

# WEEKLY CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VIRTUE AND INTELLIGENCE THE MEANS—GOOD GOVERNMENT THE END.

VOLUME 8.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1857.

NUMBER 19.

## STARTLING

### W. O. VANCE,

For whom the Public was, a short time since, and who is now, a sharp look out has at length been furnished. It is a fact that all the charges which were preferred against him. The charge against him of having opened the most complete and best and cheapest stock of Drugs, Medicines &c. ever brought to Clarksville, is abundantly proven by his own testimony. He is a skilful purchaser, and good judge of drugs, is also proven by the reputation which he has with the Eastern Druggists of being a No 1 buyer. They say there that he bought all his stock of either the Macassar or Ilex, and thus getting them of first hands procured drugs of much better quality, as well as much cheaper than usual. As his stock is now exhausted, & purchased with unusual care those who prefer their Medicines, Oils, &c. would do well to patronize him, Paracetans, Constry Merchants and Wholesale Dealers particularly requested to give him a call, as he is confident he can sell them at lower rates than they can buy this side the Eastern Market.

### THE PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT.

No one in the store will be allowed to put them up but himself. Scrupulous care accuracy and neatness shall be observed in the department and none but drugs of the finest quality shall be used in the composition of Prescriptions. By ringing a bell attached to the front Door he can be aroused at any hour of the night. His terms are six months in advance. Liberal discount for cash.

His stock embraces every thing usually kept in Drug Stores. In addition to  
Drugs, Medicines, Oils, &c.  
Dye Stuffs, Varinches, Turpentine, Glassware,  
I keep also, Burning Fluids, Cigars & Tobacco the best assortment of Blank Books & Stationery in the place.  
Sops, Looking Glass plates  
Perfumery, Rouge, Flesh Balls,  
Brushes, (all kinds) Toilet Preparations,  
Combs, Gold Pens,  
Pistols, Pocket Knives,  
Razors and Stropps, Musical Instruments,  
Toys, Fortinonnans,  
Fishing Tackle, Guns,  
Sporting Apparatus, and Miscellaneous and  
Fancy articles of every description.  
July 25 '56-17 WALTER O. VANCE

### OLDHAM, PETTUS & CO.,

[Successors to Porter & Smith]  
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FORWARDING AND COMMISSION  
MERCHANTS,  
THE LANDING, TENNESSEE.  
Sep 14 '55-17

### NOTICE

#### To Liquor Dealers and Merchants.

A complete assortment of the Oils necessary, for making and flavoring every variety of liquor, and directions for making either without apples, and for converting the cider to all kinds of white and red wines, Champagne, &c. and a package of the oil will be used for giving artificial strength to liquors (converting 70 gallons of whiskey to 100 gallons), and every article necessary to commence a Liquor Store, including a Laboratory, &c. Also all the information necessary to conduct such an establishment, thus enabling the new beginner to successfully compete with the oldest liquor dealers. Address through the Post Office.  
P. LACOUR,  
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#### Lacour's concentrated Acid for Making Vinegar.

is put up in 2 gallon packages at \$5 package age—in good shipping order.

#### Patent drinking poisonous Liquors.

Patent improved process for making all kinds of Liquors and Vinegar, instantly, by the use of Lacour's Essential Oils. These oils are obtained by distillation at the Chemical Laboratory of P. Lacour, of Jefferson, of Pierre Lacour, author of Lacour's Chemical Analysis, Lacour's Chemical Manipulations, Lacour on the Manufacture of Liquors &c. Purchasers are particularly requested to return the flask and retain the money, if the Oil does not give perfect satisfaction.

Lacour's Oil of Cognac converts neutral spirit to a superior imitation of imported Brandy, viz: Grand, Superior, Marquis, and other Brandy, and United Vineyard Proprietors, Castillon and London Duck Brandy. These liquors will have a full fruity flavor, and a beautiful sparkling color. Common rectified Whiskey will be changed by the use of the oil of cognac to New York Brandy, Fine Apple Brandy, &c.

Lacour's Oil of Rye, changes rectified Whiskey to Monongahela Rye Whiskey, Old Virginia Malt Whisky, Bourbon Whisky, &c.

Oil of Celery, changes rectified Whiskey to old Irish Malt Whiskey, and a superior article of Scotch Whisky.

Oil of Peach, changes common Whiskey to Virginia Peach Brandy, and Oil of Peach, and Oil of Cognac will convert common Whiskey to Apple Brandy.

Oil of Gin, converts the poorest Whiskey to Holland Gin, Schiedam Schnapps, Rose Gin, Swan Oil, English Gin, &c.

Lacour's Concentrated Acid, will in five hours after being mixed, change five dollars of good vinegar and twenty-five gallons of water to thirty gallons of the most acid vinegar that can be found in the market. By the use of Lacour's Concentrated Acid, Vinegar can be made for one dollar and sixty cents per barrel.

For making Liquors, Lacour's Oils require no preparation—only pour the oil into the whiskey and shake well. The liquors thus made will have a fine natural color, a full rich oily taste; a beautiful transparent color and a fine head. Lacour's Oils extract the impurities and burning taste, and become a neutral spirit; the second property causes an oily mulligainous taste imparted to the liquor, which renders it oily and imparts an appearance of great age; the third property is a lightness in the rich vinous nutty odor that is imparted to the liquor, which renders distinction from the genuine brands impossible.

These oils are put up in quart bottles; each flask contains sufficient oil for making three hundred gallons of liquor. Full and comprehensive directions accompany the bottles. Price two dollars per bottle.

For sale at the corner of St. Charles and Poydras streets.  
One bottle of these oils, five in number, will be securely packed and shipped with bill of lading, to any part of the country, upon the receipt of \$10 to the order of P. LACOUR,  
No. 115, 157-ly New Orleans.

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Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, at

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One insertion	\$1.00	Two months	\$4.50
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The Clarksville Publishing Company.  
Chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee.

### POETRY.

#### LILLY-BELL.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS

Where the boughs with young buds laden,  
Lean above the murmuring rills,  
Dwells a laughing, star-eyed maiden,  
In the shadow of the hills;  
And we call her (sweet to tell)  
Little Lilly-bell!

Three glad summers she had gladdened

Hearts that strangers were to mirth,  
Gilding all that grief had saddened,  
As a sun-beam glids the earth;  
And breaking sorrow's wintry spell—  
Radiant Lilly-bell!

Shy her eyes, but full of sweetness,

As you meet her upward look,  
And her step has all the fleetness  
Of the hart that haunts the brook;  
Grace and Beauty know her well,  
Lovely Lilly-bell!

Ever ready for caresses,

With her twining, dimpled arms,  
While her silken, light brown tresses,  
Drooping forward, veil her charms;  
Loving joys her beam swell,  
Dearest Lilly-bell!

When eve's purple glooms are stealing

O'er the blue and dreamy skies,  
Then this little angel kneeling,  
Lifts to heaven her holy eyes;  
"FATHER! bless and keep us well,"  
Prays sweet Lilly-bell.

O'er'd is dark and chilling water,

Truant thought flies back to thee;  
Li the fairy, dreading daughter!  
I loved and prized so tenderly;  
All good angels with thee dwell,  
Forever, Lilly-bell!

### Original Nouvelle,

For the Chronicle.

## The Bride of an Hour.

By the author of the "Young Colonel," "Lilly Dale," "Refugees," &c.

CHAPTER III.

On the following morning, Winters was strolling along the street, in deep thought, when he was aroused by a slap on the shoulder, and on looking up, recognized his friend Jones, who exclaimed:

"Why Charles, are you not afraid to walk the streets in such an abstracted mood? Why I could have picked your pockets, and you would have been none the wiser, until you wanted small change!"

"And none the wiser then," said Charles, with a smile, "for my pockets would have been none the emptier for having been picked, and you none the richer for having picked them. But where are you going?—this is not the way to your office!"

"I have been seeking you for the last half hour. Remember, I have not seen you since my visit to your queer old garden. How he hates the Yankees!—and how he flared up when I quoted a stale joke upon him. And that nephew of his—I paid him off when he offered to give you money, on condition that you leave for parts unknown, where you will be out of his way. He is a scoundrel, every inch of him. But I like old Orme. He is as rough as a scaly-bark, but has a heart capable of generous impulses."

"I am sorry you went there, on my account, Jones, if your reception was a rude one. Mr. Orme is not often unkind, and something must have irritated him previous to your arrival."

"I don't know about that. He was 'cussing' the little 'niggers,' as he calls them, when I approached the house. I don't complain of my reception, because I was highly amused, and read another chapter in human character. He was prepared with a settlement of your accounts which are at my office subject to your inspection and correction."

"Neither of which will I undertake, except at his express desire. I have the fullest confidence in his integrity, and would not imply a doubt by scrutinizing his accounts."

"Then you have only to pass receipts, and the business is at an end. But I have not sought you out on so frivolous a pre-

text as those accounts—more important matters must now engage our attention.—Do you know old Mr. Danvers?"

"No, not personally."

"Then come with me, and I will introduce you forthwith."

"But, for what purpose, Jones?"

"To get an explanation of a question he asked me yesterday. We were talking about you, and he asked me how it happened that you are poor, when your father was rich up to the hour of his fatal departure for England. We were interrupted before I could question him; but his enquiry is suggestive, and it is strange it never occurred to you. There is some mystery about the matter which I believe he can be instrumental in clearing up—Will you go?"

"Most willingly. You have aroused my curiosity, and I would lose no time in satisfying it. The enquiry, however, has often presented itself to me, and I should have applied to Mr. Orme for information, but for the unlucky occurrence which put an end to our intercourse."

Thus conversing, they soon reached the residence of Mr. Danvers, to whom Winters was introduced, and by whom he was received in the kindest manner, and on making known his business, Mr. Danvers thus addressed him:

"My young friend, I will freely tell you all I know of your father's history, presuming that you are ignorant of an important portion of it. He came to this vicinity when you were an infant, and settled upon the lands now jointly held by young George Durand, and Mr. Orme. He was an industrious and intelligent English gentleman, and a highly prosperous planter. When you were about ten years old—as you may remember—your mother died, and so severely did your father feel his loss, that he resolved to quit a scene which hourly reminded him of his misfortune. Accordingly, he sold his landed estate to Durand, together with forty negroes, and his personal property of every description, for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, on a credit of one, two and three years, retaining a lien upon the land. To the three notes, of forty thousand each, I signed my name as security, and witnessed the title bond."

"Having thus disposed of his property, he determined to revisit England, and no his return, purchase an estate higher up the river; and placing you—as you can remember—under the care of Durand, he set sail, and nothing has since been heard of him, except that the vessel on which he took passage, was lost—no one escaping. With whom he left the notes to which I was security, I can not say, and made no enquiry, being informed by Durand, as each fell due, that it was duly paid. In the meantime, Mr. Orme purchased a thousand acres of the land, and the large body on which his dwelling stands. He came into the neighborhood about three years after your father's fatal departure, and about one year subsequent to his arrival, Durand died, and Mr. Orme was appointed his administrator, and your guardian, as well as young Durand's. But I am retelling what you already know, and will only add that the little property, now in your possession, was bequeathed to you by your father's overseer."

"It was in view of these facts that I asked Mr. Jones why you are poor, when your father was known to be rich. Who was his agent? To whom did Durand pay the hundred and twenty thousand dollars? What account he gave Mr. Orme, of the transaction, I do not know, but there is a mystery about the whole affair, which you ought to try to unravel. Find out the agent—if any—to whom the money was paid, the property is still bound for it, and is worth more than double the amount. In order to ascertain these facts, go to the Clerk's office, and see if there be anything but the little bond on record. If there was a duly appointed agent, and the money was paid, he certainly executed a deed to the property; and if there be none, call on Mr. Orme, and if he can give no satisfaction, there is something wrong, and you should, at once, have recourse to the law."

"But will not a suit involve you, sir, as security?" Asked Winters.

"I think not, because I can prove that Durand told me the notes were paid at maturity. Besides, if the money has not been paid no notes can be produced bearing my name as security, for they must have perished with your father. But should it be necessary, sue me; it will give me but little inconvenience to pay the money, and I can make it out of the property, without touching the portion held

by Mr. Orme, who, I am satisfied is an innocent purchaser."

"I can now account," said Winters, "for Mr. Durand's repeated declaration, that the impudence of my father left me penniless. And as additional proof of fraud, Mr. Orme once remarked, in my presence, while looking over the papers of Durand, that it was strange my father should have sold so large a property without requiring security; from this, it may be inferred that if any notes are in his possession, they are forgeries."

"A very just inference, my young friend, and it receives additional confirmation from the fact, that Durand wrote the original notes, and he could easily have written duplicates, after hearing of your father's death—only omitting his signature. But I am ready to swear to the originals, and against any counterfeits that may be produced in court. Then, proceed, at once, Mr. Winters—life is uncertain, and my testimony may be essential to your success."

This advice was given to a willing listener; and, after due acknowledgments to Mr. Danvers for his invaluable information, so unreservedly given, Winters and Jones departed, with a promise to return and report progress. Passing near a bower, on their way to the street, Winters heard his name pronounced in a female voice, and looking in the direction whence the sound came, a white handkerchief, waved by as white a hand, summoned him to the bower. Requesting Jones not to wait, he entered the vine-clad summer-house, and was thus addressed by the fair occupant, in a tremulous tone:

"Do not condemn me, Mr. Winters, for what must seem, to a stranger, an act of unbecoming boldness, until you hear my explanation, which will, I hope, elicit more of sympathy than censure. Perhaps you have heard Mr. Hodges speak of a lady to whom he was engaged to be married?"

"Yes, I have often heard him speak of Miss Ellen Danvers, between whom and himself, there was a promise of marriage."

"I am that lady, sir; and it was to talk to you about him, that I ventured upon this step. An unfortunate misunderstanding, for which I, alone, am to blame, led to his sudden disappearance—for he said, when last we parted, that he would never see me again until he could look upon me with indifference. I was then too proud, and too confident of my power over him, to seek a reconciliation, and it was only when he had disappeared, that my pride was subdued. Then would I have given worlds for one hour with him; but repentance came too late."

"Not too late, I hope," said Charles, seeing that she paused from oppression, and thinking he ought to say something.

"I firmly believe Ned will return, and very soon. He loves you most truly, and unless you gave him cause for hopeless despair, you may look hopefully to the future."

"I understand, Mr. Winters, that he made you his agent, during his absence; and it was with the hope that he will communicate to you the place of his present abode, that I ventured to confide to you my secret. Should he do so, I beg that you will not withhold the information from me."

"When I hear from him, Miss Danvers, you shall be immediately apprised of the fact. And I am a little surprised that he has not written, for he assured me, at our last interview, that he would write from the first port at which the vessel touched, when he could, perhaps, inform me where an answer would reach him. We have a mutual interest in learning where he is, as you are well aware."

"And, presuming upon that mutual interest, may I not ask if it never occurred to you that a search, in person, will be more likely to succeed than enquiry by letter?"

"Yes, it has occurred to me; but I have not seriously contemplated it, because he did not know when he left, in what direction he might travel. He spoke of joining the Texan army, of going to the city of Mexico, to South America and to Europe. Should I set out to seek him, it would be with a determination to make the search a thorough one; and not knowing where to go, he might write or return, immediately after my departure, leaving me to prosecute a fruitless search, of indefinite duration."

"I feel the force of your objections, Mr. Winters, and abandon the scheme. But let us now look at the matter in another point of view. The vessel on which he is said to have sailed, returned a few days ago, and the Captain says he had no such passenger on his outward voyage. Now, as no other vessel sailed within three days of the time of his disappearance, the

Captain must either be mistaken, or the mystery, which covers Mr. Hodges' movements is deepened."

"If your information be reliable, Miss Danvers, I am more puzzled than ever.—But what conjecture have you based upon the strange circumstance?"

"I hardly know how to answer your question, Mr. Winters.—Do you know a man who calls himself Count Louis D'Orville, and who professes to have been banished from France for his participation in the late revolution which placed Louis Philippe on the throne?"

"I know him by sight only, and desire no other acquaintance. He is rather a fascinating man, but his power is that of the serpent."

"He was a suitor of mine, and took an inveterate dislike to Mr. Hodges, whom he considered a successful rival, and after his disappearance, the Count became very pressing in his suit—one of his principle arguments being based upon the assumption that Mr. Hodges would never return, until he learned that I was married. It was only after repeated insults, that he discontinued his visits, and not then till he had intimidated, in various ways, that he knew enough of Mr. Hodges' movements to be assured that I was basely deserted by him. If he did not sail at the supposed time, there must be a cause for it; and, if voluntary, why conceal himself from all eyes, for three days?"

"I thank you for the hint, Miss Danvers—I throw a gleam of light upon the mystery, and you may rest assured that a searching investigation will be immediately instituted, of the progress of which you shall be duly informed."

"With this understanding, I confide the matter to you, sir; and thanking you for your kindness, will no longer detain you."

### CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT nine o'clock, at night, in a back room of a coffee-house, two men sat opposite, at a small table, with a pack of cards, and a bottle of brandy between them.—One of them was a very handsome man, apparently about twenty-five years of age; his eyes were black and brilliant, and his features, though regular, indicated decision and energy of character, and his black whiskers and moustache added to the effect of a well turned mouth and very white teeth. His dress was of the finest material, and fitted, in the best style of the art, to a form tall, rather slender, but muscular. On the little finger of the left hand, he wore a costly diamond ring; and the sparkling breastpin and glittering appendages to his gold watch betrayed a rather too great love of show. This man was no other than the Count Louis D'Orville, mentioned in the last chapter, and he who sat opposite, was George Durand.

"Count," said Durand, "you and I are very unlucky lovers. Miss Danvers remains insensible to your superior merits, although her favored lover has abandoned her, and is, doubtless, dead; and my cousin Fanny clings to Winters in spite of the fact that he is a murderer. I can't account for such perversity."

"The wisest men than you, Durand," replied the Count, with an accent rather too slight for one so recently from France, "have failed to account for the vagaries of women; and I would sooner undertake to square the circle than to square the motives and actions of the fair sex by any rule that reason and common sense lay down for the guidance of their conduct. But you speak of us as lovers—would you marry your cousin if she were poor?"

"No, certainly not! And since she has insulted me, I desire to marry her, first, for her fortune, and secondly, to be revenged upon her and her lover, whom I cordially hate."

"Then you are no lover, and you greatly mistake, if you suppose Ellen Danvers has any charms for me, independent of her fortune; though, like you, a spirit of revenge sometimes prompts me to win and marry her."

"Could you do it?"

"Certainly! Any woman can be won by a man of good parts, who knows how to play his game."

"You would find it perfectly idle to try to win Fanny Orme. Her intellect is strong and clear, and she has not a particle of romance in her nature."

"I have no disposition to try, Durand; but would bet a horse that I could find a vein of romance in her composition, and, by means of it, find my way to her heart."

"It is well that you have no disposition to try; since it enables you to save your horse and your credit too. The ladies, generally, concede your powers of fascina-

tion; but in Fanny, you would find a dis-senter from the common verdict."

"Perhaps so," was the reply; "but you had better guard her closely, or I may deceive you."

"She needs no guard, Count! But to speak seriously, I wish you would help me to break the spell that binds her to Winters. If she could be induced to forget, or hate, him; it is probable that I could induce her to marry me. And if she will do so, right willingly, I may forgive and treat her kindly."

"That I will do, with pleasure, Durand; and no fear of failure, unless Hodges should return—in that event, success is very doubtful."

"Then you do not believe Hodges is dead?"

"Certainly not, when I know that he is living, unless he has died within the last ten days. When I volunteered to help you to get rid of him, in order that you might prefer the charge of murder against Winters, I expressly stated that I would take part in no scheme which contemplated the shedding of blood. How, then, could you believe him dead?"

"Because I know of no other way to get rid of him permanently. But if not dead, where is he?"

"On board of a pirate vessel, cruising in the Gulf, and among the West India Islands."

Durand looked his companion steadily in the eye, as if to determine, from its expression, the truth of the statement. The Count met the scrutiny unmoved, but mistaking its object, hastily explained by saying he had recently learned that the man employed to keep Hodges out of the way, was the Captain of a pirate ship.

"That being the case," said Durand, "I shall persist in the belief that he is dead. Pirates would not consent to be troubled with him, as a prisoner; and he has either become one of them, or is dead."

The Count gave him a look which chilled his blood, as he replied: "It does not become such men as you, Durand, to reflect upon the character even of a pirate; and many an one who has suffered the penalty of the law, could have boasted a better heart than beats in your breast."

"That may be true of both of us," Durand answered, "for I have never conceived a scheme of villainy which you were not ready to aid in executing. Hodges was as much in your way as Winters was in mine, and in aiding to remove him, self-financed you more than friendship for me. But there is no use in this sort of recrimination; and mutual interest demands that we shall not indulge it."

What might have been the issue of this incipient quarrel must be left to conjecture. It was interrupted by the arrival of visitors, and soon after, Durand departed, and on his way home, speculated upon the sudden anger of the Count, and coupling it with his occasional absence from the city, for weeks at a time, arrived at the verge of a conclusion, which he hesitated to adopt, yet could not entirely reject. What that conclusion was, may, or may not appear hereafter. For the present, we must leave him, and record the movements of other actors in this veritable life drama.

Jones and Winters had industriously prosecuted the enquiry into the right of the latter; to the hundred and twenty thousand, and finding no evidence of its payment to the creditor or his agent, concluded to institute suit at once, unless a conference with Mr. Orme should bring to light facts at variance with the suggestions made by Mr. Danvers. To satisfy themselves on this point, Mr. Jones presented himself before Mr. Orme, who received him kindly, and asked if he owed this second visit to the business of his late ward.

"Yes," said Jones, "I come again on his business, and it is of no little importance, as you will find."

"Is he bringing to sue me for slander, or false imprisonment?"

"For neither, sir; but he is going to sue for the money due to his father for the property he sold to Durand, Sr., a part of which you hold—unless you can satisfy him on certain points."

"You are joking, Mr. Jones! He can not be guilty of such folly! Why, he has no more claim upon the property than you have."

"I never joke, sir, on grave subjects. As to the question of right, I shall probably induce you to change your mind.—You were the guardian of Winters—can you tell me what became of the money his father was to have received for the estate he sold to your wife's brother?"

led the old gentleman, with mingled anger and astonishment.

"Keep cool, my dear sir; anger retards business, unless the business be a fight. No, I mean no such thing; but I mean to show you that Durand deceived you, and cheated Winters. To whom was that money paid, and what has become of it?"

"I can answer neither question. Remember, sir, that I came here sometime after the transaction to which you allude, and never inquired into the particulars.—Among Durand's papers, I found the three notes he gave Mr. Winters, and presumed, of course, that all was right. Your questions, however, startled me."

"Do you remember, Mr. Orme, the name, or names, signed to the notes as security?"

"There is no name signed to them, as security, and I remember to have been surprised at the fact. Still, I can not think Durand capable of fraud."

"Perhaps you will think so, when I inform you that Mr. Henry Danvers signed his name, as security, to the original notes; and if the notes, in your possession, do not bear his name, they are nothing less than forgeries, and the money is still unpaid."

Mr. Orme sprang from his seat, and paced the floor—agitation depicted upon his countenance, and betrayed in his movements. At length, he left the room, and returning, after a brief absence, presented the notes for Jones' inspection—saying:

"There, sir, are the vouchers for the payment of the money, and upon them my nephew will rest his defense, strengthened, as it is, by the presumption of payment, based upon the lapse of time."

"That presumption will not avail sir, because Winters was a minor during that lapse of time, and cannot be held accountable for the quiet possession of his property by another, and you, as his guardian, can not plead it, because upon you devolved the duty of protecting his rights.—And should you attempt such a defense, the public would say that you must have been cognizant of the fraud, and by not taking action in behalf of your ward, made yourself a party to that fraud."

Again the old man paced the floor, with irregular strides, until the perspiration stood in drops on his brow. Stopping suddenly, after many turns across the room, he said:

"This is a strange business, Mr. Jones, and passeth my understanding, just now. I must have time to look into it. Why, sir, if it turns out, as you seem to think, it will ruin my nephew."

"No, sir, it will only hasten his ruin, which he is working out for himself, pretty fast. But even if it should prove his ruin, that is no valid reason why Winters should not demand his rights. Durand brought against him the charge of murder, and upon that charge, you cast him off and forbade him your house. Thus were cancelled the obligations under which you had previously placed him. And it were well for the honor and happiness of your family, if Durand be ruined, for then he will never become the husband of your daughter, and she would escape a life of wretchedness and disgrace."

"Your solicitude for my family is misplaced, sir; and if your client hopes, by winning this suit, to win my daughter's hand, he will find himself mistaken—I will send her to the nunnery, sooner than see her his wife. You have concocted a shrewd scheme, between you, but one branch of it shall certainly fail. And let me say, once for all, that your duty to your client does not imply the right to advise me."

"Very true, sir; and yet you seem to have needed advice in the administration of Durand's estate, and yet more in your guardianship of Winters."

"If Winters has been wronged, Mr. Jones, I am not to blame. Remember that Durand was his first guardian, and in succeeding him, there was no reason, as far as I knew, to look behind his administration to search for rights withheld, or wrongs intended. On this point, sir, I fear not the most rigid scrutiny."

"No one will impugn your conduct, Mr. Orme, unless through malice, or misconception. But still, the question will present itself—why did it not occur to the guardian of Winters to ask how it happened that his ward is poor, when aware of the amount of property owned by his father.—Then follows another enquiry: The fate of the older Winters was known long before the first note fell due. Then to whom did Durand pay the money? Who was the agent of his creditor? You must see the force of those enquiries upon the public mind. And if you can not prove that there was an agent, to whom the money was paid, and can produce the original notes