THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum ;] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE

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Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid ; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

May.	R. Sun.	S. Moon.	H. W.
20 Saturday,	4 30	7 22	0 15	3 37
21 Sunday,	4 29	7 24	0 38	4 31
22 Monday,	4 28	7 25	1 1	5 33
23 Tuesday,	4 27	7 26	1 21	6 38
24 Wednesday,	4 27	7 27	1 42	7 38
25 Thursday,	4 26	7 28	2 4	8 33
26 Friday,	4 25	7 29	2 30	9 18

New Moon 29th day. 2h. 15m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq., President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: R. F. Hazen.

Commercial Bank.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: A. W. Whipple, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Hon. John Robertson.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Saving's Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

Marine Assurance Company.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

TO LET.

THE second & third stories of that Brick Building corner of Dock st. & Market Square, at present occupied by the subscriber, being well situated for a Wholesale or Commission Business. Possession given immediately, if required.

April 28. G. T. WILEY.

TO LET,

The Subscriber offers to Let from 1st May next :—

A Three story Dwelling HOUSE, situated near the corner of Prince Wm. and Princess streets, on ground formerly belonging to the Hon. William Black, and nearly opposite the *Commercial Bank*. The house contains 16 Rooms with fire places, with Bedrooms, Pantries, frost proof Cellar, &c. On the premises are two wells of water, too wellknown to require description, being so well tried at the late fires. J. O'DONELLY.

February 24.

ALSO—To Let for one or more years :— The Dwelling house and Premises now in the occupation of James T. Hanford, Esq., in Prince William street, with a superior frost proof Cellar, a never failing well of water, with a spacious Garden &c. On the premises is a Three story fire-proof brick warehouse. J. O'DONNELLY.

March 25, 1843.

The above premises would be divided to respectable Tenants, on early application.

TO BE LET.

THREE convenient STORES with Lights and Landing Places in front and rear, situated on the North Market Wharf. The stores can be finished to suit the Tenants if applied for immediately.

April 7. JOHN ROBERTSON.

To be Leased,

and possession given immediately, if required :—

CERTAIN parts of the subscriber's fire proof Warehouses, fronting on the North Market Wharf, with an entrance also from *Nelson street*. Apply to E. L. Jarvis & Co. 31st *March*. R. M. JARVIS.

TO LET,

A STORE in the Brick Building in *Nelson street*, owned by the subscriber.—Possession can be given immediately.

February 10. JOHN ROBERTSON.

TO LET,

And immediate possession given :—

One half of that HOUSE in Water street, South of Mr. James Finn, containing one SHOP with a Cellar underneath, together with one flat over the whole, having two front Rooms and Bedrooms. Also to Let—*and possession given on the first of May next*—One SHOP with CELLAR underneath, and one flat over the whole, containing four Rooms—now in the occupation of Mr. James Finn; either of the premises are well adapted for a Grocery or Spirit Store.

Also.—Several rooms with other conveniences in different parts of the city, and well adapted for small families. ☞ Rent moderate.

Apply at the Hibernian Hotel to

Jan 27. JAMES NETHERY.

TO LET,

AND possession given 1st May next—The eligibly situated STORE and Dwelling House in Prince William street, late in the occupation of Thompson & Wallace. For particulars apply to

1st Feb. W. P. RANNEY.

TO LET,

THE second flat of a house, with Wood house, frost proof cellar, &c.; also, a Work shop if required, situate about four minutes walk from the Market square. Apply at the Chronicle Office. *Feb.* 10.

To Let.

THE upper flat of the subscriber's HOUSE in Prince William Street, Apply to

Jan. 27. WM. MAJOR.

TO LET, from the 1st May next—

THAT pleasantly situated House in St. James Street, at present in the occupation of Geo. Hamilton Smith, Esq. of Her Majesty's Customs. The premises have a back communication from Harding street, with the use of a well of excellent water.—Apply to Thomas Raymond, on the adjoining premises. Joseph Fairweather.

February 17th, 1843.

TO LET,

TWO Flats in the Brick Building corner of North Market Wharf and Dock st.—Rent very low. Apply to

Feb. 10. JOHN G. SHARP.

TO LET,

SEVERAL Rooms in the subscriber's house, corner of Charlotte and Duke streets. Apply on the Premises to

Feb. 10. E. DURANT.

TO LET,

TWO Front Shops and several Apartments in the house next North of Trinity Church, in Germain street. Rent reduced 30 per cent from former prices. Please apply on the premises to

Feb. 17. STEPHEN HUMBERT.

TO LET.

THE two Upper **Flats** of the subscriber's house in Church street. Apply on the premises to JOHN HOOPER.

February 24.

STEAM !

Bay Arrangement.

THE new and substantial Steamer HERALD will commence plying on Saturday next, the 8th instant, leaving Saint John for Digby and Annapolis on Saturday evenings and Wednesday Mornings, and leaving Annapolis for Saint John on Monday Mornings and Wednesday Evenings, —for Windsor on Monday evenings, leaving Windsor on Tuesday at high water—leaving for Eastport and Saint Andrews on Friday mornings, and returning same evening.

☞ Time of leaving in the mornings, SIX o'clock.

April 7, 1843. JAMES WHITNEY.

The STEAMER METEOR

WILL resume her route on the River St. John immediately on the opening of the navigation. In consequence of the expense and difficulty experienced in collecting the debts due this Boat, the proprietor is determined to make all Freight *Cash*. All Way Freight to be paid on shipment, except when the owner accompanies the same, in which case it may be paid on the passage. All Freight to Fredericton to be paid on or before delivery at the wharf, otherwise it will be stored at the expense of the owners thereof. Freight to be accompanied by a Way Bill, or the owner will not be accountable.

☞ Rates of Freight and Fares the same as the other River Boats. The days of starting will be named in a future advertisement.

April 7. JAMES WHITNEY.

INDIA HOUSE.

THOMAS S. MAGEE, begs to inform the Inhabitants of Saint John and the Province generally, that he has taken the premises in Dock street, formerly occupied by Mr. McCoskery, and known as the "India House," where he intends keeping on hand a general assortment of *GROCERIES, WINES, &c.*, the principal stock of which he is daily expecting to arrive; and as he purposes doing business, as far as practicable, on the *Cash system*, he will be enabled to obtain goods of the best description, and sell them at the lowest prices, and only such as he can with confidence recommend.

The COFFEES will be of the best quality, and being manufactured by the process of the

STEAM MACHINERY,

has no doubt that their heretofore reputation will be fully sustained in the article which will be found at this establishment.

Grocers are respectfully informed that he will Toast and Grind their Coffee, or Grind Pepper for them on very advantageous terms.

On hand—About 60 tons of pure **ICE**, from Lily Lake, for sale in any quantities at the

GOLDEN ELEPHANT,

April 28. Dock street.

OAKUM.

The subscribers have just received per brig *Palmerston*, from Liverpool :

3 TONS best Parish Picked OAKUM.

C. & W. H. ADAMS.

April 28. *No. 2. North Market Wharf.*

CHAIN CABLES, Anchors, &c.

The Subscriber offers for sale at his Warehouse, Nelson street :—

20 ANCHORS 1½ cwt. to 18 cwt. ; 30 Chain Cables—¼ inch, 5-8, 3-4, 11-16, 1, and 1 1-4 inch ;

30 tons common and refined IRON—ass'd sizes,
10 do. Bolt COPPER, ⅜, ½, ⅝, 1 and 1 ⅛ inch ;
20 cases Sheet Copper, 20 oz and upwards ;
2 tons composition Spikes, 6 to 10 inch ;
5 do Iron ; do. from 4 to 10 do.
10 pipes Madeira WINE ;
100 qr. barrels F. O. GUNPOWDER ;
2 tons Lead Shot—assorted ;
10 do sheet Lead from 2½ to 10 lb. per foot ;
100 bbls. Medium BREAD ;
30 do. American BEEF—in bond : 10 do Pork ;
5 tons best London OAKUM ;
20 Franklin Stoves ; 1 chest INDIGO ;
200 boxes Olden Soap ; 20 casks Whiting ;
100 kegs best London White LEAD ;
50 do. do. Black Paint, 14 and 28 lb kegs.
50 do. do. Yellow, do. do.
20 do. do. Red, do. do.

A large assortment of Writing and Wrapping PAPER, Playing Cards, slops, ship's Ensigns, Bunting, signal Lanterns, Compasses, Log Lines and Glasses, saddling, marline, Houseline, and other Cordage.

March 17. *JOHN ROBERTSON.*

Cheap PAPER HANGINGS.

THE subscriber has on hand a large number of REMNANT LOTS OF ROOM PAPERS—suitable for small Rooms, Entries, &c. which he offers for sale at *Twenty Five Per Cent below Cost Price*, to make room for his new Spring Supply.

☞ Terms Cash. S. K. FOSTER.

March 16. *King street.*

Miscellany.

PEGGY NOWLAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

The motive of her conduct hitherto had been to hide her feelings, so as to throw the people of the house off their guard, and eventually create for herself an opportunity to escape to the main road, and thence to the next cabin at hand. In furtherance of her project, she now begged of God to strengthen her heart, and keep her in a steady mind; and, after her zealous aspiration, Peggy continued to think of the best part to act. At once she resolved not to stir in her chamber, until the woman and the two men should seem to have retired to sleep—if, indeed, it was doomed that they were to do so without disturbing her. In case of a noise at the door, she determined to force her way through the crazy window, and, trusting herself to God, jump from it to the ground, which, she argued, could not be many feet under her, as Peggy had not forgotten to count the steps while she ascended from the earthen passage to her present situation. If, after long watching, she could feel pretty sure that no evil was intended to her during the night, still she planned to steal to the window, open it with as little noise as possible, drop from it, and try to escape.

More than an hour might have passed, when she heard a noise, as if of two persons stumbling through the house; it came nearer, and two men, treading heavily and unevenly, entered a room next to hers, and only divided from her by a wooden partition, which here and there admitted the gleams of a light they bore. Without any rustling, Peggy applied her eye to one of the chinks, and gained a full view of the scene within. She saw the person she so much dreaded, led by the pale young man towards such a bed as she occupied; the one overcome by intoxication; the other cool, collected, and observant. With much grumbling, and many half-growled oaths, the drunken fellow seemed to insist on doing something that the lad would not permit, and at length Peggy heard an allusion to herself. "Go to sleep, Ned; you're fit for nothing else to-night; there's your bed, I tell you," said the young man, forcing him to it. "I say, Master Phil, stoopid. I'll have one word with that wench before I close a winker," replied Ned; "that wench, I say—hic!—what I picked up on the road; any why the devil should I bring her but to chat a bit with her? Your house isn't fit for much better, you know, Master Phil; and, —— my eyes but—" "Lie down, you foolish haste," interrupted his companion, pushing him down on the straw. "I'll stand none of that nonsense, neither," continued the ruffian, scrambling about; "and it's no use talking; I'll see her, by ——; I'll see the wench, as I brought to this —— house; and don't you go to tell me, now, as how it's all a hum, and that I brought no such body into it: I'm not so cut but I remember it: so fair play, Master Phil; she must be accounted for: none of your old mother's tricks will do, now. I am not to be done, by ——: first and last, that's my word: hic!—I'll—hic!" and he lay senseless. The pale young man watched him like a lynx, until, after some moments, his growling changed into a loud snore, and there was no doubt but he slept soundly. Then he stepped softly to him, knelt on one knee, took out of his breast a large pistol, thrust it under his own arm, and finally emptied his pockets of a purse and some crumpled papers. Arising, with continued caution, he glanced over the latter close by the candle, and Peggy saw his features agitated. The next moment he stole out of the room, barred the door outside, and she heard his stealthy step, betrayed by the creaking boards, about to pass her chamber.

At this moment, however, another step,—Peggy supposed that of the woman,—met his from the lower part of the house, and both stopped just at her frail, though well secured door. "Well?" questioned the woman, in a sharp whisper; "you pumped him? and soaked him? and touched the lining of his pockets? Did we guess right?" "We did, by ——" answered the young man; "the —— rascal has peached, by the ——; his very shuffling with me showed it at once; but here's the proof: here's an answer from Mr. Long to his offer to put him on his guard against the swag at Long Hall, this blessed night; and here's another letter, from London, closing with another offer of his to set the poor private for the Bow-street bull-dogs."

They had, during these words, been, perhaps, speaking to each other at some little distance; for their whispers, now that Peggy supposed them to have come close together, were lost on her aching ear, though she still heard the hissing sounds in which the conversation was carried on. A considerable time lapsed while they thus stood motionless outside her door: at length they moved; seemed about to part; and, at parting, a few more sentences became audible. "Go, then," said the woman, "an' let us lose no time: nothing else can be done; poor Maggy is to be saved from the treachery of the Lonnon sneak, if there was no one else consarned in the case; speed, Phil: make sure o' the horn-hafted. Lamprey that you'll find on the dresser: I'll meet you at his door with a light and a vessel. Are you sure he sleeps sound enough?" "There is only the one sleep more that can be sounder," replied Phil; and Peggy heard them going off.

In panting terror she listened for their steps again passing her door: nor had she to listen long. Slowly and stealthily, and with heavy breathings, or a suppressed curse at the creaking boards, they separately came up. In a moment after, she heard them undo the fastenings of the inside room, and, fascinated to the coming horror, as the bird is to the reptile's glance, her eye was fixed to a chink, ere the light they carried afforded her a renewed view of the victim's chamber.

The woman first entered, bearing the candle in one hand, and in the other a basin which held a cloth. Her face was now set in the depth of the bad expression Peggy had seen it momentarily wear below stairs; and she was paler than usual, though not shaking or trembling. The lad followed, taking long and silent strides across the floor, while his knife gleamed in his hand, and his look was ghastly. They made signs to each other. The woman laid down the candle and the basin, and tucked up the sleeves of her gown beyond her elbows. She again took up the basin, laid the cloth on the floor, stole close to the straw couch, knelt by it, and held the vessel near the wretch's head. Her companion followed her, and knelt also. He unknotted and took off, with his left hand, the man's neckcloth. As it was finally snatched rather briskly away, the wearer growled and moved. He never uttered a sound more.

Peggy kept her eye to the chink during the whole of this scene. She could not withdraw it. She was spell-bound; and, perhaps, an instinctive notion that if she made the slightest change in her first position, so as to cause the slightest rustle, her own life must be instantly sacrificed—perhaps this tended to hold her perfectly still. She witnessed, therefore, not only the details given, but the concluding details which cannot be given. Even when the murder was done, she durst not remove her eye until the woman and lad had left the chamber; so that she was compelled to observe the revolting circumstance of washing the blankets and the floor, and other things which again must not be noticed. It is certain that moral courage and presence of mind never won a greater victory over the impulses of nature, than was shown in this true situation, by this lonely and simple girl. Often, indeed, there arose in her bosom an almost irresistible inclination to cry out—at the moment the neckcloth was removed, when the sleeping man muttered and turned, she was scarcely able to keep in her breath; yet she *did* remain silent. Not even a loud breathing escaped her. All was over, and she a spectatress of all, and still she mastered herself; and although, so far as regarded her, the most home cause for agitation finally occurred as the murderers were about to withdraw.

"He'll touch no blood-money now," whispered the woman; "an' we may go to our beds, Phil, for the work is done well; so come away—but stop; high hanging to me, if I ever thought of that young —— in the next room: an', for any thing we know, she may be watching us all this time." "If you think so, mother, there's but one help for it," observed the lad. "A body could peep through the chinks well enough," resumed the female monster; —"but, on a second thought, Phil, d'you think it's in the nature of a simple young counthry girl like her to look at what was done without givin' warning?" "May be not; come, try if she's asleep any how; she can't bam us there, mother." "Come,"—and they left the chamber. The moment they withdrew, Peggy stretched herself on her couch, threw a blanket over her person, closed her eyes, and breathed as if fast asleep. Yet it was with many doubts of her own ability to go successfully through this test, that she listened for the noise of unbarring her door. The creeping steps approached, and her heart nearly failed her. A bolt was shot, and her brain swam. But again the assassins seemed to hesitate, and again she heard their whispers. "Stop," said the lad, "she must be sound asleep as you say; it's not to be thought she could look on and stand it." "That's my own notion," replied the woman. "Then if we rouse her, at this time o' night, wid those marks about us," meaning the marks on their hands and clothes, "why it 'll be tellin' our own secret, when we might hould our tongue." "Yes; an' only makin' more o' the same work for ourselves, when we have done enough of it." "Besides; she'll be to the fore in the mornin', and then we can cross hackle her on the head of it; an', if she shows any signs of knowin' more than we want her to know.—why, it can be a good job still." "You spake rason; an', sure enough, she'll be to the fore: because I have a notion o' my own, that we ought to keep her fast till the poor private an' Maggy sees her; they'll want to have a word wid her, may be; so, by hook or crook, she's to pass another day and night in the house." "Let us go sleep, then, mother; an' you must get me a little wather." "Yes, a-vich; but I don't think myself wants much o' the sleep for this night, any how."

They left Peggy's door, and she was thus saved the test her soul shrank from. In some time after their steps became silent, she lay on her stretched clasped hands and eyes turned to Heaven, offering the most fervent thanks for her preservation. The winter morning broke: all seemed quiet in the house; and she ventured to sit up and think again. Her neighbourhood to the mangled body occurred to her, and delirium began to arise. She had recourse to her prayers for help and strength, and they did not fail her. Hour after hour passed away, still she kept herself employed, either by communions with her God, or by laying out her mind to meet the trials she had yet to encounter. They would watch her, they had said, in the morning; she was able to will and determine that the investigation should be vain: Peggy felt that she could defeat them. They intended to induce or force her to spend day and night where she was: against this plan she also attempted to lay a counter plot.

It might be nine o'clock when she heard them stirring about. But, at the first sound, she lay stretched on her bed; and this proved a good precaution. One of them walked softly up the stairs: then into the next room; and afterwards, close to the partition, by her couch; and, as Peggy judged by the hard breathing through the chinks, seemed to watch if she slept. She was now able to give every appearance of sleep to the eye of the observer. After a few moments, they were together in the room, and she heard their whispers, and then the noise of trailing out the body.

For about another hour, they left her undisturbed. At length the door was opened, and the woman entered her chamber. Peggy still pretended to sleep, showing, however, some signs of the restlessness that attends on being disturbed from sleep without our being fully aroused. The hideous visitor stooped down and stirred her. Peggy bore the touch of that hand on her shoulder, without wincing in any way. The woman stirred her again, and she seemed gradually and naturally to become awakened. "Musha, it's the good sleep that's on you, a colleen," said the woman, as she sat up. "Yes, indeed: I'm not used to be without sleep so long, and I had none before this since I left the mountains," answered Peggy. "Is it very late? but I don't care much about that, as there's no use in my starting from you till the coach comes again to-night, and gives me a seat for Dublin." "We'll tell you all about that by and by: get up now, my woman, an' break your fast; you ought to be hungry." "And I am very hungry, and able to help myself out of any thing you lay before me."

The woman led her down stairs. A good breakfast was prepared. Peggy seemed to eat with a keen appetite: but she continued to slip the bread she had cut into her large counthry pockets. The young man entered: she bade him a smiling good-morrow. He hoped she had passed a good night: she answered promptly and easily. "It's an odd question I'm for axin'," he continued, "but I thought I heard strange noises in a room next to yours last night—did you?" With the consciousness that the eyes of both were watching her face for a change of expression, Peggy baffled the enquiry. "It's said this ould house is haunted," rejoined the woman, "an' that's the ghost's room." "My faith isn't strong in ghosts," said Peggy, smiling: "but I'm glad you did not tell of it before I went to bed, or I might be kept waking."

A pause ensued, during which she knew that her catechists were consulting each other by looks and nods.

"Why don't you ax afther your friend, that helped to bring you to us last night?" pursued the lad. "I was thinking of him, but said to myself he was in bed, maybe; and as he's no kith or kin o' mine, only a stranger met on the road, I didn't believe it would be right for a young lone woman like me to be asking so closely after him." "He's not in his bed," said the lad, fixing his eye. She stood his glance. "No," resumed the woman; "but gone this road at the first light this mornin'." "Why then I'm sorry for his going." "How's that?" asked the lad. "Because I'm left without a farthing in the world, and I thought that, as he looked to be a decent man, maybe he'd lend me a few shillings to take me on to Dublin; and now I don't know what to do under heaven." "Never make yourself uneasy about that," remarked the hostess: "for if you thought he looked so like a decent body, he thought you looked like a handsome colleen, as you are; an' for a token, hearin' o' your loss by the coach, he left us the very thing you're talking about, to give you when you'd get up." "Yes, he left this wid me for you," pursued the other, handing some silver, "and just his word to take care an' have as much ready to pay him in the next place he an' you are to see each other."

As he gave the money, and spoke these words very significantly, he again fixed his eye; but Peggy allowed him no advantage. With many professions of thanks to her chance benefactor, she quietly put up the supposed gift. Perhaps they became fully assured that they had nothing to fear, for they soon stopped questioning her. "I'll pay him, with hearty thanks, sure enough," she continued, recurring to the topic, "and sooner than he thinks, maybe. I have only to go to Dublin, to the Brazen-Head, where my father stops, when I'll have money enough; and, after a word there, I'm to pass your door to-morrow about the night-fall, when I'll be axin' a night's lodgin' from you again; and I can just have the honest man's shillings in your hands, and you'll give 'em to him, the next time he calls, in Peggy Nowlan's name, and her best wishes along with 'em."

The day wore away in common topics, and she showed no anxiety to depart. She said she grew hungry for her dinner; and, when it came before her, still seemed to make a hearty meal. No living creature came to the house during the day: but she could understand that the person called Maggy, and who she concluded was her wretched cousin Maggy Nowlan, and the other person called "the private," were expected during the night; as also a number of "the customers," from Dublin.

Nothing had yet been said to defer her from proceeding to town in the night coach, which, as usual, was to pass about three o'clock in the morning. She often alluded to its hour of passing by, and they did not make an observation. This gave her courage; and, after the night fell—for Peggy, still to avoid a shadow of suspicion, would not motion to stir in the day-light—she said, inadvertently, and yet with some natural show of anxiety to proceed in her interrupted journey—"Maybe I couldn't get a seat in it, an' what should I do then? But maybe I ought to take the road some time before ye expect it to come up, so that, when it overtakes me, if I get the place, well and good; and if I don't, why I could be so far on my way, and sure of walking the six or seven miles more, to Dublin, by the morning, anyhow; for I must be there in the morning: what brings me up is to get a good lot of money from my father, that 'll be wanted at home the day after to-morrow, or the next day, at farthest: and so, ye see, honest people, I'm beholding to be soon back and forward, and, as I said, sleeping in your house, on my way to the country, by to-morrow night, anyhow."

They said little in reply to this; but Peggy believed they again exchanged some glances and signs, while her head was purposely held down; and then they retired to whisper at the outward door. Fervently did she pray, although the prayer involved an uncharitable contradiction, that, influenced by the hope of plunder she had held out, their resolves not to let her depart for the night might be changed. And perhaps her plan took effect.

In a short time they rejoined her; and after a few ordinary remarks, said, by the way, that she might do well to 'take a start of the road, afore the coach, just as she was a saying of it; and they wished her safe to Dublin, anyhow; and they hoped she would keep her promise, and come see them on her way home again.'

Without discovering any extraordinary joy at this concession, Peggy bid them a steady and cordial good-b'ye; engaged her bed for the next night; and it was not till the very moment she was crossing the murderous threshold, that she feared her face and fluttered step might have given intimation of the smothered emotions that battled in her heart.

But, again befriended by her extraordinary presence of mind, she checked her rising ecstasy, and trod with a sober and way-faring step down the dark, tangled, and miry lane. When fairly launched on the broad road her breast experienced great relief; yet still she kept her demure pace, neither faltering, nor looking back nor about her, nor yet sure of the policy of rushing into the first cabin she might meet. Her heart whispered that the people of the abominable house might have noticed her parting struggle, and, after a little reflection, would perhaps follow her, and put her to another trial.

To her left, as she walked along, was some rather high ground, falling down to the road, little cultivated, and crowded with furze and briars. A straggling path ran through it, parallel to the road, but, at some distance, and, she believed, led to the lone house in the '*boshean*.' Her eye kept watching this path, every step she took. The moon shone full upon it, so as to enable her to discern any near object. Peggy, her head down, and her regards not visibly occupied, soon caught a figure rapidly striding along the path, through the clumps of furze and briers. As it abruptly turned towards a gap in the road-fence, some yards before her, she could ascertain that this individual was closely muffled in the common female Irish mantle holding, as Irishwomen often do, the ample hood gathered round the face. 'That's not a woman's step,' thought Peggy; as the figure issued through the gap:—'and now, this will be the sorest trial of all.'

And, with her suspicions, well might she say so. The gigantic resolution of her heart, so long kept up, had just began to yield to an admitted sense of relief: she had just permitted her mind to turn and sicken on the contemplation of the horrors she had witnessed and escaped; an opportunity at last seemed created for an indulgence of the revulsion and weakness of her woman's nature;—and now again to call back her unexcelled philosophy: again to rally herself; again to arrest and fix the melting resolution; to steady the pulse-throb, tutor the very breath, prepare the very tones of her voice: this, indeed, was her sorest trial. But it was her greatest too: for Peggy, assisted a little by the shadows of night, came out of it still triumphant.

'God save you!' began the person in the cloak, in a female voice. Peggy gave the usual response with a calm tone. 'Are you for thravellin' far, a-roon?' continued the new comer. She said she was going to Dublin. 'I'm goin' there myself, an' we may's well be on the road together.' 'With all my heart, then,' answered Peggy, and they walked on side by side. 'You're not of these parts, macolleen, by your tongue,' resumed her companion. Peggy assented. 'An' how far did you walk today, a-chorra?' 'Not far: not a step to-day: only from a house in a boshean behind us, a few minutes ago.' 'What house, a good girl? do you mane the slate-house that stands all alone, in the middle o' the lane?' Peggy believed that was the very one. 'Lord save us! what bad loock sent you there?' 'None, that I know of: why?' 'It has a bad name, as I hear, among the neighbours, and 'od be the last place myself 'od face to, for the night's rest.' 'Well, aroon; it's only a christian turn to spake of people as we find 'em; I have nothing at all to say against the house; an' maybe it won't be long till I see it again.' 'That's bould as well as hearty of a young girl like you. Did you come across the woman o' the house?' 'Yes; and met good treatment from her; the good tey; and good dinner; every thing of the best.' 'But what kind of a bed did you get from her, a hager?' continued the catechist, speaking very low, sidling to Peggy, and grasping her arm. This threw her off her guard. She shrieked, and broke from her companion, who, as she ran, fast pursued her; and the person's real voice at last sounded in her ear. 'Stop, Peggy Nowlan, or rue it! I know what you think of the bed you got now!'

The road suddenly turned in an angle; Peggy shot round the turn; as her pursuer gained on her, she heard the noise of feet approaching in a quick tramp, and a guard of armed soldiers headed by two men in civil dress, and followed by a post chaise, met her eyes at a short distance; she cried out again, and darted among the soldiers; one of them caught and held her from falling, and she had only time to say—'Lay hands on the murderer!' when nature at last failed, and Peggy's senses left her

SPEECH OF SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS ON THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

[*Concluded.*]

In August 1837, a certain "Ebenezer Greely" was sent into the Madawaska settlement, to take the census of the population there, and in other parts of the disputed territory, as belonging to the county of Penobscot, in the United States. He was apprehended by the provincial government. The American government required his release; a correspondence ensued between the governors of New Brunswick and of the state of Maine. Greely is informed, that—

"If he would desist, and would withdraw from the district, he would be allowed to do so—otherwise, he would become amenable to the laws of the province."

Greely rejected the proposal and was remanded to gaol. The governor of the state of Maine complained of this.

"As a deep invasion of the soil and sovereignty of the state, and required the immediate enlargement of Mr. Greely."

This was reported to Lord Palmerston. Mr. Stepenson had previously demanded of Lord Palmerston.

"The liberation of Greely and compensation for his alleged wrongs."

No answer to that demand appears in the correspondence, but Sir John Harvey says, July 31st, 1837, that

"He had enlarged Ebenezer Greely, in consequence of a despatch he had that day received from his Majesty's minister at Washington."

Greely was accordingly released on the 5th of August, 1837. On the 26th of the same month of that year, Mr. Greely re-appeared in the Madawaska settlement, resuming his former functions, namely, taking the census therein. He was immediately apprehended. Now, here it will no doubt be imagined that, caught in so prompt and impudent a repetition of this aggression, vigorous measures would be adopted to punish this second very serious invasion of British rights. What does the House think was now done? Why, Greely was released again. The other case to which I would refer, had I time, is that of the aggressions from New Hampshire into the disputed territory. These are contained in pages from 83 to 142 of this folio; but at this late hour of the night I must lay it aside. I now come to the folio of correspondence from 1840 to 1841; and here I do particularly regret, that having been obliged to address the House at so late an hour, I must out of consideration to the House, run rapidly over this part of the case likewise referring to, rather than explaining, what I so much wish I might detail. This folio shows a complete and connected series of encroachments on the one hand, and concessions on the other; and first, with respect to concurrent civil jurisdiction. A proposition to that effect had been suggested to me, on the specious pretext of preventing collisions and disorders between the authorities of Great Britain and Maine; but I had imagined that the best way to preclude these, was to keep those powers asunder, and to repress all such disorders by British authority, exclusively. But the noble lord opposite acceded to this request, as appears by his despatch of June, 1840, instructing Mr. Fox,

"That the best way of maintaining friendly relations between the two countries would be to place these matters in the hands of the two governments."

Why, this was conceding concurrent civil jurisdiction. The consequence was, a proposition made by the United States, that each government should have charge of maintaining order in the disputed territory, by means of a civil force, to consist of an equal number of British subjects and American citizens. This Lord Palmerston assented to in August, 1840; and it was accordingly carried into execution. The government of the United States having made out this point, to an exclusive military possession of the disputed territory by us, and complained of it accordingly,

"As a direct and palpable infringement of the subsisting arrangement:" (And)

"Demanded the withdrawing of these troops whose presence was a violation of the existing agreement."

The state government of Maine called accordingly on the general government,

"To take measures for the removal of the British troops. April, 1841."

What was the reply; an order for the troops to remain? No; they were withdrawn. The next proposition was to substitute detachments of national troops of Great Britain and the United states, in lieu of the civil posses, which, so far from having produced order, had occasioned disorder. Lord Palmerston, in July, 1841,

"Approved of the expediency of withdrawing the civil posses from the disputed territory, and of letting that territory be provisionally occupied by regular troops of Great Britain and the United states."

This was surrendering another important point, viz. exclusive military possession, for which I have contended. After this admission of concurrent military possession, it was of course impossible to dispute the right of the United States to make a military communication; and, accordingly, a military road was carried all the way across the disputed territory up to the St. John, and the establishment of military posts followed as a natural consequence; for the forces employed must needs have some abiding place. The Forts Fairfield and Jarvis were accordingly erected, by which the United States obtained, what they had long sought for—concurrent possession of the whole territory, up to that demarcation, under the American flag. Lord Sydenham does not appear to have approved of this. He says

"It ought not to have been admitted; but that under existing circumstances, it would not be advisable to disturb them."

This is a true picture of the effects of all concessions in such cases as this. The most remarkable change is, that the presence of British troops in any part of the disputed territory, even to the north of the St. John, was then denominated—(see resolution of the legislatures of Massachusetts and Maine, page 128)—British aggression, British invasion, British violation of the territory of Maine! Now, as to the effect of these concessions. Sir William Colebrooke Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, states that the people of Maine were seeking on every occasion to avail themselves of any opening to advance their pretensions; and that if the warden appointed by the provisional government (I appointed him)