THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum ;] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE,

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Weekly Almanack.

	JAN.	H. SUN.	S. MOON.	H. W
22 Saturday,	7	12 4 48	3 28	7 9
23 Sunday,	7	11 4 49	4 39	8 41
24 Monday,	7	10 4 50	5 41	9 55
25 Tuesday,	7	9 4 51	6 38	10 56
26 Wednesday,	7	8 4 52 *rises.*		11 41
27 Thursday,	7	7 4 53	6 4 *morn.*	
28 Friday,	7	6 4 54	8 1	0 24

Full Moon 26th, 0h. 43m. even.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: C. C. Stewart, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Thomas Merritt, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: James Kirk, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVINGS BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Mail Stage to Fredericton.

THE subscribers have commenced running a STAGE three times a week to Fredericton, leaving St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and Fredericton on the alternate days.

☞ Books will be kept at the Commercial Hotel, St. John, and at Mr. Segee's, Fredericton.

JAMES HEWITT.
Nov. 26. JOHN WINTERS.

Mail Stage between Saint John and Fredericton.

THREE TIMES A WEEK.

THE subscribers beg respectfully to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have commenced running a STAGE between this City and Fredericton, via the Nerepis Road, leaving Saint John on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings at 6 o'clock; and Fredericton on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings at the same hour.

Passengers can register their names in the books, which are kept at the Saint John Hotel, St. John, and at Jackson's Hotel, Fredericton; at either of which places any further information will be given.

☞ All baggage at the risk of the owners, and no credit allowed. JAMES BRADLEY,
Dec. 3. JAMES GREEN.

Just Printed,

And for sale at the stores of Messrs G. & E. Sears, and Messrs. Fraser and Avery, Booksellers:

A TRACT

SHEWING THE DANGEROUS CHARACTER OF

THE OXFORD TRACTS,

With Testimonies against them.

Price 3d each, or three for 7½d. Nov. 5.

Mr. John M'Lardy, Baker,

Germain Street, opposite Trinity Church;

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his customers and the Public, that he has removed to his new stand as above. From the well known character of his Bread being perfectly free from acid, and the special attention paid to cleanliness in its manufacture, he hopes to merit a continuance of Public favour. Dispepsia Loaves, French Rolls, and Twist Bread, made expressly for private Families.—Shopkeepers and Families can be supplied in any part of the City. SAGO ROLLS and TEA CAKES on hand at all times. *Oct.* 29.—3m

Co-Partnership.

THE Subscribers having entered into Copartnership, the business heretofore conducted by W. P. RANNEY, will on and after the present date be continued by the Firm of RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

W. P. RANNEY,
H. P. STURDLE.

St. John, October 1, 1841.

☞ The subscriber having entered into Co-Partnership on the date above referred to, requests all parties indebted to him or having unsettled Accounts, will pay to or adjust the same with Ranney, Sturdee & Co.

W. P. RANNEY.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE subscriber begs respectfully to inform the Inhabitants of St. John and its vicinity, that he has commenced the Blacksmith business in the shop lately occupied by Mr. J. H. BRODERICK, at the foot of Portland street, where he hopes to merit a share of public patronage in the following branches, viz:—*Carriage and Sleigh Ironing, Mill Work, Edge Tools,* and jobbing in general.

The subscriber further solicits that the patronage so liberally extended to his late Father may be continued to him.

N. B.—All orders punctually attended to

12th Nov. JAMES P. WOOD.

Miscellany.

CATHARINE.

[Continued.]

A clear, cold day succeeded the storm. The wind was still very high, but the sun was bright and dewless; and Catharine's sigh, as the bright rays shot across the apartment, seemed to indicate a sorrow that the storm had passed away. Damy seemed to read her thoughts; for she observed, in her loose, vague style, that the rain was over, to be sure, but the wind was so high, that old Jack would scruple to go down to the shipping. One day more would not signify much; Mr. Bingley had not returned, and she would be so lonesome. This half-invitation was thankfully accepted by Catharine; she felt it as a reprieve, and the breakfast passed over much to their mutual satisfaction; for Catharine had secured a friend, and Damy's evening predilections were confirmed by her morning's inspection.

When Hetty had taken away the breakfast-table, Catharine, who had been arranging her thoughts, drew her chair closer to Damy, and rested her beautiful white hand on the yellow, snuffy fingers of her friend. She was about to explain the reason of her being in this unpleasant situation, but the action so disconcerted Damy that she could not sit still. With the hand that was disengaged she felt for her snuff-box, and Catharine, fearing another sneezing frolic, withdrew her hand until the pinch was taken. Seeing that nothing dire ensued, she again laid her hand on Damy's, and arrived so far as to say, 'It is but right that you should know something of a person'—when Damy stopped her short, by saying,

'I don't want to hear your story, Miss Catharine; I dare say it is a melancholy one, and would be very agreeable to hear, but it will only set me sneezing again, for I cannot bear to hear of any body's troubles, having enough of my own.'

'I am sorry that *you* are not exempt, my kind friend; I thought that you were very happy under Mr. Bingley's care.'

'Bless you, Miss Catharine, so I am; but our waiter is such a torment to me. I should not have found fault with his calling me a race-horse, if he had not sneered so much at my snuffing. He began to undermine me the very first week he came here, but he was mistaken; for it would take more than a creature like Martin to set Mr. Bingley against me, excepting in the way of making tea. I was pouring out tea, one afternoon, when I chanced to sneeze. I *did* try to keep my head as far away from the table as possible, (and to this day I don't think I did any harm,) but Martin, just to show himself, lifted up the plate of toast that stood near me, and took it out of the room. Now, I sneeze when I get fidgetty, and Mr. Bingley knows this, and is clever enough never to notice me at such times—*he* knew what the consequence would be in Master Martin's bearing off the toast, for he quickly said, 'Bring back the toast, Martin: it is no matter'—But I had got to my second sneeze before he said it, and in my fright, and fearing to drop the tea-pot, I suppose I did not turn my head sufficiently round, for Mr. Bingley rose, in a passion, and said, 'This is intolerable, Damy: I can bear it no longer. You must either quit snuffing, or else Martin must pour out my tea.' He left the room without tasting his tea, and Martin has poured out for him ever since. I am a sort of nobody now.—She paused a moment, and then went on—'And he is so ungrateful, too: for after all this, he took sick, one day, and I, foolishly, made him a bowl of gruel, and took it to his room.

'Thank you, Damy,' said he, 'for coming to see me. What have you there?' It is a bowl of nice gruel, with bloom raisins in it.' He raised himself up in the bed, and peeped in the bowl. 'What little, brown things are those that are sailing about, Damy?' 'Why, nutmeg,' said I. 'Are you sure, Damy?' said he—and, Miss Catharine, his eye was fiery red with fever at that blessed time—'Are you sure, Damy, that you did not sneeze while you were coming up stairs?' And then, the very next day, I was silly enough to forget his impertinence. His fever did not get better, and I just stepped in to ask him if I should send for the doctor, when he begged me to pull the shutters to, as a ray of sun came right in his eyes. I told you, Miss Catharine, how good a ray of sun was for a sneezy person, so I just caught a glimpse of it—'Oh, my good Damy,' said he, 'do sneeze again such a shower of gold as I saw dancing and glittering in that sun-beam; it did my head good. Talk of the goose and the golden egg—talk of Jupiter'—What more he meant to say I don't know, for I left the room.'

'He must, indeed, be an ungrateful person, to disregard such uniform kindness; but, my good Damy, it is of more consequence to retain Mr. Bingley's friendship. It seems that the only point of dispute lies in your taking too much snuff; for as to the sneezing, that would never occur if you snuffed less. If I see you often, (which I hope to do,) I will try and prevail on you to quit the practice altogether. But now you must allow me to talk of myself. If I never expected to see you again, it would be of little consequence to know who I am, but you may as well know as much of my history as I know myself.'

'Well, then, tell it to me to-morrow, but, indeed, now I must go below to prepare our dinner. Perhaps Elsey may return; in that case, I can sit with you all day—but how will you pass your time?'

'Give me something to sew for you. I will make you a pretty cap, and show you how to wear it; and I am sure it will become you.'

Damy got her the muslin, and Catharine went cheerfully to the task.

CHAPTER II.

It was but little indeed that Catharine knew of herself; she understood that her parents had died in her infancy, and that she had been taken by a friend of theirs, when she was only two years of age. She had been carefully educated under this guardian's eye, and no expense had been spared by him. Mr. Craven Bowers lived in complete retirement, never cultivating any one's friendship nor acquaintance, and seemed only to exist for the purpose of educating his young charge, toward whom, although there was uniform attention, there was but little tenderness. At length, when Catharine had attained her seventeenth year, the manners of the gentleman changed; he grew more fond of conversing with his ward, and strove by every means to lessen the distance that had hitherto existed between them. He finally, after a year of assiduous attention, told her that his sole object in educating her was to make her his wife.

Catharine heard this with horror, so chilling and uniform had been his demeanor from her earliest recollection, that she could not only feel respect for his friendship, and she shrunk with fright and disgust at the proposal. She had no friends; Mr. Bowers had suppressed all attempts at intimacies, and Catharine saw no one but her masters. Half the year was spent in travelling from place to place, and at the time that he opened his plans they were in Liverpool, where they had been for several weeks. Never was a young creature left so destitute; she had no resource, no one to fly to, and she almost gave herself up to despair; when a simple domestic, who saw her distress, told her to go to another country, for that nothing could be worse than to be forced to marry a man, not only old enough to be her father, but whose disposition was so sullen and morose.

Ignorant of what might be the consequences of such a step, and the time fast approaching when Mr. Bowers intended to make her his wife, and dreading her ability to refuse to comply, she determined to make her escape as far from him as possible. Packing up her portmanteau, and disposing of a few trinkets through the means of the domestic, she walked hastily down to a vessel that she was informed sailed that day for America. Fortune favored poor Catharine, for captain Grant was a tender-hearted man, and was immediately won by her extreme distress. He told her that he would take her provided she could get ready immediately. 'I am ready now, sir,' said she, with trembling eagerness, 'and Oh, dear sir, be my friend, and save me from the dreadful evil that will befall me if I remain.'

Melted by the grief of a beautiful woman, and a lovelier one than Catharine he had never seen, he determined to protect her from the dreaded evil, whatever it might be. He led her immediately to the vessel, and, after hastening every one on board, he set sail.

So sudden had been the whole affair, that Catharine was unable to realize it. The high excitement that she labored under, soon subsided, and after the first torture of sea-sickness was over, she became sensible that she was a wanderer, unknown and unprotected, and with but a few guineas in her purse. She felt a confidence, however, in that power that had hitherto befriended her, and she congratulated herself on having escaped from the misery of being compelled to marry one so every way repugnant to her feelings.

The voyage was a rough and short one. There were but three passengers—a man, his wife, and son, all of whom were too sick to speculate on the circumstance of so young and beautiful a woman travelling alone to a distant country. We have already seen that they landed on the first of November, and that Catharine, by another instance of good luck, found shelter from the storm in the house of Damy Field.

Towards evening the wind fell, and old Jack was despatched with a note to the Captain, acquainting him with her present dilemma, and begging him to come to her as soon as possible. The messenger soon returned, with the melancholy tidings that several vessels had been driven out to sea, and among them was the ship Sterling, captain Grant; but it was hoped that they would weather the gale, and reach some other port. Faint as this hope was, Catharine clung to it, she could not for a moment believe, that a friend raised so opportunely for her would be thus hastily snatched away; and instead of being more depressed, she felt a confidence in once again seeing the kind-hearted man, who had so humanely assisted her.

Every ring of the bell seemed to announce the arrival of the master of the house, and it rung through poor Catharine's heart as her knell; but he came out, and she continued her labors on the cap, which she not only finished, but succeeded in placing properly on Damy's head, who submitted to the operation with silence and pleasure.

A few judicious remarks on the singular costume of her friend, and a willingness to assist in new modeling her, had the desired effect, and the evening passed in unusual quiet for Damy. She seemed in a delightful reverie, with some strang plot floating in her head, and she appeared too happy to talk. This circumstance was beneficial to Catharine, whose spirits, long harassed, required rest, and they retired for the night, and mutually pleased with each other.

The morning was mild, and at ten o'clock the dreaded Mr. Bingley made his appearance.

Catharine, very much agitated, begged that he might not know of her intrusion until she was gone. She had tried in vain to discuss the matter with Damy, who, with much pertinacity, waved every reference to the thing, and nothing had been resolved upon when the moment arrived for her decision.

Like all young minds, she hoped that something favorable would occur, by which she could be benefitted; but the arrival of the master of the house roused her from her supineness, and catching hold of Damy, who was quitting the room, she entreated her to go with her to some friend, however humble, who would suffer her to remain in safety until she could decide on the proper course to pursue.

Damy looked this way and that, in a strange kind of perplexity; but making a sudden effort, she extricated herself from Catharine's grasp, and bidding her to remain quiet, and fear nothing until she returned, she fairly locked her in the room. Secure of her precious charge, she went gaily to the parlor.

'Oh, my good Damy,' said the gentleman, 'how do you do? Were you terrified during the storm? I thought of you a great deal, knowing your terror.'

'Terror, sir,' said she, giggling, 'what should terrify me—a little bit of rain and a few puffs of wind is not much.'

'A little bit of rain and a few puffs of wind, Damy! why it rained and hailed harder than I ever knew it; and as to the few puffs of wind, I thought it a hurricane. But, now I see the reason; you have employed yourself to better advantage than popping your head out of the doors and windows, as you generally do, during a storm. Why let me look at you. You look ten years younger than when I saw you last.'

In truth the improvement was very manifest; her yellow locks were nicely put out of sight, saving a thin braid on her forehead, and the neat muslin cap was placed to the best advantage on her small head. There were shoulder-straps to her petticoat, which kept it on a line with the waist of her shortgown; the bandana handkerchief was still there, but as the lower and upper garment met, it was not visible, and her shoes were up at the heel. One hand was still, as usual, suspended midway in a kind of curve, but it was of a different *line*, and a clean white pocket handkerchief hid the discolored palm.

'Why, what a pleasant metamorphose this is,' said Mr. Bingley, after surveying her altered appearance. 'What fairy has compelled you to this? Whoever it is I am very much pleased. No wonder that you did not heed the storm; you must have been very agreeably employed.'

Oh, if any one could have seen the exquisite expression of honest Damy's countenance during this salutation of Mr. Bingley's! Her heart seemed too great for her thin body—she walked across the room holding her head sideways, and when the gentleman finished his speech, she absolutely laughed aloud in the fullness of her joy.

Accustomed to the simplicity of his old friend, and considering this superfluous display of it as a proof of her pleasure, both in his return, and in hearing his praise, he saw nothing more extraordinary in it than in the improvement in her dress and face; he only observed that he should not care to leave home once a month, if he could always find her thus neatly dressed.

'One would almost think that you have had a lover, or some agreeable companion during my absence.'

Damy's heart, as she afterwards told Catharine, jumped to her mouth, and she was near betraying herself, but for the entrance of the hated Martin. A different current was thus given to her thoughts, and she was moved to anger when *he* ventured to comment on her good locks.

'Keep your place, sir,' said she, with an indignant toss of the head.

Mr. Bingley, aware of the consequences of Damy's irritability, and not choosing that any sparring should take place in his presence, sent Martin out of the room on some errand.

'I observe, Damy,' said he, 'that you and Martin do not agree together so well as I wish, and as I value your peace of mind more than I do my own ease, for Martin is an excellent servant. I shall part with him as soon as I can supply his place; and as you really look neat, and have not taken even one pinch of snuff since you came in, you may pour out tea for me as usual, that is, if you choose.'

Mr. Bingley expected to give Damy great pleasure by this offer, but times had altered greatly with her since the storm. She had now a companion of her own, one that she began almost to doat upon, and to leave her at an hour when she could be at ease and enjoy her society, merely for the pleasure of pouring out tea for a gentleman, who was so ready to prefer a common footman to her, was too great a sacrifice, much as she loved Mr. Bingley.

She thanked him for his kindness, but said, that she might offend again, and that although Martin might be a good waiter, yet she would be glad to get rid of him. 'And as to my snuffing, if *you* have put up with it so long, *he has no right to meddle.*' 'May be,' said she simpering and casting down her eyes, for she was afraid that her secret would peep out, 'may be, I may in time leave off snuffing altogether. But that Martin is such a spy, he will be wanting to come to my room—but I can tell him, that in future he will always find it locked.'

'Why, Damy, what could he possibly want in your room; he never goes there, does he?'

'He—no, indeed—he never came there but once, and then he started back like a tragedy actor, and said he was 'scomfished,' and that my room put him in mind of Mrs. Glass's parlor; and something more he said out of some Scotch book, that he is always reading, about one Jenny Dean. I told him I did not take Scotch snuff, so he need not bring Scotch books up.'

'As he has never been but once, and seems not likely to trespass again, why need you lock your door?'

'Why—I don't know'—said the conscious Damy, getting a little bewildered, for she could not stand cross-questioning—'I thought he *might* come now.'

'Not if he dislikes the smell of snuff, as it seems he does. He would hardly venture again merely to see your old snuff-box—would he, Damy?'

'My old snuff-box,' said she, indignantly, 'I guess he would see something more worth seeing than an old snuff-box—besides I burned that since you gave me this'—and she began to feel for it.

'Oh no, Damy,' said he, dreading the sight of the box, 'I was only joking about the box, but I really begin to think that you have some one hidden in your room—I must go and take a peep.'

Mr. Bingley only said this in jest, as he was leaving the room, having amused himself sufficiently with his simple housekeeper; but poor Damy, fancying him really in earnest, gave herself up for lost. She threw herself on a chair in a great fright, and screamed out.

'Oh, don't go to my room, sir; you will frighten her—you will drive her away—she will leave us, if you even know she is here.'

'Who—what—who will I drive away? Compose yourself, I am not going to your room. I only said it in jest. But, Damy, have you really any one in your room—can you possibly have any one in the house that would be disagreeable to me?'

Poor, Damy, revived on hearing this.

'Disagreeable, sir! I only wish that you could see her, you would find her other I guess than disagreeable.'

'In the name of common sense, Damy, what does all this mean? make hast and tell me who is secured in your room.'

But Damy refused to answer, and Mr. Bingley left the room, intending to learn in the course of the day who had thus entered his house in his absence and perplexed his old friend.

His departure gave no relief to Damy, for now the sad truth must be told to Catharine that he knew of her being there; 'and,' thought Damy, as she went along the passage.

'Where the poor thing is to go, now that her good captain is so far off, if, he is not quite shipwrecked, is more than I can tell.'

When Damy unlocked the door Catharine stood already equipped for her departure.

'I knew it,' cried poor Damy, 'I told him that if he came to my room he would drive you away—but he wont come until after dinner; so Miss Catharine, let us sit down and think of what is best to be done.'

'I cannot consent to stay another moment, my kind Damy. It is no more than right—than I expected—I could not hope that any one but you, who are so tender-hearted, would take pity on a helpless stranger. You must try and think of some friend of yours, who will take me as a boarder, until I am able to know what I had better do.'

Damy, thus called upon, almost the first time in her life, for advice, felt considerably elated, although her feelings were too strongly excited to allow what little judgment she possessed to be of much service. She shut one eye and held her head sideways, muddling her brain, or rather trying to separate the confused plans that she had been cogitating, ever since the inspection of Catharine's beautiful face; but it was in vain; she had but one idea that could be depended on, and that seemed to her too new yet to divulge. She considered and considered, but her thoughts flew back every time to one point, and she could only look imploringly on Catharine's agitated countenance, and show how deeply she sympathized.

Catharine advanced towards the door, when Damy, catching hold of her gown, begged her to stop.

'Only wait until Mr. Bingley returns; he will be in at dinner, and as to his turning you out of the house, that is all nonsense; he would no more turn you out than he would me.'

'Turn me out,' said Catharine, with burning cheeks, 'I shall not stay to make the trial, and she pressed forward to the door.'

Damy nimbly stepped before her and locked it.

'Now, Miss Catharine,' said she, 'just sit down and help me to think what's best to be done; for as to your going out in the wide world without knowing where to go, it is a thing that would break my heart.'

So Damy sobbed and wept. Poor Catharine, thus brought to a recollection of her forlorn state, felt it quite a relief to sit down and wait for the result of the more collected reflections of her simple friend.

'I wish that I could compose myself, Miss Catharine,' said the perplexed Damy; 'I have a plot—a plot.'

In fact, the plot that honest Damy had nearly brought to perfection in her own mind, was no less a one than to get Mr. Bingley to fall in love with Catharine and marry her. This grand plan suggested itself on the first evening's investigation, and so completely had it taken possession of her fancy, that she had even mentally concluded all things, and gone through the marriage ceremony. Catharine's going away at this juncture seemed to her like a parting between man and wife. Turn herself which way she would, this idea presented itself, and she broke out upon the astonished Catharine with this abrupt speech—

'He certainly *will* marry you, Miss Catharine; but he is a very shy gentleman, and you must give him time. Only stay one week and things will come naturally about—but don't hurry him.'

Imagine Catharine's amazement. She began at length to think that Damy's simplicity must sometimes border on insanity, and that the unusual dilemma into which she had been thrown by her unfortunate intrusion, had hastened the infirmity. She sat perfectly still, therefore, watching Damy's movements, who, seeing her thus quiet, joyfully and hastily took the key from the inside, locked Catharine again in the room, and departed on her household affairs.

[From the Bishop of Toronto's Primary Charge.]

"BEING, with one honoured exception the oldest clergyman in the diocese, it is natural for me to consider myself like a father among his children, and in this paternal relation I rejoice to address you.

"The history of the Church in this diocese, though doubtless resembling that of many other colonies, is not without peculiar interest. For many years after its first settlement, as the favourite asylum of suffering loyalty, there was but one clergyman of the Church of England within its extensive limits. The highly-revered individual came into the diocese in 1786, and settled at Kingston, in the midst of those to whom he had become endeared in the days of tribulation—men who had fought and bled, and sacrificed all they possessed in defence of the British constitution, and whose obedience to the laws, loyalty to their sovereign, and attachment to the parent state he had warmed by his exhortations, and encouraged by his example.—The Rev. Dr. Stuart may be truly pronounced the father of the Church in Upper Canada, and fondly do I hold him in affectionate remembrance He was my supporter and adviser on my entrance into the ministry, and his steady friendship which I enjoyed from the first day of our acquaintance to that of his lamented death was to me more than a blessing.

"In 1792 two clergymen arrived from England, but so little was then known of the country, and the little that was published was so incorrect and so unfavourable, from exaggerated accounts of the climate, and the terrible privations to which its inhabitants were said to be exposed, that no missionaries could be induced to come out. Even at the commencement of 1803, the diocese contained only four clergymen, for it was in the spring of that year that I made the fifth.

"It might have been expected, that on the arrival of the Right Rev. Dr. Mountain, the first Lord Bishop of Quebec, the clergy would have rapidly increased; but, notwithstanding the incessant and untiring exertions of that eminent prelate, their number had not risen above five in Upper Canada so late as 1812, when it contained upwards of 70,000, inhabitants. In truth, the colony, during the wars occassioned by the French Revolution, seemed in a manner lost sight of by the public. It was still considered another Siberia, to which no man of education, and possessing the slightest hopes of obtaining a competency at home, could be persuaded to emigrate. Nor was it till after the termination of the war with the United States in 1814 that the natural advantage of Canada began to be understood, and the errors entertained respecting its climate and productions to be slowly corrected by the testimony and experience of that portion of the army and navy which assisted the inhabitants in its defence.—But when, in addition to such evidence, it became known that our venerable bishop did not hesitate, in the very midst of the war, to traverse the whole of the two provinces, a desire of emigration was encouraged, and the privations, and difficulties, and, perplexities of a missionary life, in a great measure ceased to be matters of apprehension.

"From this period the prospects of the Church in Canada have steadily brightened. In 1819 the clergy in this diocese had increased to ten; in 1825 they had risen to twenty two; in 1827 to thirty; in 1833 to forty-six; and our numbers have now reached ninety. Still our spiritual wants are many.—More than forty missionaries could at this moment be most usefully employed, and earnest applications are daily being made to me, from various villages and townships, for resident clergymen.

"We have in the western portion of the diocese six Indian missions, three of which I was able to visit, and found them in a very prosperous conditon. To these we have now added a seventh, at the mouth of the river St. Clair, where a large assemblage of Indians are congregated, who desired that a clergyman of the Established Church might be settled among them.

The Bishop states in his charge, that "more than *forty*" clergymen are still wanted in his diocese, and he has sent home particulars of the several stations at which their services are required. In the whole *forty-five* stations are named, and their gross population is upwards of 100,000: in ten of them churches have been erected, and in eleven more they are in course of erection. From twenty-one of these districts some aid towards the support of a clergyman is promised by the settlers.'

[From the Bishop of Lichfield's primary charge.]

The Right Reverend Dr. Bowstead, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, at his primary visitation held in St. Mary's Church, Stafford, says "There is much in the religious aspect of our country to excite hope, and to stimulate exertion. It is pleasing to reflect on the efforts now made by the laity, as well as the clergy, to support missions abroad, to build and endow churches at home, and to impart religious instruction to all classes of the people. These are encouraging symptoms of our times, and we have reason to thank God and take courage.—Here I would gladly draw my observations to a close, but for the alarming symptoms which appear *within* the Church. Opinions and principles have been broached which excite in many minds the most painful anxiety for the future welfare of our reformed and apostolic church. I feel it my duty to speak of what I consider to be some of the tendencies of these opinions and principles, in order to put the younger and less experienced of my clergy on their guard. It is only by a reference to the past state of the church and of the country, that we can form a correct estimate of their present condition; and I consider that the present age will bear a favorable comparison with the age which preceded it—the present with the past.

During a considerable part of the last century, some of the most prominent doctrines of the church and of christianity were rarely insisted upon. I might instance the great doctrine of justification by faith alone. A general coldness and deadness to religion had well nigh overspread the land, and the affections of the people were greatly alienated from the church. It has pleased God, however, to raise up a body of men among us, by whose labors within the church a pleasing change has been effected. I refer to the many encouraging signs now exhibited of increased zeal on the part of the clergy, and it must be apparent, even to the most superficial observer, that the affections of the people towards the Established Church, have, in a great measure, been regained. It is charged against that class, who have been instrumental in producing these effects, that they are converting the church into a preaching church rather than a praying church. But it must be admitted that congregations require to be instructed before they can properly engage in prayer. If these views are carried to excess, let the error be corrected, but the reaction in another quarter cannot be thereby justified: a reaction which *denies the Holy Scriptures to be the sure rule of faith,* and thus sapps the foundations of protestantism. If the notion that preaching might be neglected should extensively prevail, there would be little hope of the mass of the population being brought rightly to appreciate the prayers and the ordinances of the church. The tendency of these views likewise is to introduce novelties into the celebration of Divine Worship, which the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his recent charge, has declared is to be deprecated."

After some further observations in a similar strain his Lordship observed that he did not dwell on this subject from any general prevalence of such opinions in this diocese, but merely by way of caution; for undoubtedly he considered their tendency to be dangerous. He did not consider it a mere question of surplices and robes, although the spirit of innovation in that respect manifested itself: but fundamental principles were at stake. The characters of our Reformers had been assailed, and the character of the Reformation itself had been deprecated.

A horrible affair in Delaware.—A correspondent of the Wilmington Republican, writing from Geo. Town, under date of 27th December, says, "A report reached this place yesterday of a most heart rending nature indeed. The particulars, as far as I can learn are these. A man by the name of Hastings, living near Laurel, Little Creek Hundred, in this county, and his whole family, five or six in number, were all burnt to cinders a day or two ago. He had just built a new dwelling house, and it was supposed that he had three or four thousand dollars in the house at the time, which has induced many to believe the whole family was murdered, the money taken from the house, and it burned to the ground over the heads of its murdered inmates.—The head of one of the blacks was found separate from the body, but I have not heard whether it had marks of violence upon it, or whether any more were found.

A SQUABBLE AMONG THE JUDGES.—A scene recently took place at Holly Springs, Mississippi, in attempting to open the December term of Marshall Circuit Court, which was as novel as it was degrading to the character of an American tribunal, but which is too ludicrous to pass over. There were two claimants for the judicial bench, Messrs. Huling and Howry. The old judge, (Huling) who contends that there was no vacancy, and consequently that the late election was null and void, refused to recognize the judge elect, but proceeded as usual, to take his seat on the bench. The new judge (Howry) also claimed the seat. Then followed the farce of each of the claimants ordering the other to jail. But the sheriff and clerk sat and locked at both, and refused to obey either. The lawyers stepped in to settle the difficulty, but, as usual, only made the matter still worse; and the result is that there is no Court to be held this term, and the Supreme Court of the State will have to determine between the parties.

MOST FOUL AND UNNATURAL MURDER OF A WIFE BY HER HUSBAND.—A fiend in the human form committed a deliberate and cool-blooded murder on his wife, at No. 89 Orange street, New York, on Saturday last—New Year's day—by beating, stabbing, and otherwise maltreating his victim for five hours. The account, as published, approches nearer to the well-remembered Michael M'Garvey murdered in this city, fourteen years ago, than any other brutal act within our memory; for which murder M'Garvey is still suffering in prison. The murderer's name, in this last awful tragedy is Thomas Tappan, a native of Ireland, and the subject of his enormities was his wife Elizabeth, aged thirty-five years. They occupied apartments in the above dwelling, and were both of intemperate habits. During the morning a dispute arose between them, relative to his wife's going out for a pail of water, she desiring to go and he objecting. This terminated in his giving her a blow with his fist, when she again endeavoured to leave the room. He then locked the door, and commenced beating her with a chair, which he broke to pieces over her head, and then took a broomstick, and broke it up, striking her on various parts of the body. Having so disabled her that she could not stand, he threw her on a bed in the room, took a knife and fork, and stabbed and cut her head, body and face, in six or seven places. Not having finished his brutal work, he then caught hold of a shoemaker's hammer, with which he deprived her of the little life that was remaining. He then stamped upon her with his feet, and threw her on the floor. Having satiated his horrible passion, he laid himself down on the floor, saying that he would wait until his son George came in when he would cut his throat. A woman named Catharine Kelly, was lying sick in a bed in the room during the whole time he was committing this more than brutal murder, but was afraid to make any alarm, or attempt to leave the room, on account of his threats to kill her if she moved. When the son of Tappan came home, he found his father asleep on the floor, and his mother a mangled corpse. Alarm was immediately given, and the murderer arrested, and after examination and verdict of Coroner's jury, was committed to prison. Dr. Wm. S. Tomkins made a post mortem examination of the body, and found ten wounds on it, besides a number of aberations of the skin. She presented a distressing sight.—The wretch was five hours beating her before she died.

USURY.—At Buffalo, N. Y., on Friday week, George Truscott was tried and convicted on an indictment charging him with taking usurious interest. The witness, a Mr Kingman proved that he borrowed $1000 of Truscott, for sixty days; that when the note was due he went to Truscott and paid it, after which he placed on the desk, before Truscott, notes to the amount of sixty dollars, which he gave and Truscott received as a present—the latter declaring that if offered as interest he would not take it. The witness also swore that he had made no agreement with Truscott as to the amount of interest or discount he should pay. Truscott was fined $250.

SHIP BUILDING IN MAINE.—The amount of tonage built in Maine the present season, is fourteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-six. Thirteen ships, twelve barques, eleven brigs, and twelve schooners.

THE WORLD BANKRUPT.—The whole world is bankrupt, or nearly so. In England, the ministry have called a new Parliament, in order to increase the revenue. France finds herself deficient to the amount of $180,000,000. Austria obtained a loan of $175,000,000.—Russia, Prussia, Spain and Portugal are in the utmost pecuniary difficulty, and would all borrow money if they could. Turkey & Belgium have obtained loans, and Egypt has been obliged to raise the duties on produce. The King of Naples has raised five millions of ducats for Sicily. Texas is a borrower in England.—Lastly the United States, with abundant resources, by following the example of the twenty-four governments, is reduced to the necessity of raising a loan of $12,000,000, to carry her through the year.