SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, F[...] 3, 1847.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 1.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Durant & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince William street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Any person forwarding the name 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.

Sept.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon	H. W.
4 Saturday,	5 33	6 27	0 44	6 41
5 Sunday,	5 35	6 25	1 40	8 2
6 Monday,	5 36	6 24	2 37	9 20
7 Tuesday,	5 37	6 23	3 35	10 14
8 Wednesday,	5 39	6 21	4 33	10 58
9 Thursday,	5 41	6 19	Sets	11 35
10 Friday,	5 42	6 13	6 46ev	9

New Moon, 9th day, 11h. 8m. morning.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 Sterling.

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

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B. (Office Nelson street.)

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ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

A Loan of two thirds the premium paid, or half the Annual Premium for the first five years.

Low rates of Premiums.

Insurance for one or five years, or for life, with or without participation in profits of the Society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of Policies.

Travelling limits and extra premiums liberal and moderate.

Division of Profits.—The assured has the option of receiving the Profits either in Cash, in reduction of Premiums, or in adding to the sum insured.

Premiums payable annually, half yearly, or quarterly.

The "National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," offers, as will be seen by the above, all the advantages allowed by any other Life Assurance Society of equal standing.

Every information as to the Society's rate of Premium, mode of Insurance, and Blank Forms may be had on application at the office of the Agents.

WILLIAM J. STARR, FREDERICK R. STARR, } Agents.
St. John, Dec. 24 1846. Nelson street

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 Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.: Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, 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, 1841.

Minerva Life Assurance Company.

King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Agents for New Brunswick.
Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M.D.
January 30, 1846.

TORRYBURN HOUSE, Seven Miles from St. John.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the Public that he has fitted up the Building on the Premises lately purchased by him, on the road to Kingston, known as Black's Farm, seven miles from the city, as a

HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT,

where parties and families can be furnished with *Private Apartments and Refreshments*, and have every attention paid to their comfort and convenience.
May 7. JOHN BROWN.

☞ Notice.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Seymour Pickett, Esq., late of Golden Vale, Kingston, King's County, Cloth Manufacturer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the subscriber, (at Mr. James Agnew's, King street) within Six Months from the date hereof; and all Persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to call and make immediate settlement. [illegible] Administrator.
St. John, N. B., April 3, 1847.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His Grace the Duke of Portland to Mrs. Ann Mellish, (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.

(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 substances. 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,
Asthma,	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 Douloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever
Headache,	cause, &c., &c.

These truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 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.

CITY STOVE STORE, 14,—Dock Street.—14.

RECEIVED at the above Establishment, per schooner *Three Sisters* and *Meridian*, a further supply consisting of
COOKING STOVES, various new patterns,
FRANKLINS, do. ditto;
AIR TIGHT STOVES, new ditto;
for Wood and Coal, suitable for Halls, Parlours stores, offices, &c.

Cylinder Stoves for ships' Cabins and Forecastles.

On Hand—A variety of bedroom Franklins with place for Kettle; Stoves of different kinds; Register Grates; Oven Mouths; Andirons, &c &c;—Sheet Iron Stoves, stove Pipe, Tin and Hollow Ware.

Daily expected:—Ships' Camboosses and other stoves in great variety.

☞ All articles in Copper, Tin, sheet Iron, lead, &c. made and repaired at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.
Nov 27. W. WESTLOTORN.

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

Wholesale Confectioner and Lozenge Manufacturer.

A. MARTIN begs to remind his Wholesale Customers that he has always on hand a large Stock of CONFECTIONS and LOZENGES of first rate quality, which he will sell at moderate prices, at his Establishment, in Prince William street, a few doors South of the Bank of New Brunswick, same side. May 29.

Mr. A. Mackenna,

Attorney at Law, and Notary Public.

OFFICE up stairs in the Brick Building corner of Church and Prince Wm. streets.
June 12, 1846.

THE SUBSCRIBER

HAS received, and is now opening, an extensive assortment of SUMMER CLOTHING, which, with a variety of Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doe and Buckskins, Tweeds, Vestings, and a general assortment of everything in his line, he is determined to sell as low as any person in the trade. [June 25.] JOHN BOWES.

Joseph Summers,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCER
King Street—opposite the St. John Hotel.

Just received per *Thompson* from the Clyde:
58 BAGS Halifax PIPES;
20 Bbls. Scotch BARLEY;
For Sale low for Cash.

SUGAR, &C.

Received this day per schr. *Victoria* from Halifax
36 HHDS. PORTO RICO SUGAR;
65 brls. do do (first quality)
11 bags COFFEE, 3 tons LOGWOOD.
For sale by May 7. J. P. CRANE.

Miscellany.

THE SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMEN.

The true and noble woman disdains to rule, either as wife or mistress; she seeks a lord and not a slave. Her love must look ever upwards; and, except in the maternal relation, there can be no true love, from woman to man, that does not. There is another kind of women that rule men too; the cold, calm, unexcitable, and ever self possessed; the woman that never forgets *herself*. We never saw such a one as a wife, that the husband was not, more or less the subject of her will. In both instances, an intense selfishness is the predominant principle; in the first, combined with vanity; and in the second with that, and a large portion of self-esteem, into the bargain. In a *true woman*—and by a true woman we mean one in whom the nature of her sex is the most completely developed—candour will be the distinctive attribute; inasmuch as it is the distinctive attribute of the intuitive life which in her must prevail; but it is remarkable that these women, the true archetypes of their sex, are exactly those who have the least influence over men in general; for, to understand and appreciate such a woman, a man must be as noble and candid as herself. He must have *insight*—which few men have, for intellect does not give it; and, in the present stage of civilization, it is certain that men are much more governed by the vices and artifices than by their virtues.—There is plenty of power to be had by bad means—by what are frequently called "the legitimate arms of the sex."—Fie! we never see the *manege* and the dexterites by which so many women retain their influence over their husbands, without feeling infinitely more contempt for their successful cunning, then we do for the poor spiritless unresisting victim of a brute, who may be living next door. It would be a consolation if, amidst all these disadvantages that have been heaped upon them, women could have preserved their candour, their simplicity, their singleness of mind; but they are so artificial, so conventional, so unreal, so afraid of being *themselves!* No wonder! For they have in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred been so frowned out of their individualities when they were young, that they have actually forgotten after what fashion God Almighty made them. Their minds have been compressed by tight stays, like their bodies; they have so entirely lost sight of Nature that they are positively shocked when she meets their view; and as soon as they get children of their own, they set about deforming her; squeezing, pinching, and paring, till, like the Flatheads or the Chinese, they have reduced their offspring to the true standard of taste and gentility. Woe to any unfortunate little being, who should be found amongst the brood, in whom a strong nature prevailing over art will insist on asserting itself! Its mother will be as much astonished and dismayed as a hen that has hatched a duck's egg. The gods themselves know what an insane and insipid thing this eternal modeling, forming, and finishing, makes of society!—*Mrs. Crowe.*

HOW TO LIVE WITH ONE'S FRIENDS.

The following very suitable article the truth of which it would be well that every individual composing the great body of society should take to their own bosoms, and reduce also to practical observance, is copied from a recent English work entitled, '*Friends in Council*'—

"If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now, it would be very hard for one man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism.—It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like other prototypes, are very apt to have the persons judged brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. 'Had I been consulted,' 'had you hastened to me,' but you always will,' and such scraps of sentences may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered, and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live, such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where true, real politeness is of more value than where we think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

Again; we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give; and especially must not expect contrary things. It is somewhat arrogant to talk of travelling over others minds; (mind being for what we know, infinite); until we become familiar with the upper views, tastes, and tempers of our associates. And it is hardly in men to estimate justly what is familiar to him. In travelling along at night, as Hazlitt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerfull looking rooms, with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be.—Yet there is Heaven and Hell in these rooms, the same Heaven and Hell that we have known in others.

Intimate friends and relations should be careful when they go out in the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous. You seldom need wait for a written life of a man to hear about his weakness, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends or meet him in company with them.

Lastly, in conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their *interests*, nor by giving way to their opinions so much as not *offending their tastes.* The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is perhaps a result of our whole nature, and at any rate is a region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.

It may be said that if the great principles of christianity were attended to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above would be needless. True enough, great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between matter and *spirit*—moulding the one and expressing the other.

An American Clergyman in Liverpool.—I arose early in the morning to finish my last day's journey to England, and set out for Liverpool.—The ride through Cumberland and Westmoreland is beautiful indeed. The country is highly cultivated and beautifully varied, and the change in the whole aspect of the towns and villages from Scotland was very remarkable. Every hill opened new vales of surpassing beauty, and new hills still beyond, crowned with parks and woods, which gave a constant charm to the scene. I much desired to turn aside to the lakes, but my face was now turned homeward, and I felt the force of the attraction too strongly to delay. We passed through Kendal, on and near Casteron the residence of the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, to whom I had intended to pay a visit, which I was now unable to give. But I had so much to leave unseen and unknown that it was in vain to lament one or another of these omissions by itself. I pressed on through Lancaster and Preston to Liverpool, where my journey ended, and I was ready to embark for my native land.—But Liverpool itself brought me so many comforts and blessings that I will not attempt to speak of it in the close of this letter. I have no more precious recollections connected with England than those which centre around this spot. At my entrance into the town I found waiting for me a most cordial invitation from a gentleman whom I had never seen, to make his house my home during my stay in Liverpool. Here I am settled for two weeks, amongst all the comforts which christian love and education, refinement and wealth, could impart.—Surely nothing on this side Heaven is more like Heaven itself than the spiritual conversation, communion and character of highly intelligent, refined and really spiritual Christians. Amidst such was my dwelling in Liverpool. How great the divine goodness which thus provided for me! How sadly thankless the heart that could receive such blessings without an abiding flame of gratitude and love to that merciful Redeemer for whose sake such kindness was bestowed! Never can the joys and privileges of my sojourn in Liverpool be erased from memory. They are still fresh subjects for thanksgiving, and call, in every prayer, for intercession in behalf of friends so disinterested and sincere. May I have grace ever to praise my God for his inestimable benefits to me!—*Recollections of England by the Rev. S. Tyng, D. D. of N. York.*

Newly Discovered Uses of the Sunflower.—The most experienced in the cultivation of this plant are sanguine that, with proper soil and proper cultivation, *it is more profitable than wheat or corn.* The seeds are more oleaginous than those of the flax plant, and combine the qualities for *table use* of the best olive oil; for *burning*, of the best sperm, without its smoke; and for *painting*, it is said by painters who have used it, to be superior to linseed, and it is more rapid in drying, equally easy in spreading, and without forming a much denser coat. Prepared and eaten as artichokes, the young cups of this plant are very esculent and pleasing to the palate; the stalks are an excellent substitute for hemp or flax, and for bee pasturage it is equal to any plant, yielding, from its luscious and numerous nectariness, an abundance of the best and most palatable honey. A writer in one of our agricultural exchanges says, that on suitable soil, with proper cultivation, it will yield on an average, from eighty to one hundred bushels of seed to the acre. From five to seven quarts of oil are calculated on per bushel. If this is not over estimating its productiveness, and it can be raised as cheaply as wheat or Indian corn, ordinarily considered the most expensive crops cultivated, the sunflower must be a very profitable production. We have heretofore cultivated it on a small scale, usually in vacant spots, by the fences and in places where the cultivation of other vegetables was ineligible, and so far as our experience goes, it corroborates the above assertions. We find that the green leaves are very excellent fodder for cows, especially when feed in our pastures gets low in seasons of scarcity and drought. We generally commence plucking them in July, taking the lower leaves first, and feeding them out at night, or, if the scarcity of feed is great, in the morning before turning them from their yards. We have sometimes given them corn toppings and the leaves of the sunflower at the same time, and have found that the latter are invariably preferred. The seed of the sunflower is a most desirable food for poultry, its highly oleaginous nature wholly superseding the necessity for animal food.

Clonmel, Ireland.—A correspondent of a daily paper writes, an occurence of an amusing, though ridiculous nature, took place here of which I beg to send you an account. The actors, a Tipperary lass and two gallant sons of Mars. A gallant young Cavalry Officer, stationed not a hundred miles from Clonmel, was returning to his quarters on escort duty on a certain day, in the early part of last week. His party was proceeding quietly along the road, when the Officer rode up to a remarkably fine, intelligent, well dressed young woman, who was proceeding in the same direction as the military heroes. The Officer engaged in conversation with the sprightly fair one and he was so 'taken' with her engaging manners and appearance that he dismounted and walked by her side, until they reached the avenue gate, leading to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Heffernan, parish priest of Clerihan.—'It is here my father lives,' slyly said the lady, 'and as it is just dinner hour you will be welcome to join us' (she well knowing that the enamoured swain could not leave his Troop.) 'It would be impossible for me to accept your kind invitation, as I am duty,' replied the gallant son of Mars. 'Well sir,' said she 'you will confer a high compliment on me by accepting my invitation to dine with us to morrow evening, and as my father, who is advanced in years, is very particular don't be later than five o'clock.' 'May I bring a friend with me?' inquired the Officer. 'Your friend shall be as welcome as yourself,' was the answer. The parties separated and the next evening, about five o'clock two martial looking youths might been seen wending their way towards the hospitable residence of Father Heffernan dressed in the most captivating style, their hyperion curls and mustachios shining brightly and scented odoriferously with 'Rowlands Macassar.' They arrive at the door and the double tantarara is answered—the visitors walk into the parlour and see not the 'object of their fond wishes,' but father Heffernan himself, with spectacles on his nose, engaged reading a work on dogmatic theology. 'Well gentlemen,' said his reverence, 'can I do anything for you?' 'We came to dinner,' was the answer. 'To dinner,' who invited you?' said the astonished priest; I am done dinner this hour.' 'Your daughter,' was the reply.—'My daughter!' said Father Heffernan, 'why, I'm only a poor priest, and I never had a daughter, nor never will.' An explanation took place—a full confession of the whole affair was made to his reverence—a description of the fair one was given, and, after an immoderate fit of laughter the priest exclaimed 'Peggy Quinn, Peggy Quinn, you'll never be done with your tricks;' and then looking at the chief actor, he said, 'Go home, you fool, and learn sense.' The humbugged Lothario, with his no less chapfallen comrade, bade the poor priest a good evening, and wended their way home in no very agreeable or comfortable mood.—*Tipperary Constitution.*

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A SURGEON.

Every person who has studied, even in the most cursory manner, the checkered page of human life, must have observed that there are in continual operation through mankind some great secret, moral agents, whose powers are exerted within the heart, and beyond the reach of, the consciousness or observation of the individual himself who is subject to their influence. There is a steadfastness of virtue in some high minded men, which enables them to resist the insidious temptation of the bad demon and there is also a stern stability of vice often found in the unfortunate outlaw, which disregards, for a time, the voice of conscience, and spurns the whispered wooing of the good principle, "charm it never so wisely;" yet the real confessions of the hearts of those individuals, should show traces enough of the agency of the unseen power to prove their want of title to an exception from the general rule which includes all the sons of Adam. We find also that extraordinary moral effects, are often produced, in a dark and mysterious manner, from physical causes; and every medical man has the power of recording, if he has had the faculty of observing, changes in the minds, principles, and feelings of patients who have come through the fiery ordeal of a terrible disease, altogether unaccountable on any rules of philosophy yet discovered.

Not many years ago, a well dressed young woman called one evening upon me, and stated that her lady, whose name, she said, would be communicated by herself, had been ill for some days, and wished me to visit her privately. I asked her when she required my attendance; and got for answer, that she, the messenger, would conduct me to the residence of the patient, if it was convenient for me to go at the time. I was disengaged, and agreed to accompany the young woman as soon as I had given directions to my assistant regarding the preparation of some medicines, which required the application of chemical rules. To be ingenuous, I was a little curious to know the secret of this call; for, that there was a secret about it, was plain, from the words, and especially the manner of a young woman, who spoke mysteriously, and did not seem to wish any questions put to her on the subject of her mission. The night was dark, but the considerate messenger had provided a lantern; and, to anticipate my scruples, she said that the distance we had to go would not render it necessary for me to take my carriage—a five minutes' walk being sufficient to take us to our destination.

Resigning myself to the guidance of my conductress, I requested her to lead the way, and we proceeded along two neighbouring streets of considerable length, and then turned up to ——— Square—a place where the rich and fashionable part of the inhabitants of the town have their residences. At the mouth of the coach entry, which ran along the gable of a large house, and apparently led to the back offices connected with the residence, the young woman stopped and whispered to me to take care of my feet, as she was to take the liberty of leading me along a mense lane, to a back entrance, through which I was to be conducted into the chamber of the sick lady. I obeyed her directions; and keeping close behind, her was led along the lane, and through several turns and windings which I feared I might not again be able to trace without a guide, until we came to a back door, when the young woman—begging my pardon for her forwardness—took hold of my hand led me along a dark passage, then up a stair, then along another passage, which was lighted by some wax tapers placed in recesses in the wall; at the end of which, she softly opened a door, and ushered me into a large bedroom, the magnificence of which was only partly revealed to me by a small lamp filled with aromatic oil, whose fragrance filled the apartment. The young woman walked quickly forward to a bed, hung with light green silk, damask curtains fringed with yellow silk, and luxuriously ornamented with a superfluity of gilding; and, drawing aside the curtains, she whispered a few words into the ear of some one lying there, apparently in distress; and then hurried out of the room, leaving me standing on the floor, without introduction or explanation.

The novelty of my position deprived me for a moment of my self possession, and I stood stationary in the middle of the room, deliberating upon whether I should call back my conductress and ask from her some explanation, or proceed forward to the couch, where, no doubt my services were required; but my hesitation was soon resolved, by the extraordinary appearance of an Indian-coloured female countenance, much emaciated, and lighted up with two bright orbs, occupying the interstice between the curtains, and beckoning me, apparently with a painful effort, forward. I obeyed, and throwing open the large folds of damask, had as full view of my extraordinary patient as the light that emanated from the perfumed lamp, and shone feebly on her dark countenance, would permit. She beckoned to me to take a chair, which stood by the side of the bed; and, having complied with her mute request, I begged to know what was the complaint under which she laboured, that I might endeavour to yield her such relief as was in the power of our professional art. I thus limited my question to the nature of her disease, in the expectation that she herself would clear up the mystery which hung around the manner in which I was called, and introduced to so extraordinary a scene as that which was now before me. Her great weakness seemed to require some composure, and a collecting of her scattered and reduced energies, before she could answer my simple question. I now observed more perfectly than I had yet done the character and style of the room into which I had been introduced—its furniture, ornaments, and luxuries; and, above all, the extraordinary, foreign looking invalid who seemed to be the mistress of so much grandeur. Though a bedroom, the apartment seemed to have lavished upon its fitting up as much money as is often expended on a lord's drawing-room—the bed itself, the wardrobes, pier-glasses, toilets, and dressing cases, being of the most elaborate workmanship and costly character—the pictures, magnificently framed; while on all sides were to be seen foreign ornaments, chiefly Chinese and Indian, of brilliant appearance, and devoted to purposes and uses of refined luxury, of which I could form no adequate conception. On a small table near the bed, there was a multiplicity of boxes, vials, trinkets and bijouterie of all kinds; and fragrant mixtures, intended to perfume the apartment, were exposed in various quarters, and even scattered exuberantly on spread covers of satin, with a view to their yielding their sweets more freely, and filling all the corners of the room. In full contrast with all this array of grandeur and luxury, lay the strange looking individual already mentioned, on the gorgeous bed. She was apparently an East Indian; and though possessed of comely features, she was even darker than the fair Hindoos we often see in this country. The sickness under which she laboured, and which appeared to be very severe, had rendered her thin and cadaverous-looking—making the balls of her brilliant eyes assume the appearance of being protruded, and imparting to all her features a sharp, prominent aspect, the very reverse of the natural Indian type; yet, true to her sex and the manners of her country, she was splendidly decorated, even in this state of *dishabille* and distress—the coverlet being of rich Indian manufacture, and resplendent with the dyes of the East, her gown and cap decorated with costly needlework—fingers covered with a profusion of rings—while a cambric handkerchief, richly embroidered, in her right hand, had partly enveloped in its folds a large golden vinaigrette, set profusely with glittering gems.

The rapid survey which enabled me to gather this general estimate of what was presented to me, was nearly completed before the invalid had collected strength enough to answer my question; and she was just beginning to speak—having as yet pronounced only a few inarticulate syllables—when she was interrupted by the entrance of the same young woman who had acted as my conductress, and who now exhibited a manner the very opposite of the soft, quiet, slipping nature of her former carriage. The suddenness, and even impetuosity of her entry, was inconsistent with the character of the nurse of a lady in so distressed a condition as that of her apparent mistress; but her subsequent conduct was much more incompresible and extraordinary; for without speaking and without stopping she rushed forward, and taking me by the arm, hurried me away through the door by which I had entered, along the lighted passage, down the stair, and never stopped until she landed me on the threshold of the back door by which I had entered the house. At this time I heard the bell of (as I thought) the fore or street door of the house ringing violently; and my conductress, without saying a word, ran away as fast as the darkness would permit, leaving me, perplexed and confounded at what I had seen and heard, to find my way home in the best way I could.

In my professional capacity I had not been accustomed to any mysterious or secret practice of our art, which, being exercised ostensibly and in reality for the benefit of mankind, requires no cloak to cover its operations; and though, I was curious to know the secret of such incomprehensible proceedings, I felt no admiration of, or relish for adventures so unsuited to the life and manners of a sober practical man. One thing, however, was clear, and seemed sufficient to reconcile my practical, every day notions of life with this mysterious negotiation, and even to solve the doubt I entertained, whether I should again trust myself as a party to the devices of secrecy—and that was, that the individual I had been thus called to see professionally was in such a condition of body as required urgently the administration of a medical practitioner. On the following day, I resolved upon making some inquiries, with a view to ascertain who and what the individual was that occupied the house to which I had been introduced, and which upon a survey in daylight, I could have no difficulty in tracing; but I happened to be too much occupied to be able to put my purposes into execution; and was thus obliged to remain, during the day, in a state of suspense and ignorance of the secret involved in my previous night's professional adventure. In the evening, however, and about the same hour at which the messenger called for me on the previous occasion, the same individual waited on me, with an apology for the apparently unceremonious treatment I had received, and which, she said, would be explained to my satisfaction; and a renewed request that I would again accompany her to the same house, and on the same errand. I told the messenger that I bore no great love to these secret adventures, but that I would consent, on this occasion, to make a sacrifice of my principles and feelings to the hope of being able to be of some use, in a professional way to the distressed lady I had seen on the previous occasion, whose situation, so far as I could judge from appearance, was not far removed from the extremity of danger. I again, accordingly, committed myself to the guidance of the young woman; and after a repetition of the windings and evolutions of the previous visit, soon found myself again seated in the chair that stood by the gorgeous bed of the strange invalid. Everything seemed to be in the same situation as before; the lamp gave out its weak light, the perfumes exhaled their sweets, and the distressed lady exhibited the same strange contrast between her reduced sickly condition and the superb finery of her *dishabille*.

I had not long been seated, when she struggled to inform me in a very weak voice, that she was much beholden to me for my attention, and grieved for the unceremonious treatment I had received in my last visit. I replied that I laid my account with much greater personal inconvenience, in the pursuit of my profession, than any to which she had subjected or could subject me—all such considerations being, in my apprehension, of small importance, in comparison with the good we have often the power of administering to individuals in distress; and begged to know the nature of the complaint under which she too evidently laboured; that I might endeavour to ameliorate her sufferings, and restore her to that health without which the riches she apparently was mistress of, could be of small avail in rendering her happy. She appeared grateful for the sentiments I expressed; and proceeded to tell me, still with the same struggling difficulty of utterance, arising from her extreme weakness, that she was the wife of Col. P———, the proprietor of the mansion into which I had been thus secretly introduced, for reasons she would explain in the course of her narrative. She had been married to her husband, she proceeded, in the East Indies, of which country she was a native; and, having succeeded to a large fortune on the death of her father, had given it all freely, without bond, contract, or settlement, to her husband, whom she loved, honoured, and worshipped, beyond all earthly beings, and with an ardour which had never swerved from the first moment she had become a wife. Nor was the affection limited to one side of the house; for she was more than satisfied that her lord and master—grateful, no doubt, for the rank, honour, riches, and independence to which she had raised him—loved her with an affection at least equal to her own. But all these advantages (and she sighed deeply as she proceeded) were of little consequence to the production of happiness, if the greatest of all blessings, health, were denied to this

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