St. John Chronicle,

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every FRIDAY afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. H. Deveber & Son, West side Prince William Street.

Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

All Letters, Orders, Communications, &c., must be post-paid, and addressed to

Terms—12s. 6d.

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

Mutual Insurance Company,

JOHN PARKER, Esquire, President.
J. W. LOWNDES, } Directors.
S. L. TILLEY, } Directors.
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, Solicitor.
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, Secretary.

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

Provincial Insurance Company,

TORONTO, CANADA WEST,

For Marine and Fire Risks.

ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:

LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

CHARLES MCLAUCHLAN, } Esquires.
GEORGE THOMAS, } Esquires.
THOMAS BIRD, R. N. }

I. WOODWARD, *Agent.*

Office—Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street, over the Telegraph Office. Aug. 19.

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.

DOOLEY'S

Merchant's Exchange Hotel,

Post Office Building,

State Street, Boston.

Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of late THOMAS RICHARDS, Farmer, King's County, deceased, are hereby requested to hand them in without delay, duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to JOSIAH A. RICHARDS, WILLIAM D. RICHARDS, Executors.

Parish Greenwich, K. C., } 3mpd.
Dec. 30, 1853. }

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,	£36	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuns legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 1-3 Octave to A above.

N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.

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

THOMAS GOW,

Plumber and Gass Fitter,

NEXT ADDISON'S MOUNTY'S BRICK BUILDING,

WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles

LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

LEAD BENDS made to order.

July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

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 N. THURGAR.

April 22. North Market Wharf.

Layer Raisins, Geese Feathers.

A FEW Boxes LAYER RAISINS;
A few Barrels Spitzenburg APPLES;
300 lbs. most quality Geese FEATHERS (from England);
5 bales COTTON WICKING. For sale at JOHN KINNEAR'S,

Dec. 30, 1853. *Prince William Street.*

BRASS FINISHING.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business, on the same, in the premises formerly occupied by Messrs. Hatfield & Lawton, where he will be prepared to furnish with promptness any description of finishing CASTINGS which may be required, at the lowest possible rates.

Brass on Wood.—An assortment of HINGES and HASPS, such as are usually required for Ships' Cabins Houses, &c., which may be seen below.

WM. EARWARD.

Duke street Brass Foundry, Nearly opposite the Baptist Chapel.

Feb. 3—3m.

RUNAWAY.—An apprentice boy, named Thomas Hanlon, of Portsmouth, Island, N. S., has run away from his master, to the injury of the subscriber, who has been at expense in his education, who has left his master without liberty.

August, 1853. WM. DURANT.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

Fire and Life Insurance Company.

Incorporated in 1836.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.

Capital, Two Millions Sterling.

Unlimited liability of the Stockholders of the Company.

Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000.

Instalments called in,	£197,197	10	0
Accumulated funds,	316,972	4	9
	£544,169	14	9

TRUSTEES:

SIR THOMAS BERNARD BRICE, Bart., M. P.
ADAM HODSON, Esq., S. R. THOMPSON, Esq.

DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL:

JOHN HORSFALL, Esquire, Chairman.
T. Brocklebank, Esq., } Deputy Chairmen.
J. C. Ewart, Esq., }

William Dixon, Esquire.		Harold Littledale, Esq	
William Earle,	"	William Lowe,	"
T. Stewart Gladstone,	"	Alex. McGregor,	"
George Grant,	"	John Murriott,	"
Francis A. Hamilton,	"	William Nichol,	"
Francis Haywood,	"	Charles Saunders,	"
Robert Higgin,	"	B. Stolterfoht,	"
George Holt,	"	John Swainson,	"
Geo. H. Lawrence,	"	Jas. Aspinal Tobin,	"

SWINTON BOLTY, Esq., *Secretary.*

EDWARD ALLISON, } AGENTS.
ADAM JACK, } St. John, N. B.

The Agents are prepared on the part of the Company, to offer a very liberal scale of Premiums, and beg to solicit orders from all parts of the Province.

August 20, 1852.

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.

New Brunswick Hotel.

Charlotte street, nearly opposite the Country Market, Saint John, N. B.

THE Proprietor of the above Establishment thankful for past favors, would respectfully inform the travelling Public, that having erected a large addition in rear of the main Building, he is now prepared to furnish ample accommodation to 70 or 80 Boarders. The Proprietor is determined to leave no means untried to merit the patronage of the community.

Travellers arriving late at night will find the House always open and ready to receive them.

The Sleeping Rooms are large and well ventilated, and the improvements and conveniences which have been made render it emphatically the House of the stranger.

It has always been a Temperance House and the Proprietor is determined to adhere strictly to the Total Abstinence principle.

This House is centrally located, and is well supplied with well furnished apartments, clean beds, good fare, the best attention, and reasonable charges, which should render it worthy the support of Travellers.

A Large STABLE has been erected on the premises, capable of accommodating 70 Horses.

Good Hostlers are always in attendance.

July 8, 1853. E. W. FLAGLOR.

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, Pedlers 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.

No. 13 King Street, Drugs, Medicines, &c.

THE Subscriber has received per ship *Lisbon* from London, an additional supply of DRUGS, MEDICINES, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, SPICES, Fancy Soaps, Tooth, Nail, Paint Hair, and Clothes BRUSHES.

ALSO—44 lbs Brandreth's No 1, WHITE LEAD and Coloured PAINTS;
2 Cases Lundon Body COPAL VARNISH;
1 Case Gold Leaf; 4 Cases No. 1, STARCH;
2 Casks Bird Seed; 3 Cases Salad Oil;
5 Cases Painter's Colours;
1 Cask Pumice Stone;
1 Case Spanish Liquorice.

November 4. S. L. TILLEY.

Valuable Land For Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale that valuable lot of LAND known as No. 9, in the Douglas Valley, close to the Nerepis Road.—It contains 200 acres, is well timbered with good wood, and the soil is of the best quality. It will be sold on accommodating terms, on application to

CHRISTOPHER MAILMAN,

Oct. 21, 1853. 3m. *Carleton.*

WINDOW GLASS OF ALL SIZES.

From 6x8 to 12x18 and to 60x30, single and double thick, English and German, Sheet and Crown, with all the intermediate sizes.

JOHN KINNEAR, Prince William-street, will furnish in any quantity, from a single or dozen panes to a single or hundred boxes, the above described article; will cut, exchange, or accommodate in every possible way that may be required by customers.

He will also order for those who may require, Rough and Polished PLATE GLASS—and has now for sale, on hand, six panes Polished PLATE, 24x60; six panes ditto, 28x30; six panes ditto, 30x60; six panes ditto, 36x14—3-8 inch thick.

St. John, 3d Dec., 1853.

Ladies Cloth & Prunella Boots.

THE Subscriber will receive per Steamer "Admiral" A Consignment of FOURTEEN CASES of Ladies, Misses, and Children's Cloth Prunella and Carriamore BOOTS—which he offers for Sale at Wholesale. S. K. FOSTER.

NEW FALL GOODS.

St. John Clothing Mart,

WATER STREET

Sign of the ROYAL ARMS,

MARKET SQUARE.

RECEIVED per packet ships "Imperial," "Europe," and steamer "America," from Liverpool, Eastern City, and Admiral, from Boston, a large and varied assortment of British CLOTHS—consisting of Beaver, Pilot, Kerseys, Whitney and superfine West of England Cloths and Cassimeres, figured and plain.

40 Cases of American SATINETTS, Striped and Fleeced COTTONS, &c. &c.

Ready-made Department.

Made in the Establishment—fashionable shades.

500 Beaver, Whitney, Pilot, Canada, Satinett and Doffaled COATS, from 25s. upwards;
300 Reefing JACKETS, Pilot and Beaver, double lined from 15s. upwards;
200 Shooting COATS—*every shade and texture;*
1500 Vests—Silk, Satin, Velvet, Cashmere, Barathea, Valentin and White Moselles.

A large assortment of Dress FROCKS, SACKS, and PALETOTS;

Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Men's White SHIRTS, Linen Trimmings Fancy Regatta and heavy Striped ditto—blue, white and red.

Merino and Lambswool Shirts and drawers.

4 cases Gents' Silk and Satin HATS; 6 cases Kossuths and Leghorn Hats; 8 cases Boys' Cloth and Cassimere Caps.

SEAMEN'S OUTFITS—of every description.

Goodyear's Patent Rubber Coats, Leggings, Sou'-Westers, Sporting Bags, &c.; 100 dozen Braces, Silk, India Rubber and Elastic; 20 boxes French Satin and Silk Neck Ties and Stocks, plain and figured, a beautiful article; Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs of every description; Silk, Cotton and Kid-Gloves; Trunks, Valises, travelling Bags, &c.; Silk and Cotton Umbrellas; with every description of goods requisite for a general Outfitting Establishment.

300 Suits of Boy's CLOTHING, in

Beaver, Pilot, Satinett, Tweeds, &c. &c.
4 Cases of Fur, Seal Skin, silk velvet, Tweed and Cloth CAPS;
10 Bales of Buffalo Robes and Coats, Seal Skin, and Reversable, ditto;

N. B. Gents. selecting their Cloths can have their Garments cut in the newest style, and executed by the best of workmen and superintended by experienced foreman—fit or forfeit.

All Goods marked in plain figures, and no second price.

WATER STREET, SIGN OF THE ROYAL ARMS, FRONTING ON THE MARKET SQUARE.

November 11. F. NEILL.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,

REMODELLED,

BOARDERS, BOARDERS, **BOARDERS.**

THE Subscriber wishes to inform the Public that he is now prepared to receive a number of Permanent or Transient Boarders, on the following terms, viz:

Yearly or Monthly,	£10	0	0	per annum.
Weekly,	0	17	6	
Daily,	0	3	6	
Breakfast,	0	1	3	
Dinner,	0	1	6	
Tea,	0	1	3	

Cold LUNCHEONS at any hour from 10 a. m. till 10 p.m. SOUPS on Mondays and Thursdays; and by good attendance, Clean Rooms and choice Cordials (including a we drop of the Craythur,) he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B.—Choice Shediac OYSTERS always on hand; also, Cold Roast Fowl supplied to private Families, at the shortest notice.

Sept. 30. JAMES NETHERY.

Halifax Tailoring Establishment.

Now opposite Mr. Sears' Residence, and First Shop from the corner of Princess and Germain Streets.

THE Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends, and the public generally, for the handsome support that has been extended to him, and assures them he will ever be ready to attend any order that may be given him for execution. He further wishes the attention of the public to his unrivalled Stock of CLOTH, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c.

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.

August 19, 1853. C. H. BARTLETT.

Furs, Shawls, Robes, Ribbons, &c.

JAMES SMELLIE,

Has received per steamer "Canada:"

FURS; RIBBONS;
BLACK SILK VELVETS;
Coloured Do;
RIBBON VELVETS;
PERSIANS and SARSNETS;
Rich Black Watered SILKS;
Black Silk LACES;
Do. Do. FRINGES;
PRINTED CACHMERES.

Per Ship "Helen Thomson":

An excellent assortment of LONG & SQUARE WOOLEN SHAWLS,
Handkerchiefs and MUFFLERS;
Rich Filled SHAWLS;
Embroidered Crape, Coburgh, and French Merino ROBES;
Which will be Sold at very low prices for CASH.

Prince Wm. Street, Dec. 9, 1853.

"Commercial Clothing Hall,"

NORTH SIDE OF KING STREET.

WILL be opened on Thursday the 12th inst.—With a large & well assorted Stock of Clothing, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS SATTINETTS, VESTINGS, *Flannels*, BLANKETS, COTTONS *Hosiery, Caps & Trunks*, with a variety of other useful Goods, all of which will be sold at unusually low prices.

The above Goods, being all New Stock, and the Clothing being Cut and made up in the best Style, the Public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. Oct. 7th, 1853.

NEWFOUNDLAND PILOT CLOTH.—Just received One Piece of the above article. A call from the Pilots is respectfully solicited.

October 27. A. P. COUGHLAN.

FALL STYLE!

LOCKHART & CO. have received the *Fall Style* of SATIN HATS, per *Admiral* and *Middleton.*

A large lot of Summer and Spring GOODS selling Priced prices. 11, King-Street.

POETRY

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.

Thou art not dead;
From sin and death thou art surely free—
Neither hath power o'er infancy.
Death cannot claim so pure a mind,
Nor sin in thine a dwelling find.
Each setting sun, and morning bright,
Bring back thy angel-form to light.
Remembrance well performs her part,
And whispers to my anguished heart—
Thou art not dead!

Thou art not dead!
But yesterday, as 'twere, those bright blue eyes
Shone brilliant as the summer skies;
Thy little tongue its welcome spoke;
Thine hands a father's cheek would stroke;
Thy little lips imprint a kiss—
All thy sweet ways increased his bliss.
No—angel, no—it cannot be;
In memory now thy form I see—
Thou art not dead!

Thou art not dead!
Death hath no dwelling place above,
Where all's eternal joy and love;
Nor care disturb your rest, nor fear—
Those eyes are still as bright as clear,
As when they met a father's glance,
And all his varied hopes enhance.
No—angel, no—while thou canst raise
Thine accents sweet, in Jesu's praise,
Thou art not dead!

Canterbury, December 30th.

[Kentish Observer.

Miscellaney.

A 'Still Life' Picture.—If you could see my husband, Solomon Stillweather. It is my firm conviction he will be the death of me. I am naturally a happy, bright, energetic, warm hearted, chain lightning, impulsive woman; born after stages were exploded, and in the days of railroads and steam engines. I have the most capacious heart that ever thumped against a silken bodice; can hate like Lucifer, and love in proportion, and be eternally grateful to one who is kind to me. Now Solomon is a perpetual calm. Nothing ruffles him—nothing disturbs him. Mount Vesuvius couldn't make him hurry. He does everything—mercantile and matrimonial—by rule, square and compass. When the proper time arrives, it 'comes off,' and it don't a fraction of a second before. Were the house on fire he would stop to take the lint of his coat, and brush his teeth before starting. If I ask him a question before breakfast, I seldom get an answer before tea. He walks round the house with noiseless, velvety tread, like a superannuated pussy cat; should the children in their play knock over the tea table and its contents, he looks quietly up from his book, and drawls out, 'Ain't you rather rude, children?' One summer evening, in the country, as he sat on the grass, smoking his cigar, it occurred to me whether anything short of an earthquake would start him up; so I placed a string of crackers directly behind him, and touched 'em off, and as I'm a living woman, he never so much as winked. You should see him getting ready for church on Sunday, as he pares and polishes his finger nails, lays every hair on his head over its appropriate bump, sprinkles a drop of cologne on the north west corner of his pocket-handkerchief, and ties the bow of his cravat for the *fortieth* time. I never saw Solomon excited. I never heard him laugh; and he dont know the luxury of tears. Now, if I could only get up a domestic squabble!—thunder clouds clear the atmosphere, you know; but it's no use. I've strived to stir him up on politics; but he's 'on the fence'—had as lief jump one way as another, too. I've put on the sulks, and been distant and dignified; I tell you he likes it; besides, you could'nt freeze him colder than he is. I've been loving, and petted him; it's a waste of ammunition—he can't be thawed out! It's my solemn belief he was originally intended for an old maid; but, by some horrid mistake, he's my husband! I can double Cape Horn while he is saying 'My dear.' Oh, oh, when the coroner's jury sits on me, won't the verdict be, 'Died of excess of Stillweather?'—[Fanny Fern.

ROMANCE IS REAL LIFE.—A vessel was towed down the Thames on Tuesday week, in charge of a Gravesend pilot. On reaching Gravesend the vessel was left at anchor, and the surgeon of the ship accompanied the pilot on shore, going home with him. The pilot, it appears, had at home two fair daughters of Eve, both in a state of single blessedness; and the gallant surgeon, struck with the sudden thought that his bachelor state during a long voyage to Sydney, whither he was bound, would be very lonely, proposed for one of the daughters, and was accepted. There was no time for courtship or doubt; the ship sailed the next day. The license was accordingly procured, and the next morning at eight o'clock, found the gay Lothario, with his bride, and her sister as bridesmaid, at the door of the parish church of Old Milton;—and now comes the most interesting, or rather the most ludicrous part of the story. The service had proceeded as that very important, but very short responce, when the lady had to say "I will;" when she looked up with the most perfect innocence into the face of the priest and clerk, saying, "I think you have made a mistake; it's my sister that is to be married." The sacred edifice itself, the solemnity of the performance, the grave and solemn tones of the priest, all combined together, nearly failed to repress a growing risibility upon every countenance except that of the bridegroom-elect, whose blank aspect pourtrayed his dismay at the mishap so nearly consumated, and which would have shortly been irrevocable. However, the ladies changed places, and the service having been again gone through, a few minutes served to tie the indissoluble knot, and the happy bridegroom having imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of his youthful bride, the party left the church; and, we understand, the same evening the ship sailed, carrying with her the newly-wedded pair. We wish them a happy and prosperous voyage.—*Maidstone Journal.*

Sawdust is Manure as an Absorbent.—The advantages of fresh dung with fermented sawdust, can only be had by working sawdust with gas liquor, lime and salt, or some other ferment. But as this must be done damp, it will diminish the absorbent power, and require so much the more; and although it will very slowly decay in the ground, if put in fresh with the dung, it will do little good on grass land (which is generally pretty well supplied with carbonaceous matter), and can be regarded only as an absorbent for helping to spread the rich liquid manure. But it may be questioned whether sawdust, containing pretty much resin, does not do harm; so I have heard it complained of in Scotland. To prevent this it may be lime-charred, which requires a little practice and cleverness. Such charred sawdust, thus impregnated with carbonate of lime, would form an excellent absorbent, and probably have most of the good effects of peat charcoal, after the dung it had carried is exhausted.—Correspondent of Mark Lane Express.

A CONNECTICUT PARSON.—His country parish raised his salary from three hundred to four hundred dollars. The good man objected for three reasons. 'First,' said he, 'because you can't afford to give me more than three hundred; second, because my preaching isn't worth more than three hundred; third, because I have to collect my salary, which heretofore has been the hardest part of my labours among you. If I have to collect an additional hundred it will kill me."

AGNES LEE;

OR THE SHIP-WRECKED.

CHAPTER I.

I LIKE this strange morning, on which I am writing—this sunless, rainless day—the all-grey sky—the phantom wind, stealing over the hills with its ghostly feet; and now and then stopping to blow some fearful, shrieking, clarion blast, on its trump of air. I like it, for it comes to me like a memorial. I sit still, holding my breath, with my hand clasped tightly over my eyes, and think of high fierce tides trampling in upon low lee-shores—of alarm guns sound among the breakers at midnight; and the pale moon over head stretching out her arms and fighting fiercely with black pursuing clouds.

Some one has said there are moments which command our lives—moments looking back upon which we can see where a single half hour might have changed our destinies. Every one's life has such points, that tower pyramid-like above the dead level of the years—and I am going back to one this morning.

You would think me very old could you see me now. The smooth gray hair is folded back under my quaker cap, like bands of silver, and over my face are drawn deep, furrowed lines, the foot-prints left by lone some years, in their tireless journeying. I am old, when I count my life by *incidents*, and yet *not* so very old, when I tell it in *years*.

I do not know how far back I can remember. Sometimes I seem to have dim visions of a fair southern home. Bright flowers blowing round me; and southern breezes make sweet music; touching with their invisible fingers Æolian harp-strings. Standing there, the soft eyes of beautiful pictures smile on me, or the still form of some old marble hunter rises up in solemn state at my side. It is a pleasant country, though I see it very dimly through mists of years, and I am not quite sure, after all, whether it be anything more than a floating island of fancy. It seems little else on mornings such as this. I can go back to it, and bind my brow with its flowers, in the calm pleasant days of mid-summer, when I sit in my low chair before my cottage door, and round me the wild birds, the summer flowers blossom, and the south wind lifts lovingly my silver hair.

But it is different now; this sobbing lonely November morning, I see not fair and sunny scenes—no southern palaces, or soft-eyed pictures, but back to my heart comes the first keep, vivid memory of my life, stern—crushing—terrible!

It was a strange scene—you may have read of such, but God grant they may never have dawned on your own life, never have made your hair stiffen, or chilled the blood in your veins. I was very small; for I know I was playing on the deck of a stately ship, and passed round, wax-baby like from one to another. At last I had been put to bed, in my little hammock, and a being fair as a seraph had bent over me, saying prayers and ave-maries.

I had been dreaming, I believe pleasant sunny dreams, when suddenly a quick touch woke me. It was the same fair woman but now her face was blanched deadly pale. The white woman whose mark it is to bury the dead drowned at sea should not have looked more ghastly. She said nothing but gathering me up in her arms, she rushed on deck.

I see it very distinctly—that fearful scene. The good ship was plunging like a frightened steed—madly plunging—rushing on toward a low lee-shore on our left.—

There over rocks, whose white tops shone up clear, and ghastly in the fitful moonlight, the great waves boiled and surged, and then retreated coming up again to hug those frightful, desolate rocks more madly than before.

The winds howled, trumped and shrieked like so many demons keeping holiday; and onward toward this terrible shore our ship was plunging. The moon over head shone out sometimes from thick black clouds, like a phantom-face looking down mockingly upon this war of elements. Anon the vivid lightnings flashed, and the thunder sounded its hoarse, muffled dirge-notes, and in the midst of all our vessel, like a prancing steed was careering joyously, bounding onward toward death.

There was no boat could stand for a moment the fury of such a gale. Some of the men launched one, it is true, but it scarcely cleared the ship, when it went to pieces before our eyes, and the poor fellows perished.

No, there was no hope, none—the boldest swimmers were powerless in such a sea, and the grasp of those fiercely battling waves, was no mother's cherishing love-clasp.

I know that fair woman strained me closely to her breast, as she clung with her other arm to a rope overhanging the side of the vessel—I know, with my ear close to her lips, I could catch, amid the storm, sweet, solemn words of prayer, then there was a mighty check, a sound as when many a cannon peals forth its echo-startling clang of defiance; and after that I know no more.

I seem to have a faint, yet most terrible vision, of the moon shining down brighter than ever on white ghastly faces upturned to her gaze, their long locks dripping with the briny waves of the sea subsiding to a dead calm, as if contented with its prey—but beyond that fierce, terrible crash I know nothing.

My next memory is very different. It is of a fisherman's hut on the Cornwall lee-shore—a little, smoky, disagreeable place, where one morning lifted my head from a couch of seaweed and looked around me. I saw low, smoke-blackened walls, hung with fishers' nets, seal-skins, and dried herring. A man sat by the drift-wood fire—he had a strange face, in which my riper judgement can hardly tell whether the good or evil predominated. It wore an expression of hardy, patient endurance. About the mouth were the strong lines of physical power, and the thick shaggy hair shadded a brow, whose solidity and breadth betokend anything but a simpleton.

I fancy I must have loved power and strength even then, for I know my childish spirit seemed to recognize more affinity with him than with his wife, who was by far the kindest looking person of the two.

But whatever I thought of them, I am sure I must have had memories of far different scenes, for I well remember that I resented, as an indignity, my having been brought to that humble dwelling.

I was only weak, for I had no sooner completed my survey of the desolate looking apartment, than I was forced to lay my head back upon my seaweed pillow; and it must have been half an hour before I was able to speak. By this time the woman had completed the preparation of breakfast and approached me with a porringer of warm goat's milk, and coarse bread. But I put it naughtily away from me, and rising up in my bed I exclaimed.

"I dont want any of your breakfast, if you'll just tell me what I've been brought to this nasty place for."

"I reckon 'twas as kind a thing," growled the man at the fire, "to bring you home here, as to a' left you out o' doors to die, along with that dead woman I found you fastened to, two weeks agone this mornin'."

"Dead," said I; "mamma isn't dead is she?"

"Well I guess you won't find any of 'em anythin' else but dead, that was out on the lee-shore *that* night. They're all gone harrin' you and we might as well a' left you to die, if you can't carry a more civil tongue in your head."

"Well, go a way, please," said I, more gently to the woman, who still stood at the bed-side. "I can't eat my breakfast this morning."

"Poor little critter," said the woman compassionately; "belike she's lonesome, you ought not to told her, John;" and she turned away. I lay there in a kind of stupor—I was not old enough to realize how strange was the Providence which had preserved only me, a helpless child, among all that crew of bold, strong men, not old enough for praise and thankfulness; and I was only sensible as I lay there, still and quiet, with closed eyes, of a deep desperate feeling of hate and anger, against I knew not what—the sea, the storm, the ship, almost against the very people who had died, and left me alone in the world.

CHAPTER II.

Mine was surely a strange childhood. I grew up there in a fisherman's lonely hut, on the Cornwall lee-shore. The fisherman and his wife had no children, and they loved me, and were kind to me in their way. The woman soon found out that my errant wandering could in brook confinement and she ceased her attempts, to teach me knitting and not making, and allowed me to wander whither I listed, only exacting that I should bring home at night a certain quantity of sea-moss, which her husband used to carry for sale to the next market-town a distance of some twenty miles.

Perhaps, to one of my temperament, this hardy life was not without its advantages, at least it was singularly free from temptation. No Indian maiden ever was a like freer or more tameless. I used to scale cliffs, from which the boldest hunter would have shrunk back appalled, and standing on their jagged summits laugh a defiance to the eagles, and toss back my long black hair, with its sea-weed coronet, a princess of my own right.

Neither the fisherman nor his wife knew how to read, and I grew up in a like ignorance; and yet I was no means void of one kind of education. I could tell where the eagles hatched and the sea-birds hung their nests—where the tallest trees lifted their great arms, praying to the pitiless sky, and where the stormy winds lashed the waves to wildest fury.

My keen eye could discern in the distance, each little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and far off I recognized the coming spirit of a blast that should be strong to strew the sea with wrecks.

One night—must have been about thirteen years old—I had climbed the very top of a high cliff, known as the Devil's Tea-kettle. It was a singular place—steep pointed, and jagged rocks hemmed in a basin, on whose sandy bed white shining pebbles lay bleaching in the sunlight. I had heard terrible tales of this strange chasm. The peasantry said it was the brewing place of the waters of the stream of death—for never were the waves known to rise high enough to fill the basin, but that some goodly ship went down in sight of land, with all her freight of precious souls.

I had never seen the waves boil in the Devil's Tea-kettle, but I had been told they never had they surged so high, so wild, so mad, as on that fearful night when I was dashed upon the lonely shore and the storm-spirits clasped hands with the winds and shouted forth my mother's requiem.

I think must have been *born* in storm, for they were to me the familiar faces of dear old friends—I loved them, and on this night of which I speak, when I had climbed to the topmost ledge of these spectral cliffs, I planted there my, bold firm step, and looking forth to sea, laughed merrilly. And yet a landsman would have said it bade fair to be a beautiful night. The sea was very calm—too calm—for it was the lull before the tempest. The sun was going down into his subterranean palace of clouds, flinging back over the waters the lengthening robe of his glory, and over opposite the moon, like a fair young bride, was climbing up the east, with a star or two for bride's-maids, going forth to be wedded to the night.

Oh, it was a beautiful scene. I have looked on such, in later years, till my heart ached with their quiet beauty. But it ached not then! I clapped my hands as I looked forth over the waters, for there, in the far distance, was a little cloud. It was a pretty thing enough—quite in keeping with the scene—white and soft, and fleecy as an angel's wing. But I recognized it—I knew it was no seraph coming nearer—but that, as in their funeral processions at the East, they send far on, in advance, white-robed maidens, scattering flowers, even so now had the advancing spirit of the storm, twin-leagued with darkness and despair, sent forth this peaceful herald before his face. And I knew from its position, and the rate at which it scuded before the wind, that it was to be a fearful storm—no gentle breeze to rock a child's cradle, but a Euroclydon, to lash the deep sea into fury.

Oh, how high my heart swelled as I looked on it, and shouted in my glee, that the Devil's Tea-kettle would boil well to night. But I think it was not from any native malignity. I desired not death, but excitement. I wanted a wreck, it is true but then I would have braved death itself to save the lives of its victims. But the sunset glory faded out from the heavens, the moon climbed higher, the white cloud widened, and I sprang down the cliff, and gathering up my basket of sea-moss, walked slowly home. I did not sleep that night. My little room opened out of the one where I first found myself, and which was at once sleeping room, kitchen and parlor, for the fisherman and his wife. About midnight, I heard a sound. It was a signal gun—once and again it boomed over the waters. Hurriedly dressing myself, I roused the fisherman from his slumbers, and putting on a cloak and hood stole unobserved from the dwelling. My feet paused not till I had reached the top ledge of the Devil's Tea-kettle. Merciful Heaven! the waves seethed and boiled there like mad. What a sight! It frightened even me, who had never known fear before, and springing down the rocks, I fled, as if a whole army of fiends were pursuing me.

I hurried along the shore for a few rods, when the light of a lantern flashed full in my face, and I paused. It was John, "You here, child," he said, in a tone which had more of fear than anger. I think he was glad to have some human eyes to gaze on the terrible scene beside his own. The moon, which had shone out fitfully as I stood beside the Devil's Tea-kettle, was now buried beneath tallows of black, surging clouds.—It was wild—it was pitch dark. Only now and then some vivid flash of lightening would show us in the distance a great, black rocking ship like some fearful phantom, bearing down upon the shore.

At intervals the signal guns would boom over the waves, like the sullen roar of some wounded animal, or some human voice would shriek out wildly, madly, hopelessly for the help which came not.