However, I could not but presently admit that his philosophical resignation of his beloved was at least a proof of his wisdom. The ice once broken, he was voluble in his explanations. In a few minutes he had informed me how he followed Lucy come from the opera; how he had bribed her maid to convey a letter to her; how a meeting had been arranged, to be effected by the romantic adjunct of a rope ladder; how, said rope ladder broke, and precipitated him into the shrubbery beneath (he rather skimmed over these details); and how the old colonel overtook him as he was making the best of his way way with a sprained ankle out of his domain; how the colonel upbraided him with secret and underhand behaviour; how he rejoined, by saying, that were it not for his grey hairs, and the fact of his being his daughter's father, &c., &c. Finally, it seemed that while poor Dashwood was laid up with his sprained ankle, the shrewd colonel had taken the opportunity of letting his young daughter see something of the world. She went about to balls and parties, and speedily the new English beauty became a rage among the Parisians—none the less that she was said to be a very rich heiress.

'So,' concluded my friend, 'when I next met her at a grand assembly, the young lady scarce deigned me a look, and passed along, surrounded by her crowd of adorers, as if she had never seen me—never known me. Ungrateful—heartless! but what could I expect from a school girl—a miss in her teens?'

He went on in this strain for some time, confounding his own folly, and congratulating himself on his escape. Still it seemed to me that this was not all he had to divulge. And, in short, not to weary the reader with the continued suspense in which his embarrassed hesitation kept me—the injured lover had already found consolation, and the reign of Lucy and innocent unsophistication was succeeded by that of a lovely widow—a Frenchwoman—whose talents equalled her beauty, both being excelled by her devotion to the fortunate Dashwood.

I listened while his tongue, as if rejoiced to be free from its unnatural restraint, pursued, *con amore*, the theme of Madame du Chesne—his irresistible, adored, and adoring Valentine.

'Her gracefulness, her piquancy, such he had never seen in any but a Frenchwoman! Out of France they do not seem to comprehend that indescribable *espieglerie*, which is so exquisitely fascinating—you never find it in an Englishwoman.'

'No, thank heaven!' I muttered parenthetically.

'You, with your artist's eye, would admire her, Edward,' he continued. 'Such perfection of form, such richness and warmth of colouring. The clear olive complexion, the dark eyes, floating in an ocean of light and lustre, the rich bands of jetty hair!—who, after gazing on such a picture, would dare to turn to our fair-haired, pale eyed, neutral-tinted beauties? After all, I always thought there was something insipid in a *blonde*.'

This happened to touch me nearly, and I started from my quietude.

'Come, Dashwood, you are too bad. It is not a month since you were raving about the surpassing attractions of a *blonde*. And I remember you said women's eyes should not be any other colour but blue—azure blue.'

'Well,' he rejoined, half pettishly, 'one can't always go on thinking the same thing for ever.—Besides,' he added, with a piteous look, 'you will admit I have good reason for—for——'

'For your change of opinion? Certainly;' and I threw aside my ill-humour, and laughingly shook his hand. 'I congratulate you on your philosophy, my dear Dashwood. You are a fortunate fellow.'

'I feel myself so,' he said, with emphasis; 'to have gained a woman like Valentine du Chesne is a fate worth living for. A woman high born, talented, accomplished, she paints finely, sings exquisitely, plays the piano, harp, guitar, to perfection; dances—ah! what does she not do?' and his parenthesis floated off into an ecstacy of rapture.

But here, I confess, ended my interest in Charles Dashwood's love affairs. I listened passively, though perhaps not quite so patiently as heretofore, to his eloquent praises of the fair widow. I even went to see her, and to his entire satisfaction, admired her beauty, her air of fashion, her agreeable conversation, and her perfect taste in dress. But my earnest sympathy in my friend's attachment was gone, and my deep anxiety for him was alleviated for ever. And, though it was impossible to find any fault with Madame du Chesne—charming and accomplished Frenchwoman as she was—my feelings towards my friend's future wife were always of the most mild, polite nature, at all compatible with that admiration which every man has for a fascinating woman.

Therefore, I had some trouble in concealing, under a decent mask of condolence, the innate satisfaction I could not help experiencing, when a hurried, blotted scrawl from my friend summoned me to his bedside—he being prostrated, distracted, beyond every former precedent, by the announced marriage of Madame du Chesne with Lord Greenfield.

'A boy—a mere boy, whom I myself first introduced to her! A brainless dolt—a gawky lad, scarce released from his mother's apron strings.'

'But wealthy, I conclude,' was my remark; 'and a peer of the realm, remember. And if she loves him—love is blind you know.'

'Love him! She doesn't love him,' shrieked poor Charles, in a convulsion of anguish—'she loves me—*me!* She has always said so—even now she confesses it. Look—this letter.'

He flung me a small packet, consisting of ten or twelve tiny sheets of pale rose-coloured paper, closely written in a delicate, slender hand.

The French are renowned for their talents in letter writing. The epistle of the fair Valentine did no discredit to the national accomplishment. It began by an appeal to *ciel*—went on to express the ardent desire she had to find that peace and rest in the grave which life had never afforded her—briefly gave the outline of her history from the earliest childhood till now. 'Now, when the short space is over, during which I have enjoyed the only real happiness of my existence, till I beheld you—oh! *mon trop cher ami!*—I had never loved, and now all my dreams of bliss are rudely cut short. The sun of my day sinks for ever; I am plunged into the dark night of despair.' Family reasons, sighed forth the gentle sufferer, made it incumbent on her to accept the offer of Lord Greenfield. She had always been the victim, always been the sacrifice for the good of her family. Her mother, her aunt, her grandfather, her great uncle, and a numerous tribe of youthful cousins, were to be benefitted by her marriage with this English peer. 'I yielded, I submit,' wrote she. 'I renounce my life's happiness—assured that that life will not be of long duration.' And the letter ended with a plentiful sprinkling of impassionate valedictions, and the assurance that ever—ever—ever—she was his heart broken 'amie devouee jusqu'a la mort et apres!'

'Have you read it?' asked Dashwood, in a hollow tone.

I assented mutely.

'Is it not soul stirring, agonizing? Not only to suffer for myself, but for her. Oh, Valentine! poor angel!'

In my simplicity, I thought it might console him could I succeed in persuading him of the unworthiness of the woman who had thus shamelessly deceived him. Hitherto he had always evinced a most commendable resignation with regard to the disappointment, the lost lady generally ceasing to be desirable when she ceased to be his. But now it was different, and I discovered with surprise, and some little amusement, that the healing balm to his woes, despite his frequent declarations to the contrary, rested in the belief that Valentine was a victim, an injured angel, and that she adored him still.

Poor Dashwood! heart and soul he is entirely that rarity—a gentleman; and few men are less of a coxcomb. And yet, to this day, the 'ci devant' Madame du Chesne's attachment to him is his pet illusion. And I have seen him, when some turn in the ever moving wheel of fashionable dissipation has brought them together. I have seen my friend move aside with a species of complacent melancholy from where Lady Greenfield (handsome and bewitching as ever, and wearing her broken heart with unexampled grace) has formed the brilliant centre of a circle of worshippers.

That was the last of his passions. He appears now to be thoroughly settled into bachelorhood, and [illegible] to be thought quite content with that condition. He delights in quoting cynical observations respecting matrimony, of which that at the head of these papers affords a fair specimen; he has a malicious satisfaction in discovering when a [illegible] is not so entirely happy as it might be; and rubs his hands, and thanks his stars he has no [illegible] wife or tiresome children to interfere with his comfort.

All this is hollow enough. Like every good man, his instincts are domestic; and, disguise it as he will, he keenly feels the solitude of his bachelor life, the [illegible] and loneliness of his destiny.

I can quite understand the meaning of the sigh he sometimes breathes, as if unconsciously, when he forms one of the party round my well peopled hearth.

'Oh! you're a lucky fellow, Staunton,' he said, only the other day, being more than usually frank and open hearted, 'a very lucky fellow. I wonder why,' he went on, thoughtlessly, 'the blessing of a loving wife is given to one man, while another——'

'Ay, but fought for—not altogether given,' corrected my wife, with a rising colour. 'People who gain such blessings (as you are polite enough to call us), are not quiescent in the matter, believe me. Remember Edward's uncomplaining patience during all those long years, till he was rich enough to marry. Remember his energy, his industry, and above all,' she added with a wicked smile, 'his constancy, Mr. Dashwood.'

Here my modesty interfered, and I stopped Kate's lips from indulging in such wife like praises.

As for Dashwood, he only laughed—somewhat tunelessly though—and turned his attention to my youngest boy, who was vigorously tugging at his coat, and entreating a ride on his knee.

'Never mind what my wife says,' I cried, feeling for my friend, 'married women have such a violent 'espirit du corps,' they are not accredited witnesses on the subject.'

'But she is right—quite right,' he rejoined, in a subdued tone; 'it is all very true what she says. And Charlie, my boy!' he exclaimed, to his bright eyed little namesake, 'you shall not follow your good papa's example—when you are a man you shall win a wife.'

'Yes,' broke in the child, all his military propensities aroused, 'like mamma says, me fight for her.'

We copy the following from the *London Illustrated News*. The writer appears to be quite *posted* as to the cause and amount of hatred to England now existing in the United States. The fact is, that place an Irish Roman Catholic under any government, that ever did, or ever will exist, and you will find him a malcontent. Nothing sublunary frightens him from his inherent love of dirt, disorder, and disaffection, but the PRIEST, whose Rod of Rule has been so graphicly described by "Robert Burns" when he says—

"This fear of Hell 's a Hangman's Whip,
"To keep the wretch in order.

But the poor and the deluded of Ireland have lived to see the dawn of better days. The "Big Beggarman" is dead. The Heroes of Widow M'Cormick's Cabbage Garden are exiled, and the poor have the Bible and the Gospel preached to them, add to which they have new and enterprising landlords, with an improved system of Agriculture—The 'Hovel' is replaced with a Cottage—the laborer is fully employed and paid. This in the absence of demagogism, has produced in a few short years a degree of happiness to the poor blind and misled Slaves of Rome, beyond what the most ardent lovers of Ireland could have hoped for, in the revolution of a country's progress.

"We regret to see that in America, men speaking and writing the English language are to be found who openly advocate the cause of the Czar, and urge the people of the United States to take a part in the quarrel against Great Britain. In Canada, the remote probability that an attack against our power might be aimed by the Czar in that region, has excited a feeling of the intensest loyalty and patriotism. The Czar—if his resources both in men and money were not fully taxed in Europe and Asia—might, perhaps, land twenty or thirty thousand men in Canada—supposing always that he had ships to convey them, and that the British fleet did not capture the whole of them *in transitu*. But if double or treble the number were safely landed in Canada or New Brunswick, the feeling of the people is such that not a man of them would escape destruction. The very women and children would become soldiers against them; and the invasion would become as melancholy a story as Napoleon's invasion of Russia. In the United States we firmly believe that the ill-feeling against this country is confined to one class—that portion of the Irish Roman Catholic immigration which is still led by such fellows as John Mitchel. These people seem to hate England in proportion to the advantages which Ireland is now enjoying from their absence, and, with a demoniac spirit, make it a principle never to forgive a benefit received. By their agency a rumour has been extensively fomented in the United States, that Spain has been induced to join the alliance of Great Britain and France in defence of Turkey, upon condition of receiving their assistance against the United States in defence of Cuba. The Cuban question is a sore point in America. Even the opponents of Slavery, who object to the conquest of Cuba, would object even more strongly to the interference or dictation of any European Power in such a quarrel. Our American cousins may be assured that, watever may be the opinions entertained in this country on the policy, wise or unwise upon which a section of the American people have set their hearts, of seizing and annexing the "Queen of the Antilles," there is not a shadow of truth in the allegation that such an arrangement has been countenanced either by the people or the Government of this country. The alliance of Spain is scarcely worth purchasing at any price, and to purchase it at the risk of quareling with the United States of America, would be an act of madness which no British statesman would ever dream of. The whole story is a wicked invention. The Irish in the United States are a troublesome party. Great Britain is happy in being relieved of them; for Ireland began to prosper as soon as these fierce brawlers and agitators removed themselves from the way of the well disposed population. The real Americans are too sensible to be led astray by the fabrications of such incorrigible malcontents. The people of America fully understand all the reasons and all the objects of the war. Their sympathies are what they ought to be—on the side of justice and civilisation; and were England and France to stand in need of their assistance—which, happily, they do not—they might safely reckon upon the alliance of the United States, in resistence to Russian barbarism and spoliation. The Cuban question—however much the disaffected Irish Papists in the Union may desire it—will not interrupt the harmony between Great Britain and America. The Allies of Turkey do not require the aid of Spain; and if they did, they would not purchase it by such an act of folly as the friends of the Czar would wish them to be guilty of."

JOHN MITCHEL.

The following passages are copied from a letter addressed to Thomas Meagher, by Charles Gavan Duffy, Editor of the Dublin *Nation*, (published in the *Nation* of the 10th of June last) upon the escape of Mitchel from Van Dieman's Land. It will be recollected that Meagher himself, M'Manus, and O'Donoghue, escaped in a similar manner. It is rich to read the biting satire of the leading Young Ireland Editor when speaking of his former compatriots, but his satire is not more keen than just.

"Mr. Meagher requires me to retract the charge against Mr. Mitchel of having broken his *parole*. I might, with as safe a conscience, retract the Apostle's Creed. When Mr. Mitchel landed in Van Dieman's Land he found Smith O'Brien in close and stifling imprisonment—watched night and day by sentinels, and tortured by the Black Serpent, because he declined to give *parole* not to effect his escape. From a similar fate Mr. Mitchel protected himself by at once giving this *parole*. That is to say, the British government agreed to substitute for stone walls, sentinels, and the Black Serpent, Mr. Mitchel's own honour; as they did with O'Brien the moment he consented to make the engagement they required. It is superfluous, I presume, to argue that they considered they were retaining under this arrangement as fast a hold of their prisoner as before. This is the necessary and well understood basis of all *parole*; just as between lender and borrower it is understood that the money lent shall, in the end, be restored to the original owner. It is the universal law of military *parole*, for example, that, during this period of honourable enlargement, a prisoner cannot even prepare for his escape. Officers who have violated this understanding have been sent back prisoners to the enemy by their own commander and comrades. And this not merely because the laws of honour are always rigidly interpreted and enforced, but on grounds of public policy—for *parole* would be granted to prisoners no longer, if once it became an insufficient bond. The captor would hold them with the iron grasp of fetters, if the *punctilium* of their honour failed to retain them. This consideration never applied with greater force than to a country like Ireland, which has furnished political prisoners, in every generation for two centuries. To lower the value of an Irish gentleman's word of honour is bad enough; but to damage the value of a political prisoner's *parole*—who can tell upon how many better men that sin will be visited?

"Mr. Mitchel being under this honorable engagement, and having reaped the advantages of it for two or three years, at length made preparations for his escape. But it was first necessary to disembarrass himself of his *parole*. If he had done so effectually—if he had restored himself to the precise condition of custody from which it released him, or allowed the period for which his ticket of leave was granted to expire, and then put into their power to arrest him at a given hour and place, he would have done all that could be demanded.

"The way, however, in which he elected to proceed was this—to attend for a moment in a Police Office where the acting constable was carefully bribed *not* to lay hands on him, and there perform the farce of submitting himself for arrest. Accordingly, he went to the office, presented a letter to the presiding magistrate, who immediately directed the constable to take him into custody; that official of course declined, and Mr. Mitchel in a twinkling mounted and rode off. Does a word more need to be said?

"I can understand those who, like Mr. Antisell, say no *parole* ought to be kept with the British Government; it *is* not a very lofty, or a very honest, but it is a perfectly intelligible theory. But that any gentleman should contend, that an engagement of this nature can be kept, and was actually kept, by a piece of pettifogging or legerdemain like this, overwhelms me. Mr. Mitchel got certain liberty on condition that he would continue within a given district or restore himself to *duresse*. Did he continue, or did he restore himself? This is the whole question. A man does not pay a debt by shaking a purse within sight of his creditor; or tendering it at a time when he knows it is impossible for him to receive it."

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., August 18, 1854.

Arrival of the "America,"

GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN THE ALLIED FRENCH AND TURKISH ARMIES AND RUSSIANS—THE RUSSIANS DEFEATED—LOSS IMMENSE!

The steamer "America" arrived at Halifax, at 5 P. M., the 16th instant.

The news from the Danube is generally favorable.

On the morning of the 30th, the Russians attacked the Turkish and French Camp, near Guirgevo, but were totally defeated with loss of 2,000 killed and 5,000 prisoners. 200 waggons with the wounded arrived at Bucharest.

On the night of the 27th, the evacuation of Wallachia was completed.

Omar Pasha was expected at Bucharest on the 31st, and would meet with a brilliant reception.

The Austrian Army is ordered to advance from Pesth to Gallacia.

Arch-Duke Albretch has removed his head quarters to Cronstadt.

The total Austrian force on the frontiers of the South-east corner of Transylvania, is 330,000 men.

The cholera is encreasing at Constantinople.

The 3d French division left Varna 27th for Kanstende, and Sillistria.

Accounts from Montenegro are unfavourable.

Advices from the Black Sea. The Allied fleet with Generals Canrobert and Brown have left Varna to reconnoitre the Crimea Coast.

The *Times* declares positively that a force from 80,000 to 100,000 men, British, French and Turks, will immediately invade the Crimea and attempt to effect a lodgment on the heights surrounding Sebastopol.

ASIA.

Reported defeat of the Turks by Russians at Kars, is confirmed. The Russians are besieging Kars.

Anjudo British army corps is expected at Bagdad.

GREECE.

Ministry formed with Maveocordate as President.

BALTIC.

The Cholera is among the British troops. The fleet was at Letsund.

General Baraguay D'Hilliers had an interview with the King of Sweden. The King declared his willingness to unite with the Western Powers on certain conditions.

D'Hilliers with French troops had joined the fleet off Aland. Kamla Karlesby had been reinforced by the Russians.

4,000 English on the 18th, made a descent on Kolenga in the Island of Orgland and after destroying 4 boats retired.

Since the 23d, the Blockade on the Gulf has been more vigorous. It is not possible for any vessel to enter or leave.

RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

Arch-Duke Constantine and Arch-duchess narrowly escaped being captured by an English steamer near Cranstadt.

Admiral Corry is invalided and gone home.

SPAIN.

Generally speaking tranquil. On the 30th Espartero took the oaths as President of new Council.

On 2d Barricades at Madrid were being removed by Espartero's request.

Nomination of O'Donnell is most popular of any in new Ministry.

PARLIAMENTARY.

The Canada Legislative Council Bill passed a second reading in House of Commons on the 4th.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

On the 4th the Bank reduced minimum rate of discount to 5 per cent. Same date Consols for money left off at 92 1-2.

FREIGHTS.

To United States continue without material alteration; but to Southern ports tending downwards.

MARKETS.

Corn Market has been active all the week, and closes to-day, firmly, at an advance, since Friday last, of 2s. per brl. on Flour—6d. to 1s. per 70 lbs. Wheat—2s. per qr. on Indian Corn. Western Canal Sup. Flour, 32s. to 32s. 6d. Baltimore and Philadelphia 32s. 6d. to 33s. 6d. Ohio, 32s. to 34s. Wheat per 70 lbs. 9s. 4d. to 10s. 3d.

NEW CLOTHING FOR THE ARMY.—We hear that it has been a busy week at the Horse Guards in the examination of patterns for new clothing for the infantry. Several men have been paraded before the General Commanding in Chief, and we hope that the plain frock coat will at last be decided upon.

RUSSIAN DESERTERS AT SHUMLA.—The number of Russian deserters in the camp at Shumla now amounts to 150 men; and it is reported that Omer Pasha had taken into consideration the desirability of forming a company of Polish deserters, though it was added that they would only be employed in doing garrison duty.

Orders have been sent by Government to the authorities at Southampton to prepare conveyance immediately to the East for 92 cases of swords for Omar Pasha's cavalry, and 2,000 barrels of ball cartridges.—*Daily News.*

The Camperdown transport, which has arrived in Queenstown, will take on board early this week the headquarters division, consisting of three companies, band and colors of the first battalion 12th Regiment for Melbourne.

One company has already proceeded there from Belfast, and the remaining two companies will embark from this port for the same colony.

The Kangroo transport was to have left Portsmouth yesterday for Queenstown, with nine officers and 500 rank and file, consisting of drafts of the 7th, 19th, 23d, 77th, and 88th Regts., and on arrival will take on board drafts of the 31st, 47th, and 55th. Regts., lying here to join their respective companies at the seat of war.—*Cork Constitution.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

Mr. Editor,—In perusing the *Church Witness* this evening my eye was arrested by the title of an article styled "Orphan Children." Yesterday's *Observer* and Monday's *Morning News*, raised in my mind many a painful feeling in regard to that very subject. Is this all the moral benefit that the Editors of those papers have received from the present alarming epidemic? I said to myself. Willing, most willing they are to throw the poor children, who have been spared, while their Parents have been suddenly removed, into a situation that will prepare them to be the victims of an evil, worse, far worse than Cholera, an evil that will land them in everlasting sorrow! Editor of the News, do you know what you say, calling a man, who is a disciple of the Man of Sin, and an inculcator of the false doctrines published by the Council of Trent, a "Father in God"? Recall the blasphemous language, and at least, do not in the spirit of pseudo-liberalism, beguile silly women and silly men by recommending to them to patronise the entrusting of Orphan Children in his hands. God has not made them Orphans in order that they may be trained up in the spirit of that religion, which He has so pointedly condemned in His most Holy word. And "Observer" is it for popularity, that you have played to the same tune? Assuredly, then, you will be disappointed. Protestantism is too much alive, now, to be led astray by such an *ignis fatuus* as you have lit up in the Roman marshes. Beware and be true to your profession. To follow in the wake of the 'News' is not at all honorable, at least, in matters of this kind. But, how refreshing, after the dampers of Monday and Tuesday, to read the sensible remarks of the "Church Witness" on Wednesday. Orphan Children are the property of the State. They belong to no Bishop, as such. One and all of them, whatever their parents may have been, belong neither to one party nor another—they belong to the State. And the State is bound to feed, clothe, and educate them—to fit them for being useful members of society—and to direct them, when sufficiently qualified, to such employments, as will enable them to support themselves and benefit the community. But what of their religious training? That is not, by any means, to be neglected. The Bible is the basis of all true and heaven-approved religious instruction. *That* book, then, they ought to read. *That* they ought to study. And unless religious instruction to this extent is given them by the State, the State fails in its duty. When they grow up to years of maturity, and are qualified to judge for themselves, they can join any denomination that appears to them best. Taught from the Bible, they will not be reckless on this point, and, whatever name they may assume, they will be quiet, useful, and peace-loving members of society; But give them to a Bishop of Rome to be taught as his biassed mind may direct him, they will turn out the very reverse of all this; and what is worst of all run the chance of losing their souls. Plain speech is necessary in these days—and unless the Protestant and Bible reading public of New-Brunswick take upon them to shew our Legislators their duty, they will lead us, (I mean the mass of the people) either into superstition or infidelity, and thus prepare us for more severe visitations from the hand of God, than what we at present experience. If any one will endeavor to oppose the above, let him do it, with the word of God in his hand, and the fear of God in his heart, if he can.

Yours, &c. N. S.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

Mr. Durant,—The Cholera still continues its ravages in our City and neighbourhood, great numbers have already fallen victims, and many more it is to be feared, will yet be carried off, before it disappears from among us. It seems a matter of astonishment that, after such a prolonged experience in all parts of the World, no successful mode of treating this terrible disease should as yet have been discovered. I understand the Medical men in Canada have adopted the practice of injecting warm milk into the veins of their patients when in a state of collapse, by which many have been restored. If this suggestion should meet the eye of any of the faculty here, I hope they will give the thing a trial. This mode of treatment has been successful in Canada it might prove no less so in New Brunswick. A. B.

"A RAMBLE IN THE COUNTRY."

[*Concluded from our Paper of Friday last.*]

A WESTMORLAND ROAD.

The carriage road from the Bend to Shediac must be a very great curiosity: it is described as "not as level as we were induced to believe. *It is more hilly than hollow.*"

SHEDIAC AND ITS HARBOUR.

"Shediac is a clean pretty village. One is reminded on entering it and observing the beautiful sheet of water called the harbour of Shediac, of the approach to St. John from the Bay * * * But then the harbour of Shediac *is all surface and bottom*, the depth of water not exceeding three or four feet for two miles from the shore. As an illustration, suppose we draw a line from Carleton, and carry it directly opposite until it touches Red Head on the Eastern Shore, and then imagine that all within that line, towards St. John, does not contain water enough to float a brig."

The harbour of St. John, and Courtnay Bay, lying inside the line referred to above, measures some six or eight square miles, and it must be a sorry harbour indeed when all the water contained in this "wide expanse" does not contain "water enough to float a brig!" But we must make some allowance: our Editor had evidently been trying the taverns at the Bend, and saw "through a *glass*, darkly," or he never would have described a *land view* of Shediac and its harbour as resembling a view of the harbour and City of St. John from the Bay! The Railway, now in course of construction, is represented as running three-fourths of a mile "back" of the village, and terminating at Cape Brulien, an "out-of-the-way sort of place," about three miles below the village; but surely the profound Editor and Engineer would not have a railroad terminus where there is not water enough to float a brig in a surface of six square miles, and where it is "all surface and bottom!" Mr. Fenety wishes to turn Shediac into a watering-place, probably because the water (according to his own description) is not deep enough to drown any one. This is his advice as to the

SITE FOR A HOTEL.

"Nearly opposite the residence of Mr. H. (Hannington), and owned by him, is a beautiful knoll, containing a great number and variety of ornamental shade trees. Upon this eligible spot for a *palace* stands an old two-story wooden building, and several barns. Now when the Railroad is opened from St. John to Shediac, we hope to see a magnificent summer hotel erected on this very spot. We have been at several watering places in the United States, but we never saw a finer place for summer resort than Shediac, and never such a situation for a splendid fashionable hotel as the spot we have attempted to describe. We hope Mr. Hannington will not lose sight of the suggestion we now throw out—for we expect to be able to eat ice creams and (we were very near saying) drink sherry cobblers, among thousands of fashionables, who will make Shediac *their homes* during the summer months. Just stick a pin here if you please—the larger the better."

We do not know what "summer resort" means, and so, since we are invited to "stick a pin in here" we will stick a pin into the letter *s*, for we do not know how a house (one house) can be *homes*.

A PERMANENT RAILWAY.

"A short distance above the mills we observed some of the Railway permanently laid. The work appeared to be well done. The iron being what is called T iron is broad and substantial. We heard it remarked, however, that the embankment, or roadway, was not broad enough, and would be apt to crumble away at the sides by the frosts of winter and the heavy rains of spring."

So much for permanency. We are then introduced to the English labourers on the road, and their wives, "fine hearty looking women, with lots of bouncing children playing about;" and then we receive the wonderful piece of information, that "*the women do the cooking!*" We are next assured—lest we should mistake Shediac for a part of New Holland, where *every* thing is reversed—that the River Scoudac, which falls into Shediac harbour, "*flows from the interior!*" "This River," continues our traveller, "being on the line of Railroad has to be crossed by a bridge." The said bridge is now being built, and when completed it will be 1,404 feet in length. The piers are built by means of coffer dams, and as Mr. Fenety is exceedingly instructive and unique, we shall conclude our quotations with his description of

A COFFER DAM.

"Coffer dams are sunk and the water pumped out, preparatory to building the foundations for the piers. * * * The work is of solid masonry. It was a curiosity to look down one of these coffer dams drained of its water. *It was like looking down the hold of a ship.* The men were to work at the bottom. A coffer dam is a tube, as it were, sunk in the bed of the river, from which the water is pumped *dry*. This being done, the workmen enter the tube, or box, and build the pier from a foundation obtained under the river. *After the pier is built, the tube or woodwork, is removed, and the water again flows in the usual place.*"

Without pausing to consider the "curiosity" of looking down into the hold of a ship, we may surely be pardoned for asking the Engineer of Rocky Hill what becomes of the *pier* when "the water again flows in the usual place?" Oh, Geordy, Geordy! thou may'st claim relationship with the Admiral of the Baltic, for thou hast "*Na Peer!*" Reader, we have done. If you have been as much amused reading the foregoing "beauties" of the Rocky Hill Editor as we have been in "cooking" them up, you may safely say, "I am as yet, safe from the Cholera."

A WARNING VOICE!—We would especially call the attention of the Board of Health, to the circumstance, that many families who fled from their homes are about to return to the City, and that their habitations have neither been cleansed or purified of the filth which has been the main cause of the spread of the Cholera, which has visited us with such fatal effect. It is perfectly absurd to expect that dirty people will become cleanly, or even take the dreadful scourge with which we have been visited as a warning. *They will not.*—And should a relapse of the Epidemic take place, no human calculation can say where it *may* terminate. We have the example of Ireland before us, where filth and neglect from the same class of people, literally depopulated whole towns and villages. In Portland and the dirty districts of the City, we learn that in many of the houses the bedding and clothes of the dead are left precisely in the same state as when they died, with the pure air shut out, and the dwellings filled with an atmosphere that would poison a Rattlesnake. It becomes the bounden duty of the Authorities, without regard to the expence, to set to work without delay, and thoroughly cleanse those pestilential dens before permitting them again to be inhabited.

OVER-STRAINED POLITENESS.

The *Head Quarters*, after copying from the *Freeman* an account of the working men of Carlton subscribing £260 towards the erection of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, thus comments:—

"We have clipped the above from a St. John paper, and reprint it here because we feel it not only a pleasure but a duty to give publicity to such instances as this of sincere love for the Church, and of as sincere respect for the man whose sole object is its advancement."

The man who could write this namby-pamby stuff, calling the Romish party—"*The Church*"—and professing it to be both a pleasure and *a duty* to record instances of "*sincere love for the Church*," ought to hide his head, and never more desecrate true religion by calling himself a Protestant. Why cannot the men who exalt Rome leave Protestant Churches, and go over and embrace the woman of Babylon openly?

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.—The August number of this first rate periodical has been furnished to us by Mr. B. O'Brien. We are herewith presented with no less than twenty fine engravings, many of which are executed in a very superior manner; in fact, each part of this excellent serial is neither more, nor less, than a neat port folio of engraved illustrations, combining with them the advantage of a large amount of explanatory letter press. Several well written articles however are furnished various topics of interest, independently of those connected with the illustrations. We understand that a great deal of artisticle work is executed in France, and certainly, if we judge from the skill displayed in its execution, it is not a difficult matter to arrive at this conclusion.

LIFE BOATS.—Three new Life Boats arrived here last week, in the schooner *Boreas*, from New York. They are intended respectively for the steamers *Creole*, *Pilot*, and *Maid of Erin*, and are of "Francis' Metallic Patent," of the most approved construction. That for the Maid of Erin is a noble boat, and capable of containing a large number of persons. They will contribute much to public confidence in our Bay steamers.

THE SHEDIAC RAILWAY.—We are happy to state that on Saturday last, a locomotive and cars commenced running on the first ten miles of this railway,—that is, from the shore of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, to the Scadone River! In order to cross the Scadone river, an expensive tubular iron bridge is now in course of construction, which will cost at least £20,000. When this bridge is so far completed that the locomotive can cross, it will be able to run eight or ten miles on the road toward the river, and perhaps the whole distance through.

The fact, that the locomotive is now actually running, and it could traverse several miles of railway but for the want of the long and expensive bridge at the Scadone, is sufficient answer to all that has been recently said about the progress of the Shediac Railway.

EMIGRATION.—The packet-ship David Fleming, from Liverpool, arrived at the quarantine ground on Monday morning, having on board 119 steerage, and six cabin passengers, all in excellent health. The Black Ball line thus maintains its high reputation for bringing passengers accross the Atlantic, with the greatest speed, safety, and comfort, combined with entire freedom from sickness.

It is a great blessing that this year the emigrants have arrived in such excellent health, as had it been otherwise, there might have been much confusion and difficulty, and even greater alarm than has existed. At present, there is not a single emigrant at Partridge Island, and the hospitals and other buildings there are entirely empty.—*Nbkr.*

THE TYRANT SUBDUED.—Our contemporaries publish this week that "The cholera at Sing Sing prison was put an entire stop to by a heavy thunder storm." We wish most sincerely, the thunder storm which lately visited our City possessed the same potent charm, by which many valuable lives would have been spared.

The cholera has made its appearance in Jamaica, but by the last account from Kingston, of the 22d July, we learn that "up to the 7th, there had been twenty deaths in Rio Bueno, when the disease was subsiding." The same paper of the 22d, says:—"We are happy to learn that the cholera at Barbadoes has considerably abated, particularly at Bridgetown, but not without having carried off between 11,000 and 12,000 persons."

☞ Henry G. Simonds, Esq., one of the members of the Board of Health, receives much praise for his exertions in Portland, and his indefatigable efforts to relieve and assist the sufferers, many of whom he visits personally.

The efforts of S. K. Foster, Esq., are also highly spoken of. He has carried out, with much success, on a small scale, the recommendations of His Excellency relative to the system of house to house visitation.—*Courier.*

HEALTH OF THE CITY.

It is with infinite pleasure we are enabled to report a very improved state of the Health of the City. We learn from the report up to 10 o'clock this morning, that only four deaths have taken place the last 24 hours. After the unprecedented mortality which has been raging for the last two months, this is truly cheering, we entertain a lively hope that in our next issue, we shall be able to state a clear BILL OF HEALTH, and the CITY returned to its wonted prosperity.

CHOLERA.—We have it from Medical authority, that we think something of—that the cholera, now raging with such severity in different parts of this continent, is more frequently occasioned by the direct action of the Sun's rays upon the head, not sufficiently protected from them at the time, than by any other cause. This direct action of the Sun upon the brain, at a high temperature, is almost sure to suspend the functions of this primary vital organ, so that the secondary, that is to say, the digestive organs and digestion itself are consequently suspended, and the bowels left at the mercy of the food. Vomiting, Diarrhea, Cramps and *the blue congestive surface*, then follow in train to a speedy death, if not arrested. This shows how it is that "Chloroform" is so valuable a remedy! By lessening sensibility, it arrests "irritation," and by inducing "sleep" gives the brain time to recruit and recover from its Sun striken derangement. Cholera then, in short, is only one form of "sun stroke" and the most effectual safe guard against it, will prove to be a *Silk Umbrella*, or some other kind of Parasol, according to the taste of the wearer. These are Dr. Morris's opinions, who has authorised us to declare them.—*Halifax Colonist.*

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—The ship Empire, while on her passage from New York to Liverpool, on the 1st July, when in lat. 42, lon 58, fell in with the fore mast of the clipper ship Trade Wind, which our readers will remember came in collision at sea with the Olympus, of Boston, when both vessels shortly after foundered. One of the crew of the Trade Wind was clinging to it having been in that position for six days, with nothing to subsist on except a little tobacco. Two others who had died from exhaustion and exposure.

A new Steamer, the Clyde, 17 days from Glasgow to New York, with 300 passengers, put into Halifax on Monday short of coal, water, &c. The Clyde belongs to a new line of packets, between the places above mentioned, and is now on her second trip.

☞ The steamer Admiral has been got off and towed into Eastport. There is a large hole in her bottom, but it is thought she can be repaired.—Her machinery has suffered very little damage except by water, and she will probably be placed upon the line again."

☞ *Holloway's Pills, a Certain Cure for Indigestion, Liver and Billious Complaints.*—These Pills are the finest stomachic and most invigorating medicines ever known for weak stomachs. Persons of the most delicate constitution may use them with perfect safety. A few doses improves the tone of the stomach, and induces healthy digestion, by which many sufferers are restored to a state of vigorous health, which they never dared to anticipate. Holloway's Pills are equally efficacious for bile, sick head aches, liver complaints, and affections of the lungs, and may be restored to at any season without fear of danger arising from catching cold whilst taking them.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION

Has untill 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."

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS, on the wrapper.

S. L. TILLEY,
Agent for New Brunswick.

Married.

At Quebec, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. W. B. Clark, Mr. Andrew Hastings, of the firm of Hastings & Brother, St. John, B., to Helen second daughter of Philip Peebles, Esq., Manager of Quebec Gas Works.

At Indian Island, Charlotte county, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. R. Simonds, Mr. Henry Horton, of St. John, to Miss Mary E, daughter of the late George Kay, Esq., of West Isles.

Died.

Suddenly, on Friday the 11th inst., Bethia, wife of Mr. John Vaughan, aged thirty three years, leaving a husband and four children to mourn the loss of a kind partner and affectionate mother.

On Monday, Jane, the beloved wife of Mr. Thos. Brundage, Senr., in her 70th year, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

On Sunday morning, after a lingering illness, John Archibald, only son of Mr. Duncan Brown, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On Friday night last, Margaret, wife of Robert Hume, in the 35th year of her age, leaving a husband and two children to mourn their sudden bereavement.

Suddenly, on the 1st of August, after 10 hours illness, William Walker Wetmore, in the 26th year of his age, son of Caleb Wetmore, St. John.

Suddenly, Saturday evening last, Mr. John McKelvey, aged 32 years, leaving an affectionate wife and 4 children to the loss of a kind husband and [illegible]

Suddenly, on Thursday morning, at 4 o'clock, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. George Turnbull, in the 64th year of her age. Her end was peace.

In Portland, on the 15th inst., after a short illness, Mr. John Martin, in the 72nd year of his age.

On Wednesday evening, after a short illness, Mr. Charles Godsoe, Senr., in the 51st year of his age.

On the 16th inst., Mary, wife of Mr. Patrick O'Keeffe, in the 26th year of her age—leaving a husband and daughter to mourn her loss. tender parent.

On Saturday, after a short illness, John Smithers, aged 41 years; and Anne, his wife, aged 40 years leaving six children to mourn their loss. Halifax papers please copy.

On Sunday last, after several days' illness, Mr. Philip Schurman, aged 62 years, leaving a wife and one son to mourn their bereavement.

On Tuesday afternoon, Master Wm. John Crothers, in the 16th year of his age, son of Mr. Wm. Crothers, Baker, of this city.

On Tuesday evening after a short illness, Ada, youngest daughter of Mr. Andrew G. Lordly, aged 4½ years.

On Monday morning, after a few hours' illness, John Robinson, aged 28 years, a native of Enniskillen, Ireland, leaving a wife and one child to mourn their bereavement.

In Carleton, on Sunday last, Mr. Walter Drake, aged 64 years.

In Carleton, on Monday, after a lingering illness, Sarah, relict of the late John Day, in the 86th year of her age. She was one of the oldest settlers in this Province.

Marine List.

PORT OF ST. JOHN—ARRIVED—

Saturday, Ship Lampedo, Cronk, Liverpool, 25—Geo. Thomas, gen. cargo.

Barque Native, Richard, Liverpool, 44—C. McLauchlan, salt.

Schr. Mary Groton, Sloan, Boston, 5 days.

Sagamon, Brown, Frankfort, 2—G. Eaton, stone.

Steamer Eastern City, Winchester, Boston—Waterhouse, Cross & Co., passengers and merchandize.

Monday, Packet-Ship David G. Fleming, Nichols, Liverpool, 33—J. & R. Reed, passengers, and goods.

Brig Doussa, ——, Cardiff, 60—Kirk & [illegible], ballast.