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AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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

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Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary North Market Wharf.

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TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
For Marine and Fire Risks.
ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:
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CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

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

WM. SLEETH,
MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS, TABLETS AND
Architectural Ornaments
IN MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.
Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

DOOLEY'S
Merchant's Exchange Hotel,
Post Office Building
State Street, [illegible]
Terms—ONE DOLLAR [illegible]

KENNAY & SCHIBNER,
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, cross legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-5 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.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fittor,
NEXT ADJOINING MURRAY'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.

PATENT AGENCY.
THE undersigned will undertake to procure Letters Patent for "new and useful inventions" for this Province, and will attend to all legal requirements in reference to English and Foreign Patents, before they can become effective in New Brunswick. He has made arrangements with Messrs. Read & Sterling, Architects and Draftsmen of this City, for the execution of such Drawings as may be required.
PETER STUBS,
Barrister, Attorney at Law, and Notary Public.
St. John, N.B., Dec. 2, 1853.

Furniture Warerooms,
PRINCE WM. STREET.
NOW on hand, an assortment of the best FURNITURE, consisting of Walnut and Mahogany COUCHES; Mahogany and Walnut SOFAS; Mahogany and Walnut CHAIRS; Mahogany Sideboards; Pine, Mahogany, and Walnut Dressing Tables; Walnut and Mahogany Centre Tables; Bedsteads; Washstands, &c. &c. &c. all made of the best materials and by the best workmen.
☞ MATTRASSES, and every thing in the Upholstery business made at short notice.
Undertaking attended to, Hearse and Palls furnished.
A few pieces of the best English HAIR CLOTH. For sale by
October 28. ROBERT NISBET.

VULCAN FOUNDRY MANUFACTURES.—A large assortment of the manufactures of the Vulcan Foundry, consisting of Bay State and patent Union COOKING STOVES, FRANKLINS, Register GRATES, Close Stoves, PLOUGHS, &c. &c. all of the most approved patterns and descriptions. For Sale at the Warehouse of the Subscribers.
The above Goods can be recommended to the attention of the public.
Orders for Castings or Work required at the Foundry will have attention, if left at the Counting Room of JOHN V. THURGAR.
April 22. North Market Wharf.

Layer Raisins, Geese Feathers.
A FEW Boxes LAYER RAISINS;
A few Barrels Spitzenberg APPLES;
500 lbs. good quality Geese FEATHERS (from England);
5 bales COTTON WICKING. For sale at JOHN KINNEAR'S,
Dec. 30, 1853. *Prince William Street.*

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
Instituted in 1836.
Incorporated by Special Acts of Parliament.
Capital, Two Millions Sterling.
Unlimited liability of the Stockholders of the Company.
Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000.

Instalments called in,	£197,197	10	0
Accumulated funds,	346,972	4	9
	£544,169	14	9

TRUSTEES:
SIR THOMAS BERNARD BACH, Bart., M.P.
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SWINTON BOULT, Esq., *Secretary.*
EDWARD ALLISON, } AGENTS,
ADAM JACK, } St. John, N. B.
The Agents are prepared on the part of the Company, to offer a very liberal scale of Premiums, and beg to solicit orders from all parts of the Province.
August 20, 1852.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the Premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Lawton, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of

MONUMENTS,
varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready money.
M. FITZGERALD.
St. John, April 29, 1853.
N. B.—All kinds of STONE CUTTING for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

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.

New Brunswick Hotel.
Charlotte street, opposite the Country Market, Saint John, N. B.
THE Proprietor of the above Establishment thankful for past favors, would respectfully inform the travelling Public, that having erected a large addition in rear of the main Building, he is now prepared to furnish ample accommodation to 70 or 80 Boarders. The Proprietor is determined to leave no means untried to merit the patronage of the community.
Travellers arriving late at night will find the House always open and ready to receive them.
The Sleeping Rooms are large and well ventilated, and the improvements and conveniences which have been made render it emphatically the House of the stranger.
It has always been a Temperance House and the Proprietor is determined to adhere strictly to the Total Abstinence principle.
This House is centrally located, and is well supplied with well furnished apartments, clean beds, good fare, the best attention, and reasonable charges, which should render it worthy the support of Travellers.
A Large STABLE has been erected on the premises, capable of accommodating 70 Horses.
Good Hostlers are always in attendance.
July 8, 1853. E. W. FLAGLOR.

REMOVAL.
AND NEW SUPPLY.
THE Subscriber, in thanking the Public for the patronage he has hitherto received, begs to inform them, that he has removed from his late place of business, New Market Place, to the Store four doors North of the Country Market, on
CHARLOTTE STREET.
Where he will keep on hand his usual STOCK, of
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c. &c. &c.
and hopes by the usual attention to the wants of his customers, to merit the continuance of their favor.
W. H. SECORD.
St. John, Aug. 26th, 1853.

No. 13 King Street, Drugs, Medicines, &c.
THE Subscriber has received per ship *Lisbon* from London, an additional supply of DRUGS, MEDICINES, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, SPICES, Fancy Soaps, Tooth, Nail, Paint Hair, and Clothes BRUSHES.
Also—4½ tons Brundram's No. 1, WHITE LEAD and Coloured PAINTS;
2 Cases London Body COPAL VARNISH;
1 Case Gold Leaf; 4 Cases No. 1, Sticks;
2 Casks Bird Seed; 3 Cases Salad Oil;
5 Cases Painter's Colours;
1 Cask Pumice Stone;
1 Case Spanish Liquorice.
November 4. S. L. TILLEY.

Valuable Land For Sale.
THE Subscriber offers for Sale that valuable Lot of LAND, known as No. 9, in the Douglas Valley, close to the Nerepis Road. It contains 200 acres, is well timbered with good wood, and the soil is of the best quality. It will be sold on accommodating terms, on application to
CHRISTOPHER MALMAN.
Oct. 21, 1853. 3m. *Carleton.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT—Just received and for sale by
October 28. FOLLOWS & CO.

NEW FALL GOODS.
St. John Clothing Mart,
WATER STREET
Sign of the ROYAL ARCHES,
MARKET SQUARE.
RECEIVED per packet ships 'Imperial,' 'Endeavor,' and steamer 'America,' from Liverpool, Eastern City, and Admiral, from Boston, a large and varied assortment of British CLOTHS—consisting of Beaver, Pilot, Kerseys, Whitney and superfine West of England Cloths and Cassimeres, figured and plain.
40 Cases of American SATINETTS, Striped and Fleeced COTTONS, &c. &c.

Ready-made Department.
Made in the Establishment—fashionable shades.
500 Beaver, Whitney, Pilot, Canada, Satinett and Duffaled COATS, from 25s. upwards;
300 Reefing JACKETS, Pilot and Beaver, double lined from 15s. upwards;
200 Shooting COATS—*every shade and texture;*
1500 Vests—Silk, Satin, Velvet, Cashmere, Marathez, Valentia and White Moreller.
A large assortment of Dress FROCKS, SACKS, and PALETOTS;

Gent's Furnishing Goods.
Men's White SHIRTS, Linen Trimmings, Fancy Regatta and heavy Striped ditto—blue, white and red.
Merino and Lambswool Shirts and drawers.
4 cases Gents' Silk and Satin HATS; 6 cases Kossuths and Leghorn Hats; 8 cases Boys' Cloth and Cassimere Caps.

SEAMEN'S OUTFITS—of every description.
Goodyear's Patent Rubber Coats, Leggings, Sou'-Westers, Sporting Bags, &c.; 100 dozen Braces, Silk, India Rubber and Elastic; 20 boxes French Satin and Silk Neck Ties and Stocks, plain and figured, a beautiful article; Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs of every description; Silk, Cotton and Kid-Gloves; Trunks, Valises, travelling Bags, &c.; Silk and Cotton Umbrellas; with every description of goods requisite for a general Outfitting Establishment.
300 Suits of Boy's CLOTHING, in Beaver, Pilot, Satinett, Tweeds, &c. &c.
4 Cases of Fur, Seal Skin, silk velvet, Tweed and Cloth CAPS;
10 Balos of Buffalo Robes and Coats, Seal Skin, and Reversable, ditto;
N. B. Gents. selecting their Cloths can have their Garments cut in the newest style, and executed by the best of workmen and superintended by experienced foreman—fit or forfeit.
☞ All Goods marked in plain figures, and no second price.
☞ WATER STREET, SIGN OF THE ROYAL ARCHES, FRONTING ON THE MARKET SQUARE.
November 11. F. NEILL.

Old Wines, Brandy, Geneva, &c. &c.
Now landing ex *Miramichi*, from London—In Store, and daily expected per *Caros*, from London—
30 H. Choice Old PORT; Pale Brown and Golden SHERRY; MADEIRA, LISBON, Marsalla, &c.
5 Puncheons } Old pale and Brown Cognac
30 Hhds. } Brandy, Martelle, Henessys &c
30 hhds. finest Schiedam GENEVA;
40 hhds. very Old Jamacia RUM;
4 puns. Old WHISKY,—(Campbelton, &c.)
12 hhds. Prestonpans and Allos ALE.
Also—a large Stock of the above in bottle—together with Claret, Hock, Moselle, Champagne, &c. &c. &c.
150 casks of the best London Brown Stout, PORTER, and East India ALE, in pints and quarts.
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,
Wine Merchants.
May 27. Prince William-street.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,
REMODELLED.
BOARDERS, BOARDERS, BOARDERS,
THE Subscriber wishes to inform the Public that he is now prepared to receive a number of Permanent or Transient Boarders, on the following terms, viz:

Yearly or Monthly,	£10	0	0 per annum,
Weekly,	0	17	6
Daily,	0	3	6
Breakfast,	0	1	3
Dinner,	0	1	6
Tea,	0	1	3

Cold LUNCHEONS at any hour from 10 a. m. till 10 p.m. SOUPS on Mondays and Thursdays; and by good attendance, Clean Rooms and choice Cordials (including a we drop of the Craythur,) he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.
N. B.—Choice Shediac OYSTERS always on hand; also, Cold Roast Fowl supplied to private Families, at the shortest notice.
Sept. 30. JAMES NETHERY.

Wilber's Pure Cod Liver Oil, and Phosphate of Lime.
A CURE for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and all Scrofulous Humorous.
A supply just received from the manufacturer,—For sale at ONE DOLLAR per Bottle, by
WM. O. SMITH.
July 2. Market Square.

SUGAR.—4 Hhds. and 5 Bbls. good SUGAR, for sale by
October 27. A. A. COUGHLAN.

Halifax Tailoring Establishment.
Now opposite Mr. Sears' Residence, and First Shop from the corner of Princess and Germain Streets.
THE Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends, and the public generally, for the handsome support that has been extended to him, and assures them he will ever be ready to attend any order that may be given him for execution. He further wishes the attention of the public to his unrivalled Stock of CLOTH, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c.
Having carried on business in the West of England, he has had extensive experience in Cutting both Military and Naval uniforms as well as every other kind of Fashionable Dress. Subsequently he has been employed as Cutter in the first Establishment in Halifax for seven years, where he took the premium for Cutting Coats; and it was admitted by one of the best Cutters in New York that he is the best Cutter of Spring Bottom Pants in North America.
Persons wishing to learn the most scientific mode of Measuring and Cutting Coats may obtain information at this Establishment.
☞ Garments Made and Trimmed on the most reasonable terms.
August 16, 1853. C. H. BARTLETT.

MAHOGANY.
10,000 FEET of very superior MAHOGANY, just received, will be sold cheap, in the log, or in boards, to suit purchasers.
Also on hand—large lot of Mahogany VENEERS—black, plain, and fancy.
JOHN DUNN,
Cabinet and Chair Maker,
June 3. Princess-street.

Miscellaneous.

THE MENAI TUBULAR BRIDGE.

Many of our readers have heard of the famous Tubular Bridge, built across the Menai Straits, in Wales, and we give from one of the capital letters of the editor of the *New York Observer* a satisfactory and intelligent description of that stupendous and noble structure. He says—

"The Tubular Bridge over the Menai Straits, I regard as the greatest mechanical wonder of the world; and if my adoration of it had been great when reading the many and graphic descriptions we have had of it, my wonder and pleasure were greatly increased when I came to see it. The cars sweep through the tube, fifteen hundred and thirteen feet in length, and we had no other sensation than that of passing through any other covered bridge; but as soon as we reached Bangor, and the train passed, I left it and let it go on without me, while I returned to study this stupendous work. The problem to be solved by the architect was this—to build a bridge 1500 feet over an arm of the sea, so high in the air as to permit the loftiest mast to pass under it, and without piers to obstruct it. The point on the Straits selected for the purpose, was fortunately provided with a rock rising from the water, and nearly in the midst of the Straits. This was the base of a pier, but then the bridge, without a draw, must stretch 472 feet to one shore, and 460 to the other, and at the height of at least a hundred feet above the sea.—Mr. Stephenson, the architect, devised, and under his own superintendence was executed, this work, which promises to stand an enduring monument of integrity, enterprise, and perseverance, under difficulties the most disheartening, and to ordinary minds insurmountable. To the work he brought, as the first and chief element of success, his own genius and courage; and to these he added 1800 men, for whom cottages were built along the shore, as the labor of years was before them.

The bridge is to be of iron, nothing else; it is to hold itself up without an arch, and without steel cables to bind it to rocky shores. It is to be built on the shore—floated on the water,—then raised perpendicularly, and stretched horizontally from land to land.

Can it be done? The world laughed, and the wise men said no, it could not be done, and it would fall of its own weight if it was done. The men of *science* pushed on the mighty work. Plates of iron were rivetted together, and a tube, not round, as most people suppose, but square, rather rectangular, being 30 feet high and 14 feet wide, was built; the labor of this army extended through four and a half years. Two millions of rivets hold these iron plates in their tenacious grasp, and the tubes weigh no less than 11,360 tons! During these years the shores presented the busiest and most exciting scenes. Schools and churches were built for the families gathered here. The arts of life were drawn around the settlement, and it was as if a new city had been suddenly planted on the Straits of Menai. Sickness was rare, for the air is pure and healthful; but when it did come, and death with it, the consolations of religion were not wanting to the dying or living. More were born than died. The work went on, and at last was done. Hydraulic presses were made to raise the mighty weight, and inch by inch they rose, till in three weeks from the time they began to ascend, they were planted on the lofty pier and stood stillness. They did not break of their own weight. They did not bend.—But would they bear the pressure of a train thundering over this awful chasm, or would the mass of iron crush and fall into ruins, like a rent world when the first train of rail cars, with its living burthen, should trust itself on the treacherous bridge.

The train was ready, but not with a burden of living men and fair women, to re-enact the Norwalk tragedy, (an event that dishonors our country in the eyes of Europe,) but loaded with iron and stone, to four times the weight of any train that would ever be required to pass over the trembling structure. Mr. Stephenson, the architect, mounts the locomotive himself, the engineer and solitary passenger. He moves on, and reaching midway of the longest tube, he arrests the train and pauses there, that the heaviest pressure may at once be felt, and the grand experiment be tested once for all. It was not a rash and hair-brained feat. It was the calm confidence of a man of calculation, who knew what he was doing, and that he was safe. The sinking of that long line, with the tremendous weight to which it was there subjected, was less than half an inch! The experiment was tested. It cost five millions of dollars, and was cheap at that.

I walked through it, and then by a flight of narrow steps ascended to the top of it, and walked out on the flat roof on which the strain comes, and when I saw the power of those concatenated plates, it was impossible to have the sensation of fear, while I felt sure the structure will stand till some convulsion of nature shakes the sea and earth."

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—From the fact of the Mornington family having been so connected by property, &c., with the parish of Trim, in which town the late Duke spent so many of his early days, and commenced his career in life by being elected, when scarcely twenty-one years of age, to represent the old borough of Trim, the following coincidence is worth relating:—On the news of the death of the Duke reaching Trim, the Very Rev. Dean Butler caused the chime of bells to be rang in respect to his memory; and the large bell, which was considered one of the finest and sweetest in Ireland, hardly had tolled a second time for the occasion, when it suddenly broke, became mute and ceased to send forth its notes. Whether this was to be attributed to neglect of the ringer, or regret for the great man of the age, it is hard to say; but very odd as it may appear to be, on examining the bell, it was found to be cast by Edmund Blood, 1768, the very year the Duke was born. Thus this fine bell commenced its career with the birth of the Duke, and ceased to sound at his death. The parish of Trim is now getting the bell recast at Mr. Hodge's foundry, Abbey street, Dublin, where the old bell is now to be seen. It is a curious fact that the bell which gained the prize medal for Mr. Hodges at the Great Exhibition of 1851, was first rung in St. Alban's Church, Liverpool, on the occasion of the late Duke's funeral.—*Meath Herald.*

HAIR.—A writer in a late number of the London Quarterly Review furnishes the following information on this subject: "London imports about five tons of human hair annually. Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the south of France, where it is collected principally by one hair merchant, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up, and shears the crops of the neighboring damsels. A traveler in Brittany describes the peasant girls as attending at the fairs with their beautiful tresses, perfectly willing to sell out. He saw several girls sheared, one after another, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out, and hanging to their waists. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which the successive crops of hair were thrown, each tied up in a wisp by itself. For a head of hair about twenty sous in money is given, or a gaudy handkerchief. The hair is the finest and most silken that can be produced. Light hair comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of Dutch farmers, who go over to England for nothing once a year. And, who knows from what source some three penniest tresses, gleaming in the gas-light, with which our blooming Eves, aptly imitating their snaky coil with their own, tempt our eligible Adams."

Punch asks the Tilbs-furners if they ever turn out a square table round.

THE LONE STAR.

(CONTINUED.)

Chapter III.—A TRAGEDY.

Mr. James Bowen slept in a large and handsome cabin, of which one side was occupied by the captain. It was a little apart from the sleeping-room of the other passengers, the nearest to it being those occupied by the stranger and Mr. Henry Postans. The captain went on deck at midnight, and all the passengers went to their rooms, and dead silence soon prevailed below. The principal cabin, round which were the state-rooms of the party, was illumined by a dull lamp, which cast a fitful and imperfect light around as it swung from the roof. Nought was heard save the creaking of the ships timber, as the vessel pitched and rolled in the heaving sea under a light breeze. Now and then the heavy breathing of some sleeper might be heard for a moment, but then all relaxed into deep tranquility and repose. An hour passed after all had retired to rest, and then the door of one of the state-rooms was opened softly, a head protruded, two eyes glared wildly around, then a dark form came forth, and a man might have been seen stealthily stepping along the floor in the direction of the captain's cabin.

He listened an instant at the foot of the ladder which led to the deck. All was still; and after a cautious glance around laid his hand on the handle of the door, turned it, and entered. The door was then cautiously and quietly closed behind himself by the midnight intruder. A pause ensued, and the man might have been heard groping about the cabin; and then a low voice said, 'Who is there?' After that no sound was heard; and at the expiration of ten minutes, the man again opened the door, and came out with a heavy bag in his hand. He breathed thickly, and almost tottered, but he was able to reach his room, and conceal himself in his bed. Presently, however, he struck a light, and for an hour was moving uneasily about his berth. Then again all was still and dark: and when the watch was changed at four in the morning dead silence prevailed.

At eight next morning the captain was summoned to breakfast. He had retired to rest at four, and slept soundly. Like a true sailor, however, he was stirring in five minutes after he was called, and then proceeded to wake Mr. Bowen. He laid his hand upon his arm and shook him, but at the same instant started back with horror and affright. A loud cry followed. It was heard by several, but Henry Postans and the mulatto own only came.

'Your uncle is dead!' said the skipper in a voice of dismay. 'He has died in his sleep.'

'My God!' cried the nephew, who was pale and trembling.

'He has been foully murdered, smothered with his pillow!' exclaimed the stranger a grave and bitter tone after a rapid but keen and searching examination of the body, while his eyes were fixed meaningly on Henry Postans.

'And no wonder, when men whom nobody knows are allowed to mix with men of substance and reputation,' said Henry Postans in a voice of mingled menace and horror.

'Gentlemen, no quarrelling,' cried the half-bewildered captain. 'Mr. Postans, if you allude to my friend, Colonel Sir Reginald Woolaston, I call upon you to retract your words. But, my God! is it true? Sir Reginald, look again.'

'Murdered!' repeated the stranger sternly—'murdered! "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," but justice is man's attribute in civilized climes. This horrible crime must be examined into.'

A writing des of rather large dimensions, which had been broken open, now caught all eyes. Sir Reginald moved towards it, and took up a roll of paper which had fallen out. He raised it, opened it, and read. It was the will of the deceased and largely in Henry Postans favour. The soldier groaned, and turned pale. The nephew read over other's shoulder.

'My good, my poor uncle!' exclaimed the young man.

'Captain,' said the soldier, drawing the skipper on one side, 'I have horrible suspicions. Did you notice anything peculiar between the uncle and nephew last night?'

'Ay!' answered the other with a look of amazed horror; they were closeted two hours here, and warm and passionate words passed between them. After that, the young man played cards in the most reckless manner, and went to bed without a word of greeting.'

'I remarked myself he said not good night unto his cousin,' mused Sir Reginald. 'But Eleanor, God of mercy! what shall be said unto her? Where is she?'

'She is on deck,' replied the captain.

'I will go break the fatal news unto her,' continued the Ironside. 'Do you have the chamber of death put decent, and prepare for the last solemn rites.'

Sir Reginald went on deck, followed by Postans. Their solemn and chilled look froze the greeting smile on Eleanor's lips. She began to tremble. The officer approached her tenderly, and spoke in cautious words. Her father was indisposed—ill—very ill—ay, sick unto death—dead—murdered! All this took long to tell; between every word Sir Reginald had whole sentences of affectionate condolence; and when the fatal truth burst upon the unhappy girl, she had been so wilily prepared for it, that she heard the news with grief, passionate grief, but without any of those sudden and fearful shocks which unrange the functions of the mind, and drive reason from her strong hold, the brain. She was carried to bed, a draught administered by the ship doctor, and presently after a wild burst of tears, she slept.

At the breakfast table that morning men looked on each other: but eyes were especially fixed on the young baronet and the murdered man's nephew. Both were singularly agitated, and suspicion, that most fleet of human reflection was busily at work. Some suspected one, and some the other, and yet no man spoke his thoughts. All ate in silence. The heard the faint sounds of the carpenter's hammer preparing the coffin for the man who had the day before dined heartily and happily with them, and they shuddered. The void was doubly felt in the circumscribed world of a ship. The captain sat at the head of his table helping his guests mechanically. An acute observer might have noticed that after a while he became restless and uneasy, while his eye stealthily sought the countenance of the Ironside officer. Captain Montrose evidently suspected Sir Reginald. His love for Eleanor, the father's preference for Henry Postans, the independent position in which the young lady was now placed, were all arguments irresistible force to his mind.

So absent was he, that the mullatto steward Josh, a servant of Sir Reginald's, had all the labour of attending to the passengers' wants. Like his race in general, he performed his duty with alacrity and ability, and the breakfast passed off.

'Josh, suddenly said Sir Reginald, rising, 'come here into the captain's cabin.'

'I, Massa Reginald, go near de dead man! Rader not.'

'Come!' continued the other sternly, and the mullatto obeyed, though not without much of that superstitious reluctance which belongs to his race. He took care, however, to turn his back on the body.

'Josh,' said the officer, 'I know who murdered this poor man and so do you.'

'I Massa Reginald!' cried the mullatto with a start of most unfeigned astonishment, while his eyes rolled uneasily in their sockets: 'I'spose who say I did it nex.'

'God forbid, Josh! But at all events I have strong evidence to make me believe that the nephew is the man. Now it must be found out before we leave the ship, and I charge you to use your eyes. Let not a look or motion of the young man escape you. If you see anything to weaken or strengthen my suspicions, let me know.'

'I will, massa—nebber fear.'

Sir Reginald said no more, but turning round, gazed mournfully and sadly on the corpse, and then leaving the cabin passed through the ward-room and went on deck.

That evening, one hour before sunset with the usual solemn rites, the remains of poor Mr. Bowen were committed to the deep, and Eleanor was an orphan indeed. A gloom hung over the whole ship. A murder at sea is a rare and terrible thing, and the whole population of that little world surrounded by waters were profoundly affected, while the more timid asked themselves with a shudder whose turn would come next?

Chapter IV.—THE LONE STAR.

The captain of the *Royal Charley* had made up his mind to sight land of Porto Rico, and about a fortnight after the terrible tragedy which had saddened the whole voyage, was on the look—out for the little island of Sombrero. There was scarcely a breath of wind upon the waters, the breeze which brought them along right merrily for some days was gradually dying away, the heavens looked sultry and scorching, the sun seemed ready to burn up the decks, the sails flapped lazily against the masts, the wind not having sufficient strength to fill them. The brig for hours scarcely obeyed the helm, and presently swung round wholly unheeded of the efforts of the man at the wheel. There was a dead calm. Nothing is more unpleasant than a ship at sea in a calm. The waves are never still, and the vessel, rendered uneasy by the swell rolls and pitches in the most fearful manner. Now she rises on a wave, and plunges headlong down it; then she catches a mountain billow on her broadside, which sends her yards almost dipping in the waves, while the mast seem ready to be torn from their sockets with the violence of the shaking. A dead calm, with a heavy sea on, will do more injury to a vessel than even a storm.

Captain Montrose was sick with Josh, whose powers of vision were remarkable; Sir Reginald stood beside the pale and mourning Eleanor; Henry Postans walked the deck with gloomy brow; while the other passengers stood or sat about, holding on to belaying-pins and ropes. Not a word was spoken. All were waiting for the long-promised cry of land, and even more impatiently still for a breath of wind to fill the sails and send them on their way. The Commonwealth officer, who, by the way, had dropped, if he had ever adopted, the peculiar phraseology of his party, spoke an occasional word in a whisper to Eleanor, who seldom answered except by a nod. She dwelt in silence on the dreadful fate which had befallen her father. Vague, wild, and strange suspicions floated through her brain. That her father had been murdered was quite evident. To whom came the fatal question? Was it a forgiful whisper, by whom? and it cannot be denied that the thoughts of Eleanor Bowen fell upon her two suitors. Her suspicions, however, took neither body nor shape; floated dreamily among the mind, and, unable to fix anything real or substantial upon either, she said nothing. Had, however, a searching investigator have pried into her most secret thoughts, it would in all probability have been found that the bias of her mind was against her cousin.

"Sail oh!" suddenly exclaimed Josh in a loud voice; and when he added, 'Yes, sail oh! yah!'

'Where away' asked the captain from the main-top-gallant sail yard, while Sir Reginald moved rapidly towards the after-mast main shroud and looked out.

'Two points on de starboard bow, massa,' answered the mulatto, who was on the foretopsail-yard.

'Is she moving?'

'Comin' along like fun,' replied the black; 'she long legs.'

The captain eagerly pointed his long glass in the direction designated by the mulatto. Sir Reginald quietly resumed his position alongside of Eleanor, and the passengers were all attention. A sail at sea after a long voyage is an event.

Scarcely had Captain Montrose caught sight of the craft first seen by the negro, than he came down from aloft, and calling Sir Reginald and the officers on one side, proceeded to hold consultation. He was certain, he said, that the vessel bearing down upon them was a pirate, a buccaneer. He, judging along with sweeps at a rapid rate showed that she was well manned, and he proceeded to take advice as to what he should be done. All hands were general in their first idea, and Captain Montrose accordingly, had all sails closely reefed which might render them almost invisible even to glasses. Sir Reginald sold little. He leaned against the stern, where they stood, and listened.

'And what say you?' cried the skipper, suddenly addressing him, after all the others had spoken.

'Let the drum beat to quarters, and let passengers and crew prepare to fight like men.'

The tone of the Commonwealth soldier was electrifying, and his wishes were at once obeyed. The drum beat to quarters, the fearful intelligence ran through the ship that a pirate was close at hand, and all save the women eagerly prepared for defence. Eleanor expressed a wish, however, to remain on deck until the last moment, and on a sign from Sir Reginald, the skipper complied.

The bustle was prodigious for a while. The guns were uncovered and loaded, muskets, swords, pikes, and cutlasses were brought on deck, and all proceeded to arm themselves. Not at a man showed any sign of flinching save Henry Postans, who shrank from the weapons offered him, and walked the deck in still moodier silence than usual.

On came the strange vessel, and before everything was quite ready, it was clearly visible from the deck. From that moment its advance was rapid towards the motionless brig. The splashing sweeps could soon be distinguished dipping with tremendous rapidity into the water, and then the shape and form of the supposed pirate became distinct. All stood watching its advance with intense anxiety. Every man was at his post, and ready for the fray; and yet when the schooner came within a few hundred yards, all stood in mute admiration. It was more like an elegant pleasure-boat than a pirate craft. Nothing could be lighter, more gracious, or more supple. It was a perfect miniature of the most splendid forms of naval architecture, and seemed as if built for a model, and not for use. It was almost aerian in its movements, as if it had been the work of a marine fairy. A picturesque eye would have thought that a dolphin had lent its quick an elegant form for the career. Light as the sea-gulls that flitted around it, there was no breeze so gentle but what moved it. No matter how rough the sea it cared not for it. When another vessel was labouring heavily in the trough of the sea, or was breaking amidships on the curling top of the wave, the cutter seemed to choose its own way, and to skate from wave to wave like a stone cast along the smooth surface of the a lake. Its decks never were washed by the tempest, for it rose light as the very ocean foam, and looked as if it could have been carried away by a stiff breeze on to the very land.

Its decks were crowded by armed men, and as it neared the brig, keeping out of the range of the *Royal Charley's* guns, it hoisted its colours, a blood red flag with a huge white star in the middle. Captain Montrose answered by hanging out the banner of old England. A single gun from the *Lone Star* was all the reply, and then the sweeps were put in active action, and the schooner prepared to cross the quarter of the brig, as it to board by the bow. In five minutes more the *Lone Star* was close under the lee of the larger vessel, but apparently too low down in the water to be hurt by them.

'Stand by your guns!' then cried Captain Montrose; 'take aim at the vessel's hull!'

'Not a shot as ye love your lives!' cried Sir Reginald, suddenly leaping upon the bulwarks just as the schooner's head turned round towards the bows of the brig.

Every eye on board both vessels was now fixed on the mysterious stranger, who holding by the main-rigging with his left hand, unfolded a small flag in his right, and waved it aloft. It was a