se of what other simple remedies she could, in the awful moment. By dint of her own little strength, she was able partially to raise her parent; and as he seemed not totally insensible or devoid of power, he began gradually to afford some aid of himself, and thus did she succeed in laying him upon his couch. She was horrified to behold his ghastly countenance, the eyes closed as in death, on one side the muscles hideously drawn down, and his tongue muttering, without being able to syllable a complete word. She had heard of palsy, and its awful monitions; and when she could gather up her thoughts after the first shock, and sit down to rend her father's heavy slumbering, she began to think that she was gazing on the mysterious disease. Hour after hour passed, and still he lay breathing heavily, until, at length, the morning light broke in upon the stretched maiden, and, offering up a prayer to God, she resumed her plaid, and departed across the moor to the town of F——, where alone medical aid could be procured. As she wandered into the village in the early morning, pallid and worn, and the dew streaming down her disheveled hair, the few inhabitants she met gazed after her in pity, and shook their heads. But, at last, she found a sense of exquisite relief, when she had gained the surgeon's door, and he had heard her tale. Then it was her pent emotions found relief in a flood of tears. He was a man of benevolence; and, having ordered a light-cart, he gave the poor girl a refreshing draught, and, placing her by his side, drove away to Garwich. Arrived there, his aspect was serious when first he beheld Peter's condition; but, cheerfully bidding Katie be of courage, he tasked all his remedies, and a few hours witnessed a manifest improvement in the patient's state.

Faithfully did Katie watch by her parent's couch, day after day, hardly even allowing her own wearied senses a few hours' slumber. As she became used to looking on the helpless aspect of his terrible disease, she acquired patient thought, and the resources as of one who had striven long with the world's troubles. Then, too, knitting by his couch, while he lay breathing heavily, and hardly otherwise evincing life, her thoughts could not but wander sometimes after Arthur Trower's image. She surmised many things regarding his absence, and yet she feared to think his shadow might again unexpectedly darken the threshold; for, in some mysterious way, she could not but connect her father's heavy calamity with her guilty act of disobedience, and she dreaded what, on another such act, an angry Heaven might not send. She grew restless, notwithstanding, and longed wearily to hear but a single intimation of her noble lover. Could it be that he had heard aught of this heavy distress? If so, then, she felt assured, he would have been at the cabin without an hour's delay. He had either then gone far to the south, according to his purpose, or there were attractions in his father's halls that kept him from thinking of the poor, forlorn maiden by the sea-shore. If either supposition be correct, what hope was there for Katie's happiness? Day by day did she anxiously look and long for the apparition of the jet-black steed and the gallant youth; but he never came; and her heart at length died in despondency within her. More than ever devoted to her parent, however, there was nothing outwardly that indicated the ceaseless gnawing at her heart, but the pallid aspect, the unbidden tear brushed from her cheek, and the long, deep-fetched sigh. Her broad wakened into gradual consciousness; by signs he could converse with his daughter; he could follow her with obvious clearness, as she read the page of inspiration; and by every token, although his faculties had much decayed, still had his faith and hope brightened, and the spirit within him was at rest. Many simple, fervent prayers did poor Katie breathe in the intervals of her troubled throng of emotions; and for a season would she rest, as it were, comforted by the eye of Heaven and the tempter gone; but again would that tempter's whisper rise, and, hastening from her father's side, she would seek her own little chamber, and weep out the sorrows of her breaking heart.

Thus had several weeks passed away; and it was now early in January. She recollected that Arthur had promised a visit to Scotland at this season, during what he called his Christmas holidays; and, spite of all her watching, her heart beat often to think, that now, perhaps, he was within a few miles distance, and haply every morning would bring the ringing step of his horse to the cottage-door. Day after day, however, passed, night fell, and still no step was heard; and again the hopes excited within Katie's breast sank and died. Never had Arthur's image risen more vividly, never had she so freshly remembered his embrace, the sweet smile of his lips, his gentle kiss, and his beaming glance! If now he should not come, she felt that she might never more look upon his face, and that all the world henceforth would be to her a wretched blank. On her sleepless pallet, night after night, did she thus endure a weary struggle, till at last, in her despair, the fearful suggestion pierced her maiden heart, that haply she might seek Arthur's home, if he had forgotten how he might find the path to here. It was a wild fancy, and she hastened to destroy it; but it had entered once, and the more she strove to forget, and treat it with abhorrence, the more pertinaciously did it return and cleave to her. At last, what seemed a happy thought of compromise dawned upon her. She remembered once, in the little church of F——, having seen Lord Trower in his great rich pew, and now did she think that, if she ventured thither on the ensuing Sabbath day, Arthur might be there. When the hallowed morn, came, there, she intimated to her father, though with face turned away, that she would leave him for a few hours, while she should be absent at the church, where for so many weeks her foot had been a stranger. Early, then, robing her beautiful form in its simple finery, she took the hill path. She was early at church; and entering the empty house, she sought the deep retreat of a place where, while concealed herself, she might command Lord Trower's richly-decked pew. The worshipers presently began to enter; every footstep on the gallery stair caused her bosom to throb, and the blood to rush to her face, and then flow violently back to her heart. But the service began, and still the great pew remained empty. By degrees her tortured thoughts were calming in dejection, when at length, however, the doors opened again, thronging steps mounted the stair, and Katie's eyes and head swam in giddiness, as she beheld, first, the tall, princely figure of the white-haired Lord Trower enter, then a succession of fair and noble dames—and, yes! there, last, came the handsome Arthur, bright in his youthful beauty, and his eye beaming with its own splendid luster. How poor Katie shrank away more deeply into shadow, and yet how she gazed on that unconscious face! Alas! what was she, compared with these girls of beauty and nobility who were ranged beside him! what was her madness, in thinking that she could for a moment dwell in his thoughts! As thus she mourned bitterly, the crowd of emotion within her was such, that she feared every instant her reeling senses might leave her. But the service closed; the doors were flung open, and the congregation rapidly dispersed. The rush of cold fresh air revived her, and, one of the last, she arose to depart also. But she feared to meet Arthur in the crowd, and, raising her eyes, she beheld the noble occupants within their pew still. She paused, then another minute, that they might have time to depart. But shame and terror arose, when, looking round, she saw that all others were gone—among the empty pews below she was alone. How, then, could she longer stay? She was reduced to desperation; and, rising and creeping under the shadow, she won the open door; but here again she trembled in dismay, for she heard Lord Trower's voice, as he descended the stair, and the others followed. His carriage and several saddled horses were drawn up before the door. She paused in an agony of terror; then, wound up through despair, she rushed through the open doorway. Ere she could make her way beyond the grooms and horses, however, the party behind were close on her steps, and as, unable to resist, she looked back, Arthur's eyes flashed on hers in the moment of his vaulting to his saddle. Next instant, to her terrified imagination, she heard his horse's foot-step close at her side; this winged her with a crowning alarm; and, darting through the gate, she passed the half dispersed and wondering crowd without, at a runding pace; and turning instinctively down a hidden path, she halted not, till far away and in solitude she stopped to still the heavings of her breast, and weep over her shame.

All that night was one, indeed, of grevious self-torture. She shunned the glance of her poor father's eye, that she might sit away as much in solitude as possible, and there brood on what had happened. Many times did she beat her breast, as she thought how unlike was this to the simple innocence of former times; and much was she harrassed with self-reproach, as she looked at her helpless parent, and asked if she had not verily sinned against him and against Heaven, that she should so have yielded to temptation? Pale and shivering, as if a cold wind shook her, she sat with her head bowed upon her knees, and thus bitterly lamenting her departed peace. She sought to pray, but the words refused to come, and her heart was wilfully rebellious. The imprint of Arthur's face, freshened and deepened, was there, and, in despite of every effort, did she dwell upon its fatal charm. It had not been expressive of aversion, or of cold disdain. She dreamed wildly that, in its surprise, there was the flash of eager, tender recollection. She was not then forgot! And was he forever to depart, without more than that transient glance exchanged between them? Oh, that she could but once more touch his hand or see his face! Shamed as she was, this wish of perverse love importuned her ceaselessly. All night, as she tossed upon her couch, it was whispering its temptation; when she slept for a few minutes, it suggested her dreams; and with the rising dawn, it conjured her to make haste while the opportunity was hers. Arthur might that very day take his departure southward, and her eyes might never see his face again. She wept copiously, and moaned aloud, that this temptation might pass from her, on that her strength might overcome it; but, alas! it was unavailing that thus she struggled. From her pallet she arose, under the desperate influence, resolved once again to see Arthur, if haply her peace might not be forever parted and crushed.

As hour after hour passed away, she found her courage quailing. Nervous, and almost hysterical, it was a hard thing, she felt, to abandon her helpless father. But then a treacherous whisper came to her aid, suggesting that Trower Castle was not more than a few miles across the heath; a couple of hours would suffice for her absence. The day was wild, dark, and blustering; and as she looked out on the sea, it was one vast field of hoarse, foam-strewn waves. She spoke little that day to old Peter; but what she said was tenderly and softly spoken. This one time would she yield; but henceforth her devotion to her parent would be deep and unremitting. Alas! how little is it remembered that such a yielding to temptation often leads to deadly and irreparable woe! After the hour of noonday, then, did she finally venture on the step of peril. She dressed with neatness, smoothed her long golden tresses, and thus set off the sadly-worn and pallid face of beauty. Then, casting her plaid lightly round her head, she took one last look past the half opened door at the venerable man, as helpessly he sat in a half-slumber near the hearth of peace, the open Bible spread upon his knees, and his hands clasped across his chest.

The heavens frowned in gloom and threatening storm upon her, as, leaving the threshold of the cabin, she took her way across the moor. Undefined terror oppressed and shook her, and would have driven her back, but a strong infatuation drew her on: and with eager steps did she advance. On the brow of the first swell, where she would lose sight of the little ruined hamlet on the shore, she paused, and looked lingeringly back. In the north, the heavens and sea appeared to be gathered in one vast, dense, inky mass, and bellowed in foam and thunder. The sea-birds flew wildly, and screamed ominously. Against such a background, the ruins of the old huts upon the sand stood out in spectral vividness. Katie's heart sadly misgave her; and, standing uncertain what course to take, she wept aloud. Would she even yet return to her father's side, and pray Heaven to aid her in tearing Arthur Trower forever from her recollection? It was a cruel necessity. One look at least, upon his father's towers could not be wrong. Love thus once more conquered; and, setting her teeth steadfastly, she turned away from the sea and cottages, and, as she descended the height on the opposite side, they were lost to her view. One mile after another vanished under her footsteps, and, by certain landmarks, she could tell that the end of her journey approached. Another winding, and her eager eyes strained forward, she beheld the turrets of Trower Castle rising over a dark wood in the plain. At the sight her simple heart sank in dismay; for now it flashed full upon her, how she could ever dare approach this dread mansion—how she could ever sue at its door—and how, even arrived there, any hope could be given her that Arthur would be seen! She sat down upon a stone, and gazed in mute despair. The tears rolled fast down her cheeks, and the intense misery that filled her heart was almost too great to bear.

As thus she sat, two riders, unnoticed, approached her from behind, and not till they were within a few paces did the ring of their horse's feet alarm her, so that she hastily drew up the plaid that had fallen to her neck. Under the cover of its folds she then sat still, but glancing towards the riders with a thrill of terror. One who rode on the side next her was a young, handsome girl, of countenance beautiful as ever poet conjured up. Deeply flashed the jet eyes, and richly streamed the black silken tresses, as, with a noble gesture, she managed her proud steed, and bending toward her companion, gaily spoke and laughed alone. *Him* Katie did not at first see, but her heart too truly divined it, for his voice had struck on her ear. It was Arthur, in all the pride of his distinguished respect; and to the fair creature at his side he was answering with a smile and voice that repaid the love and ardor of her own. So to poor Katie did it seem, though she had not noted, that, ere she had covered up her head at first, Arthur's eye had recognized her, and he started. He passed her with a look of sadness, but stop or look behind he dared not. In that moment, however, his smile and voice became mechanical, and if he might, he would gladly have left his fair companion to pursue her way alone, and have leaped down at Katie's side. It was with a thick beating heart and chafing patience that he rode away.

But Katie, seeing, and believing only that he was under the charm of far other beauty than she could ever boast, sat still in statue-like despair. She was alive only to the thought, that Arthur was lost to her evermore; and she longed to be by the side of her poor cottage hearth again, and there to bury her grief and love in darkness and solitude. The riders had disappeared in the wood, and their voices had died upon the wind, and then, rising, and binding her plaid fast around her bosom she turned her steps on her homeward path. She loathed herself that thus she had been degraded by her own heart; but this only inspired her to fly back with a swifter pace. She was tearless now; only a quick sobbing in her breast told the hopeless anguish that was crowded there. She sped onward at a running pace, insensible to every object and thought, but that of earnest desire to be again under the shelter of her father's cot.

Meanwhile the gloom of the heavens was palpably increasing, as the night approached. Howling voices were heard above and around, and many wailings, like human cries, floated past on the dreary heath, land were echoed from the hills.—The wind, too, had risen, and was coming in wild gust, and laden with sleet, right in the maiden's face, as she held on her way. Suddenly to these were added the sound of swist trampling behind her over the broken path, and her name was shouted on the gale; but she heeded not the summons; she was drawn onward as by an ominous charm, that warned her, by supernatural tokens, of unknown disaster; and, without ever turning her head, onward she rushed. A few paces more, and the roar of the distant sea was heard, audibly predominating. How once she had loved that long rolling sound! but now it conjured up every picture of terror. And too truly. As she reached the heathy crest, where first she could see its foam there was the dark mass of sea and heavens, as if dispersed and driven by the arms of many giants, rushing and breaking far over the land, in hideous tumult! The lightnin played in fitful streaks on the pitchy background; and to the voice of the awakened sea, the thunder added its majestic peals. There, at last, had the spirits of the deep, that had been moving so long in their ocean caves, arisen, and were flinging from them the billows of destruction. The sea had burst its barriers, and the menaced flood had come! The maiden stood aghast, and at that moment there was a pause in the hurricane. In the momentary lull, the thunder of a horse's tread, that had long been on her track, was brought more distinctly to her ear, and, by a spectral glare of fire, the jet animal was seen, foaming, and with distended nostril, bearing its unhonneted rider, hoarsely shouting Katie's name, and savagely exulting, as is seemed, that at length he had reached her side. But she was gone, almost as swift as the fire-flash. She thought but once of her helpless father; and the picture of his gray hairs, the salt waves lashing at his threshold, his gray hairs draggled in the brine, shot across her brain, and she beheld in all the hand of Heaven against her guilt and disobedience. She could not save him now, but she might find and lay hold of his gray hairs, even in the mysterious caverns where the troubled spirits of the deep were raging. If so, she would pillow his head even there upon her bosom, ere she died. Onward then, with a long, despairing cry, she sped. The plaid flew from her shoulders; her tresses streamed, dank and tangled, on the gale; the salt spray, showering far on the land, dashed on her face; but blinded, sobbing, as never human breast had sobbed before, onward she sped! Many times she fell, and the stones cruelly cut her limbs and face; but still, shrieking "My father!" onward she sped! Behind her the horseman, like an attendant spirit, madly rode, and ever and anon he mingled her name with the blast; but what cared she for the summons?

The sea-flood came rushing on. Long since it had swept over the ruined cabins. Next morning the black steed was seen riderless on the hills; and two forms, locked in each other's embrace, were washed ashore on the new sea-beach—the golden locks of the maiden wreathed with the dark ringlets of the youth she had loved too well!

(From the Sunday Times.)

DISPUTE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

At a moment like this it is not only interesting, but important, to learn in what light the English are regarded on the other side of the Atlantic. The dispute between the two countries is daily assuming, we are told, a darker and more threatening aspect. Yet the fault rests not with England. The government of this country, actuated by a sense of high honour and justice—but, at the same time friendly and conciliating, towards the United States—has already made every concession reconcilable with self-respect. If therefore, the negotiations now going on should terminate unpleasantly, the calamity will be traceable to some party in the States themselves, actuated by motives, and aiming at objects, which the members of that party would be loth to avow.

But while we maintain that our government is disinclined to have the slightest misunderstanding with that of the American republic, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that our journals are often guilty of satire and insults towards the United States, though, as good sense and gentlemanly feeling obtain the ascendancy, those offences become fewer and fewer. It is much the same in America; there a majority of the existing newspapers are still, perhaps, inimical to this country, chiefly, perhaps, because they are conducted by discontented emigrants, who have carried along with them hatred of the land which gave them birth. But a different class of journals is springing up, among which we may enumerate the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, the *Anglo-Saxon*, the *Boston Traveller*, and the *Richmond Inquirer*. The *Anglo-Saxon*, in particular, is devoted to the preservation of amity between the two countries, and abounds with articles in which the cause of peace is most ably and enthusiastically maintained.

It is always a source of regret to behold men of talent and information so far perverted as to be able to discover no difference between a great nation and a small fraction of a party. There exists, however, several Irishmen in the United States who are, unhappily, in this predicament. From circumstances in their own lives—it may be through the unavoidable operation of misfortune—they have been rendered hostile to Great Britain, and compelled to take refuge in America. If they were men of upright minds, they would convert their evilc, voluntary or involuntary, into an occasion of self examination, and endeavour to discover whether they or the institutions of their country were really in fault. Instead of this, the few natives of Ireland to which we allude cherish unceasingly the feelings of rancour which led, directly or indirectly, to their expatriation, and labour to embitter the country of their adoption against the country of their birth. But they are pre-eminently unjust towards the body of Irish people, when they attribute to it their own sentiments and opinions. They forget that there has been a revolution in Ireland—they forget that that portion of the empire is prosperous, and that, instead of disaffection to the government, the prevailing feeling is that of a strong attachment to the laws and institutions of Great Britain. No doubt, the more enlightend among them ardently desire to behold the reform of those institutions, and are ready to cooperate with those who are seeking to bring about. But reform is not destruction, neither does the word patriotism any longer signify in Ireland a hatred of the Saxons; but, on the contrary, wise to coalesce with them in constituting one great country—the foremost in the world in the race of commerce, industry, and civilization.

In order fully to comprehend many of the questions connected with England's dispute with the United States, it is almost necessary to study some American journal—as the *Anglo-Saxon*, for example—in which more attention is paid to all the subordinate topics connected with the progress of negotiation than would be found practicable in an English journal. We are too cosmopolitan, are surrounded by too many jarring interests, have our attention distracted by the claims of too many colonies, dependencies, kingdoms, states, and empires scattered over the whole surface of the globe. Within the short period of seven or eight years, our territories have been augmented by the annexation of four kingdoms; and if the ambition of our statesmen were equal to their opportunities, it would not be long before the greater part of Asia would form a portion of our empire.

We have here in Europe, also, numerous topics which from hour to hour challenge our attention. Everywhere the seeds of revolution are beginning to germinate on the Continent, and, in proportion as they acquire fresh developement, it becomes incumbent on us to watch their growth, that we may be better able to conjecture what fruit they are likely to bear. Besides, even at home, subjects of immense interest present themselves for consideration—reform in parliament, the education of the people, the establishment of perfect toleration in matters of religion, the improvement of our laws, the purifying of our national church, the re-construction of our universities, the settling of the relation of the sexes on a rational basis, and many other things scarcely less interesting and momentous.

For these reasons, we find it all but impossible to familiarise ourselves with the Fillibustering movements and loose and adventurous citizens in the United States, who, escaping from the control of the central government, endeavour to set up for themselves in various parts of the new world. Let it not, however, be supposed that this proceeds from any inclination on our part to disparage the mighty commonwealth which Englishmen have erected on the continent of America; on the contrary, we are full of respect for the senate and people of the United States. We look forward with confidence and pride to its great future, and are not among those who would rejoice to behold disunion introduced into its federation of republics. Yet, if, unfortunately, our present differences should terminate in war, we must like all other true Englishmen take our stand beside the old government, not because it is better than any other, but because it is ours. We do trust nevertheless, that negotiations will avert this great calamity, for a great calamity it would undoubtedly be.

It has come to be believed in Europe, though we know not with how much justice, that the United States are so fiercely agitated by internal dissensions, that nothing but a foreign war can prevent them from bursting forth into a flame, and severing that vast union, which has now, for several generations, excited the admiration and envy of the world. We have, however, seen no adequate reason for adopting this opinion; but, on the other hand, we are utterly incapable of comprehending how the government of Washington can permit the petty squabbles of Central America to compromise the peace of the two hemispheres. It is not, surely, of any great importance whether England sells muskets to the people of Costa Rica or not; or whether General WALKER ought to be treated as a buccaneer. We dare say there is not politician in the United States who does not regard him in that light, and who would not be inclined to treat him accordingly, did no secret reasons exist for the violating the law of nations in his behalf.

The dispute respecting Mr. CRAMPTON appears to be still more unintelligible. He is acknowledged by the American journals which we have already named above, to have conducted himself not only in an inoffensive but in a highly honourable manner. In all this dealings with the American government he has been straightforward, upright, polished, and friendly. No proof whatever has been given of a dereliction of duty on his part, and therefore it is not to be expected that the British government should consent to treat him with contumely, or deference to a party in America, altogether unmindful of what is due to the dignity and greatness of this country.

We think we are not saying too much when we affirm that the general conviction in England is, that everything consistent with self respect should be done to avoid a rupture with the United States. A war with that country every true Englishman would look upon as a war with brethren—as a murderous and hateful contest, which nothing but imperative necessity could justify. Every man who thinks at all, moreover, is anxious to preserve England from having the slightest appearance of being the aggressor in the quarrel. If the crime be committed, it is the unalterable resolution of the people of this country that it shall be ours. We are not eager to imbrue our hands in kindred blood. We admire the people and respect the government of the United States; but exactly in proportion to our humanity and sense of justice, will be our resolution to preserve the interests and honour of our country, should they be placed in jeopardy by the proceedings of the government of Washington. Even now we hope that something will be done to render this fratricidal step impossible.

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., June 27, 1856.

THE ELECTION.

The battle is *lost* and *won*, the people are triumphant, Constitutionality has been sustained, and His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor will learn that notwithstanding the brawlings of a disaffected few, the mass of the people of the City and County of St. John, are sound at the core, that they in common with their fellow Colonist, whether native born, or imported, are not so far fallen as to disregard the blessings conferred on them by the British Constitution. The resignation of the late Executive, they view as a most fortuitous and fortunate circumstance, and one that will afford renewed life, to a sinking land. They fondly cherish the hope that measures of the new Executive will institute and give tone and vigour to the business of the Province. Confidence in the integrity and capacity of public functionaries is a large element in the prosperity of a country.—When men can rely upon their public administrators, as sound, judicious and skilful, they plan their business with security of success in its execution. The election that has just passed off, we think will fully assure His Excellency that notwithstanding the Radical Press boasted of having all but three of the City prints in hostile array against her Majesty's representative, and the undoubted Perogatives of the Crown, yet those three papers, as has been made fully apparent by the result of the late contest, harmonize more with public feeling, and more fully represent the people of New-Brunswick than the whole swarm of their milk and water cotemporaries. The measures adopted by the late advisers of his Excellency operated on this community like an undue and early frost, and the people sick at heart, began to despond, business became stagnant, our young men were daily girding up their loins, and addressing themselves to travel, to parts unknown. No one having capital, would dare to invest it, lest some peurile and untripe caprice of the Executive should render all their anticipations abortive, and sink it beyond the hope of recovery. The happy consummation however above refered to, has while it has proved his Excellency a bold and an experienced statesman, is also pregnant with lively hope for the future. The people feel that he will call to his Council such men as shall foster, and encourage in every way, not only the great public works, but the Manufactures of the Province, the tried and steady advocacy of the working man, by the hon. Provincial Secretary, is notorious thro'out the land, and we feel that he will be ably seconded by his colleagues at the City and County. We look with great hope to our new City member, Mr. J. Lawrence, who in private life has been always zealous in the advocacy and encouragement of Domestic Labour, while we trust now that his position as a public man, giving him extended powers for action, will so tell upon our suicidal Tariff, as again to set in motion, and rub off the rust on the machinery that has for some time past by a blighting and mistaken free trade policy, been rendered inactive.

With respect to the Candidates, we take pleasure in saying that at no former period had the people so excellent a choice of men, and while we rejoice in having succeeded to our hearts content in establishing a great constitutional principle, yet we have every respect and kindly feeling for our beaten opponents, and we are not without a hope that at some future day, and when those gentlemen on calmly reflecting on the false political position they had assumed on this occasion, and have arrived at happier conclusions, that we shall feel it our duty, while it will be our pleasure to record our humble vote in their favor.

The following are the returns for the City and County of St. John:

CITY OF ST. JOHN.—Harding, 1252; Lawrence, 1197; Tilley, 1100; Reed, 969.

COUNTY OF ST. JOHN.—Gray, 1272; Wilmot, 1266; Godard, 1221; Simonds, 1213; Wright, 932; Cudlip, 928; Jardine, 883; Vaughn, 790. Three of the late members together with the Hon. C. Simonds (in the place of R. S. Armstrong, Esq., who did not offer,) are therefore elected by large majorities.

COUNTY OF WESTMORLAND.—Smith, 1061; Botsford, 1739; Lamey, 1431; Gilbert, 1389; Steadman, 1017. Mr. Steadman one of the late members and an extreme Prohibitionist, is rejected.

COUNTY OF SUNBURY.—Perley, 472; Tapley, 447; Lunt, 413; Hayward, 356. This County returns only two members.

The elections for the Counties of Kent and Restigouche, took place on the 24th. In the former Messrs. McPherson and Desbrisay are returned, and in the latter Messrs. Montgomery and Barberie.

☞ Three important decisions in cases affecting the interests of the citizens of St. John, have been given by the Supreme Court, during the past week. A rule for a new trial in the case of the Messrs. Lawton, against the City Corporation, respecting the erection of the Fish Market in Dock Street, slip, has been refused, and the verdict of the jury in favor of the City is consequently established. The water and Sewerage Commissioners of Carleton have also failed in their application for a mandamus to compel the Corporation to issue a certain amount of scrip for the prosecution of the Carleton water works. This decision will probably stop works, until the Commissioner's satisfy the Common Council. In the last case referred to, the Supreme Court has now formally decided, that there is no appeal from judgements in the City Court of this City, but that such judgements are final and absolute.

The Hon. R. L. Hazen appeared for the Corporation in all these cases.—*Church Witness.*

CRIMEAN HEROES.—The Corporation of Quebec have voted the sum of £300 for the purpose of giving a suitable reception to the troops from the scene of the late war. Fountains and triumphal arches are to be erected and there is to be a grand civic procession.

POLAND.—THE CZAR.—The Emperor Alexander, having given a reception to the Polish Nobles, at Warsaw, addressed them as follows: My policy towards your country is oblivious of the past. I am satisfied with the Poles, not only because in spite of revolutions and wars which have shaken all Europe, they have not forgotten the duties they owe towards themselves, but because those among them who have fought in the ranks of my army have manifested a bravery and fidelity beyond proof. I shall not cease to love the Poles as my own children. I beg you will inform your countrymen of this, but let them know at the same time that the period of illusions ought to be terminated. No more illusions, gentlemen; I desire the happiness of Poland, but she can only be so by her union with Russia.

General Williams is much noticed in Prussia. On the 31st he dined with the King. The Emperor of Russia and all about him, treat the General with marked distinction.

DIVERGING EMPIRES.

The Swords of Physical and Moral Triumph.—Two men, alike perhaps, in the normal nature of their genius, and each aiming at a certain universality of empire in the professions they respectfully selected—Napoleon and Holloway. The empire of the sword which the former created and for so many years of fluctuating victory sustained and fostered, was, after all, an idle and a bloody dream. It faded in the frost of his first reverses, and when he died, a lonely exile on the sea-girt rock, there was no compensating benefit that he could point to for all the carnage, and misery, and ruin his personal ambition cost the world.

Professor Holloway made a wiser choice, although the enemy he grappled with had more than mortal terrors at command. He levied war upon disease, and with the self-made weapons of his Universal Remedies, has fought and overcome his enemy in every land, on every sea, among all tribes and nationalities of the earth. It was a stubern fight and one in which success brought no triumphal cries to cheer the prowess of the conqueror. The silent gratitude of a rescued sufferer, the still small voice of an approving conscience, the assurance that his years had been devoted to a worthy object, and the growing respect and admiration of all whose good opinion deserves to be considered,—these were the only stimulants which prompted him to be considered,—these were the only stimulants which prompted him to despise the calumnies of interested hate, and persist in the dissemination of that medicinal empire which he has at length established among all the nations and branches of the human family. And his is an empire that will last, and a reward that shall not pass away.

It would be an insult to the understanding of our readers—versed as we must suppose them to be in a matter of such vital interest—to enlarge upon the different steps of the investigation by which Professor Holloway succeeded in demonstrating that all maladies took their rise in an organic impurity of blood. He did discover it; and by discovering in addition, one single combination of herbs capable of restoring the blood to purity, arrived at that Universal Remedy which, though dreamed of, and believed in, and hoped for by the wise men of all former age, had never before been realized in the test of universal practice Great indeed, is the reward of the learned and indefatigable physician; the prayers of the millions he has saved accompanying him through life—and their gratitude will have gone before him when he is summoned from the scene which his genius and philanthropy have so largely contributed to improve. The reward of practical benevolence is an imperishable crown.—*Washington Democrat.*

Married.

At Greenwich, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. G. C. Wiggins, George Ross, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Daniel Marley.

At Indian Town, on the 12th inst; by the Rev. William Harrison, Mr. George W. Fletcher, of this City, to Mary A. youngest daughter of Mr. James Reynolds.

Died.

Suddenly, on Friday morning, the 20th inst., in the 22d year of her age, Isabel, wife of Alexander L. Light, Civil Engineer, and second daughter of the late Hon. Hugh Johnston.

On the 26th instant, after a tedious illness, Mary, the beloved wife of Alexander Patterson, a native of the County Monaghan, Ireland, in the 56th year of her age, leaving a large circle of friends and relatives to lament their loss.—Her end was peace.

On Sunday evening, Mrs. Julia Lynch, aged 25 years, a native of the Parish of Kinsegh, County of Cork, Ireland, leaving a sorrowful husband, two children, and a large circle of friends to mourn their bereavement.

On Tuesday morning, after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian resignation to the Divine Will, Margaret, second daughter of Mr. William Magee, in the 20th year of her age.

At Hampton, on the 21st instant, Bridget, wife of Martin Hopper, aged 33 years, leaving a kind husband and five children to mourn their bereavement. Deceased was a native of the County of Leitrim, Ireland.

In Smyrna, Aroostook County, (Me.) March 22nd, Mrs. Olive Drew, wife of Samuel Drew, Esq., aged 58 years and 12 days.

Drowned at sea, on a passage from Liverpool to Boston, in the ship "Daniel Webster," George Carr, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland.

In Milltown, on 14th instant, Mr. Jacob B Hall, of the firm of James S. Hall & Co., aged 25 years.

Shipping List.

PORT OF ST. JOHN—ARRIVED—

Friday—Ship Rachael, Crosby, New York, 4—W. Thomson.

Brig Hunter, Cook, Barbadoes, 18—Jardine, & Co., sugar and molasses.

Tuesday—Ship Gem, Nowell, Kennebunk, 2—Wm. Thomson, ballast.

Brig Thetis, Beattie, Boston, 3—Wm. Thomson, ballast.

Schr. Washington, Beeman, Boston, 3—Master, assorted cargo.

Wednesday—Ship Majestic, Barker, Brunswick, (Me.)—Cudlip & Sproule, ballast.

Schr. Amanda, Lowell, Bath, Cudlip & Sproule.

Schr. Catherine Brown, Sullivan, Boston—master, assorted cargo.

Ketch, Rosamond, Merton, Baltimore, 15—Jardine & Co., flour & wheat.

CLEARED.

21st—Schr. Sagamore, Brown, Boston, boards & scantling; Mary Jane, McLean, Bangor, shingles; Mary A. Appleton, Norton, boards, scantling, shingles; Ship Hibernia, Dunning, Liverpool, deals, pine timber; Bark Richland, Lewis, Kalix, Lynn.

WALL & FAIRWEATHER

[illegible]

SOUTH MARKET WHARF,

[illegible]

St. John, N. B., April, 1856.

TAX NOTICE.

THE following Persons (with the amounts set opposite their names) are assessed for the support of Roads in the Parish of Gagetown, which amount they are required to pay within one month from this date, to the Collector of Rates for said Parish, in compliance with the 18th section of the Act relating to Highways—

Estate of the late Hon. Thomas Gilbert,	2	5	0
Estate of the Hon. Hugh Johnston,	1	2	6
Hon. Thomas H. Peters,	1	10	0
Hon. Charles Harrison,	1	5	0
John Portier, Sen.,	0	7	6
Estate late James Glass,	0	10	0
John Wishart, Esq.,	0	5	0
William Olive, Esquire,	0	7	6
Bradford G. Hewlett, Esq.	0	2	6
Gilbert Williams,	0	5	0
William Lamount,	0	5	0
John McCready,	0	2	6
Richard Graham, senr.	0	5	0
Birdsill Carpenter,	0	5	0
R. & H. Davis,	0	2	6
Edward London,	0	5	0
John Armstrong,	0	2	6
George W. Hoben, Esquire,	0	2	6

ARCHIBALD McALLISTER,
Collector of Rates for the Parish of Gagetown
Gagetown, May 26, 1856.

Joshua Tallent,

IN returning thanks to his numerous friends and the public, for the liberal patronage he has received for the last six years he has been in the BOOT and SHOE BUSINESS, desires to inform them that he has enlarged his Establishment, and is now prepared to furnish all articles in his line particularly Waterproof BOOTS, at as low prices as can be found in the City, at his stand, Parish of Portland, near St. Luke's Church.

May, 1856.

To Farmers, Travellers & Citizens.

YOUNG'S HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT is kept regularly open, as usual, with every comfort. Horses are properly attended to. The state of the market is daily furnished; with the latest news; and every effort is made, as heretofore, to benefit. His Hotel is No. 15, *opposite* his former well received Establishment in Charlotte-street, and reference is respectfully asked of former visitors.

St. John, May 30. WM. YOUNG.

☞ Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of ASA NICE, late of Carleton, in the City of St. John, in the City and County of St. John, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers, and those to whom the estate is indebted will present their claims for adjustment in three months from the present date.

HIRAM NICE, } *Executors*
JAS. COLWELL, }

The above named James Colwell is authorised to attend to the matters refered to in the above.

Carleton, May 30, 1856.

BEST English Plate Glass.—*Part is Bond.*—48 panes 17x45 inches; 40 panes 17x36 inches; 12 panes 22x42 inches; 6 panes 36x44 inches; 6 panes 36x41 inches; 2 panes 29x36 inches; 6 panes 24x36 inches; 2 panes 18x16 in. 3 panes 13x16 inches; 3 panes 12x26 inches. For sale by JOHN KINSEAR.

June 13. Prince Wm. street

Canterbury Street.

FOR SALE, or TO LET for One or more years —A New HOUSE, in a New Street, with possession 1st of May, on the corner of Church & Canterbury Streets, consisting of Three SHOPS with Two Stories and an Attic above, with every convenience for a Dwelling House.

It will be Let in whole or in part, as may be required. If Sold, Three Years will be given for the payments. Enquire of

BEVERLY HOOPER.

May 23d. Chronicle Office.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber begs respectfully to intimate to his friends and the public generally, that he has REMOVED his STOCK OF GROCERIES to his NEW STORE, No. 70, one door south of his old stand. And while he tenders his grateful thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him during his twelve years' apprenticeship in the "Hole in the Rock" begs to assure them that no exertion on his part shall be wanting to deserve a continuance of their favors.

JAMES G. LESTER.

May 23. No. 70, Charlotte-street

Vinegar, Raisins, Bread, &c.

10 BRLS. Pure Cider VINEGAR;
10 boxes M. RAISINS;
15 boxes *Pipes*, part Woodstock;
20 brls. PILOT BREAD;
20 boxes SOAP and CANDLES;
5 barrels of BEANS; 6 chests Congou TEA;
6 firkins Cumberland BUTTER; 8 brls. bright SUGAR;
2 brls. Crushed SUGAR; 1 bale Cloves; 5 boxes Jenny Lind Smoking Tobacco;
2 barrels SALERATUS;
Tin Cans and Jugs; GRINDSTONES; Brooms; Corn, Twig and Splint Brooms; Pails; Clothes Lines; Mast Hoops and Jib Hanks; Dry and Smoked Fish, &c. &c.

JOHN MARVEN.

May 23. Water Street

Water Debentures.

Office of the Commissioners of Sewerage and Water Supply, May 5, 1856.

THE Commissioners will issue and dispose of Twelve Thousand Pounds of their Debentures, to parties applying therefor, from and after this date, to the 1st day of July next.

These Debentures will be in sums of not less than One Hundred Pounds each; drawn at forty years from 1st day of May, 1856, which semi-annual Interest Coupons attached, at six per cent. per annum, payable on the 1st of May and 1st November in each year. Payment secured on all the Real Estate in the City of St. John and Parish of Portland. JOHN SEARS, *Chairman*