St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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

Visiting and Business Cards, plain and ornamental; Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally neatly executed.

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

TERMS—Two Dollars, 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.

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REV. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, is the sole authorised 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 acknowledged in payments. His Offices are—Boston, Scollay's Building; New York, Tribune Buildings; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets."

Mutual Insurance Company,

Formed Yesterday, Enquire, President.

J. W. LESWARCE, ZACHEUS REED, } Directors.
S. L. TILLEY, S. R. TURNER, }
J. M. ROBINSON, Enquire, Solicitor.
Isaac WOODWARD, Enquire, Secretary.

Application for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary, Wiggins' 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

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. Manney, Sturdee & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.

May 23, 1852.

THOMAS GOW,

Plumber and Gass Fitter,

NEXT ADJOINING Martin's Brick BUILDING, WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Pumping, 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, 1853. THOMAS GOW.

SALT, FISH, MOLASSES, &c., &c.

SIX HUNDRED Bags Liverpool SALT;
200 Boxes Digby Smoked HERRINGS;
10 Barrels American Mess PORK;
10 Do. Prime Do.;
20 Tierces and 10 Hhds. MOLASSES;
20 Hhds. SUGAR; 10 Bbls. Do.;
10 Bbls. Pilot Bread; 25 Boxes Saleratus;
75 Boxes Liverpool SOAP;
10 Ditto St. John Manufacture Soap;
15 Boxes CANDLES; 75 Bbls. Rye Flour;
50 Boxes Lozenges; 500 Yards Homespun;
10 Boxes PIPES; 10 Kegs Tobacco;
With a great variety of other articles, which will be sold at low rates for good pay.

In Store.—12M Beech TREENAILS, 18 to 24

Sept. 15 Visitor. G. M. BURNS.

WASHING POWDERS.—Received per Packet Liberia, and sold at one sixth the usual price;

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 Ox,
Nine and Ten-penny Horse,
One and 3-4 to 2 1-2 inch Boat Nails,
Sheating Nails,
Four and a half inch Spikes.

March 6. 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 HAMOND 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 36 by 86 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.

Hibernian Hotel Notice.

FOUR or more Permanent Boarders can be accommodated at this WELL KNOWN ESTABLISHMENT at a Moderate Rate yearly. Also Transient Boarders and Travellers, supplied with Lunches, Dinners, and Suppers, at short Notice, and comfortable Lodgings, with clean Beds, and prompt attention for the Travelling public.

On hands at all times, Mutton Pies, Oysters, Soups, and Mountain Dew, (if the Sons permit).

JAMES NETHERY.

N. B.—A regular supply of Colonial and old Country Papers.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE—400 lbs. of Extra Goose FEATHERS; 600 do.; Russia Bed Ticks;

A 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, 40 from 12x20 to 36x50 single thick; 108 Boxes Double thick Glass, for shop windows, sizes from 16x22 to 24x42; 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

PURE COD-LIVER OIL & LIME.—A further supply of this Valuable Medicine received by Steamer from Boston. W. O. SMITH.

NEW GOODS for the FALL.

COMMERCE HOUSE,
KING STREET.

October 6th, 1854.

HORSFALL & SHERATON

Have received per Steamers "CANADA," and "NIAGARA," and Packet Ships David C. Farnham, "John Bentson," "John Bazamore," and "Joseph Lewis":

10 Packages of Fancy and French Goods,

Being a part of their extensive purchases for the Fall Business; and comprising a good assortment of every description of

WOOLENS, 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, in all of the Fashionable Colours, with suitable Trimmings;
Silk Brocatelles, very rich;
Silk and Woollen DAMASKS;
Cords and Tassels, for Ottomans;
Rich Velvet Pile, and Tapes CARPETINGS;
Brussels 3-ply Kidderminster; Scotch do.;
Brussels Rugs, Sheepskins 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.

WINTER!—WINTER!

THE Subscriber has on hand, a large and varied assortment of English, American and Domestic manufactured HATS and CAPS, suitable for Fall and Winter wear.

In HATS, we have Satin, Fur, Kossuth, Cuban, Magyar, Jersey, Cassimere, Covered, Glazed, &c.

In CAPS, we have Fur, of all descriptions, Astrakan, Seal, Silk Plush, Cloth, Glazed, Glengary, Scalette, Storm, &c. &c.

As we always Sell our Goods at a small profit, we cannot advertise that we will sell at 15 or 20 per cent. below ordinary rates; but we do promise to sell at such prices as cannot fail to give every satisfaction to any reasonable person.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

C. D. EVERETT & SON,
North side King-street.

February 6, 1855.

SPARS for Sale.

THE Subscriber has on hand and for Sale, rough Spars of all sizes.

SPARS made to order at the shortest notice, at his establishment, Lower Cove.

BENJAMIN PEEL.

N. B. Wanted—An active person to take care of Spars, to whom liberal wages will be given. Apply as above. Sept. 18.

CANVASS, &c.

ON HAND and for Sale at low rates: -100 Bolts Leith CANVASS, No. 1 to 6;
5 Tons London and Domestic OAKUM;
4 Tons Hemp and New Zealand CORDAGE, from 6 thd. to 5 in. Apply to

JOHN WALKER,
Feb. 16. Peters' Wharf.

CHOICE FURS.

THIS DAY OPENED, ex Steamer *America*, via Boston from London:—

Ladies' French Sable FURS;
Do. Stone Martin do;
Do. Kitten do.

In Queen's BOAS, MUFFS & CUFFS—the choicest lot of Furs received this season.

Jan. 12.—[cou. 4i.] LOCKHART & CO.

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.

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. do. Silk Glazed Bangor CAPS;
do. do. Ringold do.;
do. do. Brown Cloth Emperor do.;
do. do. Black Satin Spring '55 HATS.

For sale at lowest market prices.

April 13. LOCKHART & CO.

MEN & WOMEN!

RUB, RUB, RUBBER SHOES, For Sale Cheap.

ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.

Dec. 8, 1854. No. 5, Prince William Street

JOHN KINNEAR,—Prince Wm. Street,—

Is receiving, just landing, and for Sale—50 Kegs Cut NAILS; 1 Bales Taper OCHRE; 5 Barrels Crushed SUGAR; 3 Barrels FLUID; 3 Tierces RICE; 18 Dozen assorted CHAIRS.

March 23.

DR. EDWIN BAYARD.

HAS removed to Saint John from Saint Andrews, and will practise in connection with Drs. Rankin and W. Bayard.

Residence at the house of Dr. H. Bayard, Germain-street. Feb. 3, 1855.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

ON and after Tuesday next, the Subscriber will be found at the premises lately occupied by Mr. Henry Austin, next door to Gabel's corner, same as before. GEORGE RIX PRICE.

April 20.

MONEY WANTED.—I want to sell for money, 1 hhd. Cuba SUGAR, 4 brls. PORK, and 9 boxes No. 1 Cavendish TOBACCO—duty paid. Price nominal.

ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN,
March 28. No. 5, Prince Wm. Street.

DANDALION COFFEE.—Four packages Dandalion COFFEE, just received per the Themis from London, by

April 20. FELLOWS & CO.

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 S. L. TILLEY,

April 20. No. 15 King Street

Fall Importations.

Hats, Caps, Furs, Hosiery and Boots and Shoes.

RECEIVED per Steamer "Joseph Tatem" and bark "Independent" from England, "Eastern City" and "Adelaide" from Boston, a large and Fashionable Stock of Medium Whitney BEAVER, PILOTS and BEARSKIN CLOTHS; Fancy TWEEDS and CASSIMERE, TWEEDS and VESTINGS, in French cut and Plain Velvets and Satins; a beautiful article purchased from the Manufacturers; Red, Blue and White FLANNELS, Heavy Estreys; Lambs Wool Shirts and Drawers; Grey White and Painted COTTONS, Orleans "Coburghs" and Luster "Coburghs."

READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Men's and Boy's OVER COATS—in Beaver, Bearskin, Witney, Beaver and Pilot CLOTHS, made and Trimmed in the best style;

French Figured and plain Silk Velvets; Figured and plain Satins and Cassimeres, VESTS, Moreens and every description of Winter Vests; 2000 pair of PANTALOONS from 5s. to 25s.; Boys CLOTHING in Great Variety of Texture and prices; 500 Reefing JACKETS in Beaver and Pilot Clothes; 4 Bales of Buffaloes Robes; 2 Bales of Buffalos and Seal Skin Coats; Goodyears Rubber Clothing of every description; Muskrat FURS, Beaver and Seal Skin CAPS; Beaver and Kossuth HATS and every description of Outfitting GOODS at this Establishment.

If you want to purchase Cheap Clothing go to the Old Established "St. John Clothing Mart," of sixteen years standing well known to be the Largest and Cheapest Establishment in the City, where all can be fitted with the best of Clothing. All Goods marked in plain figures. No Reduction.

Gentlemen's Clothing made to Order at the Shortest Notice.

F. NEILL.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 19th, 1854.

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 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.

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. 24. J. DOHERTY & CO.

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. B. 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.

NOTICE.

THE Business heretofore carried on by L. H. DEVEBER and R. S. DEVEBER, under the name of L. H. DEVEBER, & SON, will from this date be conducted by the Subscribers, under the Firm of L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.

LEVERET H. DEVEBER.
RICHARD S. DEVEBER.
SMITH BOIES DEVEBER.

St. John, May 4, 1855.—6i.

Paris Gloves.

OPENED this day, ex Steamer Africa, direct from Paris:—

Gent's Black French Kid GLOVES;
" Colored " " " "
Ladies' " " " "

Warranted the best made.

Gent' best India Rubber BRACES;
Girls' Fancy Straw HATS, For sale retail only.

LOCKHART & CO.,
May 4. King street

FRESH OYSTERS.

RECEIVED from Boston per steamer Eastern City.—A few Barrels of Prime 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,
May 18. Water-street.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS AND OINTMENT—Just received and for sale by

October 28, 1853. FELLOWS & CO

Poetry.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

The dread sixth vial of wrath must be poured
Its dregs, upon the great [figurative] River Euphrates,
The Beast, the Man of Sin, and False Prophet—all,
Will soon have run their appointed time to fall!
Satan, himself, shall be, ere long, confin'd
In chains of darkness—for a time consign'd;
Then shall the kingdoms of the world, as one,
Become the kingdoms of our Lord, alone!
Then all true Christians shall in faith combine
In love and joy and harmony divine!
Some mystic power, like living fire, shall go,
Purge the way, and cleanse the sanctu'ry thro':
A glorious, bright millenium soon shall rise
With sweet effulgence, and illume the skies!
The morning stars shall then togeth' er sing
Loud rapt'rous praise to our Almighty King!
The Sons of Grace shall all their powers employ
The Sons of God shall shout aloud, for joy!
Christians reflect—portentious signs alarm
The world's in conflict—new-fledg'd evi's swarm!
The Dragon—knowing, that his time is short—
Makes direful efforts at Imperial Court!
Three dread foul spirits, must have flown abroad
To spread Delusion round—thro' subtle Fraud!
O'rpow'ring energies from Church and State,
Thro' sid Divine, will hurl them to their fate!
Mark—when such immortal spirits ran
Thro' all our Hosts—to individual man!
If the late Emp'ror could not well sustain
From martial strokes upon his "mighty brain"
The cranium, save, was fractur'd long before,
By loss, commerce—thro' ev'ry bloody war!
In thirty years, werd, in the Tyrant's Reign,
One, and one-third million Russians slain!
Should the new Czar urge bloody war to craze him!
He'll fall—not rise—and, not a hand will raise him!
Mid Sycophants sincere, and serfs of state,
He, like mighty Cæsar, doomed, may meet his fate!
When Sebastopol [Progress save] is tak'n,
The Emperor's softer brain, will then be shak'n!
May God in mercy, change true Sion's foes,
By grace thro' faith, to saun eternal woes.

Lansdale, April 20th, 1855. J. R. L.

Miscellany.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate.' St. Paul.

THE CROCK OF GOLD.

[CONCLUDED IN THIS NUMBER.]

'Roger Whelan,' continued my friend, 'was a fine handsome fellow, tall and comely, and was at the time very much in love with a very pretty girl, who had a good deal of money; but her parents found out that Roger was always out at nights. The country was, as it generally is, in an unquiet state; and despite Michael's assurances to the contrary, Mary Morgan's people believed that Roger was in some way connected with the disturbers of the public peace, at the very time when, to do him justice, he disturbed nothing but the wild rabbits, the bats, owls, rooks, and wild birds, that sheltered amid the ruins of Jerpoint. Neither Roger nor Michael would tell why Roger was from home at nights; and, after some hesitation and a few tears, Mary relinquished her handsome lover for a short, steady little husband, who lived to be a rich citizen of the city of Waterford. 'Never mind,' said the discarded lover; 'she'll be sorry for it yet, when she hears of Mister Roger Whelan, Esq., and hears the bay of my hounds on the hills, and sees my carriage overrunning all the pigs on the quay of Waterford, then, maybe, she'll be sorry for changing her mind.' The forgetfulness of his fair one, however, proved upon his spirits; and having gone into Kilkenny, he was tempted to change one or two of his precious coins; and after having drank the worth of his money in whisky, he was imprudent enough to boast that he had many more of the same 'curiosities' at home. The landlord seeing that the coins were unlike any he had ever seen before, took them to a "knowing man," a little crabbed body who lived near the church of Saint Xanis, and was as near an approach to a dealer of curiosities as could be supposed to exist in an Irish country town, where the great of these days spent *more* of their spare money in show and claret, and the small had never had any money to spare. Still the old man existed; and when *he* purchased the coins from the whisky dealer, something seemed to occur to him, which he did not communicate to any one; but finding that it was still early in the day, he set out to walk to a gentleman who resided about five miles from Kilkenny, on the Ross road. To him he shewed the coins; and much to poor Michael's horror, Roger Whelan was arrested at the end of the week, on the accusation of having stolen these coins from that very gentleman's house. About a fortnight before the unfortunate treasure-seeker found them among the stones of Jerpoint Abbey, the house had been beset by some Whitefeet, or Peep-of-day boys, or whatever they chose to call themselves, seeking for arms, and professing to take nothing else—a profession they generally adhered to. But one of them had doubtless been tempted by the glitter of a drawer of coins and medals in a bureau, which they had broken open to get at some curious Spanish pistols the gentleman was known to possess. After having obtained possession thereof, he doubtless did not know how to dispose of them, and secreted them in the ruin, where Roger unfortunately discovered them.

'I confess my opinion is, that the law in those days was administered in a very one-sided manner; but I must at the same time admit, that circumstantial evidence was strongly against poor Roger! he had acquired for himself the character of an idle, wandering fellow, and the only one to support his story was Michael, but the counsel for the crown said, 'What brother was there who would not say as much for another brother.'

'Plaze yer honor, answered Michael, 'he is my brother, poor boy; and though he is faroninst me, where I never thought he'd be, and the first of his family that ever *stud* in such disgrace, and though I'd sell the coat off my back, and the flesh after it, if that would save him, still I'd not tell a lie, and by so doing sell my soul to the devil. Gentleman counsellors, you are used to it, but I am not; he has tould the blessed truth. Treasure seeking he was, that's sartin, whin, with a bit of a stick, the very one that stud his friend many a turn, yet like many friends, betrayed him at the last—poked out the unnatural pieces of money, bad luck to them; and, if he had taken my advice, and just carried them to the landlord, there would have been no more about it, only maybe the right made out. Look gintlemen, I can say no more than this, look round at me, lladger, avick, the born picture of our blessed father, the boy that lay with myself many and many a night and day upon the bosom of our own mother; look at me, my own heart-brother, and hear me pray on my knees that curses by day and night may fall hot, heavy, black an' bitter on your head, if you knew anything about the ditty money until that blessed minute when, unknownst to yourself, you let the light of day shine on the treasure, and thought your fortune made. To this his brother responded with a deep and sincere 'Amen!' Many in the court wept, for all who knew respected Michael, and considered Roger as an 'innocent boy who would never do any harm to any one but himself.' Poor Roger, however, was sentenced to seven years' transportation, to which was added the information, that the law shewed great mercy in not sentencing him to death.

'God bless you, Michael,' said Roger, when he embraced his brother for the last time; all the country knows I'm innocent; and who can tell but I may find *the crock of gold yet*, when all is done and done? The money was hid there, any way.'

'If ever,' said Michael to his wife, when he returned home, 'if ever poor Roger comes back to ould Ireland, it will be to go treasure-hunting; his brain is struck with it, as indeed every brain is, when it takes a foolish notion that reason cannot conquer.'

Five years had passed, and the only matter connected with the brothers worth recording, was, that the man who really took the old money from the gentleman's bureau, having wound up his misdeeds by the crime of murder, was discovered; and when about to suffer, confessed his sorrow for his fault. This was a joyful hearing to all Michael Whelan's friends, and they were many; his conduct had won him the approbation of rich and poor; and it had long been evident, that if Roger failed to find a crock of gold, it was equally certain that Michael would soon make one, as everything prospered that he undertook. The ignorant said, he had great luck—the wise, that he had great industry.

The news of Roger's pardon, and consequent permission to return home, spread through the country; but long before there was a possibility of a ship reaching Botany Bay, a tall, worn, spectral-looking man presented himself beneath Michael's roof, and was soon pressed to the arms of the whole family.

'My own dear brother?' said the true-hearted Michael, 'you are indeed returned; and now your farm is worth the having; it is stocked, and cropped, and thriving; we will work together, and live together. But how is it you are so quickly returned?'

'Don't laugh at me, Michael,' was the reply; 'but I had *one dreame*, which I never shall rest till I work out, it kept up my heart for three long years of slavery, and I'd often pray to dreame it again, but I never did. I dreamt I was in Ireland, standing by cross roads that divided some ould ruins into four halves, and milk came pouring down one road, and water down another, and a herd of cattle driving down the last; and as I stood, a voice said, "Seek, and have;" and I thought I made with my hands a trough like, where the milk and water mixed like whisky and water, and the bees hung over it, and the cattle drank of it; and I could tell the place, if I saw it. And behould, I worked, worked at the hollow; and, all of a sudden, I raised up a crock of gold fell at my feet, like the waters of the wide ocean, for plenty; and through all manner of dangers, I made my way back to Ireland, on the sly; and for the last three months I've been disguised like a bother, of a natural, seeking through the ruins of old Ireland for the *crock of gold*, but *I haven't* found it yet.'

'Not never a'fill,' said Michael. 'Let me read the dream for you. Didn't your hands make the trough, and did not milk and water rest there, are not they the fruits of labour? And out of that trough came the crock of gold; and so it will, out of the labour of your hands. That is the only crock of gold the Whelans will ever find, depend upon it.'

This interpretation did not, however, suit the treasure-seeker; on all other subjects he was sane enough; but nothing could change his desire to find, instead of labor for wealth. And yet his brother told my uncle, he does labour and labour hard. He risked much in venturing to Ireland, before he knew that his innocence had been declared. But he did not care: his whole ideas were in the crock of gold. There is not a part of Ireland that he will not travel to, spend night after night, burrowing in the earth like a wild animal, no matter what the weather is, or what the season; and the first question he asks of every stranger he meets is, 'Had ye a drame?'

This was one of the tales my gentle friend told me with a desire to correct my fondness for castle-building; which is indeed even now one of my faults. She enlarged upon the utility of Michael's course of life, and pointed out how totally lost to himself and to society poor Roger was. "He comes here sometimes, and asks my grandmother's leave to inspect our castle; a permission we never refuse, upon condition that he does not meddle with the foundation. He makes his appearance once every three years, spending some time at Dunbrody Abbey, some time at Clonmines, a night here, another at Danes Castle, another at Coolhull, at Duncormuck; and so getting into the barony of Forth, which is full of old castles, he travels by day, and digs by night; but he has not yet found his crock of gold.

How well I remembered the evening when, sitting on my friend's knee in the great bow-window of the drawing-room at Barristown, she told me that story! The Castles of Clonmines had flung their shadows on the water, and the evening was as calm and silent as the grave. I remember asking her to send me word when next the old treasure seeker came to the neighborhood, that I might see him, only at a little distance; and I also remember her saying, that "he might never come again, for that exposure to all weathers had brought on premature old age, and he seemed ill and worn the last time he was there."

Alas! dear Sally had departed long, long ago to a better world; and I, after residing many years in another land, had, by one of those curiously turned romances of real life that laugh at fiction, encountered the treasure-seeker upon the very spot where, years ago, I knew he loved to linger and explore—the very old man whom my poor friend had supposed to ill to return again! Indeed, I had been so certain of his death, that I had never thought of inquiring about him. I know not how long I might have remained among the ruins, musing over the story I have recorded, and recalling the looks and voice of her who told me many such tales, had not my little busy companion, Daniel Muckleroy, begged "my honour's pardon, but "would I be plazed to tell him which I liked best, travelling by night or by day, or in rain of sunshine? This recalled me to a sense of the rapidity with which time had passed, and I became aware that the evening approached. I had hoped the sun would have set over the castles with all his brightness; but no; the clouds were grey and heavy, the whistle of the plover was more frequent than usual, and a moaning came from the not far-off ocean—a sound perfectly distinct from the roaring that accompanies the progress of the storm-king, or the loud ripple that beats music to the breeze—it was a *moaning*—those who know the sea will understand what I mean—a hearing, as if the mighty waters groaned inwardly at the approach of a tempest.

"The clouds have *gathered* above our heads, ma'am, and ye haven't noticed them; and there was a *breech* about the moon last night; and early as it is, sorra a crow, the craythur, that hasn't come home; and since ye seemed so *struck*, my lady, with Daddy Whelan, if ye'll just be plazed to step here, you'll see him in his *element* intirely.'

I walked on to where the boy stood, and I was pleased, when, looking earnestly in my face, he added, "Daddy's of *decent* people, ma'am; and *sure you wouldn't laugh at him!* He is as innocent as a baby, only *crazed* in the head with throuble he had onst, and the fancy of a crock of gold.' There was warm feeling around the heart of that wild Irish boy, *though he was standing in the skin of his feet.*

Roger Whelan was preparing for a stormy night, and the prospect seemed to have imbued the old man with new life; he had fastened his cowl more closely round his head, and was seated on the grey stone my guide had pointed out; his curious staff placed upon his knees, his elbows resting upon it, and his attention divided between the arrangement of a piece of candle in an old lantern, which I had not before perceived, and the course of the clouds, that were, without any apparent wind, careering above our heads. I advanced nearer, but he did not heed me.

"My lady," whispered little Daniel, "he's dead round that stone a thousand times, but the neighbours fill up the marks: his brother, Mister Michael, has come to live in this county, and likes to keep the Daddy, as we call him, near at hand.—He wouldn't stay in the place if he found his own marks, but go to break fresh ground; granny says he's more easily deceived than he used to be.'

Suddenly a shivering flash of lightning, then amid the clouds, and a few drops of rain induced me to take shelter under a ruined arch close to the grey stone, upon which the treasure-seeker was seated.

"Daddy, sir," said Dan, "come in the shelter, it's bad for ould bones to get could."

The old man turned his face suddenly towards the smiling child, and holding forth a long arm-bone, which was fastened beneath the shreds in his singular belt, and was polished as ivory, he exclaimed, "*This* doesn't feel the could; it's been strip these hundred years and more. I had dug the whole night, and the thunder howling, and the lightning, not laughing like the weeny flash that passed us now, but dancing mad with divilment through the heavens and over the earth. It was in Adair I was rooting—rooting—*for the crock of gould*, inside the proud lord's wall, and he thinking none like me would get at his hid treasure. And I saw the handle, the handle of the crock, *forenint* me, in the hole, and I made a plunge and seized it. I knew it was the handle, and I was so wild with joy, that I forgot myself, and shoute I, and heard the shout repeated as 'twas again by some of the *divils*, and muttered over by others according to their envy. And I knew I had done wrong to spake, but I held fast, and tore this up—*this!* Do ye understand it? the spirit that owned the gould, *had power* either I shouted. So he *left* his *crock of gould*, but I got his arm-bone! That was my best chance; I never can have such a chance except when they," and he pointed downwards, and spoke in a lower tone, "when *they* get *terrified* with the thunder; he's my best chance, and I shall have it te-night; if I had but *a drame*. Are you sure you had not a drame, lady?" he added, peering as he had done before.

I asked him if he remembered his friends at Barristown, for I was anxious to ascertain if his mind wandered on all subjects.

"Ay, well," he replied, and his voice changed again; "God be good to them!—the warm welcome, the open house, the ould Lady Queen of the Castle! *she* often dreamed for me; and her son—the flower of the gentry—and the fair young lady, I brought a white rose-tree from Woodstock, and set it on her grave, though *she* would never try to drame for me. Poor thing, she did not believe in dreames; *but she knows the truth of them now*. It's a queare world, and everything in it. What is it from first to last but a drame, leading by visions to eternity! Sure, in our own short time the people are gone from Barristown like a drame! and yet they *wear* in it onst, and so with the money in my crock of gold! Sure, after *that*, what can ye say agin the dreames?—Isn't all life a drame! There's another flash o' lightning! *I love to read my drame-book by flashes o' lightning* and I love it at sea, the fire and the wather sporting wild sport together! Ah, thin, if ye hadn't a drame, lady, when will ye go out of this, for ye're *troubling* the earth! Don't ye hear how the thunder growls?"

"May I not wait till the storm is over, Daddy?" I inquired, not without some apprehension, for the old man's features were assuming a troubled aspect, though my little guide did not seem to be alarmed.

"Oh, *agra!* yes; a lady and a stranger; only the sooner the better, unless you could sleep, *and tell me yer drame.* God help me," he added, shiveringly, for the wind had risen, and was rattling amid the ruins and the ivy; "God help me! *I shall soon be little more than a drame myself.*"

It is impossible to convey an idea of the sadness of the tone with which he uttered this prophecy. They were the last words he spoke to me. The storm was short-lived; and though I bade him good-day, he would not answer me; the boy said he was vexed the "*tunder*" was over. Be that as it may, I heard the click-click of his sharpening the end of his axe, as if determined on his singular purpose.

Poor Roger Whelan! one of my last received letters from Ireland contained this passage: "I have just left the prosperous and contented dwelling of Michael Whelan; he is a very old man, full to the brim of the happy years of an industrious life, though just now much grieved by the death of his wandering brother, 'the Treasure-Seeker;' for despite his eccentric chetisucy, which, as he advanced in years, deepened in my opinion into positive madness, he loved him tenderly. Roger's end was as remarkable as his life. He had been occupied, as usual, one stormy night in the old churchyard of K—l, and the storm he so delighted in, but too faithfully assisted the excavation he had made. A portion of the old north wall gave way, and buried the picturesque old man beneath its ruin."

Poor dreamer! he had left his brother's house under the strong excitement of a new vision, and his end was in keeping with his life. The prosperity arising from the industry of the one brother, and the comfortless life and tragical end of the other, form the best commentary upon the most feasible means of obtaining a *crock of gold.*

HOW MRS. STOWE BECAME AN AUTHORESS.—In a letter to a friend in England, in answer to some inquiries respecting her personal history, Mrs. H. B. Stowe gives the following interesting passage in her life:—

During long years of struggling with poverty, sickness, and a hot debilitating climate my children grew up around me. The nursery and the kitchen were my principal fields of labor. Some of my friends pitying my toils, sent some of my sketches to certain liberally-paying annuals with my name. With the first money that I earned this way I bought a feather bed! For as I had married into poverty, and without a dowry, and as my husband had only a large library of books and learning, this bed and pillows was thought in while the most profitable investment.

I now thought I had discovered the philosopher's stone, and when a new carpet or matrass was needed, or when at the close of the year it began to be evident that my family accounts, like Dora's "wouldn't add up," then I used to say to my faithful friend and factotum, Anna, who shared all my joys and sorrows, "Now, if you'll keep the babies quiet, and attend to all the things in the house for one day, I'll write a piece, and then we shall be out of the scrape." And so I became an authoress! Very modest at first, I do assure you, and remonstrating very seriously with the friends who thought it best to put my name to my productions, by way of getting up a reputation.

THE ADMIRALITY IN ITS CHILDHOOD.—It is with the greatest astonishment we observe that an admiral has just been appointed at the age of 54! We have heard for many years past that the service was going to the dogs, but we little expected that, within our lifetime, it would have gone to worse than dogs—to puppies; and what do you call a British admiral under the age of 60 but an arrant young puppy, that is only fit to float paper boats in the Serpentine? We have came to a pretty pass, indeed, when mere boys, who have never known what the gout is, and can venture on deck probably without the aid of a crutch, are given the command of a fleet, and this, too, when we have admirals on the list of the matured ages of 70, 80, and 90—steady going, experienced men, who can neither see, hear, nor walk! It is reducing our naval supremacy to little better than child's play; and we tremble for the honor of our country when it is put, as thoughtlessly as if it were a toy, into the hands of stripling that but a few years back would have been thought complete babies.