St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. H. Deveber & Son, Westside Prince William Street.

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

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☞ Terms—12s. 6d.

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

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ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, *Secretary.*

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

Provincial Insurance Company.

TORONTO, CANADA WEST.

For Marine and Fire Risks.

ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:

LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

CHARLES MCLAUCHLAN, }
GEORGE THOMAS, } Esquires.
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I. WOODWARD, *Agent.*

Office—Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street, over the Telegraph Office. Aug. 19.

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.

may 1 DOCK STREET, St. JOHN, N. B.

DOOLEY'S

Merchant's Exchange Hotel,

Post Office Building;

State street, Boston.

Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of late THOMAS RICHARDS, Farmer, King's County, deceased, are hereby requested to hand them in without delay, duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to JOSEPH & RICHARDS,
WILLIAM D. RICHARDS, } *Executors.*

Parish Greenwich, K. C., }
Dec. 30, 1853. } 3mpd.

We have obtained the Victory.

RENNAY & SCRIBNER,

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,

South side King Square, St. John, N. B.

HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood G. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuns legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 1-3 Octave to A above.

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

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

THOMAS GOW,

Plumber and Gass Fitter,

NEXT ABOVE MR. MURRAY'S BRICK BUILDING,

WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Pumping, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.

July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

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.

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

BRASS FINISHING.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that having employed a first rate workman, he is now prepared to furnish any description of finished CASTINGS which may be required, at the lowest possible rates.

Note on Hand.—An assortment of HINGES and BRASSES, such as are usually required for Ships' Cabin Doors, &c., which will be sold low.

WM. MACLAREN,
Salmon River Brass Foundry, opposite the Steam Factory.

Feb. 3—6m. [COURIER COPY.

RUN AWAY.—All persons are hereby warned against trusting or harboring JOHN BLACKMAN, an apprentice to the subscriber, who has left his master without leave.

August 1853. WM. DURANT.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON

Fire and Life Insurance Company.

Instituted in 1836.

Incorporated by Special Act 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,	316,972	4	9
	£514,169	14	9

TRUSTEES:

SIR THOMAS BERNARD BURNE, Bart., M.P.
ADAM HODGSON, Esq., S. R. THOMPSON, Esqr.

DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL:

JOSEPH HOUSMAN, Esquire, *Chairman.*
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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.

New Brunswick Hotel.

Charlotte street, nearly 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.

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.

No. 15 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 Brandram's No 1. WHITE LEAD and Coloured PAINTS;
2 Cases London Body COPAL VARNISH;
1 Case Gold Leaf; 4 Cases No. 1, SHADE;
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,
Carleton.

Oct. 21, 1853. 3m.

WINDOW GLASS

OF ALL SIZES.

From 8x8 to 12x18 and to 40x50, single and double thick, English and German, Sheet and Crown, with all the intermediate sizes.

JOHN KINNEAR, Prince William-street, will furnish in any quantity, from a single or dozen panes to a single or hundred boxes, the above described article; will cut, exchange, or accommodate in every possible way that may be required by customers.

He will also order for those who may require, Rough and Polished PLATE GLASS—and has now for sale, on hand, six panes Polished PLATE, 24x36; six panes ditto, 28x30; six panes ditto, 31x40; six panes ditto, 36x44—3-8 inch thick.

St. John, 2d Dec., 1853.

Ladies Cloth & Pramella Boots.

THE Subscriber will receive per Steamer "Admiral," A Consignment of FOURTEEN CASES Ladies', Misses, and Children's Cloth Pramella and Prunella BOOTS—which he offers for Sale at Wholesale. S. K. FOSTER.

NEW FALL GOODS.

St. John Clothing Mart,

WATER STREET,

Sign of the ROYAL ARMS.

MARKET SQUARE.

RECEIVED per packet ships "Imperial," "Rhadamanthus," 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 Doffaled 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, Baratheas, Valentia and White Moselles.

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 Bales 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 ARMS, FRONTING ON THE MARKET SQUARE.

November 11. F. NEILL.

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 wee 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.

Halifax Tailoring Establishment.

Now opposite Mr. Sears' Residence, and One Door 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 19, 1853. C. H. BARTLETT.

Furs, Shawls, Robes, Ribbons, &c.

JAMES SMELLIE,

Has received per steamer "Canada:"

FURS; RIBBONS;
BLACK SILK VELVETS;
Colored Do;
RIBBON VELVETS;
PERSIANS and SARSNETS;
Rich Black Watered SILKS;
Black Silk LACES;
Do. Do. FRINGES;
PRINTED CACHMERES.

Per Ship "Helen Thomson."

An excellent assortment of LONG & SQUARE WOOLEN SHAWLS,
Handkerchiefs and MUFFLERS;
Rich Filled SHAWLS;
Embroidered Crape, Coburgh, and French Merino ROBES;
Which will be Sold at very low prices for CASH.

Prince Wm. Street, Dec. 9, 1853.

The "Commercial Clothing Hall,"

NORTH SIDE OF KING STREET.

WILL be opened on Thursday the 12th inst.—With a large & well assorted Stock of Clothing, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS Satinetts, Vestings, Flannels, Blankets, Cottons Hats, Caps & Trunks, with a variety of other useful Goods, all of which will be sold at unusually low prices.

The above Goods, being all New Stock, and the Clothing being Cut and made up in the best Style, the Public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. Oct. 7th, 1853.

NEWFOUNDLAND PILOT CLOTH.—Just received One Piece of the above article. A call from the Pilots is respectfully solicited.

October 27. A. & J. COUGHLAN.

FALL STYLE!

OCKERAN & CO. have received the *Fall Style* of SATIN HATS, for Gentlemen and Misses.

☞ A large lot of Summer and Spring GOODS selling at reduced prices 17, King Street.

Poetry.

SHOWER.

BY REV. RALPH HOTT, A. M.

In a valley that I know,—
Happy scene;
There are meadows sloping low
There the fairest flowers blow,
And the brightest waters flow
All serene;
But the sweetest thing to see
If you ask the dripping tree,
Or the harvest-hoping swain,
Is the Rain.

Ah, the dwellers of the town,
How they sigh,
How ungratefully they frown
When the cloud-king shakes his crown,
And the pearls come pouring down
From the sky.
They decery no charm at all
Where the sparkling jewels fall,
And each moment of the shower,
Seems an hour.

Yet there's something very sweet
In the sight,
When the crystal currents meet,
In the dry and dusty street,
And they wrestle with the heat,
In their might.
While they seem to hold a talk
With the stones along the walk,
And remind them of the rule,
To "keep cool."

But in that quiet dell,
Ever fair,
Still the Lord doth all things well,
When his clouds with blessing swell,
And they break a brimming shell
On the air;
There the shower hath its charms,
Sweet and welcome to the farms,
As they listen to its voice,
And rejoice!

Miscellaneous.

AGNES LEE;

OR THE SHIP-WRECKED.

CHAPTER III.

Six months after this, I woke up one spring morning, and found myself in London. I do not know how I got there, that is even at this day, I can hardly understand the perseverance with which I, an unprotected child, walked the whole distance, seeking food and lodging of whoever had charity enough to shelter me. Providence must have guided me, and I think so more than ever, when I recall a singular incident which befell me on my arrival.

It was afternoon when I entered the great whirlpool of London. Half frightened by the crowded streets, I had somehow made my way to the park and, for almost the first time in my life, I sat there crying. At last I was roused from my sorrowful abstraction by a gentle touch and a kind voice, and, looking up, I met the glance of a middle-aged gentleman, clad in a quiet citizen's suit of black. There needed be but one glance at his kindly face to assure me that I could trust him, and his question, "What is your name, my child, and why are you here alone?" was immediately followed by my unfolding to him my whole history, save only that part which was connected with Horace Mann.

"So you've come all alone to this far-off London, to learn to be a ballet-dancer?" he said, kindly. "I must say it was a very strange undertaking, and the chances that you would succeed, were hardly one in ten thousand. However, you could not have come to a better friend. I am a theatre manager myself, and I'll try you, and if I find you can do anything, I will take you to a friend of mine in Paris, where I am going on business, and you shall be educated for the stage."

Thus it was, reader, that my first night in London was passed at a respectable lodging house, and I woke up in the morning from peaceful dreams, under the mighty shadow of St. Paul's. My protector proceeded soon after I arose, to put me through a trial of castisthenics, and I suppose the result was satisfactory, for a dress-maker was sent for, and requested to prepare a suitable wardrobe for a journey to France, and a residence at the French *Ecole de theatre.*

Two years had passed; I was fifteen. They had been two of the happiest year of my life. True, at first confinement had been irksome. I had missed the wild, wailing, solitary sea, and the free range of rocky shore. But my great purpose was every day growing nearer its accomplishment. My kind protector had visited me several times, when busines called him to France, and it would have done your heart good, to see his kind, satisfied smile when he received a favourable report of my progress.

I had been discovered, in process of my instructions, that I had a voice of unequalled power and pathos, and that I could be able to succeed as a singer, with even less trouble than as a dancer; but I had marked out a different course. I could not consecrate every gift to the insatiable spirit of the stage. I must retain some power, not thus prostituted, to make beautiful my private life. However, I cultivated my voice most assiduously, and was in a short time pronounced the best singer in "Lee."

There were, in the same institution, a large number of young girls, more or less gifted, preparing for the stage; but among them all I had but one friend—Inez Vaughan. She has since, under another name, made the world's heart throb strangely. She flashed, comet-like, upon the age—the very incarnation of the genius Tragedy. The great world held its breath to listen, but, comet-like, she was struck down suddenly, and the Provence rose bloom upon her grave.

I would easily discern that there were no others whose acquaintance would not rather retard the accomplishment of my great end; but Inez and I became friends in that word's truest sense. We studied and rest together, and she would sit hours, her dark eyes flashing the lightest come while I told her stranger wild tales of the rocky shore and the restless sea.

But, as I was saying, I was fifteen. My two years' study had been completed, and the night was appointed for me to make my *debut* at the Royal Theatre. I had grown beautiful, reader—no one who had known me as the romping child of the fisherman's hut would have recognized me now. My hair was long and heavy, and luxuriant as ever, but now, it was a satin-smooth, and from its wavy folds seemed to flash sparks of light. My complexion, by proper care, had cleared up wonderfully. Now, it was like the sunny side of a ripe peach, only deepening in the cheeks to a richer crimson than peaches ever wore. The eyes were the same—large, black, and strangely lustrous; and the wan, the figure of the child had rounded, in the girl into a symmetry as perfect as it was stately. Yes, I was very beautiful.

I arrayed myself for the occasion in a crimson satin, heavily wrought with pearls. Around my neck and arms were chains of pearls and rubies, fantastically twisted, together, fastened with gold clasps, in which a single diamond flashed like a burning star. Strings of the same jewels shone among the heavy bands of my braided hair, and I almost started back in wonder, as I glanced at my full-length reflection in the green-room mirror; it seemed so like some olden picture, with it strange-vivid lights and shades.

That night my triumph was complete. The crowded house rang with applause, and many of the bouquets thrown at my feet were heaped up with diamonds. I welcomed for it was one stepping stone the more toward my great end. Oh how I wished he had been there to see it; but never once had my eyes rested on him since we parted in the sunshine on the desolate Cornwall lee-shore.

All that season I continued to draw crowded houses, until the last night when the theatre was filled to overflowing. I had never looked better. My costume was just calculated to set off my dark oriental beauty, and it was in full glow. Half an hour had passed, when a new arrival in one of the front boxes seemed to create quite a sensation. I glanced that way, and met the most perfect vision of feminine loveliness my eyes had ever beheld.

Her style of beauty was totally different from my own, and I looked on her at first without envy or jealousy. She wore a garment coloured velvet cloak, lined with ermine, but as she entered the box, it fell from her neck, revealing shoulders white as Caucasian snow banks, and moulded as purely as a Grecian statue.

Her hair was a bright golden, and the heavy ringlets were gathered at the neck in a net work of pearls, from which one or two stray tresses had escaped and floated down over her neck and bosom. Her robe was of azure satin, frosted with pearls, and her fan was gorgeous with plumage of tropical birds. Her eyes were a deep tranquil blue—large and strangely bright—and her fair complexion, pure and transparent as marble, was deepened in the cheeks with a just perceptible tint of rose.

My eye had taken in all this at one glance. She seemed to me like the actual presence of one of those beautiful pictures, before which I had stood with filling eyes, in the gallery of the Louvre, and from my very heart I blessed her for her loveliness, as I turned to gaze upon her companion.

Saint Agnes! patron saint of mine, why was it that in that instant a deep and bitter hatred for that beautiful being crept over my heart. Her companion was Horace Mann. It was his hand that that so carefully adjusted the folds of her cloak—his eye that watched so eagerly her every look.

I danced that night as I had never danced before. Deafening shouts of applause fairly shook the building to its centre; but of all that gorgeous crowd I saw but one. It was a full half hour before he seemed to notice me, and then he carelessly turned his opera glass toward the stage.

I danced to him—of him—what you will at least I danced for his eyes only: and I had the satisfaction of seeing him perfectly absorbed, entranced, and apparently quite forgetful of the presence of his companion.

That was my last opera in the season, and a few months afterwards I was in London, pleasantly established in fashionable apartments at the West End.

"Agnes," said my guardian, (as I had learned to call my fatherly protector,) entering my room one morning, "there are yet six weeks before your first engagement commences. What do you say in the meantime to a masquerade? I have plenty of relatives among the West End fashionables, and I should have no difficulty in having you introduced as Miss Agnes Lee in circles where no one would ever dream of Viola the ballet-dancer being admitted. Will you go?"

While he spoke an intense longing took possession of my heart, to gaze once more on that great world of which I had heard so much. True, I had seen people enough. I had danced to crowded audiences, but of fashionable society. I was as ignorant as a child. But I presume very little of my enthusiasm appeared in my manner, as I lifted my eyes and said quietly, 'Yes, guardian, I will go.'

'Well, I thought so—it's so like girl's to want to see the world; so I made arrangements accordingly, and I've two invitations for you, from two very fashionable ladies who are under some obligations to me. Here is one from Mrs. Somerby, to her estate, 'The Grange,' a little out of town. You'd meet there a half a score of ladies, besides Sammons and Falconbrace and a dozen other young men who would fall in love with you. You'd have to take care and look out for your own heart, because their cards would be played out as soon as they happen to know where is your position.

'Well, sir, will you tell me where is the other one?'

'That, oh that's farther out of town—to the Heroury, the estate of Mrs. Somerville Sikes, and you wouldn't find anybody there to fall in love with. There'll be one man of mark there though, Horace Mann; but Lady Clara Emmerson will be there also, and they've been reported engaged so many times, I guess there must be something in it.'

Horace Mann—Oh, how the very mention of his name thrilled me. Could it be? Was I indeed to see him—to be in the same house with him once more. My heart fluttered like a caged bird, but my nerves were strong, and my self command was quite perfect, and so I answered very carelessly—

'Well sir, I believe I'll choose the Heroury, you know there's no knowing what might become of my heart at the other place.'

My guardian laughed, and patting my cheek very pleasantly, sent out to hunt me up a dressing maid, and provide me with a good suitable wardrobe.

The next day at three in the afternoon, I was whirled up the a carriage drive of the Heroury, and introduced to the stately Mrs. Somerville Sikes. She was a lady of, I should think, about forty, extremely well preserved, and very elegantly dressed. There was an air of patrician ease and gracefulness about her, such as I had never before observed in any lady with whom I had been thrown in contact.

She welcomed me cordially, and went up stairs with me to my own room, then kissing me, she remarked, 'I will read your letters to you by dinner, you will have just time to dress for dinner.' Oh what would I not have given to have inclosed Horace Mann had arrived, but I dared not trust myself to mention his name, and I drew myself an easy chair, while my maid leisurely unbound the long tresses of my hair.

When at last its arrangement was completed, I arrayed myself, with trembling fingers, in a richly wrought Indian muslin. Nothing could have exceeded the simplicity of my dress. The white dress was without ornament, and I wore not a single jewel, with only a sprig of Cape jessamine in my hair. I turned to the mirror as I was drawing on my gloves, and saw that, though I had been many times more dazzlingly brilliant, I had never looked more beautiful; and yet my step faltered, as I entered the drawing room.

Mrs. Sikes advanced to meet me, and I was formally presented to the company; but my eyes took in but two faces, my ears caught but two names. Clara Emerson was there, with her face so strangely like in its quiet beauty, and her slender figure robed in azure silk. A wreathe of white buds nestled in her golden curls, and she looked even more lovely than when I had first seen her. Beside her sat Horace Mann. His was truly the handsomest face my eyes ever rested upon. He was indeed, as my guardian had said, a man of mark; with his Apollo Belvidere figure, his haughtily fine face, and his curiously tangling dark, fine eyes. The Lady Clara looked up, smiled, and spoke very sweetly; but Horace seemed intent upon his conversation with her, that he merely bowed to me by a bow. A moment after, however, as Mrs. Sikes repeated my name, 'Miss Agnes Lee,' he paused in his conversation, and, by his puzzled face, I know he was remembering he had heard that name before; but he could not remember where, and I felt relieved. But even if he had, he would hardly have associated the fisher girl of the Cornwall lee-shore with the very confident looking young lady presented to him in Mrs. Sike's drawing room.

He sat opposite to me at dinner, but his attention was wholly engrossed by his companion. Once, indeed, he casually glanced at me, and then I heard him remarking to Lady Clara 'that Miss Lee was magnificently handsome;' and then he added, *ma belle* Clara, in a tone which left his fair listner at little loss to judge *which* style he preferred.

During the evening I had been making painful efforts to be agreeable to some dowager-countesses until I was tired; when much to my delight, my task was interrupted by a call for music, and the Lady Clara Emerson was led to the piano.—Her performance was mediocre, perhaps a little better than that of boarding-school misses in general. She affected opera airs for the most part, and, though Horace Mann leaned over her and turned her music, I could see that he was neither interested nor animated; and yet I knew that music was his passion. At last the Lady Clara arose from the piano.

'Perhaps Miss Lee will favor us,' suggested Mrs. Sikes, and Horace Mann came to my side, to lead me to the instrument. His hand just touched mine as I took my seat, and, strong as my nerves were, it trifled time strangely. I sang an old Scotch legend of hopeless love—a song that required power and pathos—and sang it well.

I dared not glance at Horace, but I could hear his quickened breathing—I could almost seem to feel his attitude of wrapt attention; and I *knew* he felt my power. And yet for a week after that he scarcely spoke to me. His attention was still absorbed by the beautiful Clara; and yet sometimes when he was sitting at her side, I would raise my eyes from my embroidery, and meet a glance from a distant corner of the room where they were sitting, that would cause my cheek to crimson beneath my drooping lashes. When I sang Horace never came near me; but I knew he listened, and, that, let him struggle as he would, one day my purpose would meet its accomplishment.

CHAPTER IV.

The human will is strong, stronger than life, and even death itself may not triumph over it utterly! I wonder whether ever man or woman ever yet devoted themselves with all their energies to the accomplishment of a favorite purpose without success? At least, success is the rule, and failure the exception.

Time passed on, and Horace Mann gradually changed in his deportment. His attentions to the beautiful Clara became a shade or two less engrossing, and very often he would lead me to the piano, and hang over me during my performance, with his whole soul looking out of his dark eyes. The Lady Clara must have noticed it, and I think she loved him; but her disposition was a singular one. She was too proudly indolent to struggle for the possession of anything. She dressed as becomingly, talked as prettily, and smiled as sweetly as ever. When Horace Mann sat down beside her she welcomed him with a look that had not the slightest shade of reproach in it, and when he was away she seemed totally unconscious of his desertion. No battery of attractions could have been half so attractive as this calm, indifferent indignity; I could not have a worse enemy to contend with. Sometimes Horace would watch her for a long time, and then turn away, with just the queerest kind of smile about his lips, and talk to me more assiduously than ever.

One night I was walking in the shrubbery. It was the rich harvest prime of the summer; the sun had gone down in its glory, and the twilight hours had gathered up the gorgeous clouds, like drapery of clouds into their net. It was evening, the moon, like a fair queen, sat on her silvery throne among her parliament of stars. I had gone out alone, and with a hurried step was walking to and fro beneath the larches, keeping time to painful thought. At last my step grew slower, and my mood changed. Tears came to my eyes, as I remembered the wandering gipsey life I had led before Horace Mann came to Cornwall.

'Better, oh, how far better off was I then than now,' said my throbbing heart, beating painfully beneath my velvet robe. 'Alas! for I am weary,' said my lips aloud; and at that moment a voice, whose lightest tones would have almost called me from life to death, said, very gently,—

"Agnes—Miss Lee—am I intruding?"

I turned and welcomed him, with the tears still heavy on my lashes, and the shadow heavier on my heart.

'You are sad, Agnes,' he said sorrowfully, taking my hand in his, as soothingly as one would hold a weary infant. 'Agnes, dear, beautiful Agnes, I love you! I never said those words before, Agnes, to *any* woman, not even to Clara Emerson; though long ago the great world voted us engaged. You will understand them—you will believe them. I did not mean to love you, Agnes—I closed my eyes against your glorious beauty—I tried to shut my heart against the melody of your glorious voice; but you have triumphed. See, I am at your feet! Won't you, can't you love me, my Agnes?'

But I did not speak; I could not. The hope of a life-time had met its fulfillment, when I heard him say those words, and I could not answer him.

'Oh, Agnes, Agnes,' he cried beseeching! 'only answer me, only say, Horace, I love you.'

And clearing my voice, and drawing my form to its fullest height, I stood there, in the moonlight, under the larches and answered him—

'Horace Mann, I love you with my whole heart, as I have loved you for years. I am yours, and I will be yours, and no other man's till I die.'

In his excitement he did not notice that I had said as for years;' and standing by my side, he pressed me to his heart, whispering, 'My Agnes—my wife!'

For one moment, sick and faint with joy, I suffered my head to lean on his bosom, but when I saw Lady Clara his cousin, and heard her—'Mr. Horace Mann, are your wedding cards to be issued, or do you intend to elope?' I felt that I must be alone with my joy. I lifted my head from his bosom, and said, 'Let me go, Horace Mann, let me go; I feel as if I should die if you detain me a moment longer.'

'And so you would, Agnes, if you knew what I have to tell you, and what I have to ask you to do for me. I have not for one moment forgotten that I know of your secret, and I have a plan to propose which will—'

'Mr. Mann, let me go!'

'Not one word more, Agnes, I will write it all to you, and you will see that it is the only way in which we can be happy. Good-bye, love, good-bye, and remember that I have your promise.'

'Horace Mann, let me go!'

'Good-bye, Agnes, good-bye, and remember that I have your promise.'

'Let me go!'

'Good-bye, Agnes, good-bye.'

'Let me go!'

'Good-bye, Agnes, good-bye.'

'Let me go!'

'Good-bye, Agnes, good-bye