of saw-pieces, we had no alternative but to stop short, or to run foul of the steamer which had been designed to prevent disaster. He, of course, attempted the former expedient, but he had lost his chance by a hair's breadth. Before his mandate could be obeyed, and the steam backed, one turn of the paddle wheels drove our figure-head crashing through the side of the other boat, and almost threw us off our feet.

Great was the outcry; for nothing is effected on board a foreign craft without noise and vociferation. The river, the shoal, and the boats, injurer and injured alike, were freely made over to his Satanic majesty without the trammel of any legal formalities; and the courtesy was very efficiently and promptly returned by the crew of the other vessel. Ultimately, after great exertion we got clear, something like order was restored; and my friend Baptiste, who was evidently an individual of mark on board, resigned the helm to another of the crew, and went forward to ascertain the extent of the damage which we had ourselves sustained. The figure head had been carried away; and he strode over the bows of the boat to examine the evil in detail. Unfortunately, he was, according to custom, followed by his faithful favorite, who, on the disappearance of its master behind the bulwarks of the vessel, instantly sprang after him.—The man had found footing upon some projecting piece of timber, but the poor dog was less happy. The leap which it took to clear the side of the boat carried it beyond help, and it fell into the river.—We were in full career—steaming at that moment nine or ten knots an hour, for we had at length left all impediments behind us—and the consequence was inevitable. The next revolution of the wheel drew the wretched animal into the vortex; it was caught up—dropped from paddle to paddle, until it had made its miserable circuit—and then cast back, maimed, dislocated, and dying, amid the foaming and hissing waters!

The cry of "a man overboard!" at sea, must be thrilling—frightful. It has so chanced that it has never been my fate to hear it during my wanderings—earnestly do I hope that it never may; for the catastrophe of the poor helmsman's dog was to me sufficiently shocking. Never shall I forget it! The wretched Baptiste—for at that moment I am convinced that he was wretched—had staggered once more to the deck; and my own shriek was not more shrill nor more wild than that with which it was echoed by the desolate and heart wrung man beside me. I am persuaded, that the dog heard and recognised the voice to which it had so long been obedient, for ere it was lost to sight, I caught a last transient view of its dying eyes, and they were still following the vessel. Baptiste had sprung upon the raised platform of the tiller, and was still gazing eagerly in the direction of the quivering and agonised animal, when it disappeared; and then he covered his weather beaten face with his large hands, and wept!

He was now indeed alone ——. In the excitement of the moment I entreated the captain of the steamer to lay-to for a few minutes, to enable the poor helmsman to recover his lost treasure; but, with better judgment, he at once negatived my suit; alleging that not only would the bulk of the passengers object to such a detention, upon what they would consider as so trivial a pretext, but also that it could assuredly only tend to increase the grief of Baptiste were he to see the actual condition of his favorite.

"I am sorry for the poor man," he said, feelingly; "for he is an honest fellow and a good sailor, and that dog was not a common place dog to him. It was the only friend that he had in the world, and he did not seem to wish for another. However, what's done can't be recalled; and Bijou is dead by this time; or at least I hope so, for he scarcely can have a whole bone left in his skin.

I shuddered as he turned away. And this then was the termination of the innocent and faithful attachment in which the bereaved Baptiste had found a consolation for his cruel griefs. I did not venture for some time to speak to him. He had restrained the current of his tears, and resumed the helm; and he stood at his post with his long grizzled hair streaming in the wind, his lips tightly compressed, and his chest heaving: the very type of deep and worldless suffering.

At length we reached Rotterdam, and then, for the first time since the catastrophe, I approached the helmsman. "Baptiste," I said, "you have indeed sustained a heavy loss, but be comforted. The agony of your poor favorite must have been soon over." As I spoke, I saw the pale lips quiver, and the eye-lids assume a tremulous appearance, which convinced me that the pent-up grief of the poor fellow soon again have way, and I was glad of it. "I am well aware," I continued, "only too well aware that no other dog can ever replace poor Bijou; but still there would be companionship, even if not happiness, in a new favorite. Here is money—seek out a fresh friend; and endeavor to forget the trial of to-day."

The lips grew firm in an instant, the eyelids were motionless, and the expression of the look said as plainly as ever look spoke—*Et tu Brute!* I shrank before the implied reproach, but I persisted, and I did it in kindness.

"No, no, Madame;" he said at last in a thick husky voice, while the tears that would no longer be suppressed poured down his cheeks, as though his effort to speak had loosed them; "put up your gold. I did not expect this from *you*, for you knew all that he was to me. But the world are all alike. They attack every disease with the same remedy. Wife, children, friend, I have lost all over again, and you offer me money! Keep it, and if you are ever alone upon earth, in your turn, purchase with it, *if you can*, all that I have lost."

Poor Baptiste! This sorrow has made him bitter, but it was impossible not to forgive him. "I am rebuked, my friend," I replied deprecatingly. "Farewell! may this be your last grief!"

And so we parted. I to pursue my homeward journey, and the helmsman to brood over his bereavement.

A MORAL LESSON FOR CROAKERS.

There is a moral in the following anecdote which is peculiarly applicable at the present time:

"An eccentric lawyer, named Burgess, many years ago lived in a New England village, and became quite famous for his 'skeptical notions.' Attending a town meeting, after its adjournment he lingered among the groups of substantial farmer deacons who composed it, and listened to the prevailing conversation.—The bad weather, the fly, the rot, the drought and the wet, were duly discussed, when some one turned to Burgess, and asked, 'How comes on your garden?' 'I never plant anything,' replied Burgess, with a solemn face; 'I am afraid to put a potato in the ground.' 'It's no wonder,' groaned one of the most eminently pious persons present, 'it's no wonder, for a man who disbelieves in religion could not expect to have his labors blessed.' 'I am not afraid of failing in a reward for my work,' replied Burgess; 'but I am afraid that agricultural labor would make me profane. If I planted a single potato, what would be the result? Why I should get up in the morning, look about and growl—'It's going to rain, and it will ruin my potato;' then I should, in dry weather, say—'The drought will kill my potatoes;' then I should be unhappy because the 'rot' might destroy my potato: in fact, gentleman,' concluded Burgess, in a solemn manner, 'I should be afraid to do anything that would induce me constantly to distrust Providence.' The reproof was keenly felt by many present; and for months afterwards, the farmers, with a fear of Burgess before their eyes, talked of the blessings, rather than the evils, attending their daily labors.'

PAPAL BLASPHEMIES.—The Pope has addressed an encyclical letter to prelates of the Romish Church throughout the world, from which we extract the following choice *morceaux*:—"Unto all and each of the faithful of your diocesses, of either sex, who, within the space of three months, to be fixed by each of you, and to be computed having confessed their sins humbly and with a sincere detestation, having expiated them by sacramental absolution, shall have reverentially received the most holy sacrement of the Eucharist, and shall have devoutly visited either three churches pointed out by you, or three times at one of them, and shall have there, for some space of time, offered up their pious prayers to God according to our intention, that, for the exaltation and prosperity of our holy mother the Church, and of the apostolic see, for the extirpation of heresies, for the peace and unity of all Christian people, and shall, moreover, within the same interval of time, have fasted once, and given some alms to the poor, according to their devotion, we do concede and grant a plenary indulgence of all their sins, in the form of a jubilee, which indulgence may also be applied in the way of suffrage for the souls in purgatory."

And *in the first place*, and always let us invoke the Mother of God, the immaculate *Virgin Mary, thou* whom *there is no more fit or more powerful intercessor* with God, and who is the mother of grace and mercy; and let us next invoke the patronage of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and of the saints who reign with Christ in heaven."

THE CRIMEA.—The population of the peninsular of the Crimea, upon which the allied forces, we learn by telegraph, have just landed, it is said to be about two hundred thousand, and of various origin; it is said by the historians that, since Herodotus, the country was invaded or conquered by seventy different nations; this is believed to be the first attempt from the West of Europe. The Crimea was held by the Mongols in the nineteenth century; subjugated by the Turks in 1765, and ceded to Russia in 1783. It is affirmed that the Tartar inhabitants are disaffected to the present rule.

When a bank suspends in Australia, they take the president to a neighbouring tree and serve him in the same manner. A simple remedy but very efficacious.

Prosperity has often the same effect on a Christian, that a calm sea has on a Dutch mariner—who frequently, it is said, under such circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk and goes to sleep.

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., October 20, 1854.

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM THE BLACK SEA!

On Monday evening last a telegraphic despatch was received from New York, announcing the arrival of the Steamer *Baltic*, with the cheering intelligence that a great battle had been fought at the outworks of Sebastopol, and that the Russians were defeated, with the loss of 18 000 men killed and wounded, 22,000 prisoners, and 100 guns; while the loss of the allies was 10,000 killed—and that on the same day the allied fleet burnt and sunk ten Russian ships of war in the harbour; Menchikoff, it was stated, with the remnant of his army, retreated to some of the inner fortifications, and still held out.

On Wednesday evening English papers were received *via* New York, confirming previous news, and announcing the fact that Menchikoff and the troops under his command had surrendered prisoners of war, and that the British and French flags waved over the strongholds of the Crimea. Bessarabia, with the city of Odessa, was the next point of attack, and probably while we write it is in the hands of the allies. With the fall of Bessarabia Russia loses her last port in the Black Sea! This is a glorious termination of the war in the East. We subjoin the news as it arrived by telegraph:—

FROM LATE EUROPEAN PAPERS.

(Received by the Baltic.)

NEW YORK, OCT. 15.

The steamer Baltic, from Liverpool, October 4, 8 A.M., with four days later news, and 222 passengers, arrived here this afternoon.

THE WAR.

Eight hours after the Europa sailed, official news came of a great battle at Alma river in Crimea on the 20st. The allies stormed the Russian entrenchments, after four hours fighting. The Anglo French lost 2,800 killed and wounded, and the Russians 6,000.

There were great rejoicings throughout Great Britain and France.

An attack on Cronstadt is seriously menaced.

Another account says Fort Constantine was attacked no sea and land, and after an obstinate defence was carried by storm.

The allies then bombarded the city and the fleet.

Ten Russian ships of the line were burned and sunk.

The remaining forts were carried, and one after the other, the guns were silenced.

Twenty-two thousand prisoners were taken.

The Russian loss, in dead and disabled, is estimated at not less than 15,000 in Sebastopol.

Menchikoff retired to an inner position, determined to fire the town and blow up the remaining ships, unless the victors would grant him honorable capitulation.

The allies demanded his unconditional surrender, and, in the name of humanity, gave him six hours for consideration.

The latest despatch says that Menchikoff has surrendered, and the British and French flags now wave over Sebastopol.

The entrenched camp of the Russians on the heights of the Alma, contained 50,000 men, and numerous artillery and cavalry, and was carried at the point of the bayonet, after four hours fighting. No general officer of the British has been wounded.

Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan commanded in person.

French General Thomassen is thought to be fatally wounded. Gen. Canrobert was wounded in the shoulder.

The second engagement on the Plains of Kalantai lasted several hours—was very sanguinary and ended in the total defeat of the Russians, who were pursued to their entrenchments before Sebastopol.

The latest despatches state that the Garrison of Sebastopol were offered free withdrawal, but surrendered as prisoners of war.

Napier was before Revel on the 23d.

Advices from Bucharest to Sept. 14, again assert that there were 30,000 Russians in the Dobrudschia and that General Luders was constantly receiving reinforcements.

Omar is only waiting St. Arnaud's orders to attack Bessarabia.

All the arrangements in the Turkish army indicate the intention of a winter campaign.

The Russians are concentrated in the neighborhood of Ismael.

Details of the Sebastopol news was not expected by the British government before the 5th instant.

The Turks were hastening through Bulgaria by forced marches, for the sea coast.

The Austrian Ambassador at Paris, called on M. Drouyn de L'Huys, to express the satisfaction of his government at the success of the allied armies.

The St. Petersburgh Journal publishes a decree granting the export of corn to Austria.

The Paris correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, says it is rumored that a joint note has been sent by England and France, to the cabinet at Washington, requesting an explanation of engagements entered into between the U. S. and Russia, and especially with respect to the nature and conditions of an acquisition, to be made by the U. S., of Russian Possessions in North America.

From Paris it is stated confidently that General Vien had demonstrated to the Emperor the practicability of taking Cronstadt, this season, and the attempt will be immediately made.

Six Russian ships escaped from Sebastopol.

One French and three Russian generals have arrived at Constantinople wounded.

A private letter from Liverpool announces the failure, for a very heavy amount, of Edw. Oliver, shipowner.

There is a doubtful statement that Prince Napoleon had two horses shot under him.

THE VERY LATEST.

LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 4.

Disturbances had broken out at Borgos, Spain.

Nothing further as to the taking of Sebastopol, but previous accounts are confirmed.

The Turkish Ambassador presented to the London *Times*, a copy of a despatch sent him from Constantinople, and stated he entertained no doubts of the previously published accounts.

MARKETS.

Breadstuffs, markets are generally unchanged—Western Canal Flour 32s; Ohio 36s; Yellow and White Corn 37s. Provisions unchanged and a moderate business doing.

TURKEY.—An Imperial firman has recently been issued by the Sultan, admitting Christians, for the first time, to a share in the administration of public affairs. The ministry is required by this document to revise all laws that tend to perpetuate public abuses, and to suppress all corruption among public officers, in order that wholesome laws may be properly applied.—The stability of the Government, and the improvement of the condition of all classes of society, are among the objects sought by this. The execution of this decree is confided to a Special Council, consisting of five Mussulmans, one Jew, three Catholic, and four American or Greek Christians.

A QUADRUPLE PRESENTATION!

Last Saturday's *Freeman* contains an account of what he calls a "Presentation." We think the plural should have been employed, as we find that "a number of the Catholics of the City" waited on Bishop Conolly and presented him with a carriage, a set of harness, *a title*, and an address. The carriage and harness was presented to "*his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Conolly*," *&c.* We have already shown that the Bishop is not a peer of the realm—that he possesses no title under the broad seal of the United Kingdom—and we were at a loss to know from whence he derived his title. Thanks to the *Freeman*, he has now enlightened us. The Roman Catholic Bishop is "*Lord Conolly*" by the Grace of the Great unwashed citizens of York Point! The carriage and harness cost £192 10s., and it appears that these things were forced upon the lowly follower of St. Peter, against his will, for the *Freeman* informs us that—

"The offering was in the fullest sense a spontaneous one, prompted by the feeling that the Episcopate *should* be maintained, notwithstanding the self-denial of the Bishop."

Poor victim! *compelled* to accept a silver-mounted carriage and harness, and a title! We are told how much the carriage and harness are worth; we may *guess* how much the title is worth; and we shall now endeavour to find out the value of the address. We quote the first paragraph:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP—When, two years ago, you arrived amongst us to enter on the holy and arduous duties of the Episcopacy, the Catholics of St. John received you as the duly accredited minister of the Most High, whom the Sovereign Pontiff, His Vicar, had chosen to be their Bishop—their father, their pastor and their guide: and they hailed your arrival even still more joyfully, because they had already heard of your virtues and abilities, and indulged in the pleasing anticipations that under your guidance and government the church in this Province would arise from her prostrate condition and appear as she truly is—our kind and loving mother; that the zeal of the people would be enkindled, the sweet influence of religion more widely spread, and the glory of God and the salvation of souls promoted."

Here we find embodied some of the heinous and unchristian doctrines of Rome, which many Catholics deny for very shame. The Bishop is received "as the duly accredited minister of the Most High!" but *chosen* by "the Sovereign Pontiff. His Vicar!" Here is a man—according to the Romish doctrine—commissioned to grant indulgencies, apply the "extreme unction," and command the gates of Heaven to be opened,—commissioned also delegate this power to others—and yet we are told that the Almighty has no choice in the matter! If this be *religion* what is *blasphemy*? But perhaps we mistake. With Roman Catholics, we believe, the Virgin Mary is considered the *most* high, and the masculine nominative made use of may be a mistake of the printer!

We could indulge,—we could make other quotations from the address and reply—but the subject is a painful one, and we let it drop.

THE "KNOW NOTHINGS" ONCE MORE.

We make no apology to our readers for once more bringing under their notice the "Know-Nothing" Society, as we know of nothing on this side the Atlantic of more importance at the present moment. In another column will be found an article from *Bell's Life in London*, which shows in what estimation the movement is held by the *moderate* party in England. The London Editor, however, is "too civil by half" to Brother Jonathan, and does not seem to know that the evils of which our big brother is now determined to rid himself are the legitimate fruits of his own crimes.

Within the last twenty years millions of the Irish Roman Catholics emigrated to the United States; most of them restless, and unruly; a large proportion of them brutal and blood-thirsty, and thousands of them with hands dyed in the blood of innocent persons. They were taken by the hand by the Americans, without distinction, and their stories of Sassenach oppression—the most horrid that rancorous enmity and demoniac cunning could invent—were greedily devoured; so that each new batch of emigrants were encouraged to rack their imaginations for a new batch of lies. This was not all. Escaped murderers, forgers, and felons from Europe, and deserters from British regiments in the Colonies, were encouraged to seek an assylum in the Great Republic, where a protecting arm was thrown around them, and they were permitted to run at large!

The laws of naturalization in the Republic are regulated by the several State Governments, and the period of residence required before a foreigner can be admitted to the rights of citizenship varying from two to seven years. A large portion of the English and Scotch emigrants never become citizens; they do not like to swallow the oath by which "*Her Britannic Majesty in particular*" is denounced. But the Irish Catholics are eager to swear enmity to Britain, and concert all manner of schemes to deceive the authorities—who are often willing to be deceived—and thus shorten the period of probation, so that very few of them have resided in the United States a year, but they have managed to become naturalized. Again, the Protestant emigrants, generally, would scorn to be seen voting at the polls until they have a legal right to do so; but an Irish Catholic will elbow his way to the poll-box, and vote if possible, if he has not been in the country a fortnight. We speak not from common report alone,—what we describe we have been an eye-witness to many times. *Bell's Life* discloses only half of the truth when he says they support the Democrat party. While the English and Scotch emigrants in the United States are generally Whigs, the Irish Catholics are generally supporters of the lowest, Tamany-Hall-Loco-Foco Democrats; and if there was any party lower and more hellish they would support that. Their object is to throw everything into anarchy and confusion, and then seize the reins of power, and raise out of the chaos—what? *A Despotism!*

We said the Irish Catholics are generally Democrats; in fact they are altogether so with two exceptions—those who have just landed, and, knowing nothing about the politics of the country, will vote for the party into whose hands they may happen to fall: and those who sell their votes to the highest bidder; for be it known that your Romanist (whether he has a vote or not) is not above voting "for a *consideration*" and to the shame and disgrace of the Americans let it be also known that both Whigs and Democrats have for many years endeavoured to outbid each other; and secure a triumph by paying, and pandering to, the vilest rabble in the world, and obsequiously obeying the insolent commands of their clergy. We could give scores of instances, but two or three will suffice. In 1850 the Whigs were astonished at the overwhelming defeat they sustained in the City of New York; and upon investigating the cause they found that their opponents had brought in some thousands of Irishmen, from the railroads then being constructed in New York, and the adjoining States, who had not only all voted, but most of them had voted at several polling places on the same day; and that some ten thousand more tickets had been deposited than there were votes in the city! The next year the Whigs resolved to play the same game, and they did so.—They not only hired and brought in large numbers of Irish from the railroads in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, but they brought some thousands by rail from Pennsylvania. The consequence was the Democrats were completely astounded at finding themselves beaten with their own weapons.*

This game of pandering to the Catholic Irish for their support has been pursued by American Statesmen down to the present day, until the Romish Hierarchy, grown numerous and proud, finding the balance of power in their hands, have assumed airs of importance, and made the most arrogant demands. Some of them indeed, (the Bishop of Louis for instance), have so far forgotten themselves as to boast that the governing power would soon be in their hands, and that religious intollerance would then be at an end; as the Roman Catholics, when in power, could not tolerate heresy without sinning! This naturally aroused the sensible portion of the community—they saw the error into which they had fallen—they saw that they stood on the very brink of destruction—and, discarding all political distinctions, they have banded themselves together to throw off the monster incubus that was crushing them. They call themselves "Know Nothings," because they know nothing that can be placed in the scales and outweigh the welfare of their country. They began late, but their success has been great. No matter what a public man's talents may be—no matter how long he may have served—these stern reformers will speak to him in a voice of thunder, and tell him that if he truckles to a bigoted and intollerant Romish Priesthood he is not fit to serve his country, and that a people determined never to submit to the yoke of Rome have concluded to dispense with his services.

The "Know Nothing" Society was got up with the *ostensible* object of preventing any but natives born from holding public offices, but there is no doubt but their real object is to check the influence of Rome. We are not positive, but imagine that a Protestant would find no difficulty in becoming initiated as a "Know Nothing," while we are pretty sure a Roman Catholic, although a native, would be repulsed.

In a future number we shall probably take occasion to show that the Order is not inappropriate to this Province.

* *Vide*, Correspondence of Butler, Hoyt, John Vanburen, and others, published by W. L. Mackenzie.

AMERICAN "KNOW NOTHINGS."

(From Bell's Life in London.)

The American papers inform us of a matter of no slight importance in the Christian as well as in the political world. This is the formation of a great national society, under the name of the "Know Nothings," the object of which is to preserve American liberty and to put down fanaticism. The origin of the society is curious; we anticipate that its power will become very great, and we can only hope that they will be wisely employed. Its origin is this:—Some years ago, when the want of population was found to be one of the greatest checks to the development of the wealth and greatness of the States, the old law of naturalization was altered, and foreigners landing on the shores of America were allowed to become entitled in a very short space of time to receive all the benefits of citizenship. The States piously believed in those lines of the great revolutionary song of America, in which Paine, speaking of the States being peopled from all countries, said, that

"Unmindful of names and distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit imbued, they one object pursued,
&c. &c.,

and did not remember that, even among brothers, there are sometimes little bickerings, which do not at all display a self-sacrificing spirit. The Americans, excited by the knowledge of the advantages of their own liberty, desired that it should be easily communicated to the rest of the world, and as they were not quite prepared for a warlike crusade against the ancient despotisms, they expected to attain the same results by offering the full enjoyment of all the privileges of freemen to any person who would but pass over to America, and there undergo a short and not severe noviciate in citizenship. This emigration from different European countries became great, and the Irish Romanists, who fancied that any place must have a better Government than any Protestant Government could be in Ireland, went over in great numbers. The Germans did the same. They really quitted a despotic Government, and seem, in some instances, to have been bewildered by their enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. The Irish, to whom that enjoyment was not a novelty, but who always complained of being oppressed if they were not allowed to oppress others, began in time to exhibit in the States the same uneasy spirit which had been the bane of their country in their native homes. They have been happily, as well as humorously, described (as if by a countryman) in *Punch*, where it is said, that

"In the town of Dublin, there's always bubbling,
The germs of *piety* and *discontent*."

And there can be no doubt that, either from an insane idolatry of priesthood, or in consequence of its unceasing goadings of their excitable minds, they are perpetually shewing what they deem to be piety, but which all the rest of the world feels to be nothing but fanatical discontent. Unless, as Dr. Johnson said, such men are "caught young," the hopes of civilizing influences on them are but small. Of course there were thousands in America who were not "caught young;" and, with all their church fanaticism in full force, sublimated into intensity by such as Bishop Hughes, and brought into a mischievous state of organization by traitors like Mitchell, they have of late years made themselves so obnoxious, that the native Americans have found that the only alternative for them was a total surrender of their own rights upon the soil of their birth, or a resolute opposition to the mischievous efforts of men who, being literally without a country, had systematically abused the privileges which a sheltering land had conferred upon them. An effort to get up a free soil party was made and failed. The Americans, like the English, are tolerant and willing to hope for everything favourable from men who profess a devotion to liberty. Like the English, the Americans have found this hope was more romantic than real. They saw what the Romanists were. First came the riots, which the Irish Romanists got up against Gavazzi. By way of asserting their love of liberty of speech, these persons attempted to murder the Italian for exercising that very liberty. The Americans were too keen and sensible not to see the grossness of this misconduct, and, finding that it was of a piece with the rest of the conduct of these denizens of the States (for the same sort of conduct was repeated in the Union), resolved at once to put down the nuisance. A society, called the "Know Nothings," was formed, the phrase being merely part of the obligation by which the members of the society bind themselves that they would "Know nothing but the interests of their country." This new society has just given a striking instance of its power and organization. The Irish Romanists, affecting an extreme love of liberty (the Pope, in his political proclamations, says that freedom exists nowhere but in conjunction with the power of the Church) allied themselves of course with the extreme democrats. Democracy is often favoured by the Church, only that it may be the more conveniently betrayed and destroyed; and those who profess its opinions are often quite unaware, until too late, of the snare into which they thus allow themselves to be drawn. A democratic candidate for the Senate received the alliance of the Irish; though he had all the recommendations of high talent and past services, and his opponent obtained a triumphant success. The *Morning Chronicle* appears to wonder at this. It need not do so. The same result, in another form, is taking place in this country. All sensible men are beginning to see that the only way to preserve liberty for the country is to restrain that license which, at first, under the name of toleration, and then under that of equality, was granted to the Irish Roman Catholics, and has been by them—not for their own purposes, but for those of a despotic Church, of which they are the blind and impetuous slaves—so scandalously abused.

THE LOST STEAMER "ARCTIC."

Since our last issue many particulars concerning the loss of the *Arctic* have come to hand. It appears that the second mate, Beahlan (the same ought to have been *Ban-lam*) was an arrant coward, who ran away from the ship shortly after she was struck, took two boats with him containing *forty-five* people—*chiefly sailors!*—when they were capable of carrying a *hundred* or upwards—saw the sea covered with persons floating, (according to his own account) and basely deserted them—arrived at Newfoundland, where he published a flaming account, in which he described the ship as being in a sinking state when he left her, whereas she floated about five hours after his desertion!

Captain Luce (who, we are rejoiced to hear, was picked up by the *Cambria*, from Glasgow, and carried into Quebec) does not appear to have been so much frightened, or so forgetful of his duty, as his subordinate officers and crew, but he seems to have been stupified by the disaster as to have lost all self-command. He also has published a statement, which will be found below.

But the great—the terrible fact stares us in the face that among the 226 passengers on board were many women and children, *not one of whom were saved*, while 75 of the crew were saved! There were six boats on board, capable of carrying—it is said—some 300 people. Why were not the *whole* of the 226 passengers put on board, during the *five hours* the *Arctic* floated after having been struck, with 60 or 70 sailors to navigate the boats? The *New York Herald* (see below) contrasts this scene of cowardly desertion with the noble conduct of a British crew on a recent occasion. Jonathan, who is profuse in his compliments towards the ladies, and fulsome in his flattery, looks out for his own bacon, when ship-wrecked, and leaves them to shift for themselves. John Bull, not such a fine ladies' man in the drawing-room, takes the post of danger in an emergency, and remains there unshrinking until he sees the women and children out of danger. We assert fearlessly that no such catastrophe as the late one could occur on board one of the Cunard Boats, and we advise people who do not wish to throw away their lives to travel henceforth by the Cunard Line.

CAPTAIN LUCE'S STATEMENT.

When Captain Luce felt that the 'Arctic' must go down, he with the passengers (for all the seamen had gone in the life boats, the second officer excepted,) lost no time in lashing spars together to form a raft. Only one life boat was left, and to construct the raft it was necessary to get this into the water; but the oars were left in the Arctic to prevent its being taken away. Captain Luce happened (?) to get the women and children in the remaining boat, but the alarm was given that the ship was sinking when the life boat was taken off hurriedly without oars or anything else to help themselves with. When this boat had got off about an eight of a mile the Arctic sank. This was about a quarter to 5 P. M. Captain Luce took farewell of Mrs. Collins, son, and daughter just as the ship was going down. He found himself soon after on the surface with his own child in his arms, but found himself immediately impelled downwards. When he reached the surface a second time he was so exhausted that he almost gave up all hope, and nearly lost the grasp of his child.—Immediately after a large piece of paddle-box came up beside him with awful force grazing his head and struck with all force on the breast of his dear child. In a moment after he saw his child a corpse on the water. Captain Luce, with eleven others, got on the top of this piece of paddle-box, but finding it to sink some of them got on another piece of wreck. They were up to their necks in the water and suffered severely from cold. They were in this position about 50 hours. On the morning of the 29th, at daybreak, they saw the light of a vessel, and summoned up all their remaining strength to hail her. The mist had not cleared off and they were not noticed. Early on the same day the mist cleared quickly away, and they saw a vessel far away. This vessel proved to be the Cambria, bound from Glasgow to Montreal. The mate of the Cambria, at a little distance from his vessel saw a man on a raft and plunged overboard with a rope to the man, who was a Frenchman, and had come alone. He gave an account of the wreck, and after 5 o'clock that afternoon Captain Luce and his party were taken on board the Cambria.

Of the party who arrived here, J. F. Allan, of the Novelty Works, New York; Mr. Smith, of Jackson County; and a young German, named Ferdinand Hayes, were passengers by the Arctic. The others belonged to the French steamer.

The following remarks are made by the *New Y. Herald*, after an interview with Mr. Dorian:—

"It hard to find fault with men for yielding to that strongest impulse of humanity; and yet when their conduct is contrasted with the self-sacrificing nobility of soul which characterized the recent wreck of a British troop ship on the coast of Africa—when every woman and child on board was put sed into the boats and saved, the men remaining to meet their death with unquailing firmness—we say when that heroic incident is remembered and contrasted with the spirit of selfishness which prevailed among the crew of the Arctic, men will be apt to denounce the latter as unworthy and dishonorable.

"Officers, engineers, sailors, firemen, and waiters, had a monopoly of safety; while the gallant captain alone refused to desert his post, and remained to share the fate of his vessel and of the hundreds of noble hearts whose last throbs beat upon her rubmerged deck. Mr. Dorian was the only of the officers and sailing hands of the ship that remained with the captain up to the last fearful moment. While he was still within some twenty yards of the vessel, she disappeared from his sight sinking by the stern, at an angle of about twenty-five degrees. Not a single soul of the hundreds then on board, was seen alive by him after the vessel sunk. Still it is not impossible, he says, that some one or more may have saved themselves, by clinging to water barrels, spars, and other floating substances that were lashed together in expectancy of that terrible moment."

"Among the many whose untimely and lamentable end is calculated to excite a feeling of universal sorrow, is the Due de Grammont, a young French nobleman of distinguished family, who was despatched to this country as an *attache* to the French embassy at Washington. His departure was repeatedly protracted, and after all expectation of his being able to leave by the Arctic had failed, then affairs, as it was thought, took a more favorable turn, and his family were enabled to hurry him off. He was but 21 years of age, and, so far as we have been able to ascertain, of exceedingly amiable manners and intelligent mind. His ancestry has occupied a prominent place both in the political and literary history of France."

CONSISTENCY.—The *Freeman*—if you would believe the Editor—is a very quiet, modest, unassuming, and consistent paper. Here is a specimen of the first and last named qualities:—

"We have no desire to quarrel with the *Chronicle*."—*Freeman of October 10th.*

"Neither the kinks and inuendoes of the *New Brunswicker*, nor the *fierce and coarse appeals of the Chronicle*, can at all induce them (the people) to disgrace themselves."—*Freeman of October 18th.*

The inuendos in the foregoing paragraph is that the *Chronicle* would, by its "fierce appeals," induce the people to break the law. The Jesuit knows he dare not bring forward any such accusation in a definite form, and therefore has recourse to a *proscribed slanderer's usual method*—he does it by inuendo. Let us tell this poisonous reptile once for all that he has had his own way in St. John long enough, and we know how to humble him and render his scribblings innocuous without making any "fierce appeals," or stooping to quarrel with him.

NEW YORK JOURNAL.—The October number of this excellently printed and brilliantly illustrated publication, has been sent to our office by Mr. B. O'Brien, King-street. It is, as the wrap-per sets forth, "A Giant Number.—80 Pages and 40 Illustrations."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Last Saturday's *Freeman* contains a paragraph lauding the Roman Catholics for contributing so liberally towards their Cathedral, now in course of erection, and winding up as follows:—

"The sight of the noble pile that is now rising so grandly on the view will serve as a fresh stimulus and will increase the desire of the people to see this beautiful temple so far completed as to be fit for the worship of the Living God."

Some typo in the *Freeman* Office must have perpetrated this error; we feel confident that the two last words of the paragraph, as written by Tim, was the "Virgin Mary." By the bye, we wonder if there will be any "winking Madonnas" in this Cathedral? Perhaps if Bishop Conolly would import a Monk from Naples, he would teach him how to produce the blood of *St. Januarrius*; and would it not be well at the same time to import a Corsican priest, to act as Master of Ceremonies at the *Ass's Procession*, at the Feast of Palms? Tim, if he has any gratitude, will thank us for our suggestion.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature was opened yesterday, with a new Governor, to deliberate on the new Treaty of Reciprocity. Mr. Hannington was elected as Speaker. The speech was not received in town when our paper went to Press.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

Mr. Chronicle—The sapient Editors of the *Freeman* (*i. e.* Bishop Conolly and T. W. Anglin) inform us that during the late gale the Steamer "Adelaide" laid at her wharf "in most *perfect* safety!!"

How do they compare perfect? What are its positive and comparative?

Their remarkable grammar reminds one of the shining-faced urchin, who compared "Boil" in this new manner:—"*Boil, boiler, biled, biler!*" giving the word four degrees of comparison! But these are days in which we look for modern innovations, and why should they not adorn the classical columns of the erudite *Freeman*? No earthly reason!!!

Yours, &c., GIMLET-EYES.

Married.

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. Sam. Robinson, Mr. Elisha Payson, of Hillsborough, A.C., to Miss Susan, fourth daughter of the late John G. Thomson, Esq., of Chester N. S.

At Lower Cove, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. William P. Belyea, of Greenwich, K. C., to Miss Amanda M. Lee, of Indian Town.

At Sussex Vale, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. E. M'Leod, Mr. William Reach, to Miss Julia Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. John M'Monagle, all of Sussex.

On the 5th inst., by the Rev. B. Merritt, Mr. P. Nobles Downey, to Miss Mary Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. Levi Jones, all of Springfield, K. C.

On the 3d inst., by the Rev. W. T. Cardy, Mr. Alexander Bowes, Jun., to Miss Annie Jane Lipsett, both of Grand Lake.

At Wickham, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. J. C. Skimer, Mr. George Belyea, to Miss Harriett Jane Shannon, both of that place.

On the 12th inst. by Rev. Wm. Ferrie, A.M., Mr. William Little, of the parish of Portland, to Miss Margaret Thomson, of the same place.

Same day, by the same, Mr. Mark O'Brien, of St. John, to Miss Margaret Thomson, of the same place.

At Richibucto, on Friday, 6th inst. by the Rev. James Law, Mr. Wm. Bowser, to Miss Margaret Gordon.

Died.

Suddenly, on Thursday night, of apoplexy, Chas. P. Brown, Esq., in the 51st year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 6th inst., Mr. Cornelius Gallagher, aged 46 years, a native of Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland.

On the 9th inst., after a lingering illness, Eliza, eldest daughter of the late George Davison, in the 20th year of her age.

On the 2d inst., after a short but severe illness of seven weeks, Margaret, third daughter of Mr. John Wawhinney of Mace's Bay.

In Carleton, on Friday, after an illness of twelve months, Charles Peter, fifth son of Peter Smith, (of Kingston-upon-Hull, Yorkshire, England), aged 25 years.

At St. Andrews, on the 6th instant, after a few months' illness John M'Laughlin, Esq., late Editor and Proprietor of the late *Charlotte Gazette*, aged 58 years. Mr. M'L. came to this Province, from Scotland, about thirty years ago, and was for a number of years an influential merchant and shipowner of the town of St. Andrews.

At Dorchester, on the 10th inst. in the 31st year of his age, Samuel Osborne, son of Mr. Robert Moore, of that place.

At Fredericton, on Wednesday, John A. Torney, Esq. of Uptown, Canada West, aged 30 years, much and deservedly lamented.

At Woodstock, on Wednesday, the 11th instant, Abigail Mary Ann, aged 18 years, only daughter of Adam D. Allan, Esq., of that village.

Marine List.

PORT OF ST. JOHN—ARRIVED

Wednesday—French brig Agloe, Villeneaus, St. Pierre, 9—order, ballast.

Schr. Bee, Crosby, Yarmouth—C. McLauchlan, oats.

Thursday—Brig Edgecomb, Burney, Halifax, ballast—Rankin & Co.

Ship Western Star, Hammond, Boston, ballast—W. & G. Carvell

Brigt. Palermo, Henry, New York, 9, gen. ca go.

CLEARED.

Oct. 17—Barque Kestrel, Lindsay, London, with deals; Buon Principe, Medanick, Liverpool, ditto; brig Elizabeth Scott, Ardrossan, ditto.

18th—Barque Queen, Clutterbuck, London, timber & deals; brig Zalleen, Wittermark, London, deals; Cascade, Raymond, Galway, do.; schooner Isaac Cohen Hertz Carter, Boston, sleepers; Talmaro, Johnson, Newburyport, lumber; brig Johanna, Bous, Pronger, London, deals.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS OF THE

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(From the "New York Tribune.")

The scenes are laid alternately in New York, on the coast of Africa and Ægean Sea. We have laughed almost to side splitting at the eccentricities of Old King Ketch, the Loango Chief; and we have alternately joiced and wept over the history of Zulieka, the Greek maid and matron.

We fancy, too, that there is some satire hidden beneath the character of Monsaunt, but we do not wish to forestall the author's narrative—there are some exceedingly beautiful touches of nature in various portions of the volume. It must have a large sale. For sale by

Sept. 29. B. O'