

## Portry.

### THE MARINER.

Soft glides the sea,  
Bouncing and free,  
Dance the blue waves as they rush on the shore;  
O'er vale and height  
Gleams the moon bright,  
Gaily the mariner plies the swift oar,  
Singing awhile—ere the sun lights the main,  
Land of my birth, I shall reach thee again!

Night wears away,  
Sullen and gray,  
Frowns the dark sky o'er the wild, restless deep;  
Lightning's red flash,  
Thunder's loud crash,  
Now quiver and peal. Go, mariner, weep!  
Haply, I deem, though the sun lights the main,  
Its rays to thy land shall not guide thee again!

Tempests are fled,  
Morning hath shed  
Light from her eyes, and balm from her breath;  
All things rejoice—  
Where is the voice  
Of the mariner now?—It is silent in death;  
The vessel went down ere the sun lit the main,  
And he trod not the land of his fathers again!

### Miscellaneous.

#### WILD WATER POND.

BY ROBERT SULLIVAN.

[Continued.]  
There is a magnet-like attraction in  
These waters to the imaginative poet,  
That links the vision with the visible,  
And pictures things unseen. Campbell.

In describing the various friends who had hastened to see her, Lucy had made mention of one respecting whom I had never been able to divest myself of a feeling of jealousy and apprehension. The name of this young man was Walters. In the commencement of his career he had been afflicted with an easy disposition, an inordinate love of pleasure, and means sufficient to tempt those who follow the profession of living upon others to encourage every obliquity of judgment, till his fortune and reputation appeared equally irretrievable. From being the victim we too often become the partner of crime, and Walters had gone on from bad to worse, till he was enrolled amongst the tribe of adventurers who had ruined him. With such characters he had found an easy access to Carroll's house in London, which had been a rendezvous notorious for them, its master being a fellow-labourer in the great web of speculation, and interested in the success of each particular fibre. The care worn appearance of his handsome person, with the remains of a manner which had once been frank and engaging, had distinguished him sufficiently from his companions to obtain a reception which his vanity had been too ready to misunderstand. His heart had taken fire at the attractions of Lucy with all the impetuosity of a nature unaccustomed to restraint; and the subsequent discovery that his own self-abasement was perhaps the cause of his discomfiture, had been a species of retribution agonizing in proportion to its justice. As his prospect of success abated, his passion had appeared to gain new strength. His conduct had been wild and desperate. One while he would endeavour to amend and deserve her, and again he would plunge into reckless profligacy, in the vain trust of forgetting her. It was at this juncture that Mrs. Carroll's increasing dread of the persons who swarmed about her had compelled her to yield to the rapacity of her husband, and assist him to the possession of his wondrous Wild Water Pond; whereafter a few impassioned attempts by letter, Walters had dropped his suit, and had no more been heard of. Three years had now elapsed, and he appeared before Lucy, as he gave her to understand, in every thing but his love, an altered man. As soon as her absence had suffered his frenzy to settle down, and left him to the fair exercise of his reason, he had determined upon adopting new courses, and one day trying his fate under better auspices. For this purpose, he had quitted his evil companions, which was easily enough to be done when they had fleeced him of every thing, and had tried his best to turn what talents he possessed to a worthy account. He had tried, and had prospered, and was irreversibly lost to him. Nevertheless, he would learn to bend to his fate, and only petitioned to witness, as a friend, the happiness which he could partake no otherwise.

Such was the account with which Walters had excited Lucy's sympathy, and which I could not help thinking exceedingly incredible. It was mere deception I felt, to procure opportunities for a last effort, and I could see him with my mind's eye endeavouring to supplant me with a tale of hypocritical meekness, which made me writhe with apprehension. I raked up every word that she had formerly said of his person and his talents, and each recollection contributed to make him more dreaded. I convinced myself that she had rejected him merely on account of his profligacy, and that his reformation, whether real or assumed, would put her upon making comparisons, which could not fail of telling to my disadvantage. My blood was in a tumult, and I was upon the point of writing to entreat that she would never see him again. But then, what would Lucy say to my mistrust of her? What would my own pride hereafter say to the recollection that I had been obliged to supplicate the dismissal of a rival? No! let Walters do his worst. If Lucy's inclinations led her from me, I would bear it as I could. It was a good touchstone whereupon to try the strength of her affection, and if she returned still faithful, she would be a greater prize than ever.

At last the day arrived which was to bring Lucy's self to resolve all my doubts. With what an anxious tremor did I watch the road she was to come! How eagerly did I pace it backwards and forwards, and strain my eyes for a sight of the carriage. The sun had set, and yet she came not. I continued at my station long after the shades had set in, conjuring up sounds which only lived in my fancy, or only proceeded from the beating of my heart. Lucy was absent still. It was not till late in the night that I returned to the cottage, where Mrs. Carroll was sitting up in expectation. My appearance sufficiently indicated the disturbed state of my mind, but what consolation could she offer! Lucy's arrangements might not have been completed—her friends might have protracted her stay—a thousand

circumstances might have occurred, which she would, no doubt, explain satisfactorily when we met. But why had she not written? All our reasonings were destroyed by this unanswerable question, and I determined to seek a solution by the readiest means. I would set off to London myself.

By sunrise I was on my way. I will not detain the reader with all the agony of a long journey, with all the inquiries I made upon the road, and with all the disappointments I encountered. It was nearly midnight when I entered London. Of the objects around me I saw nothing but a moving chaos; or, if my perception was for a moment more particularly excited, it was only when some impediment crossed my way to brighten my impatience.

At length I reached the door of Lucy's friends. I knocked. Oh, how I remember—how I feel, even now whilst I am telling it—the harrowing, suffocating sensation with which I waited to be admitted! My first question may be supposed. The servant had not heard how Lucy was. She had returned home ten days ago. I started as though my heart-strings had snapped asunder. He started with surprise, as did the family when I was ushered in. They could give me no farther information, and had been under much alarm at not having received accounts of her safe arrival.

There was but one question more to complete the measure of my agony, but I knew not how to ask it—I knew not how to tell the resplendent vision which Lucy must have left upon their minds, by breaking a doubt that she could act unworthy of herself. It was not till we had run over all the chances which might have impeded her journey—till we had satisfied ourselves that she must be detained on the road by illness, (a circumstance of which, as matters stood, I would have given my existence to be assured,) that I ventured to mention the name of Walters. I saw that my suspicion had been anticipated. Her friends looked upon each other in dismay, and then with one accord declared that it was impossible—it was out of the question; that was to say, it was not at all likely that Lucy should have so far forgotten herself. The faintness of their contradiction wrought me to a frenzy. I forgot the discretion with which I had concealed evil forebodings. I besought them to imagine all that I could ask of them, and then listened with ghastly patience to all the particulars they could give me.

In a word, though Lucy's manner had never given them reason to suspect that she entertained an undue regard for Walters, they were bound to confess that he had called to see her upon alleged business the day before the departure, which had, as it seemed, been much accelerated by the circumstance. She had not told them what had transpired, but it was evidently something by which she had been strongly agitated.

This was all I could learn from them, and in a few moments, I was again rushing along the streets.

I have before mentioned that I had accidentally seen the address of one of Carroll's letters. It was to Walters, and I glided along in spirit like rapidity till I stood before the house. The neighbourhood was wretched and deserted; nothing was stirring to break the distant din of the more busy world, and the street was lighted only by two or three dim lamps, as though it were especially devoted to persons and practices most congenial to darkness.

The door was opened by a miserable creature of all work, who at first denied that any such person as Walters lived there; but my necessity for seeing him was too great to stand upon trifles, and I obtained an answer more to my satisfaction, by announcing myself as Mr. Carroll. The servant apologized for not having known me, and had taken so many letters with my address to the post, that there was no doubt I might be shown up. What could be meant by this mystery? Was I to find Walters alone, or—I did not dare to conclude the sentence, even in thought.

He was alone, and the trepidation of our meeting was mutual.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, turning deadly pale, and gazing upon me as though I had been a spectre. I could not answer. There was a volume of strange things swelling in my bosom, which struggled to be uttered all at once. I could not move, lest I should tear him piecemeal before I had examined the lineaments which had displaced me in the heart of Lucy.

I have him before me with an identity vivid and aching as an evil conscience. He was handsome, as he had been described, but his features had more the character of dissimulation than intellect. His dress was in the extreme of fashion, but his general stamp was that of the pretender.

"Who are you?" he again cried, with increased agitation. My sight grew sick as I gazed on him, my mind more wild in the imagination of all that could annihilate it; and I breathed my name with a groan, as though it were the confession of some burning shame. He appeared relieved, professed to know nothing about me, and begged to hear my business.

The plea of ignorance, however, did not serve him long; and he then found it expedient to shelter himself from my questions, by taking the excitement under which I was laboring as an excuse for the singular intrusion.

"Upon my word, sir," he continued, with an easy and lazy flow of language, which brought the withering conviction that he had nothing to apprehend from me, "if you are one of the numerous suitors of Miss—, I should think you sufficiently apprized of her change of mind, by the necessity for making these inquiries. You, of course, know very well that she would have accepted any one who could enable her to follow her mother to America; and if, out of the many, she has decided upon giving the preference to me, pray allow me to assure you that constancy is a mere country virtue; and that a glance at the fashionable world will show it so little prized, that you will scarcely think your fate worth lamenting. Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to show every attention to a gentleman in whose commendation I have heard Miss— speak so highly, and if you are in town for any time, and will do me the favor of a call to-morrow, or next day, I have no doubt I can give you introductions which will make your time pass agreeably. At

present, I have an engagement at the West End, for which I am obliged to beg you will excuse me."

The superb coolness of all this had an effect rather opposite to the one intended, for I could not doubt that he took me for some love-lorn village swain whose wits were as simple as his feelings, and thought that he had nothing to do but to abash me by carrying matters with a high hand. If anything could have raised me to a higher pitch of desperation, it was the feeling that such must have been Lucy's description of me.

"Hold, sir," I replied, rising up at the same time with him, and preparing myself for any extremity; "your friends at the West End must excuse you for to-night, for if I have seemed paralyzed at the easy assurance with which you treat this matter, it has not been from the want of wherewithal to talk about. That Miss— is subjected for the present to very painful surmises, I will not dispute, but it is possible that she is misrepresented. Therefore, without asking further questions, I will simply trouble you to inform me where she is to be found, in order that I may have the history of her change from her own lips. Refuse me, and her mysterious disappearance is ground enough for an appeal where you may chance to be more communicative. We do not part without trying the alternative."

I had observed that all I said produced little effect, until I made the allusion to justice, and this caused a nervous tremor which convinced me that he had something to dread from it. I followed up the fortunate hit with a determination from which he had no escape, and which assured him that his vague and insulting off-handedness was out of the question. "I told him of his being denied by the servant of the house, and pointed out to him his portmanteau half packed up for flight. These were slight changes to alarm him, but, aided apparently by an accuser within, they brought him to terms much sooner than I could have imagined. He acknowledged that his engagement to the West End was invented to spare me the mortification of farther discussion, regretted that Lucy was to be subjected to importunities from which she had taken such pains to retire, and, with a cool consciousness of success, invited me to share a conveyance which he had even then in waiting to take him to Wild Water Pond.

"Lucy at Wild Water Pond! That place of which she has so much horror!"

"It appears, sir, that there are other things of which she has had a greater horror!" But since we are to be fellow travellers for so long a journey, it were best to drop all subjects of annoyance, till I am in a situation to give you more satisfactory answers."

The proposal had reason in it. We descended into the street, found the vehicle at the appointed place, and, having nothing to impede our passage, got clear of London in a few minutes.

My companion, who had been looking uneasily to the right and left as we passed the streets, (although it was nearly daybreak, and no one was to be seen,) now entered carelessly into conversation, and affected to forget that there was any cause of enmity between us. Alas! such a manner did more to shake my confidence in Lucy, than any assertions he could have made. It seemed incompatible with any thing but certainty, and he had skill enough to perceive that such was my conclusion. From one light subject he rambled on to another, in the hope that I might grow thoroughly discouraged, and give up my project before the journey's end. But I had another project behind, upon which he had not calculated. Be the event what it might, I had been injured past the power of forgiveness. It was my fixed resolve that the moment I had seen Lucy, and either reproached her with her falsehood, or asked pardon for my doubts, her fame should be avenged, or her fault punished, in the cold blood of my rival. The work of reflection was too excruciating—I banished it forcibly. Happily the weight upon my brain, the fatigue which I had undergone, at last gave me a relief something between sleep and stupefaction.

By the time the country began to assume the features of the Wild Water regions, the sun had set. The horizon was hidden by a long blue bank of mist, softening delicately into a deep orange reflection of the departed orb, which, in its turn, melted into a lucid, watery blue. A long, lazy river wound, glowing like gold, through the monotonous gray of the flag fields and straggling clumps of alders, and the whole was enlivened only by flocks of geese and a few starved cattle.

In this scene we came to a spot where the road branched off, and an old broken handpost indicated that the rest of our journey was to be performed on foot. Soon it became quite dark, and the damp and foggy atmosphere, with the screams of the herons, and the unwholesome effluvia of the green ooze, assured me that we were approaching near to Carroll's domains.

At this juncture we perceived the dim halo round a cabin light. It conducted us to the abode of one of those forlorn beings who lived by taking wild fowl, and it was fortunate that we stopped there, for all land communication with the country in that direction had been cut off, ever since Carroll had let the river into the bog. I learnt moreover, that the old people of the Lock House had been removed, punts and all to the Mansion, which for some reason or other, had of late only been accessible by signal, on which occasion a boat was sent out. This mode of proceeding would not answer my purpose, and I besought our informant to suggest other means of approaching it. He had nothing, he said, but a small shooting skiff, which only held two persons, and it was impossible to direct us how to paddle ourselves three miles in so dark a night. It will, however, be readily supposed that I was not to be dissuaded from the attempt, and Walters was so completely disconcerted by my continued firmness, that he offered no opposition. We stepped into the shallop, and my knowledge of the swamp was not so bad but I steered our course, in spite of all the dangerous obstacles, directly towards the Mansion of the Moss.

My suspense was now, in a few moments, to be ended. We stepped on shore without speaking a word, and proceeded to the house like two deadly foes to the lists. Late as it was, we found the hall door open; the floods, indeed, had warped it so as to prevent the possibility of its closing. The drawing room door,

likewise, stood stubbornly ajar, and suffered us to force our way through without so much as a creak.

As we entered, I perceived the apartment to be partially lighted by a smouldering wood-fire. We stopped by mutual impulse. At the opposite sides sat two figures engaged in a conversation so exciting that our entrance was unobserved.

"And you refuse to let me depart?" said the electric voice of Lucy, with its most indignant energy.

"If you are in such a hurry to depart, I should be glad to know why you came?" replied the brutal tones of Carroll. "You cannot say that I brought you?"

"No—you did not use violence, it is true. Your employed means still more base—you instructed your confederate in London to show me a pretended confidential letter, describing my mother's secret removal to this horrid place, in order to our separation. You knew that I could not hesitate in following, and thus made the feelings of nature, which a savage would have respected, the cause perhaps of my lasting misery. Have you not deprived me of all possibility of escape?"

"You can depart with Walters, whenever he chooses to fetch you."

"You know he dare not see me. You know he is fully aware of my utter contempt for him; or, if he is not, you have misled him by false statements."

I had heard enough, and was in the act of springing forward to clasp her once more to my heart, but Walters eagerly held me back, as if he would learn more.

"I grant you," returned Carroll, with a wrathful grin, "that it requires some courage to face such a born devil, but Walters will be here, nevertheless, and I should advise you to receive him in the light I propose; for this is a lonely place, and, understand, I am the master." He paused and clenched his teeth, and again grinned horribly.

"So, Mr. Carroll, you threaten to murder me? Oh, for some new invented words to express my scorn! Yet, I thank you for this liberal and complete display of your virtues, for my poor unhappy mother must now dismiss her last scruple, and leave you to your career of wickedness alone."

"Think you so? You have come here to seek her, and why may she not come to seek you? I should be sorry for such a necessity, for you know the air of this place does not agree with her. Come, come, let us talk reason—Walters is a man of the world—and an old friend; and has taken a liking to you, for which nothing short of the devil can account. As for this new acquaintance whom you talk of marrying, who is he, and what is he, but a dull witted piece of common place, who will make his way in life about as glibly as he would flounder through this cursed mudpond? You take him because he promises to take you to America; why, so will Walters—that I promise you faithfully. He must go to America, whether he likes it or not; for, just to give you an idea of his strange infatuation for you, he has thought it worth his while to find me the equivalent to the means which your obstinate mother refused me, and must leave the country as soon as he can."

"A felon! your consideration for my happiness is really beyond praise. Mr. Walters commits felony to offer you a bride to sacrifice me, and I am to enjoy his society in America, whilst you bring my mother to the Mansion of the Moss to enjoy your respectable acquisition! It was unnecessary to tell me this. It proves your head to be as bad as your heart—and the only alternative I have is to be murdered!"

Carroll's rage could be curbed no longer, and burst forth in appalling execrations. He jumped from his seat with a stamp that might have beaten in the rotten flooring, and my companion advanced a step with me in expectation of some act of desperate violence. He, however, only seized the poker, and plunged it into the slumbering fire, as though it had been the heart of the undaunted Lucy. The flame sprang up bright and high; and, when he turned to glare destruction upon his helpless victim, he encountered the poised figures and concentrated fury of his unexpected visitors. Lucy shrieked and sprang to meet me, whilst Walters, thrilling to the quick with disappointment and the astounding conviction of the extent to which he had been duped, flung himself like a tiger upon his false confederate, and, had his strength been equal to his rage, would have strangled him on the spot. Carroll, with the supernatural exertions of terror, contrived to extricate himself, and rushed out of the door, pursued closely by his determined assailant. I let them have the dispute to themselves, and cared not how soon they destroyed each other. Shouts and curses apprized us that they were again in contact, and Lucy clung to me in a convulsion of horror.

"Is it thus that you repay my interest?" articulated the struggling voice of Carroll.

"Is it thus I find her love, which you call so devoted to me?" replied the infuriated Walters.

"Have I deserved to be murdered?"

"Have I forfeited my life to be duped?"

"Part them—for God's sake part them!" cried the shuddering, the forgiving Lucy.

She spoke too late. A heavy plunge in the water announced that they had parted of themselves, and that Carroll had made the attempt to escape by swimming.

"A light! a light!" cried Walters, rushing back to the room, and vanishing with a brand from the fire. Nothing would suit him but extermination, and we followed to withhold him, attended by the few alarmed and forlorn domestics, amongst whom was the decrepit old man of the Lock.

"It is useless," said he—"useless to think of swimming through this slime to the towing path. The boat! the boat!"

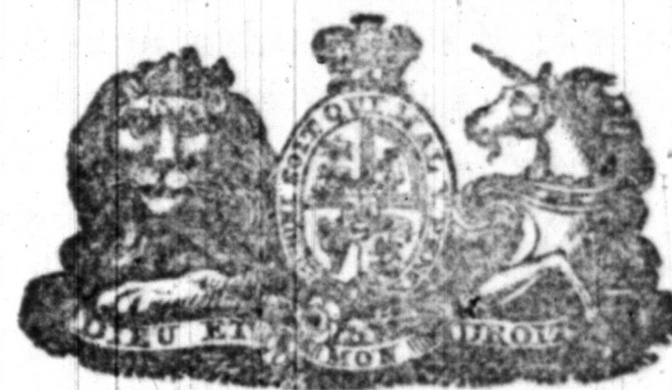
All the boats we could find were immediately pushed off with lights—Walters being with difficulty restrained from pursuing his vengeance to the last. It was very dark and foggy, and the brands and the lanterns only threw their glare to the distance of a few feet. We watched their dim meteor-like courses to and fro, without success, for a breathless half hour. At last, one of the lights stopped, and a shout informed us that Carroll was found. A few moments more, and the boat glided slowly to-

wards the shore—the two who had gone forth with it, gazed with fixed horror at the burden which lay at the bottom.

When we came to behold, there was indeed a frightful sight, not the less thrilling from the unexpected performance of a sentence which I had often sportively pronounced to be the most appropriate. Stark stiff, and scarcely to be distinguished from the filth of the morass, the body of Carroll bore witness that his soul had passed away to a land whither his speculations had tended but too little. To lament was impossible. We could but turn shuddering away, and trust fervently that such punishment might be sufficient to efface the guilt which had led to it.

I looked round to see if the resentment of Walters had ceased with that of the weeping Lucy and myself, but he was gone. Having no longer his rage to support him, the shame of his discomfiture had doubtless rendered him unable to sustain our presence. He had stepped into one of the boats, and escaped in the midst of our consternation; and the justice which pursued him was eluded equally. I never heard of him but once afterwards, and that was in a newspaper account of his having landed at New York.

In a few weeks from the time, the visions of Lucy's youth and ambition were realized. She became the mistress of her mother's home—the blissful guardian of smiles which she had despaired of again beholding; and, if she lavished the reflection of them upon one who knew not how to deserve her, she was contented to think that what was wanting in merit was amply made up in boundless devotion.



By Authority.

List of Bonds returned for the year 1838, by the several Sheriffs, under the Act 6 W. 4. C. 1. and filed in the Office of the Clerk of the Peace in the Supreme Court.

County of York, Edward W. Miller, Sheriff. Bondsman, James Taylor and Lawrence B. Rainsford.

County of Sunbury, John Hazen, Sheriff. Bondsman, John Brown, Junior, and Zachariah Barnard Brown.

County of Queen's, Nathaniel H. DeVeber, Sheriff. Bondsman, Timothy Robert Wetmore and Charles P. Wetmore.

County of King's, Asa Davidson, Sheriff. Bondsman, Walter Bates and E. G. N. Scovill. County of Charlotte, Colin Campbell, Sheriff. Bondsman, Thomas Watt and Alexander Campbell.

County of Westmorland, William P. Sayre, Sheriff. Bondsman, George Scoullar and Thomas S. Sayre.

County of Kent, LeBaron Drury, Sheriff. Bondsman, Charles Drury and Charles Hazen.

County of Gloucester, Henry W. Baldwin, Sheriff. Bondsman, Dugald Stewart and Joseph Read.

County of Northumberland, Richard M. Clarke, Sheriff. Bondsman, Samuel R. Clarke and J. H. DeVeber.

Crown Land Office, April 9, 1838.

The undermentioned tracts of Crown Land, will be offered at Public Auction at this office, on Monday the 4th day of June next. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M.

60 acres on Green Brook, Bartibog River, Northumberland, next above the lot applied for by John Hays, as surveyed by Deputy Carruthers. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

60 acres on Green Brook, Bartibog River, Northumberland, next above the lot applied for by Alexander Russell, as surveyed by Deputy Carruthers. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

50 acres on the north branch of the Little Bartibog River, Northumberland, adjoining east of Robert McEwen. Upset price, 1s. per acre.

100 acres on Green Brook, Bartibog River, Northumberland, next above the lot applied for by Peter Gray, as surveyed by Deputy Carruthers. Upset price, 4s. per acre.

Town lots, Nos. 139 and 141, in the Town Plat of Dalhousie, Gloucester. Upset price, £15 per lot.

100 acres on the north side of the Kouchibouguac River, Kent, being lot No. 29. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

100 acres, lot No. 12, first Concession Township, No. 2, Parish of Moncton, Westmorland. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

100 acres, lot No. 11, in the first Concession Township, No. 2, Parish of Moncton, Westmorland. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

100 acres, being lot No. 25, on Turtle Creek, County of Saint John, adjoining James Wallace. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

100 acres on Wolf Brook, Saint John County, in rear of the lot sold to Mathew Campbell. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

200 acres, 3d tier, south of the Kennebecasis River, King's County, Parish of Norton, adjoining Thomas Watson and John French. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

100 acres, being the N. E. part of lot No. 2, second tier, northwest of Smith's Creek, in King's County. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

200 acres, lots 3 and 4, third tier, south of Kennebecasis River, King's County, Parish of Norton, and near the application of S. T. Raymond. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

75 acres in the rear of Cornelius R. Parlee, on Studholm's Mill Stream, King's County. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

100 acres in rear of a lot of land surveyed for John W. Burns on Salmon River, Queen's County. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

50 acres, being the vacant part of lot No. 8, west side of the Magaguadavic River, below Trout Brook, York County. Upset price, 5s. per acre.

100 acres, east half of lot No. 4, in the fourth tier of the Presquile Survey, Carleton. Upset price, 4s. per acre.

100 acres, west half of lot No. 4, in the fourth tier of the Presquile Survey, Carleton. Upset price 4s. per acre.

TERMS.—10 per cent. to be paid at the time of sale, and the remainder in fourteen days after.

THOMAS BAILLIE, C. C. L.