St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume XVIII. | Saint John, New-Brunswick, Friday, March 21, 1851. | Number 40.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every FRIDAY afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. H. Devober & Son, West side Prince William Street

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

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

All Letters, Orders, Communications, &c., must be post-paid, and addressed to

TERMS—12s. 6d.

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

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, *President.*
J. W. LAWRENCE, ZEBEDEE RING, } *Directors.*
S. L. TILLEY, S. K. FOSTER, }
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, *Solicitor.*
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 MCLAUGHLAN, }
GEORGE THOMAS, } Esquires.
THOMAS BEER, R. N. }
L. 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 DUKE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DOOLEY'S

Merchant's Exchange Hotel,

Post Office Building;

State Street, Most N.

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 A. RICHARDS, WILLIAM D. RICHARDS, *Executors.*

Parish Greenwich, K. C., } Sunpd.
Dec. 20, 1853.

We have obtained the Victory.

KENNAY & 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 O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuss legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-3 Octave to A above.

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

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

THOMAS GOW,

Plumber and Gass Fitter,

NEXT ADJOINING MERIT'S BRICK BUILDING,

WATER STREET.

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

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.

July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

VULCAN FOUNDRY MANUFACTURES.—A large assortment of the manufactures of the Vulcan Foundry, consisting of Bay State and patent Union COOKING STOVES, FRANKLINS, Register GRATES, Close Stoves, PLOUGHS, &c., &c., all of the most approved patterns and descriptions. For Sale at the Warehouse of the Subscribers.

The above Goods can be recommended to the attention of the public.

Orders for Castings or Work required at the Foundry will have attention, if left at the Counting Room of JOHN V. THURGAR.

April 22. North Market Wharf.

Layer Raisins, Geese Feathers.

A FEW Boxes LAYER RAISINS;
A few Barrels Spitzenburg APPLES;
500 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 competent person he is now prepared to furnish with dispatch any description of finished CASTINGS which may be required, at the lowest possible rates.

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

WM. HAYWARD.

Sydney-street Brass Foundry, opposite the Subscriber's Residence.

Feb. 3—3m. (Catholic Chronicle.)

RUNAWAY.—All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting or harboring JOHN H. SCOTT, an Indented Apprentice to the subscriber, who has left this office without liberty.

August, 1853. WM. DURANT.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Instituted in 1836.

Incorporated by Royal Charter & 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,	346,972 4 9
	£544,169 14 9

TRUSTEES:

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

DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL:

JOSEPH HOWORTH, Esquire, *Chairman.*
T. BROCKLEBANK, Esq., } *Deputy Chairmen.*
J. C. EWART, Esq., }

William Dixon,	Esquire.	Harold Littledale,	Esq
William Earle,	"	William Lowe,	"
T. Stewart Gladstone,	"	Alex. McGregor,	"
George Grant,	"	John Marriott,	"
Francis A. Hamilton,	"	William Nichol,	"
Francis Haywood,	"	Charles Saunders,	"
Robert Higgin,	"	H. Stolterfoht,	"
George Holt,	"	John Swainson,	"
Geo. H. Lawrence,	"	Jas. Aspinal Tobin,	"

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 HARRY,

Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,

North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

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

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.

—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.

Traders, Pedlers and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

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—44 tons Brandram's No. 1, WHITE LEAD and Coloured PAINTS;
2 Cases London Body COPAL VARNISH;
1 Case Gold Leaf; 4 Cases No. 1, Brancn;
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 MAILMAN,

Oct. 21, 1853. 3m. *Carleton.*

WINDOW GLASS

OF ALL SIZES,

From 6x8 to 12x18 and to 40x60, 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, 48x36; six panes ditto, 28x30; six panes ditto, 34x40; six panes ditto, 36x44—3-8 inch thick.

St. John, 3d Dec., 1853.

Ladies Cloth & Pruinella Boots.

THE Subscriber will receive per Steamer 'Admiral'—A Consignment of FOURTEEN CASES of Ladies, Misses, and Children's Cloth Prunnella and Cashmere 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,' 'Hibernia,' and steamer 'America,' from Liverpool, Eastern City, and Admiral, from Boston, a large and varied assortment of British CLOTHS, consisting of Beaver, Pilot, Pilot Freeze, 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 Doeskin COATS, from 25s. upwards;
300 Reefing Jackets, Filet, and Beaver, double lined from 15s. upwards;
200 Shooting COATS—*every shade and texture;*
1500 Vests—Silk, Satin, Velvet, Cassimere, Barathea, Valentia and White Marcelles.

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 foremen—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,	£40	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 First Shop from the corner of Princess and Germain Streets.

THE Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends, and the public generally, for the handsome support that has been extended to him, and assures them he will ever be ready to attend any order that may be given him for execution. He further wishes the attention of the public to his unrivalled Stock of CLOTH, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c.

Having carried on business in the West of England, he has had extensive experience in Cutting both Military and Naval uniforms as well as every other kind of Fashionable Dress. Subsequently he has been employed as Cutter in the first Establishment in Halifax for seven years, where he took the premium for Cutting Coats; and it was admitted by one of the best Cutters in New York that he is the best Cutter of Spring Bottom Pants in North America.

Persons wishing to learn the most scientific mode of Measuring and Cutting Coats may obtain information at this Establishment.

☞ Garments Made and Trimmed on the most reasonable terms.

August 19, 1853. C. H. BARTLETT.

Furs, Shawls, Robes, Ribbons, &c.

JAMES SMELLIE,

Has received per steamer "Canada:"

FURS, RIBBONS;
BLACK SILK VELVETS;
Coloured 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 SATTINETTS, VESTINGS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS, COTTONS *Hosts, 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!

LOCKHART & CO. have received the *Fall Style* of SATIN HATS, per *Admiral* and *Middleton.*

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

Select Reading.

THE LONE STAR.

Chapter X.—THE BOAT.

Sir Reginald had at once stepped his mast and fitted a full sprit-sail, admirably suited to the boat. He had, before leaving the brig (during the day,) taken several observations, which gave him a pretty good idea of his position, which was far from being a pleasant one. The nearest land was the Island of Porto-Rico, belonging to the Spaniards, his sworn enemies. But he was not perhaps personally known to any, and he trusted to the feelings of humanity which might be naturally expected to exist in the bosoms of all men towards persons in their position. But then he knew the vindictive character of the mulatto, who though for years a faithful servant, would now, he was fully aware, readily risk his own life to gain revenge. He had but to speak a word, and the secret of the captain of the *Lone Star* was betrayed.

'It would have been wiser to have killed him,' said he, suddenly speaking aloud, without being aware of it.

'Who?' exclaimed Eleanor, who sat beside him in the stern sheets, in a terrified tone.

'The black. He will yet, I fear, prove our ruin;' and the fingers of the impulsive soldier mechanically played with the buttend of his nearest pistol, while his dark eye glanced meaningly towards the black.

'Nay better risk anything than imbrue our hands in blood, Reginald,' said Eleanor, with a shudder, while at the same time she had laid her hand firmly on his arm.

'True, love,' said the freebooter moodily; 'but we must rid ourselves of him before we seek hospitality in Porto-Rico.

'Let us put our trust in Providence,' answered Eleanor in a low tone; 'it has been our friend until now, and will not desert us. Remember your own words.'

Sir Reginald did not reply; he was looking back at the brig, fast sinking into a mere black spot, while at the same time he slightly shifted the sail before a change in the wind.

'What is that skimming along the water afar off?' exclaimed Eleanor suddenly, pointing in the direction where she perceived something. 'It is a large bird, I suppose?'

'It is the *Lone Star!*' cried the captain joyously; 'the boys are again in search of us. They are making once more for the brig.'

He then gave the tiller for a moment into the hands of the young girl; and taking up the long glass before-mentioned, deliberately and carefully swept the dark horizon.

'It is the *Lone Star*, but twelve miles distant,' he continued. 'They are a long side the *Royal Charley*, and were it not nearly night, they would in all probability find us. It is impossible with this craft to steer except before the wind. If they see us not we must continue our adventurous journey.'

He then described the movements of the schooner to Eleanor. It remained alongside the wreck a few minutes, and then hurried away, with all sail set, in a direction which left very little hope of its look-out noticing the devoted fugitives.

'The brig is sinking, I am sure, by their haste to depart,' observed Sir Reginald at length. 'Eleanor, the wind is fair and steady: you have slept; I have not for two nights, and my eyes close of themselves; do you keep her exactly as she is now, while I snatch a hasty nap. Wake me, dearest, if the breeze stiffen in the least, and wake me under any circumstances in a few hours. I would not lie down, but nature will assert its influence, and I must have a calm head and clear eye for to-morrow. God bless you!'

And the soldier lay down, and in a few minutes his heavy breathing showed that he slept soundly. Eleanor was not alone. The mulatto lay forward in the bows of the boat, also fast asleep. She gazed around, and could not but be charmed at the scene which presented itself. The sun was setting in a clear expanse of sky, illumining the waters, and tinging with a pinky-red hue the fleecy bank of clouds which hung above it. The water had become comparatively smooth; and the wind, lately so biting and cold, was balmy and warm. There was a novel odour, too, about the air which seemed redolent of land; and odour of flowers, and green trees, and of earth. On went the boat, up one side of a wave and down the other, seeming to make rapid and satisfactory progress. Presently the moon rose upon the now pellucid waters, changing the whole wide flood to a mirrored sheet of molten silver. White glanced the sails in its beams, themselves so bright, that Eleanor saw distinctly the play of her sleeping lover's features. She gazed furiously for a while at the face of the man who had so suddenly and wonderfully become as it were her fate. And then once more she looked around, and influenced by the hour and the scene, forgetting all save the seemingly prophetic words of Sir Reginald, Eleanor gradually allowed herself to give way to pleasant thoughts. She glanced at the future with some little of hope, and forgot the present so effectually, that she began to doze. First all around seemed a vague picture, then all was distinct again—the boat, the sky, the moon, the waters; and then she saw an old baronial hall, crowds of servants, Sir Reginald smiling by her side, with a vapoury outline of sundry little faces which she had never seen before, and yet which were quite familiar to her.

'Lie down dear Eleanor,' suddenly said a voice near her, and she was again quite awake.

Sir Reginald held the tiller in his hand, and was pulling off the sheet of the sail, which, during the brief doze she had taken, had got loose.

'Was I asleep?'

'Yes, Eleanor, and so was I, like a Dutch hog. The boat gave a lurch as your hand loosened its hold from the helm, which awoke me. I have slept more than six hours. Go you now to rest.'

Eleanor did as she was directed; Sir Reginald threw a heavy boat cloak, and she was soon in a deep slumber; but the same dream came not back to her, though she wooed it from curiosity, to see how it would end. They continued their journey all night without further accident, and towards morning found the wind so slight, as to send the boat along a pace which however pleasant and agreeable, as far as sensation was concerned, did not at all satisfy their impatience. The sun rose hot and bright in an unclouded sky, promising a lovely tropical day. The fugitives breakfasted with appetite, after giving some bread and water to the negro, who remained in sullen silence. He ate what was given him, and Sir Reginald fed him with his own hand, but he made no observations or remark.

'What has made you suspect Josh?' said Eleanor in a low tone when Sir Reginald returned to her side.

'I have more than suspicion. I know the fellow's eye well; he cannot deceive me: I have studied his character and countenance too much for that.'

'You know best,' replied Eleanor, who like most of women, had a kind of blind confidence in the words of the man she loved. 'But what a glorious day! It is quite cheering to see the sun peep forth after so long an absence.

'It is a glorious day. But, Eleanor, I must warn you. The sun is rising far too hotly, and and in too cloudless a sky, not to be followed by a calm. I fear we shall have to row under this terrific heat. If the wind continue, the broiling rays may be tempered by the breeze but I like not the look of the heavens!'

'And yonder dark mass before us: is not that a cloud?'

'Ha! how sharp your dear eyes! That is land, and land I know well. Let the breeze but last two hours, and we can take shelter on the Mona Island. There, too, is Porto-Rico rising before us.'

'Then our dangers are nearly over?'

'I know not; we have passed through so much, that we may have to pass through more before we reach the goal we seek. But eat on dearest; nothing keeps up courage and hope like wholesome food.'

Eleanor did as she was directed, the soldier-sailor setting her a good example. Meanwhile the breeze continued, and even slightly freshened, which was hailed as a good sign, and the land became more distinct every quarter of an hour. Presently, instead of gazing on a dark mass like a cloud, they could clearly distinguish the trees and tropical vegetation of Porto-Rico—one of the loveliest sights which man ever gazed at from the sea—the hue of the land is so rich, the verdure so deep in its tints, and then it spreads itself upwards unchanged to the summit of the hilly coast from the very edge of the water. But the sun grew scorchingly hot; and Reginald was compelled to make a small awning for Eleanor, who began to suffer severely from the unusual heat and exposure. The rays of the great luminary fell almost perpendicularly on their heads; the air grew sultry and close, and the only relief to the weary eye was the sight of distant vegetation. About one hour after mid-day the boat, however, touched land, and Sir Reginald drew it under the cover of the trees, which on Mona Island grow down to the very edge of the water. A small cove, or rather creek, had been selected by him, which he well knew, and here it was determined to pass the hours during which the heat of the sun was too oppressive. Eleanor lay still in the boat under her awning, and carefully shaded by thick trees. Her lover, however after well arming himself, began to make his way through the tangled and almost impenetrable wood. The journey was difficult. Up the hill sides the trees grew close together, while many lay rolling on his path, still further impeded by bushes and huge parasitical plants. Patience, however, and time brought him to the summit of the island.

He ascended a lofty tree, and looked around. The scene was lovely indeed, but he saw it not; for a few hundred feet off the opposite side of the small island to where they had landed, was the *Lone Star* beating to windward, as if in search of the boat. Sir Reginald had his own private flag with him. He kept it by him to the last, intending to destroy it if he fell into the power of the Spaniards; a contingency now, however, of very unlikely occurrence. He fastened it to a long bough, and waved it aloft. It was not noticed at first; he waved it again, raising it as high above the tree as possible, at the same time discharging his pistols. A flag flew to the peak of the *Lone Star*, a gun was fired, and a loud shout was heard, and he knew that they were seen. Again he waved his flag; but this time pointing to where lay the boat. The schooner eased off her sheets, and headed for the extreme eastern point of the island. Satisfied with this sign of intelligence, the delighted man descended from his post, and hurried down towards Eleanor. He found her sleeping soundly on the boat, the sweet sleep of innocence and fatigue. Without caring for the heat or sun, he pushed out set his sail, and stood clear of the land. He had scarcely gone two hundred yards round a projecting point, when he saw his faithful vessel come in sight, and ten minutes later they were alongside.

Chapter XI.—THE END.

The crew of the *Lone Star*, and the relic of the devoted band that had sailed from Bristol in the *Royal Charley*, were all ranged along the deck, and were uproarious in their demonstrations of satisfaction. The freebooter and Eleanor were received with the delight one experiences at finding dear friends still living who had supposed to be dead So great was the joy felt and manifested by all, save Henry Postans, who however, was simply silent, that the negro's state was scarcely noticed. Presently, however, one of the passengers asked 'What has Josh been doing?'

'Ah, I had forgotten,' said Sir Reginald, who with Eleanor was still on deck; 'Mr. Postans, look here, sir. Know you of any property belonging to your uncle which lay in his cabin?'

'There was a large sum of money in gold, which I searched for when we returned to the vessel, and which I found not,' replied the young man in a hollow tone.

'Behold, then the murderer of your father Eleanor!' exclaimed Sir Reginald solemnly. 'God knows I never suspected the scoundrel. Mr. Postans, I have a humble and most sincere apology to offer to you for my injurious suspicions. Villain!—wretch! speak, or I will have you hung at the yard arm in five minutes!'

'What I say?' cried the negro, manifesting all the abject terror of a cowardly assassin.

'Who killed Mr. Bowen?'

'I did, massa. What de debble he talk so loud to Massa Possans of all de money he had in him box?'

Passengers, crew, Mr. Postans, Eleanor, all listened in silent amazement at what they heard.

'But, wretch! could you not have robbed without killing the old man?'

'He wake an' make noise, Josh no fool! Dead man nebber tell what him see! But, Massa Reginald, you no kill Josh? Him berry faithful servant, and tell the truth!'

'I shall not kill you; but you shall be tried at Kingston for murder.'

'Oh, massa, they hang me like one dog!'

'And you deserve it.'

The crew and passengers gazed with horror on the assassin as he was removed, heavily ironed, to a place in the hold. The doubt and suspicion which had hung over two innocent men was, however, removed and all felt this to be an intense relief. Eleanor looked, despite her deep sorrow, with a kind smile on both. But she was startled at the expression of her cousin's countenance. He was about to speak.

'Sir Reginald, your apology to me is as nothing to what I have to make to you,' said Henry Postans, in a voice of low and deep emotion, which prevented his words from reaching any ears save those of his cousin and the captain of the *Lone Star*. 'I knew of course all along my own innocence of that murder; but—and the confession will do me good—I did meditate to slay a man that night; and that man was yourself!'

'Eleanor!' said Henry.

'Hear me! Maddened by hate and jealousy, I retired to my bed that night not in my right senses, I believe. My uncle had not shown half the resentment I wished him to feel at your attention to Miss Bowen. I loved her; I had long expected to see her my wife; and then I saw a stranger step in between me and that happiness which I considered I was entitled to; I saw clearly that you were preferred to me, and my brain became maddened! I know not how the ideas came flooding in upon me; but they came, and at last, exasperated, drunk with furious jealousy, a knife in my hand, I rose to rush wildly to your bed. But I heard a step in the cabin, and I could distinguish that it was near your door. This gave me a moment's reflection, and I lay down again. Imagine my horror when I the next morning—an assassin in thought—found that my uncle had been murdered, as I firmly believed, by the very man I had myself doomed. This will explain to you my subsequent gloom and despair.'

'But Henry,' said Eleanor kindly, 'that was only a silly dream. It is over now. Think no more of it.'

'It is over, Eleanor, and so is another dream, silly also, but much more pleasant. But no matter. This generous man has saved all our lives, and nearly perished in the attempt. We can none of us reward him as he deserves; you must show gratitude to us all. If I am not much mistaken there is only one reward which he would receive, and that is yourself.'

'We will talk of that another time,' said Eleanor.

'Yes,' added Sir Reginald, taking his hand, and pressing it warmly within his own.

'No!' replied Henry Postans firmly. 'I am her sole relative and guardian, and I without. Publicly I have accused you, publicly I retract, and publicly I insist on joining your hands.'

'But Henry, dear Henry, hearken to me,' said Eleanor speaking hurriedly; 'reflect. My poor father is but just dead. I scarcely know Sir Reginald. This is too sudden an engagement—it seems wrong, unnatural at such a time.'

'My dear cousin,' continued the young man in an extremely solemn and anxious tone,' will you, on your conscience, answer me one question; I implore it. I beg it. Remember, I pray you, what I have suffered, and be generous to me.'

'Whatever you ask me, Henry, I will answer,' said his lovely cousin much moved.

'Do you love Sir Reginald?' asked he gravely.

The freebooter stepped back not to hear the reply.

'Stay, Sir Reginald; come hither. You owe me both this kindness, to let me have my way. And now answer me, Eleanor.'

'I do,' said she in a low tone scarcely audible to the ears of Henry Postans, but clear as a bell to those of her lover. And the young girl fixed her eyes upon the deck, while her cheeks were suffused with crimson.

'Thank you, Eleanor,' whispered her cousin quietly. 'I wished to hear that word, and I have heard. And now listen to me. I spoke but once your kind and good father, and I can now speak in his name. Had he lived, he would have done what I am doing. The instant that I convinced him you loved the stranger, his only care was that he should be worthy of you. This I can answer for. Captain Montrose, to whom I told all, convinced me of this.'

'Thank you,' said Sir Reginald.

'My friend, I but do my duty. I calumniated and aspersed your character. I find my mistake, and I own it.'

'True courage of noble minds.'

'But let us not forget what I ask of you. Eleanor, we are going to a strange place. You must have a protector. A rich heiress, you will be persecuted; and then, dear cousin, reflect that as long as you are free, I shall have hope left me. That would be cruel indeed. But once you are affianced, once you are married, I shall calmly make up my mind to what must be, and be once more your affectionate and attached cousin and friend. Will you refuse me this favor?'

Reginald and Eleanor refused no longer; and Henry Postans, with a grave and solemn air, placed the young lady's hand in that of the ex-freebooter; but, according to his promise, freebooter no more. Every-body was much moved at the sight, though unaware of the painful confession made by Henry Postans; and though the gallant crew of the *Lone Star* foresaw the consequence, they could not forbear a loud and gladsome shout at the sight of the happy countenance of their beloved captain. Josh was, as we have said, put in confinement in the hold; Eleanor had the captain's cabin given up to her, and then all sail was set, and the *Lone Star* once more was on its way. A good breeze, a lovely vessel, and fair winds, soon brought them to their port, which Sir Reginald entered without hesitation. Captain Montrose gave such an account of what they owed to him, that the governor of Jamaica welcomed him most heartily. In these days the brethren of the coast were very differently recognized from what pirates are now. Lopez and his gang of regular sea-robbers were given up, with Josh, to the authorities, and ten days later, were all hung together, after a very summary trial. The *Lone Star* then departed. Williams took the command, resigned by his former captain; and the charming little schooner made for Turtle Island, and joined the renowned buccaneers, who were for some time yet to carry on warfare in those seas under the orders of Henry, Morgan, Mauthar, and others.

Sir Reginald and Lady Woolaston, a year later, returned to England, the former having obtained leave from the government to reside on his paternal estate; and Eleanor saw realised all, and more than all, that had been promised by her dream. She was indeed happy. She had a good and noble husband, who had never any other serious fault than strong political bias and a morbid love of adventure. She in due time became a proud and happy mother, and was beloved to enthusiasm by all around her. Mr. Postans settled in Bristol, and became one of its most powerful and wealthy merchants. Neither he, nor Sir Reginald, nor Eleanor, have ever forgotten the lessons of caution, temper, and impatience which they learned on their cruise with the *Royal Charley* and the *Lone Star.*

Some years afterwards a lady and gentleman, attended by numerous servants, and accompanied by several children, got out of a rich carriage drawn by four horses at the door of a small inn, the only one in the little fishing village they had stopped at. The gentleman was distinguished-looking, and the lady beautiful, and both seemed what was far better—supremely happy.

'Upon my word, Sir Reginald,' said the voice of a man inside the carriage, 'this is a funny place to look for the Dublin Packet.'

'Do not be in a hurry, my worthy friend, replied the other, speaking to a rubicund and rather portly gentleman, who now also got out of the carriage—'there is a reason for everything in this world.'

'Perhaps there, sir, said the lady with affected gravity, 'you will condescend to give me one, and explain all this mystery?'

'And so you no longer like mystery?' observed the gentleman laughing.

'That's a good answer, Sir Reginald,' cried the gentleman with the rubicund countenance, 'and puts me in mind'——

'Of what sir?' said the lady pouting.

'Of the shabby way in which Sir Reginald contrived to ensure my remaining a bachelor. Never mind, he wont gain a farthing by it. All my property shall go to that wicked-eyed Henry there,' pointing to a boy of five years old.

'Thank you, my dear cousin. And now, Reginald, you will condescend to give me your reason?'

'Why my dear Lady Woolaston,' said her husband smiling, 'as we were going to trust ourselves upon salt water again to visit my Irish estates, I thought I would have a yacht of my own instead of going to the Dublin packet. Look!'

Eleanor and Henry Postans followed the direction of his finger. In the small port lay a lovely schooner.

'The *Lone Star!*' cried our delighted Eleanor, recognising the vessel, the flag, and its captain. Williams, who had, at the invitation of his ex-commander, brought the vessel to England, and enrolled a picked crew of honest seamen.

'Upon my word,' cried Henry Postans, 'the man is still hankering after black mail. But if we must go, better go in that beauty than in the Dublin packet.'

And the whole party were in a few minutes more again on the deck of the *Lone Star*; and the lovely vessel bounded on her voyage as if she felt the presence of her commander.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND.—Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as in the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the questions were referred to him. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented to him, which, by the way, he had the cunning to hold for sometime in his own, for purposes of examination, he replied at last: "I give it up; the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

PICKPOCKET SKETCH.—"Mr. [illegible] you do very wrong to [illegible]—"it can't do no harm, sir, I ain't catch it."