the identical girl with whose murder he stood charged. The fraud was detected, and thus he suffered death on his own fabricated evidence, as it was very reasonably supposed that no innocent man would resort to such a trick. In Dutchess county, in this State, a man named Wood was, some years ago, convicted, on the oath of his own son, of the murder of another son—the three having been out together on a hunting expedition. The old man was hung; and, after the execution, it appeared from circumstantial evidence, backed by confession, that the prosecuting witness in the trial of the old man was the real murderer, who thus removed two obstacles which intervened between himself and the family estate. A case occurred a few years ago in Mississippi, which is one of the most remarkable instances on record of a successful fabrication of circumstantial evidence. A young man named Boynton had been for some days starving at the house of a friend on the banks of the Mississippi. One morning the deceased, the master of the house, was found dead in a ditch behind. By his side was Boynton's pistols, and in the latter's hat, in the room where he then was sleeping, was found a paper which was known to have been a short time before in the pocket of the deceased. On this evidence Boynton was convicted and executed. He persisted throughout in his innocence, and broke wildly away from the sheriff when the hour of execution arrived, proclaiming his innocence with an earnestness that shook the confidence of the bystanders in his guilt. Not many months after, a man who had been prowling about the neighborhood at the time, was arrested, tried, and sentenced in another State for a murder subsequently occurring, and confessed at the gallows that he had perpetrated the murder for which Boynton had suffered; that as Boynton lay sleeping, he had taken the pistols from his pillow, and on returning had placed a paper taken from the dead man's pocket in Boynton's hat.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

THE LAST RUSSIAN ATTACK OF MARCH.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock last night columns of Russian infantry came suddenly upon the men in our advanced trenches, and rushed in upon them on the right with the bayonet before we were quite prepared to receive them. When they were first discerned they were close at hand, and, on being challenged, they replied with the universal sabbloich, "Bono Francez." In another moment they were bayoneting our men, who had barely time to snatch their arms and defend themselves. Taken at a great disadvantage, and pressed by superior numbers, our men met the assault with undaunted courage, and drove the Russians out at the point of the bayonet after a smart fire. The Russians, pursued by our shot, retired under cover of the batteries. The attack seems to have been general along the line. At half past eight o'clock last night the French batteries began to shell the town, while their rockets were poured every five minutes in streams into the place. At ten o'clock our sentries in advance of Chapman's attack gave notice that the Russians were assembling in force in front of the works. The 20th, 21st, and the 57th regiments were in the trenches on the left attack, and they were, to a certain extent, prepared for the assault of the enemy. About the same time the French on the right of our right attack, which is separated from the left attack by a deep ravine, were assailed by masses of the enemy. As our Allies were hardly pressed, orders were given to advance the troops in a portion of the trenches, consisting of a part of the Light Division, to their support. On the left attack the Russians, advancing with impetuosity through a weak part of the defence, turned the third parallel, and took it in reverse. They killed and wounded some of our men, and had advanced to the second parallel, when our covering party, and the men in the trenches of the batteries, came down upon them and drove them over the works after a sharp conflict. The 7th, 77th, and 88th, had been aroused thoroughly the firing at the other parts of the position, and were therefore of course well prepared for the attack. Their advanced sentries fell back to the shelter of the work in admirable order, as the enemy approached, a steady, deadly file fire was opened on them all along the line. As they ran on the enemy fire a scattered volley, which did but little mischief, and instantly after precipitated themselves upon the breastwork. A most desperate struggle ensued. Our men met them with the point of the bayonet, and pitched them back as fast as they gained the top of the work, but still the enemy persevered for a few few moments, when the Russian soldiers began to fag in their impetuosity, and eventually no longer attempted to mount the parapet, but remained at the foot, firing vague and scattered volleys, nine-tenths of which passed over the heads of our men harmless. Our fellows, lying down under the bank, returned the volleys with deadly interest, while the Russian officers flew up and down the rank of their men, apparently using their utmost to bring them to the charge again. After sometime their efforts were effectual, and again the enemy advanced to force the parallel. One officer, who was armed with a short sword and dagger, in particular distinguished himself, and, followed by a few men, gained the parapet, and made a desperate attempt to cut his way into the work. His soldiers after a while supported him, and both sides used the bayonet, our men literally slaughtering the Russians as they mounted by scores and scores. All the time a bloody fight was raging with the French on the right, while the Russian batteries fired indiscriminately along the whole line. Our batteries returned the fire with shot and shell; the flashes of the guns made the air quite light, and the roar was deafening and awful. Still the contest went on along the whole of the advanced work. The enemy persevered in their attack on the English, and poured such masses on their thin and extended line, that at one time it seemed as if they were about to be successful. But our gallant countrymen never flinched. Though the enemy were along the whole top of the parapet, the Russian officer to whom I have alluded was, with five others actually inside the work, our troops fought with the same dogged obstinacy, clubbing their fire locks and beating down the men on the parapet, or stabbing desperately with the bayonet. Colonel Kelly, of the 34th (who was field officer in command of the trench), Captain Vicars, of the 97th, Hon. Captain Browne, of the 7th, and Captain Bayley, of the 88th, particularly distinguished themselves by the coolness and daring with which they led the different detachments, and maintained the contest against such overpowering numbers, for the enemy were 6,000 or 7,000 strong, while the whole of our guard, as I have already said, only mustered between 1,500 and 1,600 men. Not until this hand to hand combat had lasted nearly twenty minutes, and not until every man who succeeded in forcing his way down from the parapet into the trench was instantly bayonetted, did the enemy falter in their attack, and even then they strove to hold the top of the breastwork. But from this last stand they were driven also, the 88th literally pitching them off with their bayonets headlong into the ditch below.

AN ARMISTICE.

March 26.—The day was beautifully bright and warm. White flags waved gently in the faint spring breeze above the embrasures of our batteries, and from the round Tower and Mamelon. Not a soul had been visible in front of the lines an instant before the emblems of peace were run up to the flagstaffs, and a sullen gun from the Mamelon and a puff of smoke from the Gordon batteries had but a short time previous heralded the armistice. The instant the flags were hoisted, friends and foes swarmed out of the embrasures. The riflemen of the allies and of the enemy rose from their lairs in the rifle pits, and sauntered towards each other to behold their grim handiwork. The whole of the space between the Russian line and our own was filled with groups of unarmed soldiery. Passing down by the middle picket Ravine, which is now occupied by the French, and which runs down in front of the light division camp, I came out upon the advanced French trench, within a few hundred yards of the Mamelon. The sight was strange beyond description. French, English, and Russian officers were walking about, saluting each other courteously as they passed, and occasionally entering into conversation, and a constant interchange of little civilities such as offering and receiving cigar lights, was going on in each little group. Some of the Russian officers were evidently men of high rank and breeding. Their polished manners contrasted remarkably with their plain, and rather coarse clothing. They wore, with few exceptions, the invariably long grey coat over their uniforms. The French officers were all *en grande tenue*, and offered a striking contrast to many of our own officers, who were dressed *a la* Balaklava, and wore uncouth head-dresses, catskin coats, and nondescript paletots. Many of the Russians looked remarkably like English gentlemen in "style" of face and bearing. One tall, fine looking old man, with a long grey beard, and strangely-shaped cap, was pointed out to us as hetman of the Cossacks in the Crimea; but it did not appear as if there were many men of very high military rank present. The Russians were rather grave and reserved, but they seemed to fraternise with the French better than with ourselves; and the men certainly got on better with our allies than with the few privates of our own regiments who were down towards the front. But while all this civility was going on we were walking among the dead, over blood-stained ground, covered with evidences of recent fight. Broken muskets, bayonets, cartouch boxes, caps, fragments of clothing, straps and belts, pieces of shell, little pools of clotted blood, shot, round and grape, shattered gabions and sandbags, were visible around us on every side, and through the midst of the crowd stalked a solemn procession of soldiers bearing their departed comrades to their long home. I counted 17 litters borne past me in 15 minutes, each filled with a dead enemy. The contortions of the slain were horrible, and recalled the memories of Alma and Inkerman. Some few French were lying far in advance towards the Mamelon and Round Tower, among the gabions belonging to the French advanced trenches, which the Russians had broken down. They had evidently been slain in pursuit of the enemy. The Russians appeared to treat their dead with great respect. The soldiers I saw were white-faced, and seemed ill-fed, though many had powerful frames, square shoulders, and broad chests. All their dead who fell within and near our lines were stripped of boots and stockings. The cleanliness of their feet, and in most cases, of their coarse linen shirts, was remarkable.

[*From the London Notes.*]

SEBASTOPOL AND VIENNA.

Is Sebastopol to fall? That is the question which is now anxiously asked and discussed on all hands. The problem is no longer a mere question of time—a calculation of weeks and days, as heretofore; but of the feasibility of the undertaking. It men's minds were too sanguine at the outset of this expedition, if they under-rated the enemy's strength and over-estimated the possible fruits of brilliant achievement, we think it cannot be denied that a more than corresponding reaction has since taken place, and that, worn out with daily watching and expecting, there are many who have given up "the siege" as a failure. There can be no doubt that the plan of operations with which the work was commenced was a mistake, and that no possibility existed at any time after the mistake was found out of retrieving the first false step. But does it follow at all from this that Sebastopol is not to be taken?

We will not admit the deduction. Sebastopol has not fallen, because it has not yet been attacked with adequate means and in the only proper manner. It was thought, in the first instance, to take the place by a *coup de main*; then it was attempted to knock its case-mated batteries down by sheer pounding; but both these expectations have been disappointed, and the balance between the attack and defence, contrary to precedent and to general expectation, turns, for the present at least, in favor of the latter. The most perplexing feature in the case is, that all the time our artillery has been powerless, to destroy the works we came to attack, the besieged, having apparently unlimited resources at their command have been throwing up additional fortifications external and internal, themselves sufficiently formidable to call for regular works of siege for their reduction; so that, under the supposition of our adhering to the project of taking the place by main force, we must (under the existing conditions) look to taking it piecemeal—bit by bit—with a severe struggle at each stage of the proceedings. The truth we believe to be that under the present plan of operation, even, could we succeed in mastering the outworks of recent construction, and in making our way, at the bayonet's point, within part of the ancient itself, we would not be able to maintain our position there, there being no important portion of the works which is not effectually commanded by others. The boldest general would long before he would lead his troops to almost certain destruction in such a venture.

Is, then, Sebastopol not to fall? the reader will ask, casting away the paper from him with disappointment, and almost a feeling of disgust. Our answer is prompt. Sebastopol, properly invested, *must* fall in time, even if it were a mass of cast iron. Hitherto it has not been invested; it has been open, throughout one-half of its boundary, to receive reinforcements and stores of all kinds in greater abundance and with greater facilities than the besiegers. It has hitherto suffered none of the ordinary trials of a siege efficiently conducted. When this pressure—the pressure of a hermetic cordon—is placed around it, its strength must wane, its insolent front quail, its iron ribs collapse; but this must be the work of time, more or less in duration according to the extent of the resources within the place at the time its isolation commences.

The instances are numerous illustrating the importance of the blockading process. Three, however, will suffice as examples, and they are all of seaport places otherwise considered unassailable. Gibraltar stood a siege of nearly four years duration. The attack being defeated by the valour and intrepidity of the defenders, the active siege was converted into a blockade; timely succour, however, was thrown in—partly in consequence of the negligence of the commanders of the enemy's fleet; and before the issue of armed resources could be decided, the siege was stopped by the treaty of Paris. Malta is more to the point: here the blockade was strictly maintained for a period of two years; and, after gallant resistance, in the midst of terrible privations—the last attempt at relieving the place having failed—the garrison was at length forced to capitulate the British flag. The case of Rochelle is still more remarkable, as a example of the extraordinary resources to which the assailants had recourse in order to complete the investment of the place, and the success which rewarded their labours. Entirely shut in by land, the garrison had for four or five months continued to receive succours by sea, and, so sustained, defied the besiegers. Richelieu, in order effectually to meet this difficulty, caused a mole to be constructed across the mouth of the harbour; and, at the end of ten months the brave Rochellois were starved into submission. Why should not similar means be tried with Sebastopol? By sea it is already blockaded; by land also on the south and east. All that remains to be done is to shut it in the north, with Eupatoria as a base, either by regular works of contervallation, or by means of an army of observation, extending to Sebastopol, or Perekop. Indeed, these dispositions having been made on the part of the besiegers, and the sunken ships, which at present obstruct the mouth of the harbour, being blown up and removed, it might be on the cards to take the place by force, by a combined operation on all sides, by sea and land. Sooner or later, however, it must fall, and with it the whole of the Crimea and of Russian power in the Black Sea.

These considerations should not be lost sight of, and are now doubly important in connection with sinister suggestion which have been put afloat of a possibility of the present political difficulty being got over, and peace established, without the capture or cession of Sebastopol as a *sine qua non*. These suggestions, if report be true, emanate from the Court of Vienna, and are to be matured, or at least made the subject of discussion, at the pending Conferences. It is at Vienna, then, and not at Sebastopol, that, according to these writers, the Eastern question is to be solved, and the power of Russia upon the Black Sea reduced within limits consistent with the quiet of Europe. We however, cannot concur in these expectations; and we also feel satisfied that neither the Government nor the people in this country or in France would consent, after all that the war has cost, in money, in blood, and in suffering, to patch up not a peace, but a precarious truce, by any such miserable arrangement as that showed forth by the Vienna politicans.

The ground upon which these views are urged are as untenable as the alternative policy proposed would be mischievous and suicidal. It is considered to much to demand of the Czar to surrender and destroy his favourite stronghold which the Allied armies have hitherto been unable to take. But Sebastopol may and will be taken if the siege be properly carried on; and as to the pride of the matter, we would ask, whose feelings ought to be deferred to?—those of the wrongdoer, who has caused all these troubles, or those of the powerful States who have gone to the expense and hazard of enormous armaments to reduce the pride and power of that wrongdoer?

But the demand for the reduction of Sebastopol under the now admitted policy of opening the Black Sea, comes almost as a matter of course, and without the slightest implication of offence to Russia; being strictly accordant with the principles of public law, and supported by numerous precedents. Dunkirk is an example of the dismantling of a fortress at the demand of a neighbouring State, which the proud French nation submitted to, by the treaty of 1713, and which arrangement continued in force until abandoned by consent of England, in the treaty of 1783. As to the alternative proposed by the Vienna politicans, of the Maritime Powers erecting fortresses or establishing military posts on the southern coast of the Euxine—as at Batoum, Trebizond, Sinope, &c.—it is too absurd to be seriously entertained for a single moment. Instead of peace, this would establish a state of perpetual war; and make the sword, instead of the diplomacy and consent of nations, the public law of Europe. No; whatever it cost, Sebastopol must be taken, or surrender; and the Conferences at Vienna must start upon no other basis.

The *Times* correspondent makes the following general survey of the army:—"The Light Division some time ago mustered about 2,000 men; it now can show 5,000 for duty; but, instead of six regiments, it contains ten regiments. With the exception of the Guards, nearly every brigade in the army can muster more men now than they could have done a month ago. Lieut. General Pennefather's division (the second) turned out in beautiful order the other day, and the brigade which was formerly led by poor Major General Adams—the 41st, 47th, and 49th Regiments or 'the Fours,' as it is familiarly called, looked almost as well and as strong as it did on the breaking up of the camp near Aladyn. The 30th, 55th, and 95th Regiments have scarcely recovered their losses at Alma, Inkermann, and the trenches. The Third Division, commanded by Sir Richard England, is in very good order and is tolerably strong, though some of the nine regiments of which it is composed have suffered severly. The old 50th are very much reduced; indeed, not more than 100 men, if so many, could be turned out for duty, if the hatmen, servant, and camp keepers were left behind. The 44th is a shadow, or rather a ghost of its former self; the 28th and the 4th have also lost considerably, but the Royals present a tolerably good muster roll. The 18th, 28th, 39th, and 89th Regiments are in fair strength but they have all joined recently in comparison with the regiments named above. The 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, attached to the Light Division, are in excellent order, and notwithstanding Alma and the trenches, they turn out very strong. The 1st battalion of the same admirable corps, attached to the Fourth Division, is equally efficient. With regard to the Fourth Division itself, ever since the siege began the toils and dangers of war have affected every regiment in it more or less severely, and two of these regiments have almost ceased to exist, so far as the privates and non-commissioned officers are concerned. The losses they sustained at Inkermann, the hard work to which they were subsequently exposed by their position and their distance from supplies disease and sickness, the result of privation and over-work, have thinned the ranks of this gallant division, who have had, moreover, but scant justice done to their labors. They are, nevertless, recovering health and spirits and strength rapidly, and will soon be ready for any work that can be cut out for them."

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., May 4, 1855.

GHOSTS FROM THE ASYLUMS.—The *Morning News* groans in agony, that Dr. Bayard has been appointed Chairman of the Board of Health, over the head of Dr. Livingstone, an old and staunch advocate of the Republican pack, yet he does not dare say that the appointment is an unpopular one, or an injudicious one. He knows that in Dr. W. Bayard, we have a smart, active, intelligent, and in every way an efficient man; true he is one of the old Conservative stock, and therefore objectionable to the "Reformers." God save the mark! but highly approved of by all but the Annexation party. And so the poor Doctor, after breaking his neck in search of new and vague theories for the last 25 years, (so says the "News") to get into power, place, and emoluments, is fairly jockey'd after all. Shame! Shame on you Ritchie, Tilley and Harding—and shame on you too Wilmot and Gray if you attempt to laugh at the Dr's. misfortunes; however he may console himself after all, as he has only met the fate of many other *great* men and has mistaken his *forte* thats all. Another great Doctor, not a Scotchman, Dr. Johnston, did much the same thing, when he prided himself on his skill in the "Manual Exercise," when training for the Volunteers, while his drill sergeant swore, not loud but deep, that he would rather drill ten Idiots, than one Philosopher. But our worthy friends of the Courier, Freeman, and News have surely nothing of which to complain, they have all had their sops in the pan, and are still exulting in the lively hope of further immunities. The first named journal, altho' over burthened with fat, the Editor in receipt of a situation at £300 with all the loose printing work, has lately been favoured with the Crown Land advertising, the poor old Chronicle having been discharged.

A STAR.—An eclipse on one of our Great Lights has rendered him invisible for an uncertain period in this Hemisphere. Eccentric in his orbit, like Meteors; he has darted away to the Regions of the East. The Great Literary, that *"blazing star" of a brilliant Government* has gone to England.—Reformers hold your breaths—and think, only think, at what an *immense sacrifice* to himself, and all to save an ungrateful public that would not vote for him at the last election, but allowed him a beggarly majority of *One*, and that One, an honorable and staunch friend in the time of trial had to vote Twice to effect the elevation of his friend, and yet so says the Courier, like another Curtius, he has sacrificed himself on the Altar of his country's good. He has gone to England to *look after Railway matters!* Prodigious! And is it necessary that Jackson & Co., so long established as Rail Road Contractors, require the aid of Mr. Ritchie, to enable them to carry out their Contract? or do they need the advice and assistance of our Great Reformer in planning and laying out the work? We ask are these the causes of his departure? or is it not more probable that now as last summer, he has gone on his own business, and as one of the first acts of our Reform Government was to allow their first rail road instalment to be dishonoured, is it not probable that as a second errand, he is gone to give a little special pleading to those gentlemen, to have the Province excused from being placed in the same category with our Repudiating Republican neighbors? That Mr. Ritchie will talk of Rail road matters, as well as other matters, while he is away, is quite probable, and that he will pocket a Delegates fee for so doing is much more than probable; but that he will sacrifice one farthing in the way of business for the sake of the public, it will take more than one person to make us believe. It is stated roundly "about the town" that our business like, talented and *perfectly Reformed Government*, have really allowed the Province credit to be dishonored in the London market, and that a delegate with a six hundred pounds allowance, has been sent home "to make cool the scandal." Well, if Fisher gets £600, Tilley £600, Brown £600, Partelow £600, and new Postmaster General £600, we see no reason why Ritchie should not have his £600 also, and if there is no office they can give him for the money, why the money without the office will answer every purpose. "Go it ye cripples" and viva Reform.

MESSRS VESSELS.—The Clippership *Alice*, Captain Clare DeWolf, 399 tons, sailed from this port on the 17th of Feb. last for Liverpool, and by the latest accounts from that port she is not reported as having arrived. As she was a remarkable long and sharp built vessel, and likely to make a very good passage, it is generally feared that some accident has befallen her. She was loaded with deals, and had about 70 tons of ballast. Messrs. Gilbert and Company are the owners and Mr. John Thompson, was the builder.—The master was quite a young man, and much esteemed by a number of highly respectable families in this City, by whom he was well known.—*Com.*

The schooner *Helen Holmes*, Capt. Cathrin, 121 tons, sailed from this Port for Jamaica, on or about the 10th January last, and by the latest accounts from that place has not been heard of, although out upwards of three months. She was a good strong vessel formerly employed in Mr. Mellerry's line of Packets between this Port and New York, and was well ballasted. Her cargo consisted of 90,000 feet boards 100 barrels pickled fish, 27,000 shingles, and 50 boxes smoked herrings. The master was considered to be an able, competent and experienced seaman. We deeply regret to state that William Walker, Esq., our highly respected townsman, was on board of her when she sailed, and it is greatly to be feared that all hands have met a watery grave. Mr Walker was long and favourably known as a partner of the firm of Crookshank & Walker, and was much esteemed by the merchants and others of this community.—*Ib.*

NEW VESSEL.—A new Barque called the "Cashmere" was lately launched from the building yard of Mr. Stephen Rowan at Indian Town.—She measures 278 tons, N. M., 400 tons O.M., and is owned by George Young, Esq., of this city.—*Ib.*

The Russian troops in Poland to the number of 150,000 are leaving their stations, and being marched off to the Baltic Provinces, and the vacancy thus produced is being filled up with Asiatic hordes "Bashkirs." The whole of these troops are mounted and belong to the irregular Cavalry. This movement together with the Petitions pouring in to the Imperial Parliament, praying England to aid the Poles, gives room for hope that the regeneration of that heroic nation draweth nigh.

DRAMATIC READINGS.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather a large, fashionable and most intelligent audience greeted the appearance of Messrs. Otty, Hutchison, and Wright, on Thursday night [illegible] The Reading of the several scenes fitted [illegible] passes admirably. Tragedy of [illegible] which each of the gentlemen [illegible] much applauded. The scenes from King [illegible] of "The Wife" were most excellently [illegible] Mr. V. B. Hutchison reading the part of "Julien St. Pierre" and Mr. W. M. Wright that of "Fernando Gonzago." One of the prettiest and most [illegible] feelings [illegible] in the [illegible] peare's Plays is Scene 1st, Act 4th, of "King John." Mr. Wright as "Prince Arthur" and Mr. Hutchison as "Hubert" read this scene in a truly affecting manner, which was paid by the rapturous applause which followed. Colman's side-splitting farce "The Review" was most humorously read by the three gentlemen. Mr. Hutchison as "Loony Maetwolter," was as Irish as could be, and of course caused shouts of laughter. So did Mr. Wright in his reading of "Deputy Bull" and "Caleb Quotum," especially, while Mr. Otty as "Grace Gaylove" "John Lump," and "Capt. Beaugard" was most effective.

A word or two about Mr. Otty's Recitations.—The first "The Covenanters" was beautifully delivered, was very affecting, and several of the fair auditors were moved by it. Alexander Smiths "Charge of the Light Brigade" was encored, when Mr. Otty gave another "Charge" by an American author. That choice poem, "A Tale of the North" or the "Lost Expedition" was most admirably recited.

The sum of £21 was cleared, which we are informed, will be apportioned in the most judicious way among the destitute Widows and Orphans in the city.

SHAKESPEARIAN READINGS.—It is gratifying to us at all times to be enabled to notice native talent, and we do it the more cheerfully when we feel it is so fairly deserved. The Readings of Mr. Otty, and his coadjutors, appears as it should do, to have revived a taste for the legitimate Drama, which has in this city so long been dormant, or rather been superseded by the low buffoonery of Jim Crow peanality. We opine that at the present time a neatly got up little Theatre, with a Company composed chiefly of natives, and to play the standard and most approved Plays of the best Authors, would meet with encouragement, and in our opinion, as forming a school both of morals and elocution, be most salutary as an allurement from the Grog Shop, than all the laws of coercion the legislature could invent.

☞ At a meeting held in the Mechanics' Institute on the 24 instant, for the purpose of establishing a "*Mechanics' Charitable Association*," the following gentlemen were chosen Office Bearers for the ensuing year:

Thomas Allan, Esquire, *President*;
Vice-Presidents, Thomas C. Everitt and Joseph W. Lawrence;
Mr. James Harris, *Treasurer*;
Mr. John Hooper, *Secretary*;
Mr. T. C. Humbert, *Corresponding Secretary*.

The object of this Association, we understand, is two-fold. First to assist those who by misfortune fall into distress, and secondly to protect and elevate Labour. Much credit is due to the originators of such Patriotic and Christian views, and we sincerely hope that its operations, while they are beneficial to their fellow man, will also receive the blessing of the author of all good.

☞ The Election for Mayor took place on Tuesday last, and after a spirited contest, resulted in the return of Mr. Smith. Annexed are the returns from the different Wards:

Wards.	Smith.	Foster.
King's,	190	56.
Queen's,	207	200.
Duke's,	147	93.
Sydney,	76	43.
Wellington,	233	172.
Guy's,	37	107.
Brook's,	82	75.
	972	836.

Majority for Smith, 136.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—At a meeting of the Stockholders of the Commercial Bank, held on Tuesday last, the following Gentlemen were elected Directors, viz:—

Mark Dole, John Duncan, S. Gerow, R. L. Hazen, S. Hersey, W. Jack, J. Merritte, G. L. Lovett, D. J. McLaughlin, Wm. Parks, A. McL. Seely, Jas. Vernon, and J. Wishart.

At a subsequent meeting, Wm. Parks, Esq., was elected President, in place of D. J. McLaughlan, who resigned.

FIRES!—Saturday last was a day which tried the spirit and energy of our firemen, and we are proud to say that they performed their duties in a most admirable manner. In the early part of the day several alarms were given, although not of a serious nature; but about noon, the Steam Mill of Messrs. James Smith & Son, at Courtenay Bay, took fire, and fanned by a strong North West wind, the flames spread with great rapidity. In a short time the store and warehouse, and other buildings in the vicinity, took fire, and notwithstanding the energetic exertions of the firemen, the flames enveloped the fine new ship on the stocks, in the yard of the Messrs. Smith, which was well forward, and entirely consumed her noble hull. We learn that the Messrs. Smith had only a small insurance upon their mill, and that the ship was uninsured. Their probable loss will be £15,000 or £18,000

The splendid new ship of Messrs. Wright, in course of construction in the yard adjoining, was in great danger, but was saved through the energetic exertions of the Fire Companies.

Shortly after this fire was extinguished, another broke out in St Patrick street, and thither the Engines were directed, and after a most energetic effort the flames were subdued, but not without considerable damage to the roofs and upper portion of two houses. The Carleton Engine No. 8, came over in the Ferry Boat, and rendered most efficient service at the last mentioned fire.—*New Brunswicker.*

THE CRIMEA.

[*By Submarine Telegraph.*]

MARSEILLES, March 29.

All the troops have arrived at Toulon and Marseilles, in order to embark.

A small Sardinian squadron, commanded by M. Dinegro, is about to sail for the Crimea.

The English government has given orders to assemble immediately at Malta all transports available for active service.

VIENNA, March 28.

It was reported, that an insurrection had broken out in Mesopotamia, and that the rebels amounted to 30,000 men.

EGYPT AND CHINA.

ALEXANDRIA, March 28.

A thousand English lancers, from India have reached this city from Suez. The last news from England came down to the 10th of Feb.

Advices from Hong Kong state, that the Chinese insurgents, who are besieging Canton, have taken the Tiger Fort, and pillaged the neighbouring villages.

One of the largest distilleries in Scotland, the Leith Distillery, where 1,200,000 gallons of whisky are said to be annually made, has just been converted into a flour mill.

Government, have called upon a number of the most distinguished officers now in England—both of the Queen's and the Indian armies—to state in writing, their opinions, as to the advisability of amalgamating the two services.

[FOR THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE.]

Mr. Editor,—In your last issue I observe a remark on a gentleman living not a thousand miles from the Portland Mill Pond having "dumped" a number of barrels of the most objectionable filth in that Grand Receptacle. I have a strong suspicion as to who is the party, and if I am right in my conjecture, he has since, as an act of penance, skin' not a disciple of Rome, whitewashed his sides, thereby making clean the outside of the cup, while within is questionable. Perhaps you can inform me if the authorities have been sufficiently acquainted with this piece of iniquity, and if so, how much has he been fined? I ask for information, as if such is permitted with impunity, myself and friends intend, as the cheapest mode of getting rid of Nuisances, to follow in the steps of this our illustrious example.

Yours, &c.

OBSERVER.

FAMOUS JOURNALISTS AND THE WAR.—The editors of all the Paris journals were summoned to the Ministry of the Interior, one day last week, and told that in future they would not be permitted to publish any intelligence respecting the movements of the French Army, even should it relate merely to the transfer of a regiment from one part of France to another. A representative of one of the papers inquired, by way of asking for an example, whether they were not to be at liberty to reproduce from the *Journal de Toulon* the paragraphs which that journal was constantly in the habit of publishing about the military movements in that port. The answer was that the Toulon journal would no longer be allowed to publish those paragraphs; that all the prefects had been enjoined by a ministerial circular to enforce the same secrecy in the provinces which the Government was determined to enforce in the metropolis; and that if, by any accident, military news of the kind alluded to should appear in a provincial newspaper, the Paris press would nevertheless not be at liberty to adopt it. The editors were at the same time enjoined not to report a word of what might be said about the possible journey of the Emperor to the Crimea.

ONE HAPPY HEART.

Have you made one happy heart to-day? How calmly you can seek your pillow, how sweetly sleep? In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed—as getting a sun ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn; there is not a moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered. Yet how many of those sighs are caused by our own thoughtlessness! How many a daughter wrings the very soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude! How many a husband, by one little word makes a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts! How many wives, by recrimination, estrange and embitter loving hearts!—How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other, making wounds that no human heart can heal! Ah! if each one worked upon this maxim day by day strive to make some home happy—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate with their kindred evil associates, would forever leave the earth. If you would relish your food more for it, if you would relish your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

Holloway's Pills, the most celebrated Remedy in the World for the cure of diseases of the Liver and Stomach—Edmund Alga, of Niagara, was for the period of nineteen years a complete misery to himself, and a burden to his friends, he suffered so severely and continuously from liver complaint, and a disordered stomach, that he was constantly for weeks together confined to his bed, the doctors did him no good, and he therefore left off consulting them. Nine weeks ago he commenced using Holloway's Pills, and his wife called last week at the store of Professor Holloway, to acknowledge most gratefully that her husband is quite cured. Professor Holloway, hopes that the thousand others who have been benefited will now come forward.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION

Has until within a few years, been generally considered INCURABLE, although many medical men of the highest standing, among whom we might mention Laennec and his friend Bayle—both distinguished authors, admit that this much dreaded disease may be cured, even in its advanced stages when the lungs are not completely disorganized. The remedy which we now offer,

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry,

not only emanates from a regular Physician, but has been well tested in all complaints for which it is recommended. A Physician in Maine says:

"I have recommended the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry for diseases of the lungs, for two years past, and many bottles to my knowledge have been used by my patients, all with beneficial results. In two cases, where it was thought confirmed Consumption had taken place, the Wild Cherry effected a cure."

Look out for imitations and counterfeits. Remember the original and only genuine article always bears the written signature of I. BUTTS, upon the outside wrapper.

For sale wholesale and retail by the General Agent, SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and by his sub-agents throughout the country.

S. L. TILLEY, Agent for St. John.

Married.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. R. Knight, Mr. Edward Dale, to Miss Mary Webster, all of Carleton.

On the 1st inst., by the Rev. A. McLeod Gravely, Mr. Rufus P. Mitchell, of Wallace, N. S. to Mary Jane, daughter of Mr. Hugh McAfee, of Portland, N. B.

Died.

At his father's residence, on Monday, of inflammation of the lungs, William, (late chief officer of the Barque *Transgressor*,) eldest son of Captain Thomas John, a native of Youghal, County Cork, Ireland, aged 28 years.

On Thursday morning, at the advanced age of 85 years, Captain David Crook, of this City, an old and much respected Ship master out of this port.

On the 26th inst., Alice, widow of the late Mr. James McKee, aged 59 years.

Suddenly, at Spurr's Cove, on Thursday last, Mr. Wm. Craik, engineer, a native of Dundee, Scotland, and for many years, a resident in this Province, aged 55 years, leaving a widow, three sons and four daughters to mourn their loss.

On the 27th inst., after a lingering illness, Mr. Robert Crawford, in the 75th year of his age.

On Saturday last, after a lingering illness, John Leavitt, aged 81 years, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On the 29th ult. Sarah Sewell, wife of Jas. West, in the 41st year of her age.

At Springfield, on the 14th inst., Mrs. Ann Davis, wife of Deacon Walter Davis, and daughter of Mr. Silas G. Dufforest, of Sussex Vale, in the 38th year of her age.

At Kingston, K. C., on the 24th ult., after an illness of seven years, William Wheaton, eldest son of the late Mr. Joseph Wheaton, aged 40 years.

Marine List.

PORT OF ST. JOHN—ARRIVED—

Friday—Brigt. Asbey, Ritchie, Porto Rico, 23d. At Restigue, molasses.

Schs. Fidelia, Morris, Eastport—Jardine & Co. plaster, &c.

Steamer Adelaide, Winchester, Boston—L. H. Waterhouse, passengers, &c.

Saturday—Ship Commonwealth, Grierson, Boston, 2—J. Robertson, ballast.

Brig Charles, Margeson, Halifax, 9—G. & J. Salton, sugar.

Pilgrim, McKellar, Portland, 30 hours—R. Atkinson, rum.

Schr. Grapeshot, Kavanagh, Boston, 2—master, general cargo.

Wave, Scott, Yarmouth—Charles McLauchlan, ballast.