St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

VOLUME XVII. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, August 8, 1853. NUMBER 48.

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:

For Sixty Shillings ;—$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 deny the practice of making good subscribers constitute for those who never pay, he offers the following

PREMIUMS FOR CASHING,

by which young 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.

ATLANTIC INSURANCE COMPANY,

JOHN PARKWARTHER, ESQUIRE, President.
H. W. LIVERMORE, ZACHEUS KING, } Directors.
S. L. TILLEY, S. R. TORRAY,
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, Solicitor.
MALE WOOD AND, 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, 1853.

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

WM. SLEETH,
MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS, TABLETS AND
Architectural Ornaments,
IN MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.
may 1 DUKE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
NEXT ASPINWALL MERRITT'S BRICK BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

We Have Obtained the Victory.

HERRAN & SCHIRNER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.

HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:—

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood C. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuns legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above instruments are 6 1-3 octave to A above.

N. B.—All instruments manufactured by H. & S. will be warranted for three years.

Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

Soap and Candles.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE
Union-street, St. John.

JOHN BROWN begs to inform his numerous and daily increasing customers, and the public generally, that he is now prepared to supply them with the above articles.

☞ All orders left at the Stores of Mr. James McLaughlin, Mount Pleasant, Fredericton, and Reuben Hanson, Nelson, Miramichi, or the Factory in Union Street, will be punctually attended to.

St. John, June 18. JOHN BROWN.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.
STEAM ENGINE, SHOT AND BLIND FACTORY.—Sackville, N. B.

HAVING fitted up the above Establishment with the machinery and other facilities for manufacturing Steam Engines, Shot and Blind Cases, and Sash, Door and Blind Materials, in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, the Proprietors hope by strict attention to business and moderate charges, to merit a share of the patronage of the public.

☞ Orders for the above articles will be thankfully received and promptly executed.

May 7. JOHN E. TURNBULL.

H. H. POWERS, UNDERTAKER, &c.
Office Door North Trinity Church, Germain St., St. John, N. B.

HAS always on hand, COFFINS of all sizes, and furnishes the same at the lowest rate. Funerals attended, &c.

☞ Coffins made to order, on the shortest notice, in a neat manner, and warranted to fit.

☞ Hearse and Mourning Coaches, in good order, always in readiness, and furnished at the lowest rate.

Orders left at the Warerooms, Prince William street, or at his residence, Carmarthen street, will be promptly attended to.

July 1. L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

REMOVAL
TO THE
MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,
Now opposite Mr. Scott's Residence, and First Shop from the corner of Princess and Germain Streets.

PERSONS wanting CLOTHING at this Establishment of the best of West of England Cloth, can obtain it at reasonable rates, and on the following terms, namely:—One half when the measure is taken, and the other half at the rate of 7s 6d per week until the sum is paid. Garments will be delivered four or five days after they are ordered, or sooner if required. Parties not known must give security for the weekly payments.

Having carried on business in the West of England, he has had extensive experience in Cutting both Military and Naval uniforms as well as every other kind of Fashionable Dress. Subsequently he has been employed as Cutter in the first Establishment in Halifax for seven years, where he took the premium for Cutting Coats; and it was admitted by one of the best Cutters in New York that he is the best Cutter of Spring Bottom Pants in North America.

Persons wishing to learn the most scientific mode of Measuring and Cutting Coats may obtain information at the Establishment.

☞ Garments Made and Trimmed on the most reasonable terms.

April 29, 1853. C. H. BARTLETT.
St. John, May, 1853.

JAMES LOUGH,
TAILOR AND DRAPER.

Begs to inform his friends that he has taken the shop in King street, well known as "Vernon's Corner," where they will find a choice and well selected stock of

BEST SAXONY BROAD CLOTHS,
DOESKINS, CASSIMERES, ALBERT CLOTHS,
SUMMER CLOTHS, FANCY TROUSERINGS,
SATIN, SILK, WOVE QUILTINGS,
WHITE MARSEILLS, AND FANCY VESTINGS,

Of the finest quality, which he will be happy to make up for them in his usual superior style, on terms as reasonable as can be obtained at any other Establishment in the City.

TO THE LADIES:

J. L. would respectfully intimate that having for years been employed in the Cutting Department of Harris's Celebrated Military Establishment, in Pall Mall, London, he can with confidence undertake to give perfect satisfaction to all who may entrust their orders to his care. Those who wish a well-fitting garment made of good materials, in a substantial English manner, may depend upon being faithfully served.

TO THE OFFICERS OF H. M. ARMY.

J. L. would beg to state, that having had much practice in the above Establishment, and having a thorough knowledge of the practical part of UNIFORM CUTTING, he is prepared to execute in a superior style, all orders with which he may be entrusted. Officers wishing correct measurement to transmit to their Military Tailors in London, can be accommodated at this place.

☞ Nicholes' Paletots made in the best London style. May 16, 1851.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the Premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Lawton, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of

MONUMENTS,

varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready money.

M. FITZGERALD.

St. John, April 29, 1853.

N. B.—All kinds of STONE CUTTING for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT ABOLISHED!—MORAL GUARDS! *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 Grammar, &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 branches Writing and Speaking of the FRENCH LANGUAGE, and Classics, at fees from 25s to 30s per quarter.

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

JOHN HARRY,
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, unrivaled competition.

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.

☞ All kinds of Engraving neatly executed.

☞ Persons residing in the country can have their orders executed in a few hours, and return the same by mail or express.

N. W. WARDE & W. SCHOLES,
Office Prince William-street, St. John.
January 28.

Selections.

ALICE;

A TALE OF RETRIBUTION.

BY THOMAS L. SPENCER, M. D.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Eaton was seated, in an elegantly furnished parlor, in the Village of G——, upon the morning when our story opens, conversing with a blooming young girl, whom he addressed as his daughter, when a servant entered announced a stranger, who desired to see him.

"Show him into the parlor." said Mr. Eaton, in a petish voice.

The servant retired, and ushered into the room a tall, thick-set man of a dark complexion, and bearing very much the aspect of a villain. As he entered the room, he fastened his dark eyes upon Mr. E., as if to satisfy himself that he was not mistaken. He approached Mr. Eaton, who appeared not to recognize him, and extended his hand.

"I see you do not know me, sir," said he. 'Perhaps your memory will be refreshed by mention of my name. Joseph Johnson, sir,' and as he said this, a malicious smile lit up his countenance, while Mr. Eaton turned as pale as marble. "I happend to be in these parts, and thought I would drop in and have a little private conversation with you.

"Yes," said Mr. Eaton, in a tremulous voice, 'I am happy to see you. Alice, you may retire to your room," said he, turning to the young lady of whom we have spoken. As Alice was retiring, the stranger eyed her keenly, and when she had closed the door, said:—

"You are mighty happy to see me, I guess!"

"Johnston when I parted with you at S——, I hoped that it was for the last time," said Mr. Eaton.

"No doubt of that, sir, none at all, in my mind; but it seems your hopes, like a good many others, were not fated to be met, for I am here before you, the same identical Joseph Johnson, who nineteen years ago, saw you at G——, in the commission of a crime, for which, at this very hour, there is a bounty of $3000 upon your head!" As he said this, he fastened his piercing eyes upon Mr. E., to watch its effect.

"Hist Johnson," said Mr. E., in a nervous voice, —"don't speak so loud, we may be over heard."

'What do I care for that!" said he, as he raised his voice still higher. "I have come to get you, that I may claim the reward! I have spent a year in hunting for you."

"Stop! Johnson,—I will give you anything—everything, but, for God's sake don't expose me."

"Well, that begins to sound like it," said he, lowering his voice. "Now you begin to talk like a man."

"What shall I give you, Johnson!"

"Oh! we'll talk about that by-and-by. By the way, was that your daughter in the room when I came in?"

"It was," said Mr. Eaton.

"You must have been married then very soon after leaving England!"

"Yes, the year after."

"How old is your daughter?"

"Seventeen years."

'Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I've taken quite a shine to the girl, and if you are a mind to marry me to her, and give me twelve thousand dollars, I'll keep mum."

"Ho! Johnson, that is *too* hard. I don't know as the girl would consent—she is already betrothed!"

"Well, you can do as you please—these are my terms."

"Why, Johnston, I couldn't get the girl's consent. I'll give you twelve thousand without her."

"You have my terms, and not an inch will move from them. If the girl won't consent, order her; and if she won't obey, why, I'll fix that."

"Johnson, you are really *too* hard,"

"I can't help that sir; you can say whether you'll do it. Come, what do you say? Time's precious."

"I'll give you twenty thousand."

"No, sir; you have my terms, and you know Joe Johnson won't change. Will you do it, or shall I have you arrested?"

"Well, sir; then let's proceed to business. I must marry the girl within three weeks.'

"What! *so soon?* We cannot bring matters to a focus in that time without creating suspicion; for I shall have hard work to get the girl's consent—if I can get it at all."

"Well, I'll take care of that. You just tell the girl she must give up her old lover—and leave the rest to me, I'll met you here to-morrow, and you can then introduce me to her. Until then, I'll keep cool," saying which he arose and left the house.

Alice was in her room pondering upon the queer appearance of the stranger, and the effect his presence had upon her father, when he entered the room.

"Father," said Alice, as he came in, "who was that horrible-looking man who was with you in the parlor?"

"He is a friend of mine, whom I have not met for several years. He came to bring me news from England. Alice, George Danforth's visit at our house must be discontinued."

"If a thunderbolt had struck Alice, she could not have been more astonished than she was at this unexpected blow.

"Why, father, what has happened that George Danforth must be banished from my presence?"

"No matter, girl; it is enough that I say he must come back no more!" said Mr. Eaton, in an angry tone.

"Well, father, I am not disposed to yield up George's friendship without a proper cause."

"Beware! girl, how you parley with me. If George Danforth sets his foot over the threshold of my house again, as you receive his visits, I will wash my hands," said he, extending a trident as-pect, his face or voice—in the same time leaving the room.

"I think you have occasion to change suddenly my father's feelings towards George?" said Alice, as her father left the room.

"Impudent jade! I'm minded to tell you that, though you are my daughter, I will do it, if you threatens to use violence upon him, if he dares to come here. There must be something wrong. I don't like the looks of that stranger. It cannot be that my father——' There she stopped evidently she dared not lay her suspicions. "I will send George a note, telling him the situation of matters here, and invite him to meet me this evening at the old oak tree, at eight o'clock," saying which she took her pen, and having written a hasty note to George, rang the bell for a servant. A servant appeared.

"Tell Lucy to come up here," said she.

"Yes marm" said the servant, and retired.

In a moment the door opened, and "Lucy," as Alice called her, entered.

"Lucy," said Alice, "can I trust you with a secret mission?"

"Certainly, Miss Alice, I will do anything for you."

"Well then, I wish you to carry this billet to Mr. Danforth, and wait for an answer. Let no one know what you are about. Mind now, and keep secret."

"Certainly, Miss Alice, I will not let my left hand know what my right hand carries."

Alice smiled at the girl's promise, and said—"Well, then, go quick, and be sure that you give it to him and to no one else." The girl departed, and Alice was again alone.

"This is mysterious," said she. "I cannot unravel it. What can it mean? It may be—but why should I have I have such suspicions of my father? Something is wrong. Perhaps George can unravel it." She continued exercising her brain, to solve the mysterious conduct of her father, until Lucy retentered the room and put into her hands a note from George, containing the simple words, 'I will be there.'

"You found him then, Lucy? Did any one else see you?"

"No,"

"I may want your assistance again. You may go now, or you will be missed in the kitchen."

Evening came on, and Alice partook of a light supper, and complaining of a headache, declared her determination to retire. She went to her room, but not to rest. The clock struck eight. Throwing a shawl over her head, she crept noiselessly down the back stairs, and pursued her way cautiously to the old oak, where she found George in waiting.

Alice related the conversation which had passed between herself and father. The visit of the stranger, and from the sudden change of Mr. Eaton's decision in the regard to George, immediately succeeding the advent of the suspicious-looking visitor, left no doubt in their minds that he was the cause of the present revulsion of feeling towards their intercourse.

While thus engaged in consultation, they were alarmed at hearing a sudden crackling in the bushes near by, and fearing that they had been overheard, and deeming it prudent not to prolong the interview, they separated, Alice promising, in a whisper, to meet George on the following evening to report what might take place in the meantime.

CHAPTER II.

As an early hour the next day Johnson called again upon Mr. Eaton, whom he found anxiously awaiting his coming.

"Well, old fellow," said he, as he entered, 'I see you have commenced operations with your daughter. Blast me, if I don't believe you are getting to be quite decent man."

"How do you know that I have said anything to her upon the subject?"

"Because I saw the young fellow, who was pointed out to me as her lover, approaching your establishment very cautiously last evening, and I took a fancy to follow him to see what he was about, when I found that he and Miss Alice had a private arrangement for the occasion. She told him you had forbiden his visits—and blast me, if the little jade don't begin to think there is some villainy afloat."

"Where did this happen?"

"Under an old oak tree, a few rods from here."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, they said just what any one would say under the circumstances. They talked about an elopement in case necessity required, and appointed another meeting, this evening, at eight o'clock."

"The hussy! She will learn bottes then to disobey my orders."

"Well, now, you see something must be done, immediately, or she will off, and then our game is up."

"Yes, I see; but if we drive matter *too* fast, people will have suspicions that all ain't right. We have got to play the card shrewdly."

"That is true. The creatures suspected villainy. Alice said she believed I was a rascal, and you too."

"Jade! I will teach her manners. But we must be shrewd, for these country people are mighty suspicious creatures."

"Yes, I know, and I have a plan for the regulation of that. Just leave this Danforth to me. I'll take care of *him*, and take charge of the girl. Remember that you are to deliver her to me, in three weeks, or the trade is up. Inasmuch as she is not of age, just order her to marry me, and if she refuses, force her. I'll fix it so thatpeople won't blame you. She'll probably stick to her old lover, but I'll put him in such a fix that people will have a mighty poor opinion of him. By the way, what has become of that woman you brought over from England with you?"

"Oh! she's dead, I suppose. Is Lord S—— alive yet?"

"Yes, he was at last accounts. He made a mighty poor trade in swapping wives. I've heard that he is sorry for the matter."

"Ah! he was a villain."

There are a great many villains in the world," said Johnson, giving an ironical tone to his voice By-the-by, just let matters run easy with the girl, and let her meet her lover at the oak again to-night."

"Well, perhaps that would be advisable."

"We'll have matters all arranged so that we can be safe in performing the marriage ceremony at the stipulated time. But I must be off. I'll see you again to-morrow."

"Won't you wait and see Alice?"

"We'll, I don't care if I do."

Mr. Eaton rang the bell and ordered the servant to tell Alice to come into the parlor. They waited for some time, and she did not make her appearance, Johnson concluded that he would wait until the next day. As soon as he was gone, Alice entered the parlor. Mr. E. frowned when she came in, and she prepared herself for a storm.

"Young lady, I am in the habit of having my orders obeyed immediately."

"I obeyed sir, as soon as I could arrange my toilet. I had a bad headache last evening, and have but just arisen."

"I see," said Mr. E., in an ironical voice, "young girls are apt to have headaches when the tide of love don't run smooth enough to suit them. I wish you to distinctly understand that your projected alliance with George Danforth is at an end.'

Father, what can have produced this sudden change in your feelings towards George? Has not his deportment been correct?"

"No matter; it is sufficent that I say he can come to this house no more."

"Why, father? What has that stranger ——?"

"Be still! you hussy," said Mr. E., in a shrill voice, interrupting Alice. "Don't cast your interference on my friend."

"I have, then, no suspicions to give, but I do believe it, and I know that there is some diabolical mystery lurking in the course you have taken since he came here.

Mr. E., could hardly repress his emotions when he found that Alice really suspected the truth of the matter, and resolving to come at once to the point, he said:—

"Alice, my friend is a man of wealth and influence, and I am determined that inasmuch as he has sued for your hand, he shall have it in marriage."

"Why, father! never, *never* will I marry that man. He is a *villain*—I know he is."

"Stop! don't you dare to speak thus of a friend of mine. You must remember, too, that your not yet of age."

"But father, you would not *force* me to marry him?"

"I shall, if you do not consent."

"Before I will marry him I will die. I am already and by your consent, betrothed to George."

"But George is not worthy of your hand."

"Prove that he is not, and I will marry whomsoever you direct."

"I will do it in less than one week," said he, as he arose and left the room. Alice felt that she had been hasty in making the last remark, for she feared that some scheme might be invented to injure George; and yet she knew that no proof that they could adduce would lower him in her estimation, as she had been intimate with him from childhood.

Mr. Eaton, immediately upon leaving the room sought and found the infamous Johnson, and reported to him what Alice had said in relation to George; and we will leave them concocting their unrighteous scheme, while we view another scene.

CHAPTER III.

In an elegantly furnished parlor on —— street, in London, about three months before the appearrance of Johnson at Mr. Eaton's, reposing on a velvet couch, was a man apparently in the last stage of consumption. A physicen stood at his bedside, and they were in consultation upon a matter that evidently was of deep moment to the invalid. The physican, who was examining his pulse, said:—

"I fear that you have not strength to perform the task, without imminently periling your life."

"It maters not. This very hour let a magistrate be called. If I die in its performance, it matters but little. I shall feel easier to go, if I even make the attempt. I cannot go into eternity without freeing my soul of this incubus that weighs it down, and has gnawed upon my conscience for nearly seventeen years. Let a magistrate be called immediately."

"It shall be as you wish," said the physican, and stepping to the bell, called a servant, whom he dispatched him at once for the person required. In a short time a magistrate appeared, and the sick man said;

"Sir, I have called you to take my dying confession of the wrongs that I have inflicted upon my former wife. I wish you to write what I will now say." The magistrate having prepared himself to write, the invalid commenced:—

"Twenty-five years ago I was married to a young lady in Liverpool, by the name of Hall. We removed to this city, and lived very happily together for the space of ten years, when I unfortunately became acquainted with the Countess ——, who with her husband, was in London upon a tour of pleasure. She was a woman of very prepossessing manners and disposition and in our intercourse, there sprang up between us a strong passion, which we resolved to gratify at some rate. There were two obstacles in the way of the enjoyment of our unholy desires. My wife and the countess' husband must be disposed of.

"A year rolled away, and nothing definite had been done towards the consummation of our desires. My wife had given birth to a daughter, which, instead of binding me more closely to her, as it should have done, but increased a plan of operation. She induced her husband, who had grown jealous of me, to leave town for a few, weeks, and I, in the meantime, employed a desperate character by the name of Walters to follow and assassinate him. This act he succeeded in accomplishing, on the third day after his arrival in S——.

"The news of the murder was soon brough to London, and I rejoiced (villain that I was) that one obstacle was removed. Suspicion was fastened upon a young American in S——, and upon the testimony of Walters, he was convicted and executed.

"My wife must now be disposed of; and after having exercised my brain for an expedient, I finally hit upon one that worked admirably. As soon as she became sufficiently strong, the physician (who was bribed by me) advised a journey and frequent excursions upon the water, as the readiest means of regaining her health. Accordingly, we left London, accompanied by Walters, whom I had employed as a servant, and took up our residence in a country town, where we soon carried into execution my scheme.

"One morning we went out upon a little obscure lake to take a short boat ride, when this Walters rowed the boat to the opposite shore, and himself and my wife were left there while I rowed the boat back. When near the shore, I capsized it, swam to land, and went to the manor where we had boarded, and informed the people that my wife, child, and servant were drowned. The people round about assembled, and the lake was dragged for the bodies, but they were not to be found, and it was concluded that they had sunk in a deep locality, and that they must there remain.

"I appeared to mourn the loss of my wife deeply, and people had not the slightest suspicion that my sorrow was not real. Walters, in the meantime, took my wife and child on board a vessel, the captain of which I bribed, and sailed for America, and in a year I was married to the countess. She, several years ago, died of delirium tremens.

"Walters went to the United States, where he changed his name, and putting my wife under the direction of a villain in one of the Southern States, took my child and removed to a town in New Jersey, where he now resides.

"Whether my wife is now alive or not, I do not know; but my child is, and it is my earnest prayer that she may be found, and that villain Walters be brought to justice. A year ago, Walters was in New Jersey. I am weak," said the invalid, "give me some wine."

"How should we be able to recognize the child, in case we should find it?" said the magistrate.

"By the instrumentalities of the mark on her."

At this moment a noise was heard upon the stairway, as of a struggle with the servants; the physician opened the door, when a singular looking woman madly pushed in, and pushing on to the bed, posted herself directly in front of the dying man.

"Sir!" said she, pointing her long, bony finger at him, her eyes at the same time dilating under the most intense excitement, "I have come in season to see you die. Infamous wretch, behold your abused and ruined wife! Look at me before you go into eternity. It may add another sting to your already afflicted conscience."

"Mercy!" gasped the dying man, falling back upon his pillow, overcome with excitement; "this is my wife."

"Yes; own to these men that I am your wife, and tell me where is my daughter? Speak, and tell me, before it is too late—and your miserable soul may find relief."

I have told all—confessed all," said he in a whisper. "There," said he, pointing to the paper which the magistrate still held in his hand. The woman grasped it, and running her eyes hastily over it, her countenance became lighted by an almost unearthly brilliancy.

"Yes," said she, "your conscience has goaded you to make the confession. May God forgive you, as I do," and she moved as if to leave the room.

"Stay," said he; "wait one moment. Here, take my hand," said he, extending his thin, bony hand, "and say that you forgive me!" She took it, and turning her eyes towards heaven, repeated in a deep solemn voice her forgiveness.

"Now I can die," said the invalid; and with a convulsive spasm, he clapped his hands, a faint smile lit up his countenance for a moment—and he was dead.

All present were terribly excited. The tale of crime that had been told them—the sudden appearance of the wronged and ruined wife—all kindled emotions in the breasts of the physician and magistrate that my pen cannot describe. Let us draw a veil over the scene, and betake ourselves to the drama being enacted by the previous personages of our eventful tale.

[*To be Concluded next week.*]

ROMANTIC STORY.—A French paper relates the following tale:—Two days ago a young milkwoman of the environs of La Baumette, newly married, was carrying the produce of her dairy to the market of Angers, when she found on her way a black cow fastened to a tree, and at a safe distance, under another tree lay a large bundle. Her curiosity was first attracted to the latter, which she found to contain a beautiful baby girl, wrapped in fine linen and warm flannels. On further examination she discovered a purse containing 27 golden Napoleons and an anonymous letter, intimating that the mother of the child was driven by powerful considerations to part with it for several years; that the 500f. were for the person who would humanely supply her place, and the black cow was to afford the child milk; adding that every year the fostermother should receive an ample sum for the maintenance and education of the child, until circumstances permitted its natural parent to resume the charge. The young milkwoman accepted the trust thus reposed in her, and instead of proceeding to the market, hastened home with with the young foundling, the cow, the purse, and the letter.

YOUNG MEN ON IMPERIAL THRONES.—Some of the most important empires on the Globe are now ruled by young men. The Emperor of China, Hien Eung, is now in the twenty-second year of his age, and the third of his reign. It will be recollected that he is of the Tartar or Tu-tsing dynasty. Prince Chu-kisin, of the Ming dynasty, who aspires to the throne of China, is about nineteen years of age. The Sultan, or Shah of Persia, Nasser-Din, is about twenty years of age. Abdul Mejid-Khan, the Sultan of Turkey, was born in April 1823—of course he is now little over thirty years of age. The Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, is nearly twenty three, having been born in August 1830. He ascended the imperial throne in December 1848. These empires embrace more than one-third of the population of the world.

BLEEDING.—Among the strong cases brought forward by the anti-phlebotomists, is that of the celebrated Madame Malibran, the inimitable queen of song. She was playing on the stage when last seen in public—entering with all her soul into the character, and giving intense interest to the piece before an immense audience. At the point in which all her powers were taxed to the utmost stretch of a naturally delicate organization, she fainted, from extreme physical exhaustion. A physician, seated in front, leaped instantly to her assistance; and instead of administering a cordial, he bled the already debilitated woman. She never rallied.

Lord Byron, in his last sickness, said to the medical attendants, "Do with me what you like, but bleed me you shall not." After much reasoning and repeated entreaties, says the narrative, Mr. Milleugen at length succeeded in obtaining from him a promise, that should he feel his fever increase at night, he would allow Dr. Bruno to bleed him. They drew about twenty ounces On the following morning, April 17th, the bleeding was twice repeated. On the 19th the poet died.

John Hunter proved, continue the opponents of blood-letting, that the blood lives; every drop, therefore, that is extracted by artificial or other means, is actually a drop of life irrecoverably lost. The Jews cautiously avoided the loss of this precious fluid; and hence another argument has been drawn against the practice of bleeding.

THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN SCOTT AND THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.—One day, while Scott was still at Edinburgh, there came into the city a brawney, tough fellow, driving a flock of sheep. It was James Hogg, who finding himself in the capital, was seized with a violent desire to see himself in print, and accordingly got somebody to strike off some copies of a few of his verses, which, however, made no sensation.

"The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" set him to work at imitating the old Scottish ballads; and as his efforts were warmly praised by Scott, he came down again from the forest to pay his friend a visit. He, with William Laidlaw and others, was invited to dinner. The worthy shepherd appeared in his ordinary herdsman's dress, with his hands well tarred with a recent smearing. Not being accustomed to the society of "grand folks," he had commoned with himself as to how he should act, and had come to the conclusion that he ought to copy the lady of the house in all things. Mrs. Scott, being unwell, received her guests reclining on a sofa, and Jamie accordingly, true to his resolution, had no sooner made his bow than he threw off the coat, and stretched himself out at ease. At dinner he ate, drank, sweared, and chattered, charming the guests by his rough humorous jokes and remarks, and even surprised some more than one by a song, which, after the dinner was over, he sang by the request of the company, "standing on the hearth-rug" with a "dithyrambic fervor" that "electrified" the listeners. Scott is "Charlotte."