SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THE FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1849.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Regi, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 19.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,
Published every Friday Afternoon, by Duranty & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Davis, Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

Job Printing and Business Cards, (plain and ornamentally handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

TERMS, &c.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE—as it not paid within the first month, is charged at the rate of Two Dollars per year:

No paper will be discontinued, at the option of the Proprietors, until all arrears are paid, and the Editors and Publishers are not responsible for any article published in the Chronicle, unless it be taken out by them, and left at their Office.

Country Merchants and others, who may be desirous of having papers sent to their address, by mail, will be able to procure a Newspaper Envelope, and Drawing Newspapers, at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered for that purpose. They propose to send

For one DOLLAR IN ADVANCE, 8 copies of the Chronicle, to one address, to any part of the British Provinces, for One Year;

For $10 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;

For $20 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;

AND 1 IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to

DURANT & CO.,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

[The time of high water here given is for A. M.]

January.		H.	Sun. s.	Moon H.	W.
6	Saturday,	7	45	4 28	4 45	9 17
7	Sunday	7	44	4 29	5m52	10 19
8	Monday,	7	44	4 30	rises	11 11
9	Tuesday,	7	44	4 31	5m52	11 59
10	Wednesday,	7	44	4 32	7 0	0 22
11	Thursday,	7	44	4 33	8 9	1 1
12	Friday.	7	44	4 34	9 16	1 33

Full Moon 8th, 6h 24m. afternoon.

St. John Daguerrian Rooms,
King Street—a few Doors below the Saint John Hotel.

THE subscriber has lately received from New York a superior large sized CAMERA, by which he will be enabled to take Daguerreotype Miniatures of various sizes.

Portraits taken singly or in groups, in any weather, with or without Colours, and neatly inserted in Rosewood Frames or Cases, or set in Lockets, Broaches, Bracelets, Rings, &c.

☞ Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. The public are requested to call and judge for themselves. JAMES C. MELICK.

Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

Four Horse Stage to FREDERICTON!

THE Public are respectfully informed that the Subscribers intend to run a four horse Stage to FREDERICTON, as soon as the Steam-Boats stop running, leaving the St. John Hotel on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. and Sleet's Hotel, Fredericton, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at the same hour.

The Subscribers respectfully solicit a share of patronage, their Stages being good and comfortable with excellent Buffalo Skins.

Stage Books kept at the above places, where names can be registered.

W. & J. SCAMMELL.
JAMES GREEN.

STAGES
BETWEEN
SAINT JOHN AND FREDERICTON.

THE Subscriber's *STAGES* leave the Commercial Hotel, St. John, for FREDERICTON, every *Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings*, at 7 o'clock, and FRADSHAM'S Hotel, for Saint John, every *Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning*, at 6 o'clock.

The Stages and Horses are of the best description, and every attention will be paid to the comfort and convenience of passengers.

Agents—Mr. Wetmore, Commercial Hotel, St. John, and Mr. Fradsham, Fredericton, with whom passengers will please leave their names, and with whom also parcels and small articles of Freight may be left.

☞ The subscriber returns thanks to his numerous friends for the liberal support with which he has been favoured on the route for many years past and assures them and the public generally, that his usual attention and punctuality will be paid to everything entrusted to his care.
Dec. 8, 1848. *JAMES BRADLEY.*

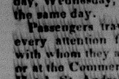
Royal Mail STAGE.
PASSAGE to ST. ANDREWS.

THE subscriber being under contract to convey one of Her Majesty's Mails between *St. John* and *St. Andrews* informs his friends and the public that he leaves the former place every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, and leaves saint Andrews on each succeeding day.

Stage books kept at the Saint John Hotel in this City, and at Pheasants' Rail Road Hotel, Saint Andrews.

Passengers travelling on this route will receive every attention from the Proprietor; and to ensure comfort, will be driven in COVERED COACHES, with five changes of horses on the road.
Aug. 18. W. H. WILLIAMS.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE
BETWEEN
St. John and St. Andrews.



THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St. Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St. Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John, and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.
October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

National Loan Fund
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
of London.

ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.
Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

SECURITY TO LOCAL DIRECTORS AND OTHERS, &c. &c.

HEAD OFFICE, 14 PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.

Chairman, Thomas Wright, Esq.
Deputy Chairman, T. A. Wiggins, Esq.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital, independent of the Premium Fund.

Profits—Two-thirds of the Annual Profits shall be set for Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVIDENDS OR PROFITS.—The Bonus in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash, in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst—Theophilus Deshrisay, Esq.
Chatham—William Carman, junior, Esq.
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire.
Dalhousie—William S. Smith, Esq.
Fredericton: George Lee, junior, Esq.
Hampton: Samuel Fisher, Esq.
Hopewell: Thomas B. Moore, Esq.
Moncton (the Bend) Bliss Botsford, Esq.
Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.
Richibucto: William Bowser, Esq.
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.
St. Stephens: Alexander Campbell, Esq.
Shediac and Cocagne: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.
Woodstock; James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR,
FREDERICK R. STARR,
Managers, St. John, N. B.

February, 1848.

Minerva Life Assurance Office,
King William-street, London.

NO extra charge for residence in British North America, or sea risk to or from Great Britain.

All Assurances effected,—proposals for which are made to this Agency prior to the 1st January, 1849—will acquire an additional year's standing at the Third Division of Profits, which will take place in June, 1852.

Tables of Rates of Premium and every other information can be obtained by application at the Office of RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Dec. 22. Agents for New-Brunswick

Farm for Sale.

A FARM fronting on the Fredericton Road, about 23 miles from the City St. John, containing 100 Acres, with a good frame BARN, and LOG HOUSE thereon; and about 10 of cleared Land. Possession can given immediately if required.—Terms of payment made easy on application to the Subscriber, or, at the Store of Mr. C. C. MacDonald, No. 5, North side, King-street.
May 19. SAMUEL BARBIT.

NAVY BREAD.—Ex brig *Ida*, from Philadelphia, on consignment—100 Bls. No. 1 late baked Watson & Sons Navy Bread.—For sale at Hammond's building 20 Dock street, by
August 1. HUG. KINNEAR.

Chains, Anchors, and Iron.

Now landing ex ship *Queen*, from Liverpool:

TWO 60 fathoms each ⅝ inch Proved Stud CHAIN CABLES;

2 60 fms each	⅝ inch	do	do.	ditto;
2 60 do.	⅝ inch	do.	do.	ditto;
1 75 do.	1 inch	do.	Close Link,	do;
1 60 do	¾ inch	do.	ditto,	do;
1 60 do.	¾ inch	do.	ditto,	do;
2 60 do.	⅝ inch	do.	ditto,	do;
2 60 do.	½ inch	do.	ditto,	do;
2 75 do.	7-16 inch	do.	ditto,	do;
2 75 do.	⅜ inch	do.	ditto,	do;
2 75 do.	5 16 inch	do.	ditto,	do;

5 Anchors stock ANCHORS, fm 6 to 10 cwt. ea.;
10 Iron stock ditto from 1¼ to 5 cwt;
837 bars and 25 bundles best Refined IRON, well assorted.—For sale by
THOS. F. RAYMOND.
22d sept. *Nelson street.*

ANCHORS, CHAINS, &c.

Now landing, ex ship *Unicorn*, from Liverpool:—

3 BEST Proved Short Link CHAINS, 7-16, 5 8, and 3 4 inch;
7 best proved Stud Chain CABLES, 90 fathoms each, ass'd. 15-16, 11-16, 13 16, 1¼, 1⅛, and 1⅛ in.
1 best Wood stock ANCHOR, 34cwt. 3qrs. 1 lb.
6 best Blacksmith's ANVILS.
Ex ship *Thomas* from Liverpool—
20 Tons Bolt IRON, well assorted; for sale cheap for approved payment WM. CARVILL.
July 27.

Shirting Cottons.

220 PIECES SHIRTING COTTONS, ex *Queen*, for sale cheap
29th sept. VAUGHANS & LOCKHART

Spruce Saw LOGS,
WANTED.

THE subscriber will pay CASH and the highest price for 1000,000 superficial feet spruce SAW LOGS.
JOHN B. TRAVIS,
Oct. 13, 1848. Indian Town.

EX *E. L. Vail*, from New York:—50 Bbls Superior FLOUR, will be sold low for Cash from the vessel's side.
Nov. 3. THOMAS HANFORD.

CUMBERLAND BUTTER.—12 Firkins prime Cumberland Butter received and for sale by
Nov. 10. T. HANFORD.

Miscellaneous.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE REMINGTON BRIDGE.

In our last number we gave an account of the heroic sufferings of an American inventor in England, regarding whose bridge some inquiries have since been made of us. The principle on which the carriage way rests are laid down upon the principle "that a slender prismatic beam though requiring great force to tear it longitudinally, would, nevertheless, easily give way to a transverse force very much smaller. If suspended by its extremities and the force made to act at the centre, the rod would snap in the centre; but if one of the points of suspension were shifted, then it would snap near the other extremity. This circumstance is applied to the purpose of a permanent carriage way by the position of the scantlings or fulcra, on which the stringers rest, and the operation of which is to remove the tendency of the bridge to break in the centre, and throw that liability in the thicker portions, near the abutments, which are fully able to resist the strain.—The stringers are constructed of any length by the process of scarfing. Now a beam in a horizontal position, fixed at one end and pressed down at the other, is liable to break off near the fixed end. Here, by the scarfing of the stringers, the central scarf unites the two portions, into which each stranger may be supposed to be divided, and resists at a long leverage its tendency to separate the fulcrum. A bridge on these principles was first constructed at the Surrey Gardens, and a large one subsequently on the estate of Earl Talbout, in Staffordshire.

This latter structure has a span of one hundred and fifty feet, and is capable of supporting enormous weights; yet the six stringers or beams which support the planks forming the floor of the bridge are but five inches square at each end, and gradually diminish in size, until at the centre they are only two and a quarter inches, their length being, as already intimated, one hundred and fifty feet. The stringers are formed of pieces of oak timber, each about twenty or twenty-five feet long, attached together by scarfing. The abutments consist of oak posts, six inches square, and fifteen feet long, and five feet in the ground, projecting outward at a considerable angle, and firmly clamped together with iron."

If this is the principle upon which Mr. Remington's Bridge is constructed, it is one long known and practiced in the United States, and although in some respects it may be novel in England, still it would attract no attention in Yankee land.—*Scientific American.*

YES, GET MARRIED.—Young man! if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of doing any thing else. Keep poking about among the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter; for you know delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side, while performing the journey of life. She is of more service, too, than you may at first imagine. She can smoothe your linen and your cares for you—mend your trousers, and purchance your manners—sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee for you—ruffle, perhaps your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew the buttons on your shirt, and plant happiness instead of harrow-teeth in your bosom. Yes—and if you are too confoundedly lazy, or too proud to do such work yourself, she will chop wood, and dig potatoes for dinner; for her love for her husband is such, that she will do anything to please him—except receive company in her every day clothes. When a woman loves she loves with a double distilled devotedness; and when she hates she hates on the high-pressure principle. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter, and as immutable as a rock. She won't change it, except it is a very strong fit of jealousy; and even then it lingers as if loth to part, like evening twilight at the windows of the west. All the excuse you can fish up against "doing the deed" arn't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark this; if blest with health and enjoyment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it you are not able to support yourself. Therefore, so much the more need of annexation, for, in union as well as an onion, there is strength. Get married, I repeat, young man! Concentrate your affections upon one object, and not distribute them, crumb by crumb, among a host of Susans, Sarahs, Marys, Loranas, Olives, Elizas, Augustus, Betsies, Peggies, and Dorathies—allow each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married and have something to cheer you as you journey through this lonely "vale of tears"—something to scour up your whole life and whatever linen you possess in some sort of Sunday-go-to-meeting order. My readers, get married while you are young; and then, when the frost of age shall fall and wither the flowers of affection, the leaves of connubial love will still be green, and, perchance, a joyous offspring will surround and grace the parent tree, like ivy twining and adorning the time scathed oak.

A GOOD DESCRIPTION OF A BAD ROAD.—'Stranger which is the road to —— village?' 'There are two roads,' responded the fellow. 'Well which is the best?' 'Ain't much difference, both on 'em infernal bad. Take which you will, afore you've got half way, you'll wish you'd took t'other.

People endeavour to attract that attention by dress which they cannot obtain by their intrinsic worth, resemble the soap-balloons blown by children; the thinnest bubbles are invested with the brightest colours.

FALLING FROM GRACE.—Zedekiah Broadhead was a man somewhat less of stature than Goliath of Gath, though possessing perhaps as much physical strength. So, the village wrestlers thought, when out of sport, he took up a whole handful of them and pinned them on the ground.—Falling a religious revival, Zedekiah was converted and joined the Methodist Church. One evening while on his way from class meeting he was assaulted by a band of his former companions, shouting—

"Now Zed has become a christian and cannot fight; let's give him a threshing."

"Hold a moment," interposed Zed, putting forth an arm as long as a rail, "I know a christian cannot fight; I belong to a denomination, who believe in *falling from grace*—and, continued the new convert, planting his foot more firmly on the earth, and towering up like a giant in the moonlight, his arm falling back to an angle of forty five degrees, "if I should fall from grace," here he lowered his voice to a tone of ominous solemnity, and advancing three paces towards his retreated assailants—"if I *should* fall from grace, *we be to you!*

The scamps overawed by a doubt of the saint's perseverance, decamped with precaution, leaving Zed as Apollyon left Christian, to go on his way rejoicing.

STEERING COMPASS.—Capt. Sir Samuel Brown has invented a reflecting, or we should say rather a reflected compass for ships to steer by, and the Admiralty have ordered its merits to be tested on board the *St. Vincent*, 120, flag-ship of Sir Chas Napier. Mr. Biddlecombe, the master of that ship, is to have charge of it, and to report his opinions with respect to its use and applicability for service in the navy. We shall endeavour to describe it. At the top of a metal staff some seven or eight feet in height, placed on a stand (altogether something similar to the stand of a fire-screen) is a compass slung as a overhead compass, with the face downward; about five feet further down the staff (the same height from the deck at which the binnacle compass usually stands) is a projecting circular disc of looking-glass or highly polished steel, which being placed on the same plane, and exactly opposite the card of the compass at the top of the staff, reflects it; and it is by this reflected card that the man at the helm (or wheel) is to steer. The principal object of the invention is to place the compass clear of all local attraction, so that the needle may traverse in its true position.

COST OF REVOLUTION.—The *Journal des Debats*, in a leading article, reckons up the enormous sums the overthrow of the monarchy and the proclamation of the Republic have cost the French nation, and the sacrifices it must make in future in order to uphold the existing system of Government. The public treasury has already lost 500,000,000f. (£20,000,000), and the year 1849 may be expected to leave a similar deficiency—a sum not less than the cost of the invasion of France and its occupation by the allied armies. Independent of this immense loss the city of Paris has suffered severely. The deficiency of its revenue since the revolution of February amounts to 10,000,000 f. (£400,000) and it is estimated that the deficiency for the ensuing year will amount to 10,371,746 f. Besides this enormous deficit, the revolution of February has cost the city, in extraordinary expenses, 6,282,801 f. (£250,000); and it is found necessary to vote at present a further sum of 9,000,000 f. (£360,000) to relieve the every day increasing distress in the city of Paris.

A WORD TO APPRENTICES.—Stick to your trades, and learn how to work if you wish to be truly independent. There is no more pitiable sight than a half-learned mechanic looking for work.—He is always at the foot of the hill, and can calculate upon poverty as his portion with little of safety. We have in our mind's eye a lad of 18, who a few months ago was at work in our office at fair wages, but whose parents encouraged him in the idea that he was a man, and should have a man's pay. He left us with a feeling that he should get rich faster in Boston, and since then we have learned of his having engaged for a short time in three several cities. Of course, with his slight knowledge of the business, he could not have permanent employ, and so he has taken up a new trade. A company of actors have enlisted him in their corps dramatique and the last notice we have heard of him was from a handbill announcing his "benefit," when he was to appear as the "Irish Tiger!"—*Halifax paper.*

CHEAP POULTRY.—An Irish pedlar asked an itinerant poulterer of the softer sex the price of a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, sir." "In my dear country, my darling, you may buy them for sixpence a piece." "Why don't you remain in your dear country then?" "Cause we have no sixpences, my jewel," said Pat.

A magic-lantern is the type of existance. At first all is darkness, then a succession of bright images pass before us, which appear more brilliant the farther they seem to recede from our gaze; then there is a temporary darkness again, and the exhibition is declared over.

"A BACHELOR'S LOT.—A bachelor having advertised for a wife to share his lot, an "anxious inquirer" solicited information as to the size of said lot.

THE LATEST TIDINGS OF THE SERPENT.—So, the great sea serpent has been immortalized in verse! A local contemporary publishes a thirty-six-line effusion addressed to that wonderful creature. Why, *sacre bleu*, does ancient Glasgow is behind the age in poetic any more than in commercial enterprise? The writer of the "lay" indulges in several reasonable and easy metres, and in the "style of the finest" address to the Mammy in England's exhibition," and finishes off as follows:—

"All hail thou wonderous wanderer of the sea!
And when, at length, is ceased thy lonely reign,
Wind be the storm that howls above thy head,
And wild the waves that wail thy sovereign dead!"

We can fancy the youth in proximity to the animal, and crying "all hail!" if the "monster" is even half as *amiable* as from many accounts we would be made believe, we suspect he would rather be inclined to cry to the sailors, as did the Highlander who experienced a "dreadful gale" rounding the "Toowart points."—"For gudesake turn her tail, prave poys."—*Correspondent.*

How often through life, do we find numerous failures crowned at last by one brilliant success! Fortune is like whist—the last card that we deal turns up a trump.

CHRISTMAS TALES.

FOR NEW MARRIED PEOPLE.

(Concluded.)

Eunice sat waiting for her husband's daily return from town. Sleep had close'd the eyes of her little Lily—the child's name was Lavinia, but they called her Lily, and very like was she to that sweet flower, especially now as she lay asleep, like a lily folded among its leaves. Eunice's fingers were busy in fabricating a christening robe for her darling; and the mother's heart kept pace with their quick movements; travelling over future years, until she smiled at herself to think how earnestly she had been considering the making of the bridal dress of the babe of three months old, that lay unconsciously sleeping by her side.

A little later than his accustomed hour—for he was generally very punctual—Henry came in.—He looked pale, and his eye was troubled, but he kissed his wife with his usual affection perhaps even more. Still, Eunice saw that all was not right. She waited for him to tell her; he always did; but this night he was silent. A few passing questions Eunice put, but they were answered so shortly, that the wife saw that that plan would never do; so she tried to distract his attention by speaking of Lily and the christening.

'See, Henry, how beautiful she will look in her robe—the darling!' said the mother, unfolding it, and displaying the delicate fabric.

Henry covered his face. 'Take it away!' he said in tones of deep pain. 'I cannot think of such things. Eunice, I ought to tell you, and yet I dare not.'

'What is it you dare not tell me, my own Henry?' said Eunice, softly putting her arm round his neck. "Nothing wrong, I am sure; and even if so, you know I will forgive.

'I have not done wrong, it might be foolish, but it was not wrong.'

What was it, Henry, love?' said a voice so low, that it might have only be that of his own heart urging the confession.

'I will tell you. You know my brother George how wild he is, and always was? Well, he came to me a year ago: he had a good situation offered him, but they required a surety; and George implored me on his knees to save him, and give him a chance of reforming. I did so. I was bound for him to the extent of our little all—poor Lily's fortune—and he has just fled to America—a thief! defrauding his master, and also me. Eunice, we have now only my salary to live upon. This is the trouble that weighs me down.'

'Is that all?' said the wife. 'Then we will bear it together. It is nothing—nothing,' and she smiled through her tears.

Her husband looked surprised. 'Eunice, do you know that we shall be much poorer, than we are now? that we must give up many comforts? and the poor baby growing up too. Oh how foolish I have been!

'Never mind the past now, dear Henry; I have only one thing to complain of—that you did not tell me sooner.

'You have indeed a right to do so,' said Henry slowly and painfully. 'I know it; I have bro't this upon you; I have made my wife poor.'

Eunice looked at her husband with eyes overflowing with love. 'Henry,' she answered, 'since you speak thus, I also must think of myself. I must remember that I brought you no fortune; that I owe all to you—house, food, raiment; that, in making me your wife, the gifts were all on your side, for I had nothing. When I consider this, what right have I to complain of reduced luxuries—nay, even of poverty?'

'You are my own noble-minded wife,' cried Henry, folding her in his arms. 'The richest treasure I ever had was the woman's heart you brought me.'

Thus even adverse fortune without could only throw a passing shadow on that blessed, united home.

The birth of their son drew a little nearer the hearts of Sir Francis Lester and his wife, but their life had too long been a troubled current to receive more than a temporary calm. When Sir Francis stooped from his usual dignified reserve to fondle his child, with the pride of a new-made father, these caresses, after the first pleasure was over, gave a jealous pang to poor Emily's heart. She was absurdly jealous of the babe, attributing her husband's more frequent society to his delight of his son and heir. She even doubted the increased kindness of manner that he evinced towards her, and repulsed by her coldness and vague hints, he again sought abroad the comfort that was denied him in his splendid but joyless home.

From that home Sir Francis became more and more estranged. His wife rarely saw him in the day; and midnight found him absent. If she complained or questioned him wither he was going, or where he had been, his sole answer was silence or haughty reserve. In the early days of their marriage, Emily had often won her way, even against her husband's will, by tears or caresses. But the former were useless now; the latter she was too proud to try. Only the shadow of her olden love lingered in the wife's heart, and in its stead had come distrust and jealousy, and wounded pride.

One morning daybreak saw Lady Lester returning from a ball alone, for her husband seldom now accompanied her. As she entered, her first enquiry of the heavy-eyed domestic was if his master had returned. He had not; and this was only one of the many nights that Sir Francis had outstayed the daylight. Lady Lester compressed her lips in anger, and retired; but she had scarcely gained her room ere Sir Francis entered.

'You are out late,' said Emily. He made no answer. 'Where have you been?' she continued.

'Nowhere of consequence, at least not to you.'

'Sir Francis Lester, you are mistaken,' answered Emily, trying to speak calmly, though she trembled violently. 'I have a right to know where you go and what you do—the right of a wife.'

'Do not fancy yourself and me, I never interfere with your pleasures.'

'Because you know there is no evil in them—I have nothing to hide when you have.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because, if you were not doing wrong, why should you stay out night after night, as now?—There must be a cause for this, else shall I tell you what I think—what the world thinks? That you *gamble?*'

'The world lies!' cried Sir Francis, the words hissing through his white lips; but he became calm in a moment. 'I beg your pardon, Lady Lester; I will say good night.'

'Answer me, Francis,' said his wife much agitated. 'Where do you go, and why? Only tell me.'

'I will not,' replied he. The curiosity of a wife who doubts her husband is not worth satisfying. Good night.'

Emily pressed her throbbing forehead against the cushions of a sofa, and went long in silence and solitude. The morning dawned upon her sleepless eyes, she had resolved what to do. 'I will know, muttered the unhappy wife, as she thought over the plan on which she had determined. 'Come what may, I will know where he goes. He shall find I am equal to this yet.

Two days after, Sir Francis Lester, his wife and mother, were seated at the well-lighted dinner table. There was no other guest—a rare circumstance, for a visitor was ever welcome to break the dull tedium of a family tete-a-tete.—Alas for those homes in which such is the case!—Silently and formally sat Lady Lester at the head of her husband's table. How cheerless it was in its cold grandeur, with the servants gliding stealthily about, and the three who owned this solemn state exchanging a few words of freezing civility, and then relapsed into silence. When the servants had retired, Sir Francis uttered a few remarks in his usual tone—perhaps a little kinder than ordinary—to his wife; but she made no effort to reply, and he turned to his mother. They talked awhile, and then the elder lady Lester rose to retire.

Emily's pale cheek grew a shade paler as she said, 'before we leave I have a word to say to my husband.'

Sir Francis lifted his eyes, and his mother observed sharply. 'Perhaps I had better retire?'

'As you will,' Lady Lester replied with a sneering emphasis. Oh how different from sweet Emily Stratford of old! But it might be no unpleasant novelty to Sir Francis to hear his wife without his mother's presence!'

'What is all this?' coldly said the husband.

"Merely Sir Francis, that what you refused to tell me, I have learned. I know how and where you pass the evenings in which your wife is not worthy to share your society. I know also where you spent last night. A noble thing, a very noble thing for Francis Lester to be squandering his own—aye, and his wife's fortune in a gaming house!'

Sir Francis started from the table. 'It is false,' he said, while the blue veins rose like knots on his forehead.

'It is true,' answered Emily. 'I know it.'

'May I ask how?'

'By the evidence of one who saw you enter the house.

'And shall I tell you, Francis, how that evidence was gained?' said his mother in the calm biting tone she well knew how to use. 'I now see why Lady Lester gave yesterday and to day two such long audiences to her father's old servant, and why she needed his assistance so much—to be a spy upon her husband!'

Sir Francis clenched his hands involuntarily, and looking fixedly at his wife, and in a tone so low and suppressed that it became almost a whisper, 'Emily Lester is this true?'

Much as Lady Lester had erred, she had not yet so far advanced in the ways of wrong, as to veil that error by a falsehood, she answered steadily, though a deep blush spread itself over her face and neck 'Yes it is'

Her husband, to Emily's great surprise, did not answer a syllable. His head was bent, and his features immovable. He uttered no justification, uttered no reproaches, and his silence irritated her beyond all bounds. Amid st violent bursts of sobbing, she poured out a torrent of recriminations; all her forced calmness had departed, and she upbraided Sir Francis with the bitterness of an injured wife.

'I have endured too long, I will endure no more,' she cried, 'You trust me not, and therefore you cannot love me. I will go to one who does both—my blind dear father. I will leave you—we must part.

'We must part,' said Sir Francis in a tone of freezing coldness, that went like an ice-bolt to Emily's heart. Her husband rose up, walked slowly and firmly to the door, but when he reached it, he staggered, and fell about for the handle, like one who was blind. In another moment the hall door closed and he was gone.

Emily sat as he had left her, but her tears flowed no longer; she was as still and as white as a marble statue. The mother-in-law stormed, sneered, and reviled; but she might as well have talked to the dead, at last she went away.—When the servants entered to remove the deserts, they found their mistress still in her seat, half leaning on the table, but perfectly insensible.

Eunice Wolferstan was roused from the contemplation of her own reserves to scan the unfortunate Emily. For two days, during which the door was locked, no news of Sir Francis came to his wife. His supposed guilt became as nothing compared to the fear lest he should take her wild words, and that they should part. But this fear soon became an agonizing certainty. In a letter to Emily's father, Sir Francis declared his intention to risk no more to the home his wife occupied; that half her own fortune and a portion of his should be settled upon her, but that henceforth they must be separated. In vain the poor old father, his natural son subdued by witnessing the agony of his child, pleaded for her. Sir Francis was inflexible. That his wife should have dared to pry over what he chosen to conceal, was a deep offence in his eyes; but that she should have sent a servant to watch him—no power on earth would have made the haughty Sir Francis Lester forgive that.

The desolate wife prayed her cousin to try her power to soften her obstinate will; for Sir Francis had ever respected the high but gentle spirit of Eunice. She went strong in her woman's influence; her words reached even him, as she could see by the changing of his countenance. He bore more from her than from any one; for a man will sometimes bow to the sway of a high souled, pure minded woman, when he will not listen to his