British Tribune,

AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.

WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

Vol. II. No. 21 | **RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1858.** | **Whole No. 73.**

Business Directory.

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF,
Richmond Hill.
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

JOHN GRIEVE,
CLERK THIRD DIVISION COURT. Office, Richmond Hill,
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

JOSEPH KELLER,
BAILIFF Second and Third DIVISION Court. Office, Richmond Hill.
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

J. B. DEEGIER,
APPOINTED CONSTABLE at the Assizes for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. Residence—Corner of Wright and Yonge Streets, near A. Wright, Esq's.
Richmond Hill, Sept. 10, 1858. 63-1y

P. CROSBY,
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.
Richmond Hill, June, 1857. g.1-wy

THOMAS SEDMAN,
Carriage, Waggon & Sleigh MAKER,
Opposite the White Swan Inn.
Richmond Hill, June 10, 1857. g.1-wy.

JAMES McCLURE,
INNKEEPER. Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. Corner of Yonge and Bradford streets, Holland Landing.
November, 26, 1857. g25-tf

JOHN HARRINGTON, Jr.,
TWO Miles North of Richmond Hill, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c. ☞ Also, Licensed Auctioneer.
September, 23, 1857. g16-1y

WELLINGTON HOTEL,
NEAR the Railroad Station, Aurora. Careful Hostlers always in attendance.
C. CAKE, Proprietor.
January 14, 1858. 132

MANSION HOUSE,
CHARON. Attentive Hostlers always in attendance.
J. KAVANAGH, Proprietor.
January 14, 1858. 132

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD,
Barristers, &c.,
NO. 7, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING ST., TORONTO.
June 20, 1857. g.3-wy.

CLYDE HOTEL,
KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
GOOD Stabling and Attentive Hostlers
JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

Bottled Ale Depot,
65, YORK STREET,
TORONTO, C. W.
M. MORRISON, Agent.
Toronto, June 12th, 1857. g1-wy.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH,
FLAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter, Elizabeth Street, Toronto,—Over W. Griffith's Grocery Store.
☞ Coats of Arms, and every description of Herald Painting, executed with despatch, and at reasonable charges.
June, 1857. g.1wy.

EDWARD CROWN,
HAS always on hand a large and well assorted stock of DRAPERY, GROCERIES, BOOTS and SHOES, &c. &c. which will be sold at prices that will defy competition.
Thornhill, July 30, 1858 60-1y

J. VERNEY,
Boot and Shoe Maker.
OPPOSITE A. LAWS, Yonge street, Richmond Hill.
Ladies' and Gentlemens' Boots and Shoes, made after the latest styles.
August 6, 1857. g9-6m.

S0] CHAS. POLLOCK, S0]
IMPORTER of British, French, German and American, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, No. 80, City Buildings, King Street East opposite St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, C. W.
Nov. 5, 1857. g22-1

JOHN COULTER,
Tailor and Clothier,
Yonge St., Richmond Hill.
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

GEORGE DOLD,
Veterinary Surgeon
Lot 26, 4th Con., Vaughan.
"HORSE & FARRIER" INN.
g15

YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.
A Good supply of WINES and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others. Cigars of all brands.
D. MCLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, July 6, 1858. 57 6m

J. N. REID,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets,
Thornhill.
August 14, 1857. g10-tf

ROACH'S HOTEL,
CORNER of Front and George streets, one block east of the Market, Toronto.
JOHN ROACH, Proprietor.
March 5, 1858. 139

ROBERT SIVER,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
ADJOINING the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill. A choice selection of Gentlemens', Ladies' and Childrens' Boots and Shoes constantly on hand, and made to order on the Shortest Notice.
☞ All kinds Shoemakers Finding for sale.
Richmond Hill, June 12th, 1857. g.1w.y.

GLOUCESTER HOTEL,
THREE MILES NORTH OF TORONTO, ON YONGE-ST.
THE above Hotel is fitted up in neat and comfortable style. Transient visitors and others will find the accommodations to be that of the first class, while the charges will be extremely low.
☞ Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler.
THOMAS COATES, Proprietor.
Yonge Street, Aug. 7, 1858. 62-

DR. J. W. GRIFFITH,
MARKHAM VILLAGE, C.W.
June 2, 1858 52-1y

ESPLANADE HOTEL,
BY G. TURNER,
PALACE ST. (OPPOSITE THE OLD GAS WORKS) TORONTO
Meals 20 cents each, and good accommodation for Farmers and others.
Toronto, June 11, 1858. 53-1y

JAMES HALL,
HAS always on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, which will be sold at prices to meet the times.
Richmond Hill, June 17, 1858. 54 1y

W. HODGE & Co.
WHOLESALE and Retail Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Workers, and Furnishing Ironmongers. Parties giving this house a call will find their orders punctually attended to, and the lowest prices charged.
Richmond Hill June 17, 1858. 54 1y

EDMUND GRAINGER,
BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats, Poultry, &c., always on hand. Families supplied on the shortest notice.
Thornhill, March 19, 1858. 141.

WILLIAM HARRISON,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Next door to G. A. Barnard's,
Richmond Hill.
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

JAMES JENKINS',
Grocery & Provision Store
RICHMOND HILL.
NO CREDIT GIVEN. Produce taken in exchange.
The above is the oldest established Grocery and Provision Store on the Hill.
July 2, 1858. 55-ly.

W. H. MYERS,
SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER,
TWO DOORS SOUTH OF THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.
☞ ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Richmond Hill, June 1-58. 55-1y

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL.
A STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning, starting from the Elgin Mills at 7, a.m. and returning at 7, p.m. Fare 2s. 6d. each way.
GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS.
RICHARD NICHOLLS, *Proprietor*
Richmond Hill, July 2, 1858. 55-1y

W. C. ADAMS
DOCTOR OF
Dental SURGERY,
66 *King Street East, Toronto*
Particular attention given to the regulation of Children's Teeth.
Consultations Free, and all Work Warranted
Toronto, June, 1867. 1-wy.

T. MACBETH, Jun.,
CARRIAGE, SIGN,
—AND—
Ornamental Painter
Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858. 137-1y

BLACK HORSE HOTEL
[FORMERLY KEPT BY WM. ROLPH.]
CORNER of Palace and George streets, east of the Market Square, Toronto. Board $1 per day. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers always in attendance. An omnibus to and from the Railroad Station.
THOMAS PALMER, Proprietor.
Toronto, Feb 26, 1858. 138-1y

DAVID ATKINSON,
AGENT FOR
Darling & Aitchison's
COMBINED
MOWING AND REAPING
MACHINES,
Richmond Hill,
June, 1857. g.1wy.

WARD & McCAUSLAND,
House, Sign and Ornamental
PAINTERS,
Grainers, Gilders, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers.
THORNHILL.
All kinds of Mixed Paints Oils, Glass, and Putty.
GOOD WORKMEN SENT TO ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY.
July 23, 1857. 7g-1y.

GO TO
MORPHY BROTHERS
FOR
GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Melodeons, Electro Ware, Silver Spoons and Spectacles to suit every sight.
☞ Watch Clubs in Operation. Warranted Clocks from 20s upwards.
Toronto, June, 1857. 1-

F. W. HOLLISS,
MERCHANT TAILOR, has always on hand a very superior stock of CLOTHS. READY MADE CLOTHING, &c. Garments made to measure in the first style. A good fit warranted.
Thornhill, July 30, 1858. 60-1y

J. HACKETT, M.D.
Licentiate of the Board of Upper Canada
LATE RESIDENT MEDICAL OFFICER.
KINGS ON GENERAL HOSPITAL.
RESIDENCE, MAPLE VILLAGE.
July 23, 1858 59-6m

ANGLO-AMERICAN HOUSE!
MARKHAM VILLAGE.
GOOD Accommodations. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands.
R. MARR, *Proprietor.*
Markham, July 1858 57-1y

NEW STORE,
Richmond Hill,
CORNER of Wright & Yonge streets. Cheap Groceries and Provisions, Crockery and Glassware cheap for Cash. No Credit.
D. HOPKINS
Jan. 7, 1858. 131

LUKES' HOTEL,
HOLLAND LANDING
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Inhabitants of the above-named Village and surrounding Country, and the Public generally, that he has leased the above Hotel, formerly kept by THOMAS MAY, which he has fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of his Customers, and he trusts by constant attention to their wants to secure a liberal patronage.
Liquors of the best brands at the Bar, and every attention paid to Guests.
THOS. LUKES.
Holland Landing, *Proprietor.*
Sept. 10, 1857 g14-3m

THORNHILL HOTEL.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above premises, and fitted them up in a neat and comfortable style.
Boarders and transient visitors will find the accomodations in every way agreeable.
The best of Liquors and Cigars carefully selected. Good stabling and attentive hostlers.
HENRY LEMON,
Thornhill, } Proprietor.
Jan 29, 1858. } 138

LEWIS MACDONALD,
CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER,
STOUFFVILLE.
BEGS to return his thanks to the inhabitants of Stouffville and the friends who have hitherto favored him with their custom, and would announce that he has commenced business again at his old shop, JOHN YAKLEY'S HOTEL, and hopes, by steady attendance and moderate charges, to merit a continuance of their support.
Jewellry neatly repaired. All work warranted.
LEWIS MACDONALD,
Stouffville, Aug. 29, 1858. 63-tf

CHRISTIAN WURSTER,
SADDLE & HARNESS MAKER,
WOULD inform the inhabitants of MAPLE VILLAGE and surrounding country, that he has opened a Shop in the above line, where he will, by strict attention to all orders, endeavor to merit a share of their support.
Repairing neatly and expeditiously attended to.
☞ All Work Warranted.
Maple Village, Aug 20, 1858. 63-6m

WILLIAM U. SKENE,
MILLWRIGHT,
ALTONA.
BEGS to intimate that he is now prepared to erect MILLS of every description, by contract or otherwise, on reasonable terms. He is also agent for some of the best Foundrys in Canada. All contract jobs warranted from three to six months. From thirteen years' experience he hopes to give general satisfaction
Altona, August 24, 1858. 63 6m

SWAN HOTEL,
THORNHILL. The Subscriber in tendering his thanks for past favors, would beg to call Public attention to his NEW Establishment, Thornhill, and known as the SWAN HOTEL, which he has lately entered into in consequence of the accomodation in his old establishment being entirely too limited for the comfort of his numerous guests.
The SWAN HOTEL in a few days will be completely renovated, and respectable visitors may rely on having their calls immediately attended to. He has also very extensive accomodation for Horses and Carriages.
His Bar will always be found well stored with the choicest Liquors; while the subscriber himself intends to devote his time to the comfort of all those who may honour him with a call
JOHN SHIELS,
Thornhill, } Proprietor.
January 20, 1858. } 133

TORONTO CITY MARBLE WORKS
185 YONGE STREET.
MONUMENTS, TOMBTABLES,
TOMB-STONES, &c.
Twenty Per Cent Cheaper
THAN ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT.
THE Undersigned Assignees of the Estate of D. C. & W. YALE, will continue the business under the superintendence of our duly authorized agents, AUSTIN ABBEY and D. CARLOS YALE, whose receipt will be duly acknowledged.
P.S. All notes and accounts remaining unpaid on the 1st day of June, 1858, will be put into Court for collection.
C. YALE,
G. CUMMER.
Toronto, 29, April 1858 48-tf

Selections.

THE POET AT HOME.

I hear the bell; yes, I hear the bell—
Oh! can it be tidings of sorrow bringing?
Does it sound of departed worth the knell,
Or is it a bridal welcome ringing?
I hear the bell! alas! can it be
The tocsin, that soon will be echoed by trumpets?
Does it summon to arms the soldiery?
No! it's only the boy with the muffins and crumpets.

What sound is that which greets mine ears,
Though the placid air serenely swelling,
As if in the music of the spheres
Some seraph his tale to the stars were telling?
How wild the sound! 'tis a strain too bold
For the serenade of gay deceivers,
I look from my lattice—and 'neath it behold
These rascally marrowbones and cleavers!

I hear in the distance the pleasant gush
Of water, as if from a far-off fountain,
With at intervals a sudden rush,
Like the cataract sweeping down the mountain.
Oh! what can it be? I feel a glow
When I think of the torrent bodily dashing
Down the deep abyss—I look below,
And see them filling the copper for washing.

I sink on my couch, and the poet's eye
Is speedily closed by slumber's power;
I dream that my Araminta is nigh,
And beckons me to some fairy bower.
I hear her voice—it grows loud and wild,
As if in distress upon me calling;
I awake—'tis my wife has brought the child,
Which she wants me to hold, to keep it from squalling.

—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

THE IDENTIFICATION.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS, BY A CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

(Conclued from our last.)

Tom Courtney was sitting on the side of his bed, but started up to meet me the moment I entered, and, stretching out both his hands to me, he said,

'Oh, sir, I am glad you are come; I thought you would have been to see me to-day before this hour. My time is short. Oh, Sir, I have spent a miserably wretched night and day—death itself would be preferable to the night I spent. I wished to have told you this morning, but you hurried away, I knew not why. Oh, Sir, I have been nearly mad—at times I think I am mad. Can you wonder? Oh, how could it be otherwise? I wish it was all over. Oh, Sir, if I could subdue my heart to the will of God—if I could *feel* that I had submitted to His mysterious will—with what pleasure I could behold the light of that fatal morning now so near at hand; but I have had a fearful struggle, and, I hope—oh, yes, I do hope—that I have not lost the battle. At one time I feared I had been conquered, and that all was lost. Oh, Sir, he continued, and a curious change came over him; 'oh, Sir, I have spent a miserable night. Oh, how I wish I had not slept at all—the waking to a new certainty of consciousness was frightful; and I had a tormenting dream.—I thought—ah! it must have been but thought—but about two hours ago, that little window above my head was open as it was now; and I fancied—I'm sure it must have been but fancy—but I did think I heard some one in the yard say—

'It that be true, it saves Tom Courtney.'

'I'm almost sure I heard the words, or some of them; but, surely, if there were any grounds for hope, you, at least, Sir, would not have left me so long a prey to despair.'

He hid his face in his hands, and leaned upon the edge of the table which was near the bed where he sat.

I had let him run on all this time, thinking it best to do so; indeed, I knew not how I could have stopped or interrupted him, such was the rapidity with which he spoke, without being too sudden and abrupt in my communication. I now sat down beside him on the bed, and took his hand; 'twas red hot; and I said,

'Tom, my good friend, I could wish to see you calmer and more composed; more totally thrown upon the Lord for help and comfort.'

He interrupted me with—

'Oh, Sir, the bitterest pangs within my heart is that I have not been able to seek help and comfort as I ought; that I have not been able to submit myself blindly, entirely to His will, without questioning it. But I sometimes—ah, too often, I want to know His reasons for this sore affliction; unmerited, indeed Sir unmerited, so far as regards the crime which has been put upon me. I know it is as a child I should submit; but I inquire His *reasons;* I ask what I have done; I argue with Him, and at times I fear I openly rebel; yet with all this there has been a constant prayer that it might be otherwise with me; and my state of mind for the last hour—oh, how precious, how invaluable is an hour now to me!—has been reconciled, and, I trust, submissive. I had intended, Sir, had the Lord permitted, to have endeavored to serve Him in a foreign land, for which choice there were many reasons. Having seen a bright light, I felt fired with zeal to wander among distant and unknown regions to impart it to others—hence, perhaps, the connection of naked savages with my sleeping thoughts; but there was too much of *I will* in my plans, and the Lord has indeed shown me that 'Man proposeth, but God disposeth.' His will be done; with His help, nothing shall again disturb my soul. God is good; His will be done.'

'He is, indeed, good, Tom,' said I, pressing his hand, which still almost set mine on fire. 'He is very good, and can save those who trust in him; He can save to the uttermost.'

'I do trust Him with my whole heart and soul; I am content.—Here I am, O Lord—thine—thine; do with me as Thou wilt.' And he hid his face again in his hands.—'Oh, Sir,' he added, almost immediately starting up, and turning his full gaze upon me; 'the valley of the shadow of death is dark, very dark; and to enter it while the sun is shining over me, and birds singing round me, and the fragrance of the blooming flowers fresh upon the breath of spring, and in the prime of life and health, full of young and ardent hopes—all this might, perchance, be borne, had sickness, or even accident brought down an unsullied name to an untimely grave; but oh! thus to be cut off by a cruel and disgraceful death, with the stain of murder falsely stamped upon my name and race; oh, Sir, it is a dark, a dreadful, a mysterious dispensation!'

'God is powerful as well as good,' said I; 'His arm is not shortened that He can not save; trust in Him even still, Tom:' and I pressed his hand fervently.

He turned a piercing glance upon me.

'Take care, Sir, oh, take care what you say. I told you I was content; strike not the spark of hope again, or I shall die mad, and perhaps be lost.'

'Recollect, Tom, that the knife was actually raised in Abraham's hand to slay his son before the Lord saw fit to interfere to save him. He can save you even still, Tom, if it be His will to do so.'

'H—d,' he repeated, convulsively, while the burning tears ran down his wrists into his coat-sleeves.—'H—ah, Sir, you could not be so cruel as to speak thus if there be no hope.'

'Tom,' I continued, as he still kept his face hid in his hands—'do you remember ever to have given a purse to Catherine Murphy; the one, I suppose, which she swore to in her evidence?'

He raised his head and looked at me. There was a wildness in his eye, and a twitching about the corners of his mouth that almost frightened me, and I even still feared the effects of the communication that was rising on my tongue.

'Yes, said he, more calmly than I expected; 'some years ago.—Why do you ask?'

'Would you know it again, Tom, if you saw it now?'

'Surely, any where in the world: 'twas a leather purse, lined with silk, and letters marked upon the lining. But why do you talk of such things now? I should think of other matters. I expect the Rev. Mr. A.—— every moment. Talk not of them now, I beseech you.'

'Is that it, Tom?' said I, throwing it upon the table before him.

'Yes, said he, snatching it up, that is the very purse. Where, where, did you get it? Catherine Murphy swore it was taken away by the murderers. Oh, Sir, tell me where did you get it. When? where?—how?—speak quickly.'

'In the pocket, To , of as great a villain as ever lived,' said I; 'in the pocket of the real murderer.'

'Then, I am saved!' shouted Tom, springing to his feet, and seizing me by the collar of the coat with both his hands, and shaking me furiously. 'I am saved! oh, tell me I am saved! My God, I thank thee! Oh, my mother!'

'You are, Tom, saved, beyond the possibility of a doubt: not pardoned, for they have nothing to pardon; but fully, freely saved.'

He stood for a moment like one bewildered, like a statute; the burning flush fled from his cheek and became as it was wont to be in Tom Courtney's happier days. The water-gates of his heart were broken up, and gushed forth in torrents of soft, cool tears. He threw himself on his knees by the bedside, and I left the room.

A few words, by way of conclusion, are necessary to this story.—It has already extended far beyond what I had anticipated when I commenced to take it down in the form of a narrative from the heads given in my private journal; but I do not hesitate to say that it is a faithful detail of facts which took place under my own knowledge. All the conversation in court, as well as Tom Courtney's address upon conviction, are stated precisely as they occurred, and were taken down by myself at the time.

Tom Courtney saw Hopkins before he left the jail; he smiled a scornful smile as he looked at him; he admitted there was a strong likeness between them, but he could not be so good a judge upon that point as others; he reminded me, however, of his dream, recurring to the subject several times at some length, and declared at last that he fully and freely forgave the persons who swore against him—adding, 'that had it been in the daytime he could scarcely have forgiven them.

Sir William Smith it was who tried Hopkins at C——r, and he told me afterwards that even between twins he had never seen so perfect a likeness. Courtney's mother also saw Hopkins, and—oh! the fondness of a mother's heart—she strenuously denied that there was the *smallest resemblance* between him and her 'boy;' that nobody but a common fool could mistake them. This opinion she maintained to the last, and I doubt not that she really believed it.

The day fortnight that I told Tom Courtney he was saved, an order for his discharge having arrived, there was a merry and a happy party at the jail-gate. The whole parish came in to give poor Tom a joyous greeting and a cheerful escort to his home once more. Cars of all descriptions, low-back and high-back, gigs and tax-carts, arriving every moment; such brushing of straps, and stitching of harness; such rubbing of stirrups, and punching of holes; such smoothing of cushions, and greasing of wheels, was never seen as had been going on from daylight. Upward of sixty men, mounted on their country horses, three abreast, in front; then came from fifteen to twenty cars and other vehicles of one sort or other, filled with the beauty and fashion of the parish.—Next the jail-gate stood an empty jaunting-car, the horse's head covered with boughs of evergreen, nodding in the breeze, with now and then a proud, impatient toss of the head, and a pawing of the ground by the animal; for he was old Ned Courtney's jaunting-car horse—and a good one. Billy was now mounted in the driving-seat, with whip and reins in hand, ready for the start; while about two hundred men, women, and children, on foot, filed along the jail-wall, to the right and left of the gate, ready to follow, two abreast, in the rear.

Presently a monster key was heard struggling in the lock, and with a loud short shoot of the bolt, the gate was thrown open, and forth issued Tom Courtney leaning on his father's arm, while upon his own leaned his mother, smiling and joyous, though rescued, I may say at the last moment, from a broken-hearted grave. I wish you could have heard the shout that rent the air as they appeared: I have heard loud simultaneous shouts from assembled thousands—ay, tens of thousands—but so hearty, so enthusiastic, so devoted a cheer I never heard, and never can again hear. Shall I say it? Yes, nor do I blush to own it, that it brought tears of sympathy and joy—of exultation—swelling up in my eyes. If they ran over it, it is no affair of yours, but many there were that wept outright.

Tom Courtney and his mother mounted on one side, while his father and Philip Moran mounted on the other. Three cheers more rent the air; the word 'Forward!' ran from mouth to mouth; Billy Courtney cracked his whip; old Larry Murrin, the piper, dressed in a spick and span new suit, struck up a lively quickstep in advance of the whole procession, which moved forward with smiling, happy, chatting faces; and in less than two hours Tom Courtney, a free and happy man, sat at breakfast with a numerous party of delighted friends in his old home.

Somewhat about two years subsequent to the termination of the above transaction Tom Courtney joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and soon after was ordained one of their ministers, and hastened to fulfill the aspiration of his heart—I think it was to the coast of Africa. I saw a letter from him to a religious friend: he was well; and freely alluded to the incidents which I have endeavored to detail. He thanked God for what had occurred, saying, that 'he considered it had been the greatest of the many mercies with which he had been favored.' That is now upward of thirty years ago, since which period I have altogether lost sight or intelligence of him.

[From the Golden Prize.]

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We were on our homeward voyage, we had crossed the burning line, passed through the regions of trade winds, and swept round the Western Isle. Every heart beat with joy; and hopes of future happiness were anticipated by all, but, alas! for human fancy! reality soon teaches a mournful lesson.

We had on board one of the prettiest and gentlest of waiting maids, who, by her winning manners won the love and admiration of us all. But there was one in particular among the crew, who, by his marked attentions, showed plainly that love had possession of his heart.

Edward Bates, was every way worthy of a faithful woman's heart. He was a young man of fine talents; and his good taste made him avoid the coarse language so common among sailors.

It was therefore, with no common interest that we watched the course of events between the two; and when he told us that she had promised to be his upon their reaching shore, we wondered not—but in the language of inspiration, we bid them 'God speed.'

While Edward Bates was enjoying the unspeakable bliss of woman's fond devotion, there was also another on board, who was seeking to win bright eyes to beam upon him.

Charles Burns was mate of the vessel, and nature had lavished her gifts upon him most bountifully. For a short time his suit appeared to be prosperous, but suddenly a change was perceptible in the conduct of her he loved. Loving looks now no more she gave him, her smiles were withdrawn, and coldness and guarded words were all that he obtained.

Oft he wondered at the change, but vain were all his attempts to fathom the cause. Could he, however, have seen within the chambers of her heart, he would have discovered love and pride engaged in a serious conflict. Kate St. Clair was the daughter of a rich merchant in the city of Baltimore; and as visions of splendor flitted before her eyes, she would contrast them with those that might be expected if she wedded the humble mate. Love struggled, and painful indeed was the conflict, but for the time, pride triumphed: and when we reached the Azores, her coldness had so stung the young man, that he no longer entered the cabin, but paced to and fro upon the deck, in gloomy silence.

At length we passed the Islands, and the weather became more unpleasant. The wind blew a perfect gale. Charles Burns feared less the other elements, than he did the coldness of Kate; and as he gazed upon the happy faces of Bates and his bethrothed, he turned away in bitterness, and cursed his fate.

The storm increased to a fearful height, and upon every countenance were the traces of anxiety.

Carrie De Vere, as she met the loving glances of Edward Bates, felt secure in his presence. It was indeed, a terrible thing, there upon the wide waste of waters, exposed to the pitiless peltings of the elements.

As evening closed in, Kate St. Clair would often gaze across the deck, and her heart felt anxiety for the young mate. But Charles knew not of these kind feelings, and as was his usual custom, shunned the cabin.

Night came upon us. It was dark, murkey, moonless, and starless. We could not sleep, for the world of waters clung too closely around our spirits not to exile us from the land of dreams.

At twelve, the captain came below, and retired to his cabin, and as he passed us he remarked, that the gale was steadily increasing.

In about five minutes, all was still, save the hoarse murmur of the waves, and the roar of the wind—then every one was startled as a heavy step descended the companion way, and a voice cried out.

'Captain, there's a man overboard.'

'Overboard!' exclaimed the captain, starting to his feet, 'who is it?'

'Can't tell, sir,' was the reply, as the sailor left the cabin.

'Do you hear that?' said the captain to us, 'We have lost a man overboard.'

'What is the matter?' cried Kate St. Clair, as she caught the sounds of our exclamations of horror.

'Only a man overboard,' replied the captain, bitterly.

A wild shriek from Kate was the only response, and throwing herself upon the floor, she gave vent to her agony.

'It is Charles,' she cried. 'I did not prize him as I ought, and now he is lost to me. Save him—save him!' and she would have rushed upon the deck, if we had not restrained her.

'It is not Charles Burns,' we said, but even as we spoke, our eyes bent on Carrie De Vere. She was ashy pale, and only a slight tremor which shook her frame, gave evidence of life.

'Kate, Kate, do not weep so,' said we, it cannot be Charles.'

'It is,' she replied, 'yes, it is him, or else he would have come himself, to report the loss.'

'We will inquire,' we said, and ascending to the deck, we soon discovered who was the unfortunate man. So we again entered the cabin, they all gathered round to hear the recital.

Carrie was evidently uneasy; and as we told them it was poor Edward Bates, she sank down cold and lifeless. On the second day the gale moderated, and soon after we reached our native land.

On our arrival, there was a respectable elderly man and woman came on board, and made inquiries concerning Edward Bates, and fearful was their grief, when they heard his fate.

Carrie De Vere was an orphan brotherless, sisterless—and on being offered a home with the parents of her lover, gladly accepted it.

Kate St. Clair, was married to the handsome mate—and never regretted the day when she became his bride.

The above is no fiction, and never shall I forget the Two Maidens, and the Night of Terror.

AN ORGANIC DIFFICULTY.

A parish in the west of England, after much effort, lately purchased a self-acting organ warranted to play twenty tunes, and a larger congregation than usual met to inaugurate it. The first psalm had been successfully brought to an end, when after a short pause the organ chose to commence psalm tune number two. In vain the officiating person endeavored to stop it; in vain the church wardens left their own pews to stifle its noise; still the organ, as though uncontrollably pleased with its own execution kept on with the new air. What was to be done? The service was suspended, in the hope that the musical stranger might be content when the second tune was played out. Vain expectation! It commenced tune number three! and nothing remained but to carry the instrument into the church yard, and there to cover it with the vestry carpet to choke its voice, for on and on it went till the number of twenty had been played out, much to the edification of the less attentive part of the congregation, who could hear only half-smothered melodies.

SPEAKING OUT IN DREAMS.

A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch tells the following in a letter from one of the Springs.

An amusing incident occurred in the cars of the Virginia and Tennessee road, which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom a lamp was lighted. A servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but just as the lamp was lighted she awoke, and half asleep, imagined herself in the infernal regions.

Frantic with fright, she implored her Maker to have mercy on her, remarking at the same time, "The devil has got me at last." Her mistress, sitting on the seat in front of the terrified negress, was deeply mortified, and called upon her, "Mollie, don't make such a noise; it is I, be not afraid-" The poor African immediately exclaimed, "O missus, dat you; jest what I 'spected; I always thought if ever I got to de bad place, I would see you dar."—These remarks were uttered with such vehemence that not a word was lost, and the whole coach became convulsed with laughter.

Our best thoughts, the brightest and purest, the profoundest and truest, come unsought, welling up spontaneously from the fathomless depths of the inexhaustible infinite.