St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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

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☞ George W. White, is an authorized Agent for the *Chronicle* at Young's Cove, Grand Lake.

☞ V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, *is the only authorized Agent* for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the rate as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His Offices are—Boston, Scollay's Building; New York, Tribune Buildings; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets.

Mutual Insurance Company.

Joseph Fairweather, Esquire, President.
S. W. Lawrence, Esquire, } *Directors.*
S. L. Tilley, } *Directors.*
J. M. Robertson, Esquire. *Solicitor.*
Isaac Woodward, Esquire, *Secretary.*

Application for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary, Wigging' Brick Building, Princess-street.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Post Office Building, State Street, Boston,
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

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

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
SIGN ADJOINING MERRITT'S BRICK BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot & Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIP'S 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.

SPRING IMPORTATION.—*Assorted Crates.*—250 assorted Crates EARTHENWARE, selected and packed suitable for country trade, and guaranteed free from Breakage—offered very low for Cash, by
April 26 FRANCIS CLEMENTSON, Dock-street.

WASHING POWDERS.—Received per Packet Liberia, and sold at one sixth the usual price, by
April 14. FELLOWS & CO.

English Wrought Nails,
By the John Barbour, &c., for sale
152 KEGS, consisting of Four, Six, Eight Ten and Twenty-penny Rose and Clasp Head;
Of Five and Six-penny Os,
Nine and Ten-penny Horse,
One and 3-4 to 2 1-2 inch Boat Nails,
Sheathing Nails,
Four and a half inch Spikes.
March 9. JOHN KINNEAR.

JUST RECEIVED and For Sale—15 doz. Cane and Wood Seat CHAIRS.
GEORGE NIXON,
April 27. Prince Wm.-street.

LAND FOR SALE.
500 ACRES of Land for Sale, 200 Acres of which are reclaimed, and under cultivation, situate on the South side of DIAMOND RIVER, parish of Hampton, the property of JOHN CAMPBELL. There are two Good Dwelling Houses on the Lot, as also three Barns, two of which are 26 by 36 feet, and the other 24 by 34, with under Stables.
The above Property will be Sold in the whole, or in Lots, to suit purchasers.
Application to be made to John Campbell, Hampton Parish, King's County; or to Mr. Whetmore, Solicitor, or Mr. Hubbard, Auctioneer, St. John.
March 30th, 1855.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE—400 lbs. of Extra Goose FEATHERS; 500 do.; Russian do.;
3 new and handsome Patterns of Cloth Paper HANGINGS.
April 13. GEORGE NIXON.

More Window Glass and Paper HANGINGS.
Just received from New-York:
148 BOXES German large sized GLASS, from 12x20 to 36x50 single thick;
20 Boxes Double thick Glass, for shop windows, sizes from 16x24 to 31x42;
5000 rolls of new patterns of PAPER HANGINGS, all prices.
Parties wanting large Glass, not on hand, I will order it at the shortest notice from New York, and cut it to fit the sash. GEORGE NIXON,
April 13, 1855. Prince Wm. street

FASHIONS—Spring 1855.—Now opening, ex *Greenland*, the new Spring Style of French Satin HATS. For Sale by,
March 23. LOCKHART & CO.

WROUGHT NAILS.—Just arrived by the Ship John Barbour—64 Packages, consisting of 6ds., 8dy., 10dy., and 20dy. Board NAILS; Fourpenny, 8dy., and 6dy. Ox NAILS; Sixpenny and 10dy. Horse NAILS. For Sale by
JOHN KINNEAR,
January 5. Prince Wm.-street.

JOHN KINNEAR,—Prince Wm. Street,—Is receiving, last landing, and for Sale—50 Kegs Cut NAILS; 5 Bales Taper CORKS; 5 Barrels Crushed SUGAR; 3 Barrels FLUID & 3 Tierces RICE; 18 Boxes assorted CHAIRS.
March 23.

Paris Gloves.
OPENED this day, ex Steamer Africa, direct from Paris:
Dent's Black French Kid GLOVES;
"Colored " " " "
Ladies' " " " "
☞ Warranted the best made.
Great best India Rubber BRACES.
Girls' Panic Straw HATS. For sale retail only.
LOCKHART & CO
May 4. King-street

NEW GOODS for Fall Trade.
COMMERCE HOUSE,
KING STREET.
OCTOBER 6TH, 1854.
HORSFALL & SHERATON
Have received per Steamers "CANADA" and "NIAGARA," and Packet Ships David G. Floyd, "John Bentley," "John Bonnerman," and "Joseph Parrott";
A Full Package of Seasonable and Fresh Goods,
Being a part of their extensive purchases for the Fall Business; and comprising a good assortment of every description of
WOOLLENS, LINENS, COTTONS,
SILKS, Furs, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, and SMALL WARES of every description, which are offered to Wholesale Buyers at the lowest rates, and most favourable terms.

HOUSE FURNISHING.
NEW STYLES.—Oct. 2nd, 1854.
HORSFALL & SHERATON respectfully request the attention of persons furnishing House, to the following description of GOODS, the assortment of which is superior to any heretofore in this market, and are offered at rates to suit the most economical.
Rich Gilt and Mahogany Poles and Cornices, of superior style and finish;
DAMASKS and MOREENS, to all of the Fashionable Colours, with suitable Trimmings;
Silk Bracatelles, very rich;
Silk and Woollen DAMASKS;
Cords and Tassell, for Ottoman;
Rich Velvet Pile, and Tapes CARPETINGS;
Brussels 3-ply Kidderminster; Scotch do.;
Hearth Rugs, Sheepskin and Rope Mats;
DRUGGETS, from 4-4 to 16-4;
English and American Floor OIL CLOTHS, new patterns, in all the useful widths;
BLANKETS, QUILTS and Counterpanes;
Table Linens and Sheetings;
Cloth, Worsted, and Linen Table COVERS, &c.
Oct. 4.

CANVASS, &c.
ON HAND and for Sale at low rates:—100 Bolts Leith CANVASS, No. 1 to 6;
6 Tons London and Domestic OAKUM;
4 Tons Hemp and New Zealand CORDAGE, from 8 thd. to 6 in., Apply to
JOHN WALKER,
Feb. 16. Peters' Wharf.

Timothy, Clover & Garden Seeds.
JUST Received—150 Bushels Superior Timothy SEEDS, the growth of this Province.
On hand, and to arrive:—7 bbls. Northern Red Clover SEED; and a small quantity White Clover Seed.
Also:—To arrive per Middleton:—A large assortment of GARDEN SEEDS, warranted fresh.
For sale by S. L. TILLEY,
April 13, 1855. No. 15, King-street.

Greater Bargains than Ever.
TREMENDOUS REDUCTION!
CLEARING OUT ENTIRE STOCK, TO MAKE ROOM FOR
Early Spring Importations!!
AT THE
VICTORIA HOUSE,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, AND
BRITISH HOUSE,
KING STREET.
The Subscriber have THIS DAY, *still further marked down* ALL THEIR STOCK determined to CLEAR OFF *every article, before arrival of* SPRING IMPORTATIONS.
☞ TERMS—CASH ONLY.
N. B.—All Goods marked in Plain Figures.
Feb. 2d. J. DOHERTY & CO.

We have obtained the Victory.
KENNAY & SCRIBNER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.
HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood 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, tuss-legs and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-3 octaves in A above.
N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.
Every description of English and American Pianos tuned and repaired. March 16th.

India Rubber Boots & Shoes.
Received on Consignment from the Manufacturers:
110 CASES Ladies, Gents' and Children's Rubber Over SHOES,
The above are warranted to be of the best quality, and will be sold lower than any ever offered to the public.
Ladies Metallic RUBBERS, price 4s.;
Gents' do. ditto, 4s 6d
A credit of three Months will be given on all purchasers over £15. H. O'BRIEN.
"*Waverley House*," *King Street.*
P. S.—Also a large assortment of leather Goods. January 5.

JOHN BARRY,
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.

PAINTS AND OILS.—A few tons Brandram's best WHITE LEAD and coloured PAINTS.
ALSO—Brandram's Boiled and Raw OIL, in casks or by the gallon. For sale by
June 15. FELLOWS & CO.

PAPER HANGINGS.—More new Patterns of PAPER HANGINGS, just received at the new Paper Store—4000 Rolls, all good patterns, now open. For sale low by
GEORGE NIXON,
June 16 Prince William Street.

May, 1855.
NEW GOODS.
NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE.
SHARP BRICK BUILDING, NORTH SIDE OF KING STREET.
Wholesale and Retail Commercial Outfitting Establishment.

E. HUNTER,
HAVING completed his Spring importations, respectfully solicits a call from intending purchasers previous to their buying elsewhere—feeling confident that on examination his Stock will prove to be superior and the prices much lower than similar goods can be had at any other Establishment in the City.
The Clothing having been all made up one the premises on the most advantageous terms cannot fail in giving satisfaction. The Stock comprises a general assortment of
BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, VESTINGS,
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,
Goodyears' Patent India Rubber Coats, Capes *and Leggins*, Hats, Gloves, &c.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, such as Shirts, Collars, Fronts, Bodies, Stocks, Ties, Umbrellas, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Carpet Bags, Trunks, Valises, &c.
☞ Gents who would prefer selecting the Cloth can have their Garments made to order in the most fashionable style, by the best of workmen and at the shortest notice.
No second price—all Goods marked in plain figures.
R. HUNTER.

S. K. FOSTER'S
Ladies Fashionable Shoe Store.
Foster's Corner, Germain Street.
NEW SUMMER BOOTS AND SHOES,
Just received per steamer America.
LADIES Fashionable Boots—Paris make;
Ladies' superior London Boots and Shoes;
Misses', Girls, and Children's Boots and Shoes of all the newest and most fashionable styles;
Ladies' Satin, French Kid and Enamelled Boots, Shoes and Slippers;
Gentlemen's, Boys' and Youths' Boots & Shoes of every quality and style;
House Slippers, at 2s. 6d. a pair;
Prunella Boots, at 4s., 5s., and 5s. 6d;
An almost endless variety of cheap Boots, and Shoes.
N.B.—Orders from all parts of the Province will receive prompt attention.
June 15. S. K. FOSTER.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS AND OINTMENT—Just received and for sale by
October 28, 1853. FELLOWS & CO.

FIRST
Spring Importations!!
Per Steam Ships "Canada" and "Africa"; Just Received at the
VICTORIA HOUSE,
Prince William Street, and
BRITISH HOUSE,
King Street.
84 CASES and BALES of BRITISH DRY GOODS: Which will be opened and ready for Inspection on MONDAY first, 2d April.
☞ These Goods having been carefully selected in the best European Markets under great advantages owing to the unparalled depression in the Manufacturing districts, and very great reduction in the prices of Goods, Purchasers can therefore rely on getting GREATER BARGAINS THAN EVER.
N. B.—Terms, CASH ONLY, *and no second Price.* JAMES DOHERTY & CO.
St. John, 26th April, 1855.
P.S.—Further supply of Spring and Summer Goods to arrive per next Mail Steamers, and per ships "Achilles" from London, and "Themis," "Lampedo" and "Middleton" from Liverpool.
J. DOHERTY & CO.

S. L. TILLEY,
NO. 15, KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
WOULD call the attention of the public to his large and varied Stock of GOODS, received per ships Middleton, John Barbour, and Achilles from Liverpool, and steamers from the United States, viz:
DRUGS and CHEMICALS of all kinds;
Patent Medicines;
Brushes and Combs of nearly every description;
Shaving and Fancy SOAPS; *Perfumery*;
Fancy Articles; Spices of all kinds;
Dye Stuffs—Logwood, Redwood, and Fustic, ground and in sticks; Indigo, Alum, Copperas, Blue Vitriol, and Annatto;
Brandam's No. 1. WHITE LEAD, in 14lb., 28lb., 56lbs., and 1 cwt kegs. Red, Yellow, Blue, and Green PAINTS;
Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL; Spirits Turpentine and Varnish;
Olive and Porpoise Oil;
Pure E. I. CASTOR OIL, in tins;
Gold Leaf; Glaziers' Diamonds, GLASS, Putty Lamplblack; Glue, &c.;
CONFECTIONARY, in great variety, from the best Scotch and American manufacturers;
SEEDS—Clover, Timothy, and Garden Seeds—warranted fresh.
For sale wholesale and retail at lowest market prices. June 1.

LEECHES.—Just received—100 Swedish LEECHES. Also—Dr. Kennedy's Medical Discovery, for the cure of Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Blood—for sale by
April 20. S. L. TILLEY, No. 15 King Street

MONEY WANTED.—I want to sell for money, 1 hhd. Cuba SUGAR, 4 bbls. PORK, and 9 boxes No. 1 Cavendish TOBACCO—duty paid. Price nominal.
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.
March 23. No. 5, Prince Wm. Street.

OYSTERS, Fresh and Good.
First Come! First Served!!
RECEIVED from Boston per steamer Admiral —A few Barrels of excellent OYSTERS, which will be served up in any style to suit customers, at the *American Oyster Saloon*, Water street.
☞ MEALS served up at all hours of the day and evening, by JAMES KENNEY,
June 8. Water-street.

Oysters! Oysters!
MAY be had at all times (both American and Shediac) with Temperance Cordial, or Mountain Dew, on application to the *Edgerman Hotel*.
April 16. JAMES NETHERY.

MEN & WOMEN
RUB, RUB, RUBBER SHOES, For Sale Cheap.
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.
Dec. 8, 1854. No. 5, Prince William Street

Poetry.

From "Eliza Cook's Journal."

DECK OF THE OUTWARD BOUND.

How seldom we dream of the Mariners grave,
Far down by the coral strand;
How little we think of the wind and the wave,
When all we love are on land!
The hurricane comes and the hurricane goes,
And little heed do we take,
Though the trees may snap as the tempest blows,
And the walls of our homestead shake,
But the northeast wind tells a different tale,
With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close-reef'd sail,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

How wistful then we look on the night,
As the threatening clouds go by;
And the winds get up and the last faint light
Is dying away in the sky!
How we listen and gaze with a silent lip,
And judge by the bended tree,
How the same wild wind might toss the ship,
And arouse the mighty sea!
Ah! sadly then do we meet the day,
When signs of storms are found,
And pray for the loved one far away,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

There is one that I cherished when, hand in hand,
We roved o'er the lowland lea;
And I thought that my love for that one on the land
Was earnest as love could be;
But now that he hath gone out on the tide,
I find that I worship him more,
And I think of the waters deep and wide
As I bask on the flowers on shore.
I have watched the wind, I have watch the stars,
And shrunk from the tempest sound;
For my heart-strings are wreathed with the slender spars,
That carry the "outward bound."

I have slept when the zephyrs forgot to creep,
And the sky was without a frown,
But I startled soon from that restless sleep
With the dream of a ship going down.
I have sat in the field when the earth was in shock,
And the reaper's hook was bright,
But my fancy conjured the breaker and rock,
In the dead of a moonless night.
O, I will never measure a session again,
While treading earth's flowery mound,
But watch the love I one is far o'er the main,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

Advertisements.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.
BY MRS S. C. HALL.
Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate. St. Paul.

THE FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY.
PART THE THIRD.
Concluded.

It is almost needless to say that nature soon triumphed. Margaret positively refused to become an inmate of Mrs. Langham's house, but laboured in various humble callings, repaid most ready for her self denial by the continued affection and improvement of Evelyn O'Dwyer. Nor did her energies or affections slumber over one object. Her inquiries respecting Garrett were continually renewed, though continually unsuccessful. At length her curiosity as to the fate of her brother's family was wrought almost to insanity by a letter from the priest of her parish, written several months after the troubled waters of the rebellion had been quelled for the time being.

"The place is changed for the bad intirely," he wrote. "Margaret, my poor woman, yer brother and the little girls are not in it now; he was drawn in, with more of the boys, to the plot at the Scrimmage; and, when the game was up, why, a parcel of them gathered what they could, and left for the New World: there's not the shadow of a Shell upon their own mountains now. News has come of their safe and happy landing—God be praised for that same! And to be sure, by all accounts it is a fine place; but the parish is lonely without the faces of them I christened, whose arms I hoped would have borne their ould priest to the grave. The last words he said to me were 'Father Mullins,' says he, 'when you get the opportunity tell her, my sister Margaret, that luck and her left us together; but say that my blessing is with her and Miss Evelyn, day and night. Born and brought up for more than three hundred years under the lords of the soil, the natural heritors, the grate O'Dwyers, she did her duty in doing her best for poor Masther Garrett's child. It was hard to part with my sister, the woman that had both head and heart,—but she did her duty, according to the good auld fashion which lost our great-grandfather his life with great glory, and put his name and par: of his effigy upon the tombstone of the auld lord in the abbey church, whose grey towers and green ivy is to the fore among the hills of auld Ireland still—a thought that will rise up our hearts among strangers, and make us think of ourselves, and what our people were before us, when we're in the land of strangers. You'll soon know where I'll be, Father Mullins,' says he; 'and if the blessed Evelyn gets her sight—or if she does not, it's all one, as far as I am concerned; and it will go very hard with me if I can't make out a home for her—and a welcome, and me and mine proud to serve her—*as becomes the followers of the family.*"

The letter contained more local news, and the name of him, whom that poor faithful woman had loved during her life—hated, though forsaken, because she would not trust to any beyond her own people the fealty which she conceived due to an O'Dwyer.

My picture is not too highly colored. The intensity of affection, the most intense of all the passions of woman, was in this instance united to the clannish pride which in those days was more universal than it is now. We are growing too wise to love without receiving any advantage in return—we must inquire why and know wherefore. Among the far mountains, by the sides of the distant lakes, and in the bosoms of the deep valleys, there are still such to be met with: but never was there one more faithful than Margaret Sniel. Still she had many heart-yearnings after her own people and her own land. She was established in what he called "the way of trade," at the corner of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Mrs. Langham lived in one of those stately old mansions facing the Thames; and Margaret, after much patient endurance, adding penny to penny, had taken a little room in one of those poor houses, that as the Italian towns, crouch at the curb stones of right noble dwellings. This room opened below the pavement, but its window was a little above it; and at this window might be seen a dozen at least of good oranges; three or four lemons laid along the inner ledge, flanked on either side with pottles either empty or full of strawberries; cherries tied in "sha'pards" on a peeled hazle stick; sunny cabbage and lettuce plants; long red radishes and white nubby white ones; interspersed with ginger-bread, and the nameless sundries of a small green-grocer, in a small way; while within, Margaret, ever active and ever clean, washed, or starched, or knit, or did any or everything in the world that she could get to do. This industry had its reward; she saw Miss Evelyn walk past with Mrs. Langham, to enjoy from beneath these old trees the breeze from the river; and she never did pass without leaving her friend for a moment, to fling her arms round Margaret's neck, call her "darling mammy nurse," and whisper any little bit of half-childish half-girlish news that she thought would please her. Margaret perceived that "the lady" was somewhat jealous of this love, but she had the good sense not to mind it. She saw her darling in the enjoyment of positive good—she knew she loved her—she went to see her occasionally in the fine house, and was sometimes on a Sunday evening, when Mrs. Langham took her afternoon nap, permitted to walk with her in the long, stiff, stately garden at the back of the house; and there she could talk of Ireland, the name of which set her young heart beating.

"Love it, my darlint, love it ever. But my wee is, wee moreen, that you *may dark* when you war in it, and cannot tell the differ betwixt the two countries. The first time ye saw (to remember) the blessed light, was in the doctor's study; he is a fine man, to be sure, and a good one, God bless him—but his house and a quare look. Och none—if you but seek how green the grass is, and how blue the mountains, and how clear the sky, I would have been satisfied. But, Evelyn, darling, I have no right to be saying satisfied: such a could word, after the great blessing the Almighty poured upon you—that is what I ought to think of, and you too, *a-leanz-machree!* And the blessing that always followed ye, poor, weeping, dawshy eyrather that ye war, the first time ye war given as new sight to my own eyes. Oh, thin, but the ways of the Almighty are wonderful by sea and land. Oh, thin, dear, as ye could not see, does yer mind ever turn to the sounds of yer own country?"

"Yes," replied the girl; "oh yes. Often I sit under that old mulberry tree, and look through its leaves up to the sky; but the music of the lark does not come *falling upon my eyes from the clouds*, as I used to fancy it did when we were at home, and I was blind. Do you mind mammy nurse, how I used to know the birds by their notes; and do you remember how I followed the whistle of the plover?"

"Do I—oh, but you war the weary child without any fear. And how we all looked after ye, and no good, until I found ye asleep on the very edge of a bog-pole, that would have swallowed ould Cromwell and all his troopers, if he had only had the luck to fall into it. There ye war, *laughter of the sun's eye*, and ye asleep, and one turn would have finished ye. My brother (he had great faith in such things) said it was the ship of luck ye held in yer hand that saved ye. But I always thought the Almighty puts his *two eyes to care over the blind.*"

"Nurse, whenever Mrs. Langham gives me praise, *than I exhibit my feelin heard it!*"

"The Lord will give ye very many wh'ys, yet, *a chora machree*—trust in Him. Sure though I never thought to see Masther Garrett's child a resident on my own, still sure it is wonderful entirely the luck you have had; it is like an ould story, so it is."

"And all through ye, dear mammy nurse, thro' you" said Evelyn, and she said truly.

Margaret never suffered more than three months to pass without making inquiry at the coullaw's if news had been heard of Masther Garrett: so steady was she in this matter, that "as persevering as Margaret Sniel" passed into a proverb, and the little old Irishwoman, old as she was called by the very young of the family—was a constant querist on the usual subject.

At last came the peace—frail as it turned out to be—of 1302. Margaret's regular habits became confused; she absolutely poured cooked apples with pears, and two of her neighbours complained that her eggs were musty. She did nothing but borrow and read newspapers, write letters, and instead of being satisfied with a quarterly visit to the oculist visited him twice, or at least, once a week. She was seen more frequently hovering round the Bond street hotels than returning from Covent Garden market with her 'greenery,' and truly the gossips thought Margaret had taken leave of her senses. With her usual wisdom and kindness, she did not suggest to Evelyn the possibility of her father visiting England at this period, though it was the engrossing feeling of her own existence. She could not rest by day nor sleep at night, for the thought that Masther Garrett's voice sounded in her ear, exclaiming, 'Margaret, where is my child?' The oculist, proud of Evelyn's eyes, admiring the admirable fidelity of the Irish nurse, and constantly applied to by her for news of Masther Garrett, was himself stirred up to make inquiries that otherwise he would not have thought of. But though foreigners poured into England almost as rapidly as English poured out of it, still the same not. Each morning Margaret arose with hope, each night sickened with despair. Yet still she was fevered in and about the City, peering into every carriage that passed, and inquiring at the hotels, where her rebuffs were many, "if any strangers had arrived in town?" No peasant in the world bears a rebuff as well as an Irish one; even if the sting enters their heart; and that they feel it, the quick blood mantling in yer cheek is sure to tell. Still, they either take it meekly, or wing it back to the giver, armed either with a jest or a blessing. The Irish nurse was too earnest to jest, nor was she ever profuse of words, so she took the rebukes meekly, as she never failed to repeat the offence in a day or two. The loungers about the hotel doors were sure to be addressed with 'I humbly ax yer pardon, but is there such a one here as a gentleman, one Mister, or it may be, Captain, Colonel, or Count Garrett O'Dwyer?'

'Are you his mother?'

'Is it me—oh, wisha, no—nothing but a *follower of the family*, that wants to hear tell of him.'

'Why you asked here last week.'

'Sure I know I did sir, he was not in it then; thy more reason he would be in it now.

'Go to the devil—there is no such person here.

'Thank ye, sir. I will just take the liberty to come again in a day or two.

'You need not trouble yourself.

'No trouble in life, sir, thanking you for your consideration; and if it was; I should not find it so. Good morning, sir—and she would turn her patient face towards another hotel to meet with, it might be, even a more rough reception.

One evening Margaret returned weary and dispirited. The few customers her industry and attention had secured, had fallen off, for she was not at home to attend to their small wants. Her oranges had grown rigid, and her lemons mouldy; she turned them over, sighed, and sat down to look out upon the noble Thames, that glided on, a sheet of molten gold, for the sun was setting in all its glory. She peeped through the trunks of the tall trees, and thought how black and harsh the wooden arches, and crosses and beams, of the old bridge looked; and then the splash of oars from a very gay wherry that was nearing the landing, smote upon her ear; and then the strains of a song, certainly not English, which was concluded by a laughing sort of chorus; and that, as the gay boat was moored at the landing, was followed by what seemed a half-English, half-foreign conversation. This aroused Margaret, and, fatigued as she was, she went out, "just," as she often said in after times, "to see if any of them might be Masther Garrett." They had left their boat to inspect the coffee-house rendered so famous by the wits of a past age, the famous Don Saltero's, which has "degenerated" in the present day, but still exists; and Margaret, having satisfied her curiosity, was about to turn away, when the accent of one of the gentlemen, a tall florid, mustachioed man, fixed her to the spot. A residence abroad seems to rivet an Irishman's brogue, and certainly his was ripe and racy.

"It's beautiful, certainly," he said, with reference to the river; "but, somehow, I always miss the mountains. I suppose it is from being used to them when I was a boy."

"And then!" exclaimed Margaret, rushing forward more like a maniac than a sane woman, and completely losing the gentle, stayed manner for which she was so remarkable, and speaking with fearful rapidity? "and then ye think of the Shinebrut, the Gra machree!—the—but no, no—Masther Garrett, avick—ye think—ye do—I know it's yourself that's in it—I see the likeness to the eyes of your poor mother—the likeness to his father—ye think—ay that's what—yer dead wife—the corse of yer mother—of the child—the babe—the jewel—that ye left in the heart of Margaret Sheil—you—you—oh God! I shall die—before I give her back!" And, utterly overthrown by the outbreak of these feelings which had been cherished, and treasured, and concealed for years, the Follower of the Family sank at the feet of Garrett O'Dwyer.

The scene was so startling that the cheerful party became silent. Nature tugged at the soldier's heart. He would not, if he could, refute her statement. All the past, which had been but the dream of his boyhood, came back upon him; and man of the world though he was, he leant against a tree, totally overpowered, while others saw and revered poor Margaret. Nothing of ridicule could be attached to the scene: it was too strong, too earnest, for anything but sympathy. Startling and improbable as it sounded, no one who heard doubted its perfect truth. With the instinctive delicacy, I will not say of refined minds, but of human nature, its competitions repented; when Margaret, restored to herself, was enabled to suppress her emotion, and master to herself, while holding "Masther Garrett's" hand within her own,

"It's no drame—I'm awake—my eyes are open—God bless us! the mercy of the Lord is great! But ye must come with me—I cannot tell you here," and never casting a thought upon the rank and station of the exiled but prosperous officer, she clung to while she conducted him to her humble home. And there, without imagining for a moment that she was recording a tale of as great and exalted faithfulness as was ever performed by woman, she told her history, and the history of Evelyn O'Dwyer.

How was it, that, even while she spoke, the impulses of that man's heart beat slower, and more slow—that a record, which, when first I heard it, moved even me to tears, fell upon the father's heart rather as a tale of sorrow than of joy?—how, that, instead of the yearnings of a father's soul towards his child, sprang up the selfish speculation of what he should do with her?—of what Madame O'Dwyer, his young, rich, and imperious bride, would say on his return abroad, to a young and beautiful rival in the shape of his daughter? Nay, if she were only a third part as beautiful as described by Margaret, what domestic discomfort would it not create!

The Follower of the Family did not understand the cause of his silence. He was ashamed to confess his thoughts; for we are always ashamed to confess unworthy thoughts in the presence of the virtuous. And the hero of two fierce hopes, the star of many a brilliant saloon, felt his unworthiness, his moral insignificance, in the presence of that poor, uninstructed, but noble-hearted and high souled woman; his brave bold eye could not encounter the holy affection, the bright truth, that received here sunny as the first look out of the unsullied morning.

"And now, Masther Garrett dear," she said, "and now, Masther Garrett, avick machree (but I suppose our son an Irish now) and its Colonel, or General at least, or may be My Lord, I ought to be calling ye—ye bird of my bosom! come till I give ye back yer own beautiful child, that will be a blessing, and my honour and a glory to ye! Oh, stay till we see her!—that's all—and sure I am it is God's own hand lady she's with, to part with her; for she always said ye'd never come back, sir, but I said ye would—and her eyes, God be thanked! is as clear as a kitten's—and will raise yer heart with the tune of St. Patrick's Day, played by her long white fingers on the piano! Think of that, Masther—I mean General, dear—And—but sure its all like a play—I knew the glory would be in the end!

"Star, Margaret," he said, "I shall of course be delighted to see this girl, my daughter; but—you must be aware, deeply grateful as I am for your fidelity—that—in short—it is rather an awkward business for a young man like me to have a child of that age. The troubles in my poor country—never hearing of you—I thought the child dead; and, in short, I am married, have one child, a boy, and I never told my wife I had been a father."

"Never told her we were married before!" said Margaret. "Oh, then honey, why didn't ye? Poor Moyna wasn't your equal till ye made her so; and ye owed respect to the memory of a heart that loved ye to death!"

Masther Garrett became confused, but at last replied. "As to the marriage, it was the couple-beggar who—pshaw! it was hardly—a—do not look at me so intently, Margaret. You know I was a boy—a mere boy, not more than nineteen—a foolish boy."

"Now, God stop me from saying the word that's struggling in my throat!" exclaimed Margaret Sheil, and her figure again seemed to grow into dignity. "You sold yer self to a foolish boy—I had it on my tongue to say a cursed one. But I can't, Masther Garrett, I can't though you deserve it. Many a the sleep ye had in these arms—I had the last breath of yer mother—almost the first breath of yer child. I cannot say you are cursed—but, oh! to think of putting a shame on her! Oh, Masther Garrett, it was the could, could world that spoke, not the dacendest of him whom my great-great-grandfather died—I see! I see ye didn't mane it—ye——" She paused suddenly, and then added, in a lower tone of voice, "Hush! the Lord is about us—he has a hand in us all! I hear her step coming down the street—I'd hear it among the tramp of forty horses—it wouldn't crush a grasshopper—it's light and swift as a swallow's wing! She's here!" And, truly, Evelyn O'Dwyer lifted the latch, and stood a vision of beauty before her astonished father, whom she did not see at first, for the door opened into the room, and he was in some degree concealed behind it.

"Nurse, we want you: I got leave to come for you myself. How warm it is!" she added throwing back her bonnet, when her hair fell in rich masses over her shoulders. "Nurse! my mammy nurse! how old you look! Do speak! Are you ill, darlin' nurse? Have you any bad news? What ails you?"

Margaret flung to the door, and (for she was unable to speak) seized Evelyn's hand, and placed it in her father's; then falling on her knees, she muttered a few inarticulate words of thankfulness to God; adding, as she rose, "That's yer father Miss Evelyn; his heart is in the hands of the Almighty. Wont ye let me hear ye own her as yer true lawful child? Oh, Masther Garrett, I gained the light of those eyes for ye, that they might beam the child a welcome to her only parent. I gained that blessing for ye, *through the help of God!* And now I don't ask ye to take her or provide for her—the Almighty has done that; but I ask ye, in honour to those who look down upon us now, in a strange land, from the blessed gates of heaven—I ask you, to let me hear you own her as your lawful child!"

Garrett O'Dwyer could not resist this appeal; he pressed his weeping daughter to his bosom, and Margaret heard what she desired. Great indeed was her happiness.

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The First Consul did not suffer the peace to continue, and Garrett O'Dwyer left England almost as suddenly as he had done before. The Follower of the Family manifested no regret at his departure. He made her many handsome presents, and gave an abundance of jewels to his child, who remained with the lady that might be considered her adopted mother. A gloomy shadow always passed over Margaret's face when Count O'Dwyer's name was mentioned. One thing was somewhat remarkable:—She refused to marry her old, grey-headed lover, who followed her to London, "because," she said "there was no telling how a man might change." She never went to her brother, or to Ireland, though she always talked of doing both.

Evelyn is now the mother of many beautiful children, and Margaret a little bent, cheerful, though rather garrulous, old woman, is still in the family.