

abruptly, opened the door (which Grimp on their first entrance had neglected to fasten,) and hastily left the hut. Alice stood a moment longer looking at the form who a minute or two ago was so proud in his strength, but was now prostrate uttering low groans, when she was aroused by the sound of Grimp's approaching footsteps to a sense of her own danger, and she also fled by the only passage of ingress or egress. As for Grimp, he heard an unusual noise, but as he supposed it was the Captain struggling to overcome his victim he did not think proper to interfere. At length an audible groan reached him, and exclaiming, "Who, domned if that beant the Cap'n! Well, blast me but I'd laugh if that girl would gie 'un summit to make 'un groan—a whizzled-faced frog-eating puppy, to come over here to court our Hinglish girls! whoy, blame me but t' would sarve 'un right!" As he muttered thus he opened the door leading from the stable, and there sure enough was the gallant Captain lying prostrate, and the bird had flown! But Grimp did not laugh—no, no; he never laughed at anything likely to bring himself into a scrape, and he knew not what construction the other members of the gang would put upon the adventure, nor how far they would give credence to his improbable story. He then examined the wound, and having some knowledge of phlebotomy (acquired by a practice among animals, however, not among men,) he concluded that from the wound having bled so freely there was no hemorrhage. He then staunched the wound, and having given the Captain a drink of cordial—which he always carried with him for fear of accidents—he revived so far as to give positive orders to be conveyed to Grimp's Turf cottage. It was not easy to effect this, alone, so he mounted one of the horses and rode in haste to a farm house about a half a mile distant, and soon returned with the farmer (the person who owned the hut, and an accomplice) and a litter, upon which they placed the Captain and proceeded to execute his orders.

Alice Bland having made her escape, and being very well acquainted with the localities of the country, proceeded immediately to Bovey Tracey, not more than three or four miles distant, where she lost no time in corresponding with Lucy and informing of her safety, as well as of her miraculous escape.

The unfortunate Mary, after having stabbed her betrayer, wandered she knew not whither, but in a state of hopeless phrenzy. At one time she would run as if in pursuit of some one, and make stabs at it with the knife, which she still held in her hand, cursing the while the imaginary fugitive with having been her ruin and the murderer of her poor mother—for strangely enough, in all her imaginings she never for an instant forgot her parent. Then she would stop and burst into tears, exclaiming that she had murdered her dear captain. As she proceeded thus she unconsciously took the way towards Moretonhampstead, and about an hour before dawn she crossed the path of a party of men walking rapidly in another direction, with a hurdle among them, on which lay either a dead body or a wounded man. But this but gave fresh energy to her wrath, as she approached them brandishing her weapon, and shouting in an exulting manner "aye, take care of him, a precious French dog! carry home his carcase, and tell his mother I killed him, in revenge, because he caused the death of my poor mother!—I'd stab a hundred of them rather than they should reduce that nice little red-cheeked girl to my level!"

The being who lay listless upon the hurdle here uttered a groan, as he said "She speaks of Alice! who dared—stab her I wonder?"

"Nonsense Bill; lie still," said one of his attendants, "what does that wild-looking thing know about Alice?"

Two men were walking at some distance in rear of the others, and one of them muttered in a low voice "I'm blessed but the girl's crazy! and look at that knife in her hand—she has either done mischief or intends to do it soon—I think a little medicine would do her no harm!" And stepping up quickly towards her he lifted a huge club and struck her violently on the head, which felled her senseless to the earth.

An occurrence so barbarous, and apparently so wanton, arrested the attention even of the hardened crew who witnessed it, and as if by common consent the procession stopped, while one of them exclaimed "by G—d that's cruelly done!" "And cowardly!" said another, "aye," said a third, "and so long as the like o' that is tolerated we shall have no luck!" But the merciless villain was also a cunning villain, and soon changed the current of their thoughts by saying "Fools! did you think she was mad!—just as much as I am! she only wanted to pass clear by feigning madness, and maybe she would have sent a party in pursuit of us as soon as she reached Moreton!—I've stopped that I reckon!" The blow the ruffian gave her had indeed nearly done its work, for early in the morning a respectable farmer, on whose grounds the occurrence had taken place, found her where she had been felled, still in a state of insensibility; on his return to his dwelling he sent two of his servants to convey her to his house. Now this good man's better half was a thrifty housewife, but, in modern phrase, her bump of acquisition was largely developed, and she did not relish any of her husband's benevolent notions; so she no sooner became aware of his orders than she

uttered with a "Hey day! what next! it was but yesterday a woman was taken ill just at our door—on purpose no knowing what sort of a fool she had to deal with—and in being horsewhipped off or taken to the work'us, here yet, and a doctor coming all the way from Moreton this to attend her! when here have I been troubled with the she these six weeks past, and did not dare afford myself a pills!—And now belike another is to be brought home! I'll bet a guinea she's a daughter, or sister, or some relation. These creeturs know well enough how to manage it!"—To arrange the farmer merely replied that it was a fortunate circumstance that the doctor was coming. Before the angry dame could give vent to the fierce rejoinder which was rising to her lips, a tap at the door announced the presence of the medi-

cal man, whom the farmer immediately admitted, and conducted to the bedside of the mendicant. She was a woman not exceeding fifty years old, meanly clad, with a frame that seemed weighed down by grief and misfortunes. To the enquiries of her kind host her only reply was that she had been travelling a long journey, without having accomplished the object for which she set out, and was returning to her home anxious to die there, but was so worn out by fatigue and want that she found it impossible to proceed further.

In the mean time the men dispatched for Mary found her still senseless, but attempting to wrest the knife from her hand previous to conveying her to the house, it aroused her from her stupor. At first she gazed wildly about until her sight fell upon the knife, when the truth was immediately recalled to her mind: and with a consciousness of the truth came remorse for the deed. "Oh God!" she exclaimed, "I have murdered him!—He whom I loved above all others! and for what?—what right had I to kill him? Oh! cruel but dear Captain, I will not tarry behind there!" And while the clowns were gazing upon each other with wonder, she struck the knife into her bosom. They immediately wrested the weapon from her grasp, and as quick as possible bore her bleeding to the house; where the doctor was called from the bedside of his other patient to attend her. The news thus reached the elderly mendicant, who requested to be borne to the suicide's room. The farmer and doctor being engaged, the hostess gave orders for her request to be complied with, saying "aye, aye; it is quite natural, for I'll be bound they are related!"—The wounded girl was laid on a bed, where the doctor was examining the nature and extent of the wound, when the mendicant was brought in, but she no sooner gazed in her face than she sprang out of the hands of those who carried her, and threw herself upon Mary's breast, saying "Oh, my poor lost daughter! I have travelled far in search of thee, but alas! to find thee thus!"

"Ha!" said the farmer's wife, triumphantly, "did I not say that they were related?"

The doctor turned upon her an annihilating glance, and then shouted "help, here, help! separate them, or the interview may be fatal to them both." It was some time before this order could be executed, so tightly were they locked in each other's arms, but when they lifted the mendicant off the bed they found life extinct—she had forgotten her own woes, and died through the poignancy of her grief for the woes of her daughter!—Such is a mother's love.

[END OF THE TENTH CHAPTER.]

## COLONIAL.

**BOAT RACE BETWEEN THE HALIGONIANS AND THE "CARLETON BOYS."**—CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!—Our readers are aware no doubt, that a Boat-race, between the Haligonians and the Carleton Boys, is about to take place at Halifax, in the latter part of August, but they are not acquainted with the fact that a subscription list was actually made out on Friday evening last, when, in the course of half an hour, no less than \$300 were subscribed, in Carleton. This list was got up in consequence of a challenge sent by the Halifax Regatta Club to the "Carleton Boys," which stated that they would run them for any amount. The sum wanted is \$800 or \$1000, which, from the spirited character of our citizens, we expect is raised before this. Our respected townsman, Mr. Whitney, has, we understand, liberally offered the "Carleton Boys" the free use of his steamer to transport them and their boats to Halifax. From the high opinion we hold of the Carletonians in aquatic sports, we expect that the Haligonians will find to their cost that they are not to be "stumped" for nothing.—*St. John Herald.*

**RAISED FROM THE RANKS.**—We observe the appointment of Sergeant Major Fuller, of the 52nd regiment, to an ensigncy in that corps. Ensign Fuller's commission is dated 25th June, 1844. This tribute cannot fail to be highly gratifying to his comrades and certainly not less so to his numerous friends in this city and the adjoining Province, in both of which he has served many years with equal honor to himself and the noble regiment of which he may justly be considered an ornament.—*Halifax Morning Post.*

**ACCIDENTS.**—Mr. David White, a student of Medicine with Dr. James Douglas, of this city, was drowned in the River Montmorency, near the place called *les Trois Chutes*, where he went with a fishing party on Saturday last. He was a youth of great promise, and his melancholy fate is a severe affliction to his family and friends.

The same day, a farmer at Pointe Levy went into the woods and hanged himself by a rope to the branch of a tree. He is represented as having been distressed in mind by misfortune and the long illness of his wife. His name is given as Francois Charest.

The same morning, a female child of Mr. Corriveau's, bather, in Buade Street, aged 25 months, fell from a window in the third story, and was severely hurt, but there are hopes of her recovery.—*Quebec Gazette, July 17.*

The Montreal papers contain accounts of great injury done by the thunder storm of Sunday last. In this neighbourhood the damage has not been great. The weather since Monday has continued favourable to vegetation.—*Id.*

**ACCIDENT.**—We are sorry to learn that the High Sheriff was thrown from his horse a few days since and has his right arm fractured below his elbow.—*St. Stephen's Courier.*

A severe gale was experienced at Buenos Ayres, May 10, during which 10 or 12 vessels went ashore, including the British war steamer Gorgon.

**NOBLE REVENGE!!!**—We had a few very handsome Orange Lilies in front of our dwelling, which flowers gave offence to some of our liberal minded tolerant friends! they came in the dead of night and destroyed them. How exceedingly courageous! how valiant, to pull down and destroy a flower, formed and nourished by nature's God. But we suppose it was all done out of pure love for the plant; this being the case, the tolerating gents! who have proved themselves so very valiant, can by calling upon us, obtain a few roots.

**N. B.**—We understand that one of the promises made by the friends of the ex-Executive Councillors is that they will introduce a Bill, prohibiting the growth of the Orange Lily, in Canada, on the grounds that they are offensive to a portion of the community, and that they will so amend the Customs Bill, as to prohibit the introduction of Oranges, into Canada, in any other than in their green state.—*Belleville Intelligencer.*

We understand that the Coroner held an inquest upon the body of John Cowley who was murdered at Beauharnois by a Canaller named Patrick Dalton, and issued his warrant for Dalton's apprehension, but the Canallers are now-a-days rulers, as well as electors, of every district in which they are at work, the warrant has hitherto proved waste paper, and is most likely to remain so. Dalton is said to have gone off to the United States. He was Cowley's brother-in-law. Cowley was a very quiet inoffensive man. Murder and every other violent crime seem to be committed by these miscreants without being looked upon as wrong. No wonder that their lawless inhumanities should have brought them into general hatred on the lines of public works in the United States. Is Canada to be made another Tipperary? Or Montreal a Philadelphia.—*Montreal Herald.*

**REPEAL.**—The Liverpool correspondent of the Boston Atlas, under date of the 19th ult. writes—It is stated that Sir Robert Peel has it in serious contemplation to bring a bill before Parliament, which will have for its object the entire suppression of the Repeal Association in Ireland, with a penalty of transportation for attempting the dissolution of the United Kingdom. This subject is also referred to by some of the Irish papers.

**DROWNED.**—At Lower Falls, St. George, on Saturday last by falling from a log in the river, Mr. BERRY MILLIKIN son of the late Capt. D. Millikin, aged 19. He was a young man much respected and esteemed by all who knew him, and gave promise of being a useful member of Society.—*St. Andrews Standard.*

The Minerve says that Messrs. Baldwin, Quesnel and Lafontaine have gone to Terrebonne on Monday on a visit to L. M. Viger, Esq. The same paper adds that Mr. Caron, Mayor of Quebec, and Mr. Borroughs, Prothonotary of that city, are now in Montreal: the latter gentleman having come to protest against a contemplated project of quartering Mr. Brehaut on himself and his present colleague as a third Prothonotary. Bad times these; even office holders will not be left to fatten on the loaves and fishes in peace and quietness.—*Kingston Statesman.*

The weather is now very fine and warm, and the aspect of the country most luxuriant. Sown grasses and clover will be very heavy crops, and peas and potatoes promise well. The wheats are very vigorous; those early sown are suffering greatly from the fly, but the late sown are expected to escape.—*Montreal Gazette, July 15.*

**TO MAKE IRISH STEW.**—Take several 'traversers,' the more the better if your hash is to go far. Shut them up in a close place with eight Irish barristers. Those with the loudest voices and longest winds are the best. Then take a bunch of Judges, with an infusion of strong political opinions. Throw in some personal spite, which gives piquancy to the dish. Lard your barristers with postea, writs of error, motions in arrest of judgement, and any other condiments to your liking, and shake all well together. You will then have an Irish stew which will go a great way, and is very easily made.—*London Punch.*

**QUESTIONS PUT BY CHINESE DIGNITARIES.**—They only asked some geographical question e. g., whether America has ever been in England, or if a man could walk from London to America in a week? If London was as large as America? How large London was? and what foreign possessions the English had? They asked if Sir H. Pottinger was a white man or a black gentleman?—*Mr. Culley's Journal.*

## Married.

At Queensbury, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. J. W. Disbrow, Mr. George D. Brown, to Miss Esther Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Isaiah Parent.

At St. John on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Samuel Robinson, Mr. James Millar, to Miss Mary Harvey, all of that city.

At Grand Lake, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. A. Wood, Mr. John McLean, of Nashwalk, to Miss Mary Ann Lamont, of Musquash Island.

On the 11th inst. at the residence of Mr. Samuel Knight, Grand Lake, by the Rev. A. Wood, after having baptized ten of his sons and daughters (including the bride) and two of his grand children Mr. Charles Henry Wood to Miss Esther Knight.

On the 13th, by the same, Mr. William Farnce, to Miss Amelia O'Connell, late of Ireland.

## Died.

At St. John on Monday afternoon, 15th inst., at the residence of Mr. David Waterbery, in this City, Thomas Frenholm, Esq., of Point de Bute, Westmorland County, Merchant, in the 56th year of his age, leaving a wife and seven children, with numerous relatives and friends to lament their loss. His remains have been taken to Westmorland County, the place of his nativity, for interment.