St. John [illegible] Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

VOLUME XII. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1855. NUMBER 47.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday morning, by Walker Beckett, at his Office in the Brick Building, at Messrs. L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince William Street.

Visiting and Business Cards, Circulars and ornamental Pamphlets, Blanks, and Printing generally neatly executed.

☞ Orders discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the publisher.

☞ Subscriptions for one year within the year, $2; for half year, $1. All letters, communications, &c., must be post-paid, and addressed to

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

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

E. T. R. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, is the only authorized Agent for Advertisements 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. The receipts will be regarded as payments. His Offices are—Boston, Scollay's Building; New York, Tribune Buildings; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets."

MUTUAL BENEFIT TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Joseph Fairweather, Esquire, President.
I. W. Lawrence, Zachary Rice, } Directors.
S. L. Tilley, S. N. Vernon, }
I. N. Robinson, Esquire, Solicitor.
Isaac Woodward, Esquire, Secretary.

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

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

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANTS EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Post Office Building, State Street, Boston,
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

CHARLES N. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Manning, Scudder & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
Next door to the Post Office, Prince William Street, WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Pumping, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SUPPLIES, &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.

SPRING IMPORTATION.—Assorted Crates.—250 assorted Crates EARTHENWARE, selected and packed suitable for country trade, and guaranteed free from breakage—offered very low for cash by FRANCIS CLEMENTSON,
April 26. Dock-street.

WASHING POWDERS.—Received per Packet Liberia, and sold at one sixth the usual price, by FELLOWS & CO.
April 14.

English Wrought Nails,
By the John Barbour, &c., for sale.
152 KEGS, consisting of Four, Six, Eight Ten and Twenty-penny Rose and Clasp Heads;
Of Five and Six-penny Ox;
Nine and Ten-penny Horse;
One and 1-4 by 2 1-2 inch Boat Nails,
Sheathing Nails,
Four and a half inch Spikes.
March 23. JOHN KINNEAR.

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

LAND FOR SALE.

500 ACRES of Land for Sale, 200 Acres of which are reclaimed, and under cultivation, situate on the South side of Hatfield River, parish of Hampton, the property of John Campbell. There are two Good Dwelling Houses on the Lot, as also three Barns, two of which are 26 by 36 feet, and the other 24 by 34, with under Stables.

The above Property will be Sold in the whole, or in Lots, to suit purchasers.

Application to be made to John Campbell, Hampton Parish, Kings County; or to Mr. Whetmore, Solicitor, or Mr. Hubbard, Auctioneer, St. John.
March 30th, 1855.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE—400 lbs. of Extra Goose FEATHERS; 500 do.; Russian do.;
Blue and handsome Patterns of Cloth Paper HANGINGS.
April 13. GEORGE NIXON.

Blue Window Glass and Paper HANGINGS.
Just received from New-York:
148 BOXES German Blue Glass, GLASS, from 14x20 to 30x36 single thick; 50 Boxes Double thick Glass, for shop windows, sizes from 16x20 to 24x36; 3000 rolls of new patterns of PAPER HANGINGS, all colors.

Parties wanting large Glass, can be supplied, I will order it at the shortest notice, from New York, and cut it to fit the sash.
April 13, 1855. GEORGE NIXON,
Prince Wm. street

WINDOW GLASS.—New Importation, ex Governor, the new Spring Style of French Satin HATS. For Sale by
March 23. LOCKHART & CO.

WINDOW GLASS.—Just arrived by the Ship John Barbour—61 Packages, comprising of 8x10 sizes, 10x12 and 12x16, Superior SASH GLASS, Fine quality, for sale by
January 5. JOHN KINNEAR.

JOHN KINNEAR, Prince Wm. Street,
Is receiving, per Packet, and for Sale, 50 Kegs Cut NAILS; 1 Hogshead Brass COCKS; 2 Barrels Crushed SUGAR; 3 Barrels FLOUR; 3 Tierces RICE; 15 Dozen assorted CHAIRS.
March 23.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

ON and after Tuesday next, the Subscriber will be found at the premises lately occupied by Mr. Henry Austin, next door to Chubb's corner, same as before. GEORGE RIX PRICE.
April 20.

LICORICE.—Just received—100 Superfine Licorice Paste. Also—Dr. Kennedy's Medical Discovery, for the cure of Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the blood—For sale by S. L. TILLEY,
April 20. No. 15 King Street

We are Selling at Auction.
MESSRS. A. & S. SCHOMACKER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.
WILL give their First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, just have to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

Small Table Pianoforte,	£30	0 0
Rosewood G. G. Piccolo,	35	0 0
Do. Cottage do.	40	0 0
Cottage,	42	0 0
Semi-Cottage,	45	0 0
Full Cottage,	50	0 0
Cottage, with French Grand, three legs, and Carved bottom,	65	0 0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 1-3 Octaves in Compass.

N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by S. & A. Schomacker are warranted for three years.

Piano Accordeons of English and American manufacture tuned and repaired. March 24th.

S. K. FOSTER'S
Ladies' Fashionable Shoe Store,
Foster's Corner Germain Street.

NEW SUMMER BOOTS AND SHOES,
Just received per steamer America.

LADIES' Fashionable Boots—Turn make; Lasting superior Kaven Boots and Shoes; Misses' Gaits, and Children's Boots and Shoes of all the newest and most fashionable styles; Ladies' Satin, French Kid and Enamelled Boots, Shoes and Slippers;
Gentlemen's Boots and Youths' Boots & Shoes of every quality and style;
Boys' Slippers, at 2s. 6d. a pair;
Prunella Boots, at 4s., 5s., and 5s. 6d.;
An almost endless variety of cheap Boots, and Shoes.

N.B.—Orders from all parts of the Province will receive prompt attention.
June 15. S. K. FOSTER.

May, 1855.
NEW GOODS.
NORTH AMERICAN
CLOTHING STORE,
BEARS' BRICK BUILDING, NORTH SIDE OF KING STREET.
Wholesale and Retail Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Establishment.
R. HUNTER,

HAVING completed his Spring importations, respectfully solicits a call from intending purchasers—precious to their buying elsewhere—feeling confident that an examination his Stock will prove to be superior and the prices much lower than similar goods can be had at any other Establishment in the City.

The Clothing having been all made up on the premises on the most advantageous terms cannot fail in giving satisfaction. The Stock comprises a

BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, VESTINGS;
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,
Goodyears' Patent India Rubber Coats, Capes and Leggins, Hats, Gloves, &c.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, such as Shirts, Collars, Fronts, Bibbs, Stocks, Ties, Umbrellas, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Carpet Bags, Trunks, Valises, &c.

☞ Gents who would prefer selecting the Cloth can have their Garments made to order in the most fashionable style, by the best of workmen and at the shortest notice.

No second price—all Goods marked in plain figures.
R. HUNTER.

FIRST
Spring Importations!!
Per Steam Ships "Canada" and "Africa"; Just Received at the
VICTORIA HOUSE,
Prince William Street, and
BRITISH HOUSE,
King Street.

84 CASES and BALES of BRITISH DRY GOODS! Which will be opened and and ready for Inspection on MONDAY first, 2d April.

☞ These Goods having been carefully selected in the best European Markets under great advantages owing to the unparalled depression in the Manufacturing districts, and very great reduction in the prices of Goods, Purchasers can therefore rely on getting GREATER BARGAINS THAN EVER.

N. B.—Terms, CASH ONLY, and *no second Price.*
St. John, 20th April, 1855. JAMES DOHERTY & CO.
P.S.—Further supply of Spring and Summer Goods to arrive per next Mail Steamers, and per ships "Achilles" from London, and "Themis," "Lampedo" and "Middleton" from Liverpool.
J. DOHERTY & CO.

S. E. TILLEY,
NO. 15, KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WOULD call the attention of the public to his large and varied Stock of GOODS, received per ships Middleton, John Barbour, and Achilles from Liverpool, and steamers from the United States, viz:
DRUGS and CHEMICALS of all kinds;
Patent Medicines;
Brushes and Combs of nearly every description;
Shaving and Fancy SOAPS; *Perfumery;*
Fancy Articles; Spices of all kinds;
Dye Stuffs—Logwood, Fustic, Fustic, Brazil Wood and in chips; Indigo, Alum, Copperas, Blue Vitriol, and Annatto;
Brandreth's No. 1 WHITE LEAD, in tubs, kegs, boxes, and 1 cwt kegs. Red, Yellow, Stone and Green PAINTS;
Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL; Spirits Turpentine and Varnish;
Olive and Porpoise OIL;
Pure Sperm CASTOR OIL, in chest;
Gold Leaf, Gilders' Diamonds, GLASS, Putty Jacquard's Gum, &c.;
COLOGNE WATER, in great variety, from the best Grasse and American manufactories;
SEEDS—Garden, Timothy, and Garden Seeds in season.
For sale wholesale and retail at lowest market prices. June 1.

PAPER HANGINGS.—More new Patterns of PAPER HANGINGS, just received at the Paper Warehouse Hollis Falls, all good patterns, now open. For sale low by
GEORGE NIXON,
June 15. Prince William Street.

MUSKET WADDING.—I want to sell for Money, 1 bale Cuba SUGAR, 1 bale PORK, and 9 boxes No. 1 Cavendish TOBACCO—duty paid. Price moderate.
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN,
March 23. No. 6, Prince Wm. Street.

NEW GOODS BY THE SHIP
COMMERCE, HOUSE,
KING STREET.
Between 6th, 1854.
HORSFALL & SHERATON
Have received per Steamers "CANADA," and "AFRICA," and Ships Sultana, David Cox, Florentine, "John Bentley," "John Bentleman," and "Joseph Parrott":
101 Pieces of Fancy and Plain Dress Silks.
Being a part of their extensive purchases for the Fall business, and comprising a good assortment of every description of
WOOLLENS, LINENS, COTTONS,
SILKS, Fancy Mantles, Cloaks, Ladies' and Misses' Hosiery of every description, which are offered to Wholesale Buyers at the lowest rates, and most favourable terms.

HOUSE FURNISHING.
NEW STYLES—Oct. 2nd, 1854.
HORSFALL & SHERATON respectfully request the attention of persons furnishing houses, to their extensive assortment of GOODS, most of which is offered to any houses in this city, and are offered at rates to suit the most economical.
Rich Gilt and Mahogany Poles and Cornices, of every style and finish;
DAMASKS and MOREENS, in all of the Fashionable patterns, with suitable Trimmings;
Gilt Mouldings, and Cord and Tassels;
Gilt and Walnut BANNERS;
Cords and Tassels, for Mouldings;
Rich Velvet Pile, and Tapes CARPETINGS;
Brussels, Ply and Kidderminster; Scotch do.;
Worsted Ply and Kidderminster;
Hearth Rugs, Door Mats and Rope Mats;
DRUGGETS, from 4 4 to 16-4;
English and American Floor OIL CLOTHS, new patterns, in all the useful widths;
BLANKETS, QUILTS and Counterpanes;
Table Linens and Sheetings;
Cloth, Worsted, and Linen Table COVERS, &c.
Oct. 4.

CANVASS, &c.
ON HAND and for Sale at low rates:—100 Bolts Leith CANVASS, No. 1 to 6;
4 Tons Russian and Domestic OAKUM;
4 Tons Manila and New Zealand CORDAGE,
From 6 thd. to 5 in. Apply to
JOHN WALKER,
Feb. 16. Peters' Wharf.

Timothy, Clover & Garden Seeds.
JUST Received—150 Bushels Superior Timothy SEEDS, the growth of this Province.
On hand, and to arrive:—7 bls. Northern Red Clover SEED; and a small quantity White Clover Seed.
Also—To arrive per Middleton:—A large assortment of GARDEN SEEDS, warranted fresh.
For sale by S. L. TILLEY,
April 13, 1855. No. 15, King-street.

Greater Bargains than Ever.
TREMENDOUS REDUCTION!
CLEARING OUT ENTIRE STOCK, TO MAKE ROOM FOR
Early Spring Importations!!
At the
VICTORIA HOUSE,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, AND
BRITISH HOUSE,
KING STREET.

The Subscriber have THIS DAY, *still further marked down* ALL THEIR STOCK determined to CLEAR OFF *every article, before arrival of* SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

☞ TERMS—CASH ONLY.
N. B.—All Goods marked in Plain Figures.
Feb. 24. J. DOHERTY & CO.

India Rubber Boots & Shoes.
Received on Consignment from the Manufacturers:
1100 CASES Ladies, Gents' and Children's Rubber Over SHOES.
The above are warranted to be of the best quality, and will be sold lower than any ever offered in the public.
Ladies Metallic RUBBERS, price 4s.;
Gent. do. ditto, 4s 6d.
A credit of three Months will be given on all purchasers over £15.
H. O'BRIEN.
Waverley House, King Street.
P. S.—Also a large assortment of leather Goods. January 5.

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

MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks, Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish challenges competition.
JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.
All Kinds of Engraving neatly executed.
Traders, Pedlers, and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

RUB, RUB, RUBBER SHOES, For Sale Cheap.
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.
Dec. 9, 1854. No. 6, Prince William Street

PAINTS AND OILS.—A few tons Brandreth's WHITE LEAD and coloured PAINTS. 150 Brandreth's Boiled and Raw OIL, in cans, for by the gallon. For sale by
June 15. FELLOWS & CO.

Fancy Gloves.
OPENED this day, ex Steamer Africa, direct from Paris—
Gent's Black French Kid GLOVES;
" Coloured " " " "
Ladies' " " " "
Gent's Wool mixed Cot. HOSE;
Gent's Fancy Knit Rubber BRACES;
Gent's Fancy Straw HATS. For sale retail only.
LOCKHART & CO.,
May 5. King street

Oranges! Oranges!
MAY be had at all hours, Fresh Almeriaas and Mandarins, which will compare Canton, or Mountain Dews, on application to the Steamers *Nova Scotia* and *Admiral.*
April 16. JAMES NETHERY.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Just received and for sale by
October 28, 1853. FELLOWS & CO.

BRICKS.—10,000 Superior FIRE BRICKS, of superior quality, for sale by
January 19. PEAR, CLEMENTSON.

Cane Seat Chairs.—Just received and for Sale. 15 Dozen Cane & Wood Seat CHAIRS.
GEORGE NIXON.

Poetry.

A CHEER FOR BRITAIN.

Green Britain stands upon the sea;
Her throne is founded on the deep;
The queen with her Majesty,
Unending streams around her sweep.

She, like a lion, dies alone;
And yet her path surrounds the world;
An honored name hath Albion;
Her star of glory shone of old.

Her sons have built her bulwarks strong;
They love their home and England dear;
They are a noble patriot throng;
And they no earthly foeman fear.

Rule well the children, noble Queen;
Ye peers that dwelt by her state;
Ye wise and learned gentlemen;
Ye talented and humble great.

Oh, there is power in their trust,
When England's men the battle near;
And glory all unsung, unsaid,
Upon their land, triumphal cheer.

Unfailing motive leads them on;
It is the faith of freedom's cause;
Where duty calls they must be gone,
Though death confront with yawning jaws.

Her sailors rove on every sea;
They seek the sultry southern clime;
The icy pole is on their lee,—
Its snows entomb our country's prime.

Oh, may they walk in virtue's way;
And may their courage never fail;
But truth and honour still obey,
Though fierce unequal powers assail.

Thy sons at distance love the still,
Oh, parent isle amid the sea,—
Whose hearts beat loyfully and brave;
They yet shall rise or fall with thee.

Miscellany.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

Mind not high things; but condescend to men of low estate. St. Paul.

THE FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

PART THE FIRST.

MARGARET SHEIL had been born on the estate of the O'Dwyers; and the truth of the legend, which asserted that her father's grandfather or great-grandfather was killed at some famous battle defending the life of Gerald O'Dwyer, "a grate man intirely," was never for a moment doubted by the gentry, or "the people." Margaret was not likely to question its authenticity for she lived almost always amid the wreck and remnants of the "big house," which had fallen into wretched decay; a sort of authorised *follower of the family*, tending the lady, a poor weak delicate woman, and cherishing beyond every earthly thing, a wild, careless, thoughtless youth; being Irish, could be considered remarkable some *fifty years ago*) for its profuseness and extravagance. The O'Dwyer family had fallen in consequence of this heedless expenditure of a pound, where care with a *shilling*, could have done as much—fallen to the very depths of embarrassment and poverty; and the young man's mother, sickly in mind and body, worn out with the whirling cares and distracting anxieties which a year before had buried her husband beneath their ruins, was not able to think or act. In Ireland, if misfortune falls upon a portion of a respectable house, the distressed too frequently live upon the wealthy, thinking it derogatory to exert themselves; this brings down sooner or later, the prop whereon they rested, and is both mean and cruel. But poor Mrs. O'Dwyer had no prop to lean on; her husband's family having been long before levelled in the dust from the habits to which I have alluded. They had kept open house for years past telling. Poor O'Dwyer, her husband, died in jail; and the mercy of a creditor left the widow and her son the ruined walls of their ancestors, their only shelter against the pelting of the pitiless storm. What had been the garden to the ruined mansion, was, by the positive charity of the tenants who had passed with the land to other landlords, cultivated for her benefit; they managed to find hours and days to sow potatoes and cut turf for "her honor," and treated the wild, buoyant, boisterous lad, who was as free and frank in his bearing as if he were master of the soil, with the respect and attention which they said "they owed the family." It was very touching to witness the various little attentions—small in service, but rich in love—which which were heaped upon the widow by the untiring hand of Irish gratitude; and no one was more devoted to her service than was Margaret Sheil. Margaret was a small, active, neat little body; fair and blue eyed—eyes so bright and blue, that they seemed too dart into futurity; and Margaret's character was in keeping with her eyes, for she looked forward with a long-headedness very unIrish. She was gifted with a much greater degree of worldly knowledge than her mistress. She would even take upon herself to lecture her favourite Garrett O'Dwyer himself whenever he did anything which she considered it wrong for an O'Dwyer to do. This was not often for he appeared to her as near perfection as man could be. Garrett had attained the age of nineteen; could fight like—an Irishman; sing like—an Irishman; dance—like an Irishman; was thoughtless—as an Irishman; generous—as an Irishman; poor—as an Irishman! His mother, when he was about six years old, had refused the offer of a relative to take and educate the child, partly because he was the only O'Dwyer who had ever been in trade, and more than partly because her heart clung, as mothers' hearts will cling to their solace, their hope, their all!

Garrett had been long engaged in both open and covert rebellion against petticoat government; wished to go abroad, to enlist, to do anything rather than remain at home; but when the scoldings and reasonings of the mother failed, her tears always brought back and Garret would lay down his gun and take up his flute, the only two luxuries he enjoyed.

His coat was frieze, and his hat was of straw; and yet there was not a handsomer fellow in the county; he rode admirably; the neighbouring gentry would always lend him a horse, which he was always anxious to borrow, and would have given him as many dinners as he could eat, and, in those claret days, as much claret as he could drink; but he declined dinners almost invariably.

"Masther Garrett dear," said Margaret to him one afternoon, "Masther Grace has sent a gorsoon over the mountain to ask ye to dine with him today. Go, *avick machree*; ye're all as one as a man, now, and ought to go."

"No, Margaret, I'll not go; the food, the meat, would poison me when I thought of my mother striving to swallow potatoes, dry potatoes, here in these ruins."

"That's kind of ye to, Masther Garrett dear; but, derline, sure its better to have the praytees dry than wet, any way. Maybe the sand will turn!"

"When its run, all run," replied the lad; "but I can't stay here much longer, at all rates."

"Not won't be needed, Masther Garrett," said Margaret; "I wanted to break it to you avick, and didn't know how, rightly. *She'll not be in it many weeks*; so don't cross her by contrariness, any how; don't." The truth startled the youth; he was unprepared for it; he could not speak; and Margaret Shield turned away muttering, "The craythur! them menkind never likes to let each other or the women see their tears."

She had said the truth; in another week, Garrett saw, and told her that he saw, the fearful change, and yet strange to say, he absented himself from the place. This astonished Margaret, who knew how much he loved his mother, and how much he had been ready to sacrifice for her the poor lady had become almost unconscious of passing events, and yet Garrett had not returned.

Now, Margaret was in agony lest she should die without leaving her son her blessing, and dispatched many messengers to seek him, but in vain. Mrs. O'Dwyer had passed some hours in that state of insanity which forerunn death; the heaving of the poor worn chest, the occasional sighs; the rattle in the throat, had increased as the night closed; the wind hissed through the crevices into the chamber of death, howled its mad revels in the dilapidated hall, and rushed furiously through the passages and up the chimnies. Margaret had taken off her apron to prevent the light being extinguished, and pinning one end of it to the bed post, fastened the other to a chair. The priest had given her the last sacrament, and Margaret ever and anon, when the body heaved with a convulsive movement, brought the crucifix to her lips and repeated a prayer. The neighbours, who had watched with her to near midnight, returned to their cabins, save one old woman, who slept soundly in a corner on a chair.

"Oh," exclaimed Margaret, "that the Lord would but send her her child. She'll never have an easy death till she sees him!"

"I am here," whispered Garrett, stealing through the darkness; "here I am!" the young man's face was pale and haggard; large drops stood upon his brow, his beautiful bright hair hung about his face, and they conversed in an unusual tone for a moment or two, and then with strong emotion the young man threw himself upon his mother's bed, calling to her in the most piercing accents to bless and forgive him; he shed bitter and abundant tears over his dying parent.

The poor lady could not speak, but a faint smile irradiated her features for a moment; twice she smiled on him, and placed her hand upon his head; he felt her fingers rest upon his brow like icicles; he laid his cheek to hers; a breath cold and chill passing from her lips made him start; the fingers no longer pressed; they stiffened amid his hair.

"I knew," said Margaret, while tears coursed each other down her cheeks, "I knew she'd never make an easy death till she saw ye."

"Margaret, Margaret," whispered Garrett, when he could articulate, "leave her for a few minutes with others, and come with me. Grace, and Stacey, and many of the neighbours, are watching about the ruins to be of use; I saw them as I stole past. Come with me, for God's sake, or I shall go mad!"

Garrett almost dragged Margaret Sheil from the chamber of death. *She* had stifled the cries which the poor Irish send forth, and which disturbed the quiet of the solemn scene; but when the watchers entered, *their* cries shook the old walls and mingled with the howling wind.

"What call can I have to your room now!" said Margaret, as she climbed up the ruined stairs leading to a small turret-chamber he called his own. "Sure the bed has been made and not touched for more than a week."

Garrett made no answer, but strode to the bed side, paused, turned round, looked at Margaret, and then slowly moving down the coarse coverlet, the woman to her astonishment, saw a new-born sleeping infant.

"Mother of mercy!" she exclaimed, "whose is this?"

"Mine!" was the astounding reply. "The child is mine."

"Yours, Masther Garrett, yours! The Lord be about us! Sure it isn't in earnest you are?"

"God help me, and keep me my senses," he answered; "I am in earnest—the child is mine."

"And its mother?"

"Again replied the youth, "God help us all! Its mother and its grandmother are both corpses this woeful night. Its mother—so young—so—so—Oh, Moyna, Moyna, what you suffered for me!"

Margaret Sheil stepped back from gazing with that tenderness which only women feel towards the little undefined-looking heap of infant helplessness, that seemed unconscious of its own existence, and repeated, "Moyna—what Moyna? No! Moyna of Ferry Barrett, on whom shame has lain heavy for the last three month? Oh, not that young, sweet girl! Oh, Masther Garrett, if you brought Moyna of Ferry Barrett to sin, and shame, and death, the Lord had need look down on ye, for your sin is scarlet."

"Listen to me, Margaret," he said, sadly; "I did not bring her to sin or shame—we were married by Father Myles."

"Father Myles!" repeated Margaret contemptuously; "Father Myles indeed!—a runaway Roman! a hedge priest! a *counterfeit priest!* nothing more nor less. Father Myles's marriage isn't worth a *rannen*, that's what its not; and sweet and party as Moyna was, she was no match for an O'Dwyer!"

"I know my mother would never consent. The poor girl sent for me when her trouble came on her; and oh, Margaret, but I have suffered—the abuse of her people—the agony of hearing she she must die. And when she died, after placing the baby in my arms, her father cursed us both, and turned me—me, Garrett O'Dwyer—as a dog from his door!"

Margaret clasped her hands.

"Think what I have gone through! I shed no tear for my bright-eyed girl that I loved, and who loved me, by stream and hill and valley, ever since we met, before we knew what love was, before it had marked us to break our hearts: to see her die, and she not all out seventeen—to be hunted like a wild dog from her course—to come her—to catch the last breath of my mother—oh, Moyna, Moyna, I could not cry for you! my sorrow was to deep for tears to soothe it. Her father would have murdered me, but her mother saved me, when I had not power to save myself; and now I would have my child. I can't tell you how I got off; I only know that I covered it close in my bosom, that I did not heed its cries, that I brought it to you, Margaret; and I ask you in the name of her whose eyes you have just closed, to look to that child, to be a mother to it. The blood of the O'Dwyers in its veins, and have been a faithful *follower of the family* ever since you were born.

"May the Lord look down on me, as I am," she replied, falling on her knees. "Maybe it'll be for luck after all. Oh, why should I be talking of luck, and this heavy trouble in the house! Och, my grief to think of it! Oh, Masther Garrett, you war desperate 'cute—but what has it done for ye? The baby's an O'Dwyer, sure enough—just the nose and the mouth; it's a noble fine baby. Oh, thin, Masther Garrett, I can thank God the mistress didn't live to know this last turn; you married by a couple-beggar to Moyna of Ferry Barrett, and her people—the likes o' them insulting an O'Dwyer; oh, that's what comes of young men wandering over the country! The poor mistress!"

Margaret, or, as she was usually called, Marg'ret, went on talking, forgetting a moment the dead in the living. Garrett looked on his child for a little time, heedless of her words. There was an expression upon his countenance as if ten years of sad and harrowing trouble had been added to his young life. Earnestly did he look at the infant, as if anxious to impress its features on his memory, then turned away without another word, and left it to the care of the faithful follower. The little helpless stranger woke and cried; Margaret found that it was loosely wrapt in flannel and shawls; before she attempted to return to whence she came, she fed and warmed it, talking to it all the the time, and determing that it should be called Evelyn, after the grand lady of the family. This arrangement passed rapidly through her mind, but the good creature was sadly perplexed between sorrow and anxiety. At last she determined to leave the sleeping babe, and return to perform the last duties towards the mistress. The neighbours, that is, the poor, were scattered through the house lingering till they should be admitted to take a "last look at the misthress:" the women in the chamber were waiting till the "*follower of the family*" came to give the necessary directions—which, as there were no female relations, she was expected to do.

And Margaret performed her task with extraordinary command over the feeling, which at any other time would have overpowered her; the frigid limbs were decently arranged, the drapery folded, the candles lit, the water sprinkled, and then Margaret began to wonder where the young Master was. Daylight came on stealthily, as if ashamed of the desolation of the night; in vain. That Garrett should be absent at such a time, was a matter of astonishment to all. The women said that he had entered his mother's room, and one had seen him kneeling by the corpse, and and another heard him weeping. It seemed very evident, however, that he was *gone*; and what increased the mystery was that no one had seen him depart.

Margaret knew not what to do. There was something unnatural in permitting his mother's body to go unattended to the grave; something so shocking in the idea of him deserting his child, that the humble follower could only wring her hands in bitter sorrow. Another matter was also to be considered; there were no means to lay the remains decently in the earth. The priest, Margaret knew, would go without his dues, for the sake of the family; the carpenter would make the coffin—not be cause he had ever been employed by Mrs. O'Dwyer, but for the sake of the family by Mrs. O'Dwyer, but then for the timber, because he had none to give. This difficulty, however, was obviated by the suggestion that enough of planks could be raised from the flooring of the rooms, which was accordingly done. Some of the more wealthy of the humble class sent "*presents*" of the materials supposed at that period to constitute the respectability of an Irish wake. And the poor lady was followed to her grave not only by the followers of the family, but by many of the gentry, who at that time had never neglected to keep up the credit of their *caste* at a funeral. The morning (the third after the poor lady's death) appointed for the ceremony was chill and dreary; the mist lay low upon the mountains, and the scream of the eagle, and croak of the ancient raven, sounded through the filmy clouds. The procession was large, some on horseback, some on foot; two *keeners*, whose ancestors had keened the O'Dwyers time out of mind, attended *for the honour of the family*; they crouched be the side of the coffin, and ever and anon sent forth their lamentations that the "lady had left her country," spoke of that son who had deserted the last duty he could perform towards his mother, and recounted, in wild disjoined stanzas, the heroic deeds of goneby times, when the O'Dwyers had "more land of their own than the eagle could see from the top of Shinegranagh," when they had horses to carry their nation to battle, when their name danced through the country like lightening, when every eye that saw blessed them, and their voice was as the sound of music to the country; but now the wind rattled where the wine had flowed, the hard-headed and hard-hearted possessed their land, and there was no one to shed the *heart's tears* upon the grave of the poor lady, but "*the follower of the family.*"

There was however, another of whom the keeners knew nothing; the little helpless infant whom Margaret had concealed beneath the folds of her cloak, so that the poor lady, her mistress, might have some one of her own blood to see her in her grave. Margaret Sheil having performed this last duty, as she had done all others, with zeal and fidelity, bethought her that in a day or two she must leave the ruin which could hardly afford shelter to any but the wild owl or chattering jackdaw. The keeners at the lady's funeral had stigmatized as hard head and hard-hearted those who had honestly possessed the land which the O'Dwyers had wasted, but Margaret knew they did not deserve the blame, and after from what few things were left by the spoiler time, she prepared to depart to the house of a younger brother, where she was much needed, as the poor fellow had lost his wife. He lived in a neighbouring town, and it was with regret that Margaret exchanged the freshness of the air and wild sweetness of the fields for the noise and vapours of a congregation of ill-built dirty houses. The night before she quitted the last seat of the O'Dwyers, the maternal grandmother of the little baby came stealthily to the ruins, to look upon her daughter's child. Her husband, she said, prayed that it might die; but she forgave her poor girl, who believed she became a wife in the sight of God, and that was a comfort to her. She threw some light upon the disappearance of Garrett; he had become linked in his wanderings with some mountaineers, who plotted treason deeply and dangerously. Garrett's superior intelligence and address made him a sort of leader amongst them, and two of the party having been arrested some time before, the military were on the look-out for Garrett, who, she said, her husband believed had quitted the country. Margaret consoled herself