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AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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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 $2 in Advance;—$3 if not paid until the termination of the year;

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, he offers the following

Inducements for Cash,

by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. He proposes to send

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies of the Chronicle, *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;

For $20 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;

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WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Mutual Insurance Company.

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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
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TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per day.

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

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

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 Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MARRIT'S BUCK 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.

KENNAY & SCRIBNER,
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 G. 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, tuss legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-3 Octave to A above.

N. B.—All instruments manufactured by K. & 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 Trade generally, that he is now prepared to supply them with the above articles.

Factories to Home Manufacturers.

☞ All orders left at the Stores of Mr. James McFarlane, Messrs. Fleweling and Robertson, Prince William Street, or the Factory in Union Street, will be punctually attended to.

JOHN BROWN.

St. John, June 18.

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

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

May 9. JOHN E. TURNBULL.

W. H. POWERS, UNDERTAKER, &c.
Poulett Door North Trinity Church, Germain St.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

KEEPS constantly on hand, COFFINS of all descriptions which he will furnish at Prices that can bear competition.

☞ Hearses always on hand—Palls, &c. furnished.

P. S.—CABINET FURNITURE, Mattresses, Curtains, Cornices, &c. made to order, on as good terms as any other Establishment in this city.

October 3, 1851.

PLANING MILL MACHINERY.—9 Cases consisting in part of Machinery, in prices varying from £8 to £50, received by the *Lisbon*, and for sale at the Bible Depository.

July 1. L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

REMOVAL
OF THE
Boston 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 this Establishment.

☞ Garments Made and Trimmed on the most reasonable terms.

April 29, 1852. C. H. BARTLETT.
St. John, May, 1853.

JAMES LUPTON,
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 MARSELLS, 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 PUBLIC AT LARGE:

J. L. would respectfully intimate that having for years been employed in the Cutting Department of Hawes'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.

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

S. D. MILLER, A. M.,
May 16 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 challenges competition.

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.

—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.

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

VULCAN FOUNDRY MANUFACTURES.—A large assortment of the manufactures of the Vulcan Foundry, consisting of Bay State and patent Union COOKING STOVES, FRANKLINS, Register GRATES, Close Stoves, PLOUGHS, &c., &c., all of the most approved patterns and descriptions. For Sale at the Warehouse of the Subscribers.

The above Goods can be recommended to the attention of the public.

Orders for Castings or Work required at the Foundry will have attention, if left at the Counting Room of JOHN V. THURGAR.

April 22. North Market Wharf.

PATENT AGENCY.

PATENTS secured in this Province, Canada, Nova Scotia, and the United States; Caveats, Petitions, Specifications, Assignments, and all the necessary Papers and *Drawings* prepared, and information and advice on all matters respecting the same given, by

C. W. WARDLAW, *Solicitor.*
Office Prince William-street, St. John.
January 22.

Miscellany.

ALICE:
A TALE OF RETRIBUTION.

BY THOMAS L. SPENCER, M. D.

Concluded.

CHAPTER IV.

According to the appointment, the next evening George and Alice met again under the old oak. Alice related to George all that had occurred during the day, who, after a few moments reflection, said—

"Alice, if I can raise the necessary means, (which I must, at some rate or other,) we will, to-morrow night, leave this place, and be united. Will you consent?"

"Most gladly will I go with you, George, anywhere, and at any time."

"Meet me here, then, at dark, to-morrow night, and I will be prepared to take you to D——, where we can be married, and then there will be nothing to fear."

"I will be ready at half-past seven precisely, said Alice.

The couple then sat for nearly an hour, laying plans for their elopement and future support, and finally parted, resolved to be twain before another sun had set and risen.

In the morning the whole village was in a high state of excitement. During the night a store had been broken open, and some hundred dollars in money stolen from the drawer. The people had collected around the store, endeavouring to conjecture who the offender could be, when a stranger entered the throng, and said, that as he was passing the building the night before, at a late hour, he saw a young man, whom he had heard called by the name of Danforth, coming out at the door; that he noticed the window was broken in, but supposed it was an accident; and seeing Danforth, whom he had several times met in the village, coming out of the door and locking it, he did not suspect any mischief.

The people were not disposed to regard Danforth as a burglar and thief, but the stranger insisted that he should be arrested. George was on the street; he heard the stranger's remark and became very pale.

"See how guilty he looks," said the stranger, pointing to him; and then his hands and face, how came they so much torn and cut? See, here is blood upon the glass," pointing to the broken bits that lay strewn under the window.

At this moment, the Sheriff appeared with a warrant, and young Danforth was arrested and searched, when the key of the store and the money were found in his pocket.

The indignation of the crowd knew no bounds. "We expected better things from you, George Danforth," said half a dozen voices at a time.—"We didn't think this of you!" George declared his innocence, but the people only charged him with adding falsehood to theft.

"You miserable fellow!" said Mr. Eaton, coming up at this point; "it is well that I have found you out in season to save Alice."

"Yes, it is lucky," said a dozen voices in chorus, "very lucky. We did not suppose George Danforth such a bad young man."

Nothwithstanding his protestations of innocence and attempts to explain matters, George was hurried before a magistrate for examination. The stranger was called on to the stand to testify, and stated what we have before related. The Sheriff was then called, who testified to the finding of the money on the person of George, & also the key of the store. His landlady was also brought in, who, upon being interrogated, stated that she was forced to say, in truth, that Danforth was not in the night before until about two o'clock. Lastly, his bruised and cut face and hands were compared with the blood upon the glass, and the magistrate, as well as all present, pronounced him guilty, and he was bound over in the sum of two thousand dollars, and not being able to obtain recognizance, he was hurried off to jail.

When the key was turned in the lock, and poor George realized that he was in jail, he felt that all his aspirations and hopes were blasted and ruined. "Oh, what will Alice think of me! I must write to her and protest my innocence," saying which, he called for pen and paper; and we will leave him inditing this note to Alice, while we go and visit her ourselves.

Seated in Mr. Eaton's parlor, just after George had been placed in jail, was Mr. Eaton, Johnson, and Alice.

"I am sorry for the young man," said Johnson, in a sympathising voice. "It is really too bad."

"Yes," said Mr. Eaton, "but it is quite lucky that it occurred in time to save Alice."

"What!" inquired Alice, who was not aware of George's imprisonment.

Mr. Eaton went on, and informed her of Danforth's arrest, his examination, and the evidence of his guilt.

"Oh," said she, "I cannot believe it! I know that George Danforth is not guilty. I never would believe it unless it came from his own lips."

"Well, you may have a chance to hear it from him, for there will be no use in his denying it. The evidence is direct and positive against him."

"Oh, father, I cannot think this of George. There must be some mistake."

"I certainly hope there is," said Johnson, in a kind voice; "But I think there cannot be. It is strange what poverty will drive people to do."

At this moment the door-bell rang, and a servant entered the parlour with a letter for Alice, which she said the jailer's son brought her. She abruptly left and retired to her own room, broke the seal, and you may imagine, but I cannot paint, her feelings of astonishment and mortification when she read the following:

Jail, August 7th.

DEAR ALICE—I am ruined. Last night, after leaving you, I was induced to break into a store to obtain money with which to elope with you. I was seen in the act, and am now in jail awaiting my trial. In performing this deed, though driven to it by desperation, I now see that I have shewn myself unworthy of your regard, and I beg of you to forgive and forget me. You will now be at liberty to accede to your father's wishes, and marry Mr. Johnson, who has treated me very kindly since my arrest. Forgive me, Alice, and forget

GEORGE DANFORTH.

"Oh, can it be?" said Alice, when she had finished reading. "Yes, it *must* be—it is his writing. Yes, he is guilty. Oh, why did he not—" and here she sobbed so loudly as to be heard in the parlour, and Mr. Eaton went up to her room As he entered he said—

"What is the matter, Alice? Was that billet from George?"

"It was, father,"

"Does he declare his innocence, or like a man, own the truth?"

"Don't ask me, father—don't."

"I see, Alice, he has acknowledged his guilt, and now that his unworthiness is proved to you—and even *I* did not think so badly of him—I shall claim a fulfilment of your promise."

"I will do anything you wish me to—but oh, leave me now."

Mr. Eaton went out and informed Johnson of Alice's consent, and they fixed upon the following Friday as the day when the marriage should be consummated. It was now Wednesday.

George Danforth having despatched the jailer's son with a note to Alice, waited impatiently for his return; and when he did return, without a reply, he could not restrain his emotion, but burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Oh, what can this mean?" said he to himself; "who is it that dares perjure his soul by his testimony against me? But I couldn't expect anything different. Yet why did not Alice reply to my note? Perhaps they would not allow her to; or she may believe me guilty. Oh, I would that I could break my chains."

"Well, you can't," said the jailer, at this moment presenting himself. Besides, I don't think Lady Alice would be very glad to see you, for she's to be married to a decent man on Friday. She has had enough of you."

Had the unfortunate prisoner been, at this moment, surrounded by flames of fire, his misery could not have been greater. He begged, implored of the jailer to send for Alice, but all to no purpose. He was informed that he could not be seen by any one except the jailer, and his attorney, if he was foolish enough to employ one.

Thursday passed away—Friday morning dawned, and who can imagine George Danforth's feelings, as he was confined in prison with the consciousness that she whom he idolized—the only being whom he ever had or could love—was to be united on that morning to a man whom he knew to be a villain. Sometimes he would blame himself, at other times Alice, but he knew that she was deceived, and also denied the privilege of seeing him. He worked himself into a perfect frenzy, and raved like a maniac—but all to no purpose. The huge walls and iron gates and doors held him firmly—he must meet his fate.

Johnson had been introduced to Alice on Thursday, and all the necessary arrangements made for their marriage on Friday morning at ten o'clock. Alice dreaded the arrival of the hour, for she loathed the man she was to marry, but she could not stay the decree of fate. An iron-hearted father had ordered her to give her hand to Johnson, though she could never give him her heart. Bitter, indeed, were her thoughts and woeful her feelings. How anxiously did she long for the intervention of some circumstance to delay the ceremony—but time moved on; the old clock ticked away second after second, and it was now ten minutes to ten o'clock.

The house was crowded with guests, and the sound of merry voices rang gaily forth, but fell sadly on the ear of Alice. At length the door of her room opened, and Johnson entered, attired in a most costly suit; yet the splendor of his dress could not conceal the villany that was stamped upon his features. As he entered the room, he said:—

"Miss Alice, the hour has come, and the guests wait. Are you ready?" For a long time she could not find voice to answer. Her emotions were terrible; she wished that she could die. Her misgivings were many and awful, but she must go.

"Mr. Johnson, I am ready," said she, turning to him, when he stepped forward and extended his arm, which she reluctantly took and accompanied him to the parlor.

Their entrance was greeted with smiles, but she heedeth them not. Her mind was not there, and her countenance was as pale as marble. All were seated waiting for the priest, who at length made his appearance. Alice felt like a lamb dragged to the sacrifice. At length the priest arose—there was a death-like stillness in the room.

"Are the parties ready?" said the priest, in a slow, solemn voice.

"They are," said Mr. Eaton.

Johnson arose, but Alice retained her seat. All eyes were turned upon her.

"Young lady, arise," said the priest. "If you take this man to be your husband——"

Still she did not move. Johnson began to tremble with rage.

"Alice," said he, "arise!"

Again she refused to comply. A mysterious power seemed to chain her to her seat.

"Alice," said Mr. Eaton, in a voice that betokened his heartlessness, "you are my daughter and I command you to arise!"

"Beware! you miserable villain, how you disgrace that girl by calling her your daughter! exclaimed a wild looking woman, at this moment forcing her way through the crowd, and presenting herself before Mr. Eaton, with her long bony finger pointed at him. "Beware! Heaven sends its judgement sooner or later on those who have yielded up all manhood. You vile wretch, not content with tearing the mother and child from her husband and home, and then the daughter from the mother, you would now *force* her to marry a villain! My daughter! oh, my daughter!" said she, throwing herself into Alice's arms. "Nineteen year of awful separation from you have I endured, and now, by the mercy of Heaven, are permitted to meet you in season to save you from the clutches of a monster!"

While the woman was speaking, a death-like stillness prevailed, a muscle scarcely moved in the whole assembly, but all seemed anxiously waiting for a solution of the mystery which the matter involved. Mr. Eaton, in the meantime, had fallen to the floor insensible, and Alice was perfectly bewildered. She knew not where she was. Johnson stood like a statue. At length, he recovered himself, and loudly exclaimed:—

"Take that woman from the room—she is crazy."

"No, she is not," said a stranger, stepping forward and laying his hand upon Johnson's shoulder—"but you are my prisoner!"

Johnson became pale as death, and made a motion to escape, but he was into the hands of a strong man. The company began to gather around the parties,

"Jack Dale, by the authority of a requisition from the President of the United States, I arrest you for the commission of various crimes in England. You need not struggle; there are plenty of men here who know you, and who desire to see you brought to justice," said the Sheriff, as Johnson made desperate efforts to release himself.

"Yes," said the strange woman, releasing herself from Alice, "there are some here who know you; and within the last four days I have had an opportunity of hearing something about you."

At this point of her speech she was interrupted by Mr. Eaton, who had recovered from his stupor, and exclaimed:—

"Woman, what are you here for?"

"She is here," said a man stepping up to Mr. Eaton and laying his hand upon his collar, "to claim her daughter, whom you stole from her seventeen years ago, and *I* am here to arrest you for the murder of Count ——, in England.

"It is a lie!" shouted Eaton, in a wild unearthly voice.

"Sir!" it is useless to add falsehood to murder, abduction, and God only knows how many other crimes," said the sheriff.

"I know you, John Walters!" said the woman, pointing her finger at him; "and I have reson to know you, too. You stole from me my daughter, and have kept her from me seventeen long years. And there," said she holding out a paper, "is an instrument, the dying confession of my husband, which establishes your guilt."

Mr. Eaton was perfectly bewildered, and yielded himself up.

"What does this mean?" eagerly inquired several of the company.

"It means," said the sheriff, "that those men are villains, and that you are so much their dupes as to hold an innocent young man in jail, upon charge of a crime of which *they* are the perpetrators, and which they have managed so adroitly as even to deceive this young lady, and lead her to think him guilty."

"Oh! he is innocent, is he?" exclaimed Alice, springing from her seat. "Oh, tell me, was it he who——"

"No, no, girl," said her mother, interrupting her. "It was *that* miserable villain, and *he*"—pointing her finger first at Johnson and then at Eaton; and those two wretches," pointing at two men who stood in the circle, one of whom was the principal witness against George.

"Mrs. S," said the sheriff, "how can you identify your daughter?"

"I know it is her, for that villain never had a child; and see—look at her; does she not resemble her father?"

"Yes; but have you not some other way of determining?"

"Yes, yes, Alice, pull off your right shoe and stocking. There is the proof—the malformation of the foot spoken of in the confession. Her toes are grown together. Besides, that wretch," said she, pointing to Eaton, "if he would have God's forgiveness, will say that she is mine—my daughter. Say, villain, is she not?"

All eyes were turned upon Eaton, who was writhing under the agonies of guilt.

"I will own it—she *is* your daughter."

"Oh! say that again," said Alice; "say once more that you are not my father. Oh! my mother, my mother"—and she rushed into her arms.

Mr. Eaton, Johnson, and his two accomplices were hurried off to prison. Mrs. S. and the two officers were examined in relation to George Danforth's case, who stated that they had been in the village four days, watching the movements of Mr. Eaton and Johnson, and being in a room next to the one occupied by Johnson and his two associates, heard them planning the robbery of the store, which was to be charged upon George by one of the number, who was to place the key and money in his pocket, and swear that he saw him issue from the store. The other was to go down to an old oak tree and listen to the conversation that should pass between George and Alice, who had an appointment there upon the evening of the robbery; and when George started to go home, was to seize him and keep him until a late hour, that he might not be able to prove an *alibi*, which probably resulted in a fight that gave Danforth his bruises. Also, Johnson was to forge a billet, by a letter of George's which he had stolen, and having bribed the jailer in a round sum, have it sent to Alice, as coming from George, declaring his guilt—to the end that Alice Eaton, *alias* Alice S., might be induced to marry the infamous Johnson. They had allowed matters to go on, to a focus, in order that the villainy of these wretches might be more apparent. Upon this testimony George Danforth was ordered to be released from prison, which order was executed amid the most deafening cheers and demonstrations of delight.

When George came to know who were his deliverers, and under what circumstances he was released, his joy was unbounded. The party, save Eaton, Johnson and his two accomplices, returned to the house to listen to the story of Mrs S., who related the circumstance set forth in the confession—of her husband being enamored with the countess, procuring Walters to take her and child from England; and then proceeded to recount the subsequent events of her unfortunate life.

"Immediately," said she, "after Walters and myself landed upon the shore of the lake, my husband seized the oars and pushed off the boat; and, in spite of my tears and entreaties, refused to return. Walters very coolly informed me that I was to accompany him to America. Chagrined at the conduct of my husband, and scarcely knowing what I did, I reluctantly acceded to this proposition. At the first village he procured a coach and conveyed me to Liverpool, where I was placed on board a vessel bound for New York. Upon our arrival in New York, I went immediately off to a hotel, where the wretch represented himself to be my husband:

"We soon left New York and went to South Carolina, where he employed a miserable villain to keep me in confinement, while he took my daughter and went, I know not whither. When I found that Alice was gone, I became so much excited that my reason deserted me; and incredible as it may be appear, after spending fourteen years in confinement, I became sane. Then the memory of my wrongs, of my daughter, all nerved me to action; and within a year from the time I was released from the hospital, I had earned and saved a hundred dollars. I then went to New York, engaged my passage for Europe, and found my husband just breathing his last. The rest you know. Nearly seventeen years of the most excruciating agony have I experienced; but thank heaven, I at last have found my long lost daughter."

"Oh! yes mother; and your daughter hails your coming with unbounded joy."

"And I, too," said George Danforth, "I am too happy at meeting you—I, whom Alice, but an hour ago, regarded as a criminal."

"Well George, you must not blame me."

"Oh! no, Alice, I do not. How could I?"

"Children," said Mrs. S. taking their hands in hers, "my blessing be on your heads. May you never experience a thousandth part of the misery I have suffered."

"And we all add our wishes of happiness," said the guests.

The next day the culprits were started for New York, and soon after were shipped to England, where they were tried, condemned, and executed.

In three weeks from that eventful day, Alice S. and George Danforth stood before the hymeneal alter. Alice's countenance wore a bright and happy aspect, and all marked the difference between that scene and the one which we have previously recorded. Shortly afterwards, in company with Mrs. S., they set out for England, to claim the estate left by Alice's father, and willed to her. And there, in a charming suburban villa, they still reside, happy in the enjoyment of a deserved prosperity.

A CONTRIBUTOR writes:—"I saw a woman carrying a big hog home in market on Saturday, upon her shoulders. I do not think of those who may think her husband ought to have done it we will state that she served him the same way a short time before."

DERRIANA;
HISTORY OF THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY, AND DEFENCE OF ENNISKILLEN.
IN 1688 AND 1689.

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Continued.

Two days after the arrival of the French forces in Kinsale, Sir Thomas Southwell and his brother, and a considerable number of other Protestants, were brought to trial in Galway, before Judge Martin. The charge against them was, that upon the surrender of Mallow, they had attempted to force their way to join Lord Kingston, then at Sligo, in arms against King James. It appeared that in their journey they had several skirmishes with the Irish, without any considerable loss, until James Power, the Sheriff of Galway, hearing of their approach towards that part of the country, raised the *posse comitatus*, and attacked them in a narrow pass to which they had been led by emissaries he had sent to act as guides to them. They surrendered to him, on conditions that on giving up a stipulated proportion of their horses and arms, they should have passes, protections, and a convoy if necessary. They were brought that night to Loughrea, for convenience of lodging, and on the next morning, instead of obtaining a convoy, which the Irish had agreed to give them, they were secured by strong guards, and informed that they could not be released until the pleasure of Government should be known, to which it was alleged that a favourable statement of their case had been made. Sir Thomas immediately dispatched a gentleman to Dublin, to petition the State for a performance of the articles of surrender: the suit was rejected without hesitation, and they were all removed to the County court house of Galway, where they remained in a deplorable condition, until they were now brought to trial. Judge Martin, to save the trouble of a trial, prevailed on them to plead guilty, assuring them of the lenity of King James, then newly arrived in Ireland; they did so, and of course were convicted, and the next day he sentenced them all to death. They had no subsistence whatever but from the Protestants of the town, and after a fortnight's imprisonment, received a reprieve for a month; this was tened for three months, and afterwards for six, on a promise from their friends to obtain an equal number of Popish prisoners from England in exchange. In the course of their imprisonment, some of them were accused of attempting an escape, on which the Earl of Clanrickard sent them word by his Major, that as they had abused the King's mercy, and held correspondence with the Northern rebels, he commanded them to prepare for that death which they had a second time deserved. They remonstrated by petition, he replied on Friday that though he would permit them to send no message to the King, he would give them time to repent. This answer caused them to give up all hopes of life, and they were assured that the ensuing Monday or Tuesday was appointed for their execution. On Monday morning they were alarmed with the noise of many drums, which they took for the signal of their execution, and whilst preparing for it in the common hall, they were offered their lives if they renounced the Protestant religion. They however unanimously resolved to die in the faith for which they had already suffered so much, and in a short time afterwards, Colonel McDonnel, Governor of the town, sent them word to be of good courage, for that all which had passed was only a frolic of Lord Clanrickard's to frighten them into better manners and greater sobriety. After the ineffectual efforts of the Earl of Seaforth to obtain their pardon, they remained in custody until the second of January, in the ensuing year. It may be reckoned among the "*mirabilia rerum*," that a noble descendant of this Sir Thomas Southwell should exchange the Protestant for the Popish religion, although more than twenty noble Irish families have renounced the errors of the Church of Rome since the Revolution.

In this month, under the authority of an order from Tyreconnel, the officers of the Irish army seized the goods, houses, lands, and other substance of all the Protestants who had fled out of Ireland, or were absentees from it, from minority, bad health, or other causes. On the twenty-fourth of March James made his public entry into Dublin in a triumphant manner, attended by a long train of British, French, and Irish, together with Count de Avaux, the French Ambassador. The Magistrates of the City, and the Popish Ecclesiastics, met him in their proper habits, with the host borne before them in solemn procession. The King bowed down before it, and made his adoration, amidst the acclamations of a surrounding multitude. He took an early opportunity of dismissing the only two Protestants of rank or distinction in his army, merely on account of their religion; he refused the gallant Sarsfield commissions for two of that officer's Protestant relatives, saying that he would trust none of their religion; and on coming out from mass, immediately after his arrival in the metropolis, was heard to say, that "a Protestant stunk in his nostrils." He had now a second opportunity of manifesting the cruelty of his disposition, and the rooted hatred he entertained to Protestants. The wife of a man named Maxwell, who had been condemned to death for defending his house in the Queen's County against the Rapparees, presented a petition to him to pardon her husband; she had, by her piteous cries, prevailed upon the Sheriff to grant her a reprieve for fifteen days, contrary to the order of the cruel Lord Galmoy, and she now appeared before the King in the most lamentable condition, having four or five small children along with her all in tears. She delivered her petition on her knees, praying his Majesty to pardon or even reprieve her husband for a short time. Many of the Irish nobility were present, and, struck with the awful appearance of the woman and her weeping children, seconded her request with great earnestness; but thereply of the brute was, "*Woman, your husband shall die.*" The Sheriff received a rebuke for his humanity, and was commanded to hang the man immediately, which was accordingly done. This example added a stimulus to the fury of the Romish soldiers against the Protestants, who were treated in the city, and under the immediate eye of the Government, in the most barbarous manner. No Protestant could be out of his house after sunset, without danger of his life; several of them were assassinated, and among them a poor taster of an alehouse on the Wood Quay, who was thrown into the Liffey and drowned, merely as a frolic, and no notice whatever taken of it. Richard Burton, who records this and other cruelties practised at that time in Dublin, observes, that according the example of James, and the hatred of the Romish Ecclesiastics to the Protestants, it appears to have been evidently providential that a general massacre was not attempted, as it had been in 1641.

In the midst of this cruel exercise of "brief authority," the Tyrant's heart was responding, nor could the utmost sycophancy of the addresses which were poured in upon him assuage his fears. He beheld with dismay the undisciplined, half-armed ruffians, whom Tyreconnel had collected and vainly endeavoured to form into an army. No stores of ammunition or provision of any consequence, had been provided, and little more than eight hundred muskets could be found in any of the dockyards. There was not one piece of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]