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Printed and Published for the Proprietor, WILLIAM DUNANT, at the Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. R. Dewar & Son, west side Prince William Street.

HEALTH ON SICKNESS! CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. The blood purifies the material of every bone, muscle, gland and fibre in the human frame.

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MUNGO PARK. The celebrated traveller, while passing through an African desert, lost his way; and becoming faint and weary, sat down and waited for death; suddenly his eye rested upon a little spot of moss of extraordinary beauty, displaying all the signs of healthy growth.

ALICE HERBERT. Many years since there was a heavy banker in London who lived in Portland Place. He himself was a man of quiet, but still she thought of her mother, and the waltz was silent too.

ALICE HERBERT. AN ENGLISH STORY. Many years since there was a heavy banker in London who lived in Portland Place. He himself was a man of quiet, but still she thought of her mother, and the waltz was silent too.

ALICE HERBERT. THE last scene was over; the earth was just laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert, and Alice sat with her eyes dropping fast, and thinking of the sad, "What next?" when a letter was given to her.

ALICE HERBERT. Alice received to call the attention to her father's note, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she saw one day, sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing room.

ALICE HERBERT. Alice approached with her heart beating so violently that she could hear it; and there was no other sound in the room. She knelt down beside him; it was her father. She could not hear his breath, and she drew back the curtains. He was pale as marble, his eyes were open but fixed. She uttered not a sound but with wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking what she would do.

ALICE HERBERT. Now, Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men who first presented themselves, because none of them stood high enough in society. Nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because she did not wish to part with her daughter. Nor was Alice herself. There was, indeed, a young man in the Guards, distantly connected with her mother's family—a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling—who was often at Mr. Herbert's house; but father, mother, and daughter, all thought him quite out of the question.

ALICE HERBERT. Two days after, as Alice's father was just about to go out, the young gentleman himself was ushered into his library, and the banker prepared to give him, and give it plainly, too. He was saved the trouble, however; for Ashton's first speech was, "I have come to bid you farewell, Mr. Herbert. We are ordered to Canada, to pursue the war against the Indians. I set out in an hour, and then embark with all speed."

ALICE HERBERT. Mr. Herbert recommissioned his hint, and wished his young friend all success. "By the way," he added, "Mr. Herbert may like to write a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You know he is her only brother; he made a sad business of it, what with building and planting, and farming and such things, so I got him an appointment in Canada, just that he might retrieve. She would like to write, I know. You will send her a letter to go to the pocket which was just about to sail, too looking out of the window at the fourth of these newspapers. There were three or four other journals on the table, and Ashton took one of these. As usual he turned to the room of the three great things in life, and read, first the marriage; then the death; and he did not see his wife, "Edith," at her house in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esq., the paper did not drop from his hand, although he was much moved and surprised; but his emotions were very mixed, and although he had seen colored when she saw him and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he repeated what he had told her father. Henry Ashton became agitated himself. "It is all in vain," he said to himself, "it is all in vain, I know her father too well!" and he rose, asking where he should find her mother.

ALICE HERBERT. Alice answered in a faint voice, "In the little room beyond the back drawing room." Henry Ashton smiled for a moment, and then of some service there. He distinguished himself as an officer and his name was in several dispatches. Alice did not marry, although about a year after Henry Ashton quitted England, her father handed that, if she thought fit, she might have to the young Earl of ——. Alice was not inclined to listen, and gave the Earl plainly to understand that she was not disposed to become his constant. The Earl, however, persevered, and Mr. Herbert now began to add his influence; but Alice was obstinate, and reminded her father of a promise he had made never to press her marriage with any one. Mr. Herbert seemed more annoyed than Alice expected, walking up and down the room in silence, and on hearing it shut himself up with Mr. Herbert for nearly two hours.

ALICE HERBERT. "What took place Alice did not know; but Mr. Herbert insisted that the Earl should be received at the house as a friend, though he urged his daughter no more; and balls and parties succeeded each other so rapidly that the quiet inhabitants of Portland Place wished the banker and his family where Alice herself wished to be—in Canada. In the meantime, Alice became alarmed for her mother, whose health was evidently suffering from some cause; but Mrs. Herbert would consult no physician, and her husband would never to perceive the state of weakness and depression into which she was sinking. Alice received to call the attention to her father's note, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she saw one day, sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing room. There was no answer, and unlatching the door, she looked to see if he was already gone. The curtains were still drawn, but through them some of the morning leams found their way and by the sickly light, Alice beheld an object that made her clasp her hands and tremble violently. Her father's chair before the dressing table was vacant, but beside it lay upon the floor something like the figure of a man steep.

ALICE HERBERT. Alice approached with her heart beating so violently that she could hear it; and there was no other sound in the room. She knelt down beside him; it was her father. She could not hear his breath, and she drew back the curtains. He was pale as marble, his eyes were open but fixed. She uttered not a sound but with wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking what she would do. Her mother was in the chamber at the side of the dressing room; but Alice, thoughtful, even in the deepest agitation, feared to call her, and rung the bell for her father's valet. The man came and raised his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently been dead some hours. Poor Alice wept bitterly; but still she thought of her mother, and made no noise; and the valet was silent too, for in lifting the dead body to the sofa, he had found a small vial, and gazing on it intently, he said at length, in a low voice, "I had better put this away before any one comes." Alice gazed at the vial with her tearful eyes. It was marked "Prussic acid—poison!" This was but the commencement of many sorrows. Though the coroner's jury pronounced that Mr. Herbert had died a natural death, yet, every one declared he had poisoned himself, especially when it was found that he had died utterly insensible; that all his last grand speculations had failed, and that the news of his absolute beggary had reached him on the night preceding his decease. Then came all the horrors of such circumstances to poor Alice and her mother; the funeral; the examination of the papers; the sale of the furniture; the tiger claws of the law rendering open the heart in all its dearest associations; the commiseration of friends; the taunts and scoffs of those who have envied and hated in silence. Poor Alice herself had hated the last, worst blow, the sickness and death of a mother—sickness and death, and poverty.

