim's fate.

It rarely happens that an Actis, or half-cast, can be prevailed upon to accompany travellers to the spot, for they have a strange tradition, that a man who looks upon the waters of the lake and escapes unharmed, possesses a charm from the devil, and fear of losing caste with the priest or their companions is a great drawback upon Europeans obtaining a guide, and without one no white man would think of venturing.

After once reaching the banks of the lake, however, a sportsman is amply repaid for all his trouble. Game is abundant and of the most varied description. Deer, tigers, with striped coats that glisten in the sun; alligators, of mammoth proportions and with scales that defy the rifle bullet; serpents of beautiful hues; foxes, and other small game that are too common to mention.

But of all the animals that visit the lake, and one that takes precedence over all others, is the wild buffalo. Massive and powerful, with horns nearly four feet long, which are nearly straight, but instead of protruding like our cattle, lie almost flat along the animal's back. Short-necked, with hides that are nearly as tough as an elephant's, they offer a game shot for a sportsman, although at the same time a dangerous one; as they seldom are taken unless in company of half a dozen, and as each will rush to the rescue of a comrade and battle manfully in behalf of a wounded friend, it is seldom that a European cares about meddling with them.

It is also a singular fancy the buffalo possesses, of not looking upon a white man with any friendly feeling, while a native can pass a wild one without exciting any particular manifestations of ill will; let them but get a glimpse of a European and they are all fight in an instant. I have seen that feeling manifested even in the streets of Manilla, when the brutes are docilely dragging a cart, and after one had supposed all passion had been entirely beaten from their bodies.

A young friend of mine, an American, residing at Santa Mesa, among other wild freaks for entertaining me during a visit at this place, proposed an excursion to the lake for the purpose of having a "little quiet shooting," as he expressed it. He had been there but once, and painted in delightful colors the pleasure of knocking over tigers, buffaloes, and other game; but he mostly kept back the danger there was of one getting knocked over instead, and the almost certainty that existed of being strangled by an enormous serpent, or at least bitten by a poisonous one not larger than one's finger. O, no. Allen took good care to say nothing to me of all these, and when I innocently asked if there was not some danger in penetrating to a haunt rarely disturbed by the sound of the rifle, or the footstep of a man, he laughed and asked me if I thought he wanted to kill me.

In fact he reasoned so well and so sagely, that, foolish mortal that I was, I actually consented to be one of the party to accompany him, whenever he should feel disposed to undertake the trip.

"Then why not start to-morrow morning?" Allen asked.

'But our companions?' I inquired.

'You and I are enough,' he replied coolly.

'Yes, if we were going on a deer hunt, but not to the lake. I prefer more company,' I replied.

Allen thought for a moment before he spoke. At last a bright idea seemed to strike him.

'I have it,' he cried. 'We will ride over to Don Arturo's this evening and invite him to go. He is fond of hunting and the trip will delight him.'

'I have my doubts on the subject,' I answered, for I well remembered the Don's boastful valor when the danger was distant, and the tremor that shook his heart when the reality was present.

But I made no strenous objections to his going, because I knew he would be a companion in my fears, and I had many.

We both were silent for a few moments; I thinking of the rashness of my promise, while my friend was mediating, very probably, upon the shortest way of reaching the lake.

Suddenly Allen burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, that lasted for some minutes. I looked at him in astonishment. I thought he had detected my fears against going, and was indulging in merriment at my expense. I felt indignant.

'I don't see anything to laugh at,' I said at length.

'Don't you?' he cried throwing himself beneath the shade of a huge mango tree, and lighting a sheroot, while he invited me to do likewise. "Thoughts of past events came over me, and memory was awakened to the time when we three stood upon a raft for the purpose of hunting alligators, and the scaly brutes turned the tables by hunting us off the lake. Do you remember the old Don, with his quaking knees and quickly muttered prayers?'

'Yes, I remember the event well." I answered, smiling at the picture which he had drawn; and then the smile was checked, for I recollected the fate of one of the natives who accompanied us on that day, and I shuddered with horror as his dying scene was again presented to my mind.

'Do you recollect the fate of one of the poor boatmen who was thrown from the raft?' I asked after a moment's hesitation, waiting for his face to become serious.

'Let me see—the alligators made a meal of him, did they not?' Allen inquired as he cooly puffed his cigar.

'For shame Allen,' I cried warmly; 'you know as well as I do that he perished in that way. It is impossible that you have forgotten his horrible fate already.'

'My dear boy,' he answered as the smoke of the sheroot curled around his head, and his eyes were bent upon the wreaths which it formed, 'had you or I fallen into the water there is not a native connected with this factory but would have rejoiced at the accident, and hardly one would extend a hand to assist us if we were perishing. Now my principle is to show compassion to those who show a like feeling for me. The idea is wrong, I admit, but it would give the natives too great an opinion of their worth were we to recollect them a day after their death.'

'Then why not try and teach them some feeling of gratitude for acts of kindness rendered?' I asked.

Allen smiled as he pointed across the river and said:

'Do you see yonder church, with its white-washed walls peering amid the green leaves?'

'Yes.'

'Then go and ask the occupant of the church, not me, why such ideas are not instilled into the minds of their pupils.'

'But surely the priests do—'

'Nothing but exhort money for petty sins, and receive their share for larger crimes. Know you not that the natives are taught to look upon us as the worst of sinners, and that the man who kills a heretic is doing a praise worthy action. You can imagine, then, what chance you or I would stand in trying to convince the natives that they were great sinners in showing so much coldness towards those who put bread into their mouths.'

'But about this excursion, Allen,' I said, at length. 'Can we put it off until next week, and then we shall have more to join us—men that we can depend upon?'

'Three are enough. I'll tell the boy to bring the horses from the pasture at once, so that we can start for the Don's after tea.'

'But do you think his wife will allow him to go?'

Allen looked at me for a few moments with a strange smile upon his face, and then burst into a loud fit of laughter.

'You have stopped at his house for weeks and yet you ask that question. I thought you a man of more discernment,' Allen said.

'I don't know what you mean,' I answered after a moment's reflection.

'Truly?'

'Truly.'

'Then allow me to tell you, O! most simple of men, that the pretty wife of Don Arturo hates her husband with a bitter hatred, and would only be too glad to see him brought home a corpse. Do you think that she will refuse her consent now, even if it were necessary?'

'I am astonished at what you tell me. How long has such a feeling existed between them?' I asked.

'And you pretend that you don't know?' and Allen looked at me with a queer expression about his mouth that puzzled me.

'I confess my ignorance.'

'Well then, ever since she took a fancy to a man that is not her husband.'

'You surprise me,' I cried. 'I had no idea that she was false to the Don.'

'She is not false to him as yet, only in her heart.'

'Then why does he live with her?'

'Because, poor fellow, he has not yet made a discovery that took me only a few hours to find out. He imagines that he alone possesses her thoughts, when in fact, her mind is on another.'

'Who is the man that has been enabled to win the love of so beautiful a woman as Donna Teresa?'

'I will tell you some other time.' Allen answered with a laugh, as he threw away his segar and walked towards the factory-bell to tell the watchman to ring a peal for the cessation of work.

At the first stroke of the bell the operatives poured out of the buildings with a rush—jostling each other in their exits, and hastening to their various homes for the purpose of eating their usual meal of rice and salt, and then preparing for their evening festivities.

The two men who emerged from the building last, and whose duty it was to see all the doors and windows were fastened, were detained by Allen, to whom he spoke a few words in their dialect. The men looked at each other in silence, and seemed as though they wished to find confidence enough to say 'no' to some proposition that Allen advanced.

If they intended to refuse, Allen did not give them an opportunity, for he turned away with an air of indifference, as though the matter was all settled.

'What did you say to these men that made them look so gloomy?' I asked.

'O, nothing of any importance. I only told them to get ready a banquo to take us to the lake to-morrow morning, and that they must accompany us.'

'Unwelcome news, if I might judge by their faces.'

'O, they'll go,' replied Allen, and as he led the way towards the house where tea was waiting us, he changed the subject and spoke of other things.

As soon as tea was over, the horses were brought to the door, and off we cantered to Don Arturo's, who lived about five miles from the factory. The sun had set, and a new moon was already high in the heavens, so that there was no fear of our journey home being made in the dark. Yet we did not forget the precaution of carrying a brace of pistols each, for sometimes robberies and even murder had been committed on the road which we were to travel.

Nothing of the kind happened to us, however, and we alighted at the Don's gate after a sharp ride of thirty minutes.

The old gentleman welcomed us heartily, called for coffee and segars, and after we were fairly seated, sent a servant to inform his wife that friends were present.

Donna Teresa entered the room looking as beautiful as ever. Her long black hair was braided and looped up, each side of the temples, with costly diamond broaches, while the comb that confined her tresses on her head was of solid gold, studded with precious stones.

She wore a light evening dress, manufactured from the fibres of pine apple, and as the garment was cut in the most fashionable manner, the white, plump shoulders, and well developed bust, were visible to every eye that chose to gaze upon temptation.

It was the first time I had seen the lady for two weeks, and as I extended my hand, as to an old friend, I felt the soft pressure of her palm, which told plainly the cordiality with which she greeted old acquaintances, while her voice, ever soft and musical murmured:

'It is a long time since my husband's friend has visited us, and I should have thought he had left the island for his happy country, had I not heard about him almost daily as having visited the theatre or riding on the *calsarder*. I trust that during you future stay in Manilla, you will see us more often. Don Arturo ranks you among his friends, and his house is a large one.'

'Business and pleasure have been the cause of my long absence,' I replied; 'and a fear of intruding upon the domestic happiness of yourself and husband was one great objection to my frequent visits."

A smile curled her proud lip, and the rich Spanish blood mounted to her face as she turned away to welcome Allen, whose eyes were fixed upon the lady during her conversation with me.

For nearly two hours did we converse about the affairs of the island—the state of the trade—the rate of exchange, and a few touches of scandall about the German General, who was reported to have fallen in love with Metis, a half cast girl, and as the hour grew late we rose to take our leave.

'O, by the way, Don Aituro, we are going to have a hunt to-morrow. Will you join us? We shall be back before dark,' said Allen, in an off-handed manner, as though the excursion was one of the most common things in the world.

'Where do you go to, and what do you go after?' the Don asked.

'We will take a short sail up the river and pick up any kind of game that comes handy. We can't go without you, so give your consent at once; that is, if your wife can spare you for a few hours.'

Again I observed the proud curl of her lip, but she was silent and motionless, apparently waiting for the answer of her husband.

'I will join you at the factory at fire in the morning,' the Spaniard said.

As he spoke I saw a look of joy mantle the face of the wife, which spoke more than words.

'Good night,' we cried, and in another moment we were mounted on our horses and galloping towards the factory.

'Are you satisfied that the lady has no love for her husband?' asked Allen, as we walked our horses up a steep hill.

'I am not firmly convinced that such is the case,' I replied, after a moments hesitation, for the lady was so very beautiful that I could not think of associating any thing earthly in her desires.

'Her looks are thrown away upon you, and your eyes are of but little use,' Allen said.

'I think that if I should see the lady and the man that she loves together for a short time, I should have no difficulty in reading her sentiments,' I answered.

'I don't think that you could,' my friend replied. "You are not good at reading riddles."

'I know that, but still—"

'We are at the top of the hill, and it's near twelve o'clock. We shall want a few hour's rest