SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1856.

Weekly Chronicle.

VOLUME XX. "COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE." NUMBER 33.

THE St. John Chronicle,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. H. Devober & Son, west side Prince William Street.

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

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

☞ Terms—Two dollars, if paid within the year, $2½, if not paid until after expiration of the year. 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.

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

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

☞ V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, *is the only authorized Agent* for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the rate as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His Offices are—Boston, Scollay's Building; New York, Tribune Buildings; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets."

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, *President.*
J. V. LUDWIGS, ZEBEDEE RYAN, } *Directors.*
S. L. TILLEY, S. E. FOSTER, }
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, *Solicitor.*
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, *Secretary.*

Application for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary, Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street

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.

We have obtained the Victory.

KENNAY & SCHIBNER,
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,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 1-2 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.

CAUTION.

ALL Persons are hereby cautioned against cutting or carrying away any WOOD, LOGS, or TIMBER, or in any way trespassing on the LOT of LAND belonging to the subscriber, situate in the Parish of PETERSVILLE, in the County of Queen's fronting on the Eastern side of the Nerepis Road, and adjoining the Property of Thomas Smith, and Edward Kearns; as all Persons hereafter found so Trespassing will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the LAW.

JOHN S. GARRICK.

November 16, 1855.

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.

English Looking Glass Plates.

FOUR THOUSAND PLATES of the following sizes—4 1-2 inches by 3 1-2. Five inches by Seven. 5 inches by 8 1-2. Eight inches by 10. 12 inches by 18 inches. 13 by 20, and 20 by 24 inches—For sale at low price if taken to sell again.

JOHN KINNEAR,
September 14. Prince William Street

Just Received

80 QTLS. large CODFISH, 25 do. small do. } in prime order
40 do. POLLOCK, }

140 pieces of excellent GRIT GRIND STONES from 15 to36 inches diameter. JOHN MARVEN.
August 16th. Ward-street.

Children's Hose and Stockings.

45 DOZEN Pairs Children's White Cotton SOCKS and STOCKINGS, very superior quality, for sale cheap by

A. A. COUGHLAN.

ALL NEW AGAIN.—Direct from the Factory—just received per "Eastern City"—500 Rolls of PAPER HANGINGS, all new patterns. For Sale by GEO NIXON.
July 6, 1 Prince Wm. street

NEWCASTLE COALS.—Parties requiring to contract the above Coals in any quantity can have information with regard to it by applying to

JOHN KINNEAR.
Feb. 8. Prince Wm. street.

FANCY GOODS, &c.

Just received from New York:—

CARE Wax and Pearl BEADS, with other Fancy Articles;
Silver, Tortoise Shell, and India Rubber Combs;
Gold and Silver WATCHES;
Do. do. Pencil Cases and Pens;
Razors, Scissors, Knives and Forks;
Leather BOOTS and SHOES of every description.

☞ Parties requiring of the above will please call and examine the quality and prices.

B. O'BRIEN.
July 1. No. 59, Waverley House.

PURE COD-LIVER OIL & LIME.—A further supply of this Valuable Medicine received by Steamer from Boston. W. O. SMITH.

Holloway's Cough Lozenges.

A certain remedy for disorders of the Pulmonary Organs, in delicacy of breathing—in asthma—tendency of Phlegm—in incipient CONSUMPTION (of which Cough is the most positive indication) they are of unerring efficacy. In ASTHMA, and in WINTER COUGH, they have never been known to fail.

Hastings' Cough Lozenges are free from every deleterious ingredient; they may, therefore be taken at all times by the most delicate persons and are the sovereign cure; while the Pectoral Syrups and the Pectoral Solvent will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and consequently a powerful auxiliary in the production of MELODIOUS ENUNCIATION.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, and Tins of various sizes, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Church Yard, London. Sold Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Venders in the World.

N. B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraved on the Government Stamp of each box, without which none are genuine.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL.

Copy of a Letter from the late COLONEL HAWKER, (the well-known Author on "Guns and Shooting,")

Longparish House, near Whitchurch, Hants, October 21st, 1846.

SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough for several weeks, that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges which I find are the *only* ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
P. HAWKER.

To Mr. Keating, 79, St. Paul's Church Yard.

☞ Agent for St. John—Messrs. CHUBB & Co.
For Fredericton—Mr. GALE, Druggist.
November 30, 1855. (Sm.)

Trial Bottles, 25 Cents Only!

VERY LARGE "BOTTLES" 75 CENTS.

We assert with Confidence that—

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S

ROSE MARY

AND CASTOR OIL

IS decidedly the nicest and best toilet article in the world for the Hair. The oldest chemist who have examined it testify that as an agent for preserving the Hair and promoting its growth it surpasses any other article.

After a long series of experiments, Mr. SPALDING succeeded, by an intricate process, in freeing the Castor Oil used in this preparation from its *peculiar odor* and *all greasiness*, and in blending it with the ROSEMARY, &c., in such manner as to form the cheapest and best *OIL OR WASH* Ever made, for which all who desire to preserve a good head of Hair until late in life, will be grateful.

The Sale of the Article has been Immense!

And its Success Astonishing—Use it if you wish.

1st. To beautify the hair.
2d. To curl the hair elegantly.
3d. To remove dandruff effectually.
4th. To restore the hair to bald heads.
5th. To give the whiskers a beautiful appearance.
6th. To prevent the hair from falling off.
7th. To cure all diseases of the scalp.
8th. To dress false hair richly.
9th. To cure the headache.
10th. To kill hair eaters.
11th. To keep the hair from turning.
12th. To dress children's hair beautifully, and lay the foundation for a good head of hair.
13th. If you do *not wish* to grease and soil the bonnet, cap, hat, pillow, and everything coming in contact with the hair, use SPALDING'S ROSEMARY, and be sure to *get the Genuine* of the manufacturer and proprietor.

December, 1854.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING,
Chemist and Apothecary.

Wholesale and Retail Depot at No. 27, formerly 25, Tremont row, directly opposite the museum, Boston Mass.

All Genuine will have his Signature.

N. B.—Remarkable terms given to dealers, who buy to sell again, and no dealer should fail to have this GOOD AND STABLE ARTICLE.

Caution.

Be sure you get the Genuine with the Signature of—J. RUSSELL SPALDING.

Sold in St. John by appointment by S. L. TILLEY, and THOS. WALKER & SON, who will supply Dealers on favourable Terms.

December 1, 1855. 1y.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
NEXT ADMIRALTY SLATER'S SHOP, BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

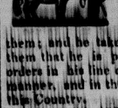
HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles

LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 3, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

HORSE SHOEING.

[Shop one door north of the Country Market]



WILLIAM GABRIEL begs to Tender his sincere thanks to his Friends and the Public for the extensive patronage hitherto received from them; and he takes this method further to inform them that he is prepared at all times to execute orders in his line of business, in the best possible manner, and in the style that is most suitable to this Country.

January 20, 1854.

Acoustic Instruments.

No Excuse for Deafness.

THE Subscribers have just received a varied assortment of the above, suited to make the deafest and imperceptibly disguise the defect of deafness, in a manner strictly in accordance to the science of Acoustics.

FELLOWS & CO.
June 15.

OPAL VARNISH.—Best English and American—For Sale at

JOHN KINNEAR'S,
August 17. Prince Street

MARVELLOUS REMEDY.

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, RHEUMATISM & 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.

PILES AND FISTULAS.

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 Mosquitoes and	Stiff Joints	Sore-throats
	Elephantiasis	Sore-heads
Sand-Flies	Fistulas	Skin-diseases
Coco-bay	Gout	Scurvy
Chiego-foot	Glandular Swelling	Tumours
Chilblains	Lumbago	Ulcers
		Wounds
		Naws

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.

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

IN WANT.

MEN in want of either BOOTS, Bootees, or SHOES, will find it to their advantage to call into No. 5 Prince Wm.-Street, before purchasing else where. I have a large Stock on hand, and will sell them cheap for cash.

ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.
Prince Wm.-Street, Sept. 15.

Dr. Noble's Invigorating Balm.

THIS admirable preparation is the most effectual remedy known for Baldness and falling off of the Hair, giving it a rich glossy appearance, unequalled by anything of the kind. It contains no alcohol or alkaline substance, (as all the washes do which are now used,) and will restore the natural colour after those articles have deprived the hair of it. We can refer enquirers to persons, both old and young, many of them who have been bald several years, and have had their hair stored by this preparation. It acts by assisting nature and will in no way prove injurious. Prepared and Sold by FELLOWS & CO.

Germain-street.

October 5. opposite west end of country M'kt.

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL!

HYROLL'S Great Work on the present War, elegantly illustrated with Steel Plate Engravings, taken by the most eminent Artists of the day. The First Part just received. In order to secure this valuable Book, Subscribers will please leave their names at the Office, between 3 & 6 P. M. Premium Plate Gratis. Printed by the London Printing & Publishing Co. Terms of Subscription, 1s. 3d. per fortnight—delivered free of charge. Sold by H. HUNTER,

5 Market Square, over Kemp, Adams & Co.

Oct. 26, 1855.

HARRIS & ALLAN ever 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 Iron; Spikes Knees, &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.

NEW BOOKS.—New York Journal, January;
Harper, do.;
Peterson and National, do.;
With an immense assortment of other late publications, Newspapers, &c.
January 5. B. O'BRIEN.

PUTTY, FIRE PROOF PAINT, &c.—Landing and for Sale:—15 Tons PUTTY;
5 Bbls. Fire Proof PAINTS;
10 casks Pale Oil;
1 case NUTMEGS, JUNK BARLEY, &c.

JOHN KINNEAR.
November 16. Prince Wm. street

LARD, APPLES, & BEANS.—Now landing from New York:—8 barrels Dried APPLES, 2 barrels Hogs LARD, 2 barrels BEANS.
For sale by JOHN KINNEAR.
Feb. 8. Prince Wm. street.

Poetry.

THE NOBLENESS OF LABOR.

BY C. M. BEADBURY, (QUAKER.)

There's a nobleness in labor;
There's a beauty in the deed;
For without its seeking glory,
Idle lords would stand in need:
'Tis the cause of the splendour
That adorns our lovely land;
Though the titled fear to mingle
Where the sons of labor stand.

In its mighty grasp the kingdoms
Of the earth are made to gleam,
Like to rivets in the brightness
Of the morning's blushing beam!
From its active spring the blessings
And the comforts that we feel,
Are from the roaring furnace
Comes the hot and burning steel.

We may boast our hue of whiteness
In its turmoil and its sweat;
But no greater men than workers
In a nation ever met;
There's a grandeur in its spirit,
For its might is never broke;
There's a music in its wrestle,
And a braveness in its stroke.

In the world its course is righteous,
In the honest heart it dwells;
Speaks the history of beauty
Clear and full as ringing bells!
And its arm is never weary,
And its hope is never dead;
Though the idle pluck the blossoms
Round its ruddy glances shed.

Though its sons may lack the polish
And the grace that idlers boast;
Yet it gives to life a firmness
That strews and crowns it most!
For I love the sons of labor,
And will aid him all I can;
Though unskilled in art and fashion,
He's a monarch and a man.

Miscellany.

THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

When I resided in a street at the west end of the town, which, thirty years ago, was rather famous for its physicians, there was one house, and that, too, immediately facing that which I occupied, which was a constant source of conjecture to my family and servants.

As regarded myself, I saw very little of it, and thought less, for my attention was by far too much engaged by my profession, and the many strange and exciting scenes that grew out of its practice, to speculate about my neighbours; but, certainly, number 10, opposite, under any other circumstances, would have engaged my curiosity.

It was a large house, having a width of three windows, and like my own, no doubt, containing a sufficiency of rooms for a tolerable London establishment; but never did accommodations seem to be so utterly thrown away as upon my neighbors, for not only were the parlor windows closed up by shutters, but the drawing-room was in a like condition, and so on all the way up the house, so that we could only come to the conclusion that the occupier of the premises lived at the back of the house.

But who was the occupier?

This was a question often asked but never answered. We went so far as to ask the tax gatherer, but he could give no information.

'I don't known his name,' said he; 'it is an old man, and when I called and asked him for his name, he said, 'What's that to you?' and asked me what was to pay; and upon my naming the sum he laid it upon an old chair in the hall, and told me to take it and go away.'

In appearance this mysterious personage—for we had all seen him—was rather short and stout. But when he went abroad it was always sufficiently late in the evening to prevent us from having a very clear view of him, and he was invariably wrapped up in such an ample great coat that nothing could be caught sight of but his heels and his hat, with an ocean of broadcloth between them.

This went on for nearly a year, and the gossips of the nighborhood got almost maddened from the fact that they knew no facts of No. 10. People used to look at the house for half an hour at a time; ballads were made about it, and sung under its windows. Reports were raised of ghosts on the parapet and at the attic windows, and great crowds were collected to look at them. But the little old man remained perfectly unmoved by all these demonstrations of public interest, and he never took the slightest notice. Nay, when one night a vigorous cry of 'fire' was raised in the street, and a head was out of every window of every other house, there was no such thing at No. 10. All there was cold, calm and indifferent.

At length a most notable phenomenon, in the shape of a woman, presented itself at No. 10. A woman, apparently about thirty years of age, was observed to go in and come out now and then. She had the slatternly, ill favored appearance of a servant who had been so long out of a place that she had given up all idea of getting one by attention to her personal appearance.

Now thought everybody, we shall find it out; but a week passed away, and nothing came of it, until she evening, when I was sitting alone in my study, my servant rushed into the room, exclaiming—

'Oh! sir, sir, you can find it all out now.'

I jumped up and got behind a chair, for I really thought my usually quiet enough domestic was mad.

'What do mean?' I said.

'Oh! No. 10—No. 10, sir. She has come. Here's No. 10 in the hall!' Why, why did it get there?'

'Oh, sir, it is not an it. It is the woman, sir, from No. 10, and she wants to see you, sir.'

'Show her in—show her in.'

A woman, arrayed in a very tawdry, decayed finery, was ushered into my room, and I certainly recognized her as the female whom I had occasionally chanced to see come out of No. 10, but she did not at all improve upon a closer acquaintance.

I found she was a coarse, vain, vulgar woman, and there were unmistakable evidences about her countenance of a disposition to indulge freely in alcoholic compounds of not the mildest character.

'Sir,' she said with a toss of the head and a swing of her apparel, which, no doubt, she thought very fine and surpassing, 'you *did* wanted *a* No. 10.'

'By whom?' said I.

'Mr. Smythes.'

'Oh! Mr. Smythes lives at No. 10, does he? Very well. Is he seriously ill?'

'So he says. But old people have such fancies, you know, sir. They haven't no consideration for other folks as wishes to enjoy themselves a little.'

'May I ask in what capacity you are with Mr. Smythes?' said I—and I said it with such a gravity, it was difficult to refuse me an answer, although I could see the lady was puzzled what sort of a one to give that would be consistent with her dignity.

Oh, he got very bad, and had me from the register's office to take care of him. But he would not have a doctor till to-night, and now he thinks he is much worse. I don't think he has got anything.'

'I shall be over in three minutes,' I said.

Within the space of time that I had mentioned I was, for the first time, most unexpectedly knocking at No. 10. The door was opened, after rather a long pause, by the woman, who carried a dirty candlestick in her hand, in which was a flaring candle.

The hall was quite bare of furniture, with the exception of an old wooden chair, and the staircase was as dirty as any stair case could very well be. The whole place had a damp and musty smell about it.

I followed the woman to a room on the second floor, and there, upon one of those contrivances called chair bedsteads, I saw the old man partially undressed, and with both his hands placed over the region of the heart, apparently with great pressure.

I took the candle from the hand of the woman, and looked at his face. The frightful anxiety there depicted, together with his attitude, convinced me that theie were some serious heart affection.

'How are you, sir,' I said.

'Dying,' he replied.

'Oh, dear, no, you must not say that. Don't lie down—I will be back in a minute.'

I ran to the nearest chemist's, and got what I thought requisite, with which I returned, and finding him in the same position, I with some difficulty persuaded him to swallow what I had brought him. The relief seemed to be almost instantaneous.

'Better—better,' he said; 'oh God! better. The frightful palpitation is gone. Leave me alone, I—I will send the guineas by instalments, I—I am very poor.'

'Oh, never mind that,' said I. 'You may look upon this as a friendly visit, I being a neighbor, you know. Keep yourself quiet, and I will come in at day light, and make a thorough examination of the case. But should you have another attack of the palpitation, don't hesitate to send for me.'

'No, no, no,' he said; 'I did not send for you. Not I—not I. She did it. Go away—go away, and do not say you saw me. I am very poor—very poor indeed. Nobody need think to get anything by robbing me. Do you hear that Maria? I hope you hear that.'

I left the house and went home; but I sat up an hour beyond my usual time, in case there should come any message from No. 10; and then as there was none, I went up stairs to my chamber, which was the front room on the second floor.

I don't know what induced me, but I went to the window, and drew up the Venetian blind, to take a look at No. 10; and the moment my eye fell upon the house, I saw that the street door was placed what is called ajar, and that a light was burning in the passage.

Oh, thought I, that is Maria's mode of leaving the house while she goes with a message. I wonder how the old man is.

I had scarcely made this remark to myself, when I saw two persons come hurriedly up to the door, one of whom was Maria, and the other a man of whom I caught so transient a glimpse that I did not recognize him.

I say this, new, because it will be seen that I might have known him.

They both went into the house, and the door was closed; but by some accident or another, in their hurry, they failed to make it fast, and I could see from my window that it swung some inches open, as they disappeared up stairs with the light.

Now what, thought I, can be the meaning of all this? Has he got worse, and has he sent for another man? Or is Miss Maria up to any tricks? Upon my word, I should like to know, and I don't see exactly why I should hesitate to go over. A medical man may surely drop in upon a patient at any time; so I think—

By this time I had got my hat, and was at my own street door.

And so I think I'll just pop over.

When I reached the house, I found that I had not been at all deceived, for the door was open a little way, and I walked into the passage and closed it gently.

All was profoundly dark; but treading as lightly as I could, I made my way up the stairs, listening at almost every step, for after all, I began to think that I should like to know what was going on before I presented myself. I heard the murmured sound of voices as I reached the landing on the second floor.

The door of the apartment in which I had seen Mr. Smythes was partially open, and by keeping just within the threshhold of the next room I was tolerably secure from any sudden discovery, at the same time that I could hear all that passed, although I could see nothing but a particle of light coming through the small opening of the door.

Mr. Smythes was speaking.

'I am dying,' he said. 'I am dying. What is the use of doctors to me? Do they hold in their hands the scales of life and death? No, no. It matters little what reasons have forced me to become the solitary being that I am. Let it suffice that—that—that—Oh, God, this pang.'

'Sir,' said a man's voice, 'I am, of course, very willing to do what you require in the way of making your will. But had you not better send for your neighbor, Dr.——?' I knew the voice in a moment. It was that of an attorney who lived in the street, and who was reputed to be a very strict and religious man. The doctor he named was myself, which was very polite.

I don't know what influenced me, but somehow or another, I still held back in my place of concealment, although I might have come forward. I suppose I felt it would be rather awkward; and at all events, I had cause to congratulate myself afterwards upon the fact.

'No, no,' said Mr. Smythes, no. 'Write, sir, what I shall dictate to you. Such another gush of anguish, and I am gone. I shall be immortal within this hour.'

'Well, sir,' said Mr. Groves, the attorney, 'I have got a form here, being told by your servant I was wanted to make a will, and if you will proceed, I will write what you dictate, and may the Lord look down on us all.'

'My money,' said Mr. Smythes, 'in the Bank of England, amounting to eighteen thousand pounds, and my estates in Hampshire, I bequeath—as well as my East India Stock, amounting to twenty-two thousand pounds, to the Lord Chancellor.'

I heard Mr. Groves draw a long breath as he said—

'Forty thousand pounds in cash.'

'In trust,' added Mr. Smythes, 'for the first person who shall shed a genuine tear upon my grave.'

'What,' said Mr. Groves; 'a tear, sir!—I am afraid, really, that—that—the Lord be with us. My dear sir, its rather extraordinary, and I almost doubt, Mr. Smythes—'

'If anybody will ever become entitled to it. Well, be it so. I have a further disposition to make of it, in that contingency. Go on. If this bequest fails, let my daughter, Dorinda Smythes, have all. She does not love me. If she had loved me she would not have left me to marry a beggar. Her name is Rolfe now. I have not heard of her for many years.

'Then she may be dead, sir. I say, sir, she may be dead—eh? Dead, sir, I say. Oh, good God, he's gone!'

I heard quite a scuffle in the room, and then there was a deathlike stillness, after which the servant said—

'Yes, he's dead enough.'

Still I did not move from my hiding-place, but I listened intently, and after a few moments I heard Mr. Groves say:—

'Maria, did you ever suspect he had so much money? We are quite alone, here, Maria, with the dead. What if he had made a will leaving it all to me—to me, Maria, if he had—Hush! I say, Maria, if he had, I—I, as I am a widower, would have married you. Yes, if he had left it all to me, and you had been a witness, you see. To be sure, two are required, but—I could get another for a consideration, and you would be a lady, and ride in your carriage. Forty thousand pounds in cash—only consider! I am older than you and I would of course leave it all to you, Maria, do you hear? What suppose it had been so—eh? eh?'

'Couldn't you,' said Maria, 'couldn't you—

'What—what—what?'

'With your help I could. Yes, of course. You as his servant, could do back it up, with evidence of his friendship for me—of his repeatedly announced intention to leave me all, and finally, of your presence when he dictated the will. Yes, yes, I can do it.'

'But how do I know that you will keep your word to me afterwards. Can't you leave half of it to me at once?'

'No, no, oh no. That would spoil all. It would look too grossly inconsistent, besides setting you completely on one side as a witness. So you see will not do. I will give you a written promise of marriage. Besides, how dare I break my word with you?'

'Well, there is something in that,' said Maria. 'How terrible he looks, don't he?'

'Yes, he—rather does. But—you consent:—Mind, then, it is all arranged. I will sit up to-night and prepare the will. You must find me some signature of Mr. Smythes that I can imitate, and then you sign, you know, as a witness, and I will get another. Come to me the first thing in the morning.'

'Well, Mr. Groves, if you don't keep your word, and make a lady of me, I'll soon blow you to blazes, if I'm transported for it. And they do say you are always praying; now mind you must leave that off.'

'Of course I will. I only pray to get rich, not when I am rich. Religion, Maria, is the medium through which I wish the world to look at me, that's all. Religion pays in London, in all professions. It enables the wise to hook the foolish.—My piety will evaporate beneath the sunlight of forty thousand sovereigns, be assurred. Good night—good night. By the bye, it will look well to call in a doctor just to look at him.

'Oh, to-morrow morning will do for that. I ain't going to stay here to-night. You shall see me about nine; and mind, I shall expect something to drink, as I am to be made a lady of.'

I crept out of the house, and went home.

On the following morning, about 8 o'clock, I was sent for to visit No. 10, and told that Mr. Smythes had just died. I had made up my mind to make no remarks, and so I merely looked at the body, shook my head and then walked away.

I was enormously puzzled to know what to do. Ought I to make a police affair of it, and denounce the will-forgery? Ought I to take legal advice, or ought I to warn Groves of the abyss on the brink of which he stood? No—no. The man who could speak as he did of the religious mask he wore, surely deserved no sympathy.

I walked about for several days quite in a state of perplexity about the affair, until I heard that the funeral of Mr. Smythes was to take place, and then I made up my mind to make a slight movement in the business.

I got the following notice inserted in a morning paper a day after the funeral:

'Died at his residence in London, Mr. Smythes, in great poverty. He was attended by Dr. ——, and in his last moments spoke of his daughter Dorinda, who married a Mr. Rolfe.'

It struck me that this would produce something beyond a great amount of consternation in the minds of Maria and Mr. Groves, and I was quite in a nervous fidget all day.

Towards dusk, rather to my astonishment, Mr. Groves was announced to me, and when he came in, he said, with an attempt of a smile, although his face was awfully pale, and he looked ten years older than when I last saw him—

'Ah, doctor, how are you? I find you have put in the *Times* a notice of my old friend Mr. Smythes' death. I went to the office and they told me your name was on the advertisement. They don't put in deaths, births, or marriages without authentication.'

'So I found,' I said rather dryly.

'But—what was that about his daughter—how odd to put that in. Besides, he didn't die in poverty. I think I was his eldest friend, and what he had he left to me.'

'I beg to congratulate you.'

'With respect to the sayings of Mr. Smythes, Maria, the servant, told me—

'Indeed, how impru—I mean how odd.'

'Yes. I am inclined to think she had had a drop of something to drink that was much stronger than pump water, for she said that you had promised to marry her and make a lady of her.'

Mr. Groves very nearly fell off his chair—he was in such a fright. I saw the perspiration standing upon his face, while he made a most vigorous effort to laugh off his nervousness.

'Really—she did, indeed. Ha, ha. Good evening, doctor, good evening. Thank you. (Oh, blast her.)

I felt quite amused that I had been a shot into the enemy's camp, and that what I had said should produce what in vulgar language is called a 'row' between the lawyer and Maria.

I was congratulating myself upon that fact, when my servant came to say that there was a girl and a little boy waiting to see me.

'I said 'em, sir,' said the footman, 'as you only need practice patients after eleven in the morning, but they say they wants to see you all the same, and as their names is Rolfe.'

'Rolfe!' cried I, 'admit them instantly.'