The night was cold and dismal—the rain beat against the window—the wind swept by in mournful gusts—a miserable bit of candle served to show the utter destitution of the cottage. There was no fire; but by the cheerless hearth sat Louise miserably clad, her eyes fixed on her sleeping child; it seemed indeed as if all she had retained of life was derived from gazing on her infant. A carriage stopped, and a low knock was heard at the door.— [illegible] sion to the man who took such cruel advantage of her misery. Even he, indifferent as he usually appeared, almost started as he looked on her; she was so pale, so shadowy, and her hand, as he took it in his, had the clammy coldness of death.

"Why have you brought yourself to this Louise:" he said. "But come away—this is no place to remain in longer. I love you, and will make you forget all this wretchedness."

She made no resistance—she was passive as an infant in his hands; only she gave him a note directed to his mother's housekeeper, who had shewn her great kindness when she had been in the habit of going to the house, and requested that it might be delivered immediately. "It was only," she said "to get her to come and remain with her child till her return; or if she never came back, to be a mother to it, and a friend to Jeanneton."

As she spoke, her voice was firm and clear, but so low, so mournful, it sounded like a distant knell, borne to the ear on the evening breeze of summer.

"You shall never return to this wretched place," said the Marquis; "but the old woman shall be taken care of, and your child also shall be brought to you."

She made no reply—she turned not another look on the bed where lay the helpless little being for whom she sacrificed herself, but clasping her hands for a moment, as if in earnest prayer, suffered him to place her in the carriage. It stopped at his own door. As he alighted she saw him give her letter to the servant, with orders to deliver it immediately, and as she heard his injunction she drew a deep breath, as if a weight was removed from her heart. He led her into a well-warmed room, where a table was laid with everything that could tempt the appetite. On one side there was a pair of folding-doors, leading into a bed-chamber, and they were half open. As the wretched girl saw it, she trembled so violently that she was obliged to lean on a chair for support. He pressed her to eat, she sickened at the sight of the delicacies spread before her, but in the same calm chilly voice in which she had before spoken, asked for a glass of water, and taking it with a steady hand, turned her back on him. The Marquis no longer suppressed an expression of wonder and admiration; he watched her narrowly, and in an instant springing to her side, and seizing a paper which she had let fall, dashed the yet untasted goblet from her lips.

"Forbear!" he cried; make me not a murderer. Oh, Louise, look on me. I who have never bowed knee to aught on earth or in heaven kneel to you for forgiveness. No, not for countless empires would I sully purity like yours; till now I thought holiness and virtue were but a fable. Base that I was to require such proofs from the excellence of woman! But forgive me, Louise. 'Tis now my turn to sue for mercy, and angel as you are, I feel that sorely as I have tried you, I shall not plead in vain. Do not hate me for my cruelty, but try to look on me as a brother, and one whose greatest happiness will consist in promoting yours."

The girl looked on him as he knelt at her feet, and she gazed wildly, and passed her hand across her eyes, as though she thought it was a dream; but the tone of truth cannot be mistaken, and as she became convinced of the sincerity of his words, the revulsion of feeling was too great for her exhausted frame—she burst into a wild laugh, and fell senseless on the floor.

For many days she lay hovering between life and death, and when at length her youth and good constitution triumphed over disease, and her consciousness returned, it was long before she would be convinced that all she saw was not a deceitful dream, which would melt away and leave her desolate as before. She lay in a comfortable bed, in a cheerful, neatly-furnished apartment. Her child, the picture of health, was playing on the floor, while Jenneton, well clothed, sat in an arm-chair beside a blazing fire. A smiling young girl stood by the bed, and gave her a draught which seemed to endow her with a new life. It was not, however, till two days afterwards that the physician allowed her to receive a letter which her young attendant had been most anxious to give her. It was from the Marquis de la Riviere, and contained the following words:

"Noble Louise, I will not talk of reparation—I can never make you amends for the sufferings I have caused: but let me shew you, at least, that I am anxious to make what atonement is in my power. The cottage you are in, with the land attached to it, is settled on your husband, together with a pension of a thousand francs a year. I have found a substitute for him and he will be with you in a few days; I have interest enough to prevent his ever being called upon to serve again. Forgive me, I implore you, and let me speedily hear of your recovery—remember, till I do, I know not whether I am a murderer or not. Pray to God that you may recover, that so I may be spared being the destroyer of her who has been a guardian angel to my soul."

What a restorative is happiness! It freshens the heart like summer showers; and O, the bright and lovely things that spring forth beneath its influence, where all before was scorched and arid.—It was not more than a year after the foregoing circumstances that the narrator of them first beheld Louise. It was on a beautiful evening in the latter end of August. The cottage stood in the midst of a corn-field full of wheat sheaves. Beneath a porch grown over with jasmine and honeysuckle sat old Jeanneton, watching with almost childish glee the little girl who was making a garland of wild flowers. Paul was arranging a parterre in which his beautiful wife took great delight, and she stood beside him a living exemplification that virtue has its reward. When she was not giving him directions about her garden, she continued to work at something she held in her hand. I had been in conversation with them some time, when I could not help remarking how beautiful the embroidery was on which she was employed, and asked her what it was for. She answered, "It is a dress for the young Marquis de la Riviere's first child."

ADMIRABLE IMPROVEMENT IN PASSENGER SCREW STEAMER.—The Steam trade of Hull has received a great acquisition this week in the arrival of the Scandinavina, a splendid newly-built iron steam ship, propelled on the principle of the Archimedian screw. The Scandinavian left Glasgow on Saturday last, and arrived here yesterday, after a very pleasant passage until near its completion, when it was rather rough the wind being from the eastward. She is 500 tons burden, 202 feet over all, 27 feet beam 16 feet deep, has two engines of the collective power of 140 horses, and was built, together with her engines, by Messrs. Thomas Wingate & Co., of Glasgow. She is bark-rigged, and carried great press of sail. Her average speed from Glasgow, was ten knots an hour; but if she had her full steam power, in addition to her sails, she would have been propelled through the water at the rate of 12 knots an hour. The Scandinavian is built for both quick steaming and sailing, and is furnished with Gearing's patent steering apparatus, the operation of which was found to exceed the most sanguine expectations of her commander, Captain Rayner. The cabins are all on deck, amidships—the easiest part of the ship for travellers to rest in when a strong sea is running. They are neatly but substantially built, are seven feet high, well ventilated, excellently furnished, and appear altogether of a comfortable character, and will accommodate 40 first cabin and 12 fore cabin passengers. At the stern are the engines, and on the deck are the officers' berths. Beneath them are the berths for the firemen and stokers, and those of the sailors are all forward. All hands express themselves highly pleased with the internal fittings and arrangements. Since her arrival the Scandinavian has been numerously visited, and has excited much admiration from gentlemen connected with iron shipbuilding, who say she is evidently "a clipper."—*Hull Advertiser.*

DEATH FROM GRIEF.—Two maiden ladies, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Mary Beaufort, aged 77 and 73 respectively, resided at Tavistock all their lives together, doing acts of charity and benevolence. On Monday Miss Elizabeth, who had been ailing for some time past died; and her sister was so affected by the circumstance, that she too expired within an hour, although she had been up to that time in the enjoyment of her usual health.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENT.—Jos. B. Whipple to be Local Deputy for the Sale of Crown Lands in the County of Saint John, in the room of M. H. Perley, Esq. resigned.

By His Excellency's command.

J. R. PARTELOW.

KIRWAN'S LETTERS TO CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

LETTER XV.

Legends.—Sabbath evening in S. Carlo.—Gorgeous scene there.—Legends from Butler—from Lives of English Saints.—Dr. Duff's Testimony. [illegible] Religion of Legends not fitted for America.

MY DEAR SIR,—In the present letter I ask your attention to the *legends* of Romanism. Unless I greatly err in judgment, you will find in them another powerful reason for the utter rejection of a system which lives by fabricating and propagating them.

My first Sabbath evening in Rome was spent in the Church of St. Carlo, in the Corso. I was attracted there, with others, to witness a high ceremony in honour of a saint whose name I now forget. The house was full, and in this respect was an exception to all I witnessed in Romish Churches in Europe. It has three naves, divided by Corinthian columns; the middle one was crowded with children of both sexes; the girls dressed in white, with white vails most gracefully pinned on their hair, and flowing down their shoulders. Each child held in her right hand a small stick, with a beautiful flower tied to it with a string, and in her left a lighted candle. A forest of candles blazed on the high altar. The Litany was responsively sung by the choir and the congregation, and with grand effect. The appearance of the children, each holding their stick, flower, and candle, and all kneeling, rising, turning round at the word of command, like little soldiers, was most interesting. Indeed, the whole scene was a gorgeous one. At a pause in the music, a long, lean, Italian priest—and, in these respects, an exception to his short and stall-fed brethren—ascended a desk, and, in a most furious style, poured forth a short address to the children. The music again struck up, and at another pause, a fat and monkish-looking priest, from another part of the house, addressed them; and by their winks and smiles, the children seemed to enjoy the scene very much. Soon a movement was made to the left, and a pussy-looking cardinal made his appearance, headed and followed by priests and servants, bearing candles, a crook, and a cross; and puffing under the double weight of his fat and canonicals he made his way to the high altar.—Mass was soon said, for the evening was quite hot, and the congregation dispersed. "And what," said I to our attendant, "is the meaning of all this: What was meant by that stick, and flower, and those candles in the hands of the children?" "This is Saint ——'s day," said he. "The saint, when once going up a hill, was very weary, and he stuck his staff in the ground, and he leaned upon its top to rest. He prayed for some evidence from heaven that he was in the right way, and his dry stick instantly bore a beautiful blossom! To commemorate that miracle was the object of the stick and flower in the hands of the children. And the candle was an emblem of the light of holiness reflected on the world by his life." Not understanding Italian, "What," I asked, said those loud preachers to the children?" They told them of the many wonders wrought by the saint, and exhorted them to venerate him and to follow his example," was the reply. Here is a foolish legend, that I myself saw commemorated by a cardinal and many priests; and such legends form a great part of the religious literature of Romanism. They are published by authority, and have a prodigious influence upon the ignorant Papists of all nations. Permit me to detail a few of them, remembering that "*a legend is a story told respecting the saints.*" Some of these I have already detailed in my letters to you on sham miracles.

A man who insulted *St. Agnes* was struck blind by a flash of light. On being brought to the young virgin, she immediately restored him to sight. She wrought many miracles. *St. Anthony* was often assaulted by the Devil in human form, was often beaten by him until almost dead, but always came off victor. He cured many diseases; but was especially famous for the cure of that disease which has taken his name, "St Anthony's fire." *St. Gudula,* whose relics are in the church of that name in Brussels, lighted her candles by her prayers. Might she not have understood the process of making lucifer matches? *St. Theodosius* often miraculously supplied his many guests with provisions, and a woman was miraculously healed of a cancer by the touch of his garment. A general going to war with the Persians, begged his hair shirt, and, wearing it in battle, gained a great victory, "by the protection of the saint through the pledge of that relic." *St. Egwin,* going on a pilgrimage to Rome, put on his legs iron shackles, and threw the key into the Severn; but he found it in the belly of a fish in Rome, which enabled him to take off his shackles. The miracles of *St. Hilary* fill a whole book. *St. Placidus* fell into a lake, and was carried out by a current into deep water; St. Benedict saw this in a vision, and sent out St. Maurus to save him; Maurus walked upon the water without sinking in the least, and drew him to shore. *St. Macarius* made a dead man to speak, to convince an unbeliever of the truth of the doctrine of the resurrection. The relics of *St. Francis* of Sales raised to life two persons that were drowned, and have cured the blind and paralytics. *St. Romuald* drove several devils out of his cell who were scourging him, by mentioning the name of Jesus, and calmed a tempest on the sea, and wrought many miracles. His order of monks wear a white robe, the idea of which was suggested to him by seeing them going up a ladder to heaven in white. He died in the year 1020 or 1030, and his body remained perfect as late as 1466. His relics have wrought wonders. *St. Richard* cured his son by laying him at the foot of a great crucifix, and his relics have wrought miracles. *St. Stephen* told others their secret thoughts, wrought many miracles, as also did his relics. *St. Scholastica* was the sister of St. Benedict. They met one day, and the sister insisted that her brother should spend the night with her. But the rules of his monastery forbode him, and he refused. She prayed the Lord to stop his going away, and immediately a most fearful storm arose, which compelled him to remain. The sister died in a few days after, the Benedict saw her soul from Mount Cassino going to heaven in a form of a dove! *St. John of Egypt* was a prophet, foretold future events, and did wonders. He gave eyes to blind girl, and spent a night' *in vision,* with a lady who wished to see him in the flesh. He miraculously cured a man of the certian ague by giving him a good vomit! Thus many are cured of the ague in our day, and by doctors who are not likely to have a name in the calendar.

There are, Sir, two huge volumes before me, containing, in double columns, about one thousand pages each. They are "Lives of the Saints," by the Rev. Alban Butler, and were printed at the Metropolitan Press, Baltimore, in the year 1846. The legends here quoted are taken from these volumes, which have received the highest approbation of the dignitaries of the Romish Church, and which are crammed with just such stories. There is a saint or saintess, or several of both, for each day in the year, and the object of the volumes before me is to furnish to the faithful a little devotional reading for each day, for the purpose of kindling their devotion, and exercising their faith! The latter effect their perusal will most certainly produce! And yet, for the sake of his English and Protestant readers, Butler omits many miracles of the saints exultingly narrated by the Bollandists, the Jesuit compilers of the Acta Sanctorum, which, without being completed, already consists of nearly sixty folio volumes.

To show you that, the greater the absurdity, the greater the faith, I will produce a few more of these legends, as quoted from the "Lives of the English Saints" If you or I disbelieve them, or smile at them, we are very gravely told that it is because, "the natural man discerneth not the things of the spirit," or because of "the intellectual darkness caused by three centuries of heresy." This, Sir, is not the ravings of superstition with multitudes, however you or my readers may smile.

The saints were greatly tormented by demons. St Frodobert was often stopped by one, when going to school. He drove him away with the sign of the cross. When at prayer one night, a devil put out his candle. Another used to steal the bread of St. Auratus. Another broke the bell of St. Benedict, with which when living on a rock, he used to ring for bread. Another cast down part of a rock to kill St. Auratus, in his cell; but the saint made it stop half way down the precipice. Many female devils used to tempt the saints to sin, but always in vain. What a pity their power of resistance was not transmitted, by a kind of apostolic succession, to the cardinals and priests of Rome. St. Julian, St. Tozzo, St. Gall, St. Maximin, slew dragons. St. Sampson killed several. St. Senan made a very small candle burn a whole week. St. Faro made instantly whole a cup broken by his servant. St. Aicardus hung up his gloves on a sunbeam. St. Fintan, expecting company, and having no flour for bread, ordered an old mill, which had neither wheat nor water, to supply him, and it went right to work and did so. St. Tillo, on finding that his monks had no wine to give him, filled their barrel by miracle. I wonder if this was the beginning of that strong relish for wine for which the monks are famous even to our day! The reapers of St. Genevieve were [illegible] his companions took up their abode on an island inconveniently small. It miraculously expanded to accommodate them. St. Machua and his companions sailed over a river on his cloak. St. Canera walked over the sea. St. Barras, sailing in a ship, met St. Scothinus walking over the Irish Channel. He asked the saint on what he was walking. Scothinus replied, "On a beautiful green meadow." And when Barras denied this, he plucked a handful of fresh flowers, and presented them to him. But Barras turned his own logic against him, by thrusting his hand into the sea, and drawing it up full of fishes. And long before railways, or telegraphs, or ocean steamers were invented, the above Scothinus usually went from Ireland to Rome in a day, transacted his business there with his holiness in the evening, and was back the next morning. The Holy Virgin appeared to St. Alphonsus Ligouri in the Church of Foggia, and was seen by all with the beautiful face of a girl of fourteen; and so fervant was he once in praying to her, that he rose up in the air, where he remained suspended for some time. He must have been made of light material. St. Ita, finding a man dead, with his head cut off, put it on again, restored him to life, and sent him about his business. And St. Cronon caused a wild beast, which had killed and devoured a man, to eat him up, and then restored him to life. And with legends like these, which are published even in our day, for the edification of poor, hood-winked Papists, I could fill volumes. These, Sir, are taken indiscriminately from the piles of trash before me, and are by no means the worst of their kind. But the miracles of the saints, when living, dwindle into insignificance, both as to number and magnitude, in comparison with those performed by their old bones when dead.

And are these monstrous and contemptibly silly legends now out of date, and disregarded by the people and priests? Far from it. The report of the speech of the opostoli. Dr. Duff, which I heard him make before the British and Foreign Bible Society, at its last meeting, is now before me, in which he makes the following statements: "There is circulating a work in India entitled The History of Chris. And what do you think it consists of? Ten thousand legends, more monstrous than what is to be found in the Talmud. And this has been circulated, in the name of truth, as the history of our blessed Lord and Saviour. And it is a notorious fact, that when the great Emperor Agbad had, in his tolerance, invited men of all religions to come to him, the celebrated Xavier, the Jesuit, went to tell him what Christianity was. The emperor's mind was upon to the reception of the truth from all quarters, and he was really dissatisfied with Mohammedanism. Xavier reasoned in this manner: 'Here is a Mohammedam; he must be saturated with Mohammedan legends. If I tell him the plain truth, according to the simplicity of the Bible, he will nausate the whole thing, because of its simplicity; I must therefore fix up Christianity to suit his taste.' And he manufactured a New Testament for him, filled with all manner of Persian legends, and represented this to the emperor as the New Testament. The emperor read it, and, with the simplicity of heart and sagacity which belonged to him, returned it, saying, 'If this be your Slaster, I have enough of such legends already, without coming to you to get more.'" And, Sir, wherever the missionaries of Romanism go in the propagation of that faith—whether to the Indians of our woods, to islanders of the Pacific, to the savages of Africa, or to the more refined idolaters of India—they pursue the precise course of Xavier at the court of Agbad. Dr. Duff testifies that, among the converts to Romanism in India, not a leaf of the Bible has been circulated for three hundred years, while these utterly despicable legends are circulated there without measure or end.

And when, Sir, you hear an occasional sermon in a Romish church, what is the topic of discussion? Every day in the year is a saint's day; some days have many saints allotted to them. It is not generally a harangue upon some saint—his wonderful miracles—and the whole twisted into an argument to prove that the Church of Rome is the only true Church, out of whose pale there is no salvation? Did you ever hear an Irish priest preach on St. Patrick's day? If not, embrace the first opportunity; and if you will not hear of St. Patrick sailing on a flag-stone it is because the priest recognizes you among his hearers, and as one more afflicted with the terrific disease of judging for yourself than the rest of them. And I am credibly informed that the chief topics upon which the priests dwell in the chapels filled with the poor Germans and Irish, even in America, are the legends, not merely as found sifted out in the volumes of Butler, but as narrated, in all their grotesqueness, in the huge folios of the Bollandists.

Now, Sir, as one having as much at stake as any other man in this nation—as one adorning its present history, and as truly desirous of its glory, permit me to ask you whether you think these legends from the best religious literature for our people? Is it that best calculated to instruct and to ennoble the mind? Does not such trash oppress the mind? Does not belief in it enfeeble its powers and debase the man? Will not the people that believe these things believe anything? And can they be at material out of which to make Republicans, and noble defenders of free institutions? Are the priests that write and circulate these legends worthy of trust? They cannot believe them themselves, and they write and propagate them for the very reasons that Xavier wrote a New Testament to suit the Emperor Agbad. The volumes of butler are printed in your city, by the Bishop's press. They are sold, as the illustrated title-page informs us, "by all the Catholic booksellers in the United States." If these legends are disbelieved by your Bishop, why permit his press to print them? Why wink at their universal sale in the country? Why not raise his voice against them? That Romish bishops believe these legends themselves is impossible; but they amaze the ignorant, overwhelm them with wonder, foster their superstitions regard for nunnery and monkery—for bishops, abbots, and hermits—for signs of the cross, holy wells, and relics—and for those means devised by a wicked priesthood for the purpose of keeping the Light of Life from the minds of the people. When, Sir, the religion of the Bible is supplanted by the religion of legends—when the sturdy Protestanism, that thinks for itself, is supplanted by that religion that gives all thinking to the priest—when the twenty-two or three millions of people who, in our happy land, will believe only on evidence, is supplanted by a people who will believe all the living legends of Romanism—then the last rays of the glorious sun of our liberty are fading away on the summit of our mountains. The midnight of liberty is the high noon of Romanism; and the deepest darkness of despotism is the paradise of the priest.

With great respect, yours,

KIRWAN.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

SIR,—In the last number of your independent journal appeared a communication over the letter "B," on the subject of the proposed Roman Catholic Cathedral, cautioning persons of other denominations against contributing towards the funds for the erection of a place of worship dedicated to saints, angels, and the Virgin Mary, &c. &c. This cannot be too early or too strongly impressed upon the minds of the thinking part of the community, as it requires but a small share of reflection to shew the absurdity, nay, the crime of such a course.

Happy for us, that through the columns of the *Chronicle,* as well as through other journals of the same stamp, the complete state of serfdom, degradation, penury, and consequent misery of the priest-ridden multitudes that belong to that benighted and superstitious church, is so well pourtrayed.

If we are to place confidence in the statement of those travellers who visit old Rome, the head-quarters of that creed, we find even in this the nineteenth century, when almost all the world are making the most rapid strides towards improvement, that in the said old Rome every devise is practised, and every species of delusion, bigotry, and intolerance imposed upon the ignorant masses of the population, to extort money for the maintenance of that idolatrous establishment, which inculcates the adoration and worship of saints and angels, and the Virgin Mary, together with a thousand relics of old bones, hair, pieces of wood, stone, teeth, skulls, blood, milk, nails, and others too absurd and too monstrous to mention here, for a correct catalogue of which I refer your readers to Kirwan's Letters to Chief Justice Taney. In the name of common sense, I would ask what was meant or intended by the great sacrifice of the crucifixion of our Saviour, was it not to atone for the sins of the whole world, and that by his intercession alone, and through his blood alone, that our sins are forgiven. Should we not have faith in this all sufficient sacrifice without doubting his power, [illegible] means and through other sources to obtain all that he has freely promised to us, and of which we are assured he has the power to grant: why then worship any other but the one only and true God?—This point, in my humble opinion, is so clear to persons who take any trouble in the matter, that to dwell may be digressing from the subject, suffice it that the whole Roman Catholic doctrine is composed of shreds and patches of man's own devise, for their own gain.

But to return to the Cathedral. Chance threw me some few years since on the south-west coast of Ireland, and while the ship was undergoing repairs I travelled through many of the towns and villages, and mixed a good deal with the peasantry, who appeared in the most miserable condition as regards their temporal wants; and as regarded their spiritual, they seemed in the most deplorable ignorance. The priest was their god, O'Connell their king, and the Protestants their enemies. Yet notwithstanding all the poverty, the want of habitations, or of any earthly comfort, Roman Catholic Cathedrals of the most costly description were visible in almost every small town; this led me into conversation with the populace, who explained that that was the cause of their poverty; that all they could "rap and run," in their own words, went to pay the priests, build their chapels and expensive cathedrals; every one of the latter, they said, cost £15,000. Nothing can be more out of character than to contrast the gaudy vestures of the priests, and the architecture of those monuments of superstition, with the squalid misery, and in some cases almost total nudity of those poor creatures composing their congregations.

Although the prejudice of those people against Protestants of every degree, more particularly against dissenters, is unbounded and deeply rooted, yet they acknowledged to me that during the late famine, the Protestant clergy and gentlemen were devoted in acts of kindness, hospitality, and generosity, to their wants; and in very many cases clergymen had lost their lives, as well as the gentry, from administering to their comforts in the abodes of disease and death, while their own priests, they said, took good care to stand aloof except when they called for their dues. This is one cause, it seems, for the great reformation among the papists in that neighborhood at the present. But to return: They also informed me that the O'Connell tribute reduced them to the lowest ebb; for if they were not prepared with the pence, their hats, shoes, &c. had to be left at the pawn-office, in order to escape the curse of the priest from the altar, and that too every Sunday for nearly twenty years; thus accounting for their present state of wretchedness in that quarter. They went on to say, that before O'Connell's time things were much better, and they wanted for nothing. The landlords and tenants went hand in hand together; the former exercised his power and influence for the benefit of the latter without any distinction of creed, and the tenant did every thing for the interest of the landlord and the good of the soil; but since politics was instilled into them by their *clergy,* every thing went wrong: the tenants voted against their landlords to please the priests, the landlord of course withdrew his protecting care over them, and the consequence is that both have fallen to the ground, and the country deserted by the finest *peasantry* in the world. The best landlords are shot in gratitude for too much kindness and generosity during the famine, and those *splendid* cathedrals completely grass-grown both within and without. This, Mr. Editor, is a feeble but nevertheless a true picture of the present state of that part of the country.

During my sojurn I was induced to enter one of those places of worship while the mock service was performing; when lo and behold, such lighting of candles, ringing of bells, splashing of holy water, crossing, fencing, and blessing with the right hand, such bowing and scraping to the images being round the walls you never did see; in short, it reminded me so forcibly of the great Juggernaut, and the horrible scenes connected therewith, that my departure therefrom was rather sudden you may depend.

My attention had been more than once attracted and my sympathies enlisted in favour of the lower orders (if we may use the expression) of other Roman Catholic countries which I visited, particularly that of Spain; but as I did not understand Spanish it deprives me of much of what I could now relate. However, we mixed much on shipboard as well as on shore with the priests, who were the most jolly set of fellows you can well imagine. They are so numerous that we were informed there was one for every five of the other inhabitants; those priests were constantly relating to us in broken English, when over the bottle, the many amorous adventures and depraved scenes of debauchery in which they participated. Really and truly, Mr. Editor, my blood runs cold even now when I reflect on the boasting of those worthies over their own profligacy and licentiousness, and the manner in which the inhabitants of those unfortunate countries, France, Spain, and Portugal, are influenced and kept in the grossest darkness and oblivion, by a set of the vilest hypocrites that the light of day ever shone upon.

When you contrast such conduct with the orderly habits, industry, thrift, and intelligence of the Protestant part of the population of other countries, particularly England, or even the north part of Ireland, with the same soil, climate, and resources to contend with, how utterly different in point of wealth and comfort you would suppose them another race of people; if this is not proof positive and demonstration to proclaim to the world that the creed and nothing but the creed is the sole cause of such inequality among the people living in the same country. Is it not then encumbent on all denominations of Protestants to abstain from aiding in the erection of such temples, where false teaching produces such woeful effects, and what is so utterly repugnant to our own belief, and so diametrically contrary to the word of God.

ANTI-PUSEYITE.

IMPORTANT WILL CAUSE.—The Jury Court, at Glasgow, has been occupied for several days up to yesterday week, in the trial of the important will cause of Gilmour against Gilmour, before Lord Robertson and a special jury, in which property of the value of £300,000 depended on the result. The wills in dispute (and which were in the Scotch form of deeds of disposition,) were those of the late Mr. Allan Gilmour, a merchant of Glasgow, who was the architect of his own fortunes, and by his exertions and integrity, had amassed an enormous fortune in business there, from which he retired shortly before his death, taking a very large capital. By a testamentary disposition made in 1833, he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to his nephew, and heir at law, Mr. Allan Gilmour, jun., merchant, the pursuer (or plaintiff) in this suit. In 1848, shortly before his death the testator executed another deed, making the former deed null, and settling his property on another nephew, Mr. Allan Gilmour, of Porchor, the defendant in this suit. The validity of that disposition was now questioned, and the jury were now called upon to decide—first, whether the testator was in a weak mind and easily imposed upon when he executed it; second, if that deed of 1848, was obtained by fraud, &c. Twenty-two witnesses were examined, and on Friday, the pursuer declined to proceed further with the contest, declaring that he had been actuated by a desire to ascertain the facts, and honourable feeling dictated the course now of consenting to a verdict for the defendant. The counsel for the defendant bore testimony to the high character and principle which had dictated that step, and Lord Robertson also testified to the high feelings of justice which had dictated such a surrender of the contest, considering that there were higher considerations in the case than the mere attainment of money, and the jury gave a verdict for the defendant on this, the fourth day of the trial. The deceased, Mr. Gilmour, of Eaglesham, who started the firm of Pollock, Gilmour, & Co., was originally a joiner or carpenter. He was a man of vigorous intellect, but devoid of education, and to his dying day he could not even write a letter grammatically. He was never married, and living penuriously, realised the immense fortune which has been the subject of this legal contest—the greatest which has occurred in Scotland, since the great Douglas and Hamilton case.—*Glasgow Mail.*

HOUSEKEEPERS.

CAN get a good assortment of Looking Glasses at low prices. Fancy Arcade, Corner King and Cross-streets.

J. CROUCH.

The Chronicle.

Saint John, December 10, 1852.

RECIPROCITY.

In a short period, agreeably to the announcement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we shall no doubt be fully apprised of the particulars of the [illegible] negociations which have been for some time pending between Her Majesty's Government and that of the United States. We have the Royal assurance that when the result of these negociations is made known to the Imperial Parliament, it will prove to be of a character highly satisfactory. But we naturally enquire, to whom? If the recognition of certain free-trade principles is conceded by the United States, by holding out to them the boon which the abandonment of our fisheries will afford, then to the British North American colonies this negociation so far from being satisfactory, will be considered as eminently disastrous.

With reference to New Brunswick, we may remind our r[eaders] that on the 26th of April 1850, an act was passed by our Legislature entitled "*An Act relating to* [trade b]*etween this Province and the United States of* [Amer]*ica,*" which authorised the Lieutenant Go[vern]or with the consent of the Executive Co[uncil to] declare by proclamation what articles, [illegible] produce, or manufacture of the Unite[d Stat]es, may be imported into New Brunswick free of duty. At this period, the question of reciprocity was fully discussed, and the nature and extent of it were well understood. After some little discrepancy of opinion in matters of detail, which became an affair of compromise before the passage of the bill, it appeared to be fully agreed on every hand that it would be far from prudent on our part to hold out any inducement for reciprocity of dealing with our neighbors beyond what a fair and mutual reciprocity itself presented.

At this period—April 1850—the views of our our people in this matter, and the extent to which they were willing to go, in order to procure an enlargement of trade with our neighbors, were distinctly ascertained. The proposition was not even suggested, indeed it would have been highly distasteful if it had been, that our fishery rights as secured to us *forever* by the Convention of 1818, or any portion of them, should be thrown into the scale, by way of inducement to Jonathan to close the bargain.

We sincerely trust then that whatever may be the nature of the negociations between the Imperial and the United States Governments, that our right of fishery may not be impaired in the slightest degree. Firstly, because the privilege enjoyed in the fisheries, from their geographical position, naturally pertains almost exclusively to the colonists, and they alone of her Majesty's subjects must suffer by their abandonment, and therefore, no Imperial or *general* interest, can justify this *local* sacrifice. Secondly, through their Legislature the people of New Brunswick have specifically defined the extent to which they were willing to go, in order to achieve reciprocity of trade, and we believe no circumstances can present themselves, to which the American Government will give its assent, that would be a sufficient inducement for us to part with, or to limit our Convention rights of 1818.—And lastly, as colonial self-government has been granted, any concession of rights hitherto exclusively enjoyed by the colonies, would entirely negative this principle, impair confidence in the integrity of Imperial authority, and produce a large amount of disaffection and acerbity of feeling among the people, who are to be affected by this abandonment of a principle, the value of which is duly appreciated.

EMIGRATION OF ENGLISH CHILDREN TO NEW BRUNSWICK.—We are happy to learn that an unexpectedly large number of persons, including several of the leading and most influential people of this Province, have already made application to Mr. Perley, as invited so to do by his advertisment, which appears in another column.

The *Morning Freeman* of the 2d instant, tells his readers that these children are "the draining of workhouses," and describes them as "useless inmates" of these institutions. These bold assertions we believe to be utterly devoid of truth, and of this impression, no doubt, are the many respectable persons, who by their applications to Mr. Perley, have shewn their perfect willingness to recognise these young persons as apprentices to their business, or as inmates of their families. The following extract in reference to this matter, we cut from the *New Brunswicker* of the 30th ult:

The young persons proposed to be sent are the children of poor but decent people, who are now a public charge in England. At present, these children are at the district Schools in London and Surrey, where they will be taught the rudiments of education before being sent out here. They will be landed in this Province at the expence of the Poor Law Unions; they will be received here by the Commissioners or Overseers of the Poor, and supported at the public expense until bound to service. It is expected that the Commissioners, or Overseers, will be assisted in the care and distribution of these children by committees of ladies and gentlemen, to be organised for that purpose. We understand that Lady Head has kindly offered to organize a committee of ladies at Fredericton, and lend her best aid to promote the success of the arrangements.

The *Freeman* asks this question—"And is it such a boon that they should be brought out here and kept at the expense of the Province until articled out to farmers and mechanics?"

We are assured that the children will be *sent* out free of all charge to the Province, and suitably provided with clothing, &c. at the expense of the very laudable institution which now provides for their maintenance and *education.* Those persons at whose instance they are imported, we take it for granted, are fully able and will be glad to maintain them after their arrival here, as a return for their services, and there will consequently be no risk whatever of their becoming a public charge. Again, *no more children will be sent out than are applied for on this side of the Atlantic.*

It will be observed, by the following remarks of the *New Brunswicker,* that our Provincial Legislature, in contemplation of the present movement, fully provided for it by a suitable enactment in the Session of 1848:

It is understood that these children will be disposed of, and managed, under the provisions of the Act relating to Apprentices, which passed in 1848, [illegible] the Overseers of the Poor, or Commissioners of [illegible]

In all cases of such binding out, there are to be regular indentures [illegible] one to be filed with the Clerk of the Peace. These indentures are to be made between the Overseers or Commissioners, and the master, or mistress [illegible] the children shall be taught to read and write, and some of the general rules of arithmetic.

Every such indenture must be executed in the presence, and by the consent of the Mayor, or Recorder of the City of Saint John, or of a Judge of the Common Pleas in other places. Which consent is to be subscribed or endorsed on the indenture.

No indenture can be assigned without the consent in writing of the Mayor, Recorder, or of a Judge of the Common Pleas, also endorsed on the indenture.

As anticipated in a former number, this praiseworthy project is well and deservedly patronised in every section of the Province. We are rejoiced to hear of this result, for the reasons already set forth. We have been informed that a respectable mechanic of our acquaintance, has requested that [illegible] out to be apprenticed to his business, and to be accompanied by a matron, and that several of our leading officials, with clergymen, doctors, lawyers, merchants, &c., have sent in their applications for "*children from the District Schools of London and Surrey, where they have been taught the rudiments of education!*" We sincerely trust that after their arrival here they will fall into good hands in every instance, and as they grow in age and increase in stature, they will become good, sound, intelligent Protestants, and more and more useful to themselves and to society. We repeat, that the undertaking has our warmest sympathy, and our confident hope of its triumphant success.

CIRCULAR SAW TO RUN WITHOUT AN ARBOR.—An article bearing the above title has for some time past been going the rounds of the American papers. A patent has been obtained for the discovery in the United States, and also one in England, whilst our American contemporaries attach considerable importance to it. The following account of this invention is taken from the *Nashua Telegraph:*

We have seen the machine operate, and can tell the editor how it is done. The saw which we saw operate is a foot in diameter, and cut a board ten inches wide, and we will try to tell how the thing is done. The saw is placed horizontally, and upon two opposite edges lies tightly held between two iron wheels or pulley, covered with leather; then an iron plate passes across the centre upon the upper side of the saw, in which a pivot attached to the upper side of the saw runs. This keeps the saw steadily in its place, while the under side of the saw presents a clear surface from the pulleys upon one edge to those upon the other. Motion is applied to these pulleys, and those on opposite sides of the saw moving in opposite directions, the saw is moved round rapidly, held in place, as before stated, by the pivot revolving in the plate across the centre. This plate is brought to an edge upon either side, so that in sawing a board, it springs so as to pass over it. The log—for the machine is designed for sawing logs—is placed upon the carriage, which feeds itself, and as it progresses the board passes over the plate. When it has cut through, the board is removed, the log raised by a convenient operation, so as to cut another board, the motion reversed, and the carriage goes back again, cutting a board as it goes, so on, until the log is all sawed up.

We were somewhat puzzled at first to understand the above description; but if our perception of it is correct, a thin iron or polished steel plate, crosses the centre of the saw; this plate is permanently secured at each end, at points beyond the saw's circumference; a rivet passes through it directly into or through the centre of the saw, and being counter-sunk on the upper and lower sides, no projection of either head of the rivet presents itself. The plate is bevelled or brought to a sharp edge on each side, and as a circular saw is thicker in the centre than at the edge, we take it that the plate is slightly bent or bowed, so that its under side presents a concave form, to accommodate itself to the convexity of the saw, and thus act as a guide to the saw whilst in operation.

As the board is cut, the sharp sides or edges of the plate will allow it to pass over freely, whilst the slight elevation of the bar itself above the surface of the saw will act as a wedge, and keep the weight of the board from pressing on the saw; and thus *reduce* friction, which cannot wholly be prevented however, because there will still be a certain amount of it created by the contact of the under side of the board with the plate as the board slides over it.

We leave the assertion, however, that *the saw runs without an arbor,* to be decided by those who are wiser in mechanical lore than we are.

DIOCESAN SYNODS.

It will appear by the Report of the meeting held in Portland, and that convened by the Rector of Saint John, which we subjoin, that Diocesan Synods meet with little favour in the minds of those who were present on these occasions. For the reasons set forth in the resolutions, we are well satisfied that for the present at all events, no countenance should be given to the establishment of Synods in New Brunswick. We firmly believe that they would be worse than useless, simply because they would be fraught with danger to the peace of our Established Church:

A meeting of the Congregation of the Portestant Episcopal Church in Portland was held on Thursday evening, in St. Luke's Church, to take into consideration the circular of the Lord Bishop, and matters there referred to.

The Rev. Mr. Harrison read the Circular of His Lordship the Bishop, and requested the meeting to appoint a Chairman.

On motion of S. L. Tilley, [Esq.], the Hon. Charles Simonds was called [to the] Chair, and George G. Gilbert, Esq., requested to act as Secretary.

Moved by Mr. James Flewwelling, and seconded by Henry Gilbert, Esq.:—

Resolved, That this meeting are of the opinion that the establishment of Colonial Synods would have a powerful tendency to aggravate evils which now unhappily disturb the peace of the Church in this Colony.—And that the best security which the Church can now hope for, is to avoid public discussion upon all points of doctrine and discipline, which would have a tendency to introduce such *innovations* and *heresies* as are now threatening the peace and welfare of the Church of England and Ireland.

Passed unanimously.

Moved by S. L. Tilley, Esq., and Seconded by Mr. Richard Scoles:—

Resolved, That, in order to prevent as far as possible the evils which this community fear are impending over the National Church, and the Colonial branches of it, from extending to this Colony, an earnest address should be presented to Her Majesty and the Imperial Parliament against the passing of any Bill which has for any of its objects the establishment of Colonial Synods especially the one commonly called "*Gladstone's Bill;*" and that if any such Bill should unfortunately pass, that this Province should be exempted from its operation.

Passed unanimously.

Moved by Henry G. Simonds, Esq., and seconded by Mr. Jeremiah Travis:—

Resolved, That this meeting feel assured that the interest of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this Province will be more secure by adherence [illegible] to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the present worthy head of our Colonial Establishment.

Passed unanimously.

Moved by Mr. David Tapley, and seconded by John Haws, Esq.:—

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to prepare an address to Her Majesty and the Imperial Parliament, in accordance with the foregoing resolutions, and that Messrs. S. L. Tilley, James Flewwelling, and G. G. Gilbert, be the Committee appointed to prepare the same.

Passed unanimously.

Moved by Henry G. Simonds, Esq., and seconded by Mr. W. Kilpatrick:—

Resolved, [illegible]

Passed unanimously.

Moved that the Chairman leave the Chair and that it be taken by Henry Gilbert, Esq.