which she confessed, had words engraved inside it which none but myself and the giver knew of; but who that giver was, or what the motto, the princess never could ascertain. So they stayed to the last moment, Natalie murmuring to herself the refrain of a little German song, an especial favorite of the empress's—an idiom, full of unshed tears. At last, the Prince Gangarine entering, will some remark on the lateness of the hour broke the spell of sorrowful recollections, and they rose to prepare for the court ball.

But under what different auspices did they again enter that splendid saloon! With what slow and faltering steps did they advance to pay their respects to their imperial hosts! The eyes of the empress turned sadly away as Natalie withdrew from the presence; but while she had stood before here, her lips had uttered only cold and common place regrets for her illness. Beside her stood the emperor and the Duke; and every shade of color faded away while she felt what scrutinizing eyes were noting, with merciless exactness, every point of difference in her personal appearance, since she stood there last.

The ordeal was soon over: and, pale, careworn, and neglected, she sat as an uninterested spectator, gazing on a scene in which she once would have taken a distinguished part. But as the evening wore on, she seemed to rally, and the warmth and excitement brought a glow brighter than health to her cheek. She had constantly refused to dance; and it was not until quite late in the evening that she consented to stand up and take part in a quadrille. Her partner was one of her old admirers, who still loved her with the same warmth he had expressed years before.

I have said, she had already met face to face the heir apparent to the throne. Then, not the sharpest observation could have detected, beyond her extreme pallor, any sign of emotion or embarrassment. The grand duke had behaved with the most princely courtesy, and she, on her side, with reserve and respect. But who shall describe her confusion when Alexander took his place opposite her in the dance? It was to late to retreat—all eyes were fixed upon them—and, above all predominant, she knew the emperor's gaze was concentrated on them alone.

In the figure where their hands met for a moment, to the astonishment of everybody, the grand-duke retained Natalie's so long in his grasp, that she lost all self-possession; the room seemed to swim round her, the music to become an indistinct murmur: the coldness of death crept over her limbs, and she was on the point of falling, when the emperor stepped forward, and without saying a word, drew her arm within his, and carried rather than led her out of the room; and while some hastened to order round her carriage, to facilitate her departure, he wrapped her in her furred mantle, and after seeing her safe in her sister's care he returned to the ball-room without changing a muscle of his face.

What a world of emotion and struggle there may be in the heart at the very time when we seem most placidly occupied with simply external things! The quadrille was not over when the emperor returned to the room; but those who knew what grave interests were concerned in this little scene, that took not half the time to enact it has taken to describe, were not deceived by the expression of his marble face.

Early next morning, to the surprise of the whole household at Natalie's home the emperor was announced, desiring to speak with her alone. With a beating heart she descended to the interview, and awaited the first word. Conceive then, her feelings when he addressed her as follows:—

Natalie Polensky, you know I have always taken the greatest possible interest in your welfare—tell me, now what are your prospects for the future?"

"Sire," she replied, "I can answer you without a moments hesitation, since tomorrow I leave St. Petersburg for Varenege, where I enter the convent, never to leave it again"——. She stopped, exhausted, leaning for support against the edge of a table.

"Sit down, Natalie, and listen to me," resumed her interrogator in a kindlier tone. "This must not be—I have in store for you pleasanter prospects. You danced last night with Count Maurenozoff; if I mistake not, he still loves you and is anxious to renew his proposals for your hand. If such be the case I shall give you away myself, and your wedding shall be celebrated at the Winter Palace."

Natalie knew to well what this meant, the kind calm tone, and the unmistakable expression of those steadfast, determined eyes; yet she felt at the moment she could dare anything rather than consent to a union which, under any other circumstance might have gratified many a womanly weakness. In her desperation, however, she took courage, and sank at the feet of the czar:

"Sire," she murmured, "hear me but once more, and you will relent. I love and was beloved by one to whom I swore more than once never to be another's. Let me—oh, let me only remain faithful to that oath—I ask no more!" The stern impenetrable Nicholas seemed touched by her appeal, but, taking her by the hand, he said:—

"My child, listen to a father. The oath you tell me about was a childish one. I doubt not he also bound himself by the like. Remember, Natalie—remember he is heir to my throne, and therefore must not, and cannot follow his own wishes and impulses. I sacrifice mine a hundred times a day for my country's welfare. All tests with you, and I cannot doubt what your decision will be. While you hold to your word, think you he will consent to break his? So, for the sake of your sovereign, of your country, of him you profess to love, I demand of you this sacrifice, bitter as it is!"

The poor girl hid her face in her hands, and almost inaudibly said: "Sire, I am your majesty's slave."

It was true what he had said—it was no high sounding speech of merely worldly policy; for those who knew Nicholas best do believe him, however mistaken, to have been a conscientious man, who actually did daily and hourly sacrifice his private feelings to what he believed to be his duty. He had done so even in the present instance. By one word of imperative command, he could have attained his object; but the autocrat had stooped to argument and solicitation with the young girl, who bent like a reed before him.

At the betrothal, which took place immediately, and during the whole time of the splendid preparations for the wedding, Natalie lived and moved as in a dream—nothing gave her pleasure nothing pain. On the evening appointed for the religious ceremony, when all the guests were assembled, and the bridemaids, thirty-six in number, and mustering among them the highest rank and beauty of the young nobility of Russia, were assembled in the magnificently lighted and decorated church—when the bridegroom Maurenozoff stood, looking, in spite of all the repulses he had received at Natalie's hands, proud, contented, and almost happy—all eyes were turned towards the church-doors, when presently the bells began noisily to announce the approach of the bride, and in another instant, leaning on the emperor's arm, she appeared.

Never shall I forget that scene—never lose from my memory the impression of that marble face and utterly unresisting manner. If she had been in her coffin, she would have looked less deathlike there, than when she stood shrouded in lace and glittering with jewels staring at vacancy, hearing nothing, understanding nothing, answering as if the words and their meaning were alike indifferent. After the ceremony was concluded, she received the congratulations of her friends, and even the kiss of the empress, as if so many condolences had been offered her. But nature broke down under the forced composure of the moment, and she entered her new home, borne across the threshold in a state of insensibility. I need add nothing more. The emperor had judged rightly; and the marriage of the Grand Duke with the present empress took place very shortly afterwards.

Within a year after her marriage, I saw the Countess Maurenozoff in her coffin: she had died giving birth to twin-daughters.

The incidents of this little narrative are well known in St. Petersburgh, and will be recognised by many who will appreciate the reasons that have made me alter the names of all but the principal actors.

A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA.

Let us quarrel, Americans kinsmen. Let us plunge into war. We have been friends too long. We have highly promoted each other's wealth and prosperity. We are too plethoric, we want depletion—to which end let us cut one another's throats. Let us sink, burn, kill, and destroy—with mutual energy—sink each other's shipping, burn each other's arsenals, destroy each other's property at large. We will bombard your towns, you shall bombard ours—if you can. Let us run each other's commerce as much as possible, and that will be a considerable some. Let our banks break, while we smite and slay one another; let our commercial houses smash right and left in the United States and the United Kingdom. Let us maim and mutilate one another! Let us make of each other miserable objects, cripples, halt, and blind, adapted for the town's end, to beg during life. Come, let us render the wives of each other widows, and the mothers childless, and cause them to weep rivers of tears, amounting to an important quantity of water privilege. The bowl of wrath, the devil's punch bowl, filled high, filled as high as possible, share we with one another. This with shot and bayonets, will be good in your insides and in our insides—and in the insides of all of us brethren. Oh, how good it is—oh, how pleasant it is, for brethren to engage in internecine strife! What a glorious spectacle we Christian Anglo-Saxons, engaged in the work of mutual destruction—in the reciprocation of savage outrages—shall present to the despots and the fiends. How many dollars will you spend; how many pounds sterling shall we? How much capital we shall sink on either side—on land as well as in the sea! How much we shall have to show for it in corpses and wooden legs! never ask what other return we may expect for the investment. So then, American kinsmen, let us fight; let us murder and ruin each other to suit the purposes of Mr. President Pierce. Let Pierce, with Cushing by his side, come hot from their conclave of evil spirits, cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war, and do you be mad enough to be those mad dogs, and permit yourselves to be hounded upon us by Mr. Pierce.—*Punch.*

Music by Steam Power.—A yankee genius has succeeded in harnessing steam to a musical instrument, which will out-sax Mr. Sax's noisy inventions most decidedly. His name is Joshua C. Stoddard, of Worcester, Mass.

One of these instruments can be heard from ten to twenty-five miles on the water, and every note will be perfect and full. We heard the inventor play Rossini on it, and it looked like "getting off tall notes" mechanically. This invention is so completely under the control of the operator, that were it arranged with a key-board similar to a piano, it would obey the slightest touch, and a child could play slow or quick tunes, every note of which might be heard several miles. It is the design of the inventor to place these instruments upon locomotives and steam boats. It would appear rather novel to John Bull to hear Yankee Doodle from one of the ocean steamers as she was about to enter a British port, (say twenty miles) and it would remind a Yankee of his jack-knife to hear Sweet Home from the same vessel on its return to New-York or Boston. The inventor, if it meets the expectations of most who have seen it, will alter the tone of public demonstrations of important occasions very essentially.

[*From the London Times.*]

POSITION OF THE PEOPLE IN EUROPE.

The cause of the people is the same all over the world. Governments, in nearly all countries, create war with the inhabitants who would overthrow them if they could. The reason why they do not may be discovered in two circumstances: the existence of powerful armies, and the coalition of despots, who make common cause with each other. Here, in England, where we enjoy the greatest amount of personal liberty known in the old world, it is extremely difficult to admit into our minds an adequate conception of what other nations suffer. We have our own grievances to occupy our thoughts—we have church-rates to pay—we have heavy taxes—we have dear provisions—we have political abuses to be got rid of—we have imperfections in our parliamentary system, in our laws, in our manners—we have fanatics yelling at Exeter Hall against Sunday bands—we have other fanatics who scream against the execution of murderers—we have martinets in the Horse Guards, who obstruct the reform of the army—and we have very foolish individuals in the House of Lords, who prevent the full development of the principles of religious liberty.

This is a tolerably long list of abuses, imperfections, and grievances to which our own population is subjected. But if we look around us in Europe, we shall find that other nations have far more to endure. And why is it? The plain straightforward, unsophisticated answer is, because they want fight. No other reason can be assigned for the state of servitude in which all Germany lies. The same reason, precisely, applies to Italy; but there it is modified by other considerations. Owing to unhappy circumstances in the history of that country, the population has been divided, and subdivided, and animated by local prejudices, by foolish hatreds, by district patriotism, and by a thousand other pernicious feelings, which it has been found next to impossible to extirpate. Hence there is no union, and consequently, no strength in the people.

If we pass on to Spain, we shall perceive that during a long series of years absolutist statesmen, through a variety of state juggles, contrived to maintain the mastery, and to keep the people in poverty, ignorance, and discontent. At length, a man of sound views and honest principles, obtained a lead in the government, and in a very short time, all the circumstances of the country were changed. There was improvement in commerce—improvement in knowledge! Why? Because there had been an increase of freedom. That is the thing which lies at the root of all ameliorations of civil society. Nothing will prove properly without it. Communities may, indeed, be powerful for mischief, as Russia and Austria, by the mere force of tyranny, or to the acquisition of military glory, as France, without any great amount of liberty. England, itself at various periods of its history, has been extremely influential in its relations with foreign states, while the freedom of the people was small. But domestic happiness, the flourishing of industry, and the fair diffusion of wealth, are things which absolutely demand the possession of a large amount of liberty.

We would by no means, in dispraising a direction of this kind, appear ignorant of the consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence, seeing there are much higher things concerned. But it nearly always happens, in this world, that whatever promotes the material well-being of a whole nation, is good in other respects. We will venture to say therefore, that the English people have an interest in the liberation of such communities on the Continent as are still without freedom. Let us look at the matter fairly. Switzerland, Sardinia, Belgium, possessing constitutions, are extremely active in their commerce, though very small states. The other communities of Italy cannot follow the example of Piedmont, because they are restrained by the intervention of Austria. The armies of this power have, for more than half a century, occasioned the greatest political and social evils in Italy, and it now appears to be the object of Great Britain and France to circumscribe Austrian influence beyond the Alps.

The part of Louis Napoleon in Italy is much more difficult to play than ours. He governs a Catholic population, which naturally feels a considerable repugnance to interpose violently with the head of its own church. We are restrained by no such considerations. We look exclusively at the cause of commerce and industry, and in order that these may be properly developed, are anxious to confer free institutions on the Italians. Accordingly, the news which reaches us from the Peninsula describes the people of Naples, of the papal states, and of all the smaller communities of Northern Italy, as extremely favourable to England, and looking with high expectation to her interference in their behalf. They place less reliance on France, for the reason we have already stated; but at Naples, especially, the ambassadors of the two countries are said to be proceeding very harmoniously together, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the same will prove the case in all parts of the country. We are perfectly aware that the people of England would be anxious to benefit the populations of the Continent, even though they should have many sacrifices to make in order to accomplish it. They have always been ready with their money to assist the suffering natives of other lands. When Hamburgh and Memel were burnt down, they owed their rebuilding, in a great measure, to subscription from England; and we observe, with pleasure, that at the present moment they are making great exertions to assist those portions of the French people that have suffered by the inundations. This is one way to cement the alliance between the two countries, and, we trust, that the English will never be backward in making sacrifices for the unfortunate, in any part of the world.

But it is by no means inconsistent with this feeling to desire to benefit ourselves while benefitting others. This can never be regarded by politicians as a mercenary motive. Fair and lawful interests may and must be recognized among the strongest incentives to action among mankind. We appeal, then, to no low principle of human nature, when we say that the English people would be conferring great benefits on themselves were they to co-operate effectively in liberating the nations of the Continent. The trade of a whole country is a thing not to be despised. Louis Philippe, when king of France, offered to restore Don Carlos to the throne of Spain, if he would bind himself to exclude the English from the trade of the Peninsula. But France is guided by no such policy now. The competition between the two countries is fair and honourable. Yet if the Italian communities were free, no doubt can be entertained that the English would carry away a very large portion of the trade. It seems highly paradoxical to maintain that the resources of Italy have never been half developed, or that we scarcely know what they are; yet the fact is unquestionably so; because the government of the Papal States, as well as those of Naples, Lombardy, Tuscany, and Venice, have exerted all their influence to check the development of the national resources. It is almost incredible that six or seven millions of people, or perhaps more, in the kingdom of Naples, should consume so small a quantity as they do of British goods. But there find their way, with much greater facility, into the heart of China, and Turkistan, than into Calabra and Apulia. King Bomba is of opinion that liberal ideas accompany the goods of Great Britain and France, and consequently, a large consignment of French hats was, a few weeks ago, seized on their way to Naples. Being applied to on the subject, he answered, that people might wear what hats or beards they pleased. His Majesty used to consider a "wide awake" as a symbol of revolutionary ideas. Beards have long been supposed to be republican at Naples; and an English hat an atrocity not to be endured. But even Bomba is at length beginning to open his eyes, and, has, it is said, concluded a treaty with England, which will open a way for the chintzes of Manchester, the hardware of Sheffield and Birmingham, and the shawls of Glasgow, into the recesses of Magna Græcia. We are surprised at this Majesty! What a frightful influx of revolutionary ideas may accompany those terrible articles! It is scarcely credible that such a state of things should be suffered to continue. It is well known that, not many years ago, this sagacious monarch forbade the exportation of sulphur, so that it was feared we should have to repair to Iceland in search of that useful article. It was then considered that Etna, Vesuvius, and Stromboli would be of no use, and by degrees the prohibition was removed. In fact, those great workshops of nature might as well have been shut up, had this sage Bourbon King persisted in indulging in his vagary. But for England, it is said, the borax lagoon of Tuscany might has well be filled up with earth; and elsewhere in the Peninsula, it is our trade that gives vitality to Italian industry. But if Italy were free, the intercourse between the two countries would be as twenty to one compared with the present state of things.

Spanish America will Save Herself.—A journal printed at Panama has an article with the above heading, part of which is translated in the New York *Herald* as follows:—

"France has just covered herself with glory by throwing down the Russian Colosse. France and England, which concentrate whatever the world has of greatness, heroism, wisdom and philanthropy, incessantly watch over the sacred rights of the whole humanity.

"When the vulture of Northern Europe was going to fling himself upon the Orient, and to tear the intestines of Turkey, France and England hastened to the defence of the weak, and at the thundering voice of the cannon of Sebastopol, took from the vulture his prey. And what will France and England do with Spanish America, this virgin daughter of liberty and heroism, who is seen approaching the mouth of a formidable boa constrictor? What will France and England do with that link which unites the two opposite oceans with that American Constantinople where philosophical and humanitarian laws have proclaimed commercial liberty for all inhabitants of the universe? They will defend it, yes, defend it! For, two nations of so glorious precedents, who have just put a stop to the greedy ambition of the Czars, and who do not live by rapine and usurpation, will never permit filibusterism, this kind of mask with which the Vandals of another Attila cover themselves, to steal from a weak but generous nation, that pearl incrustated between the two oceans. Our liberty, our idiom, our religion, our customs, and laws—all have been on the point of perishing. But France and Great Britain—do not doubt of it, inhabitants of the Isthmus—will be our dawn of salvation, the peace of our troubled minds, as they are even now to the valiant and successful Costa Ricans. God bless you, mighty Albion, heroic France! The whole world looks on you, and Spanish America beholds in your alliance the defence of feeble nations and the regeneration of humanity. Therefore, as the vulture of the frozen regions fell down from his lofty height in the Inkas territory—and the day is not far—the sun, which silently glides into our groves, will die from the glorious cannon of Sebastopol. Oh, certainly, the name alone of France and England is like a victory, and they will not permit this enchanting America to become the unfortunate victim of an iniquitous filibusterism. France and England watch over the peace of the world, and Spanish America will save herself—and likewise, as Turkey has saved herself from the European vulture, in the same manner will the virgin of Columbus save herself from the Northern boa.

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., July 16, 1858.

The Elections with all the accompanying excitement are now over, and numbered with the things that were. The result, while it has removed the delusion of the Sonies, proved the action taken by His Excellency to be acceptable to the people at large, has also, so far as a majority of the people's voice is concerned, established the fact that while the people deem the act constitutional, they are also determined to support constitutional measures. The majority in the House in favor of his Excellency, and the repeal of the obnoxious Prohibitory Law, is overwhelming, and goes far to prove that *Liberty run mad*, and republican mis-rule, are any thing but grateful to the feelings of the people of this portion of her Majesty's dominions. We have great hope for the future. We hope Railways will be commenced without further delay—we hope our own Mechanics' may be permitted to do our own labour, by protecting them against foreign innovations—we hope a better system of Education, so long talked of, and so long neglected, will now be dealt with efficiently and honestly, and we may add that we sincerely hope that the destructives, so signally defeated, will be kept in a position to do no further mischief, by removing them from all offices of trust or honor, and replacing them with men who will consider self gratification as secondary to the public weal. The House meets for despatch of business on the 17th instant, when we hope our hopes may be realized.

MR. FISHER'S REPLY TO THE BISHOP.

It is doubtless hard, very hard for the ambitious and aspiring to chew the cud of disappointment, and the pressure becomes the greater in proportion as the intelligence of the vanquished is below mediocrity. There was a time when Mr. F. was looked upon by his fellow countrymen, as a man of some judgment in politics, and possessing a very fair share of nature's gifts intellectually; but as contact with baser metals will destroy the lustre of the brightest, so will contact with vulgar minds debase and lower the standard of the most elevated genius! We think Mr. F. cannot but feel the truth of this observation, as he must also feel how signally he has failed in his attempt to exculpate himself from the odium he has brought upon himself, in his attempt to slander and defame the Right Revd. John Medley. Mr. Fisher's calumny that the Revd. gentleman has been lax in his duties since his residence in this Province, is eminently refuted by a cloud of witnesses in the shape of Episcopal Churches erected in this Province, through the strenuous exertions of our worthy Bishop—nor could he have hit upon an expression more self refuting than the one here alluded to. But the whole of his reply is replete with penurious, impotency and egotism. Surely his Radicalism, like the itch must be infectious, and the learned gentleman must have imbibed those impure propensities while incubating the plea of *Love, Parity and Fidelity*. He sets out by stating that he has been misrepresented by the Reporter of the *Morning News*. What! Fenety misrepresent his Idol, the hon. Charles Fisher! Impossible! and adds by way of a salvo "I never speak disrespectfully of any man! and it would be beneath a *man in my position*, to speak under the influence of excitement. What position? Can he not say with Wolsey, farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness. A man in his position—a man hurled from the office of Attorney General, to figure all but at the foot of the Poll, and in his native town too, and among his kin folks; and even in this fallen position as we understand it, he thinks himself "nobly sustained!" and accounts for that nobleness in the constituency, from the circumstance that the "Progressive, sympathise with his principles" and which of late, have received an extraordinary impetus from *recent* occurrences. (Teetotalism.) Mr. F. was greatly astonished when he heard the Bishop had voted, and especially against him? Ah! here was the falling off. Had the vote been given on the other ticket, we should have found the ex-Attorney General reading us a Homily on the Moral, Religious, and Glorious example set the people by their ghostly Pastor. Mr. F. understood that Lord John, on his coming to the Province, had determined to abstain wholly from politics. It is quite probable that such was his determination, but Lord John is a citizen and a christian, as well as a Bishop, and could not sit with his hands folded, and see the prospects of this fine country blasted by a clique of fanatics, an oligarchy of stupidity and stubbornness, who would over ride public opinion, and ignore the chartered rights of britons. Hence the opinion of Lord John, hence his vote. He saw it was necessary, he felt it was his duty, to stop a tide temporarily, from the mitre and crosier, from his holy office, to perform an equally imperative duty, that of a faithful citizen, by voting to save a sinking land. No slanderer, (you that "never speak ill of any man") Lord John did not descend from the mitre and crosier to glorify Rum, Gin and Brandy, (did not your lips blister when you uttered the blasphemy!) but to stop so far as in him lie, the mad and destructive career of ambitious fanatics. Yes, Mr. Fisher, you "that never speak ill of any man" you accused the Bishop of taking the lead in a movement which he well knew, would if successful, excite all the worst passions of our nature and open upon the country the flood gates of vice and immorality. You tell us, you yourself had grave doubt as to the utility of the law, yet strange to say, you voted for it. Is it not possible, that you had in your eye at the time, that should it fail to have the desired effect, it might answer another purpose—that of keeping yourself and colleagues in office, and that in either case your purposes would be fully subserved? Again, sir, you who "never speak ill of any man" you accused Lord John, with others, of using his influence to render the law inoperative, a slander unworthy a gentleman, a scholar, or a christian. You admit that you do occasionally indulge in the use of the grape and although you limit your libations to one quart in three years, the only excuse we can find for your intemperate language on the occasion is, that in the excitement of a contested election you had neglected the precaution of using the graduated glass. Another of your logical deductions, a gem too in its way, is that you did not contribute to the plate sent round after Bishop Medley's service, for this valid reason, that it savored of Tractarianism. A most conclusive and convincing argument for a father. "Oh excellent young man, how much elder art thou, than thou lookest."

In the plenitude of your wisdom, you remark that "it was necessary that you should be put down, as it was called," and that too, though the misfortune, were the weapons to be used, to bear down the good cause of the country, but that the result proved the folly of the effort. Indeed sir, have your friends, your good sense, nothing, kept from you the result of the elections for the City and County of St. John, where the whole of, of your supporters, aided with their commercial influence and ten thousand pounds of money, were defeated? Have you seen the results from King's, where the whole batch of your friends were again defeated, and your opponents gloriously triumphant? And sir, are you ignorant that in your own County, at your door, three out of four are conservative men; and yet you talk of the result proving the folly of the effort. Oh Charley! Charley!! wherefore art thou Charley!! But sir, the most contemptible trick out is your endeavor to sustain the enunciation that the Bishop said he would abstain from interfering with the politics of the country. I think (say you) "in concert with the Bishop of Colombo, you agreed to abstain from interfering in politics. This observation was made either by you or your Chaplain, Mr. King, shortly after you came to the country, I do not remember the time or place. Non mi recordo, is the word. If not, three black Crows, at least something as black as a crow. The fact is sir, you and your tail are fairly understood by the constituency, and treated accordingly. The people of this province, are enduring, they are people of long suffering, but sir, there is a culminating point, there is a rubicon that they will not permit impositions and radicalism to pass. Your politics, sir, are exploded, your statesmanship doubted, and your attempt to bully your constituents fully and justly met.—You and your party, to use a hackneyed phrase, are not the men for Galway. And the best possible face you can put upon things as they now exist, is to submit with a good grace, to your fate, in silence, and learn altho' sadder, to become better men.

ARRIVAL OF THE THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT AT MONTREAL.

This gallant Regiment, which arrived as above, in Her Majesty's steam ship *Simoon*, direct from the Crimea, were received in a manner befitting their deserts, and with a degree of enthusiasm never before awarded to any similar arrival in that port. No expense was spared to give *eclat* to the scene. Triumphal arches, cheers from the men, and the waving of kerchiefs from the fashion and beauty of the ladies' created a sensation and infused such a reciprocal feeling in the received and the receivers as baffles description. The authorities, headed by the Mayor, presented complimentary Addresses to the Heroes of Sebastopol, in language which made their fresh and well earned laurels dance with joy, while the compliments from the conquering, were returned with equal fervor. The Town Hall had been fitted up for the occasion, and the entire Regt. from the Colonel to the Drum Boy, to the number of near 900 sat down to a sumptuous dinner. Toasts and sentiments glanced from one end of the table to the other like the gleaming sabres of the light Cavalry, in the famous Charge at Balaclava, British hearts responded, and british hands were frequently clasped in that goodly company, until the cup of bliss and national pride was running over, and then was realized

"That stern delight which soldier's feel,
"In foemen worthy of their steel.

New Vessels.—A new barque was recently launched and towed over here from St. Mary's Bay, N. S., where she was built by Mr. Edward Everett, for Messrs. Estabrooks & King, and others. She is built of spruce, to class four years, and measures 584 tons, O. M. and 477 tons register. Capt. Wm. Spatt will command her.

A very handsome ship was launched on Friday from the building yard of Messrs. Potts & Son, at Courtenay Bay. She is 226 feet 8 inches long, and measures 1772 tons, O. M., and 1492 tons register. She is built under special survey, to class seven years at Lloyd's.

Another new ship called the *Calista Hawes*, was launched on Tuesday last, from the building yard of John Hawes, Esq., in Portland. She also has been built under special survey, and will class seven years at this Port, having been iron kneed on the stocks. She measures 1238 tons. We have heard it stated that is the most expensive built vessel ever launched in New-Brunswick, and we strongly recommend those persons who feel an interest in Ship building to examine her for themselves, as it would be difficult to convey an idea of the strength and fastenings of the ship without seeing her. Her owner, Mr. Hawes, may well and reasonably feel proud in owning such a ship, being a credit alike to himself and the Province.—[Courier of Saturday.

A very superior new ship called the *S. L. Tilley*, was launched yesterday from the building yard of Messrs. Seely & Roberts, at the Straight Shore, where she was built under the superintendance of Mr. Thomas Morgan, who is well known as a faithful builder. This vessel has been built under special survey, and will class seven years at Lloyd's before leaving this Port, and we understand that for excellent workmanship, good materials, and a strong frame, she has not been surpassed by any vessel ever built in this Province. She was iron kneed on the stocks, the iron knees being of the strongest description, and manufactured by Messrs. Harris & Allan, of this city. She measures 872 tons register. She has been named after our deservedly popular ex-Provincial Secretary, and the vessel carries a full length figure head, which is generally thought to be a very good likeness of the gentleman after whom she has been named. Messrs. Seeley & Roberts are the owners.—*Cou.*

Recently was launched from the Ship yard of Mr. John Mahony, Carleton, by whom she is owned, a beautiful ship called the *Marseilles*, of 1127 tons burthen, built in the strongest and most approved style of naval architecture, and most essentially copper fastened. She will class for seven years; is what is called a medium ship, combining the properties of sailing fast, and carrying a large cargo. Her builder Mr. James Urquhart, has rendered himself celebrated by producing some of the best built and finest modeled ships of which this port has been enabled to boast. This Province has shown to the world that her Sons are skilled in no ordinary degree as artizans. We only want Protection to our Domestic industry to render us as famous in other departments as in shipbuilding.

THE NEW HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

The following is a list of the members of the new House of Assembly. To the names of the new members we place an asterisk:—

County of York—Fisher, Macpherson, Allen, and Hazelhurst.

County of St. John—Wilmot, Gray, Gerard, and Simonds.

County of Westmoreland—Smith, Botsford, Lawlor, and Gilbert.*

County of Charlotte—Boyd, Gillmor, McAdam, and Street.*

King's County—S. D. Barks,* McGunnigle,* and Smith.

Queen's County—John Burtis,* and Fowler.

County of Sunbury—W. E. Perley,* Hon. Taylor.*

County of Carleton—Connolly, and G. Hayden.*

County of Northumberland—Hon. Brodrick,* Sutton, and Hutchinson.

County of Kent—Burchill, and Desbarres.*

County of Gloucester—Hon. * and McNaughton.

County of Restigouche—Montgomery, and Barberie.*

County of Annapolis—Hickman, and Lewis.*

County of Queens—Hetherington, and Wallace.

County of St. John—Chipman, and Lawrence.*

It will be seen there are thirteen new members.

Meeting of the Legislature.—The last Royal Gazette contains the Proclamation of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, calling a meeting of the Provincial Legislature for the despatch of business, on Thursday the 17th instant.

When Sols bright rays dispel the shades of night,
Then *Morning Stars* must twinkle out of sight.

We have the melancholy duty to announce that on Saturday last the auxiliary to that luminary the *Temperance Telegraph*, called into existence and published three times a week, to meet the demand of its numerous patrons—expired, faded, went out, and now is seen no more. The little gladiator, its progenitor, a short time since, talked, as he supposed, prophetically, of the expiring Chronicle. Mistaking the mind in catching. Our compliments to the little gladiator, and the Chronicle is in excellent health and spirits. The material in which the little paper was clothed, was composed of violence, vituperation, and scurrility, on a par with the rest of the Temperance Religious papers. "Twas meanly did fate of cursing, and the poison of asps is under their lips.

Diocesan Church Society.—We take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the 20th Report of the Diocesan Church of this Province, a Society replete with usefulness, religion, and christian charity, embracing the establishment of Missions, the endowment of Divinity Scholarship, the promotion of Sunday Schools, the diffusion of orthodox works, the building of Churches, augmenting the stipends of poor Clergymen, and the relief of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy. It need scarcely to be added that the father of this good work is our much abused and very reverend Bishop. We recommend the perusal of this Report, to all who feel an interest in the spread of christian doctrines, and christian principles, as affording the fairest and clearest refutation of the slanders heaped on Lord John, by the ex-Attorney General, and his satellites.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Baltic arrived at New York on Monday last, with dates to the 25th June.

Markets.—Cotton steady; prices unchanged. Wheat firm at 2d. to 3d. advance. Flour improved 6d. Corn Exhibits a downward tendency. Beef, Pork and Bacon dull. Lard scarce and high.

London Money market easy. A further reduction in the Bank of England rates was expected. Consols closed at 94 5-8 to 94 3-4.

SHIP NEWS.

Arrived from St. John, 21st June, Undaunted, at the Clyde. Garland, Queenstown.

Sailed for St. John, 19th, Fanny Penny, from Youghal; 21st, Thomas, from Liverpool.

The ship Moro Castle, of Windsor, N. S., was towed into Cookhaven, waterlogged and abandoned.

☞ The Hon. Mrs. Manners-Sutton, son and daughter, arrived here on Monday last from Fredericton, and took lodgings at the Waverly House. Our City Band, under the able leadership of Price and Atkins, in the evening serenaded her Ladyship from the Balcony of the Waverly, and for two hours discoursed the harmony of sweet sounds. Lady Sutton we understand expressed herself highly gratified with their proficiency. The lively and martial strains, attracted the attention of a large and admiring crowd, who in the finally, the 'national anthem' being played, dispersed after giving three British Cheers.

☞ The steamer B. F. Tibbits, employed in towing rafts on the river St. John, was burned to the waters edge on Saturday last.

"Oh! for a Horse with wings."—*Calman.*

The *Courier* says, that "Mr. James Stockford, livery stable proprietor, drove in a one horse buggy to town from Kingstown on Friday afternoon, a distance of nineteen miles in one hour and five minutes. Railways must be a matter of indifference to Mr. Stockford. His flesh and blood animals might compete with the iron horse."

But the *Courier* stops here, and does not finish the account, by stating the occasion of this incredible speed. Why not tell all the truth, and say, that nothing but the enthusiasm of the man, occasioned by the loyal manner in which our "truly Constitutional," and excellent Governor had been sustained by the Constituency of King's, could have caused him to have urged his Pegasus to such unnatural speed, to bring the first glad tidings.

The Buffalo *Express* says:—On Saturday night as the barque Fame, bound for Buffalo, was off the mouth of the Grand River, Canada, she was struck by lightning and a majority of her crew who were on the deck, were disabled by the shock. Not a mark is to be seen upon the vessel, indicating that she has been subjected to such an accident. The persons injured are Rufus Derby, 2nd mate, badly burned on his wrist and leg; Francis Scott, severe burn on the thigh and hip; Peter Johnson, severe burns on body and arm; George Branson, hand burned and swollen; Wm. Kimball, leg and arm very badly burned. The barque, rendered unmanageable by being deprived of the services of most of her crew, drifted about the lake until Sunday, when the schooner Melrose was spoken, from which vessel two hands were obtained, and the Fame was brought into port. That a vessel could have been struck by lightning and six of her crew suffered from the shock, without so much as to scorch or splinter to show that the subtle fluid had touched her is something wonderful.

The Elections.—Since our last the full returns for Charlotte has been received, showing the following result—for Boyd, 1485; Gillmor, 1346; McAdam, 1322; Street, 1225; G. J. Thomson, 1156; Stevens, 1112; Dr. Thomson, 1037.

King's County.—Three members were elected in this county on Friday. The following were the numbers at the close of the poll:

Queen's.—This election terminated in the return of Messrs. Earl and Farris, Mr. Gilbert having been defeated by a majority of seven.

Albert County.—The election for this County took place on Saturday. The numbers were—

McClelan, 403; Lewis, 450; Stiles, 395; Stevens, 349; Duffy, 172.

Earl, 1367; McKinnon, 1329; Powell, 1204; McLeod, 1195; Ryan, 1066; Nase, 999.

Grand Auditors Contract.—At a meeting of the Stockholders in this Company, held on Monday last, the following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz:—Wm. Leavitt, John Duncan, Thomas Vaughan, Robert Robertson, James Smith, George L. Lovett, and George Frost.

At a meeting of the Directors, held on Tuesday, Wm. Leavitt, Esq., was re-elected President.—*Courier.*

Accident.—A Piper, named John Miller, fell from the stump trees of Messrs. M'Morran & Dunn's saw mills on Monday last, and miraculously escaped with a few contusions.

A Cork journal of the 25th of May, says:—On Wednesday morning the Turtle, 21 tons burthen, put into the Queenstown Roadstead, that she had been on a cruise in the Channel in the interest, with a view of procuring her the greater speed to pursue the smuggling for it will be remembered that Her Majesty's cutters, by the mutual arrangement between the two countries, are ordered to be kept during night for the time, at the commencement of the war.