St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Dveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

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

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE :—

12s. 6d., in Advance;—$3 if not paid until the termination of the year;

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, he offers the following

Inducements for Clubbing,

by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. He proposes to send

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies of the Chronicle; *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;
For $20 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;
For $40 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;
Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

☞ BY THE YEAR.—The rate of advertizing by the year is six poundsper column, and *half, quarter*, or *eighth* part of a column in the same ratio.

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

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

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

GOODS.

By the "Gipsey," "Charles," and "Richmond," &c., received and for Sale:—

75 BAGS Shingle and Clapboard fine Cut NAILS, and 25 bags Board fine Cut Nails, at 2½d. per lb.; 35 kegs, 100 lbs. each, 7d'y, 8d'y, 9d'y, and 10d'y Horse Nails; 50 kegs 6d'y, 8d'y, and 10d'y Wrought Rose and Clasp-head Nails; 10 casks 2¼, 2½ and 3 inch Boat Nails; 10 casks 4½ and 5 inch Spikes; 700 yards Superfine Scotch Wool Carpeting; 300 do Fine Scotch Wool Carpeting; 25 kegs yellow Paint; 5 boxes Cocoa Paste; A variety of WOODEN WARE.

ALSO—*By the "Albert" from London:*

A Case containing first-rate CHARTS of the English and Irish Channel, North Atlantic, Nova-Scotia, the St. Lawrence, &c., &c,
6 Ten inch Brass Compasses;
24 Log Glasses; 30 Parallel Rulers;
12 Gunter Scales; Quadrants, Thermometers, Ruled and Plain Log Books, &c.—For sale by the Case. JOHN KINNEAR.

St. John, July 18, 1851.

THE FANCY ARCADE,

CORNER OF KING AND CROSS STREET.

KEEPS constantly on hand for Sale, Gold and Silver WATCHES, a neat assortment of Gold French and English Jewelry, Fans, Perfumery, Scented Soaps, Colognes, Hair Oils, Liquid Ruge Extracts, Musical Instruments, Violin Strings, hair, clothes, tooth, nail and other Brushes, Feather Dusters, gilt Framed and Zinc Mirrors, Steel Pens and Holders, lead and slate Pencils, Drawing Paints, Sun Glasses, Spectacles, Watch Guards, Fob Chains, Steel Beads, and Purse Trimmings, Crosbea Boxes in great variety, playing, courting and conversation Cards, Alabaster Goods, silk Purses, French Paper Weights, Fire Crackers, Work Boxes and Writing Desks, Stationery, and upwards of 2000 other different articles.

N. B.—This establishment is well worthy the inspection of Country, Wholesale as well as Retail purchasers, as the Proprietor selects his Stock personally from Foreign Markets.

August 1. J. CROUCH.

GRANITE HALL.
No. 1, Dock Street.

SUMMER OVER COATS, in loose and Plain Sac styles, made of a superior article of Venetian Cloth, cut and made up in the neatest manner, only 25s., or made to Measure at 27s. 6d., and a perfect fit warranted.

July 18. THOS. R. JONES.

NEW BOOKS.

Per Steamer "Admiral."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July;
Fowler's Phrenological Journal do.;
Capt. O'Sullivan, or Adventures Civil, Military and Matrimonial, by W. H. Maxwell, Esq.
The Birthright, by Mrs. Gore;
Blanche of Navarre, a Play by G. P. R. James;
The smuggler a Tale;
Wallace, the Hero of Scotland, by G. W. M Reynolds;
French without a Master;
Tom Cringle's Log and Cruise of the Midge;
A further supply of Masonry, &c.

July 4. B. O'BRIEN.

TO LET—Possession given immediately.

THE first flat of the subscribers HOUSE, in Elliott Row—comprising two Parlors with Bed rooms, Kitchen and Pantry, a frost proof Cellar, and a well of water in the yard. The premises are in thorough repair, and suitable for a genteel family. Enquire on the premises.

July 25. R. C. MINNETTE, Jr.

NOTICE.

MR. WILLIAM B. KINNEAR, intending to return to this City in the early part of autumn, has taken the office lately occupied by the Messrs. JACK in Prince William street, where he will attend to professional business, in connection with his Nephew, Mr. H. W. FRITH.

Mr. H. W. FRITH having removed to the above Office, will Let the one lately occupied by him, until the 1st May next, at a low rent.

July 25.—6†

German and French Goods.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received from Germany, Nine Cases assorted TOYS and DOLLS, and Two Cases from France, comprising an elegant assortment of French China FLOWER VASES Fancy PAPER WEIGHTS, PERFUMES, HAIR OILS, SCENTED SOAPS, WALKING STICKS, CRICKET BATS, BALLS, and WICKETS, &c., &c.

☞ Ladies' Madoma FRIZETTS always on hand TOYS Wholesale and Retail. WM. MAJOR.

Perfumed Spirits and Chocolate.

Now landing ex *Albert*, from London, viz:

8 CASES Farina's genuine Eau de Cologne, LAVENDER WATER, Extract de Rose, D'Orange, Bergamot, &c., &c., in short Bottle;
1 case fine FRENCH CHOCOLATE, in cakes and tin-foiled. For sale by

August 1. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Chains, Anchors, &c.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale:—40 Wood and Iron Stocked ANCHORS, assorted sizes, 5 to 25 Cwt.;
35 Close CHAIN CABLES, ½ inch to inch, 45 to 90 fathoms;
Stud ditto, 1 to 2 inch, 90 fathoms;
All sizes of RIGGING CHAIN.
Also—40 Cases best SHEATHING FELT.

August 1. ALLISON & SPURR.

GRANITE HALL, No. 1, Dock Street.—GREAT BARGAINS in Black Cloth SACK COATS,
25s. only for a fair article;
30s. " " medium article;
35s. " " warranted Wool Dye.

July 18. T. R. JONES.

Miscellany.

A TALE OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

"Father confessor! I'm come to confess!"
You must do penance.
What must I do?
Kiss me.—[*Nursery Game.*

"You must admit, father," said a handsome lady of about thirty or thirty-five years old, who, at the close of a lengthy conference within the sacred precincts of the confessional, was sitting to repose herself after the fatigue of kneeling; "you must admit that even to you I have not willingly made complaints of my husband's want of affection. It has been caused by no sin of my own, and therefore it did not form a part of my duty to confess it to you. And even now I do not exactly know how you have become possessed of the fact. I suppose you must have gathered suspicion from other sources, and——"

"No; I gathered the suspicion entirely from yourself," said a handsome, stern-looking man of forty, whose large dark eyes were fixed with anything but a priestly gaze upon the downcast lids of his penitent; "I first had an idea of it about a year ago, and since that time it has not been absent from my thoughts, sleeping or waking."

"You are very kind father, to feel such an interest in me."

"Nay, my dear daughter, no one could help feeling for you. You are very much to be pitied, and I have, I trust, a heart that can sympathise deeply in your sorrows. What a wretched fate! Just in the prime and bloom of womanhood—so beautiful, so warm-hearted, so formed and gifted in every way to make a heaven upon earth for the happy man whom you might bless with your love! and to think you are scorned, despised, deserted for some one who is doubtless—any, who *must* be infinitely your inferior!"

"Now, father, your kindness is carrying you too far!" said the lady, with a sad smile, and raising her tear-dimmed eyes to the priest, who turned his ardent glance hastily aside; "it makes you a flatterer."

"No, on my soul, I am no flatterer," he said; "I say nothing that your mirror and your own conscience will not assure you is the plain and simple truth."

"Oh, worse and worse!" she interrupted, assuming an air of gaiety, to hide a growing sense of embarrassment; "men of your profession should never pay compliments, and especially not in confessional."

"May not men of my profession be allowed to have feelings, then, like other men?" he asked vehemently. "Father!" she exclaimed, shrinking back in terrified amazement; for she caught a half glance of his eye.

"I mean, of course," he said, coolly, "may we not feel indignant when we see oppression? May we not desire and endeavor to redress wrongs when we see the innocent bowed beneath the?"

"Oh, certainly!" she replied, much relieved, and blushing deeply for her supposed error; "to comfort and protect the oppressed, you have often told me, is the holiest duty of your sacred mission. And now father, as you have given me absolution for my sins, I will not trespass longer on your time. Good evening."

"Stay, do not go yet. There is something else I wish to ask you, which escaped my memory in my resentment at your husband's unaccountable desertion of you for some worthless creature—perhaps one of your own servants."

"No, father; there you are mistaken," she said, interrupting him hastily; "I have no reason whatever to believe that my husband has transferred his affections elsewhere. He is cold and indifferent to me, it is true; but perhaps all men are so when they have been married so long as he has. It may be only natural, and I may have only my own tenacious affection to blame for making me unhappy about it."

"My experience of human nature is greater than yours, and goes entirely against that notion. Nothing but some strange infatuation could render him indifferent to the luxuriant beauty of your form and face, and the wondrous fascination of your mind, and its sweet exponent, your voice."

"Oh, father! pray do not speak in that strain. It seems like a bitter mockery to heap upon me such extravagant praises a few minutes after you have listened to the confession of all my sins and iniquities!"

"Sins and iniquities" he repeated with a short, contemptuous laugh; "sins and iniquities! Oh! they are very grievous to be borne, are they not. I think I must withdraw the absolution I granted, and make you do penance," he continued, in a low, hurried voice; "and as the sins are new, we ought to invent a new kind of penants for them. What say you to keeping watch in this chapel all night, *alone*! You would not be afraid, would you?"

"Not at all, and therefore it would be no punishment. I think you are only in jest, father, or I should be very much puzzled to understand you."

As she spoke she looked him full in the face. He threw himself back in his chair, uttering a dissatisfied "Humph!"

"Of course I was only in jest," he continued, in a very different tone from his last speech, which to ears less pre-occupied with ideas of the sanctity of his office, would have been full of significance. "But tell me now, in confidence—not as your father confessor, but as your most intimate friend, which I hope I may consider myself, independently of my spiritual charge—tell me frankly, have you never entertained the idea of taking revenge upon your husband for his neglect and cruelty?"

"Revenge! oh, no! if he had ceased to love me, that is no fault of his. Love cannot be controlled; and ordered like the fashion of a garment."

"Right, right," cried the priest, laughing a wild laugh of savage exultation; "love cannot be controlled; that's true. No, neither in its going nor its coming can it be controlled!"

Here he met the widely distended eyes of his penitent staring at him in blank dismay and he went on with assumed calmness.

"Excuse my laughing; but it always amuses me so much to hear ladies talking philosophy; and that sentiment agrees so oddly with the opinions of one who—who has confided to me that he loves you. Can you guess who this lover is?"

"No, father, I cannot, nor do I wish it; and as this sad circumstance has been confided to you in the confessional, permit me to remind you it is a breach of confidence to disclose it."

"I was not forbidden to disclose it to *you*, sweet lady," he said in an insinuating tone.

"And pray what honorable part do you perform in telling me of it?" asked the lady beginning to feel indignant.

"Merely the part of your true friend, who would wish to see you happy. But why call this a *sad* circumstance? May it not be made productive of joy and happiness?"

"How?" she demanded, almost sternly.

"Were you not happy while your husband loved you?" was the counter-question.

"You know I was. No creature could be happier," she replied in the same steady tone.

"And the sole cause of your being unhappy," continued the insidious priest, "is that he loves you no longer. The conclusion to be drawn from this is that love is necessary for your happiness; in other words, you have such a gentle, womanly, affectionate heart, that it cannot be content without some favored object on which to lavish its sweet treasures. Your *lord and master*," he added, with a sneering emphasis, "to whom the rigid and relentless law has bound you for your whole life, has grown weary of this priceless gem. He throws back your fond heart to consume itself in lonely misery, while he dallies with some new charmer. Nay, do not defend him," he said, stopping her, as she was about to interrupt him; "I *know it is so*, though I cannot explain to you all the circumstances. But I can tell you that which I am not only permitted, but desired to divulge. Here is a man who loves you most devotedly, who has loved you for ten years. All that he asks is an opportunity of throwing himself at your feet, and praying you to return his love. Why should you not? Your husband has broken his marriage contract, and therefore it can be no longer considered binding upon you. Yet if your tender conscience should feel uneasy, I will give you absolution for the venial sin you may commit.' Oh! think, my dearest friend—think well, before you suffer your long-cherished prejudices to decide against this unhappy man. Even on religious grounds you ought not to reject him, for the everlasting ruin of his immortal soul would be upon your hands, if he should (as there is every reason to believe he would,) commit suicide under the despair which your cruelty would cause. Charity, you know, my beloved friend, covereth a multitude of sins. And even for your own sake you should think well of this. You and I both know well that to be loved is essential to your happiness.—Your first love has proved himself false and worthless. Will you still lavish the treasures of your heart upon *him*? Oh, no! your pride would forbid such meanness.

'*Pride*, father! Have you not always warned me against pride, as one of the cardinal sins?"

'Yes, yes," said the priest, with a slight contortion of his face; "but that means ordinary pride.—There is another kind of pride, which every one should possess, and which ought rather to be called self respect."

"And would not the office of self respect be to preserve its possessor from degrading himself and doing wrong?"

"I tell you that the wrong done would be more than atoned for by the salvation of your lover's soul from eternal damnation. I have usually found you docile, my dear daughter, and ready to submit your judgment to mine in all things. How is it that you are now so refractory?'

"Pardon me, father,' said the lady, humbly. "I cannot believe that you are in earnest. Why, it was but two days ago that you preached most eloquent against the very sin which you would now, coolly and deliberately advise me to commit. I am *sure* you are putting my strength to the proof, and trying whether I *dare* be virtuous even against your pretended counsels. But you will find that I can stand the trial, father.'

'I am in serious earnest,' replied the priest; 'there can be no fault in bestowing upon another the love that your husband rejects. You disown all pride, it seems, but have you, then, no compassion? Think of this unhappy man, adoring you, worshipping you for ten years in such respectful silence that you do not even now guess who he is. Cannot that image rouse one thought of pity in your cold bosom? Ever since he first beheld you he has nurtured in the depth of his lonely heart, the most unconquerable passion for you. Hopeless at first, but warned into activity by your husband's neglect.'

'What!' she exclaimed, indignantly, 'have you told *him* of my husband's coldness.'

"No—you told him yourself, dearest!" he exclaimed, changing his tune suddenly to that of the most ardent vivacity. I see I must throw off the disguise.—You listen coldly to the supposed advocate of another's passion, but you will be more compliant, will you not, when you know that every word which crosses my lips have just rushed, hot and burning, from my heart?"

"*You!—a priest!*" the lady murmured, too much amazed and horrified even to rise and retreat.

In another moment retreat was impossible; the priest had started from his confessional chair and was kneeling at her feet. His arms were round her waist, and for a moment his cheek was pillowed on her shoulder.

"If you do not desist this moment," she said firmly, "I will scream for help! I hear some one in the chapel—you will be irrecoverably disgraced,"

"It is only the old woman who cleans the chapel, and she is stone deaf. The outer doors are locked; not a soul is within hearing, and not a soul knows you are here."

"Do not be violent!" she said, in a very gentle tone. "If you love me, you would not wish to frighten me—would you?"

"Do I frighten you?" he said, releasing her waist, and taking one of her hands, which he pressed to his lips.

"I should be frightened if I had not known you so long," she replied, her heart beating with hope at the success of her first effort; and, as it is, I am very much startled."

"Have you not, then, suspected my attachment?"

"No," she said, evasively, as though she meant him to interpret it *yes*.

The priest laughed, and sighed over her white hand, and covered it with kisses. It was well for her that he did not see the glance of loathing that she cast up on him, when his head was bowed in the act.

"Ah, trifler, you have seen that I love you; confess it now—confess it!"

"No, I have finished my confession for to day," she said, assuming a playful manner; "shall confess nothing more till to-morrow"

"You will come again, then, to-morrow?" he said, eagerly; "and to-night, love—*now*!" and his arm was round her waist again.

'To-night,' she replied, firmly, but without attempting to escape from his embrace, "to-night I must hasten home as speedily as possible. I have already been here a long time; and I remember that my sister in-law who lives with us, and who is a Protestant, as you know—observed the other day, as I thought, rather significantly, what a very handsome man you were!"

'And did you agree with what she said?' he cried, looking, indeed, splendidly handsome with the animation of love.

'There can be but one opinion on that subject,' she replied, smiling sweetly on him, while her heart sickened at the deceit she was compelled to practice.

'Then you will not despise me as a lover, notwithstanding my ugly dress and monkish manners?' he asked, playfully passing his hand over the smooth bands of her braided hair.

'My greatest objections must be that you are a priest, and bound by you oath to forswear our feelish sex altogether,' she said, hoping to arose a train of thought in his own mind that might operate favorably for her. 'You are obliged to confess your transgressions, too, like a layman. Good heavens! you will be expelled from the priesthood in disgrace!'

'There's no fear of that,' he answered, with a confident smile. 'I shall confess and receive absolution from a brother whom I have accommodated on similar emergencies. All we have to take care of is, that no scandal be created, and then our superiors do not inquire too scrupulously into all the secrets of confessional. Why do you tremble?' he suddenly asked, for he felt the irrepressible shudder that passed through her frame at the daring profligacy of his last speech.

'I am thinking of my sister-in-law,' she answered; 'so many observations she has made on different occasions, though I paid no regard to them at the time, convince me now that she has some suspicions of your attachment to me.'

'Has she been abroad?'

'Yes, she has lived for several years in Italy.'

'Humph! you must go, then,' said the priest, moodily; 'but you will be sure to come again to-morrow?'

'Can you doubt it?' she said, wishing to avoid making a promise that she had no intention of keeping.

'Nay, but promise it—swear it.'

'How can you think my promise binding, when you are about to break you solemn oath plighted upon God's own altar?'

'It does seem shocking, indeed,' said he seriously, almost sadly; 'but come—I will let you out at the chapel door, and as we walk along, I will explain that point to you.'

It was now almost dark, and the lady cast a timid glance down the gloomy aisle which she had to traverse with the bold profligate; but even the dark church was better than the close-stra confessional, and she hastened into it. The priest handed her carefully down the steps; and then proceeded along, with his arm in true lover-like fashion, round her waist. She did not dare to remonstrate, as her fate yet hung upon the nicest balance, and a breath might turn the scale against her.

"When I entered the priesthood," he began in a thoughtful tone. "I was very young, I knew little of the world and less of my own heart. The vows I then ignorantly took are an outrage upon God's own laws, and if I had never taken them I should by this time have had a wife of my own, and been a quiet peaceable stockbroker, or something of that sort. I should not have been subjected to the delicious temptation of that sweet face and graceful figure, downcast and kneeling by my side, for hours sometimes; I used to keep you long on purpose to have you near me.—And doubtless when you thought my eyes were fixed upon the book, wherein I registered your terrible delinquencies, they were feasting upon your charms. Do you know, love, I think you are much handsomer now, than you were ten years ago. As your husband's conduct rendered you unhappy, a divine expression stole over your features, and made them perfectly angelic."

"Here is the door," she said, faintly; pray, let me out—I am so fearful of what my sister-in-law will say."

"I can hardly bear to part from you," said the priest with increased tenderness of tone and manner, as they stood by the yet unopened door, and adding his other arm to the one which already held her prisoner. "Imagine a man who has for years been deprived of fresh water, suddenly finding himself beside a living spring, and then being called away before he has half quenched his thirst! Oh! I feel as if I were losing you forever. But you promise to come again to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes, I promise," she said, hastily; "but let me go now; think of my reputation—of your own."

"One kiss before you leave me."

Even that she dared not refuse. One long passionate kiss he impressed upon her moveless lips.—There he stood, straining her in his arms till she could scarcely breathe, and inwardly communing with his own fierce passion. Then, indeed, her destiny depended upon the turning of a straw. Perhaps the striking of a neighboring clock furnished the straw in this instance; for as its solemn tones reverberated through the empty chapel, he started, and with a deep groan, hastily kissed her again; he then threw open the door.

She darted into the street, and attempted to run, but her failing limbs could hardly support her. A passing cabman offered his vehicle; she got in, and in a few moments reached home.

Bidding the servant pay the fare, she staggered into her husband's study. His sister was making tea for him.

"How is it that you are always so late?" he exclaimed peevishly, and without taking the slightest notice of her deadly paleness and agitation. "You really seem to care for nothing of late, but gadding about away from home."

"It shall not happen again," she replied, mildly, and making a strong effort to repress her tears; but her feelings were much excited, and she burst into a violent fit of weeping. Her husband cast a savage glance at her, and, leaning back in his easy chair, took up the newspaper, which he had laid aside on her entrance, not out of politeness to her, to blame her for being late. And yet he was not by nature either a bad-tempered or ill-natured man. There was not one among his numerous friends who would not have said, and said truly, that he was the best hearted and most amiable fellow in existence; but he had acquired a habit of grumbling at his wife, which had so grown upon him that he now scarcely ever opened his mouth to her except to find fault. It was not to be wondered at that she thought his affection gone.

'I want to speak to you," she said, drying her eyes.

"Well?" was the abrupt rejoinder, as he still held the paper, as if impatient of the interruption, and expecting her to say her say in two words, that he might resume its perusal.

"I will wait till you are at liberty," she said, "and alone."

'Nonsense! why can't you speak before Emma!'

'You might not like it; and, besides—I could not.'

'Well—what do you want?' he demanded, with extreme irritability of voice and manner: 'shall I leave my tea, and go into the drawing room to hear this wonderful something? Will that content you?'

'No,' she replied, moving towards the door: 'pray don't disturb yourself. By-and-by will do; if ever I tell you at all, after this,' she added, in a whisper.

'Won't you take some tea?' asked her sister-in-law, kindly.

'No, I thank you," answered the poor wife, smiling sweetly on her; 'I do not want any.'

She went up into her bed-room, and stood for a long time at the open window, gazing upon the long streak of light that lingered on the western horizon. The pride of which the priest had spoken was surging in her heart. The harshness of her husband's habitual mode of expression had never grated on her feelings as it had done that evening. Involuntarily, while listening to his ungracious speeches, the low, dulcet tones which not half an hour before had poured into her ears the ardent vows of love and adoration, had swept across her memory. What a contrast between the two! It is true she had never for a moment felt anything approaching to love for her confessor; but for years he had been to her an object of the highest esteem and veneration, and he had gained a very great ascendancy over her mind. Her feelings were wounded and her pride aroused by her husband's bearish manners, and she half resolved not to tell him what had occurred. Her intentions had been to throw herself into his arms as her natural protector, to tell him all, and ask for and follow his advice. His unkindness, when her deep distress must have been quite evident to him, fell like lead upon her soul. How different would have been the reception if she had gone to the priest in tears and sorrows. As she thought thus, she fell again, in imagination, the fond pressure of his arms; she recalled the burning language of his eyes, the passionate adoration of his words—and all this without the repugnance she had felt before. And then she thought of the long suppressed love and despair of him for whom even now she could not help feeling reverence. Pride and pity were both at work. The moment was perhaps more really fraught with danger to her than when she stood, locked in the priest's embrace at the chapel door; and in the meantime her husband was comfortably reading the parliamentary debates in the room beneath.

Her thoughts were troubled—so incoherent were they that they all took one direction, and at length reached their climax in this muttered soliloquy:

"I will go to him to-morrow—I *must* as I promised it—and then I will calmly reason with him."

She thus put a screen between herself and danger, and flattered herself that the danger existed no longer; a process not uncommon with female minds.

In the room below, however, her good genius was at work.

'I am sure there is something very much amiss with Laura," said the sister-in-law, when her brother had finished his last cup of tea.

'Are you?' he said, looking very much concerned: what makes you think so?'

'Did you not see how ill and agitated she looked?'

'No; I thought she seemed a little tired.'

'Oh! she was more than tired; she was very much flurried.'

'Was she, indeed? What can it have been for?'

'I think you ought to go up after her and see; especially as you were so cross to her just now.'

'I cross! My dear Emma, you are joking.'

'Just think a minute. Did you not snap at her for being late, thought you must have seen she was ill?'

'I did not mean to make her cry; but I was reading a very interesting debate just then, and I might have appeared a little impatient, certainly.'

'A *little* impatient, indeed! I can assure you that there are subjects that concern you much more nearly than any that are discussed in parliament.—There's that handsome confessor of her's—I'm positive he's in love with her.'

'Tut—nonsense; he's a priest.'

'And priests are but men, I suppose? You render her miserable by your unkindness; she, of course, must tell her priest why she is unhappy; he, of course does and must sympathize with her; and if the two of them can stand the joint influence of pity and consolation, why they must be more than human—that's all I can say about it.'

'Positively, Emma, to hear you talk, anybody would suppose that I was in the habit of beating my wife.'

"And if you did beat her now and then in a passion, and made up for it afterwards by a great deal of contrition and love, I should say you were a model husband compared with what you are.'

"Emma, do you consider what you are saying! You amaze me!"

"And now that I have once broken the ice, I'll amaze you a little more. Can you remember one occasion since I have been here, on which you have spoken to her, except to find fault for some trifling thing that was not worth mentioning?"

"Certainly," he replied, positively; then after a moment's reflection, he added, in an altered tone: "By Jove! I believe you are right! I'll go to her directly."

He ran up stairs. His wife was quiet folding up her shawl: an operation she did not suspend on his entrance, which she did not so much as appear to observe.

"Laura, my love," he said in a gentle, loving tone, "what is it you wanted to say to me!"

She dropped the shawl with a strange, joyful scream, and flung herself into his arms. *There* was her true confessional—there her true and rightful confession. But the confession was, as it should be, mutual. He owned contritely, the irritable and impatient manner of speaking into which he had fallen, and promised to *try* to amend. The tears which gathered in his eye in confirmation of his penitence she received upon her cheeks; thus making them her own, and sparing his manhood the shame of having shed them. He heard with horror of the conduct of the priest, and the result was a firm unostentatious renunciation by both of a form of religion which almost necessitates such crimes. The following morning the impatient priest was astounded by the receipt of the following letter from Mrs. ——

"Forgive me the deception which saves you from lasting remorse, I cannot help still feeling some of the respect which your long and careful guidance in all matters of faith and conscience had made almost a part of my religion. The madness of an hour cannot outweigh the benefits of years; but it can open my eyes to the existence of a grave error. I now know that a loving wife's best confessor is a husband; and for the future he, who has never ceased to love me, shall alone be my confidant and guide. I abandon a church whose institutions can, and often must, lead to such scenes as that of yesterday: and I implore you to do the same, or at least to forsake an office for which you are so unfitted. Farewell.

EXPERIMENTS WITH PRUSSIC ACID.

A great number of experiments with prussic acid was made some years ago by Mr. Henderson, a medical student at New York. This gentleman states, that having great doubts on the subject of the reports which had been given of the power of hydrocyanic (prussic) acid he procured a quantity of two sorts—the pure, as it is made in its greatest possible strength, and the medicinal acid, which is of about one-seventh the strength of the pure acid. Mr. Henderson first rubbed three drops of the pure acid upon his naked arm, the effects of which was to make him stagger considerable, so as to keep with great difficulty from falling. An intense pain of the head succeeded, difficulty of sight; but this was not of long duration, strong taste of bitter almonds remained in the mouth for two hours. At the end of that time he recovered, and was as well as if nothing had happened. On the following day he swallowed eight drops of the acid as it is used in medicine, and increased the dose within the space of three days to sixteen drops at each dose twice a-day; but his head and sight became so violently affected, that he relinquished his experiments, &c. upon himself, and was several days before he completely recovered.

He then tried the effect of the pure acid upon animals. A cat upon whose nose he had rubbed four drops, walked a distance of eight or ten yards without the slighest appearance of being at all affected; but it then suddenly stopped, leaped into the air, and fell dead. He then held a pen, the feather of which had been dipped into the acid, in an iron cage in which two rats were contined, so as to irritate them, and cause them to snap at the feather; they had no sooner done so, then they fell as if they had been shot. A large dog of the Newfoundland species was killed within three minutes by four drops of the acid being poured into its nostrils; whilst another dog of similar size and breed had a drachm of the common acid, such as is used in medicine, and with which several persons have destroyed themselves in this country, poured down its throat without effect.

Whether this difference was to be attributed to the change which the acid undergoes by dilution, or to a difference of nervous sensibility in the animals, Mr. Henderson does not state,—probably to both. He mentions, indeed, that whilst he has seen one man take six drops of the medicinal acid four times a-day without appearance effect, another from merely smelling at the bottle in which it was contained, has been compelled to keep his bed for several hours. Upon frogs and other cold blooded animals the acid had very little effect. Two frogs, upon the soft parts of which he had rubbed a considerable quantity of the pure acid, suffered for a time as if from intoxication, and then recovered and hopped away.—Upon insects of different kinds the effects were very curious. On the first application of the acid they curled up there legs, and were to all appearance dead; but in the course of a few hours, many of them, after exuding a black fluid recovered life and strength.

Mr. Henderson, in the paper from which this account is taken, gives several cases of remarkable cures in stomach complaints, and in indigestion generally, from the use of the prussic acid; but he states that its effects are so different in different persons, that it can never be prescribed with safety by the physician who has not been well acquainted with the constitution and previous habits of his patient:—to use his own words, "it is a medicine to be prescribed only to a physician by a physician."

COOKE, THE DRAMATIST.—Here is a story of George Cooke—drunk of course:—"Cooke, who had passed his hand along all the palisades and shutters as he marched, came in contact with the recently painted new front of a coachmaker's shop, from which he obtained a complete handful of wet colour. Without any explanation to me as to the cause of his anger, he rushed suddenly into the middle of the street, and raised a stone which, in respect to its magnitude, Polyphemus might not have rejected in his desire to crush the shepherd Acis. This fragment Cooke was going to hurl against the unoffending windows; but I was in time to save them from destruction, and him from the watchhouse. On my asking the cause of his hostility to the premises of a man who could not have offended him, he replied with a hiccup, 'What! not offend? a d—d ignorant coachmaker, to leave his house out new painted, at this time of night?'"—*Literary Gazette.*

PRIDE AND INGRATITUDE.—You may rest upon this as an unfailing truth, that there neither is, nor ever was, any person remarkably ungrateful, who was not also insufferably proud; nor any one proud who was not equally ungrateful. Ingratitude overlooks all kindness, and this is because pride makes it carry its head so high. Ingratitude is too base to return a kindness, and too proud to regard it; much like the tops of mountains, barren indeed but yet lofty; they produce nothing, they feed nobody, they clothe nobody, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world about them. It was ingratitude which put the poignard into Brutus's hand, but it was want of compassion which thrust it into Cæsar's heart. Friendship consists properly in mutual offices, and a generous strife in alternate acts of kindness. But he who does a kindness to an ungrateful person sets his seal to a flint, and sows his seed upon the sand; upon the former he makes no impression, and from the latter finds no production.

THE TIME TO DIE.

WHEN would I die? When I no more
Am useful on this mortal shore;
When I no more shall feel or know
The joy to soothe another's woe;
When all my work on earth is done—
Then would I greet my spirit's home.

When would I die! I have no choice.
In Autumn's wail, or Spring's glad voice,
If I my Saviour's presence feel
When death's cold chill shall o'er me steal,
Then I would say, "Thy will be done,"
And greet with joy my spirit's home.

When would I die? When God shall will
When through his mercy I fulfil
The mission He appoints for me,
While wafting o'er life's changeful sea;
When I the welcome goal have won—
Then would I greet my spirit's home.

When would I die? I cannot say.
In winter bleak, or summer gay;
When life's brief day is in its prime,
Or when its sun shall low decline;
If through earth's pilgrimage I share
Our Father's watchful love and care.

When would I die? 'Tis naught to me;
To God I yield my destiny,
But through His grace, while here I stay,
I'll try to walk in wisdom's way;
Then, when the parting hour shall come,
With joy I'll greet my spirit's home.

A GEM.—Cant as we may, as we shall to the end of all things, it is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than it is for the rich; and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it. In many a noble mansion lives a man, the best of husbands and of fathers, whose private worth in both capacities is justly lauded to the skies. But bring him here, upon this crowded deck. Strip from his fair young wife her silken dress and jewels, unbind her braided hair, stamp early wrinkles on her brow, pinch her faded form in coarsely patched attire, let there be nothing but his love to set her forth or deck her out, and you shall put it to the proof indeed. So change his station in the world that he shall see in those young things who climb about his knee not records of his wealth and name, but little wrestlers with him for his daily bread, so many poachers on his scanty meal, so many units to divide his every sum of comfort, and farther to reduce its small amount. In lieu of the endearments of childhood in its sweetest aspect, heap upon him all its pains and wants, its sicknesses and ills, its fretfulness, caprice, and querulous endurance; let its prattle be not of engaging infant fancies, but of cold, and thirst, and hunger; and if his fatherly affection outlive all this, and he be patient, watchful, tender, careful of his children's lives, and mindful always of their joys and sorrows—then send him back to parliament, and pulpit, and to quarter sessions, and when he hears fine talk of the depravity of those who live from hand to mouth, and labor hard to do it, let him speak up, as one who knows, and those holders forth that they, by parallel with such a class, should be high angels in their daily lives, and lay but humble siege to heaven at last.

Which of us shall say what he would be, if such realities, with small relief or change all through his days, his! Looking around upon these people—far from home, houseless, indigent, wandering, weary with travel and hard living—and seeing how patiently they nursed and tended their young children; how they consulted ever their wants first, then half supplied their own; what gentle ministers of hope and faith the women were; how the men profited by their example and how very, seldom even a moment's petulance or harsh complaint broke out among them, I feel a stronger love and honor of my kind come glowing on my heart, and wished to God there had been many atheists in the better part of human nature there, to read with me this simple lesson in the book of life.—[Dickens.

COURTSHIP BY ADVERTISEMENT.—Some time ago, a shoemaker in Hants, being in want of a wife, advertised for one, and, at the same time and place appointed, was met by a female. Both were in earnest. The shoemaker, however, unluckily seemed to be of the same opinion that King Pedro was with regard to his wife, Mary of Arragon, that she was not so handsome as she might be good, so their meetings ended in mutual disappointment. The man advertised a second time, appointed a different place for the meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same lady, they recognised each other, could not choose but smile at the recognition, and, perhaps, neither of them could choose but sigh. The persevering bachelor tried his lot a third time and at the third place of appointment he met the equally persevering spinster. At this meeting neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humour; and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstance so remarkable, that this third interview led to a marriage.—*Inverness Courier.*

Civilization already begins to enervate the people Far West.—Last month a piano made its appearance in Hard Scrabble; while the landlord of the "Fighting Bears" who nobly resisted the innovation of table cloths, has been compelled to stripe his colors to a "cussed Yankee," who adverties "clean plates at every meal."

A priest was once called upon to pray over the barren fields of his parishions. He passed from one enclosure to another, and pronounced his benediction, until he come to a most unpromising case. He surveyed its sterile acres in despair. "Ah!" said he brethren—no use to pray here—this needs manure!"

A man came into Cincinnati lately to obtain license to be married, and when the clerk was ready to issue, he could not for the life of him tell the name of the lady he had chosen and wished to wed. He returned to ascertain the interesting particular

When poverty begs, the dogs bark at it; and when poverty is ill, the doctors mangle it; and when poverty is dying the priests scold at it, and when poverty is dead, nobody weeps for it.—*Bulwer.*

A witness, giving evidence in the police Court yesterday, narrated some circumstances relative to her daughter, whom she very ironically described as being *married and done for!*

Frowns blight young children, frosty nights blight young plants.

The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.