[illegible] for him which his cold bearing and kindness in time of danger, had inspired; and if it did not amount to respect, it was only that the temper of his captain would sometimes lead him to acts of sudden violence, and this is what aroused that feeling in the generous mind of the young mariner.

Each had been struck by the appearance of Maria, but the captain did not perceive that it was to his mate that her eye was constantly directed, when the interesting matters on which they conversed, the land to which they were bound, unusually rivetted her attention. Nothing passed between her and Henry Mordaunt that could be observed by the other; but when he shook hands with Maria, on leaving the house, there was that secret feeling between them which evinced that each had seen enough of the other to wish for a less restrained meeting—that early fervent feeling of unfainted youth, which, ripening with years, will prove to be the nearest port to heaven in which man can cast his anchor here.

There was a warmth, too, in the manner of the captain, but it was returned only with that courtesy which she felt to be due to him as her father's guest.

The visit to the Ferry-house was frequently renewed; but Henry often stole there, unknown to his captain; and when he was supposed to be at a friend's house in Dartmouth, Maria saw he were taking many a delightful walk along the cliffs, scarcely noticed by any one.

The Old Castle of Gamerock was a favorite haunt of the young lovers; because there amid the wild woods that surround it they could plight their mutual faith, unrestrained by the prying eye of curiosity.

The feelings of the Captain for Maria had not diminished; yet they had not carried him beyond a market attention when he was at her father's house; which she always received with a frankness, which by some might be thought unlike to him in her situation. But she had been made aware of his temper; and if she dared to rouse it, who could blame her? She hoped, indeed, that nothing would be said by him about her; and that when he should leave the port he would forget her as he had many a one before.

As the ship's cargo was again being put on board, and the time of her departure drew near, his visits to her father were more frequent, and his attentions to Maria more decided; at length the vessel was declared fit for sea, and the pilot dropped her down into the Bight, to be ready to sail with the early morning tide which would turn about four.

The moon was near the full, the evening beautifully serene, the captain had gone on shore to settle his accounts, and take his last dinner with the agent, who had invited a few friends to drink success to the voyage.

All was ready on board, when Henry availing himself of the opportunity landed at Kingswear for the last time. Maria had anxiously expected him, and a few minutes brought them to their favourite haunt. They wandered about unconscious of time, until at last they found themselves seated on the walls of the little Castle, close to the water; for there under the shadow of the cliff, they could freely speak of all their future hopes and pledge their mutual vows of constancy.

Henry had just taken from his bosom a locket with his mother's hair, which she had given him when he first left her for England, and which he prized as his own life; and with a feeling which those who have not experienced can little understand, had hung it on Maria's neck, charging her to look on it daily as the dearest token of his affection, the sole remains to him of a most kind and valued mother, when they were suddenly startled by the hoarse and angry voice of the captain—

"I have found you at last!" he exclaimed; "and with Maria!"

Inflamed with fury, he collected all his strength and struck the mate a blow which felled him to the ground, Maria shrieked, and, whilst the captain bent over his victim, she escaped far enough up the path to be unperceived by him, while she watched with wild anxiety, the scene which was to follow. She thought she saw the captain lift Henry up and place him on the spot where he had been before seated. She heard a low voice, but from whom it came she could not tell; the horror of what she had witnessed kept her rivetted to the spot where she stood; but when she saw the captain turn suddenly round, as if to seek her, she fled precipitately from the spot, and, entering the house, reached her room, she knew not how.

Her father had not noticed her return, and, throwing herself on her bed, she swooned away. Recovering from her faintness, she burst into a violent flood of tears, which so far relieved her mind as to recall her wandering thoughts. Her first impulse was to go to the door, and watch for those she had left at the castle; for the ship's boat was at the Ferry slip, and some of her crew were seated in the kitchen in deep conversation with her father. All was still as death without. Maria's anxiety was too great to allow her to remain at the door; she stole unconsciously up the steps, and wandered on towards the castle; but had only proceeded a short distance, when she heard a footstep. She listened attentively. It was approaching, but it was that of a single person; and before she could decide what course to take, the captain had seized her hand.

"Dearest Maria!" he said, into what a state of mind have you unconsciously brought me! I loved you, and I believed that I was not indifferent to you. I saw you smile upon my mate but I did not regard it. The event of to-night has opened my eyes to the truth. He is faint from the blow which in my drunken fury, I struck him; and I have left him on the seat where I found you. My boat is at the slip. I will pull directly to the place, and carry him off to the ship; and to-morrow, before we sail, if it be too early to come on shore, he shall write to you by the pilot. Farewell, dear Maria!" he added, "do not go there; as my man will meet you; but wait upon the cliff and you will see me perform my promise. Farewell!" he repeated, but it was in a voice which was not natural to him; and when she recovered from the wild feelings which this unexpected conversation had created, a chill came over her, for which she could not account.

"The captain's manner," she said to herself, "is so changed, and there was a sort of trembling motion, in his hand when he took leave of me."

She was still absorbed in these thoughts when she heard the oars of the captain's boat, and soon saw her to go out of the slip. In a few minutes she was on her way to the Castle; and with streaming eyes poor Maria watched every movement that she fancied was taking place on the spot where she had left her lover. In her anxiety she fancied that the boat was a much longer time there than could be necessary for taking him on board, and a thousand conjectures crossed her mind; but they fled as fast as they came. At last she saw the boat moving towards the ship, which was too close under the opposite shore to allow Maria to see who went on board. She could only hope all was right; and that the morning would bring her a letter, if Henry could not come himself.

Exhausted with the various scenes through which she had passed, she at length tore herself from the spot, and retired hastily to bed, but not to sleep. She started from her pillow but found it a delusion. Again she tried to sleep, and the dying man appeared, more plainly than before. He spoke—blessed her—and bade her adieu, for ever. She sprung from her bed, but ere she reached the floor, she fainted; and when she again came to herself, the visions which had appeared to her in the night were so stamped upon her fevered brain, that she could scarcely doubt of their reality.

"This state of suspense," she said to herself, "is too dreadful; I will go to the cliff; I can gaze on his vessel; I may see him, perhaps coming to me."

Full of these thoughts, she hastily dressed herself, and reached the spot from whence she had watched the boat on the preceding night.

Morning had begun to dawn, and there was light enough to shew her that the ship was gone.

"I will follow it," she said. "I may see her again before she clears the land."

The thought gave her strength, and she ran along the cliffs, until she could see the Start Point.

The sun had risen up far above the horizon and cast its beams so brightly across the bay, that the ship was clearly visible, though it had proceeded many miles upon its voyage.

"What can this mean?" she thought. "He was to come to me, or to have sent me a letter by the pilot. But there has been no boat from the vessel; for I should have heard the oars if I could not have seen it." Again the visions of the night, mixed with the real scenes she had witnessed, rushed on her mind, and so oppressed her, that she unconsciously wandered back to the castle. She wished to descend to the fatal spot, from which in her alarm, she had so precipitately fled; yet a stronger feeling seemed to check the wish, and it was some time before she could compose herself sufficiently to undertake the task. Half frantic, she knew not why, she hurried trembling down the winding path that led to it anxious to discover, by the appearance of the ground where Henry had fallen, what had been the conclusion of the terrible scene of the preceding night, great was he horror on finding that the grass had been recently removed and hastily replaced; and that the earth which had been taken from beneath it lay scattered upon the rocks over which it had been cast into the sea. "It is clear then," she said, "that it was no a dream but a dreadful reality. I did see him and he did indeed bid me farewell—and for ever.

She fell senseless on the grave.

When she recovered her senses, she endeavoured to collect all her energy to leave the spot unperceived, and return home. At length she accomplished her object; and when her father asked her what had detained her so long, he turned away before she could attempt a reply; for his Maria was everything to him, and the tears which streamed down her cheeks confirmed his suspicions of her attachment, whilst they prevented any further inquiry into the real cause of her dejection.

Night after Night would poor Maria wander to the spot where her lover lay, and sit and watch by moonlight, the turf that covered his cold remains—clasping the locket to her bosom, or nursing it in tears, until her mind became half frantic; and when the paroxysm of grief was over so dreadful a gloom would fall on, that her father, alarmed at her wretched condition, tried by every means in his power, to divert her attention, and restore her to her former cheerfulness. It was to no purpose—all around appeared to her a perfect blank; she looked upon what was said to her, her wanderings were her only solace; these became more frequent, but her nightly sufferings were known to no one. Still she struggled against misery, and was always ready to do her duty in the house—to join her father at his meals, and watch over him with the most affectionate solicitude. In her more tranquil moments she felt that he was all that was left to her—the only living soul for whom she had any regard.

One morning she came not down at her usual hour. Her father alarmed hastened to her room. Her bonnet and cloak were gone—it was clear she had not slept there. "Gracious Heaven!" he said, "what can have happened?"

He hurried to the Castle as fast as his old and trembling limbs would carry him; but all was peace and solitude—he called loudly on his Maria; but no voice answered him.

Half frantic, he returned to his house. As he entered, he heard some pilots talking anxiously in the kitchen.

"I knew not what it was," said one; "but I swear I saw it spring from the rock, and disappear."

"And so did I," said another. "We were just passing between the Castles,—it was about eleven o'clock; the moon was up, and we were taking out the brig bound the Straits. I was at the helm, and I would swear it must have been the ghost of a woman. I never was so frightened; it disappeared so suddenly. The boy Hamilton was looking over the inboard gangway, and he saw it as well as I did."

"When did you see it?" exclaimed Blackaller, who by this time had reached the room. "Where did you see it? what was it like? speak, man!"

"It was like a tall woman," he replied; "it was on the rocks under the old Castle."

"It was my Maria! Her frenzied brain could no longer bear the weight of its misery, and she has—" but before he could finish his sentence, Blackaller had fallen lifeless on the ground.

His manly heart which had braved a thousand dangers, that lost the only tie that bound him to the world,—the beloved resemblance of her where life he had saved at the peril of his own, and who had forsaken kindred and friends to share the fate of the captain of the "Black Rover."

He could have led again his long-last gallant crew on the most desperate enterprise, and looked calmly on death in every shape; but the last strand of the cable by which his storm-worn bark was moored to life, had parted—his whole soul was bound up in that of his Maria.

Yet the mate's body lay not in the ruins of the Castle.

A seaman, in a wind-bound ship, about to sail, had breathed his last, and his captain (as was too often the custom, to save the expense of a funeral, and not yet cast the body into the sea) brought it to that spot, and buried it, soon after the mate had been carried on board his ship.

The varied scenes of that eventful night had detained the captain and crew of the Meridian till a late hour. A slight breeze from the land enabled the captain to leave the port without waiting for tide or pilot; and thus in the confusion and distress which his conscious mind now told him he had brought upon himself, he sailed without fulfilling his last promise to Maria. And if the kind forgiveness of the mate had not wrought an entire change in his fierce temper during their voyage, the sad tidings which awaited their return to England made him indeed an altered man. Henry Mordaunt was ever after to to him as an injured son; he was his only care through life; and if the captain's future conduct was a proof of a repentant mind, he died in peace.

The family of Blackaller has long ceased to exist in Kingswear. Some poor relations shared by will the little wealth old William had accumulated, which, if won in strife and blood, was well bestowed on those whom he had long assisted in their honest struggles against biting poverty. It was bestowed on condition—that he should be buried in the churchyard of his native place, beside his long last mother, without any stone to mark his grave.

## THE WAR.

### RUSSIAN RESOURCES.

(From the London Times, Nov. 22.)

The strong point of those in this country who denounce the war consists in a certain use of the word "Russians," not without its effect on weak and uninformed minds. The Russians, we are told, will never give in. The Russians will never never consent to any limitation of the maritime power. It is our of the question to think of beating the Russians in their own territory. The Russians are inexhaustible, and they have only to call in their hordes from the Asiatic provinces, and all Europe will be crushed by the very weight of the torrent. Then, the Russians are devoted to their Czar, and regard him both as the head of their religion and as destined to drive out the Turk and conquer the world. We have been told by an actual flesh and blood statesman in this country that it is vain to think of resisting the paramount destiny of the Russians. These are some of the shapes in which the bug bear has been bandished before our eyes and rattled in our ears; and that the artifice in not without success in some quarters appears from the manner in which people open their eyes when one ventures to intimate that the Russians are in process of extermination. However, that is the plain fact of the case. Doubtless, these "Russians,"—this terrible noun of multitude—are obstinate, and brave, and religious after a fashion, and devoted to their Czar, and determined to conquer the earth, and resolved to die before they will abate one iota of their pretensions, and rather clever fellows besides; but, meanwhile, the people who are so formidable, so implacable, and and the rest of it, are ceasing to exist. A man may be very terrible indeed, but when he is dead his terror dies with him, and the survivors are at rest. By and by all these awful qualities will be predicted of the Russians, but in the past tense, as they may be of the Huns, and of some other races that are no more to be found. Even a living Turk may better than a dead Russian. The greatest resolution, the most reckless courage, the largest scheme, the utmost confidence in their destiny, the profoundest contempt for all other for all other races, are qualities only formidable in proportion to the number of those who possess them, and if they were ever so formidable when possessed by a million fighting men, they cease to be so when the possessors are minished to a few thousand, or consist only of old men and children, invalids, cripples, and stunted town artizans. There is something very imposing indeed in great sound and fury. When a wild beast is roaring and lashing his tail, gnashing his teeth, and preparing for a deadly spring, he expands into the infinite and it is difficult to realise that in a few seconds he may be only lump of carrion, covered with a hearthrug or a winter cloak. Some Englishmen, who ought to have a little more sense in their heads are equally incapable of perceiving the hollowness of his talk about "the Russians" We have gone over the figures several times before, and therefore will only now repeat that the population of all the Russias is not greater that of France and the British Isles, and is nothing like so vast. Siberia, instead of supplying "hordes" is a drain upon Russia, and the Polish provinces must always lock up a great part of her army. Of the troops marched to the seat of war a very large proportion never reach their destination, and once there, few indeed ever return. Indeed, there is good ground for the calculation that the 64 000,000 of all Russia cannot send so great and so constant a supply of soldiers to the theatre of war as the 19,000,000 of France alone, not to speak of the British, Turks, and Sardinians. These estimates are now receiving the most authentic corroboration in the rapidity with which the Russian conscriptions succeed one another. Our correspondent at Vienna quotes the Augsburg *Gazette* a calculation of the levies raised within the last 20 months, which shows how rapidly the war is drawing upon the strength of the Russian empire. The levies were made in February, May, September, and December, 1854 and February, May, August, and October, of the present year, and they amount to 52 men per 1000 for the eastern half of the empire, and 64 men per 1000 in the western half. It is assumed that there are 250 in every 1000 of an age to bear arms and liable to conscription, but that only a third of them really capable. This gives 83 per 1000 as the whole fighting strength of the empire. If we deduct from this the 52 per 1000 already levied in the eastern provinces, and the 64 in the western, it follows that there only remain 30 per 1000 in the former and 20 per 1000 in the latter. Hence it is evident that if the war goes on for the next 10 months as it has for the last 20—that is, if Russia makes the same efforts with the same losses—she will literally have levied the whole of her fighting population, and will thenceforward have to carry on the war as best she can with her existing army. The only addition that can be made to this estimate comes within very definite rules. While war is making this havoc with the men from 17 to 45, the gap is but slowly filled up by those of a lower age. The pace of destruction sets at nought all the resources of nature, and even if Russian were to proscribe all the unnecessary arts and annul every exemption in order to augment the levies, the supply would still proceed at the slowest walking pace to overtake a galloping demand. There is no evading the force of these figures. All the fulsome stuff we we have had about the hordes of Russia and her inexhaustible resources is reduced to it proper level of stump oratory on the simplest calculation and on the confessions of the Imperial ukases. Whence indeed, are these hordes to come.

From Finland—an icy desert, fringed with a few fishing village and wandered over by few wretched hordes of cattle or reindeer? From the Baltic or western provinces? There Russia's best soldiers await in gloomy idleness the attacks of our Baltic fleet, the fickleness of the Prussian, and the inextinguishable hatred of the Pole. From the southern provinces—mercifully spared from levies, from their paucity of population and their sufferings by their war? From Siberia, the whole population of which does not equal that of Scotland, or even of this metropolis, and which has not contributed so many to the war? No. The inexhaustible resources of Russia are delusion. We have only to press on the war for a year or two, and the night mare will be found to be nothing more than a dream. Perhaps it will be said, these are very cold blooded calculations. But war is a matter of calculation. We are right to count the costs on both sides. Had we allowed Russia to proceed unmolested in her criminal enterprises last year, we should then have had "Holy Russia"—"inexhaustible Russia"—"devoted Russia" with her paramount destiny of conquest, her plausible villany, her exclusive addiction to arms, and her abominable hypocrisy, securely seated on both sides of the Bosphorus, and with her population of 64 000,000 suddenly grown into at least 80,000 000 by the absorption of the Turkish empire. There would then have been some sort of ground for the extravagant terms, in which British orators have worshipped the rising sun of barbarism. We should have reason to believe its destiny paramount. In a very short time the very same men would have told us that we had let the proper occasion pass by, and could not now repair the omission. Our present duty is a painful one, but it is forced upon us. It not without cost, or blood; nor is there any profit in it, excepting only the deliverance of Europe from a neighbour with a paramount destiny. It is better that we should have to fight the inexhaustible subjects of a conquering pontiff in the Crimea than on the Posphorus, or in Egypt or perhaps, nearer home. Our children will thank us for what we have done, though we have met with some abuse from our contemporaries, who think we might have left the Russians and the income tax alone for the present. Possibly they wished to see what would come of it. Charles Lamb on sending a dog to a friend, says—"If he bites your child, shoot the child and tie up the dog to see whether he is mad." We might, it seems to have left the Turk to his fate, and then waited to see what more the Russian would do. His subsequent career might or might not justify our forbearance. These are curious speculations, but in our humble opinion, they do not become a great nation, or a faithful ally. We had alternative but to step in to the rescue of Turkey, and every step she has taken since, every discovery, every event has satisfied us that it is our duty to continue the war till we can dictat terms to Russia. Were any argument wanting, it would be found in the language of her apologists, who do nothing but glorify her power, her virtues, her ability, her religion, her numbers—everything in fact, that is formidable and meaning to her neighbours. There is only one way of dealing with these conquering races, and we are not ashamed to point out, and by the evidence of figures that we have already made considerable progress.

### THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, Nov. 17.—The appointment of General Codrington to the supreme command of the British army, and the numerous changes made in the general staff, as well as in the organization of the forces, have naturally been the subject of much debate. The proposed formation of two army corps, under the command of General Markham and Sir Colin Campbell, the concentration of military arrangements in the hands of the new Chief of the Staff, and the apparent intention of making alterations in the well-worn military institutions of England, were naturally the subject of varied opinion and comment. That the British army should be divided into two parts, instead of six, changing the hierarchy of divisions was considered a step of serious moment and I believe objected to on more than one ground. It was evident that the Government invited comment on this measure by naming as chief under the new arrangement men who are not at present in the Crimea, and are unlikely to return to it for some time. This part of the new Government is, therefore in abeyance, whilst at the same time the names of Sir W. Bain, Eyre and Lord Rokeby are mentioned as those officers likely to have the command which Generals Markham and Campbell might be unwilling or unable to assume. In case of a vacancy thus arising in the Third Division, General Garrett, it is said, would take the lead therein, whilst General Barnard assumes the command of the Second. As Sir William J. Codrington assumed his new command three days ago at the time of General Simpson's departure, Lord William Paulet was instantly installed in his place in the Light Division. The General in-Chief issued short and pithy addresses to his old corps and to the army, on his abandonment of divisional and assumption of the chief command. General Wyndham has not yet entered on his new duties of Chief of the Staff; and Colonel Herbert will not be in orders, as successor to Gen. Airey, until to-night. In the midst of all these things changes the new brevet made its appearance yesterday, and gave general satisfaction, on account of the evident fairness that had presided over all the choice of names.

In the midst of the quietness of a Camp settling itself gradually down for a few months' repose a terrible incident cast a gloom over us on Thursday, the 15th instant. At three o'clock in the afternoon, as I was returning from the Heads of Careening Bay, and passing through the Light Division, the French siege train in the Inkerman Mill Ravine up with a terrible commotion. A vast perpendicular column of fire rose, as by magic three hundred feet into the air, with a roar that shook the ground. The smoke spread gradually from the summit of this column of flame, and, expanding into large round volumes, again emitted a grand roaring sound. Hundreds burst out of a hundred shells. The spectators outside the immediate focus of the explosion stood gazing in astonishment at the grandeur of the sight, when suddenly out of the mass of smoke and flame, appeared to issue a quantity of shells and rockets, which burst in every direction, filling the air with volumes of sound, dazzling the eye with the brilliancy of explosions, and making the boldest heart quail. The death shower lasted but a few minutes, but in this short space had sent upwards of 400 souls to their last account.

I was happily, by the gracious interposition of Providence, saved from imminent peril, as were many round me, who, like myself, panic stricken by the speed and terrible force of a visitation so unexpected, made violent but abortive attempts to run. Never did hope so speedily disappoint from the minds of men. The race here was not for the swift or the strong. It was in truth, but to remain passive. There was no cover, and the iron hail fell around, fatal to many, but strangely harmless to the mass. The Staff Officers and Generals of Divisions were speedy on the scene of disaster, General Codrington at their head, notwithstanding the imminent danger of explosion, partially renewed as the fire raged and gained ground. The explosion first occurred in the French siege train, where there was large depots of gunpowder and live shells. It communicated rapidly to the English artillery park, where fortunately there was no powder, and only rockets and Moorsom shells, the greater part of the latter out of range of the fire. The instant effect of the explosion was to kill or maim forty artillery men and 150 of our infantry regiments around; the huts and tents about the place were blown in; the English and French hospitals overthrown; the roof blown off the mill, at that moment filled with 300 tons of powder; and the Grenadier Guards, French and English thrown down.

The loss among our allies was greater and more severe, amounting in all to 250 men—many of these, as well as of the victims in our own ranks, having disappeared for ever. Mr. Yelland, Ordnance Commissary, was blown to death; whilst Lieutenant Roberts who had been with him, was severely scorched. Lieut. Dawson, R. A., suffered such injuries that his foot was shortly afterwards amputated. Doctor Best's artillery hospital fell in; not, however, before the men had time to crawl under the iron bedsteads. Numbers of men and horses were killed at great distances all round.

On Monday night the French sent a large party in scullers to the north side of Sebastopol, for the purpose of firing a large steamer there. Notwithstanding a strong musketry, the boarded the vessel, lighted a fire in her bows—which, unfortunately burnt too slowly for after the men retired the Russians came down and put it out.

We have had fine weather though cold.

### THE GREAT EXPLOSION.

The following is General Codrington's official account of the calamity:—

SEBASTOPOL.

"TO LORD PANMURE:—On the 15th instant, about 3 p. m., a terrific explosion shook the camp of the army, and spread heavy destruction in the immediate neighbourhood of its force; even here, at head quarters, two-and-half miles perhaps distant, it burst open and broke windows; all felt the power of it, and the high column of smoke, with shells bursting in the midst and around it, told too well the cause, and showed the danger of all within its reach.

"It was not long before we were on the spot; to the sudden burst had succeeded a continued and dark drift of smoke, which told its tale of continued fire and danger; constant bursting of shells was going on, and the ground was covered with bits of wood, musket balls and splinters of shells from the first heavy explosion, which had strewed the ground with destruction and killed and hurt very many people.

"One hundred thousands pounds of powder had exploded in the French siege train, set fire to all the stores there, and our neighboring English park, where all was merely burning, while the tendency of the light air at first threatened a second and as serious an accident from powder, not 80 yards off, for the roof of the building had been damaged and the doors blown in by the shock.

Some general officers had fallen in and marched part of their divisions down; others sent some in fatigue, some with stretchers for the wounded—all exerted themselves with the French with an energy and disregard of danger that was admirable. Blankets were taken to the exposed store, placed and wetted on the roof by water being passed up in buckets; the doors were covered with wet blankets and sand bags, and in a short time it was reported and looked safe, though the closeness of the fire and frequent explosions could not allow the feeling of security. Many detached, though small fires were burning, and the ground on both the English parks, a space of one hundred and duty yards across, was a mass of large fires, some of tents, some of huts, some of gun-cartridges, boxes, hand spikes and so on.

"Unfortunately light air had rather changed its direction, and by carrying up and dragging away things a sort of lane was at last formed, the fires cut off and gradually got under control, became confined to smaller though fiercer fires, but manageable.

"I saw every one working well, and I know that the French and English took live shells from the neighbourhood of danger to a more distant spot, and at a later period parties threw what earth the rocky soil could give upon the fires, and helped much to subdue them; all was safe about 7 p. m., and a strong guard and working party posted for the night.

"Daylight showed the damage of which I have given your lordship an account in another letter; but the more important and sad part is the loss of life and the wounded who have suffered.

"One officer and twenty non-commissioned officers and men wounded, with seven missing, show the sudden and fatal power of the shock, which not only destroyed in its immediate neighbourhood, but wounded by shell and splinters, some at a distance of three quarters of a mile.

"The loss of our allies is distressingly heavy.

"I have, &c.,

W. J. CODRINGTON,
General Commanding."

# The Chronicle.

**Saint John, N. B., Dec. 28, 1855.**

### PROTESTANTS AIDING THE POPISH BAZAAR.

We understand that at last Lord's day the Rev. William Ferrie, of St. David's Church, and subverted severely (but as became a minister of the truth of God) upon the conduct of the Protestants of Chipiery and neighborhood, who made presents to the Bazaar, or purchased articles sold in the Cathedral last week.

In noticing that the *first* Christians were "spoken against as evil doers," the Rev. Gentleman remarked, that the Christians of the present day owed their good reputation in the world very much to their treachery to Jesus or to their timidity. I observed, (still he, in language much like the following) that the Protestants were very highly commended yesterday in one of the public prints, for having gone and patronized the efforts made to get up in this place an idol temple, a place where a piece of bread after been burnt, may be devoured as the object of worship, or an object for men to bow themselves down before. Would any of us be well pleased if were we to point out the dreadful sinfulness of such proceedings, and denounce as we ought the conduct of those who encourage it? Ah, my friends, the compliments paid the Protestants for such proceedings are most galling irony. They are the compliments paid by the thief to the watch-dog, which, instead of endeavoring by its barking, to scare him away from his work of plunder, and to alarm the inmates of the house assailed, quietly lays itself down to sleep as he approaches and busies itself not with barking, but with chewing the sop that he has thrown at it. These compliments are the exclamations of men who have plainly noticed that all the Protestants of this City, ministers as well as people, are but dumb dogs, that cannot bark, and that consequently the schemes of the Papists will now go on unopposed. Will those Protestants who have thus aided in erecting a Cathedral in this City deserve any pity if by and by the Inquisition shall be introduced among us? Will they who have been giving the sinews of war to the enemy and strengthening his hands, and encouraging his heart, despite the testimony of history, the unchangeableness of his principles of action, to his horrid cruelty, be deserving of what pity they might otherwise have obtained, should the Inquisition by and bye number among its victims children of some of those who may be here of them? How should to testify against the Inquisition, and yet with open eyes to throw the weight of our approval, or give the aid of our substance to embolden and strengthen those who no doubt, long most ardently for the day of its introduction.—"This witness speaketh truth." It is sad indeed to think now the Papists have now got such a command not only of the public sympathy but of the press, that there is scarcely room for public testimony on the part of such ministers as might wish to sound the note of truly reasonable alarm. The next step of the enemy will be to get Protestants to attend mass, and bow themselves down before the host—then having acted as idolaters and departed from the living God, they will be readily found ripe for further downward progress. Much need have the Protestants to ascertain what in reality are their numbers, for it is to be feared the leaven of Popery has so pervaded their ranks that those who are truly on the Lords side are comparatively few. May the Lord Himself arouse the slumbers in Zion, yet may He in the midst of desired wrath remember mercy.

NOBLE DOGS.—We feel much pleasure in giving insertion to the following communication, which appeared in the *New Brunswicker* of Thursday last. It speaks for itself, and should have a universal publication:—

MR. EDITOR,—I observe that the illiberal, irreligious, green-eyed, double-headed monster of the *Morning News* cannot bear the idea that the people of Halifax should exercise their own judgment and liberality in erecting a monument to the memory of two of their gallant sons who fell at Sebastopol. Surely Mr. Fenety cannot for a moment allow himself to think that his scribblings will prevent the truly patriotic and liberal-minded sires and sons of sons of Nova Scotia from doing as they think proper with their own money. I trow not;—and that notwithstanding the insulting language made use of by the would-be leading editor of New-Brunswick, the people of Halifax will, if they have designed so to do, erect a monument that will be an eyesore and a lasting disgrace to Mr Fenety, the man that dishonored the dead. Mr. Editor, I remain yours, &c.

ALEXANDER COMMISSAR,
*A true Nova Scotian.*

And I subscribe a Five Pound Note towards erecting said Monument. A. G.

The first public examination of the School established in this city in February last, under the auspices of the Colonial Church and School Society, was held on Friday last, the 21st instant, at the school-house in Morris street. From the *Church Witness* we learn that the examination, which was conducted before R. Robertson, Esq., the President, and several members of the local committee, together with many lady-visitors, was highly satisfactory in the various branches of an English education, to which the schools is confined.

The semi-annual examination of the Madras Schools in this City, under the charge of Mr. R. Rhind and Miss Vickerry, took place on Thursday last. In the boys school there are 250 on the register, 184 of whom were present, and in the girls school there are 120 on the register, 90 of whom were present. The examination was very satisfactory, and a number of prizes were awarded.—*Courier.*

☞ We regret to learn that Mr. Nason, of Lancaster, lost all his stock of hay, cattle, &c., by fire on Friday evening last.

☞ QUICK VOYAGE.—The Packet Ship *John Barbour*, Captain Marshall, of Byrd & Wright's Line of Packet Ships, arrived in our harbor on Wednesday last, accomplishing the trip in twenty-five days. Her passage out was equally successful.

SHORTEST DAY.—The shortest day in the year is nine hours and four minutes in length. The sun rises on the 15th of December, and the length of the day will only vary a fraction of a minute in nine days from that time, increasing a single minute on the 27th, when the day is nine hours and five minutes in length.

☞ We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Page, Prince Wm. street, who has the largest assortment of TOYS for the "Little People" that has ever been exhibited in this Province.

A MOSSBUM.—In Mississippi, on the night of the 20th ult., Young C. Howard, residing near Benton, forcibly turned his wife out of his house, with a view of keeping her out all night in the cold—when she supposed his inhuman husband was asleep, she crept softly into the house, and laid herself down on a sheepskin before the fire. Howard was awake, however, and saw her enter; and after she had laid quietly down, he took a heavy maul and deliberately beat her brains out. Howard was apprehended next day and lodged in jail.

### Married.

At St. Mary's Bay, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. P. J. Filleul, Mr. John Moore, of Pittsburgh, to Mary Jane, second daughter of Mr. Christopher Specht. Also, by the same Mr. William Specht, to Minerva, youngest daughter of John McNeil, Esq.

At St. Marys, by the Rev. J. A. Smith, D. H. Bradshaw, to Sarah J., second daughter of Mr. William Vail.

At Harvey, Albert County, by Elder Levi H. Marshall, on the 6th inst., Mr. Simon P. Edgett, to Miss Alicia Fullerton of Germantown.

On the 6th inst., by the Rev. J. Davies, Mr. Robert Johnson, to Agnes, fourth daughter of Duncan A. Stewart, all of the Upper Falls, St. George.

On the 20th inst., by the Rev. William Ferrie, A. M. Mr. Edward McLean, of St. John, to Miss Hannah Wood, of the Parish of Simonds.

On the 25th inst., at the 12 Mile House, Lancaster, by the Rev. G. Bedell, Corporal James Robinson, of 76th Regt., to Miss Anna Hodgins.

On Thursday evening, the 20th inst., at St. George's Church, Carleton, by the Rev. F. Coster, Mr. Joseph S. Wetmore, of Carleton, to Charlotte M., youngest daughter of the late George F. Tilley, of Gagetown, N. B.

### Died.

Yesterday, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. John Brundage, for many years a resident of this City. Funeral to-morrow Saturday at 2 o'clock when friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

On Sunday last in Carleton, James White aged 20 years and 6 months.

On the 26th inst., Margaret, wife of William Small, Esq., aged 26 years.

At Eastport, Me., on the 13th inst., Ichabod T. Chamberlain, Esq., aged 68 years—leaving a wife and family to mourn their loss.

### Marine List.

PORT OF ST. JOHN—ARRIVED—

*Saturday*—Brig Acoff, Loudon, Digby—George Thomas, ballast.

Brigt. Bailey, Robinson, Savannah—G. Thomas pitch pine timber.

Schr. Ora, Anderson, Boston—Thomas McHenry, ballast.

*Sunday*—Bark Lima, Mann, Liverpool, 40—to order assorted cargo.

*Monday*—Packet ship John Barbour, Marshall, Liverpool, 25—J. & R. Reed, passengers and general cargo. She has only been 26 days on the voyage hence to Liverpool and back.


### TO LET

AND POSSESSION GIVEN, ON OR BEFORE THE 1st OF MAY NEXT,

THE Basement Story of that splendid Fire-proof Brick Building, owned and occupied by the Subscriber, and situated on the Eastern side of MILL STREET, suitable for any kind of business, beneath which is a spacious Cellar, 40 by 33 feet. The Shop is handsomely fitted with shelves and counters, and has been used as a business stand for many years past.

Dwelling Apartments in the same building can be had if required, and further particulars known on application to

D. SPILLANE.
(Freeman.)

TOYS! TOYS!

JUST received—The Subscriber now respectfully informs his customers and the public generally that he has just received a very large assortment of TOYS and FANCY GOODS, suitable for the coming season. Wholesale and Retail.

☞ Please call and examine. A. PAGE,
No. 165, Prince William Street.

Nov. 23.—1 m.

NOTICE.

JULIUS L. INCHES, of the City of Saint John, Dry Goods Merchant, therefore carrying on Trade and Business under the firm and style of *Gilchrist & Inches*, having by Deed of Assignment, transferred to us all his Estate and Effects, in Trust for the benefit of his Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the said Deed of Assignment lies at the office of Messrs. BLACK & VANNING, for inspection and signature. All Creditors not executing the said deed of Assignment within four calendar Months from the date hereof, will be excluded from any participation in the said Estate and Effects, as assigned as aforesaid. Dated 14th December, 1855.

WM. PARKS,
JOHN W. BEARD, } *Trustees.*

NEW FURS.

OPENED this day via Steamer *America*, direct from London:

LADIES' FURS, in Stone Martin, Fitch, and Sable;
Gents' FUR CAPS, in Otter, Beaver, and Seal, newest patterns;
With a large variety in Store, at the lowest prices.

LOCKHART & CO.
Dec. 14. 41, King-street.

DANDALION COFFEE.

*A Novelty! A Rarity!! A Luxury!!!*

THE virtues of DANDALION have long been held in high estimation, but the difficulty of obtaining it in all seasons of the year, has impeded the wishes of the public in extending and promoting its more general use.

The above preparation is therefore offered to the public with confidence, as possessing all the properties of the plant, and when used according to direction, it forms a most agreeable drink. It is also used to impose the flavour of Coffee and Cocoa. Sold in packets at 6d. 9d. and 8s. 6d. sterling, by PELLOWS & CO.,

July 20. Opposite lower end Market-street

BOWES & KENNEDY,

COPPER, TIN, and Sheet Iron Workers,

NO. 4, CROSS STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TIN AND ZINC WATER SPOUTS, STOVES, STOVE PIPE, & HARDWARE, ALWAYS ON HAND.

☞ All kinds of Jobbing and repairing in our line thankfully received and punctually attended to. (dim.)

August 24, 1855.

Window Glass.

Just received from New York—250 boxes Glass.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 30 boxes | 9x12 | 20 boxes | 9x15 |
| 20 " | 9x14 | 20 " | 10x15 |
| 15 " | 12x15 | 10 " | 11x14 |
| 10 " | 11x15 | 10 " | 11x17 |
| 15 " | 12x14 | 15 " | 12x15 |
| 10 " | 12x16 | 5 " | 12x20 |
| 5 " | 13x18 | 5 " | 14x18 |
| 5 " | 14x18 | 5 " | 14x20 |
| 5 " | 15x24 | | |

August 17. GEORGE NIXON.

BY THE "JOHN BARBOUR" FROM LIVERPOOL

BATH BRICK; Washing SODA;
Cottage INK; Ball BRIMSTONE;
Kegs of MUSTARD;
Kegs Yellow PAINT.

For sale at

JOHN KINNEAR'S,
23rd Sept. Prince Wm. Street.

COPAL VARNISH.—Best English and American—For Sale at

JOHN KINNEAR'S.
August 17. Prince Wm. Street