SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1856.

Weekly Chronicle.

VOLUME XX. "COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE." NUMBER 43.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at the Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. H. Doskie & 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 up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

☞ Terms—Five Sh., if paid within the year, 7Sh. 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 authorized Agent for the Chronicle at Youngs Cove, Grand Lake.

☞ Archibald M'Allister, is an authorized Agent for the Chronicle at Gagetown.

☞ 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."

We have omitted the Poetry.

HENNAY & SCHIRNER,
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 4-3 Octave to A above.

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

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

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,

Princess Street next adjoining Dunn's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

August 29.

BOWES & KENNEDY.
COPPER, TIN, and Sheet Iron Workers,
NO. 4, CROSS STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TIN AND ZINC WATER SPOUTS, STOVES, STOVE PIPE, & TINWARE. ALWAYS ON HAND.

☞ All kinds of Jobbing and repairing in our line thankfully received and punctually attended to. (3m.) August 24, 1855.

THOMAS GOW,
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, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

THOMAS HANTON,
MANUFACTURER OF
Steamboat, Locomotive, Flue, and Cylinder
BOILERS,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
—ALSO—
SHIPS' WATER TANKS, &c., &c., &c.

Britain Street, (near Reed's Point,) Saint John, N.B. Particular attention paid to repairs. November 30, 1855.

HORSE SHOEING.

[Shop one door north of the Country Market]

WILLIAM GABRIEL begs to Tender his sincere thanks to his friends and the Public for the extensive patronage hitherto received from them; and he takes this method further to inform them that he is prepared at all times to execute orders in his line of business, in the best possible manner, and in the style that is most suitable to this Country.

January 26, 1854.

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

MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish, challenges competition.

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.

All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.

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.

HARRIS & ALLAN over grateful for past favours beg leave to announce to their friends and the public, that they have lately fitted up a Steam Hammer and Scrap FURGE, for the purpose of converting Mallable Scrap into all kinds of dimension IRON; Shafts up to ten inches in diameter, Flat, Square, and Round Iron; Screw Keys, &c. &c., it being an established fact that no description of dimension Iron is equal to that manufactured from Scrap, and they beg to call the attention of a discerning public to the above facts.

☞ The highest prices given for Mallable Scrap Iron. Feb. 26, 1856.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

It has been the lot of the human race to be afflicted above by disease and suffering. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are especially adapted to the relief of the WEAK, the NERVOUS, the DELICATE, and the ENFEEBLED, of all climes, ages, sexes, and constitutions. Professor Holloway personally superintends the manufacture of his medicines, and offers them to a free and enlightened people, as the best remedy the world ever and for the removal of disease.

THESE PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

These famous Pills are expressly combined to operate on the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the skin, and the bowels, correcting any disorganization in their functions, purifying the blood, the very fountain of life, and thus curing disease in all its forms.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Nearly half the human race have taken these Pills. It has been proved in all parts of the world, that nothing has been found equal to them in cases of disorders of the liver, dyspepsia, and stomach complaints generally. They soon give a healthy tone those organs, however much deranged, and when all other means have failed.

GENERAL DEBILITY.—ILL HEALTH.

Many of the most despotic Governments have opened their Custom Houses to the introduction of these Pills, that they may become the medicine of the masses. Learned Colleges admit that this medicine is the best remedy ever known for persons of delicate healthe or where the system has been impaired, as its invigorating properties never fail to afford relief.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

No Female, young or old, should be without this celebrated medicine. It corrects and regulates the monthly courses at all periods, acting in many cases like a charm. It is also the best and safest medicine that can be given to children of all ages, and for any complaint; consequently no family should be without it.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Fevers of all kinds,	Sore Throats,
Asthma,		Stone & Gravel
Bilious Complaints,	Gout,	Secondary Symptoms,
Blotch on the Skin,	Headache,	Tic Doloureux,
Bowel Complaints,	Indigestion,	Tumours,
Colics,	Inflammation,	Ulcers,
Constipation of the Bowels,	Jaundice,	Venereal Affections,
Consumption,	Liver Complaints,	Worms of all kinds,
Debility,	Lumbago,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Dropsy,	Piles,	
Dysentry,	Rheumatism,	
Erysipelas,	Retention of Urine,	
Female Irregularities,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,	
Fits,		

Sold at the establishment of Professor Holloway, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar, London), and 80, Maiden Lane, New York; also by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the Civilized World, at the following prices—1s. 3d.; 3s. 3d.; and 5s. sterling each Box.

☞ There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B—Directors for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each Box.

S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 2, King St. St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son Fredericton; W. T. Baird Woodstock; Alex. Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and Jas. Gilbert White, Belleisle.

FELLOWS & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Druggists,
GERMAIN STREET,
Opposite lower end of Country Market,

Manufacture, in addition to their popular remedies, CONFECTIONERY in every variety, viz. LOZENGES, CANDIES, DROPS, and PANWORK, all of which they warrant as being perfectly pure in every respect, containing no poisonous colours, and which will be sold as low as can be imported.

PARIS MANUFACTURE.

The Subscriber has received direct from Paris, per last British Mail Steamer to Halifax—

GENTS' best Black and Colored French Kid GLOVES;
Ladies best Black and Colored French Kid GLOVES—*Tasseled*;
Gents' best Caoutchou Elastic BRACES;
Youths and Children's fancy FELT HATS—fine quality;
Gent's fine Brown Felt HATS;
One pc. fine French Black-ribbed DOESKIN, imported for Gentlemen's wear.

For sale at the very lowest market prices at the old stand of Lockhart & Co., 41 King-street.

March 28th. DAVID H. HALL.

New Stock for Spring, 1856.

Just received at the New Paper Store:—

3000 ROLLS of PAPER HANGINGS by the steamer Adelaide direct from the manufacturer. For sale cheap for cash.

GEORGE NIXON,
March 14. 104, Prince William-street

NEWCASTLE COALS.—Parties requiring to import the above article in any quantity can have information with regard to it by applying to

JOHN KINNEAR,
Feb. 8. Prince Wm. street.

NEW BOOKS.—New York Journal, January; Harper, do.; Putnam and National, do.; With an immense assortment of other late publications, Newspapers, &c.

January 4. B. O'BRIEN.

PUTTY, FIRE PROOF PAINT, &c.—Landing and for Sale:—1½ Tons PUTTY; 5 Brls. Fire Proof PAINTS; 10 casks Pine OIL; 1 case NUTMEGS. RICE, BARLEY, &c.

JOHN KINNEAR,
November 16. Prince Wm. stree

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.—The Subscriber has just received from London—his Fall Supply of English Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, &c.; Brandram's No. 1 White Lead and colored PAINTS—ground and dry. Also, per Packet Ship *Liberia*, from Liverpool—12 casks Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL. For Sale by

S. L. TILLEY,
January 11. No. 35 King-Street.

FRESH made BUTTER, and FRESH EGGS. For Sale at JOHN KINNEAR'S,
June 6, 1856. Prince Wm. street

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
Established in 1836—Empowered by Special Acts of Parliament.

CHIEF OFFICE—37, Castle Street, Liverpool, 20 & 21 Poultry, London.

THOMAS BROCKLEBANK, Esq., *Chairman*; J. C. EWART, Esq., M. P., and T. HAYWOOD, Esq., *Deputy Chairmen*; SWINTON BOULT, Esq. *Secretary.*

BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENCIES.

Europe—Manchester, Hamburgh, Lisbon, Stockholm. *United States*—New York, New Orleans, Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, San Francisco. *British America*—Montreal, Halifax, N. S., Saint John, N. B., Saint Johns, N. F. *South America*—Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, Demerara. *Australia*—Sydney, Victoria, Adelaide, Swan River. *New Zealand*—Lyttleton, Wellington, Auckland. *Tasmania*—Hobart Town, Launceston. *East Indies*—Bombay, Calcutta, Ceylon, Madras, Manilla. *China*—Canton, Hong Kong, Shanghai.

Capital, Two Millions Sterling.
Paid up Resources, £749,251 19 6, Sterling.
CONSTITUTION——UNLIMITED LIABILITY.
Fire Premiums Received in 1855, £196,271 16 11, Sterling.

BUSINESS—Insurance against Loss or damage by FIRE, on every description of Property.

Losses paid promptly on proof of claim.

NEW BRUNSWICK BRANCH: OFFICE—98, Prince William Street, St. John.
(No Charge for Policy.)

April 25. EDWARD ALLISON, *Agent.*

Saint John & Liverpool Line of Packet Ships.
1856.
Appointed to Sail from Liverpool as under.

Ships.	Capt's.	Tonnage.	To Sail.
Eudocia,	Spurr,	1015	5th March.
John Barbour,	Marshall,	990	20th do.
Middleton,	Cooper,	996	5th April.
John Duncan,	Kenny,	921	20th do.
Imperial,	Moran,	1279	5th May.
Peter Maxwell,	Sadler	1058	5th June.
John Owens,	Doane,	1236	5th July.

These Ships are built of the best materials, are remarkably fast, classed A 1 at Lloyds and coppered, and will be despatched punctually on the day appointed.

They are commanded by men of the greatest perseverance and nautical skill, and no expense or exertion will be spared to make this line efficient in every respect for the safe and speedy conveyance of goods and passengers.

Orders for Shipment of goods by this Line are respectfully solicited.

For Freight or Passage apply in Liverpool to Messrs. FRASER BROTHERS, & Co., Walmer Buildings, Water Street, or here to

J. & R. REED.

Valuable Farms for Sale.—The Subscriber offers for Sale, Lot No. 6, at Salmon Creek, Johnston Parish, Q. C., containing 100 acres. The lot is most valuable for WOOD of almost every description, including Maple, Birch, Spruce, White Pine, etc. It is situated within a mile and a half of Green's Cove, where a wood-boat may load at any time while the navigation is open. The Post road to Judge Perry's landing runs across the front of the property. Persons wishing to view the place will please apply to Mr. Robert Strong, living in the vicinity.

Also, a Lot of Land, containing 200 acres, situated on the English settlement, head of Washademoak Lake, thirty to forty acres of which are cleared, ten acres having been ploughed. It has on it a good Frame Barn, in the vicinity there are Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches, several Schools, a Saw Mill, Grist Mill, Oat Mill, and a Carding Machine.

The post road runs through the property, and it is well timbered. There is a Stream by which a Mill may be driven. There is likewise between fifteen and twenty acres of interval not cleared. Mr. Richard Pearson, on the adjoining property may be applied to by persons who may desire to see the premises. Apply to W. H. ADAMS, or to

(Sept 28) JOHN HALL, *Saint John.*

Notice to the Public generally.

GAS PIPES AND FITTINGS, AT GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES,
At the Store of JAMES DYALL, Water Street.

LIST of Prices:—1 inch Block Tin Tube, 1s. 9d. per feet; 7-8 do. do. 1s. 6d; 3-4 do. do. 1s. 3d.; 5-8 do. do. 1s; 1-2 do. do. 9d; 3-8 do. do. 6d; 1-4 do. do. 4d;

1 inch Stop COCKS, 16s; 7-8 do. 12s 6d; 3-4 do. 8s.; 5-8 do. 6s 6d; 1-2 do. 4s 7d; 3-8 do. 3s;

1 inch CUPLINGS, 2s 6d; 7-8 do 2s. 6d; 3-4 do. 2s; 5-8 do. 1s. 6d; 1-2 do. 1s. 3d; 3-8 do. 1s; 1-4 do. 9d.

1-2 inch Drop Screw, 9d; 3-8 do 7 1-2d. Work, 1s per hour.

P. S.—Parties wanting New Houses Fitted up, would do well to call at the Subscriber's Shop, next to the Coal Shed, Water Street.

August 31. JAMES DYALL.

Removal of Whitney's HOTEL,
KING STREET, TO 74 GERMAIN STREET.

THE Subscriber, thankful for past favours, would most respectfully intimate to his friends and the Public generally, that he has leased and will open on the first day of May next, that large and commodious house, situated No. 74 Germain street, directly opposite Trinity Church.

The above premises have been recently put in thorough repair, and from its central situation and moderate charges, the proprietor determines to make his Boardors comfortable.

Twenty permanent BOARDERS can be accommodated by applying immediately.

April 25. W. WHITNEY.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—The Subscriber having been lately appointed a Licensed AUCTIONEER for Queen's County, trusts from the Public a Share of Business which shall receive his prompt attention, on most reasonable Terms. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Petersville, Q. C., April 4, 1856.

LARD, APPLES, & BEANS.—Now Landing from New York:—5 barrels Dried APPLES, 3 barrels Hogs LARD; 3 barrels BEANS—

For sale by JOHN KINNEAR,
Feb. 8. Prince Wm. street.

PAINTS.

120 KEGS of Brandrams PAINTS, assorted colours. For Sale by

ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.

St. John, October 19, 1855.

Spring Hats.

RECEIVED per ADELAIDE—2 cases *Spring Fashion* Gent's best SATIN HATS. For Sale by

DAVID H. HALL,
March 28, 1856. 41, King-street.

PURE COD LIVER OIL!—Just received—2 Casks Newfoundland COD LIVER OIL—warranted a superior article. For Sale by

S. L. TILLEY.
April 25.

Miscellaneous.

THE SEA-FLOOD.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

(From the National Magazine.)

There is a spot on the northern coast of Great Britain, where the billows of the broad Moray Frith roll their whitened ridges on a long line of dreary sand. This tract extends for miles, as it would appear, and far inland, till the prospect is lost among the bare heathy swells that rise beyond, and close, with their unshapely heights, the distant horizon. I have been told that once the surges of the ocean ran to the very edge of this heath-clad expanse; and may still be seen, in their desolate solitude, the ruins of ancient cots that fishermen had inhabited, now far from the sounding beach, and standing out like spectres of the past, but once, no doubt, having the ripple of the sunlit waves rushing to their very threshold.—Here there has been dark and wild fluctuation. Tales are told of the great tides rolling, as if borne in from the utmost polar verge, and overwhelming great tracts of country in their mighty flood.—Miles, thus wasted became the bed of ocean; till, at another era, the turbulent surges would give back, and leave the tracts they overwhelmed as suddenly, a dreary waste of sand. Thus it had been with the spot in question. It was now the home of desolation, and had its traditions of two periods of change—that when first the waves had broken loose, and raged in vast sea over a hitherto peopled district, and that in which the spoiling element had given up its prey, after having marked it for a howling, uninhabitable shore.

Of the former of these periods there is a tale of some interest related in which it is asserted that a green and fertile coast extended out as far as the present sea-margin at least; and that, on the beach, there was a fishing hamlet, called Garvoch, consisting of about a dozen huts. This colony had been perched here from immemorial time; but, latterly vague alarm had arisen that the great sea, which the amphibious hamletoers had so often taken by the mane, was moving awfully in his deep caverns, and was about to send out a swell that would flood the country to the base of the nearest hills. No one could tell whence this vague rumour had arisen: some supposed it was in the feigned prohecy of a weird native, who had passed nearly a century there in listenining to the mysterious voices of the ocean; others conceived with greater likelihood, that certain irruptions already made at a point to the eastward, and plain indications of encroachments nearer at hand, had given ground for the whisper of alarm. However, that may be, it is certain Garvoch became gradually deserted; one after another of the old tribe of fishermen left the foredoomed place, and the cots, that had sheltered there hardy race for generations, began to fall into rapid and melancholy ruin. Tangled grass and weeds grew round them; moss stains fell upon the rocks where the nets had been hung to dry in the sun; and the echoes that had once been invoked by the fisherman's song or the chime of his busy toil, were now awakened only by the wailing of the sea bird, as it sailed over the broad bosom of the frith.

One hut, amid all this ruin and solitude, continued to send up from its little wooden chimney the curling blue vapor, that told it was still tenanted. The occupant was the last of his race, as truly he might be called, by name Peter Erickson. He was descended from a long line of fishers, and was presumed, indeed, to have the blood of the old Scandinavian Erlkings in his veins. His life, like the life of his forefathers, had been spent on the wild northern seas. At the period of which I write he was advanced in years, but still hale and ruddy in his aspect, and every muscle, as it seemed trained and vehement as whipcord. His hair was of silvery whiteness, and streamed in long locks round his broad, open features; his eyes piercing blue, could yet range the horizon undimmed. Habited in his fishing integuments, he presented no mean idea of that daring old race, who made the northern main at its wildest but their pillow, and who eagerly coveted to sink into its bosom as their last bed of repose. That Peter should abandon his time-honored roof—that he should be terrified by the phantom that had scared all his neighbours from the place—that he should fear in any shape, the green billows that had daily rocked him from infancy till now, was not for a moment to be supposed. When every other roo-tree was deserted, therefore, Peter clung obstinately to his, and avowed that even if the sea-ripples should murmur above his grave, it would be the dirge that would soonest soothe his spirit; he coveting no other burial than beneath the waves.

He was left, then to his weary solitude; but yet that solitude was shared by one other, his only child Katie. Her beauty has been heard of, in the traditions of these coasts, as something little less than marvelous. She was small in stature, but of proportions just and exquisite, as if she had come from the hand of that sculptor whose fame so ennobles elder Greece. The light on her fair countenance was like a gleam of golden sunshine. Her blue eyes, soft and deep, told of her descent from the old Norse race; and these were matched by the long, waving tresses of light sunny brown that fell about her throat. The sun and the sea breeze had given a tint to her skin; but this only added a freshened glow to its loveliness. The whispering wavelet, as it kissed the sand, was not lighter than the spring of her airy step, and its clear music fell short in sweetness of the music that was heard from Katie's voice and laugh.—Beyond Peter's old cabin, his coble, and his lug-sailed barge, she was his sole treasure on earth; and beyond the tending of his silver hairs, the industry required in their humble dwelling, and occasionally, it might be, the sale of a few fish at the little market town of P——, Katie had no other care or pleasure.

Katie was now seventeen, and beginning to bud into the charms of womanhood. It was a strange wild life this ancient fisherman and his daughter led—perched upon the beach then, it might be, in the dark howling blasts that racked the winter nights, and sent sheets of spray hissing over their cabin; or, it might be, in the still, sunny days of summer, when the azure heavens were without a cloud, the calm slumbering sea stretching away northward, till sky and waters met and mingled, and leftward the blue masses of the far-off hills seen as if floating on the waves. But Katie never felt weary; even if her parent was for days absent on the deep seas, she never knew the hush of terror; her spirit was fearless as it was innocent and simple; and as she sat by the little lamp she kept burning like a star at the open window, as the beacon that should guide her father through the murky night, she cowered not for the hoarse music of the billows; but in every swell dreamed of hearing the voices of the stern Vikings, whose spirits she could not help thinking were yet ranging on their ancient tracks. Her father, indeed, often, when the blast was at the highest, made the cabin ring with their rude sea-songs; and would startle the imagination of the awed and wondering girl with the tales of their daring, their stern, unbending virtues, and the mystic lore of their bards and heroes.

A few paces to the right of the ruined hamlet a small creek was formed by a mountain stream issuing there into the sea. Peter used to bring in his craft, and in this haven moor it in security, and without the need of much personal exertion. It was Katie's wont, when she had note of her father's return, to speed hither with all the vivacity and glee of simple love; and it was a touching spectacle, when the great rugged fisherman leaped on the yellow sand, to see him clasp the gentle girl within his arms, and kissed her sweet face a score of times, at least, in succession. This had occurred many times without further incident, but at last, after a year of their solitude had passed, Katie, on hastening one sunny afternoon to the creek, found, to her exceeding surprise, that, for the first time, there was a stranger with her father in the little boat. He was a young gentleman of so handsome an exterior, so pale and comely a face, so full, dark flashing eye, and hair so richly curling beneath his cap, that Katie stopped, at first in sheer admiration. Then, as her father leaped out, and the stranger followed, she hung back in deep bashfulness, and the blood rose richly to her forehead. She heard them talk; but she knew not clearly what was said. The youth was mentioned by her father as Mr. Arthur Trower; but this only increased poor Katie's confusion, for the only one of that name she had ever heard of was a nobleman, whose great castle was situated about four miles in the interior, and had been the awful object of her contemplation on more than one occasion. When the stranger spoke then, she could reply only at random, and hardly above a whispered tone; and when she raised her look timidly to his face, it fast sunk again, for he had fixed on her an ardent gaze.

He accompanied them to the little cot, and appeared to have acquired over old Peter the influence of an open, frank, joyous manner, a hearty laugh, quick wit, and the kindest humor. It made Katie marvel to listen to his rich musical voice—nay, to hear him sing, as the evening advanced, such songs as made the heart beat and the eyes overflow. His talk about far-off places, also, could not but charm her simple fancy; and not less deep lustrous glance gain a mysterious influence, the readiness with which he joined their simple board, and the mirth with which he inspired his old Triton host. Even, at length Katie lost somewhat of her shyness, and was tempted to ask such questions as an unfaught maiden might suggest. It was not the least of his triumph that his answers spoke to her heart as well as to her ear. But at length, late in the night, he arose to depart.

"I am here only for the vacation, as we call it," said he, "I have to return to Oxford again at the end of the season; but in the mean time, I shall have a couple of months, and I mean we shall be constant and almost daily friends. My father, Lord Trower, has a great many guests coming north, but I shall easily escape them." And with this remark, he took Katie's little hand, gently and gracefully carried it to his lips, wrung old Peter's horny fist, and was off, with a light step, to pursue his way over the dreary moor.

That evening, as Katie read the chapter from the large Bible, (as was her pious wont,) while Peter drew on his furred night cap, and smoked his ancient pipe by the low hearth, she could not alas! command her thoughts from a guilty wandering on the track of the dark-haired stranger; and when she laid her head on what had hitherto been the pillow of calm and innocent thought, it was to dream of the pale noble face, and the pressure of those lips of gentleness. She was restless and thoughtful again when day dawned, and often was she, half unconsciously, at the gable of the cot, shading her eyes from the sun, as she gazed across the moor, and wished for the apparition of the slight, bounding figure of her father's guest. At length in the evening, he did come, and nervously did she flutter as she heard his voice at the threshold, and deeply did she blush, as whispering apart from her father, he first called her by her name, and expressed his happiness in returning to her side. He from that night became Peter's pupil in the construction of nets and other mysteries; and day after day was he at the little cabin, his ardor unabated, and his welcome happier than even at the first. It was a dangerous charm for poor Katie. Her old peace had utterly departed; she gazed often with an absent and deeply clouded eye, her bosom heaved with many a long-drawn breath, and a changing color often stole across her cheek. Peter at length could not shut his eyes to these tokens. It occurred to him, after many hours of deep pondering, what might be his daughter's peril. His strong heart beat vehemently at the flashing thought, but it might not yet be too late; he would, without delay, rescue her from temptation.

Accordingly, frankness being the chief trait in his composition, next day, when Arthur Trower was half-way between his father's castle and Garvoch, Peter met him in the path, and causing him to sit down upon a knoll, honestly opened to him his mind. Arthur was generous and noble in his nature; and the deep distress of that old father's eye, the tones of anguish in which his love for his child found utterance, the trouble and the beads of sweat upon his storm beaten brow, all resistlessly appealed to a heart that gave instant response. He grasped Peter's hand with a warm pressure, gave him the sacred promise that he would not visit Garvoch again, and, with heartfelt regrets, both parted to go back on their several ways. Peter's heart was much lightened. Nevertheless, he watched Katie with keeness for the next few days. He ceased to mention Arthur's name in her presence, after telling her he had suddenly departed for England. At this the poor girl's heart sank, and to her father's eye a shade of paller began, day by day, to be seen marking the fair cheek, and the brilliant light of the large eye was downcast and dimmed. The vivacity of step, the lightness of the laugh, the mirth of the song, was likewise gone. Everything was silently done, and Katie's greeting was as warm and soft as ever; but how it was he could not specially define, there seemed to be a ray of sunshine lost, a charm about the little cabin wholly gone. However, he trusted in the infallible cure of time; and in this confidence returned cheerily to his toils, for the winter was fast approaching.

A fortnight had nearly passed since Arthur Trower's last visit, and Katie, left alone, was cheerless and weary enough. Many a long sigh made her gentle bosom heave; and if she opened her lips to chant a song, it was the saddest melody that first arose, and was breathed from her tongue. She was no whit suspicious that any extraordinary cause had made Arthur's visits cease; she only loved to dwell upon the moment when his approaching step would ring on her ear, and to think that he was long miles from there dreary home, and would never turn a thought on the lot of the cabin girl. It was a day of clear sunshine; and that she might see her father's boat afar on its return, she was seated on the stone bench at the cottage gable, weaving the tissues of a net, and her head sadly dropping, when all at once, a shadow came between her and the sunshine; she heard a heavy foot fall on the sod, and looking up, beheld Arthur Trower, mounted on a steed of glossy black. He had in a moment leaped down fastened the reins to the wall, and half inclosed her in a warm embrace. How poor Katie blushed and fluttered, and was half alarmed, and knew not how to find her tongue!

Arthur seated himself by her side, and took her little hand. He had a great deal to pour into her ear, as he sought to pierce the depths of her blue eyes with his gaze. He told her of his sadness while absent for so long a time, the misery it caused him to withstand the temptation again to visit her, and how at last he yielded to what could no longer be resisted. Twice had he come to the brow of the hill that overlooked the shore, and as often had his courage faltered, and he had gone back. But this time he had watched her father's receding sail, and seized the chance.

"And why not come when my father would be here to give you welcome?" inquired the maiden manifesting some surprise.

"Because," replied Arthur, as a blush rose upon his face, "he would reproach me with acting falsely. He took from me a pledge that I would never more see you or him. And why? you think, dearest Katie. Why, because he feared I might *love* you. I gave the promise, but I had not then learned that I loved you, indeed, and far too dearly to sacrifice you thus for a word. I did, indeed, strive earnestly against the thought, for I was bound to make an effort that my word might be kept; but Katie, who can tell the torment I have suffered, and risked everything again to see you thus? You know not why it is that, in your father's presence, I would not be a welcome guest."

Katie put one hand upon her brow, for she felt her thoughts somewhat confused. The impetuous youth at her side gave her, however, no time to think.

"I love Katie more dearly than my own existence," said he, drawing her close in his embrace; "but fearful am I that you heed not one who has known you so briefly. Is it so, sweet girl? I will make any sacrifice for your sake; you are to me richer in beauty and in graces than the fairest dames I have seen in my father's halls; and whisper but the word, and one day you shall be queen among them. Even thus do I love you, Katie. Tell me, darling, if you have thought of me in my absence, and if I may think to win your love."

And with such pleading wiles did he win from the simple maiden the story of her heart's misgivings, its vacant wanderings, and its longings for his presence. Her innocence had loved unconsciously and deeply. As she yielded for the first time to breathe the name of Arthur in his ear, and confess that he was dear to every beating of her breast, he clasped her fervently, and pressed her lips with kisses. And this he did without unholy thought. His language was the utterance of sincerity, his love pure as the maiden's simple trust. Hour after hour flew on wings of light, while thus they sat, till at last the falling shadows reminded Arthur of the approach of evening, and the chance that Peter's sail might be near. He promised then a visit on an early day, and, springing lightly to his saddle, he waved a gallant adieu, and rode off at a gallop across the moor. Katie stood watching his handsome figure as it rapidly lessened in the distance, till she saw him doff his cap in a last farewell, and vanish round a heathy swell. With flushed cheek she then hurried to overtake her household duties. While in the midst of these, her father's call sounded from the shore; she dropped an earthenware platter into twenty pieces at her feet, and stood still, with a loudly-beating heart; for the first time she feared that voice and her father's step. Hastening away, nevertheless, she met him as he stepped ashore. She dared not meet his eye, and her fluttering confusion otherwise did not escape his notice. This was even the case, while his own aspect was pale and haggard, and, for the first time in a long life of health and hardship, he appeared laboring under illness. His heaviness of gait also appealed to the eye, but poor Katie observed it not. In silence they proceeded to the cabin. Peter dared not question his hitherto open and guileless girl, and dreadful was the pang with which he divined, as by instinct, the reason of her altered demeanor—the more dreadful that, fearing to inspire a lack of confidence between two souls hitherto open to each other as daylight, he dared not give his suspicion utterance. It was noticeable, however, that, as he hung up his net upon the gable of the cot, his eye caught the cuts of a horse's hoof in the turf, and where the animal had pawed the ground. As this confirmation flashed upon him, he groaned aloud. Katie heard, and, fearfully running out, threw her arms about his neck. He took her in his embrace, gazed sorrowfully and without speaking, in reply to her anxious questions, till her eyes sank, abashed and affrighted; and then, putting her gently away from him, he entered his home in silence. Katie trembled at the shadow of she know not what. Peter ate his meal in silence; by the side of the iron lamp he sat all the evening, moody and thoughtful, his eyes fixed on the peat embers, or glancing covertly at his humbled and tearful daughter; and when the hour of devotion came, he took the Bible out of Katie's hands, and, instead of hearing its sublime lessons from her simple lips, he undid the clasp with solemnity, and was himself the reader.

Having finished this task, he arose from his seat, and stood as if about to address his daughter, when, all at once, a thrill made his frame shudder, and he fell to the floor, heavily as a stone. Katie shrieked in terror; but, finding resources in the very instinct of her love, she undid his neckcloth, rubbed and bathed his temples, and made