from whence had flowed the eloquence of feeling the force of truth and the inspiration of that wisdom which is from above.

Little Marcus soon returned to his usual sports, but many times during that day he broke off suddenly, and went and leaned upon his mother's knee, and once he looked anxiously in her face, and said, 'Was it my father?' But his happy little bosom bounded with fresh enjoyment, and his mother tried in vain to make him sensible of his irreparable loss.

In the midst of the preparation for the last solemn rites, Alice was not inactive; but seemed to be thinking of every one more than of herself; planning for their accommodation, and attending to their wants, yet all with a sweet mournful dignity, as if she bore about with her a sorrow too deep for common sympathy or condolence. The most trying part of that day, was the quiet after the funeral, when the guests were gone, and she retired without an object to direct her steps. Extreme restlessness, that dreadful accompaniment of the last degree of mental suffering, took possession of her, and she wandered from room to room, as if hoping in every place to leave some portion of the load that weighed upon her, until at length she sought consolation in prayer, and remembering her husband's parting injunction, knelt down, and humbly and fervently petitioned, that to her cup of bitterness there might be added some drops of comfort. And her petition was not rejected; for sweet sleep stole over her wearied senses, and she awoke in the morning with fresh strength and courage to pursue her solitary way.

CHAPTER III.

How little is known of what the human heart may endure and struggle through, by those who slumber in the lap of indulgence! Death, it is true, with his grim visage, and aim that no earthly power can avert, will sometimes steal in upon their visions, but they can gather round them a band of graceful mourners, and having no active part to take in the ceremony of preparing for the grave, they are at liberty to sigh away their sorrows in costly weeds, and weep at will over the urn of the departed. But the luxury of weeping gracefully, nay, the rational privilege of mourning quietly and without interruption, is too frequently denied to the poor. Wounded and weary, they must go forth again upon active service; they must engage in the bustling concerns of life, even when the light of life has been extinguished; they must arise and gird themselves for warfare, when their bosom's shield has been cleft asunder.

Thus it was that Alice Bland compelled herself, or was compelled by circumstances, to enter upon a serious consideration of her present well-nobly and deserted situation; not in order the more fully to comprehend his extent and the depth of her affection, but that she might arrange and set upon some plan for the future maintenance of herself and her child. That she must leave her sweet cottage, was a truth upon which she never once attempted to close her eyes; because her doom was inevitable, and she had long known it: so she bestirred herself, and took an inventory of all her worldly possessions; every now and then laying aside something useful or comfortable for a sick neighbour, or some trifling memento for an humble friend.

With such occupations she busied herself during the day; and when the evening came, she went out with her presents, calling upon every one who had known and valued her husband's pastoral care, and saying some cheering words to them at parting, as if they were the mourners and she the comforter. And truly she needed a comforter in her turn; for by the time she reached her home again, she was like the bough that has scattered its last leaf upon the merciless wind. But the Comforter was near—the promised Comforter, and darkness was turned into light at his presence.

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Long after this consummation, Alice came into the field and found him weeping bitterly; his cheeks flushed and swollen, and his bright eyes glimmering through tears, which burst forth afresh at the sight of her who had been the cause of his grievance.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE SUGGESTS THAT HER DEAR MOTHER SHOULD 'COME AND LIVE WITH THEM.

Is your cold better to-night, Caudle? Yes; I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to-morrow, I dare say. There's a love! You don't take care enough of yourself, Caudle, you don't. And you ought, I'm sure; if only for my sake. For whatever I should do, if any thing was to happen you—but I won't think of it; no, I can't bear to think of *that*. Still you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

Wasn't dear mother so happy with us, to night? Now, you needn't go to sleep, so suddenly. I say, wasn't she so happy? You don't know? How can you say you don't know? You must have seen it. But she is always happier here than anywhere else. Ha! what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a temper of satin; it is so smooth, so easy, and so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, Caudle! I'm sure, if you'd been her own son ten times over, she couldn't be fonder of you. Don't you think so, Caudle? Eh, love? Now, do answer. How can you tell? Nonsense, Caudle, you must have seen it. I'm sure, nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you.

Don't you remember Thursday night, the stew'd oysters when you came home? That was all dear mother's doings! 'Margaret,' says she to me, 'it's a cold night; and don't you think dear Mr. Caudle would like something nice before he goes to bed?' And that, Caudle, is how the oysters came about. Now, don't sleep, Caudle; do listen to me, for five minutes; 'tisn't often I speak, goodness knows.

And then what a fuss she makes when you're out if you're slippers aren't put to the fire for you. She's very good! Yes—I know she is, Caudle. And hasn't she been six months—though I promised her not to tell you—six months, working a watch pocket for you? And with *her* eyes, dear soul—and at *her* time of life!

And then what a cook she is! I'm sure, the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her; but I'm not ashamed to own it Caudle, she quite beats me. Ha! the many nice little things she'd slumber up for you—and I can't do it; the children, you know it, Caudle, take so much of my time. I can't do it, love; and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now, you shan't go to sleep, Caudle; at least, not for five minutes.—You must hear me.

I've been thinking, dearest—ha! that nasty cough, love!—I've been thinking, darling, if we could only persuade dear mother to come and live with us. Now, Caudle, you can't be asleep; it's impossible you were coughing only this moment—yes, to live with us. What a treasure we should have in her! Then Caudle, you need never go to bed without something nice and hot. And you want it, Caudle. You don't want it? Nonsense, you do, for you're not strong. Caudle, you know you're not.

I'm sure, the money she'd save us in housekeeping. Ha! what an eye she has for a joint! The butcher doesn't walk that could deceive dear mother. And then again for poultry! What a finger and thumb she has for a chicken! I never could market like her; it's a gift—quite a gift.

And then you recollect her narrow puddings? You don't recollect 'em? Oh, fie! Caudle, how often have you said that long narrow puddings in my face, wanting to know why I could not make 'em? And I would not pretend to do it after dear mother. I should think it presumptuous. Now, love, if she was only living with us—come, you're not asleep, Caudle—if she was only living with us, you could have narrow puddings every day. Now, don't fling yourself about and begin to swear at narrow puddings. I know you'll have your own way.

What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pie crust! But it's born with some people. What do you say? Why wasn't it born with me? Now, Caudle, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I would not have uttered such a reproach to you for the world. People can't be born as they like.

How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home? And I never could learn anything about brewing. But, ha! what ale dear mother makes! You never tasted it? No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home; father never would drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. You dare say not? No; it wasn't indeed, Caudle. Then if dear mother was staying some cheering words to them at parting, as if they were the mourners and she the comforter.—And truly she needed a comforter in her turn; for by the time she reached her home again, she was like the bough that has scattered its last leaf upon the merciless wind. But the Comforter was near—the promised Comforter, and darkness was turned into light at his presence.

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Long after this consummation, Alice came into the field and found him weeping bitterly; his cheeks flushed and swollen, and his bright eyes glimmering through tears, which burst forth afresh at the sight of her who had been the cause of his grievance.

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THE GREAT TELESCOPE OF THE EARL OF ROSSE.

Marvellous rumours are afloat respecting the astronomical discoveries made by Lord Rosse's Monster Telescope. It is said that Regulus, instead of being a sphere is ascertainained to be a disc; and, stranger still, that the belt of Orion is a universal system—a sun with planets moving round it, as the earth and her fellow orbs move round our glorious luminary.

The following is a description of this instrument: The diameter of the large speculum is six feet, its thickness 5½ inches, its weight 3¾ tons, and its composition 126 parts of copper to 57½ parts of tin; its focal length is 54 feet—the tube is of deal; its lower part, that in which the speculum is placed, is a cube of eight feet; the circular part of the tube is, at its centre, 7½ feet diameter, and at its extremities, 6½ feet. The telescope lies between 2 stone walls, about 71 feet from north to south, about 50 feet high, and about 23 feet asunder. These walls are nearly as possible parallel with the meridian.

In the interior face of the eastern wall, a very strong iron arc, of about 43 feet radius, is firmly fixed, provided, however, with adjustments, whereby its surface facing the telescope is set very acurately in the plane of the meredian—a matter of great importance, seeing that by the contract of it by rollers attached to one extremity of a quadrangular bar, which slides through a metal box fixed to the under part of the telescope tube, a few feet from the object end of the latter, whilst its other extremity remains free, the position of the telescope in the meridian is secured, or any deviation from it easily determined, for on these bars lines are drawn, the interval between any adjoining two of which corresponds to one minute of time at the equator. The tube and speculum including the bed on which it rests, weigh about 15 tons.

The telescope rests on a universal joint, placed on masonry about six feet below the ground, and is elevated or depressed by a chain and windless; and although it weighs about 15 tons, the instrument is raised by two men with greatest facility.—Of course it is counterpoised in every direction.

At present, it can only be used between 14 degrees of southern altitude and the zenith; but, when completed, its range will embrace an arc between 10 degrees of altitude towards the south and 47 degrees north; so that all objects between the pole and 27 degrees south of the equator will be observable with it; whilst in the equator any object can be viewed with it about 40 minutes of time on either side of the meridian.

The observer when at work, stands in one of the four galleries, the three heights of which are drawn out from the western wall, whilst the fourth, or lowest, has for its base and elevating platform, along the horizontal surface of which the gallery slides from wall to wall by machinery within the observer's reach, but which a child may work.

When the telescope is about half an hour east of the meridian, the galleries hanging over the gap between the walls, present to a spectator below an appearance somewhat dangerous; yet the observer, with common prudence, is as safe as on the ground, and each of the galleries can be drawn from the wall to the telescope's side so readily, that the observer needs no one else to move it for him.

The telescope lying at its least altitude can be raised to its zenith by the two men at the windless in six minutes; and so manageable is the enormous mass, that, give me the right ascension and declination of any celestial object between these points, and I will have the object in the field of the telescope within eight minutes from the first attempt to raise it.

When the observer has found the object, he must at present follow it by clockwork within its reach, and at no very distant day clockwork will be connected with it, when the observer, if I mistake not, will, whilst observing, be almost as comfortable as if he were reading at his desk by his own fireside.

Sir James South, the astronomer royal, has published a very interesting account of this splendid and unrivalled instrument in the *Times*, from which we copy the following particulars of the appearance of several of the heavenly bodies, as seen through it. He says:—

"The night of the 5th of March was, I think, the finest I ever saw in Ireland. Many nebulæ were observed by Lord Rosse, Dr. Robinson, and myself. Most of them were for the first time since their creation, seen by its groups or clusters of stars, whilst some at least to my eyes, showed no such resolution. Never, however, in my life, did I see such glorious sidereal pictures as this instrument afforded us. Most the nebulæ we saw I certainly have observed with my own large achromatic; but altho' that instrument, as far as relates to magnifying power, is probably inferior to no one in existence, yet to compare these nebulæ, as seen with it and the six-feet telescope, is like comparing, as seen with the naked eye, the dinginess of the planet Saturn to the brilliancy of Venus.

"The most popularly known nebulæ in the Canes Venatici, or the fifty-first of Messier's catalogue, which was resolved into a cluster of stars, verifying power of 548; and the 94th of Messier, which is in the same constellation, and which was resolved into a large globular cluster of stars, not much unlike the well known cluster in Hercules, called also the thirteenth Messier.

"Although, however, the power of this telescope, in resolving nebulæ into stars hitherto considered irresolvable, was extremely gratifying, still it was in my mind little more than I had anticipated; for experience has long since told me, that a telescope may show nebulæ, even those resolving by it, very well; whilst, when directed to a brighter star, with a very moderate magnifying power, its imperfection will be totally offensive. During Sir W. Herschel's lifetime, with the twenty feet reflector, at Slough, I saw, amongst others, three Messier's, Messier, thirteen Messier, ninety two Messier, the annular nebula of Lyra, and the great nebula of Andromeda. No telescope of its size probably ever showed them better; yet, on the same night, the same instrument, when directed to a (Alpha) Lyræ (star of the first magnitude), broke down under a power of about 200.

"Perfection of figure, then, of a telescope must be tested, not by nebulæ, but by its performance of a star of the first magnitude. If it will, under high power, show the star round and free from optical appendages, we may safely enough take it for granted, if it will not only show nebulæ well, but any other celestial object as it ought. When about to buy my large object glass at Paris, in 1829, I directed it to Aldebaran, viewed it in the telescope, certainly not one minute, and paid for it the next, without any one of the astronars of Paris then present, and by my side, imagining I had even had the telescope in the star, much less that I had purchased it in consequence. Regulus on the 11th being near the meridian, I placed the six feet telescope on it, and with the entire aperture and a magnifying power of 800 I saw, with inexpressible delight, the star free from wings, or optical appendages: not indeed like a planetary disc, as in my large achromatic, but as a round image resembling a colour light between chart points; and so little shaken that I could really image that I could have measured its distance from, and position with, any of the stars in the field with a spider's line micrometer, and a power of 1,000 without the slightest difficulty; for not only was the large star round, but the telescope, although in the open air, and the wind blowing rather fresh was as steady as a rock.

"On subsequent nights, observations of other nebulæ, amounting to some thirty, or more, removed most of them from the list of nebulæ, where they had long figured, to that of clusters; while some of these latter, but more especially five Messier, exhibited a sidereal picture in the telegraph such as man before had never seen, and which from its magnificence baffles all description.

"Several double stars were seen with various apertures of the telescope, and with power of 360 and 800: and, as the earl had told us before we should,—before the speculum was inserted in the tube,—in consequence of his having been obliged to quit the superintendance of the polishing a the most critical part of the process, namely, the grooving of about six inches broad, reckoning from the circumference of the speculum, was not perfectly polished; and to that the little irradiation seen about Regulus was unquestionably referable.

"The only double stars of the first class which the weather permitted us to examine with it were (Xi) Ursæ Majoris, and (Gamma) Virginis; these I could have measured with the greatest confidence; whether, however, it would have separated some of the closest or of the most difficult double stars I cannot say.

"D'Arrest's comet we observed on the 12th of March, with a power of 400; but nothing worthy of notice was detected.

"Of the moon a few words must suffice. Its appearance in my large achromatic, of 12 inches aperture is known to hundreds of your readers; let them then imagine that with it they look *at* the moon, whilst with Lord Rosse's six feet they look *into* it, and they will not form a very erroneous opinion of the performance of the Leviathan."

A ROYAL REVEILLE.—It is stated by the French papers that the slumbers of the Citizen King, Louis Philippe, were disturbed on the morning of the first January last, by a complimentary salute beaten by *fifteen hundred drummers;* all the drummers of the regular regiments forming the garrison of Paris, together with those of the National Guard of the different *arrondissements* of the city, and the Barlieu being in attendance on the occasion.—Fancy the noise! a whole battalion and a half of drummers row-dow-dowing at once! it was enough to have roused the spirit of the great Napoleon from his slumbers from beneath the Dome of the Invades. The tattoo is beaten every night in Paris by fifty drummers at the quarters of the *Etat Major* in the Place Vendome.—The beating of the French drummers is excessively monotonous being unaccompanied by the fife, as is the practice in the British service.

THE EXPERIMENTAL SQUADRON OF LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS.—We announced towards of a week since that this squadron would rendevouz at Portsmouth preparatory to their proceeding on a trial cruip. We believe we may state with perfect confidence that her most gracious Majesty will personally inspect this magnificent fleet at Spithead. Since her Majesty's accession to the throne there has not been such an assemblage of ships at one time at any of the English ports, and whatever their relative qualities may prove to be, there can be no doubt that a more efficient and splendid specimen of the British navy could not be produced. We certainly cannot pass this opportunity without giving credit to the Lords of the Admiralty for the admirable and efficient manner in which they have caused this fleet to be equipped. Every suggestion likely to lead to improvement has been carried out to such an extent as the judgment of their Lordships considered expedient, not only in reference to the masting, rigging, storing, and arming of these ships, but also to their internal arrangements and fittings for the comfort and accommodation of the officers and crew.

OPPOSITION TO THE MAYNOOTH BILL.—The opposition to this measure is gaining strength every day, and will certainly not be lessened by the speeches of Lord John Russell and Sir R. Peel on Friday night, or by the decision on the second reading.

On Monday a numerous body of the merchants and traders of the City was held, and a petition against the bill was agreed to. The same evening an "aggregate meeting" of Protestants was held for the same purpose in Covent garden Theatre.—No less than 6000 persons were present; and the utmost unanimity prevailed.

We have before us accounts of meetings in Bristol, Cambridge, Liverpool, Manchester, Coventry, Leeds, and other towns, at which petitions against the grant were resolved upon; and we have been informed by a gentleman of high respectability at Bradford, that it is almost impossible to conceive the surprise with which all parties received the announcement of the details of the bill now before parliament. The unanimity among all classes to oppose the measure was as instantaneous and complete as the most ardent opponent of the measure could have wished; and as a proof of it we may mention the fact, that a deputation, consisting of the Vicar of Bradford, a Wesleyan minister, and an Independent minister, were sent off immediately to London to oppose the measure, if necessary, with the Central Committee in their efforts to defeat the measure. From various other parts of the country deputations have arrived in London for the same purpose, and personally to represent to the members of the House of Commons the feelings of their constituents, and to their determination not to give their support in future to any who shall record his vote in favor of Sir R. Peel's bill.

In London the meetings during the week have been very numerous, and as an additional proof that the crisis is felt to be one of common danger, we may mention that at a meeting on Tuesday, at Surry Chapel, in Blackfriars Road, the scene of the labours of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, there were, among those who spoke in opposition to the measure, a clergyman of the Scotch (the Non-Intrusion Church,) the Rev. C. Prest (a Wesleyan) Dr. Archer (of the Scotch Secession Church), the Vicar of Bradford, and Capt. Vernon Harcourt, son of the Archbishop of York. At this meeting, which was attended by at least 2000 people, perfect unanimity prevailed while the remarks made on the manner in which the petitions of the people were treated by some of the most prominent members of the House of Commons clearly proved that the result of a general election, come when it may, will exhibit a change in the composition of that house as great as has been experienced for many years.

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE.—The occasional levity with which the House of Commons has relieved the dullness of the late protracted debate approached a climax on Friday evening during the temporary absence of the Speaker, who usually retires for a few minutes on a long night, to partake of some refreshment. Just before Mr. Law concluded his speech, two oranges were brought in, and placed on the bench behind him. When he resumed his seat Lord Arthur Lennox took one of the oranges, and carrying it across the floor presented it to Mr. T. Duncombe, who was in possession of the house, and preparing to deliver his harangue. The act was itself sufficient to create a hearty laugh during a vacant minute or two; but the most boisterous mirth broke forth when Mr. Duncombe was seen vehemently to squeeze and suck the orange, and immediately afterwards pitch it across the table to Sir J. Graham who caught it with the dexterity of a cricket 'scout' and held it up, amidst roars of laughter, with a doubtful air, as if he were asking himself should he send it back again. But Mr. Duncombe made a gesture as if he would have the right hon. Secretary to return it to its original owner. Sir J. Graham, however, after a slight pause, and a benignant smile upon the hon member for Finsbury, deposited the squeezed orange beneath his seat.—*Times.*

☞ Blanks, Handbills, and Job Printing of all kinds, executed at the Chronicle Office at lowest prices.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, MAY 30, 1845.

A complete dearth of news prevails at the present time; but the second May steamer will doubtless arrive before our next publication, when a general summary of all that is new and interesting will be given. A disposal will likely have been made of that all-absorbing topic, the Maynooth question.

In addition to the lengthy list of arrivals given in our last, about 30 square rigged vessels have come into port during the week, many having emigrants on board. Up to the present time, nearly 3000 emigrants have arrived, a large proportion of whom have already left for the United States.

NEW PAPER.—A new weekly Paper, called the *Colonial Advocate*, was received at our office on Monday last. It is edited by John Gillies, Esq., and printed every Monday at the Temperance Telegraph office, by Christopher Smiler. It is printed on new type, and, judging from the first number, no pains will be spared to make it a useful journal.

FIRE IN PORTLAND.—The extensive steam Saw Mill, owned by James Kirk, Esq. and erected last year on the Long Wharf, Portland, was totally consumed by fire early on the morning of Sunday last. The fire is supposed to have originated about the furnace, and so rapid was its progress that all attempts to stop it were ineffectual. Owing to the speedy arrival of two of the City engines, with those of the Military, and that of John Pollock, Esq. in Portland, (and it fortunately being high water at the time,) the fire was prevented communicating to the immense piles of Deals and the Vessels in the neighbourhood ---We understand the Mills were insured for £3000, and that Mr. Kirk will proceed to their re-erection with the greatest possible dispatch.

An accident of a painful nature occurred at the ruins of these mills on Wednesday last, to several persons who were at work clearing up the rubbish. Four men were buried beneath some fallen brick work, three of whom were rescued from their peril, but the fourth, James Flannigan, was crushed to death.

AMUSEMENT.—A novel entertainment will be given this evening at the Mechanics' Institute, by Miss St. Clair, and repeated on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in next week. —*See Advertisement.*

NEW VESSEL.—A fine new Brig of about 210 tons, called the "*Lock Ivver*," was towed into this harbour on Monday last. She was built at Quaco, by Mr. McLean, for Mr. James Adams, of this city, and is a beautiful and substantial built vessel.

The Woodstock *Telegraph* states that a report has reached that place that a Pedlar of the name of Mc. Geire, was robbed and murdered near the River DeLoup, about a fortnight ago, by a Frenchman, at whose house the unfortunate individual put up for the night. The murderer had not been taken.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

FREDERICTON, 26th May, 1845.

HIS Excellency the Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief has been pleased to appoint Lieutenant Colonel B. L. Peters to be Lieutenant Colonel Commandant of the Saint John City Militia, comprising the following Battalions, viz:—

1st Battalion City Light Infantry;
Saint John City Rifle Battalion; and
Saint John Sea Fencible Battalion.

Also—Major George D. Robinson to be Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st city Light Infantry, vice Peters, promoted. Commission dated the 25th day of August, 1842.

Captain E. L. Jarvis to be 1st Major, vice Robinson, promoted, 26th May, 1845.

Captain Charles Drury to be 2nd Major, 27th May, 1845.

By Command. GEO. SHORE, *A. G. M.*

ST. JOHN'S, N. F. May 3.—DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On yesterday week (25th of April) at about 3 P. M., a boat loaded with Seals and Lumber, sailed from the harbour of Trinity for St. John's, having on board the Skipper, his son, and Denis Cashman, being the crew, and, as Passengers, Mr. Cashman, Mr. John Pilgrim, Mr. Henry Burrell, constable of Trinity, and a young man his son, together with a poor fellow of the name of John Hill, who, being insane, was being sent to our Hospital under charge of the constable.

All our readers will remember the fearful gale of Friday night.—It struck the fatal boat with all its fury at about 9 P. M. It was from the North, and so high ran the sea in a short time that the frail boat was obliged to send under bare poles, steering direct for Saint John's. About midnight they had reached to about a league to the southward of Cape St. Francis, when they fell into a *string of ice*; so fierce, however, was the gale, that they could not succeed in coasting around it, but were driven madly into it, and in a few minutes afterwards she struck a pan of ice, and almost immediately foundered, engulphing the Master, the master's son, Mr. Pilgrim, the Constable, and his son, and the unhappy Maniac, making in all a loss of six individuals, but fried in an instant to Eternity. As for Mr. Shore and Denis Cashman, they succeeded in getting upon a pan of ice, where they remained from 12 o'clock on Friday night until 7 A. M., on last Monday. On Sunday towards night fall, the *Orion*, Captain Murphy, owned by the Captain and Mr. Moores of Bay Verd, fell it with them, but owing to the badness of the ice, and the morning dark, ness they were obliged, that night, to give up all idea of assisting them, although every effort had been made to reach them, but notwithstanding his failure Captain Murphy was determined not to be defeated in his benevolent intentions, and lay by the ice until daylight, when he had all his crew renewed their efforts, and as we said above, at about 7 o'clock on Monday morning, they were released from their perilous position and brought on board the *Orion*, where everything that humanity could suggest and the means at their disposal supply, were promptly put in requisition by every one on board to assuage their suffering. Indeed the forethought of Captain Murphy, in keeping a light all Sunday night at his masthead, had gone far to revive them, for they felt that Heaven had sent them aid, and that there was no danger of their being abandoned.

MONSTER GUN.—The huge gun, intended for the U. S. steamer Princeton is nearly completed, and has become an object of considerable curiosity in Liverpool, as the largest cannon ever made. The gun was manufactured in the solid by Mr. Horsfall, at the "Mersey Steel and Iron Works." It was in the rough nearly 14 feet long and about 30 inches in diameter at the thickest end. A round shaft of 7 inches was first formed, and round this as a foundation, were successively laminated wedges of iron placed longitudinally, on edge, and reversed in position so as to fit. These, placed around the original spindle, were brought to a white heat, and securely welded by a hammer, eight tons in weight, worked by steam. Another layer, in like manner, was added over the former, and so on until the whole was of the requisite thickness throughout. It was then sent to the foundry of Messrs. Fawcett & co., weighing 11 tons 3 cwt. 2 qrs. 11 lbs. The turning and boring occupied about three months. The length of the cannon now that it is finished, is 12 feet and the bore 12 feet in length and 12 inches in diameter. In boring, the first drill introduced was seven inches in diameter; and about a foot from it, a ten inch boring head followed on the same shaft, making a bore of ten inches at once. An 11¾ inch drill was next used, and finally one of 12 inches. The gun, finally adjusted in the lathe was turned, the borers being stationary. The finishing operation with the 12 inch drill took three successive days and nights. The bore is as fine and smooth as that of a first-rate fowling piece; and the exterior of the gun is equally bright and even.

The balls which this gun will carry will each be 11¾ inches in diameter, a quarter of an inch being left for windbore, and each will weig