St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

VOLUME XVIII. | SAINT JOHN, New-Brunswick, Friday, April 28, 1854. | Number 34.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building, at Market, L. S. Dock & Son, West side Prince William Street.

Printing and Business Cards, Circular 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 Benefit Company,

JONAS FAWCETT, Esquire, President.
J. V. LAWRANCE, Esquire, Vice President.
S. L. TILLEY, S. R. FOSTER, 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.

Provident Insurance Company,

TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
For Marine and Fire Risks.

ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:

LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
CHARLES MCLAUCHLAN, GEORGE THOMAS, THOMAS BEER, } Esquires.
R. N. L. WOODWARD, *Agent.*

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

CHARLES W. WELDON,

Attorney at Law & Notary Public,

OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ramsay, Murdoch & 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 20.

WM. SLEETH,

MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS, TABLETS AND *Architectural Ornaments,*

IN MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.

may 1 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DUDLEY'S Merchant's Exchange Hotel,

Post Office Building,

FATE STREET, BOSTON.

Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of John 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 JOSEPH A. RICHARDS, WILLIAM D. RICHARDS, Executors.

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

We have obtained the Prize!

KENNAY & SCHIBNER,

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 O. G. Piccolo,	35 0 0
Do. Elegant do.	40 0 0
Cottage,	45 0 0
Semi-Cabinet,	45 10 0
Full Cabinet,	50 0 0
Elegant, with French front, turn legs, and circular bottom,	55 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 Gas Fitter,

NEXT ADJOINING MESSRS. PARKER'S 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 HARDWARE.

JUST RECEIVED, a large assortment of the manufacture of the Vulcan Foundry, consisting of Patent Cylinder COOKING STOVES, PARLOR STOVES, Registers, GRATES, Close Stoves, STOVE PIPES, &c. &c., all of the most approved patterns, and of the best 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. Plans of the Cooking Stoves may be seen at the Foundry.

JOHN N. PETRIE.

April 22. North Market Wharf.

Layer Raisins, Geese Feathers.

JUST Received, LAYER RAISINS;
A few Barrels Spitzenburg APPLES;
Some fine quality Geese FEATHERS (from the Country);
Bales COTTON WICKING. For sale by JOHN KINNEAR.

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

BRASS FINISHING.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a Shop in Mill-street, where he will be prepared to do all kinds of Brass Finishing, Gilding, Silvering, Japanning, and Gas Fitting, that may be required, at the lowest possible rates.

N. B.—All kinds of BRASS CASTINGS, such as are usually required for Ships' Cabin Doors, &c., will be kept on hand.

JAMES WARD.

Spring-street Brass Foundry, opposite the Roman Cath. Chapel.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

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

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Incorporated A. D. 1836.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000 STERLING.

Unlimited liability of the Stockholders of the Company.

Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000.

Invested in Government Securities,	£197,197 10 0
Accumulated Funds,	346,972 4 9
	£544,169 14 9

TRUSTEES:

Sir Thomas Bernard Byron, Bart., M. P.
Adam Hodgson, Esq., S. R. Thompson, Esq.

DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL:

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T. Brocklebank, Esq., } Deputy Chairmen.
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George Holt,	"	John Swainson,	"
Geo. H. Lawrence,	"	Jas. Aspinal Tobin,	"

SWINTON BOULT, 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 this 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.

Trulers, 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—1 tons Brandram's No 1, WHITE LEAD and Coloured PAINTS;
2 Cases London Body COPAL VARNISH;
1 Case Gold Leaf; 4 Cases No. 1, Starch;
1 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 18x12 and 16x20, 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, extemporize, or accommodate in every possible way that may be required by customers.

He will also order any sizes, if he may require, Rough and Polished PLATE GLASS;—and has now for sale, on hand, six panes Polished PLATE, 24x36; six panes ditto, 28x39; six panes ditto, 34x40; six panes ditto, 36x44—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 Lacets, Misses, and Children's Cloth Prunnella Lace Cashmere 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," "Liverpool," and steamer "America," from Liverpool, Eastern City, and Admiral, from Boston, a large and varied assortment of British CLOTHS—consisting of Beaver, Pilot, Reversys, 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 Duffield COATS, from 20s. upwards;
300 Reading Satinetts, Pilot, and Beaver, double lined from 15s. upwards;
200 Shooting COATS—every shade and texture;
1500 Vests—Silk, Satin, Velvet, Cashmere, Bareges, Valentia and White Marcelles.

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 Knoxths 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 Reversible, ditto;

N. B. Gents. selecting their Clothing 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,	£40	0	0	per annum.
Weekly,	0	17	6	
Daily,	0	3	0	
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 *wee* drop of the Crathur,) 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; 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.

The "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, *Tweeds*, BLANKETS, Corves *Hose, Caps & Thimbles*, 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.

FOR SALE.

100 COILS of best Patent CORDAGE, from 4 inch down;
500 Bolts of best Bleached Gourock CANVAS,
1000 lbs. of best Patent Sail TWINE;
25 Coils of best Patent Bolt ROPE, from 8 inch down.—*All of English Manufacture.*

Also, Just received per Joseph Turrett.—Captain Pritchard—100 Bolts of Best Gourock CANVAS.

JOHN ROOP.

Poetry.

MEN OF ACTION, CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought, be up and stirring
Night and day;
So the seed, with draw the curtain,
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As you may:

There is a fount about to stream,
There is a light about to beam,
There is a warmth about to glow,
There is a flower about to blow,
There is a midnight of darkness
Changing into day;
Men of thought, and men of action
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And, our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay!
Lo! the right's about to conquer;
Clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way.

Miscellaneous.

AGNES LEE;

OR THE SHIP-WRECKED.

CHAPTER V.

It was toward the close of the second winter, after I had parted with him at the Hermitage, I was no longer a ballet-dancer. With the departure of him I loved, came a full conviction that hereafter I had no private life to make rich, that I must give all to the world; and I commenced to sing, and was now *prima donna* of her Majesty's Theatre.

It was almost the last night of the season; I had gone to the green-room with a heavy weight upon my heart, but I had shook it off, and perhaps sung even better than usual. At last the audience dispersed, and going down by the private entrance I stepped into my carriage, but seeing the outline of a manly form upon the seat, I was about to spring back and summon my servants to my assistance, when a voice I had heard in the dreams of many a night, whispered, "Agnes!" I called "Home!" to the driver and sat down. As the carriage turned, the gas-light flashed full in my companion's face. I could scarcely restrain a shriek of surprise. Horace Mann had changed so, I could scarcely recognize him.

"You are surprised, Agnes," he said gently, "at the work trouble has done. Never mind, I shall only be at rest the sooner. I don't know what made me come to seek you, Agnes, this night, of all others. I am to be married to-morrow. I came home, and found that Clara had suffered terribly. She did not know that I had ever loved another; but my long continued attentions to her had won her heart, and upon my desertion the whole joy and hope of her life seemed to pass away. My heart smote me, when I looked upon her pale face, and I resolved to make what separation I could, by giving her my hand, and what of life remains."

He paused, but I felt that my voice was full of tears—I said nothing, and continued, "Agnes, I know your strength of love, but your frame is strong, too; perhaps, you will suffer more than I, but you will live longer. I want you to promise me something, will you; I will send for you when I am dying, and I want you to come. Will you come, Agnes, wherever you are? Will you promise me to come?" And putting my hand in his, I answered, "I will come!" and, it was to both our souls as if an oath had been spoken.

Reader, I saw Horace Mann once more. Three years had passed, and I was rich. I had left the stage, and was residing on my own estate, a lovely villa in the south of France. I was scarcely more than twenty, and still beautiful, though trouble had wrought many a thread of silver in my jetty hair. I think my taste must have been tropical; you might have fancied my *boudoir* the abode of a Sultana. A fountain of perfumed waters danced and sparkled in its marble basin in the centre. A glass door opened into a small but choice conservatory, where grew the Indian aloe, with its broad green leaves; and gay tropical birds plumed their wings on the whispering boughs of the Eastern palm. Tiny, graceful, little streams, flowed amid thick mossy grass, and beneath the Eastern trees, half hidden in the foliage, stood groups of marble statuary, that you might have dreamed were Fauns and Hamadryks, the guardian spirits of the scene. Around the walls of my favorite room I had hung a few pictures, small but choice; they were mostly woodland landscapes, with here and there one of Claude Lorraine's Italian sunsets, or a head by Perugino. On the other floor were rich, heavy nettings from the far-famed looms of the Indies, and lounges and cushions of Genoa velvet, in crimson and purple were scattered around. On one of these I lay reading, and listlessly winding around my fingers my unbound hair, when my favorite waiting maid, entering the apartment handed me a letter. I recognized the hand, and my fingers trembled as I broke the seal, it was long and closely written, but I will copy it all here. It ran thus:

"Agnes, my soul's own Agnes:

"Many months have passed since last we met.—Summer and winters have been braided into years, and still on my heart is your name written; not one hieroglyphic that you traced has been obliterated. Heart and soul, I am what I always have been, yours. I married Clara the next day, and I love her very much. Can you reconcile this with what I have just told you? I am yours, as I said; you, even Agnes, are more to me than all all the rest of the earth, but it is something to feel that we can make another human being entirely happy.

"I told you Clara was sorrow-struck, and drooping. Well, after our marriage, she brightened up in my presence, as a wood-flower, beaten down by the wind and rain, but yet not crushed, revives in the calm glow of the sunshine. Soon she regained her health, and I believe she grew dear to me as my own sister. My own health was failing even then, and for many weeks I was prostrated by a low nervous fever. During all that time, she was so devoted in her attention, so patient in her tireless vigils, you would have thought her some angel sent from Heaven to guard me. And yet, Agnes, through it all, grateful as my heart was to her, it never beat with a single throb that was not faithful to you. I loved you, you only, you always.

"For a time after my fever, I seemed to be recovering, but the cold weather brought increasing debility, and I was ordered to Italy. Of course Clara was my companion. I don't know why I was, but even these genial skies could do little for a malady which was not of the flesh; and yet more and more I grew in love with Italy. I used to sit and dream for hours on the banks of the silvery Arno, trying to people the fair land with its old time duties; but, somehow, every sylph used to wear your face. I wonder if it was sin thus to worship you? I could not help it, and I believe God has forgiven me. And this brings me to something I must tell you; it took place last summer. I had been very ill, and just able to go out of doors. I sat alone, (for I had sent Clara away from me,) feeling miserable and despondent. I thought of you, and oh! Agnes, I cannot tell how my soul longed and pined for you. I knew it would be sin to see you then, but I remembered your promise to come to me at my dying hour; wickedly, madly, I knelt down before God, and my heart uttered a wail—a cry, a wild, mad, earnest prayer for death! I *longed* for it, Agnes, for I felt that thus only could I gaze again on my heart's treasure; and yet, when I had uttered the words, I was frightened at their terrible meaning, and I grew still and held my breath. I am not superstitious, Agnes, I am a Protestant, and do not believe in miracles and visions; but I know I heard a voice then, and it was no human voice; it said—

"*Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest.*"

"There was a struggle in my soul, and then once again I prayed, and this time the words of my prayer were "*Thy will be done!*" And then unto my soul there came a holy peace and calm.'

"Since then, I have longed for you, Agnes, as I sat under the orange trees; but it has not been that I might fold you in the arms of earthly love; oh no! for I knew that I was a dying man, but that I might take your little hand in mine, and point you to that other Land, where nevermore will the white day wrap her robe about her, and go mournfully down the sunset slopes, trembling to her death. You must meet me *there*, Agnes, where there is no need of the sun by day, or the moon by night.

"Agnes, it is weeks since I wrote the above. I was at Genoa then; you will see by the post-mark I am at Florence now. I have a mission for you, my Agnes; come quickly, and you will find me here. I was taken very ill at Genoa, but I travelled here by easy stages, and now I am writing, propped up by pillows, to summon you to my dying bed. Do not start Agnes, or sigh, or weep, *I am a happy man.* I am going home, where there will be no more sickness nor sorrow—home to a friend, whom I know; a Redeemer whom I trust. You must meet me, Agnes, I shall wait for you, and you must come. But you will see me here first, you will come to me immediately, for you have vowed to stand by my dying bed: My soul will wait for you; I shall not die till you are here.—Come then quickly, for I am in haste to begone.

"I said I had a mission for you. I give Clara to your care. She was an orphan when I married her, and she has no one left to care for her. She is a good, gentle little being, but not a strong woman like you. You can guide her, you can care for her, for I know you have left the stage. You will promise me to stay with her as long as she shall need your care. She knows but little of our past—nothing, save that you are dear to me, and I have sent for you. God in heaven bless you, Agnes, not of my claiming, but of my loving, come quickly!

"HORACE MANN."

"Two days more, and I stepped from my travelling carriage, at the door of a beautiful Italian villa. It was an earthly paradise, I saw, in the faint glimpse as I hurried up the steps. An English housekeeper met me at the door.

"'You have been expected, ma'am,' she remarked, 'my master is just alive!'

"And there, in that pleasantly furnished room in the Italian villa, I saw Horace Mann once more, and for the last time. He was handsomer than ever, but his face wore the beauty of an angel.—His large eyes were unearthly in their brightness, and on his forehead sat a radiance as of Heavenly glory.

"His whole face kindled as he saw me, and a smile of welcome played around his lips. He stretched forth his hand;

"'You are in time, Agnes,' he said: 'I knew you would be—I am waiting for you. Will you care for *her*?' and with his thin finger he pointed to Clara, who was kneeling in a stupor of grief, at the bed's foot.

"'I'll, Horace,' I answered, with faltering voice and filling eyes 'as long as she has need of me!'

"'God bless you, darling,' he whispered tenderly, and then he closed his eyes as if in prayer. 'Agnes,' he said once more, 'you will find in that little desk, what I have means for you. You must look for it when I am gone, and use it often.—You will come, Agnes, I know it. He giveth His beloved sleep. Think of that, and be comforted, when I am lying low. Sit down now, Agnes, and take my hand in yours, and sing some grand old hymn. Good-bye, darling!'

"I took his hand in mine, and I sat beside him. I strained my nerves and my voice, choking back the tears, and I sang that grand old hymn, 'Shower, while the dust to rest.' Before I had finished the hand I had held in mine grew cold, the dark eyes closed—Horace Mann was dead!

"We buried him there in sunny Italy—we placed a white stone at his head, and on that stone was engraved—

"'HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.'

"The gift he had left me was the packet I have which had been his constant companion. At first I prized it for his sake—then it became a dearer for its own—for it has guided my footsteps to the path which will one day take me home to Agnes and him!

I watched over Clara for his sake, until the throbbings of her grief grew still; and then, still young and beautiful, she went forth to gladden another heart, and home; and standing now, among her husband and her children, I know not whether her lips murmur, at nightfall, the name of the dead.

I am old now, but my life is calm and happy. I am looking forward to that day, not very far off when I shall stand by Horace's side in Heaven, and putting my hand in his, whisper—Here am I my beloved—I have been thine only, through all.

From a Late English Paper.

DEPARTURE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

PORTSMOUTH, SATURDAY NIGHT.—On of the most brilliant and imposing spectacles that it has fallen to the lot of many of the present generation to witness—the departure of a powerful fleet on active service—took place this day, at Portsmouth in the presence of her Majesty, his Royal Highness the Prince Albert, the younger members of the royal family, and many hundreds of thousands of her loyal and dutiful subjects. We know of no sight which can more powerfully impress us with the great naval strength and enormous maritime resources of this country than that of this formidable array of line-of-battle ships, which have sprung, as it were, on the instant into existence, and which are as effective in armament and strength as, we doubt not, they will prove creditable to the country whose honour and interest and interest they are about to assert. For the last few days Portsmouth has resembled a town in a state of seige. Every railway train, every steamer, and every vehicle that has arrived has made some addition to her overflowing population, and those who on Friday night despondingly paraded the streets of Portsmouth and Porsea, seeking where to hide their heads, and glad to put up with second and third rate accomodation, at something much beyond first-rate charges unanimously resolved that Portsmouth was as full as it could hold, and that all who followed would have to camp out in the fields. Nevertheless, the influx of Thursday and Friday was nothing compared with the vast numbers who poured in this morning. The South Western Railway announced excursion trains at a moderate price, and made such arrangements as they believed calculated to meet the pressure of. The public, however, poured in literally in hundreds as early as six o'clock in the morning, and the first train was obliged to be broken up in two or three separate trains, each conveying some thousands. As each carriage was drawn up to the platform, it was assailed by excited hundreds, and many torn garments, and some personal conflicts, marked the eagerness of the public to see the fleet at Spithead. The Brighton Railway also announced special trains, but from some refined stroke of policy fixed the prices at three times the price of the South Western, and consequently were not inconveniently crowded. At the Portsmouth terminus the scene was, if possible, still more exciting. Long lines of omnibuses, flys, cabriolets, and other vehicles were drawn up and taken possession of the moment the trains arrived; those who could not find places hung on behind or in front, anyhow, while the more energetic, in their heavy oak water repellants and over coats, toiled manfully under a broiling sun and clouds of dust, to the pier head. Here there was a scene of still further confusion and excitement. The steamers and sailing vessels as fast as they were filled moved off, and there were no persons in attendance to give any information to the irritated and anxious holders of blue, white or yellow tickets for the various steam-packet companies, who had undertaken to convey the holders. Some hundreds who had paid 10s. 15s. and 20s. for their tickets never had even a chance of getting on board, the supply of tickets so far exceeding the capabilities of the vessels that even the captains, indifferent as they generally are to overloading, hesitated about taking any more on board. It was decidedly a great day for England in general, but for Portsmouth boatmen in particular and we do not hesitate to say that a sum that would have purchased the boat outright was in many instances demanded and paid when all other means of getting out to the fleet failed. It is needless to say that Portsmouth was in high feather at the vast addition to its available resources, and the streets were from an early hour thronged with visitors and naval and military men; band music paraded, troops marched past, flags and banners waved from almost every window, boats were momentarily putting off to the fleet, convey men or stores, and if the Russian fleet were in the Chops of the Channel the great naval armament of England could not have exhibited more animation or enthusiasm.

As early as ten o'clock the Corporation assembled in the Guildhall, for the purpose of presenting an address to Sir Chas. Napier. The Mayor, J. Stignant, Esq., and the members of the Corporation, assembled in their official robes.

Some time before the arrival of Sir Charles, the Guildhall was densely crowded with spectators, among whom were several ladies, while hundreds—indeed thousands, assembled around the approaches of the hall.

A little variation in the proceedings was found necessary, to her Majesty intimating her intention of proceeding, at 12 o'clock to the fleet at Spithead, which of course, necessitated the presence of Sir Charles on board his flag ship. Sir James Graham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, however, went over to Osborne to beg of her Majesty to postpone her visit, to allow the Corporation to pay the contemplated mark of respect to the gallant admiral previously to his sailing, which she most graciously consented to do.

At a quarter-past ten Sir Charles arrived at the hall, accompanied by several friends, among whom were some ladies.

Sir Charles Napier having taken his seat on the bench, the Mayor, addressing him, said—It becomes my duty as Mayor of this ancient borough to announce to you, Sir Charles, that the council, at a special meeting yesterday, determined to present to you an address on your embarkation from this port on the important service to which you have been ordered by your Sovereign, to lead our fleet to, we hope, victory, and to results that may we pray to God have such an effect on the mind of the Sovereign who has plunged Europe into war as shall induce him to forego the unjust claims he has set up, and to allow the world again the blessings of peace and quiet. (Hear, hear.) Should you, Sir Charles, by the operations which you are now to direct, produce results such as these, then indeed the country will regard you as one of its greatest men and benefactors. We pray that you may be enabled to achieve these great objects.

The Town Clerk then read the address to the gallant Admiral.

Sir Charles Napier, who seemed much moved by the terms of the address, and the cheering with which it and himself were received, said:—I thank you, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, for the terms in which you have addressed me and when I tell you I had only twenty-four hours to prepare to go afloat, you will not be surprised at my not being able to address you at any length. I must be up to sea, and cannot, therefore, address you at any length, but I beg to thank you most sincerely for the address you have presented to me. Perhaps it is not usual for a man going abroad to receive such an address, but I can only say that I will do the best I can to prevent the British flag from being tarnished. I know much is expected from this fleet, and I think it will be able to do something, but gentlemen must not expect too much from it. It is well equipped and efficient; but it is newly formed, and such changes have taken place in nautical matters that it is impossible to say how much or how little may be achieved. The system of warfare is entirely new, and the introduction of steam also materially alters the tactics of war. I can, however, assure you that I will—