St. John Chronicle,

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume 11. | St. John, New-Brunswick, Friday, October 26, 1855. | Number 3.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday Morning, at the Office, Prince William-street, Opposite the Commercial Building, Second Floor.

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

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

N.B.—The Chronicle is sent out early on the morning of publication, to Country Subscribers, by Railway, Steamboat, and Mail.

THE Subscriber is prepared to receive Advertisements for the Chronicle, at the Office, Saint John, N. B.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Saint John, June 1, 1855.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON,
Commission Merchant,
Prince William-street, Saint John, N. B.

Refers to Messrs. Fraser, Fraser & Co. Messrs. Thomas Boyd & Co. Messrs. Thomas Boyd & Son, Saint John, N. B.

Saint John, Aug. 29, 1855.

THOMAS GOW,
Tailor and Draper,
Prince William-street, Saint John, N. B.

Begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received his Stock of Goods, comprising a large and well selected assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tweeds, Doeskins, Satinets, &c. &c. which he is prepared to make up to order, on the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Saint John, Sept. 21, 1855.

COMMERCE HOUSE,
KING STREET,
Saint John, N. B.

HOWARD & SHERATON
Have received per steamers from Boston, and Halifax, and by Sailing Vessels from Liverpool, a large and well selected Stock of Goods, suitable for the Season, which they offer for sale at the lowest prices for Cash or Approved Credit.

Saint John, Sept. 21, 1855.

S. R. FOSTER'S
Leading Establishment, Corner of Prince and Cornhill Streets.

NEW SCARLET CLOTHS AND SHAWLS,
Just received per "Atlantic" and "Europa."

Superior Scarlet Cloths, Fancy Cloths and Shawls; Black Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Tweeds, Doeskins, Vestings, Cords and Moleskins, Shirts and Drawers, Gloves and Hosiery, Ready Made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Hardware, Cutlery, &c. &c.

N.B.—Orders from any part of the Province will receive prompt attention.

June 12. S. R. FOSTER.

NEW BOOKS.

HARPER, GRAHAM, and PUTNAM'S MAGAZINES for August.

Westminster Review for July, price only 4s 6d.

The Story of the Campaign.—A complete narrative of the War in Russia, by Major E. Bruce Hamley, author of Lady Lee's Widowhood; A Visit to the Crimea during Sebastopol, by R. C. McCormick, with Panoramic View of the Siege of Sev.

Chambers's Work, Maps and Plans of Sebastopol, pocket edition.

Mary Lyndon—An autobiography;

Willie Orchard and Other of Midland, by Ned Bontline;

New York Counselor; or Felonies and Follies of Fashionable Life;

Will Weaver, Half Bold Adventurer—A Romance;

Trial and Triumph by T. S. Arthur;

Novel Readings—A Selected Romance of the Week of 1855;

Tom Cringle's Log; Lady Lee's Widowhood;

Cleaveland and his Book, by W. H. Maxwell;

Lucy, or Love and Chastened Pride; with Cards;

Dr. Cumming's Complete Works at 3d. 3d & 3s 6d per vol.

Alison's Complete Edinburgh Journal for Aug. and Last Appleton's Popular.

August 3. S. O'BRIEN.

We have received the Pictorial.

KENNAY & SCHIEDER,
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 of the following prices:

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£36	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	38	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	0	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, turn legs,	60	0	0
and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 1-2 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 14th.

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, Pedlars, 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.

OYSTERS, Fish and Game.
First Come! First Served!!

RECEIVED from Boston per steamer Admiral —A few Barrels of excellent OYSTERS, which will be served up in any style to suit customers, at the American Oyster Saloon, Water street.

MEALS served up at all hours of the day and evening, by JAMES KENNEY.

June 8. Water-street.

RECEIVED.—Per Late Arrivals from Great Britain and United States—1 package White and Black Mineral Draw Knobs; Sink Traps, Pig Troughs; Clamps; Jackscrews; Tapes and round Spouts for Chain Pumps; Zinc Tubing for Chain Pumps; Force Pumps; Rasher Leather; Fig'd Drill; Brass Keys for Mortice and Rim Locks; Shutter Screws; Lead Joint Nuts; Tire Bender; Store Trucks; Washing Oil Stones; Razor Strops, &c.

June 22.—3i. JAS. N. C. BLACK.

MONEY WANTED.—I want to sell for money, 1 Hhd. Cuba SUGAR, 4 brls. PORK, and 9 boxes No. 1 Cavendish TOBACCO—duty paid. Price nominal.

ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.

March 23. No. 5, Prince Wm. Street.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership hitherto existing on the North Market Wharf under the firm of Lawrence & McIntosh, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. ALSO—The Copartnership heretofore existing in Dock Street, in the name of John C. McIntosh & Co., is likewise this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due will be settled by A. W. Lawrence.

A. W. LAWRENCE,
JOHN C. McINTOSH.

September 4.

The business heretofore carried on by J. C. McIntosh & Co., will in future be conducted by the subscriber, who is prepared to supply the public at the shortest notice with any quantity of SHIP BREAD, Fine Biscuit, &c. &c.

September 4.—3i. JOHN C. McINTOSH.

To Close up Small Lots.

LOT superior Linen COATS, only 5s.
Lot Linen Sacks, Black, 7s. 6d.
Lot Men's Black Alpaca COATS, only 12s. 6d.
" " Black Satin Cord do. " 12s. 6d.
" " Black Satin Cord do. " 12s. 6d.

GRANITE HALL,
No. 1 Dock-street.

June 1.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT—Just received and for sale by

October 26, 1855. FELLOWS & CO.

THE SPLAIN, ALSOP, Blacksmith Trade NAILS, from 10 to 20 inch, in store and for sale.

(September 14.) G. M. BURNS.

MORRISON'S PILLS—Just received and for sale by Oct. 12th. FELLOWS & CO

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
'Charge! was the captain's cry,
There's not to reason why,
There's but to make reply,
There's but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

"Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery smoke
Firmly the line they broke;
Sparing was the sabre stroke;
Making an army reel
Shaken and sunder'd
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Then that hell struck at well
Rode that the jaws of Death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

"Honour the brave and bold!
Long shall the table be told,
Yes, when our babes are old—
They rode onward."

—University Magazine, September.

THE WATCHMAN.

The wintry wind blows chill and drear,
And fast the snow is falling—
Not one pale star shines forth to cheer
The Watchman's weary calling.
Still paces he his lonely beat,
Now up now down the gloomy street,
With stiffening limbs and aching feet,
His night song hoarsely bawling—
'What of the night? Ho! Watchman tell?
'Past ten o'clock, and all is well!'

Pass lofty in chamber, housed and warm,
The weary world is dreaming
Of him, who patient braves the storm
Without, but little deeming
Still through the dark and dreary night
The Watchman tramps till morning light
Dispels the gloom, and warm and bright
The glorious sun is beaming
'What of the night? Ho! Watchman tell?
'Past midnight—and still all is well!'

At length the Watchman's tale are o'er,
The day is slowly breaking;
Homeward with tired steps once more
His path he's gladly taking.
No more with cold and weary feet,
Now up now down the silent street,
The Watchman tramps his lonely beat,
The night's dreams echo waking,
As answering to the steeple bell,
He stills the hand, and shouts 'All's well!'

Intelligence.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The Storm Lights of Anaska.

By Leitch Ritchie.

THE main road from the Lago Maggiore to the eastern part of Switzerland at one time ran through the valley of Anaska; and it was once my fortune to be detained all night at a cottage in one of its wildest dedile, by a storm which rendered my horse ungoverrable. While leaning upon a bench and looking with drowsy curiosity towards the window—for there was no bed except my host's, of which I had no wish to deprive him—I saw a small, faint light, among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceited that it might proceed from a cottage window; but remembering that that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited, I roused myself, and calling one of the family, inquired what it meant. While I spoke the light suddenly vanished; but in about a minute, reappeared in another place, as if the bearer had gone round some intervening rock. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut, with the men and horses, over the mountain; but the night was so gloomy, that the edges of the horizon were wholly undistinguishable from the sky.

'There it is again,' said I. 'What is that, in the name of God?'

'It is Lelia's lamp!' cried the young man eagerly, who was the son of our host. 'Awake, father. Ho Battista!—Vittorio!' Lelia is on the mountains!' At these cries the whole family sprang up from their bed at once, and, crowding round the window, fixed their eyes upon the light, which continued to appear, although at long intervals, for a considerable part of the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp, the strangers asked no scruple of telling the all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent when it appeared, and leave them to mark unintercepted the spot where it rested.

To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the miners and herdsmen form two distinct classes in the valley of Anaska. The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and thinks the manners of the mineralli offer sorely wanting for what might otherwise be reckoned an honourable profession. They were addicted to drinking, quarrelling, gambling—it was the most rich, and at bottom sterling; and in short, they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which those who can have no

[illegible] on the product of their labour; and they in this respect with gamesters, outlaws, and other vagabonds.

They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they struggle about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the minerali sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart of the gentle maidens of Anaska. If their wooing be unsuccessful, there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene, and betake themselves to the highways, where nights are dark and travellers unwary; or they enlist under the banner of those regular banditti, who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least, such of them as had marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames leaned back in the chimney corner to weep while he sang. He had that deep and melancholy voice which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized.

There was only one young lass in the village, who had never heard the song of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anaska. Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectancy equal to more than one thousand Austrian lires she attracted considerable observation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection; but her figure, although symmetrical, was so petite, and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child than a young woman. The 'heiress of old Nicoli' was the designation made use of, when parents would endeavour to awaken the ambition of their sons, as they looked forward to what might be some years hence; but Lelia, in her own person was a nonentity.

Her mother had died in giving her birth; and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, by what seemed a miracle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been had yielded to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which is described in the expression 'not so well' rather than in perfect health; although the most troublesome memento that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which in a more civilized part of the country might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

Besides being in some degree shut out from the society of her equals by this peculiarity of her situation, she was prevented from enjoying it by another. While her body languished the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry; and poetry, spite of the doctrines of a certain school you have in England, unmitred her for association with the ignorant and unrefined.—That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballads of Francesco was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of one of the ruffian minerali inspired her; and, in truth, she listened to the tales that from time to time reached her ear, of the young goldseeker, with somewhat of the vague and distant interest with which we attend to descriptions of a beautiful but wild and cruel animal of another hemisphere.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine, flowed the river rapid and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and desolate appearance of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a picture as artists travel a hundred miles to contemplate. Lelia, however had looked a hundred times upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes.

Her voice was scarcely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks, although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone that was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion, she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted, and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to fly; her second was to fly; her third was to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her fourth, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, the discoverer, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—work as it is used by the peasantry of the Alps is most characteristic and their wares to the markets, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He went upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy craft; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden

[illegible]

observation, she knew not why, that he had sung her through the rocks while she had sleeping, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been the purpose, he succeeded to have her attention; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, descended rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as a sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken, and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen. She felt her cheeks tingle as she wondered how long the young man gazed at her through the trees, and why he had floated away without speaking, when he had succeeded in attracting her attention. There was delicacy in his little contrivance, to save her the surprise, perhaps the terror, in seeing a stranger in such a situation, there was modesty in the confusion with which he turned his head; and, what perhaps was as valuable as delicate eyes to the gentle Lelia, there was deliberation, deep and devout, in those brilliant eyes, that had quailed beneath hers. The youth was beautiful as a dream; and his voice!—it was so clear, and yet so soft—so powerful, yet so melodious! It haunted her ear like a prediction.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had time to get acquainted? They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own; but what of that? the writings of God were around and within them; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed the edge of the precipice, and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks laid himself down at her feet, to gaze upon her face as poets worship the moon.

The world, before so monotonous, so blank, drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her; they were sufficiently long—according to the calculation of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall; and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting.

'My name? said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; you will know it soon enough.'

'But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to morrow night.'

'Why to morrow night?'

'Because a young, rich suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form for this poor hand; and let the confusion cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my parent, without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale to his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but your are good, and honorable, and therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia.'

It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart and cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length in a suppressed voice he said—'To-morrow night then.' 'Here?' 'No, in your father's house: in the presence of—my rival.

To morrow night arrived, and, with a ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his addresses; or, in other words,—for there is but a short drift for an Anaseen maid—to deal and her hand in marriage. This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; for the offer was by far the best that could have been found, from the Val d'Ossola to Monte Rosa. The youth was rich, well looking, and prudent, even to coldness:—what more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute for appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the road and the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream—a fragment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude, and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment!—and was the smile she had observed upon her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which perhaps at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment! His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude; and at length in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with a trembling step and fevered cheek.

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrunk from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to her very heart. There was one there, however, whose ideas of poetry, strict as they were, could never prevent her eyes from glistening, and his arms extending, at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her a moment at arm's length, as with a doting look his eyes wandered over the brattery of her new white dress, drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her. 'My child,' said he, smiling gaily through a gathering tear, 'it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world: but the laws of nature must be respected. Young and old have, and the young these will like, to the end of time; and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way, girl—it is the law of Anaska, and there's an end.' For thirteen years I have checked this you, when the slumber touching the cheek, and the transfer of my life. I have not checked! All these the years past in happiness and tranquillity. Time—after the manner of our fleeting nature—has passed over us, and we have grown old according to the law of God. After this [illegible] let not Lelia think, when he, poor child, shall be gathered to his fathers, that he has left behind him a [illegible] Francesco, he is worthy of her, and [illegible] in nature's production, and yet [illegible] the mountains, and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]