Oh, it was a terrible sight to stand there and watch the mighty ship, hurrying hopelessly to its death. I looked till my soul grew sick—could no longer. I sank down upon the cliff where I was standing, and clasped my hands across my eyes. I did not see the struggles of the great ship, but I heard the sullen, deafening crash when she too struck upon hidden rocks, and went down, helplessly in sight of land. I heard the crash, and, putting my fingers in my ears, ran inland till my breath was spent.

And the early summer morning lawned. We had stood three hours though it seemed to me not as many minutes. So long had the good ship struggled with the waves—so long her brave crew died a living death of anguish and suspense. As soon as the earliest drawn-rays commenced to light my path, I turned my foot-steps homeward, and at the door of the hut I met John, bearing a senseless figure in his arms.

"This is all that's left of 'em Agnes," and he, with a sadness unusual to his tone, and entering his house, he laid his half drowned burden down upon the sea-weed couch. His wife had already opened the windows and lighted the fire, and she hastened to apply vigorously all her stock of simple restoratives. Her care was presently rewarded, by seeing the stranger's eyes unclose, and catching the faint sound of his irregular breathing.

It was several days, however, before he could rise from the couch where he had been placed. On the morning of the fourth day, he slowly approached the window and sat down. "My friend," said he to the fisherman, "I owe you already, more than gold can ever pay you. Will you do more for me still? Can you bring me, from the next post-town, a sheet of paper and some ink, and will you let me be your guest till I receive an answer to this letter which I must write? When it comes, I shall have gold enough to reward your care, and strength enough to proceed on my journey."

Of course he gained his point, for when did Horace Mann ever fail to do so? I watched his course after that for years, and I never knew him to fail to accomplish what he undertook. The letter was written, and sent, and during the two months that glided away before its answer came, Horace Mann was my constant companion in all my walks. He wanted a guide and took me, for want of any other, quite careless as to what effect such an association might produce upon my mind. And yet, to do him justice, he was really good-natured, and when he found out, a week or two after our acquaintance commenced, that I could not read, he set himself to work in earnest to supply the deficiency. I loved my teacher, and my progress was rapid.

I suppose Horace Mann would as soon have thought of winning the fisherman himself to love, as me, the rough, wild natured child of his adoption. But I have been told by physiognomical connoisseurs that half the blood in my veins is Spanish, and I, uncultivated child of thirteen, as I was, loved the handsome young Englishman with a wilder devotion than many a grown woman is capable of. Oh, *how I loved him!*

He told me nothing of his personal history, but years afterwards I learned that he was very rich and noble. I was for a long time unconscious of the nature of my own love, until one afternoon, when we were walking, words of his revealed it to me.

'So they call you Agnes Lee, do they?' he asked, pulling me down on a rock beside him, and leisurely drawing my long hair through his fingers. 'How in the world came *you* by such a romantic name?'

'I don't know what romantic means sir,' I answered simply, 'but they called me Agnes Lee, because on Saint Agnes' night I was cast upon the lee-shore, in a terrible storm, and my mother was drowned, and they hadn't any other name for me.'

'Ho, that's it, is it? Quite a good account. You must have been born for telling stories. Well, I've a mind to amuse myself now by telling you one. Did you ever hear about love? But I know you never did; you, who never saw a handsome man in your life.'

'Except you, sir,' said I, looking admiringly into his bold, handsome face. His laughing blue eyes twinkled with fun, in appreciation of the honestly-given compliment, and he proceeded to give me my first lesson of that love, stronger than life and more terrible than death. As he described its workings, my cheeks flushed crimson, and I *knew* that even so I loved him. At last he grew weary of me, or of his subject, and drawing a book from his pocket, (he had procured several from the market-town,) in order to teach me to read,) he bade me run away for a while to play, and come again when I got tired.

Slowly I sauntered onward, with one remark which he had made sounding in my ears; he had said, "*Love seeks beauty as naturally as the flowers the sunlight!*"

Was I beautiful? My whole mind and soul were full of the question. At last I remembered a sunny pool of clear, fresh water, where I could see myself as in a mirror. I had often looked there to adjust my sea-weed wreaths, but I had never noticed my face, for never, until this afternoon, had the question suggested itself whether I was beautiful. Cautiously I crept to the brink, and many times drawing back in fear, I at length looked in. I unbound my long tresses, and they floated almost to my feet, long, heavy and black as night. Set in them, as in a frame, a face looked out; a childish, sun-burned face. There were eyes there—like sloes, large, black, and melting and soon flashing fire. I thought *they* might be beautiful, but I was not sure. As to the features, I was not very well competent to judge. I know now that they were regular enough for a sculptor's model—then I only knew that Horace Mann was handsome—*my* face was *not* like Horace Mann's, therefore, I thought it must be homely.—But I was not satisfied. I stole lingering back to my companion, and found him in turn tired of his book, and ready to amuse himself with me.—'Please sir, may I ask you a question?' I inquired, rather timidly.

'Why yes, Miss Agnes Lee, since you never in the world did such a thing. I suppose you may.'

'Well, sir, am I handsome?'

Horace laughed long and loudly ere he replied. 'Well, you genuine descendant of Eve, you precious little specimen of feminine beauty, where you picked up your vanity, nested here on the lee-shore, like a sea-gull, I don't know; but go and stand there in the sunshine, and I'll answer you. Shake down your long, black hair, all about you, gipsy—there, that's right—now stand still.'

I should think I stood still there a minute and a half, waiting for him to make his decision. I really suffered, while his eyes were so bent upon me. At last his fixed, steady look, was getting to be torture, and it was an inconceivable relief when he spoke.

'Well, Aggie, it took me some time to decide, didn't it? No, you are not handsome yet, Aggie. You are brown as a Malay, and there's something almost savage in your fierce black eyes. But your features are good enough—your hair is long and thick, and if it were taken care of, and weren't sun-burned, it might be magnificent, as it is, you're rather homely, but if *some* people had you, you might be made a very handsome woman.'

Strange to say, dearly as I loved him, this reply gave me pleasure instead of pain, though I well knew, had he loved me, he never would have made it. But I don't think I wanted him to love me *then*. He had said I had the material for a handsome woman, and that was all I wanted to know. My heart beat quicker with a high sense of power. I said that I would make *him* know that I was beautiful, some time—that some other day, I would make his proud heart beat quicker, and with this hope for the future I was quite content.

One day, soon after, we were walking together over the rough rocks bordering the shore. I remember a scene of life swelled high and exultant in my heart, and I bounded over the steepest ledges, hardly touching them, or paused to balance myself and turn around on their sharpest points.

'Come down here, Agnes Lee,' said Horace Mann's voice, at length, and in an instant I was by his side.

[illegible] as a consequence, [illegible] [illegible] a tropical climate—[illegible] [illegible] to any [illegible] the nature of tropical [illegible] in general, and ballet-dancing in particular.

[illegible] sure, I would be [illegible] and I would be [illegible] I don't know [illegible] [illegible] You are [illegible] [illegible] but if you [illegible] it is the soul governs the profession, not the profession the soul, you could be as good and pure on the boards of the Royal Theatre, as in the Hermitage of Lough Derg.

It was but a few days after this last conversation, when the answers to Horace Mann's letters came, and having rewarded the fisherman's care with many a broad piece of shining gold, he bade farewell to the lee-shore of Cornwall. It was a beautiful morning in the early autumn, and I went with him a mile or two on his journey. Oh, how gaily the waves danced, and the sun shone, and I could see his heart was dancing too. As for me, I was not glad, nor yet very sorry, for my whole heart was full of a strong undying purpose. Amusing at length, he let go my hand.

"There, Agnes, you must go home now," he said, 'good-bye my child,' and," taking a guinea from his pocket, he added, "take that, Aggie; its the best thing I've got to give you to remember me by."

"Will you just please to make a round hole in it, and mark an H on it somewhere?" I pleadingly inquired.

"Well, here's one with a whole in it, that will do—and there," and setting down, he marked "H M." in bold, distinct characters. "There, little one good-bye now," and drawing me to him, he kissed me—the first kiss man had ever left on my lips, and it lingered there for weeks, and its memory had power to thrill for many a year.

(To be Continued.)

WITHDRAWAL OF THE TROOPS FROM THE COLONIES RESOLVED UPON.

The following discussion took place in the House of Lords on the 23rd day of the month of February:

The Earl of Desart rose to enquire of her Majesty's government whether an arrangement had not recently been made for the withdrawal of the troops from the smaller West India Islands. The white settlers did not consider the blacks as well effected to them, as the blacks looked upon them in the odious light of taskmasters. That these apprehensions were not altogether ill-founded was evidenced by an insurrection which had taken place at Tortola in the January of last year. There was no garrison there, and the white residents fled in great dismay, leaving Col. Chads, who was obliged to send them to the nearest place, which was a Danish Island for succor. He believed that the withdrawal of the troops was false economy, as almost the very existence of some of the islands depended upon capital, and the yearly value of the magnificent Island of Tortola alone amounted to £10,000. He wished to know what were the intentions of her Majesty's Government for the future maintenance of order in these islands.

The Duke of Newcastle said, the noble earl was rightly informed with regard to the withdrawal of detachments of troops from 4 of the West India Islands, viz. St. Vincent, Tobago, Dominica and St. Christopher.—The reasons for this course, were, in fact, threefold, and the expense was the last and the smallest reason. It had been found that the discipline and good order of the troops were completely deteriorated, especially by such a climate, by their being dispersed in small detachments amongst the islands.—The first reason therefore, was of an entirely military character. Another reason was that these detachments (one of which numbered only 81) were perfectly useless, and, indeed, worse than useless, because, in time of war, their defeat might inflict disgrace upon the country. That was the first, and the military reason. The second was a civil reason—namely, that the retention of troops in colonies for purposes of internal police have the effect of preventing those communities from taking measures which every community was bound to adopt, with the view of preventing or repressing internal circumstances. The question of police had been shamefully neglected in all the West India Islands. Now experience had shown that a military force—however efficient for the suppression of disturbances—was almost inoperative for the purpose of preventing them. The result of withdrawing the troops from the West India Islands would, he believed, be to cause those communities to fulfil the duty they had so long neglected—of providing themselves with a police force. The third reason was the diminution of expense, which would be considerable. For these three reasons the measure had been adopted. It was not surprising that the Government had resolved on placing at the disposal of the Governor of Barbadoes and the commander of the forces there a steamer for the conveyance of troops at a moment's notice to any island where their presence may be acquired. By the concentration of force in this way we might expect to gain all the advantages in a military point of view—which attached to the very system heretofore pursued, unalloyed by any of its evils. The noble earl had stated that the inhabitants of the islands would gladly defray the cost of the military force if the government would allow it to remain; but he would recommend them to expend their money on a police force which would afford them all the protection they stood in need of. The policy which the Government had adopted was not to be limited to the West India Islands, but would be extended to all our colonial possessions. In Canada strenuous efforts were being made to concentrate the military force; many small forts which were maintained at the close of the war had been abandoned, and the troops withdrawn from them. As a general rule it was the duty of the mother country to defend her colonies from foreign aggression at every cost and hazard; but this obligation did not involve the necessity of maintaining troops in every small colony or portion of a colony to supply the place of police. (Hear, hear.)

Earl Gray concurred with the noble duke in thinking that the country was not called upon to provide a military force to discharge the duties of police in the colonies. The measure resolved on by the Government appeared to be a judicious one, and it was necessary only that it should be carried into effect with due precaution. It could not be forgotten that the country had made great sacrifice for the abolition of slavery, and to create in the West India Islands a well-ordered and industrious community. The success of the experiment depended on the white population remaining on the islands a few years longer. Should the whites acting under the influence of alarm, leave the islands at too early a period, there could be no doubt, he feared, that the black population would relapse into their original state of barbarism; and he trusted, therefore, that, in carrying the announced measures into effect, due care would be taken to prevent the white population from being duly alarmed. The concentration of troops at Bermudas was a good arrangement; but he hoped measures had been taken for improving the drainage at that island, which was very defective two years ago, and if not improved might injuriously affect the health of the troops.

The Earl of Elgin, having had many years' experience in the administration of colonial affairs, felt bound to express his opinion—in which he believed the colonists themselves would concur—that it was just and reasonable that colonists should provide at their own cost, forces whether civil or military—which were necessary for the preservation of internal tranquillity. Nay, he would go further, and state that they were bound to provide the force necessary to protect them against aggression caused by their own acts or imprudence. On the other hand he thought the colonies had a strong claim to the protection of the mother country against hostilities brought on them by the operation of imperial policy, over which they could exercise no control or influence. It was natural that the people of this country, looking to the past expenditure on the colonies, and their progress towards maturity should inquire whether the time had come when these young and vigorous communities should contribute something by way of indemnification for the expense and labour which the mother country had lavished on them during their period of infancy. The restrictive commercial system which we had recently abandoned throw over our economical relations with the colonies a discreditable veil of mystery; but when that system was abandoned, we left the question in such a position as regards the colonies as to cause it to be a matter of doubt whether [as we understood] the maintenance of the connexion between the mother country and the colonies was desirable. The policy more recently pursued had produced the best effect. General contentment prevailed in Canada among all classes, founded on the belief that the Legislature and Government of the mother country were to give the colonies the power of self-government. (Hear, hear.) Animated by this feeling the time would come when the colonies would manifest a desire to join the mother country in defending the weak against the strong—the oppressed against the oppressor; and, while seeking to share the glory of England, would not be unwilling to partake in her sacrifices. [Hear, hear.]

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., April 11, 1854.

☞ The day of publication of the *Chronicle* falling on Good Friday, the paper will be issued on Saturday morning.

☞ We regret to hear that ALEXANDER BOYLE, Esquire, M. D., expired this morning, at his residence, St. James' street. The deceased stood very high in his profession, and in every relation of life was highly esteemed.

THE NEXT MAYOR.

Many articles have appeared in this journal advocating the principle of total abstinence, and strongly recommending the practical adoption of it. None, if our memory serves us correctly, have ever been published in the Chronicle, in which total abstinence was deprecated, or an opposite system spoken of approvingly. But, yet, we are not so hopelessly silly as to suppose for one moment, that tetotallers in this, or in any other community, absorb *all* the virtue, morality, and all the efficiency for office, to the exclusion of others who can use the good things of this life, without abusing them, and who are not to be deterred by strong epithets from the reasonable enjoyment of that beverage, which the Saviour of the World, graciously condescended to create on occasion of the marriage-feast. Merely refraining from the use of intoxicating stimulants, is but a negative virtue at the best. The exercise of good works *forms* a continuous and commendable *employment*, and if it does not earn a substantial reward, at all events, such a course is entitled at least to human commendation. The mere negative person, in the other instance, is often compelled to the practice of his teo-totallism, from repugnancy to alcoholic fluids. In such a case no more merit attaches to his abstinence, than is due to him should he refrain from the use of rhubarb, or jalap, as articles of food, and a draught of castor oil to wash them down.

All right-thinking men approve of the total abstinence principles; but a principle is one thing, whilst the manner of carrying it out is quite another affair. When we see men, purely for the sake of realising their own selfish or ambitious ends, possessed of not one spark of love for their fellow-men, holding themselves out to the world as rigid abstinents, and professing to despise all others who do not in every particular unite with them in their fanatical views, and wild vagaries, and at the same time harshly condemning every one who will not rank under their banner, and boisterously approve of their conduct: we plainly tell these pseudo-patriots, that it is high time the mask of hypocrisy is torn from their lugubrious countenances, and their motives placed before the public in their true light. Excessive zeal in a good cause, when influenced by pure motives is truly praiseworthy, whilst the same amount of untiring energy in a similar cause, if prompted by selfish by party, or, by political considerations, generally, ends in covering the one who manifests it under such circumstances, with unmistakeable contempt.

The above considerations presented themselves upon reading an article in the "Free Press" of Wednesday last, under the title 'THE MAYORALTY,' and which for the convenient reference of our readers we have subjoined.

The nauseous adulation of the present Mayor, would do honor to any 'Oily Gammon' whilst the contemptible slang in reference to Mr. Smith, might be worth a remium at Billingsgate, but it hardly reaches par, when it is known to have emanated from the pen of a Christian minister.—The "Free Press" knows, or ought to know, that Mr. Smith, whilst offering himself as a candidate for the Mayoralty links himself with no party whatever, as he is well aware that the City is made up of men of all parties, and that man is best calculated to preside over it, who recognises no party, religious or political, but who is determined to do justice to all. That such will be the course of Mr. Smith, if elected, the evidence of his former experience of his impartiality, and unyielding integrity in the discharge of his duties as Chief Magistrate, is sufficiently conclusive and admirably satisfactory.

Some little political capital has been unmasked, but by Mr. Smith's opponents, from the fact of his having granted a number of liquor licenses lately in the close of his mayoralty. Assuming these licenses, (and some of them, we know, were granted by a former Mayor, who thought, that by being so indulgent to operatives, he would secure their votes,) we answer, in answer to the clamorous "Free Press" and its coadjutors, what would the City have been, had Mr. Smith refused to grant the licenses, have said nothing about the immorality of it, notwithstanding? Why, forsooth? The City would have lost a large item of revenue, whilst the traffic of rum would have been as extensive as ever, and without even the restraints which the terms of a license impose!

The candidates for the Mayorship are, well known to the community, and we sincerely hope that no narrow-minded considerations, not affecting their personal and official qualifications, will be permitted to raise a false issue, but that the man best entitled to public confidence, whether he drinks water at his dinner, or takes a glass of wine after it, (*and who was never seen to be the worse of it, during his whole life!*) will have a decided expression of that confidence manifested on the first Tuesday in May next.

THE MAYORALTY.—We hope the majority of the citizens of St. John will agree to let well enough alone. The Olive has yielded good oil and plenty of it. Who wishes to see a pro-rummy preaching over the corporate affairs of this city? Let such as one vote for either Mr. Smith or Mr. Gallagher—no great matter which. The *Times* informs us that the latter gentleman is the nominee of "the united Liberal and Roman Catholic party." We regard him as a nominee of the democratic rumocracy. Liberal, Tory, Protestant, Roman Catholic, or whatever they are, they will grind as any rogue. Smith, if possible,—otherwise, Gallagher,—any thing; only let *them* hold on. We deem it every nonsense to attempt to place the affair before the public, as if it were a question of party politics, or religious creeds. They have, we believe, nothing at all to do with it; it is peculiarly a rum or temperance question. Temperance men from their foolish want of cohesion, are often, and too justly compared to a rope of sand. We trust that this once, at any rate, they will hold together like the tried cattle of a ship of the largest size. May no contemptible party politics, or stupid sectarianism, pull them apart. Let them treat all bigots and political partisans who would divide and destroy them, to those good old words from our national anthem—

"Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;"

and be, "ONE AND ALL," their motto on the testing day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor—I have heretofore silently observed the malignant course of late pursued by the organ of Popery in this City. Nothing, I imagine, sir, can be more diabolical in its tendency than the infamous manner in which the renegade exile of the *Freeman* office abuses all those who dissent from his political vargaries or denounce the subtle errors of his creed. Not content with exposing any evils which may in reality exist, he labors to torture and twist, discolor and defame those acts which every impartial observer must consider *pro bono publico*. It is of trivial moment to him who the man is, or what his honorable antecedents, let that him but merely dissent from the *Freeman's* insidious monstrosities, and Anglin, and his ecclesiastical "*subs*," put the match to the magazine of vituperation, slander, defamation and abuse. Thus we have seen high and low, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, foully mis-stated, libelled and abused for the *crime* of having dissented from the palpable, mischievous, heinous dogmas of a degenerating *Roman Catholicity!* Or, if this has not been the "front of their offending," it is that they have dared deny the silly saws and maxims of Mr. Anglin's rotten, spurious *Liberalism!* For my own part, Sir, I know not which most deserves the reprobation of an enlightened age,—the dark, obscure, unscriptural teaching of the popish priesthood—or the pitiable and venomous dictates of this "out-and-out-Radicalism?" this low, obscene, degrading, *mock*-Liberality! I shall not pretend to defend the straight-forward, fair, undisguised, upright career of the Honorable Messrs. Gray and Wilmot from the still born attacks of the *Abuser-General* of the *Freeman*; their parliamentary course is far above the malignity and defamation of his powerless Organ, and while he continues to lavish industriously upon them the spleen of his indignation, honest men will appreciate their purity and acknowledge the senatorial honesty. But I cannot help make a few observations upon the Jesuit's wholesale calumniation of the ORANGE INSTITUTION. You will remember with what triculent bitterness, what deep-hearted animosity, this paid, fed and comforted minion of the papal Bishop, recently assailed the Orange Association. Without an iota of substantiation for his merciless libels,—without producing the *shadow of the shade* of historical data, he called them "cut throats," and a whole dictionary of such choice epithets. Well did he know, sir, that at the very moment which he was thus, without cause justice, or provocation, assailing the righteous institution of ORANGEMEN, history itself, impartial in its testimony, has evidence that ORANGEISM was one of the strongest and best bulwarks against the continual usurpations of the un-holy Roman See; so that from the hour when papacy first *creep in disguise* into Britain, just about the dawning of the advent of William the Conqueror, down to the sacred hour of the triumph at the BOYNE; yea, and subsequently down to the present day, no Society has accomplished so much towards the supreme building up of the holy protestant faith, and towards drying effectually the putrid streams of papal theology as—the LOYAL ORANGE ASSOCIATION! Yea more; well does that newspaper mountebank know, that page upon page of History is bleared and defaced by the record of blasphemous and bloody outrages perpetrated by *secret papist confederacies*, under the "*protecting wing*" of the Roman Catholic Church! *Does he dare me to the proof?*

LATE FROM ENGLAND.

New York, Saturday, April 8.

The "Europa" arrived at 4 o'clock this evening.

The Czar's reply had not been officially received, and Eastern affairs remain unchanged.

Wheat had declined 6d. on the week, and Flour 2s. Corn dull. Provisions active.

The Sarah Sands arrived at Liverpool on the 24th.

The steamer Cambria left Liverpool on the 26th for Kingstown, to ship more troops for the East.

From Omar Pacha's Camp on the Danube, nothing was received except accounts of continual skirmishes with the pickets at Kalafat.

An English and French Frigate have gone to destroy the Russian Stockade at the mouth of the Danube. This will probably be the commencement of hostilities.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

The *Monitor* gives the following as the reply of the Emperor of Russia to the recent letter of the Emperor Napoleon:

"Saint Petersburg, January 23 (Feb. 5)

SIRE—I cannot better reply to your Majesty, than by repeating, as they belong to me, the words with which your letter terminates, your relations seem to be primarily amicable, and should be treated upon this ground exclusively—the maintenance of mutual good faith, of peace, respect for treaties, and regard for humanity.

[illegible] I have [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]