St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume XX. Saint John, New-Brunswick, Friday, December 28, 1855. Number 17.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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

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

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

☞ Terms—12s. 6d., if paid within the year, 15s. if not paid until after expiration of the year.

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

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

☞ The *Chronicle* is filed, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244 Strand, London.

☞ George W. White, is an authorised Agent for the *Chronicle* at Youngs 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.*
J. W. LOWRIGREY, *Traverse Ryan,* } *Directors.*
S. LEONARD, S. K. FOSTER, }
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, *Solicitor.*
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, *Secretary.*

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

THOMAS COW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MERRIT'S BRICK BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; *Forcing,* Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1855. THOMAS COW.

DOOLEY'S

MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE HOTEL, Post Office Building, State Street, Boston,

Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ramsay, Sturdee & Co
Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 23, 1852.

SOAP & CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
Princess Street next adjoing Dunn's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

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

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE—100 lbs. of Extra Goose FEATHERS; 500 do.; Russian do.;
3 new and handsome Patterns of Cloth Paper HANGINGS.
April 13. GEORGE NIXON.

JOHN HENNEAN,—Prince Wm. Street,—Is receiving, just landing, and for Sale—50 Kegs Cut NAILS; 4 Bales Paper COARS; 5 Barrels Crushed SUGAR; 3 Barrels FLUID; 3 Tierces RICE; 18 Dozen assorted CHAIRS.
March 23.

Assorted Crates of Earthenware.

75 CRATES Assorted EARTHENWARE, packed to suit the Country trade, guaranteed free from breakage, offered low, for sale by
FRAS. CLEMENTSON.
September 14. 29, Dock Street.

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL!

TYROLL'S Great Work on this present War, elegantly illustrated with Steel Plate Engravings, taken by the most eminent Artists of the day. The First Part just received. In order to secure this valuable Book, Subscribers will please leave their names at the Office, between 8 & 6 P. M. Premium Plate Gratis. Printed by the London Printing & Publishing Co. Terms of Subscription, 1s. 2d. per fortnight—delivered free of charge. Sold by
R. HUNTER,
9 Market Square, over Kemp, Adams & Co.
Oct. 26, 1855.

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

R. HUNTER.—Having determined on *Clearing Out* his entire Stock of CLOTHING—has commenced SELLING OFF at an immense reduction—and at such prices as cannot be competed with and must ensure a SPEEDY CLEARANCE, being fully 10 *per cent. cheaper* than can be had at any other house in the trade.
NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE.
Saint John, December 1855. King Street.

Sweedish Leeches, &c

A FRESH Lot received by FELLOWS & CO., Germain street, opposite the lower end of Market Street.

ALSO—*HOOFER'S FEMALE PILLS.*
½ ton Blue Vitriol; 4 do ALUM;
5 cwt. SALTPETRE; 1 ton COPPERAS;
5 do Washing SODA; 1 ton Epsom SALTS;
5 do Cream Tartar; 4 do SULPHUR;
4 do Brimstone; 4 do Bi Carb. SODA;
1 do Carb. *Magnesia;* 2 tons Whiting, in bbls;
½ ton Paris do. in do. Received direct from the Manufactures in Glasgow.
July 20. FELLOWS & CO.

JOHN BARNES,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

MANUFACTURES 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 and Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. Small cases punctually may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

MODEL MELODEONS.

NEWLY improved "MODEL MELODEONS," for Sold at the Cabinet Ware-Rooms of the Messrs. L. H. Deveber & Son, head of King Street. These Instruments have received the approbation of the best judges for the Durability and Beauty of the workmanship and excellent Tone.
ST. JOHN, N.B., March 27th, 1855.

Mr. STEVENS:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I make known to you the opinion of myself and many others of the MELODEON purchased from you a few months ago. This instrument manufactured by Mason & Hamlin, has given the utmost satisfaction, both in Quality, Tone, and Power, and I do freely, and cheerfully admit it is the best I have ever seen. Since the introduction of this instrument in our Choir Practice we find a great improvement, thereby sustaining the Voice, and procuring a perfect Tone to every Note.

I am dear Sir, yours truly,
R. D. MCARTHUR,
Conductor of St. Andrews' Church Choir.
M. A. STEVENS, Agent, Teacher of the Piano-Forte and Cultivation of the Voice. (March 9.

YOUNG'S BOARDING HOUSE,
NEAR THE KING'S SQUARE.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform the public that he has moved to the premises formerly occupied by J. K. Cammett, nearly opposite Country Market, which he has fitted and furnished in a superior manner, and where the best of attention will be paid to all who may favour him with a call.

N.B.—The Stabling attached to the premises need no comment, being the best in the City, with careful grooms always in attendance.
22d June, 1855.

Great American Lake Shore RAIL ROAD.

THE Undersigned having been appointed a Ticket Agent for the above RAIL ROAD, is prepared to forward Passengers from ST. JOHN to all parts of the WESTERN STATES, via NIAGARA FALLS, and BUFFALO. Persons procuring through Tickets at St John will avoid the inconvenience of getting Tickets at the different Rail Road Stations, and get their baggage checked through, thereby avoid the trouble and expence of handling, and save from two to five dollars on their passage, and inconvenience of getting money changed.

☞ Passengers by this route can go from BOSTON to CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, in 48 hours, or lay over at any place they chose and resume seats at pleasure.

☞ TICKETS to be had of HOWARD DIXON at the Office of R. S. Dixon, Nelson street, Saint John, N. B. The Subscriber having travelled in the Western States will cheerfully give any information required.
May 17th, 1855. HOWARD DIXON.

Dr. Noble's Invigorating Balm.

THIS admirable preparation is the most effectual remedy known for Baldness and falling off of the Hair, giving it a rich glossy appearance, unequalled by anything of the kind. It contains no alcohol or alkaline substance, (as all the washes do which are now used,) and will restore the natural colour after those articles have deprived the hair of it. We can refer disputants to persons, both old and young, many of them who have been bald several years, and have had their hair stored by this preparation. It acts by assisting nature and will in no way prove injurious. Prepared and Sold by FELLOWS & CO.
Germain-street.
October 5. Opposite west end of country M'kt.

Teas, White Lead, &c.

Ex "Achilles" and "Eudocia"—

100 CHESTS Extra Souchong, 10 do. superior family do } TEAS
25 do. Fine Congou,
5 Tons Brandram's WHITE LEAD;
1 do. Coloured PAINTS;
6 Casks Raw and Bo'd OIL;
1 Ton PUTTY;
15 Bales COTTON WARPS;
25 Bales COTTON GOODS, &c.;
8 Cases INDIGO; 1 case Ladies' BOOTS;
2 Cases Ruled PAPER;
2 Cases NUTMEGS—For sale low by
L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.
St. John, June, 1855.

New Books.

CHAMBERS' Edinburgh Journal, for October
The Elder Sister and Ethel, two excellent Novels, by Marian James;
The Match Girl, or Life Scenes as they are;
The planter's victim, or incidents of American Slavery;
Representative Women from Eve, the wife of the first, to Mary, the mother of the second Adam, by G. C. Balowie, D. D.;
The Schoolboy, and Seven Poor Travellers, by Dickens, 6d. each;
The Newcombs, by W. M. Thacloray, 2 vols. (ill.) 7s. 6d.;
Henry Esmond, by do., new ed., 2s.;
Hanny, by Charles Roweroft, Esq.;
Susan Wylie, a Tale of Sea and Shore;
Roger's Poetical Works.
A further supply of Bits of Blarney, by Dr. McKenzie.
B. O'BRIEN.
P.S.—Harper's Magazine for October, and other late Publications just arrived. October 5.

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, tuns legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

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

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

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

Hats, Caps, &c.

Opened per "Eastern City," at the CHEAP HAT, CAP, and FUR STORE, North side of King street, the following descriptions of new styles HATS and CAPS:—

GENTS' Drab Napoleon HATS;
do. do. Gutta Percha do.;
do. do. Wide Awake do.;
do. do. Black Kossuth do.;
do. do. Warrior do.;
do. do. Beauties do.;
do. Silk Glazed Bangor CAPS;
do. do. Ringold do.;
do. Brown Cloth Emperor do.;
do. Black Satin Spring '55 HATS.

For sale at lowest market prices.
April 13. LOCKHART & CO.

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The sunbeams glitter on the mountain snow,
And o'er the summit cast a transient glow;
Now silver frost adorns the drooping bower,
My favorite seat in summer's happy hour,
'Twas there, when spring the mantling blossoms shed,
The sweet laburnum clust'r'd o'er my head;
And there the robin formed a mossy nest,
And gaily carolled in retirement dear
Still memory loves to paint the glowing scene,
When autumn tints enrich'd the foliage green.

Even yet the bower is lovely in decay,
Gilt by the "sunbeam of a winter's day;"
For now the frost betringes every thorn,
And sparkles to the radiant smile of morn:
The lucid ice has bound the mountain rill,
No more it murmurs by the cheerful mill,
I hear the village bells upon the gale;
And merry peasants wander thro' the vale;
In gay convival bands they rove along;
With genuine pleasure and inspiring song;
I meet the rustic troop, and love to trace
The smile of health in every rosy face.

Oh! Christmas, welcome to thy happy reign,
And all the social virtues in thy train;
The Cumbrian harper hails thy festal time,
With spartive melody and artless rhyme;
Unlike the bards who sung in days of old,
And all the legions of tradition told;
In gothic castles deck'd with banners gay,
At solemn festivals they pour'd the lay:
Their poor descendant wanders thro' the vales,
And gains a welcome by his artless tales;
He finds a seat in every humble cot,
And hospitality in every spot:
'Tis now he bids the sprightly harp resound,
To bless the hours with genial plenty crown'd,
And now the gay domestic joys we prove,
The smiles of peace, festivity, and love.
"Oh! Christmas, welcome to thy hallow'd reign,
And all the social virtues in thy train;"
Composition listening to the tale of grief,
Who seeks the child of sorrow with relief;
And every muse with animating glee,
Congenial mirth and cordial sympathy.

THE REIGN OF DECEMBER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

In winter awful, lovely in the spring,
Romantic Camoens hail! to thee I sing,
No longer now I view thy verdant trees,
Thy joyous harvest waving to the breeze;
Thy mountain streams, thy valleys filled with corn,
Thy larks which fly to greet the roseate morn;
Thy summer sun cheering all nature round,
Thy meals with Flora's early prime crown'd:
The stores Pomona's liberal hand bestows,
And from her lap in rich profusion throws:
O! these do more I sing; those cheerful days
Are fled, and winter claims my pensive lays.
Yet even in winter charms may oft be view'd,
If by the philosophic mind pursu'd:
Yes, even in chilling frost, and blustering wind,
The grandeur of the Almighty Power we find.
Do not the winds aloud his praise declare?
Look at the snowy hills—we view him there!
Whether by cold we're nipp'd, or heat oppress'd,
In either is the Great Supreme confess'd.
But let me now assume the festive song;
And to the lyre let sportive notes belong;
For all the endearments of the social powers,
Shall bless December's consecrated hours.
Now the joyful summer's fled,
Why regret her garlands dead!
For in the winter we can see
The beauties of variety.
And if 'twere summer all the year,
Variety would ne'er appear;
But in the seasons moving round,
If sought for, she is always found;
Then tho' summer's reign is fled,
Mourn not if the flowers be dead;
Tastes would she ever be,
Wanting sweet variety,
Hail! then, December's pleasing reign,
In the will entaptur'd strain,
And let the winter sacred be
To myrth and hospitality.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE LEARNED QUIZZ.—The Baltimore correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune gives the following brief sketch of a very singular and eccentric personage whom he met a few evening since:—"His name is Henry Ollinee. He was born, some fifty-two years' in Somerset county, Pennsylvania, of German parentage. He came to Baltimore when a boy, and served an apprenticeship to a watchmaker. Working in this city until beyond his majority, he got sick of city life and retired to the country. Having a taste for study, and with only a crude education, he applied himself to books. The taste for literature and science grew upon him, and ever since he has been a laborious student. Solitary and alone, he toiled day and night, until he accomplished a thorough knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Hebrew, German, and several other languages. This done, he betook himself to history, the sciences, etc., and how ranks amongest the best scholars, of his age. His present favorite study is mathematics, and admits of about two problems which have given him pause—these are squaring the circle, and the solution of cubic equations. He is an astronomer, philosopher, chemist, poet, mechanic, mathematician, and somewhat of a theologian. In my whole life I have never seen such a singular personage.

He lives in a small isolated cottage apart from society. Peter the Hermit was not so thorough a recluse, nor Diogenes more learned. He rather eschews women, lives a bachelor, has a fine library of the classics and modern literature, and is happy beyond measure. His expression to me was, that he would not exchange position with the most favourite crowned heads of Europe. He professes no religion, but respects all and takes the Bible alone as his guide and standard of morality. His personal appearance is remarkably singular. Scarcely a hair can been be seen on his head, which shines like a greased pumpkin. Beneath a high intellectual forehead and a projecting black eye, full of character, and intellipence. He never shaves, has a fine moustache and ample whiskers, with a face vivid in expression. His entire costume would not sell for ten dimes, if put up at public aution. A passerby would suppose him a poor mendicant, and be inclined to extend the hand of charity; and yet he is comfortable in this world's goods—owes no man a farthing, is independant as a king, happy as a lord, his food is literature, and his delight the classics; he is, by profession a skilful repairer of clocks; and after finding his funds getting low, sets out on an expedition through the country on a professional tour of clock mending."

AN INVITING COUNTRY.—A new settler somewhere in Missouri, "the land of Pukes," gives the following graphic description of the country and people in that section of Uncle Sam's dominions:—

"As for the country, the land is as cheap as dirt, and good enough; the climate is rainy, bloody and sultry. The people die so fast here that every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow. As for the people of Missouri, they are perfect Christians. They fulfil the Scriptures to the letter, where it says, "let God be true, but every man a liar."

(From the London Punch.)

CONSTANTINE'S DREAM.

SCENE—*St. Petersburgh A Private Apartment in the Palace. The* EMPEROR ALEXANDER, *the* EMPRESS, *and the* GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

Alex. Sebastopol gone; Kertch and Kinburn too!
Sveaborg in ruins; Bomarsund destroy'd!
Our troops repulsed at Kars, and now again
In battle worsted by Omar Pacha!
One almost might suppose our cause unjust
And a just Power to overrule the world,
What to be done?
Empress. Peace made.
Const. Pooh! Madam, Pooh!
Excuse me—but the very name of peace
Inflames me with ungovernable rage
Peace is submission; sooner than submit
Let us take poison all, or cut our throats;
Disaster desperation should inspire; land
Ah, Sire, my brother! had I but my way
I knew what I would do.
Alex. What wouldst thou do?
Const. No longer let our navy skulk beneath
You walls of stone with cannon fortified;
But on some favouring and foggy night,
Break, or elude, the Anglo French blockade.
Alex. Unto what end, good brother?
Const. Marry, this;—
Some twenty thousand soldiers to convoy,
With whom we would sail up the River Thames,
As once the Dutchman did; then London burn;
Which could we do, I should not care, although
We perish'd in the ruins.
Empress. How commence?
How cause the conflagration to being?
Would you not first deliver that same Thames
A prey to the devouring element?
Const. Although I might not set the Thames on fire,
I might and would burn the Lord Mayor alive,
And slowly roast the Aldermen to death,
Chop Gog and Magog into little bits
Slit up the nose of Viscount Palmerston,
And by he roots tear out the long tongue of *Punch*
Blow up the Tower, and leave not of St. Paul's
A stone upon a stone; likewise destroy
Westminster Abbey and the Houses raze!
Of Parliament; the National Gallery,
British Museum, and the Post Office.
Buckingham Palace, also I would knock
About their ears who would not be, I hope,
At Balmoral, or Osborne. Oh! what games,
To wrap Great Britain's capital in flames!
Empress. Oh! Constantine, how stupidly you talk!
What! risk our fleet and twenty thousand men,
Leaving St. Petersburg without defence?
Do not listen to him, Alexander, dear,
Alex. Brother, scheme of daring and of dash
The most has no doubt—but it is rash.
We fear the enterprise would not succeed,
We think it hazardous—we do indeed.
Yet London 'twerem glorious thing to burn,
Well, well, the matter in our mind we'll turn.
SCENE *closes.*

THE BRITISH CAMP AND ANNIE LAURIE.—We give below the words of "Annie Laurie," now the most popular ballad in the British Camp. It was sung by the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, the night prior to the attack on the Great Redan. A correspondent, who was present on the occasion, writes:

"Hundreds of voices, in the most exact time and harmony, sang together—

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die!"

The effect was extraordinary, at least I felt it so. I never heard any chorus in an oratorio rendered with great solemnity. The heart of each singer was evidently far over the sea. It was more like a psalm than a ballad; for at such a time, on the eve of a great battle, a soldier thinks only of his love and his God."

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true;
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift—
Her throat is like the swan—
Her face it's the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she is a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

THE BAIRN OF CHERSON.—A CHERSAN HEROINE.—The following little story deserves a more general circulation than it is likely to have obtained in the ponderous volumes of ancient history.—On the site of the modern Sebastopol formerly stood the republican city of Cherson famous for its freedom, its commerce, and its wealth. In the days of the Roman Empire, the young Gycia, daughter of the President of Cherson, was married to Asander, son of the neighbouring King of Bosperos. To guard the liberties of the republic against treachery, it was stipulated that the Prince should reside constantly at Cherson, and have no intercourse with Bosperos. About two years after the marriage, the President being dead and his wealth having descended to his daughter and to her husband it happened, that a favourite waiting-maid of Gycia had committed some offence, for which she was condemned to pass a certain time in solitude in a room over some granaries attached to the palace. While pursuing her employment of spinning in this room, a portion of the apparatus fell on the floor, and got entangled in a corner, so that it could not be extracted without removing a tile of the pavement. The removal of the tile enabled her to see into the granary below, and there she saw that, instead of bales & sacks a number of Bosperian soldiers were secreted. She immediately sent to Gycia, who hastened to her, expecting to be greeted with penitent supplications for pardon. Instead of this, the young heroine's attention was directed to the formidable contents of the chamber below. Gycia immediately communicated with some of the chiefs of Cherson, and it was ascertained, that her treacherous husband had surreptitiously brought over these foreign soldiers disguised in trading vessels, and that they were kept in concealment until a sufficient force was collected, when they were to be employed in overpowering Cherson, destroying its liberties, and annexing it to the kingdom of Bosperos.

Her decision was immediately made. The unsuspecting traitor Asander, with his Chersonese associates, having retired to bed early one evening after a carousal, the palace was set on fire, and Asander, and his companions, his soldiers, and the whole palace, consumed to ashes (See Finlay's "History of the Byzantic Empire," p. 419). Joan of Arc, the Maid of Saragossa, and various other heroines have had their praises loudly sung; Will no one pay a deserved tribute to the memory of GYCIA THE BAIRN OF CHERSON?

The biting sirs the shrinking flesh appal!
By sharp incisions,
And every thing proclaims the approach of fall.
Excyt! *pronounce.*

GOMEROCK CASTLE;

OR THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN.

When Dartmouth sent a goodly company of 750 men, and above thirty ships to assist the third Edward at the Siege of Calais—and when, to avenge himself for wrongs done on his coast the Admiral of Bretagne attempted a descent on Dartmouth, and his army was driven precipitately back into their ships, leaving the Lord Dutchastel, with other officers of rank slain in fight, and 100 men prisoners to the gallant defenders of the town—and when the Lancastrian party availed themselves of its security and shipping during the wars of the Roses, Dartmouth was a place of great importance.

The Castle of Gomerock, towering high on the left bank of the entrance to the harbour, was deemed a post of considerable strength. At the base of the rock on which it was built, a few feet above water, stood a strong square tower serving as an outwork to the Castle, but more especially to guard the chain which was laid from thence to Dartmouth Castle, to protect the haven against the incursions of the enemy.

The spot to which the chain was attached is still to be seen—steps and platforms cut in the rock may still be traced though nearly obliterated by time and winter seas. The walls of the Castle of Gomerock are still standing; but those which formed the tower below it are nearly lost, leaving little more than the floor of the lower story, cut out of the solid rock, as proof of that which must have stood upon it. The smaller stones and mortar of which the walls were composed concealed the floor, forming a shapeless mass, from one to three feet thick.

Of the time when these walls were thrown down there is no record; but as the Castle is not mentioned among the forts of block-houses occupied by the soldiery during the contest between King Charles and the Parliament, when Dartmouth was twice besieged, and in turn taken by each party, it must have been then a ruin. Some labourers were lately employed to clear away the materials which covered its floor, and had barely commenced their work when the skeleton of a human being, which lay scarcely concealed below the grass they were removing, excited their astonishment.

"It would have been a dismal job," said one of the labourers, "to have been working here alone, for who can tell what may have happened to the poor creature."

The skeleton was lying on its back, with the head turned, as if resting, when buried, on the shoulder, the left arm uplifted above the head, whilst the right was close to the body. The whole bore testimony to a hasty interment.

The men eagerly told of what had happened when they returned to Kingswear. The story flew from mouth to mouth; and on the second day after the discovery, the man who found the bones informed his fellow labourers that he had no doubt of their being the remains of a woman, for he had heard a story, which went strongly to prove it. "There was a woman," said he, "more than a century ago, who used to frequent that Castle. She was often seen wandering about the adjoining cliffs, but suddenly disappeared; and I have no doubt but these bones must be the remains of that unfortunate creature."

The man whom he addressed smiled at his story, for he was a stranger; and the other vexed at his want of faith continued—"You may smile, but I could name the persons who have seen a woman's form pass close before them here, in the night, and suddenly be lost. Strange things were spoken of before our master came to live here; noises were heard, and Mountain's Gate has opened for the traveller without mortal hands."

Who Mountain was, that gave to that mysterious gate his name, or why the house in which he dwelt was suffered to decay, and a small portion only to remain to mark the spot, no one can tell. But at the time it stood there, it was the last from Kingswear; beyond it there was no trace of house or dwelling, save only the ruins of Gomerock Castle, and a square tower which stands upon the rocks, more distant towards the sea, and of more modern character.

A surgeon, who visited the spot, decided that it was a skeleton of a man; for although there was little doubt that it had been there nearly a century, still the skull was sufficiently preserved to satisfy him of the fact. When the place was cleared out, the bones were again buried near the spot where they were found, and a grave raised over them. The following story, put together from materials which were afterwards collected from the old inhabitants of Kingswear, may stamp it as "THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN."

Two centuries ago, Kingswear wore a different appearance from that which it does at present. Many of its younger inhabitants were employed in the Newfoundland trade.

About the time of King William's landing at Brixham, William Blackaller was mate of a fine brig, which was chiefly employed in carrying fish from Newfoundland to the Mediterranean.

From the repeated voyages he had made, since he became a stout apprentice, he had acquired a wander; and an old companion of his early life induced him to leave the service he had been so long employed; and enter on board a man-of-war. He was well recommended by his old master to the captain of the ship, and proving an expert and gallant seamen, he was in a few years promoted to the rank of a warrant-officer.

No man was more beloved by his companions than Boatswain Blackaller. He had served well at La Hogue, was at the taking of the French and Spanish Ships in Vigo Bay, at the capture of Gibraltar in 1704, and at the battle of Velez Malaga, which followed soon after; and when Sir Cloudesley Shovel was wrecked on his homeward passage, with a part of his fleet, after the unsuccessfull attempt of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Savoy against Toulon, in 1707, Blackaller was boatswain of the Association, and, with her whole ships company, perished on the rocks of Scilly.

Blackaller left a widow and some children to mourn his loss. Amongst them was a boy of about eleven years of age who from the daring spirit which he displayed, was considered "the very image of his father."

The melancholy bereavement which had thus befallen the family excited the feelings of all around them—the more strongly perhaps from the vast extent of a calamity in which so many brave men perished; and William (for so he was named, after his father) was taken as an apprentice by a merchant, then carrying on a considerable business.

According to the general custom of that day, the boy had to spend the summer in Newfoundland and the winter months in his master's house at Dartmouth. During the latter portion of the year, the apprentices were employed in preparing rigging and fitting the ships for the next voyage, while their evenings were dedicated to such instruction in writing and navigation as would render them fit to fill the situations of mates and masters, as vacancies might arise.

The boy soon became noted both for his learning and seamanship and he was of that bold and generous spirit, that, if wrong were done to any of his companions by the boys of another house, Blackaller, was alway the first to avenge the injury and bear the blame that should have been laid on other shoulders.

His apprenticeship ended, he still continued in the employ of his master; but a very few years expired before William was lost to his old companions.

He had gone in one of his master's vessels with fish to the West Indies, and whilst the cargo was discharging he suddenly disappeared. His shipmates searched for him in every direction about the port but to no purpose.

They could only learn that he had more than once been in company with some strange seamen belonging (as it afterwards appeared) to a ship which sailed the day after William was missed; but where the vessel belonged, whence she come, or whither bound, no one had any knowledge; yet the manner in which she was handled and her general appearance, shewed that those who composed her crew were seamen of no ordinary character.

Years passed away the widow of Boatswain Blackaller had been interred in the little churchyard of Kingswear, and her family had been so long dispersed that the home was little thought of, when William suddenly returned to the place of his birth. He came in a coasting vessel from London. Few remembered him; and those who did could scarcely recognize, in his sunburnt and careworn countenance the features of their early companion. His manner was so reserved, and his countenance so full of rebuke if any one attempted to pry into his history, that few dared attempt it a second time; and those who did, only learned that he had been occupied in trade in the West Indies, and had gained enough to enable him to live comfortably at home.

But he came not alone. A beautiful girl of about ten years of age, engossed all his attention. Her features were not strictly English, though she was like her father; her quick and large black eye, and general manner, bespoke a Spanish origin, and chanced that she had been born under a more vivid sun than that of Europe.

Maria was sent to school, and her father occupied his time in fishing in a small sailing boat, when he managed with a dexterity that bespoke the seamen, not the trader; and once he thought of entering into partnership with a man who wished him to purchase half his vessel, but it might cause inquiry about his money, and he as suddenly gave it up.

The inn at the Ferry becoming vacant he took a lease of it; and when Maria had been three years at school she returned to be the mistress of her father's house and do the office of the hostess. His disposition was becoming gloomy, and more than usually reserved; but the return of his favourite child restored him again to himself.

Maria seldom left the bar. She had a mind far above the ordinary stamp of those who lived around her, and had more pleasure in a book than in their society. But her fathers house was the resort of many masters of vessels, who, as Maria became more accustomed to her employment, were drawn by her to the house. Her lively manner and dark eye sold many a bowl of punch, they said for the good landlord. He always on his guard, read with a scrutinizing eye every stranger that come to his house; listening to the stories of all but imparting little in return. Maria had entered on her 20th year, when a heavy gale from the south west, about the middle of September, drove a large ship bound to the Spanish main, to seek shelter in the harbor. She had lost part of her masts and rigging and had sprung a leak, which prevented her from proceeding on her voyage. Without considerable repair. It was necessary that her cargo should be taken out, which was a work of time; and her master, having placed himself in the hands of an agent, commenced unloading.

Having heard of Blackaller, and anxious to look at the entrance of the harbor from the Kingswear side he landed with his mate, and walked for an hour over the hills of the Mewstone. On their return, they went into the Ferry house, and ordered a bowl of punch, which was supplied by Maria; and Blackaller being desired to join them they entered into a conversation which lasted till late in the evening. Indeed neither of them appeared anxious to leave the house, though neither imparted to the other the cause by which he was detained there.

The captain was a man nearly forty years of age, as bold and daring as Blackaller himself; but he was also of a very irritable temper, and, if thwarted when a little in liquor, he had no restraint upon his passion. Still he was an honest man, and an excellent seaman, and had for years been the favourite captain of his owners.

The mate was a son of a friend of theirs of the name of Mordunnt, resident in one of the West India Islands, upon whom fortune had bestowed a large family, with little means to support them; and Henry who had been born there, was sent to London to the owners of the ship who had kindly promised to bring him up.

After he had received an education suited to his future prospects he was put under the care of the master of the Meridan, (for such was the ship's name,) to be brought up to the sea.

He had now passed his twentieth year, yet he still felt under restraint when in the company of his captain—the natural effect of being so long under his guidance; but it was mixed with that