THE BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

PARR'S *Life Pills*, are now established as the *only certain cure* of disease in the world.

Sufficient has already been published to convince any reasonable person of the efficacy of this medicine is unbounded, and every disease will soon vanish from the effects of this popular remedy. Already the proprietors have received and published twenty-six different testimonials; and, having received some hundred letters confirming all the statements published and proving the immense benefit derived by classes by taking *Parr's Life Pills*. Testimonials are received daily, and it would be impossible for a newspaper to publish one half received. The following are selected as people well known in their respective neighbourhoods, and whose testimony is unquestionable. Further sheets of testimonials may be had gratis, of all Agents.

The fame and efficacy of Parr's Life Pills in America.

From the New York Sunday Mercury, Jan. 19, 1844.

We call the attention of the invalid to the Testimonials of cures performed by Parr's Life Pills.—The testimony of such respectable names is a certain guarantee for the truth of the efficacy of this truly excellent medicine.

The number of testimonials of cures by Parr's Life Pills, are crowding upon the proprietors daily, of their unsolicited testimony witnessed by gentlemen of high reputation.

The following testimonial is from one of the most respected and respectable members of the theatrical profession, Mr. T. D. RICE, the original Jim Crow—a gentleman whose high character for worth and integrity as a citizen, places his unsolicited and voluntary attestation of the excellence of the Medicine beyond the shadow of suspicion. This (worth thousands of similar grateful acknowledgments) may be seen at the principal depot, 304 Broadway.

To Mr. T. D. Rice, (the original Jim Crow.)

Messrs. T. Roberts & co. 304 Broadway, N.Y.

Gentlemen—Having in the course of a long and laborious practice of my profession, contracted a hoarseness across the chest, with great prostration of strength, and suffering much from the effects of the fever attached to my peculiar pursuits, while in England, I had resource to your popular Medicine, Parr's Life Pills, from which I received great benefit. Finding a branch of your house in this City, I procured a few boxes of the Medicine, and can sincerely testify to their value & great efficacy, and also to the great character they bear in the old country.

Your obedient servant,
T. D. RICE, 20 Vestry street.

The following Testimonials in favour of Parr's Life Pills, from highly respectable parties, are confidently submitted to the public. This singularly efficacious medicine is now being introduced to every family, and rests its claims for patronage on the most credible authority.

Cure of an old confirmed stomach and liver complaint.—Mr. John Howarth affirms that he has been for many years suffering from a deranged stomach and liver complaint, and although he has had recourse to various remedies, and has been under the care of the most popular surgeons in Manchester, he nothing afforded him the desired relief until he met with Parr's Life Pills, which have already afforded him more benefit than all the other advice and medicine he has been taking for years, and therefore can with the greatest confidence urge any one suffering from the same complaint to give them a trial.

Witness to the truth of the above, Mr. George Dean, Market street, Manchester. Feb. 7, 1843

80, Medlock street, Hulme, Manchester, January 1, 1843.

To the proprietors of Parr's Life Pills.

Gentlemen—For the benefit of the afflicted public I hand you the particulars of a case of cure from the use of your benign medicine. I had for many years been out of health, and suffered much from internal pains in various parts of my body. I tried nearly all kinds of medicines without relief, and consulted the most eminent medical practitioners in Manchester, but my complaint defied their best efforts; at length I despaired of ever recovering, and life became to me burdensome; providentially my attention was directed by my nephew Mr. Higginson, of Salford, to make trial of Parr's Life Pills, which I consented to do, and found considerable relief when I had taken only one box, and I continued their use until this time, and have had about six boxes altogether, and have the happiness to say that I am now restored to perfect health. I have, therefore, the best of reasons for placing implicit faith in the invigorating efficacy of your Parr's Pills, which have of a truth been Life Pills to me. This testimony is at your service, hoping it will tend to cause their use to become even yet more universal, as such a medicine ought to be kept in every family.

I am your grateful servant,
W. Higginson.

[Witnessed by G. Vaughan.]

Chronic Rheumatism of three years' standing.—Christopher Sanders, 43 Bengal street, Oldham road, hereby testifies that he has for three years been grievously afflicted with Rheumatism, and for the last fourteen weeks was unable to follow his employment; hearing from Mr. Wainwright, butcher, that Parr's Pills had cured him of the same complaint, I began to take them, and having done so for three weeks, I am so much better as to be able to resume my work again next Monday, and will persevere in their use a short time longer, to complete my restoration to health. Any one doubting the truth of this case, is invited to call upon me or write (post paid) and I will immediately bear testimony.

Bengal street, Oldham road, Manchester, Feb.

JAMES HILL, of No. 8, Ford lane, Charlestown, Pendleton, near Manchester, who is upwards of 60 years of age, says he was attacked with Inflammation of the chest, which confined him to his bed for a long time in a very debilitated state, with a most distressing cough and spitting; after taking various kinds of medicine without the least relief, he at last commenced taking Parr's Life Pills, and having taken three boxes was completely restored to health, and is now much stronger than he has been for some years, and has recommended them to many persons who have taken them and received the greatest benefit from their use, and is ready at any time to attest the above. Witness, John Watton.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

☞ Beware of Spurious Imitations of the above Medicine. None are genuine unless the words "PARR'S LIFE PILLS" are in *White Letters* on a *Red Ground*, engraved in the Government stamp, passed round each box: also the fac-simile of the signature of the Proprietors, "T. ROBERTS and Co., Crane Court, Fleet-street, London," *who have appointed Mr. JOHN G. SHARP, Chemist, Saint John, Wholesale and Retail Agent for New Brunswick.* Sept. 27.

ORANGES and LEMONS.

Received ex schr. "Satellite"

80 BOXES ORANGES of superior quality.
10 boxes *LEMONS*—For sale by
March 21. J. R. CRANE.

White Beans, Varnish, &c.

Received by the "Eleanor Jane," from Boston, and for sale.

21 BARRELS white *BEANS*;
8 do. bright VARNISH;
18 Leather Trunks; 65 Bake Pans & Covers;
14 Jars Macaboy SNUFF;
15 Reams Wrapping PAPER;
6 doz. bed cords; 12 doz. bottles INK;
20 gross steel Pens; 3 ready Boxes Hyson TEA;
150 Temperance ALMANACKS;
JOHN KINNEAR.
March 28.

Bottled Ale, Lines & Twines.

FIFTY Barrels FALKIRK ALE, in quarts;
45 do. do. in pints—a choice article;
100 dozen Pollock and Cod Lines;
20 dozen Mackerel Lines;
100 dozen seine, salmon, and shad TWINE.
Will be sold low while landing, ex *Nantilus*, from Liverpool.
March 7. JOHN ROBERTSON.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1845.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 9. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 37.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUNANT & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

TERMS—12s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

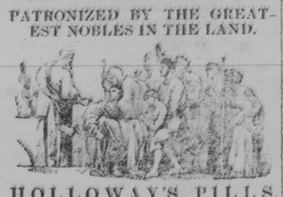
Weekly Almanack.

MAY		H. Sun.	S. Moon	R.	W.
17 Saturday,	- -	4 45	7 15	2 3	7 24
18 Sunday,	- -	4 44	7 16	2 27	8 32
19 Monday,	- -	4 43	7 17	3 2	9 24
19 Tuesday,	- -	4 42	7 18	3 38	10 15
20 Wednesday,	- -	4 41	7 19	Rises	11 5
21 Thursday,	- -	4 40	7 20	8 40	11 49
22 Friday,	- -	4 39	7 21	9 41	even.

Full Moon, 21st day, 11h. 14m. morn.

Health for All!!!

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* MRS. ANN MELISH, *(one of his Tenants.) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to Cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete, I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter. I Rest

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most Honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K. G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY'S Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benign to the tender infant or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency* many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, *viz*, a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthmas,	Inflammation,
Bilious complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the skin,	Liver complaints,
Bowel complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Headache,	

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand, (near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King st., St. John N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 1s 9d, 4s 6d and 7s each.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

May 3, 1844.

Paper Hangings, Printing PAPER.

The Subscriber has just received per Eleanor Jane, from Boston:

A SPLENDID Assortment of *Paper Hangings*;
20 Reams Printing PAPER;
—ALSO—
Expected in a few days from Philadelphia, a very large assortment of the FINEST PAPER HANGINGS. JOHN LEITCH.
March 28.

French and Spanish Leeches.

J. G. SHARP has received from London a supply of fine healthy French and Spanish LEECHES, which will be sold at reduced prices. March 21.

London Eliptic Carriage Springs.

16 PAIRS 32 inch 3 and 4 Plate Superior Improved CARRIAGE SPRINGS. For sale by C. & W. H. ADAMS.
April 25. *No 2, North Market Wharf.*

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.
St. John, November 3, 1843.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. SCOVIL, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

THE HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Elphalet Terry, James H. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Hunnington, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above Company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

Carding Machines.

THE Subscribers offer for sale at their Establishment, Sackville, (Westmorland N. B.) three sets of Woollen *CARDING MACHINES*, complete, which will be sold low.—The Cards are of English manufacture, from Leeds, and machinery warranted to make good work and to give general satisfaction.—Address to

J. MORICE & SON.
Sackville, Westmoreland, N. B.

N. B.—Reference may be made to Messrs. Harris & Allen, or John Bryden, St. John. Dec. 13.

SAM. GARDNER & CO.

Have just received per *Duke of Wellington*, from London—

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

OVER-COATS,

Consisting of Derby, Chesterfield, and Albert Coats, in Diamond and Plain Beaver;

Which together with their present large and well assorted stock of

MADE CLOTHING,

They offer to the Public—*Cheaper than ever.*

January 17, 1844.

More Cheap ROOM PAPERS.

JUST received per steamer from Boston, at the subscriber's corner store, upwards of *Two Thousand Pieces* of **Cheap Room Papers** which he offers for sale at the uncommonly low prices of from 7½d. to 1s. a piece.

S. K. FOSTER.
Ap. 11. Corner King and Germain streets.

REMOVAL.

E. L. JARVIS has removed his place of business to the new Iron Store, Robertson's Buildings, Nelson street.

January 10, 1845.

Long Handle Irish Spades.

36 DOZEN of the above on hand, and for sale cheap.
THOS. R. GORDON,
April 4. Market-square

WOOL CARPETING, 1000 Yards handsome Patterns 3 Ply Superfine and fine CARPETING.—For sale by
March 28. JOHN KINNEAR.

GLAZIERS' DIAMONDS, of the best quality, for sale at the low price of 17s. 6d. each.—Apply to
March 28. JOHN KINNEAR.

COGNAC BRANDY.

Just received ex "*Mars*," from London:

4 PUNCHEONS Finest Old Cognac Brandy (Martell's); 4 Hhds. do. do. do.
For Sale by RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
March 21.

CLOVER SEED, &c.

10 BARRELS Northern *Clover SEED*;
10 bags of old Java COFFEE, a superior article,
10 boxes cavendish TOBACCO, 16's,
10 boxes Candles, a new article, *equal to sperm*—
Received per schr. Meridian, from Boston. For sale by (April 4) J. R. CRANE.

Miscellany.

A HAREM.—I can imagine how a harem becomes a hot-bed of all bad qualities, the germs of which lie dormant in the character of woman. Always surrounded by rivals, always encompassed and watched by those hideous monsters, the eunuchs, always unoccupied; jealousy, envy, hatred, love of intrigue, a boundless desire to please, must spring up and take possession of the soul. One is anxious to conquer the hated rivals—that is inherent in the nature of every woman; and let people say that women in the East are accustomed to the harem, and that habit renders everything endurable, nay, easy, this is one of those trite half-true phrases. Yes, their necks have been bowed to the yoke of the harem, and they have become accustomed to its forms but their instinct struggles against its nature—I will not say their conscience, for that may waken in but few—no, instinct, irrepressable, almighty. As it is not tempered and governed by any culture of mind and heart, how can it avoid leading to the most violent explosions, to the lowest vulgarities, to the greatest cruelties! The harem is the very place for spoiling the character of women, and it is a pity that it is covered with a veil impenetrable to European eyes. I hope, it is true, to gain admittance to a harem, that I may see Turkish females unveiled in their own house, and at the same time observe their behaviour to strangers; but how things go on there every day, how the women agree together, how far the authority of the legitimate wife—for, excepting the Sultan, the Turks have one or two legitimate wives—extends over the slaves, and these too may attain the honour of favouritism with the master—this must remain a mystery.—*Letters of a German Countess.*

A PRIEST'S PASSPORT TO PARADISE.—We were dining together one day at the little inn at Trois Rivieres, when a messenger came from Lachegon for the Pere (the priest) to administer the last rites to a "mourant" (dying person.) Maurice (the priest) promised to be there in half an hour, but never stirred; and three-three other messengers came for him, the answer was all the same—until at last came the word, "It is too late, he is dead." "Too late," said Maurice, "not a bit of it; give me a pen and ink and some paper." With that he folded a piece, note fashion, and wrote: "My dear Peter (St. Peter)—Do your best for this poor devil, who has slipped out of the world without my cares. Apparently he was in a great hurry. But you will settle it all for the better.—Your old friend, MAURICE DULANG. To St. Peter, at the jail in Paradise." Put that in his mouth," said Maurice, "and there's no fear of him."—*The O'Donoghue.*

Great characters are seldom known; great merit is as seldom understood.—Greatness is in fact, only a term of comparison, though it is not always allowed to see what is greater than itself.

In the fulness of the heart impossibilities are uttered; hence the protestations of love, the rantings of anger, and the plans of ambition. Love sees what no eyes sees, hears what no ear hears, and what never rose in the heart of man love prepares for its object.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well! Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware, whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one needs a great many more to make it good."

Life is a crowd in a narrow thoroughfare. He that is first out, finds ease; he that is in the middle hemmed in with trouble, fares worst; and he that is behind, driving on and pushing against those before him, though he does not suffer injury, has his part in causing it.

Were we to believe nothing but what we could perfectly comprehend, not only our stock of knowledge in all the branches of learning would be shrunk up to nothing, but even the affairs of common life could not be carried on.

A HERO OF SEVENTEEN.—It is very troublesome to have to deal with a hero of seventeen! A girl of seventeen, fortune favouring, may be made into a very interesting heroine; people will believe all that can be said of her beauty, wit, and wisdom, and will patiently read through three, or even six volumes full of her adventures, and find themselves much edified with the perusal. But a lad of seventeen! merciful heaven! to make a hero out of him, would require a suspension of the laws of nature: All his graces of childhood have run to seed, and the virtues of manhood have not yet replaced them; he is no longer the chubby darling, of the red shoes and coral; nor yet the interesting child in a picturesque hat and tunic: but an unfinished, uneasy biped, a plague to everybody within his reach, and with whose doings and sufferings, nobody not absolutely obliged, wishes to have the least concern.

[*From Pictures of Private Life—by Mrs. Ellis.*]

ELLEN ESKDALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER IV.

There is nothing like a return of domestic scenes and pursuits of a family, for giving spirits to an invalid; and Ellen, when released from prison of her own room, really fancied she was gaining strength. With her returning spirits, the hours of the family returned, and with their hopes the longing to be again in the world, just to tell Lady B. that dear Ellen was recovering; and then the party at Sir Robert Long's, could they refuse that, now that Pa and Sir Robert had a difference about their game, it would look as if the ladies of the family wished to keep it up—no, they must go, and not one of them only, but all. Marston would sit with Ellen; so they dressed themselves, and kissed her very kindly, and left her; she sat for a long time listening to the sound of carriages, as they rolled along the street, each conveying its rich freight to the door of the wealthy Baronet.

It so happened, on that day, that Wentworth had not been invited, and hearing that his mistress was again visible, and having nothing else to do, he went and knocked at that busy door, that was for ever turning on its hinges. Oh, how well did Ellen know his step, as he lightly skipped up the stairs! she tried to meet him at the door of the drawing room; but her breath failed her, and she could only look a welcome kinder than words.

When her lover first beheld her, he started back; for there is a disease which makes rapid inroads upon beauty, in the course of a few days, without the sufferer being aware of any change; but he soon recovered himself, and began to apologize for his long absence, by a thousand excuses, which Ellen often interrupted by her exclamations of pleasure, that he had come at last, and so opportunely.

"I began to think that you would never come again, it is so long since you have been here. Oh, I am so glad to see you, it is so dull shut up here alone, when they all leave me; but come, sit down, and be as happy as you can, and tell me all that you have seen and heard since we last met; but do not make me laugh, for I have a wretched feeling here," (laying her hand upon her breast,) "and laughing hurts me worse than anything;" so they sat down together, and fixed their eyes upon the fire, and were both silent for a long time.

"Did you ever see any one in a consumption?" was the first question which Ellen asked; and her lover started, for he had been thinking of the very same thing.

"No, I never did, and hope I never shall; your illness is not consumption, dear Ellen; it is not, it shall not be."

"Then what can be the meaning of all this fever; and why cannot I get rid of this horrid cough! I strive against it, indeed I do; and sometimes I think it is all fancy, I feel so well; but oh! Harry Wentworth, if it should be!" And she fixed her eyes upon him with an intensity of anxiety, the convulsive agony, that he almost shrank away.

Wentworth was not entirely a stranger to the thought of death, but he had only thought of dying as a man, or a soldier, in the cause of honour, or on the field of battle; the certain symptoms of a lingering and fatal malady had never before been present to his observation; and now, when he looked upon the being he had regarded as least mortal, and met the glaring of the hollow eye, and saw the falling away of the fair cheek, the wasting of the once rounded lips, and felt the earnest pressure of the thin and feverish hand his sprite failed within him; for it was beyond what his imagination had ever pictured, what his fortitude was able to endure, and he felt that he had no consolation to offer in such an hour as this.

It is true he loved her—but how? Not as a fellow pilgrim through a vale of tears, journeying on towards a better land; not as a sanctified one of high hopes and responsibilities, whose talents are to be multiplied, and whose good feelings strengthened into principle. He loved her as a man too often loves woman, for the sake of her bright blue eyes, her shining hair, and the symmetry of a graceful and elastic figure. He loved her as a fair and cherished creature, who was to be exclusively his own—to minister to his gratification, to soothe him when wearied, and to supply fresh timulus to his tastes, when sated with fruition. How then should he find consolation for such an hour as this? He could only fold to his bosom this frail and fading beauty—kiss off the falling tears—and tell her, that she would not, could not die.

Oh! it needs religion to reconcile us to the tho't of death.

After this distressing interview, Wentworth had no disposition to come again; and, if he had, it would probably have been in vain, for the poor invalid was very soon confined to her own room, and strictly forbid to see any one, except her own family who now were all sufficiently concerned at the sad change, and would probably have made any sacrifice of their wonted amusements to save her.

Mrs. Eskdale was by no means an unfeeling woman, though her fears had been late in taking alarm; but now she felt, in its full force, how much dearer to her was the life of her child, than all her wealth, her rich furniture, and her fashionable guests.

But what could she do? The ablest physicians were consulted, and there was no hope;—her child must die! Regardless of the wonted placidity of her countenance, she wandered from one stately room to another, by habit adjusting all the little ornaments which had been misplaced, without knowing what she did; and often both she and her daughter stole, on tiptoe, into the sick room asking the inexhaustible question, did Ellen want anything; but never staying long beside her, for the stillness was intolerable to them, and they knew not what to say.—Marston was an excellent nurse, and Ellen wanted nothing. Poor *child!* she wanted that best of friends, a friend who will kindly and candidly tell her the truth; for though she knew that she was daily giving up one thing after another, and gradually losing ground, such is the deceitful nature of this disease, that she did not feel at all certain that it would terminate in death. Her physician was the only person who thought of relieving the awful truth, and a consultation was held on the subject, to consider whether it should be done, and how.

"It may be right," said one, "but I could not tell her for the world;" and another, and another, excused herself, until at last, the lot fell upon the physician, a man who had neither wife nor child, nor knew any thing of the sensibilities of woman's heart; so he took his cane, and went straight into the sick room, and sat down by the bed side.

"It has been thought right, ma'am," said he, and he cleared his voice; "it has been thought right, by your family, to depute me to be the bearer of unwelcome information;" and he paused again. For Ellen turned away her head. "I doubt not ma'am, you understand my meaning;—all has been done that medical skill affords, but there are diseases which baffle the art of the physician; something, however, may yet be done to alleviate suffering; and allow me to assure you ma'am, that nothing shall be omitted on my part."

Ellen gave no sign of intelligence, either by word or motion. She had by this time buried her face in the pillow, so that, if he had said more, she would not have heard it; and the physician, with the satisfaction of having discharged his duty, rose, and gravely and quietly took his leave.

Indeed, every one in the house seemed to think they were doing their duty. Pills were compounded, physicians were fee'd, parties were given up, bells were muffled, and knockers wrapped in leather,—what more could they do? Nurses were hired, receipts were borrowed, and fruits of every description were purchased at any cost—they could do nothing: and still the poor girl lay stretched upon her uneasy bed, her face turned towards the pillow to hide the profuse perspiration that stood in pearly drops upon her forehead, and the still more copious flow of burning tears, which gave some evidence to the beholder of the uncontrollable agony within.

They could, indeed do nothing more: for death had set his seal on that beautiful form, and she was sinking into the fathomless depth of eternity—passing away, in the pride and promise of her youth, from all its glory, and from all its exquisite enjoyments; while those who had cherished her infancy, and exulted in her ripened years; who knew that they were rearing an immortal fabric to stand for ever, a witness of their faithfulness or their neglect, looked upon their miserable child, and wrung their helpless hands, and mingled their melancholy wailings with hers; but no one pointed out a ray of hope, or spoke one word of comfort, or even tho't of the blessed Saviour, who walked upon the troubled waters in the majesty of his benignant love.

Trembling, fearful, hopeless, she was about to be pushed off from the frail bark of mortality; and where now were all the energies of that strong and buoyant heart? Hope, that burns brightest in the youthful bosom—hope, that too often deceives us in the intricate wilderness of life, but is ever ready to stand forth in undeniable reality on the brink of the grave—where was Ellen's hope? Weeping over the ruins of her own "fantastic realm," and faith, her sober sister, came not in that hour of need,—and why? because she had been sought only to give reality to the reflections, and vain promises, and giddy smiles, and had never been solicited to preside over her own peculiar province, the life, the duties, and the death bed of the Christian.

The medicine, which was sent that afternoon, soothed the patient into a long slumber, from which she awoke considerably refreshed, and sat up, as usual, during part of the evening; indeed she felt so well as almost to question the doctor's infallibility, and could not help asking Marston if she thought there was really no hope.

"Oh! yes ma'am, a great deal of hope when the warm weather comes.

"Warm weather! how you talk woman! it is now the depth of winter, and the spring cannot come for months yet; but oh! I dare not think about the spring; and she fell into a long fit of childish weeping, partly the effect of the opiate she had taken. "Marston" said she, as soon as she regained some degree of self command, "I wish you would give, give me paper, I will write;—no, I cannot guide the pen; do you lend it out, and ask to see him yourself, and tell him he must come once again. I will send for him when I am at the best, for I would not for the world distress him, poor fellow." So, one evening, when she felt able to hear it, he was sent for and came with Marston into the room where Ellen lay, stretched out upon a sofa, which had been placed outside the fire for her accommodation, when, weary of her bed.

Poor girl! she had felt strong enough before her lover came, but now, when he walked silently up to her, and affectionately took her hand,—but most of all, when she heard again the well remembered tones of his rich and manly voice, it seemed as if the ties that bound her to the world were drawn about her with fresh power, and in that moment, she tasted the full bitterness of death.

Wentworth asked a few kind questions, and that was all, for he had not a single word of comfort to offer, and there was a chasking in his throat which almost forbade him to say anything.

Ellen all the while lay still and motionless; she did not raise her eyes, nor speak one word; yet the lids were not so closely shut, but that one big tear after another stole from beneath the silken lashes, and wandered unheeded down her hollow cheek, where a single bright spot of burning crimson told its fearful tale.

It is impossible to say how long this painful silence might have lasted, had not the door opened, and Marston beckoned Wentworth out.

"You will be so good as to remember, sir," said she, "that I have strict orders not to admit any one; I should, therefore, thank you to leave us as soon as possible."

When Wentworth returned, he gently took up Ellen's long thin hand, that lay stretched out as pure, and almost as lifeless as marble, and said, in a quiet voice, that he feared it was time for him to leave her. Then and not till then, she raised her eyes and looked full into his face.

There is an expression in the eye that is lighted up by the fever of consumption, which those who have not seen it never can imagine, and which those who have seen it never can forget. It was in vain that the poor sufferer struggled to speak. Her lips quivered, but she had no words to express the anguish of her soul. Wentworth stooped down, that his ear might catch the sound, if there was any, and with the hand that was disengaged, she raised from his brow the thick curls of raven hair, and then gently circling his neck with her slender arm, drew him still nearer, and pressed upon his forehead her farewell kiss; saying at the same time, in a low whisper, "It is the last."

And this was all; and he, who had so loved her in this world, parted with her on the brink of another; left her at the gates of death without one word about eternity to cheer her on her awful way.

Here let us draw a veil over the closing scene.—He to whom time has no limits—to whom opportunity gives no advantage—to whom all things are possible, is, doubtless, able to carry on his own work of preparation in the soul, even when the sufferer dies and makes no sign.

It is the task of the writer to describe, as well as feeble powers are able to describe, the external evidence of that struggle, which must naturally attend the dissolution of the earthly tenement, to those who have not ensured a place in any higher habitation.

The heart alone knoweth its own bitterness, and the heart alone beareth witness, with anguish unutterable, to that which is in reality the sting of death—the victory of the grave.

CHAPTER V.

In a few days the public papers announced the death of Ellen, youngest daughter of Charles Eskdale, Esq., and all the ceremony of preparation for the deepest grief went on in the still busy family.

On the sixth day after this melancholy event, Wentworth found himself to his great surprise, still thinking of Ellen. It was true and faithful and looked well not to forget her: but to hear about with him continually the remembrance of her loveliness, and his own loss, was a weakness of which he had not conceived himself capable, so he filled another bumper of champaign, and determined to be wiser. He had that day dined alone at his own table, and now sat gazing, without a wish, at the rich dessert that was spread before him—not only without a wish, but without a definite idea, for he drank deeply, with a determination to drown reflection and now the lights were dancing before him with a dizzy glare, and half-imagined images flitted by, in quick succession, among which the pale and lifeless form of Ellen returned too often, until at last, by one of these unaccountable operations of the human mind, by which we sometimes feel impelled to do that which is most revolting to our feelings, he started from his seat, and determined that he would go and look upon the dead body. This resolution once formed, was soon acted upon, for he had neither power nor patience to think, and in a few minutes he entered the hall of Mr. Eskdale, and called for Marston.

She came and neither of them spoke, for Wentworth pointed to the stairs, and the woman, taking up a tall candle, walked silently before him, until they stopped at the door of what was once Ellen's chamber. The door was locked, and Marston tried to turn the key without making any noise, as if afraid to wake the slumberer within. They entered—four wax candles that stood burning night and day, two at each end of the coffin, gave a pale and solemn light to the chilly aspect of the room. Over the coffin there had been carefully drawn a cover of white muslin, which Marston slowly folded down as soon as Wentworth drew near; and he stood gazing on the lifeless figure, with the bewildered astonishment of one who has but a partial apprehension of some great and awful calamity.

The soft tresses of silky hair that were wont to wave and glitter in the light, agitated by the quick and playful movements of her who was so proud to wear them, were now combed out and laid in bands upon the forehead, as smooth and close as if no breath or motion had ever stirred them. The eyes from which the very soul of tenderness had once beamed forth, were now for ever folded under their snowy lids, and the long lashes fell with a deep shadow on the cheek—the hollow cheek, for which health and youth, and beauty had once contended, as for a treasure that was peculiarly their own—and then the mouth—where now was the exquisite play of lips, that would puzzle the fancy to tell, whether such rapid expression of mingled emotions—of pride—of laughter—of contempt—until all were lost in a smile, so beaming with the best affections of the soul, that those who felt its sweetness were apt to forget every thing beside! Those lips were now drawn out into long purple lines, between which the white teeth were visible, and the chin, and the nose, too, had become so pointed and prominent, that those who had well known Ellen Eskdale might now have looked upon, without recognizing, her face. And yet, in spite of all these fearful changes, there was beauty still—that beauty which every heart can feel but which no words can describe—the beauty of eternal stillness—the beauty of death!

Wentworth gazed, and gazed, and neither he nor his companion spoke one word, until at last he lifted his rosy fingers, warm with the circling blood of life, and touched the cheek—cold, cold, brought back his scattered senses, to suffer with redoubled intensity of feeling. He had pictured to himself, before he came, the eye, the lips, the forehead, the whole countenance; but the solid marble feeling, the cold resistance of that cheek, whose yielding softness he had known so well, was what no one had ever described to him, what he had never dreamed of.

That chilling touch had, in one instant, dispersed all his imaginary fortitude, and he stood beside the coffin, pale as its own lifeless occupant; weak and trembling as a child. At length, with uncertain steps, he gained the door; and though Marston tried to make him understand that the funeral would take place on the following day, he neither heard nor tried to hear, but hurried down stairs, and through the hall, without any other member of the household knowing he had been there.

How dark and dreary was that long night to Harry Wentworth. Sleep came not to draw her misty curtain between him and the distressing realities of life—the still more terrible realities of death. If for one moment he closed his eyes in forgetfulness, the next they were wide open, vainly endeavouring to pierce into the abyss of darkness; and whenever he turned his face towards the vacant pillow, his distempered imagination presented a long white figure, stretched beside him, with Ellen's eyes, just as he had seen them in their last interview, fixed full upon his countenance, while every time his hand touched the cold bed-clothes, the remembrance of that icy cheek came back to him, bringing its own deadly chillness to his bursting heart.

How was the strong man brought low, and his boasted power subdued, beneath the mastery of ungovernable feeling. It was not altogether fear that held him in subjection—still less was it sorrow—but a terrible warfare of all that can agitate the soul heightened it may be at times, (for who can fathom the depths of the human heart,) by a fearful looking for of judgment.

At five o'clock on the following morning, the household of Harry Wentworth were alarmed by the ringing of their master's bell.

"It must be as I thought," said the old housekeeper, "he is breaking his heart for that dear young lady,"—and recollecting the efficacy of hartshorn in many former cases, when her own heart was broken and well knowing that neither her master nor John would be able to find the nostrum, she took up the light, kept always burning in her room, and proceeded to the landing of the stairs, where she could distinctly hear the conversation which took took place between the master and his man.

"Sir," said John "the roan has never eaten a handful of corn since the trotting match on Weston common."

"Then take Ronald; I don't care which, only mind you are there in time to let him breathe before we start. The hounds meet at Bexley. I shall breakfast at the Grange, and see that you are ready for me. But stop—give me a light, for this room is darker than ——."

"Break his heart!" said the house-keeper, and she turned again into her own chamber, where she was soon asleep in her own bed.

It was a noble and heart striking sight to those who care for such things, to see young Wentworth that day on his black hunter—a furious and high mettled animal, that few could manage; but it was the pride of his rider that he could manage anything—could bring anything into subjection. He forgot that little field of action, his own heart, and those eternal enemies, his own wild passions, and his own stubborn will. In fact he forgot every thing for a few hours at least, for the frost was all gone—the scent lay well—the ground was in the best possible condition, and Ronald outdid himself, to say nothing of the merits of the poor fox, who died like a Briton.

There was excitement in the chase that day, enough to wean a heart like Wentworth's from every thought of sorrow; and if sometimes the image of his lost treasure would present itself unbidden, it only served as a summons to fresh action—to urge his horse to a more desperate leap.

Thus passed those hours of boisterous hilarity, and forgetfulness of care. But moments of enjoyment must have a crisis, and mornings of felicity an afternoon.

Wentworth staid long upon the field, for there were the different properties of different animals