St. John Chronicle,

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume XVII. | Saint John, New-Brunswick, Friday, October 30, 1852. | Number 8.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Deveber & 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.

☞ 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.

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, *President.*
I. W. LAWRENCE, ZEBEDEE RING, } *Directors.*
S. L. TILLEY, S. K. FOSTER,
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, *Solicitor.*
ISAIC WOODWARD, Esquire, *Secretary.*

Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary North Market Wharf.

DOOLEY'S

Merchant's Exchange Hotel—Post Office Building.

State Street, BOSTON,

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per day.

CHARLES W. STOCKTON,
Attorney & Barrister at Law,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co
Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

1852.
Spring Style of HATS.

C. D. EVERETT & SON

HAVE just received, per *Cuba* from Boston, their *Spring Style* of HAT BLOCKS, and are prepared to furnish Gentlemen with *Fashionable HATS*, of various qualities.

Our best Hats, which are equal to the best manufactured in the United States or elsewhere, are only 20s. each; other qualities proportionally low.

HATS and CAPS of all kinds constantly on hand. ☞ *Call and see the New Style.*

C. D. EVERETT & SON,
East side Market Square and
March 12. North side King-Street.

SOAP & CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29, 1851.

HAMMOND RIVER HOUSE.

THE Subscriber grateful for past patronage from the Travelling community, begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he has lately removed his establishment to the above House, 16 miles from this City, 1 mile North of Hammond River Bridge, where he is prepared to entertain Travellers at all times and seasons.

DINNERS, &c. &c., go up at shortest notice.

Constantly on hand, a choice supply of WINES, &c. &c.

Comfortable and commodious Stabling attached to the Premises, careful hostlers always in attendance.

WASHINGTON ALDEN.
February 2, 1849.

JOHN BARRY,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate, viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks, Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish challenges competition.

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.

—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.

Traders, Pedlers and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash put the highest price given for Old Silver.

June 4.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL.—At the old Stand Again!

THE Subscriber would respectfully intimate to his friends and the public at large that he again occupies his old stand, and he is prepared to furnish them with all the NOVELTIES of the Season, and the substantial realities of life with which they have been formerly accommodated in this Establishment.

DINNERS, SOUPS, LUNCHES, SUPPERS, &c., at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. JAMES NETHERY.
St John, N. B., May 7th, 1852.

HENRY P. SANCTON,
Soap and Candle Manufacturer,
ORANGE STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.,

HAS constantly on hand, Soap and Candles which he can recommend to the friends and the public generally—such as cannot fail to give satisfaction to the consumer and dealer—and trusts, by attending to his business, to ensure an amount of patronage which it will be his effort to deserve and obtain.

☞ Those who are in want are invited to call and see for themselves—We confidently assert that there are no better manufactured in the City.—The smallest favor thankfully received.

☞ *MIND!! Orange-Street—near the Centenary Chapel.* July 2—3y

WM. WESTON,

HAS removed his place of business to Duke street, opposite the Store of Mr. Fraserson, where he will be ready at all times to execute orders in his line.

☞ Apprentices and an Apprentice wanted.

TURPENTINE & OLIVE OIL.—To Barrels Spirits of TURPENTINE,
2 Casks of OLIVE OIL,
August 6, S. L. TILLEY.

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 £51,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.
(Office Nelson street.)
ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq.
Medical Examiner.—Wm. Bayard, Esq., M. D.

Advantages offered by this Society.

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

LOANS.—*Two-thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the 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.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus in the 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 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.

CALIFORNIA.—Parties proceeding to California can effect insurance on liberal terms.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst: Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.
Chatham: William Carman, junior, Esq.
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire.
Dalhousie: William S. Smith, Esq.
Fredericton: J. Henry Phair, Esq.
Hampton: Samuel Hallett, 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: W. T. Rose, Esq.
Shediac and Cocagne: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.
Woodstock: James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR,
February, 1850. *Manager, St. John, N. B*

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
[*Established in* 1836.]

Capital £2,000,000—in shares of Twenty Pounds.

THE Stockholders of this Company are responsible to the full extent of their property for the liabilities of the Company.

The undersigned hereby notifies the Public of New-Brunswick that the above-named Company have empowered him, by a full and ample Power of Attorney, to open an Office in the City of Saint John, for the Insurance of PROPERTY against loss or damage by FIRE, in any part of the Province, and to sign and issue Policies in the name of the Company; and that in virtue of the power vested in him by the said Power of Attorney, he has appointed Mr. ADAM JACK to act as Agent for the said Company, in the receiving of proposals for Insurance, and the inspection of premises proposed for Insurance, and all other the usual duties of an Agent; and to collect and receive the amount of premium on any policy issued by the undersigned in the name of the said Company, or for the renewal of the same.

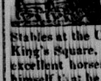
The Deed of settlement, and the supplemental Deed of settlement, lies with Mr. Jack, at the Office of the *New Brunswick Marine Assurance Company*, also the pamphlets issued by the office at Liverpool, affording ample details of the mode of transacting business by the Company.

The rates of premium will be as low as any other respectable Company, and the undersigned trusts a fair portion of public patronage will be accorded to the Company.

Losses not exceeding £500 will be settled without referring to the head Office at Liverpool.

EDWARD ALLISON.
Dated at St. John, N. B., 4th August, 1851.

ST. JOHN LIVERY STABLES,
South-East Corner King's Square.



THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he has opened his new and extensive Stables at the Corner of Sydney-street, fronting on King's Square, and having purchased a number of excellent horses and superior vehicles he flatters himself that he will be enabled to furnish parties with the best and neatest turn-out which the City affords.

JAMES STOCKFORD.
St. John, July 9, 1852.

FASHIONS!—The Subscribers have made arrangements by their Senior when in Paris last season, to receive a regular supply of the New Parisian Fashionable **Hats**, as early as they appear. Our Spring Stock of these Goods, to be opened by the *Deeon* upon arrival, from one of the first houses in the trade, will convince our patrons that the newest fashions, with combined elegance, durability and cheapness, are at all times offered to our customers. LOCKHART & CO

TURPENTINE AND BURNING FLUID.—3 Casks Burning Fluid; 4 do. Spirits Turpentine. For sale by
23.July FELLOWS & CO.

SEEDS.—Received from the Agricultural Seed Establishment, Boston—A Supply of Fresh GARDEN and FLOWER SEEDS—warranted genuine W. O. SMITH

RAILROAD HOUSE,
SOUTH SIDE KING STREET—ST. JOHN

THE Subscriber, in accordance with the fashion of the day, deems it necessary to acquaint his friends and the Travelling Public, that he has Fitted Furnished, and Repaired his House, in a manner that defies rivalry, for the accomodation of PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS. His Fare consists of the choicest delicacies of the season. Clean Beds, good attendance, and (Better yet) moderate charges, are the prominent features of his establishment.

Truly grateful to his former patrons, he solicits a continuance of public favour.

IN CONNEXION WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT IS A
LIVERY STABLE,
With Fashionable "Turn-Outs," And excellent accommodations for the Horses of Travellers and Country customers.
May 21. JAMES E. McDONALD.

PEW FOR SALE.—A Large PEW, in South Gallery, Trinity Church, No. 3. For sale very cheap. Apply at the Chronicle Office.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, his Farm, situated in the Parish of Springfield, (King's County.) The said Farm contains Two Hundred Acres, Eighty of which is cleared and under good cultivation, with a comfortable Dwelling House, and good Barn: cuts Twenty Five Tons English Hay, annually. The Farm is situated near a Grist and Saw Mill, and likewise a Carding Machine, and within 4 miles of Boleiale Church, and 1 1-2 of the Baptist Meeting House. It is known as the Case Settlement, and branches off from the Finger Board to Sussex and Mill Stream, and is within thirty-three miles of the City of Saint John.

Terms of Sale will be half down, and the remaining half in yearly instalments.

For further particular apply to the Subscriber on the premises. JOHN O'NEIL.
Springfield, (K. C.) June 18, 1852.

FARM at Musquash for sale:—

A VERY valuable and well situated FARM, at Musquash in the Parish of Lancaster, 15 miles from the City of Saint John, containing 160 acres in the whole—60 acres of which are Dyked Marsh, the remaining best quality Upland, about 100 acres being cleared and in excellent condition.—The Mail Road to St. Andrews and the United States runs through the property. It is situated in the Village of Musquash—bounded on one side by the River, and in a place well calculated both for farming purposes and a public establishment.

There is on the place, a large and convenient Dwelling House, in good repair; also, a small house, suitable for a tenant; a Blacksmith's Shop, and two large Barns, capable of containing 60 tons of hay besides cattle; and plenty of good water near the house.

The Farm and Establishment will be found on examination to be well worthy the attention of any persons inclined to purchase; and the probability is that the Western Railroad Depot will be at this spot.

The terms of payment will be made easy; and further particulars may be obtained on application to DUNCAN ROBERTSON, Esquire, Barrister at Law, St. John, or to the Proprietor on the premises.
May 21, 1852. WILLIAM FOGG.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.
In King's County.

THE FARM, comprising Lots 34 and 35, containing 400 acres each, situated on Mill stream, Studholm, one mile above Hon. John Ryan's residence; 100 acres of which is very superior Intervale, 50 acres cleared.

There are on the Premises a good HOUSE, and a new Frame BARN, 30x40 feet.

Will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, if required, and at a low figure.

Reference to W. E. Jack, Esq., or Mr. C. Betts.
St. John, April 23, 1852.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT ABOLISHED!—MORALS GUARDED! *Good Pupils only Retained!!! The Incorrigible Expelled!!!*—This School contains three departments—the INFANT, the COMMERCIAL and the MATHEMATICAL. The Infant department, conducted by a female, accommodates pupils of both sexes, from 3 to 6 years of age, in Spelling, Reading, Mental Arithmetic, and Natural History, at 7s. 6d per quarter. The Commercial Department, conducted by two teachers, receives pupils leaving the Infant Department, and furnishes to them a through instruction from Spelling up to Common and Mental ARITHMETIC—the elements of Mathematics, Geography with the use of the Globes, English Grammer, &c., together with Reading and Writing, at fees from 10s to 20s per quarter.—The Mathematical Department, conducted by two teachers, comprises Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Book Keeping, use of the Globes, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, &c., the Reading Writing and Speaking of the FRENCH LANGUAGE, and Classics, at fees from 25s to 30s per quarter.

S. D. MILLER, A. M.,
ay 10 tf *Manager.*

Cod Liver Oil.

20 GALLONS, pure and fresh, without any offensive taste or smell; just received from Newfoundland.

GEORGE F. EVERETT & CO.
No. 4 King-street, (adjoining Barlow's Corner.)

New-Brunswick
STEAM, SASH, DOOR, AND BLIND FACTORY,—*Harding Street, St. John.*

HAVING put up the best Machinery that can be procured for the manufacture of Doors, Sashes, inside and outside Blinds, Window Frames, Mouldings, and other kinds of Wood Work. I am prepared to furnish to any extent the best and cheapest article ever offered to the people of this Province.
May 9. JOHN E. TURNBULL.

For Sale or Lease,
And immediate Possession given:—

A SAW MILL, with 300 acres of Land attached, in upper Sussex, formerly owned by John C. Vail, Esq., and now in possession of H. C. Snider—Terms moderate. Enquire of
Feb. 27. L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

DRUGS, Medicines, &c.—The subscriber has received per *Sir Harry Smith*, from London, his Spring Supply of English DRUGS, MEDICINES, SPICES & PERFUMERY, which together with his Stock in store, he offers Wholesale and Retail at the lowest market prices.

S. L. TILLEY.
April 23. No. 15 *King street*

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has removed the Retail DRY GOODS and FANCY WARES of the *Variety Store*, from the South Side to the *North Side of King street*, (in Vernon's Brick Building) to the Store lately occupied by Dr. Livingston, which will be conducted under the name and style of the ST. JOHN HOUSE, where a general assortment of Retail GOODS will be supplied, and solicits a continuance of the Public favours.

JOSEPH LORDLY,
Proprietor.

Selling off at the Variety Store, a large quantity of Mahogany Household Furniture, Clocks, Room Paper, Tea, Boots, Shoes, Stoves and sundry other articles. J. LORDLY.

FOREIGN GOODS.

At the Cheap Hat, Cap and Fur Store, Number 17, King st., fresh arrivals per Steamers "America" "Sarah Louisa," and William Wallace."

A FEW Cases of the *Paris* Velvet HATS, so much admired by our customers at 20s.; Drab and Silk *Kossuth* and *Magyar HATS*—best quality—*very cheap*. Leghorn and Summer Hats *in new styles*, with an extensive variety of articles Manufactured in the premises—the attention of the Wholesale and Retail Trade, is invited to this fine stock. LOCKART & Co.
(June 18.)

PEW FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—that eligible and commodious Pew, (cloth lined and cushioned,) No. 31, in the Organ Gallery of Trinity Church. Apply to
GEORGE SLATCH,
Barrister at Law

SHOULDER BRACES.—A fresh supply just received and for sale by
August 27. FELLOWS & CO.

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.—Just received per *Admiral*—a further supply
Sept. 9 FELLOWS & CO.

MISCELLANY.

A THRILING TALE.

A TERRIBLY STRANGE BED.

[CONCLUDED.]

I ran to the washhand-stand; drank some of the water in my jug; poured the rest out, and plunged my face into it—then sat down in a chair, and tried to compose myself. I soon felt better. The change for my lungs, from the fetid atmosphere of the gambling room to the cool air of the apartment I now occupied; the almost equally refreshing change for my eyes, from the glaring gas lights of the "Salon" to the dim quiet flicker of one bed room candle; aided wonderfully the restorative effects of cold water. The giddiness left me, and I began to feel a little like a reasonable being again. My first thought was of the risk of sleeping all night in a gambling-house; my second, of the still greater risk of trying to get out after the house was closed, and of going home alone at night, through the streets of Paris, with a large sum of money about me. I had slept in worse places than this, in the course of my travels; so I determined to lock, bolt, and barricade my door.

Accordingly, I secured myself against all intrusion; looked under the bed, and into the cupboard; tried the fastening of the window; and then, satisfied that I had taken every proper precaution, pulled off my upper clothing, put my light, which was a dim one, on the hearth among a feathery litter of wood ashes; and got into bed, with the handkerchief full of money under my pillow.

I soon felt, not only that I could not go to sleep, but that I could not close my eyes. I was wide awake, and in a high fever. Every nerve in my body trembled—every one of my senses seemed to be preternaturally sharpened. I tossed, and rolled, and tried every kind of position, and preservingly sought out the cold corners of the bed, and all to no purpose. Now, I thrust my arms over the clothes; now I violently shot my legs straight out, down to the bottom of the bed; now I convulsively coiled them up as near my chin as they would go; now I shook out my crumbled pillow, changed it to the cool side, patted it flat, and lay down quietly on my back; now, I fiercely doubled it in two, set it up on end, thrust it against the board of the bed, and tried a sitting posture. Every effort was in vain; I groaned with vexation, as I felt that I was in for a sleepless night.

What could I do? I had no book to read.—And yet, unless I found out some method of diverting my mind, I felt certain that I was in the condition to imagine all sorts of horror; to rack my brains with forebodings of every possible and impossible danger: in short, to pass the night in suffering all conceivable varieties of nervous terror. I raised myself on my elbow, and looked about the room—which was brightened by a lovely moonlight pouring straight though the window—to see if it contained any pictures or ornaments, that I could at all clearly distinguish. While my eyes wandered from wall to wall, a remembrance of Le Maistre's delightful little book, "Voyage autour de Ma Chambre," occurred to me. I resolved to imitate the French author, and find occupation and amusement enough to relieve the tedium of the wakefulness, by making a mental inventory of every article of furniture I could see, and by following up to their sources the multitude of associations with even a chair, a table, or a washhand-stand, maybe made to call forth.

In the nervous unsettled state of my mind at that moment, I found it much easier to make my proposed inventory, than to make my proposed reflections, and soon gave up all hope of thinking in Le Maistre's fanciful track—or, indeed, thinking at all. I looked about the room at the different articles of furniture, and did nothing more.—There was, first, the bed I was lying in—a four-post bed, of all things in the world to meet with in Paris!—yes, a thorough clumsy British four-poster, with the regular top lined with chintz—the regular fringed valance all around—the regular stifling unwholesome curtains, which I remembered having mechanically drawn back against the posts, without particularly noticing the bed when I first got into the room. Then, there was the marble topped wash-hand-stand, from which the water I had spilt, in my hurry to pour it out, was still dripping, slowly and more slowly, on to the brick floor. Then, two small chairs, with my coat, waistcoat, and trousers flung on them. Then, a large elbow chair covered with dirty-white dimity: with my cravat and shirt-collar thrown over the back. Then, a chest of drawers with two of the brass handles off and a tawdry, broken china inkstand placed on it by way of ornament for the top. Then, the dressing table, adorned by a very small looking-glass, and a very large pincushion. Then the window—an unusually large window. Then, a dark old picture, which the feeble candle dimly showed me. It was the picture of a fellow in a high Spanish hat, crowned with a plume of towering feathers; a swarthy sinister ruffian, looking looking upward; shading his eyes with his hand, and looking intently upward—it might be at some tall gallows at which he was going to be hanged. At any rate he had the appearance of thoroughly deserving it.

The picture put a kind of constraint upon me to look forward too—at the top of the bed. It was a gloomy and not an interesting object, and I looked back at the picture. I counted the feathers in the man's hat; they stood out in relief; three, whitey two green. I observed the crown of his hat, which was of a conical shape, according to the fashion supposed to have been favoured by Guido Fawkes. I wondered what he was looking up at. I couldn't be at the star; such a desperado was neither astrologer nor astronomer. It must be at the high gallows, and he was going to be hanged presently. Would the executioner come into possession of his conical crowned hat, and plume of feathers? I counted the feathers again; three, white, two green.

While I still lingered over this very improving and intellectual employment, my thoughts insensibly began to wander. The moonlight shining into the room reminded me of a certain moonlight night in England—the night after a pic-nic party in a Welsh valley. Every incident of the drive homeward through lovely scenery, which the moonlight made lovelier than ever, came back to my remembrance, though I had never given the pic-nic a thought for years; though, if I had tried to recollect it, I could certainly have recalled little or nothing of that scene long past. Of all the wonderful faculties that help to tell us we are immortal which speaks the sublime truth more eloquently than memory! Here was I, in a strange house of the most suspicious character, in a situation of uncertainty, and even of peril, which might seem to make the cool exercise of my recollection almost out of the question, nevertheless remembering, quite involuntarily, places, people, conversations minute circumstances of every kind, which I had thought forgotten for ever, which I could not possibly have recalled at will, even under the most favorable auspices. And what cause had produced in a moment the whole of this strange, complicated mysterious effect? Nothing but some rays of moonlight shining in at my bed-room window.

I was still thinking of the pic-nic; of our merriment on the drive home; of the sentimental young lady who would quote Childe Harold, because it was moonlight. I was absorbed by these past scenes and amusements, when, in an instant, the thread on which my memories hung, snapped asunder; my attention immediately came back to present things, more vividly than ever, and I found myself. I neither knew why nor wherefore, looking hard at the picture again.

Looking for what? Good God, the man had pulled his hat down on his brown!—No! The hat itself was gone! Where was the conical crown? Where the feathers, three, white, two, green! Not there! In place of the hat had been, what dusky object was it that now hid his forehead—his eyes—his thinking hand? Was the bed moving?

I turned on my back, and looked up. Was I mad? drunk? dreaming? giddy again? or, was the top of the bed really moving down—sinking slowly, regularly, silently, horribly right down through out the whole of its length and breadth—right down upon me, as I lay underneath?

My blood seemed to stand still; a deadly, paralysing coldness stole all over me, as I turned my head round on the pillow, and determined to test whether the bed-top was really moving or not, by keeping my eye on the man in the picture. The next look in that direction was enough. The dull, black, frowsy outline of the valance above me was within an inch of being parallel with his waist. I still looked breathlessly. And steadily, and slowly—very slowly—I saw the figure and the line of frame below the figure, vanish, as the valance moved down before it.

I am, constitutionally anything but timid. I have been, on more than one occasion, in peril of my life. I have not lost my self-possession for an instant; but, when the conviction first settled on my mind that the bed-top was really moving, was steadily and continuously sinking down upon me, I looked up for one awful minute, or more, shuddering, helpless, panic stricken, beneath the hideous machinery murder, which was advancing closer and closer to suffocate me where I lay.

Then the instinct of self-preservation came, and nerved me to save my life, while there was yet time. I got out of bed very quietly, and quickly dressed myself again in my upper clothing. The candle, fully spent, went out. I sat down in the arm-chair that stood near, and watched the bed-top slowly descending. I was literally spell bound by it. If I had heard footsteps behind me, I could not have turned round; if a means of escape had been miraculously provided for me, I could not have moved to take advantage of it—The whole life in me was, at that moment, concentrated in my eyes.

It descended—the whole canopy, with the fringe round it, came down—down—close down; so close that there was no room now to squeeze my finger between the bed-top and the bed. I felt at sides and discovered that what had appeared to me, from, beneath, to be the ordinary light canopy of a four-post bed was in reality a thick, broad mattrass, the substance of which was concealed by the valance at its fringes. I looked up, and saw the four posts rising hideously bare. In the middle of the bed-top was a huge wooden screw that had evidently worked it down through a hole in the ceiling, just as ordinary presses are worked down on the substance selected for compression. The frightful apparatus moved without making the faintest noise. There had been no creaking as it came down; there was now the faintest sound from the room above. Amid a dead and awful silence I beheld before me—in the nineteenth century, and in the civilized capital of France,—such a machine for secret murder by suffocation, as might have existed in the worst days of the Inquisition, in the lonely Inns among the Hartz Mountains, in the mysterious tribunals of Westphalia! Still, as I looked on it, I could not move; I could hardly breathe; but I begun to recover the power of thinking; and, a moment, I discovered the murderous conspiracy framed against me, in all its horror.

My cup of coffee had been drugged, and drugged too strongly. I had been saved from being smothered, by having taken an overdose of some narcotic. How, I had chafed and fretted at the fever fit which had preserved my life by keeping me awake! How recklessly I had confided myself to the two wretches who had led me into this room, determined, for the sake of my winnings, to kill me in my sleep, by the surest and most horrible contrivances for secretly accomplishing my destruction! How many men, winners like me, had slept, as I had proposed to sleep, in that bed; and never been seen or heard of more! I shuddered as I thought of it.

But, ere long, all thought was again suspended by the sight of the murderous canopy moving once more. After it had remained on the bed—as nearly as I could guess—about ten minutes, it began to move up again. The villans, who worked it from above, evidently believed that their purpose was now accomplished. Slowly and silently, as it had descended, that horrible bed-top rose towards its former place. When it reached the upper extremities of the four posts, it reached the ceilling too. Neither hole nor screw could be seen—the bed became, in appearance, an ordinary canopy, even to the most suspicious eye.

Now for the first time I was able to move, to rise from my chair, to consider of how I could escape. If I betrayed, by the smallest noise, that the attempt to suffocate me had failed, I was certain to be murdered. Had I made any noise already? I listened patiently, looking towards the door. No! no footseps in the passing outside; no sound of a tread, light or heavy, in the room above—absolutely silent everywhere. Besides locking and bolting my door, I had moved an old wooden chest against it, which I had found under the bed. To remove this chest (my blood ran cold, as I thought what its contents might be!) without making some disturbance, was impossible; and moreover, to think of escaping through the house now barred-up, for the night, was sheer insanity. Only one chance was left me—the window. I stole to it on tiptoe.

My bedroom was on the first floor, above an *entresol*, and looked into the back street, which you have sketched in your view. I raised my hand to open the window, knowing that on that action hung, by the merest hair's-breadth, my chance of safety. They keep vigilant watch in a House of Murder—if any part of the frame cracked, I was perhaps, a lost man? It must have occupied me at least five minutes, reckoning by time—five *hours*, reckoning by suspense—to open the window. I succeeded in doing it silently, in doing it with all the dexterity of a house-breaker: and then looked down into the street. To leap the distance beneath me, would be almost certain destruction! Next, I looked round at the sides of the house. Down the left side, ran a thick water-pipe—it passed close to the outer edge of the window. The moment I saw the pipe, I knew I was saved; my breath came and went freely for the first time since I had seen the canopy of the bed moving down upon me?

To some men the means of escape which I had discovered might have seemed difficult and dangerous enough—to me, the prospect of slipping down the pipe into the street did not suggest even a thought of peril. I had always been accustomed, by the practice of gymnastics, keep up my schoolboy powers as a daring and expert climber; and I knew that my head, hand and feet would serve me faithfully in any hazards of ascent or descent. I had already got one leg over the window sill, when I remembered the handkerchief, filled with money, under my pillow. I could well have afforded to leave it behind me; but I was revengefully determined that the miscreants of the gambling-house should miss their plunder as their victim. So I went back to the bed, and tied the heavy handkerchief at my back by my cravat. Just as I had made it tight, and fixed it in a comfortable place, I thought I heard a sound of breathing outside the door. The chill feeling of horror ran through me again as I listened. No! dead silence still in the passage—I had only heard the night air blowing softly into the room. The next moment I was on the window-sill and the next I had a firm grip on the water-pipe with my hands and knees.

I slid down into the street easily and quietly, as I thought I should, and immediately set off, at the top of my speed, to a branch "Perfecture" of Police, which I knew was situated in the immediate neighborhood. A "sub-Perfect" and several picked men among his subordinates, happened to be up, maturing, I believe, some scheme for discovering the perpetrator of a mysterious murder, which all Paris was talking of just then. When I began my story, he threw his cigar into his mouth, in very French, I could see that the Sub-Perfect thought ill of being a late night visitor. But when I told my name, he altered his tone. He asked questions rapidly as I went on; and before I had reached the end of my story, he shoved all the papers before him into a drawer, put on his hat, supplied me with another (for I was bare-headed), ordered a file of soldiers, desired his expert followers to get ready all sorts of tools for breaking open doors and ripping up brick flooring, and took my arm, in the most friendly manner possible, to lead me with him out of the house. I will venture to say, that when the Sub Perfect was a little boy, and was taken for the first time to the play, he was not half so much pleased as he was now at the job in prospect for him at the "Gambling House."

Away we went through the streets, the Sub-Perfect cross-examining and congratulating me in the same breath, as we marched at the head of our formidable *posse comitatus*. Sentinels were placed at the back of and front of the gambling-house the moment we got to it; a tremendous battery of knocks was directed against the door; a light appeared at the window; I wasted to conceal myself behind the police—then came more knocks, and a cry of "Open in the name of the law!" At that terrible summons, bolts and locks gave way before an invisible hand, and the moment after the Sub-Perfect was in the passage, confronting a waiter half-dressed and ghastly pale. This was the short dialogue which immediately took place.

"We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house!"

"He went away hours ago!"

"He did no such thing. His friend went away; he remained. Show us to his bed room;"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Sous-Perfect, he is not here! he—"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Garcon, he is. He slept here—he didn't find your bed comfortable—he came to us to complain of it; here he is, among my men; and here am I, ready to look for a flea or two in his bolster. Picard! (calling to one of the subordinates, and pointing to the waiter) collar that man, and tie his hands behind him. Now, then, gentlemen, let us walk up stairs."

Every man in the house was secured—the "Old Soldier," the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept; and then we went into the room above. No object that was at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The Sub-Prefect looked round the place, commanded everybody to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time. Lights were produced, and we saw a deep rafftered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron, thickly greased: and inside the case appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled—levers covered with felt—all the complete upper works of a heavy press, constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below; and when taken to pieces again, to go into the smallest possible compass, were next discovered and pulled out on the floor. After some little difficulty, the Sub-Perfect succeeded in putting the machinery together, and leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bed-room. The smothering canopy was then lowered, but not so noiselessly as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the Sub-Perfect, his answer, simple as it was, had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bed-top for the first time—the men whose money you won, were in better practice."

We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents, every one of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The Sub-Perfect, after taking down my "*process verbal*" in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked, as I gave it to him, that any men have really been smothered in that bed, as they tried to smother me?"

"I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the Morgue," answered the Sub-Perfect, "in whose pocket-books were found letters, stating that they had committed suicide in the Seine, because they had lost everything at the gaming table. Do I know how many of these men entered at the same gambling house that you entered? won as you won? took that bed as you took it? slept in it? were smothered in it? and were privately thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers and placed in their pocket-books? No man can say how many, or how few, have suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling-house kept their bedstead machinery from us—even from the police. The dead kept the rest of the secret for them. Good night, or rather good morning, Monsieur Faulkner. Be at my office again at nine o'clock—in the meantime, *au revoir*."

The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined and re-examined; the gambling house was strictly searched all through from top to bottom; the prisoners were separately interrogated; and two of the less guilty made a confession. I discovered that the Old Soldier was the master of the gambling-house—*justice* discovered that he had been drummed out of the army, as a vagabond, some years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villainies since; that he was in possession of stolen property, which the owners identified; and that he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee, were all in the secret of the bedstead. There appeared some reason to doubt whether the inferior persons attached to the house knew anything of the suffocating machinery; and they received the benefit of that doubt, by being treated simply as rogues and vagabonds. As for the Old Soldier, and his two lead-myrmidons, they went to the galleys; the woman who had drugged my coffee was imprisoned for I forget how many years; the regular attendants of the gambling house were considered "suspicious," and placed under surveillance; and I became, for one whole week, (which is a long time) the head "lion" of Parisian society. My adventure was dramatised by three illustrious playmakers; but never saw theatrical daylight; for the censorship forbade the introduction on the stage of a correct copy of the gambling-house bedstead.

Two good results were produced by my adventure, which any censorship might have approved. In the first place it helped to justify the government in forthwith carrying out their determination to put down all gambling houses; in the second place, it cured me of ever trying "Rouge et Noir" as an amusement. The sight of a green cloth with packs of cards and heaps of money on it, will henceforth be forever associated in my mind with a bed-canopy descending to suffocate me, in the silence and darkness of the night.

RAZORS.—Barbers often tell us that razors get tired of shaving, but if laid by for twenty days they will then shave well. By microscopic examination it is found that the tired razor, from long stropping by the same hand and in the same direction, has the ultimate particles or fibres of its surface all arranged in one direction, like the edge of a piece of cut velvet; but after a month's rest, these fibres re-arrange themselves heterogeneously, crossing each other and presenting a saw-like edge, each fibre supporting its fellow, and hence cutting the beard, instead of being forced down flat without cutting, as when laid by. These and many other instances are offered to prove that the ultimate particles of matter are always in motion, and they say that in the process of welding, the absolute momentum of the hammer causes an entanglement of orbits of motion, and hence a re-arrangement, as in one place, in the cold state, a leaf of gold laid on a polished surface of steel, and stricken smartly with a hammer, will have its particles forced into the steel so as to permanently gild it at the point of contact.—*Scientific American.*

On the occasion of the late attempt on Lake Erie, a young married couple were travelling, estimating the distance of the moon in time between one and another station. "Why, Sally," said the husband, "the moon is a long way off, is it not?" "Why, Jim, I should think it was quite as far as that, or more, if you walk all night."