[illegible] lighted brands in each hand, and was [illegible] them about his head, and dancing and whirling round in a frantic way, like a little demon—though to me, just then, he seemed more like an angel of light. The poor little creature was in such a state of terror that he could hardly speak, and did not hear a word that I said. 'Load the gun! load the gun!' he kept screaming; 'the [illegible] will come back! Load the gun!'

[illegible] quickly as I could. At first, on rising, I found myself so stiff that I could hardly move my limbs. But the blood soon began to circulate again, and when I had loaded, we moved off towards the waggons. Apollo ran before me all the way, still in a terrible fright, with frying-pan on his head, and a firebrand in his right hand, jumping and screaming like a madman, to scare the wild beasts. We got safely to the out span place, and when I had something to stay my hunger, I made Apollo tell me how he had managed the affair, which was still a mystery to me. I found that the poor fellow had tried hard all day to induce the other men to join him in going to my relief. They made one attempt in the morning, as I mentioned, but their courage failed them. At night, Apollo made up his mind to undertake the business by himself, and he set about it in a really ingenious manner. He took one of my large frying-pans, and covered the inside with a thin coating of gun-powder, just enough moistened to make it burn slowly. Over this he placed some straw which I used for packing, and sprinkled dry powder upon it; and on the top of all he raised a little heap of brush wood and dry sticks. With this on his head, he started from the waggons just after dark. When he had come about half way, he lay down and crawled towards me slowly and cautiously, that the lion did not observe him until he was within about a hundred yards of us. Then it was that the brute first rose up and began growling. Apollo said that when he heard it, his heart became as cold as ice, and he almost went into a fit. He lay perfectly still until the lion became quiet and he then began again to creep forward, dragging himself along on the ground, inch by inch, and resting for a minute or two at every yard he made. At last, when he thought he was near enough, he took out a lucifer-match from a box which he had brought from the wagon, and lighted it. He touched the straw, which blazed up immediately. It was while he was doing this that the lion became so much excited; but Apollo left him no time to act, for he dashed in upon us, as I have told you, with the frying-pan on his head, and a burning stick in his hand, and routed the enemy at once. So now you know the reason why I feel such a particular regard for the little Nanaqua. I really believe he showed more ingenuity and courage in saving my life than he could have mustered to preserve his own."

Apollo had certainly behaved in a most creditable manner, and I was ready to admit that he deserved all the good that his master could do for him. As for the lion, I supposed nothing more was seen or heard of him.

"You are mistaken there," said Hutton. "I have the best part of him now at my house. I had an account settle with the rascal for the horrid torture which I had suffered through him. Besides, as he was evidently a 'man-eater,' it would not have done to leave him at large, if I could help it. I was sure he would not quit the pool so long as the oxen had remained near it; and as I knew that two other traders, Johnson and Le Roux, were only a day or two behind me, I waited till they came up, and we all went out together, with our people and dogs. We hunted for two days before we could manage to turn the old cannibal out of his den, among some rocks and bushes. Johnson happened to be nearest to him, and boweled him over at a long shot. A capital shot it was, too. The ball went in behind the right shoulder, and came out under the left flank. I gave Johnson five pounds for the skin, which I mean to have stuffed and set up at home, in memory of the day I passed with the living owner, and the day after. The first I consider to have been the most miserable day, and the other the happiest, that I have ever spent in all my life."

KIRWAN'S LETTERS
TO
CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

LETTER XIII.

Saint Miracles.—St. Anthony of Padua.—The Virgin of Medina.—Blood of Thomas a Becket.—Miracles of St. Patrick.—Miracles at Downpatrick.—St. Dagland's Grave.—The Boy exorcised.—Xavier's Miracles. The wonderful Crab.—Relics not to be trusted.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am not yet through with the Roman miracles of Romanism. You know the Roman Church claims the power of working miracles; and the absolute working of miracles is put forth as an incontrovertible evidence of its being the only true church. And to sustain the monstrous claim, no serious, save those who have waded through Christ-long legends, can have any conception of the stupendous absurdity of the miracles that are adduced. And if those already adduced—the blood of Januarius—Bambino—the Holy House of Loretto—patronized by popes, cardinals, bishops, kings, and nobles, and in the face of the world are so unspeakably absurd, how absurd must be those latest miracles, palmed by wily priests on the lower classes of the people, and in the dark corners of the earth, where detection is not apprehended from the peering scrutiny of Protestant eyes! Let me state to you some of these.

St. Anthony of Padua was a giant in his day.—Butler gives an abstract of his life, which has been the theme of more than one credulous biographer. He was a man of eloquence; and while the rest of his body has returned to dust, his tongue was found thirty-five years after his death, fresh, red, and incorrupt as when he was living, and is now kept in a most costly case in his church at Padua! An unbeliever said one day, "If this glass does not break on dashing it against that stone, I will believe in St Anthony." He dashed it down, and it did not break! The miracle was so obvious that he immediately believed. Another infidel said he would believe if the dry slips of vines he held in one hand would bear grapes enough to fill the cup which he held in the other. Immediately St. Anthony caused the dry vines to bear grapes; they ripened in an instant, and produced as much juice as was required, and of the most delicious kind.—This infidel became a most devout follower of the saint. And by narratives of miracles as contemptible as these, the monkish life of this saint is filled.

Amid the Alps in Savoy, and near to the town of Modena, there is an image of the Virgin that works many miracles, but nearly all of the same kind. It restores, on their presentation, dead-born children to life, just long enough to receive baptism, when they again expire! And there is abundant testimony to prove that such children, when presented to this image, open their eyes, stretch out their hands, and even sometimes make a noise! But when baptised, all signs of life pass away. What an image!

Who has not heard of St. Thomas a Becket?—He was for ages the great Thaumaturgus of England, and brought more miracles than did the Saviour and all his apostles. His blood, on his beard, put to flight, who carefully collected, and possessed astonishing efficacy. It cured all diseases, and even restored the dead to life! When the blood was found insufficient for the demands of the faithful, it was mixed with water; and the least drop of water, if only tinged with the blood, possessed a healing efficacy. And water thus mixed with the blood of the rebel was sent out into the world of that credulous world as an infallible cure for all kinds of diseases. You full well know, Sir, what a mixture of wickedness this Thomas of Canterbury exhibited while living, who wrought such miracles of power after he was dead! But we hear little of his blood. Might not a revival of miracles at this time, be greatly aid Nicholas Wiseman in overcoming the obstinacy of the English mind in its resistance to the blessings of Romanism? Might not that remarkably acute and syncretic humbug, the "Very Reverend P. R. Kenrick, V. G.," in the exercise of his wonderful gifts in miracle, bring something to light concerning this blood, which, at this juncture, might be of great service in reviving the faith which in our land is so rapidly on the wane? Such a work, in conjunction with the supplications of the "Right Reverend Dr. Hughes," might have a most powerful effect in arresting the stream of converts from Romanism to Christianity.

[illegible] Jocelin's Life of St. Patrick is now before me, as printed in Dublin in 1809, and in a cheap form for extensive circulation. It contains little more than a detail of the miracles he wrought, some of which are of the most astonishing character. Here are a few of them. Gormgs was born blind. He was informed, in vision, that if he would, with the hand of the boy Patrick just baptised, make a cross on the ground, a spring of water would rise on the [illegible] he would battle his foes. He was immediately saw! And the spring is there to this day. But which one of many springs it is, none can tell.

Patrick went out to play on a cold day, and brought home some pieces of ice and cast them down. His nurse told him, chidingly, that he ought to have brought home some dry wood for the fire. He took the pieces of ice, and putting them together, prayed over them, and soon the ice was in a blaze! Of course the nurse was astonished, as she was in duty bound to be. Who would not be?

As he was playing one day, instead of minding his flock of sheep, a wolf carried off one of the lambs. In the evening he was scolded for his sloth and carelessness. But he bore all patiently, and poured out his prayers for the restoration of the lamb. On the next morning, when he led the flock to pasture, the roguish wolf returned with the lamb, in its mouth, and laid it at the feet of Patrick, and then fled to the woods.

Patrick fell into the hands of strangers, who sold him to a certain man for a kettle. "How small a purchase for so precious a merchandise," exclaims Jocelyn. But the kettle would not boil when hung over the fire—the hotter the fire, the colder was the water in the kettle, until, in the midst of the flames, the water became ice! The kettle was returned, and Patrick was taken back, when the kettle boiled as usual, and the saint was set at liberty.

When Patrick was returning from Rome, where he was made a bishop, as he was about embarking at a British Port for Ireland, a leper besought him to take him with him. He consented, but the sailors refused. So, casting into the sea "an altar of stone, that had been consecrated and given to him by the Pope," he ordered the leper to sit on it. And the stone sailed over the Channel as fast as the ship, and got into port with its passenger in perfect safety!

Rius was a very old man and a very great sinner. He promised Saint Patrick if he would restore him to the bloom, the freshness, and the joy of youth, that he would become a Christian. He prayed over him, and made the sign of the cross upon him, and he was restored to beautiful youth, when he became a Christian.

A very wicked man, named Foylge, one day killed the coachman of Patrick. The saint struck him dead by a word, and his soul went to hell.—But the devil entered into the body of Foylge, and it walked about. In a few days the saint was passing a house where the soulless body of Foylge was; he ordered the devil to depart from it, when the body fell down, alive with worms! It was immediately buried, as neither its sight or smell could be endured.

And with such silly fables as these a book of nearly three hundred pages is filled! And although the translator will not vouch for the entire truth of all these miracles, and the priests may deny its authority, yet it is abroad among the people, and its narratives are believed by multitudes. Nor do I see anything in the book any more incredible or ridiculous than the lying wonders of the Bambino of Ara Cœli, or of the Holy-House of Loretto, which are at this hour encouraged by the entire Papal court, and drawing vast revenues from every part of the Papal world. Can a priesthood which can palm such sublimated nonsense upon any people, have any object in view but their degradation? Can they be otherwise than a curse to them? Can such priests be a blessing to America?

But Jocelin's book is not authentic—its miracles are not articles of faith! Here is the door of escape for the priests. Why then not denounce it? Why do priests aid in its circulation, while they make voidless of the Bible? And why permit things as bad, if not worse than anything uttered in it, to be practised under their eyes? The grave of St. Patrick is said to be at Downpatrick, in the County down, in Ireland. There also are the holy wells of purification. On Midsummer eve of each year, the people resort to the grave, and fill their cars with its clay, and then rush to the wells, there to bathe, for the purpose of healing from all their maladies. And men and women, in perfect nudity, rush into the healing waters together. And priests are present to hear confessions, and to receive their pennies from the beggar pilgrims to these holy places! Is anything in Jocelin worse than this?

The grave of St. Dagland is in Waterford. His stone coffin is filled with bones every year by miracle. On the 28th of June of each year, these bones are taken out, and are borne away as precious relics, and as preservatives against various afflictions and diseases. These miraculous old bones are, of course, sold! They have no miraculous power unless they are paid for, and that pretty liberally! Is any thing in Jocelin worse than this?

Within a short time, a poor boy, near Boyle, in Ireland, went to a Pretestant school. His mother gave a reluctant consent. This boy was chilled almost to death in a bog during a stormy day, and went home violently sick. A numbness pervaded his body, which medicine and time only could remove. The poor mother, thinking it was a visitation of heaven upon herself and child for permitting him to go to the Protestant school, sent for the priest. He confirmed her suspicions, and offered to cast out the devil that possessed the boy, on the condition that he should not go again to the Protestant school. The conditions were agreed to; and just as the boy was on the recovery, the priest exercised the evil spirit, and he is now alive and well; and I saw the poor, bare-footed mother of that boy who submitted to the locking up of the mind of her child in ignorance, to secure the muttering of a miserable exorcism over him by a contemptible priest! Is any thing in Jocelin worse than this?

Have you ever, Sir, read the life of Francis Xavier? It was one of the classics of my youthful days. If you have not, will you permit me to ask you to glance at it—I do not ask you to read it. He wrought prodigious miracles, far surpassing in number and power those of the Savior of the world. He foretold future events—spoke unknown languages—calmed tempests at sea—cured various diseases—and raised the dead to life. And although all performed in India, Dr. Milner, in his wonderfully absurd book, "The End of Controversy," endorses them all. Permit me to narrate to you one of the miracles of this saint as a specimen of the rest. St. Francis had a most precious crucifix, which in a voyage at sea he is lost overboard. He was inconsolable, and prayed for its recovery. Walking one day upon the sea-shore, he saw his lost crucifix coming toward him on the surface of the water! He went down joyfully to the water's edge, when a crab, holding the crucifix in his claws, paddled up to him, and most reverently laid it down at his feet! But the credit of this miracle is due, not so much to Xavier as to the crab; and, were I one of the court which makes dead men saints, who wrought miracles in attestation of their sanctity, I think I would find it difficult to decide between the claims of Xavier and the crab for a place in the calendar. Might there not be a St. Crab as well as a St. Viar? An old stone, much mutilated, was found with the letters S. VIAR upon it. It was immediately supposed to be the grave-stone of St. Viar, who was immediately placed in the calander. The lost pieces of the stone were found, and when put together, the inscription ran thus: PRESERVE VIARES *overseer of the highways*. Pet St. Viar was not deposed. And what is in the way of having a St. Crab?

Now, Sir, ask priests who practice such gross frauds as these—who, by sham miracles like these, seek to keep the yoke of Romanism upon the necks of the ignorant in all lands—are such priests to be trusted, or in any form countenanced? Are such priests fit to be intrusted with the formation of the character of our people? Is not every thing we hold dear in danger, just in proportion to the number and the influence of such jugglers and their adherents? If, Sir, it were possible for you to write a book advocating these sham miracles, like Milner, or like the "Very Rev. P. R. Kenrick, V. G.," I have no doubt but that you would die of the disease of self-contempt. And what respect can you keep up for the priests that advocate them, or for the system of Romanism, of whose literature and faith they form so conspicuous a part? With great respect, yours,

KIRWAN.

ALMANACKS FOR 1853.

JUST Published, and for sale by the gross, dozen or single—The MINERVA'S or ASIA FARMER'S ALMANACK for 1853. For sale Cheap.

W. L. AVERY.

St. John, Oct. 29, 1852. 3i.

[*From the Liverpool Mail.*]

"CHEAP BREAD" has not answered the purposes, of the Manchester manufacturer. The "big loaf" is big enough, but the cotton bale has become inconveniently *dear*; and the woven article has become, not so much a drug in the market, as a drain upon the pocket and capital of the master weaver. The following appears in a Manchester trade circular of last week:—

[illegible] production and an [illegible] stationary state of [illegible] viously inadequate prices, some manufacturers of domestics are at length reducing their production. We hear of several who have a portion of their looms standing or but partially at work; and the largest maker in this town will put all his looms upon four days a week to-morrow. We expect to hear of a resort to short time by individual makers of the finer and lighter fabrics also, some of which, at the present disproportionate price of yarns, are attended with more loss to those who do not spin than even heavier goods.

"WILLIAMS and SCHLEIFFE, Agents."

If this be a sign of *prosperity*, we have nothing further to say, but to wish our neighbours abundance of it. We suspect, however, that the fact will bear a very different construction. When the corn laws were abolished, in order to encourage, or, rather, keep alive the cotton manufactures of this country, it was calculated, and naturally enough we admit, that wages of workmen in the mills would fall in the ratio of the fall in the price of bread. The authors of the repeal, we know, professed other views, in order to obviate objections on the part of the landowners; but their real and undoubted purpose and expectation was that the fall of wages, being equal to the fall of the price of bread, would inflict no wrong upon the workmen, while it would enable the manufacturer to spin and weave at a cheaper rate, and maintain a more desirable and profitable position in the foreign market.

The expectations, which had their origin in detestable selfishness, have not been realised. We call the motive *detestable*, because it was founded in an utter disregard of all other interests, in a perfect consciousness that the landowner, the clergy, the farmer, the market gardener, and all dependant upon these classes, would be injured more or less. It was exclusively in manufacturing question—it was a national bounty in favour of the spinner and weaver—in favour of slave-grown cotton and corn.

But the iniquitous scheme has not succeeded. Grasping sordidness has overreached itself. The hand that was raised to strike down a brother and a friend, has fallen and withered in the attempt! Ever since the abolition of the corn laws, the price of the great staple, cotton, has increased in the American market. We are now doubtly dependant on those states. They can stop our mills, and starve us *if they please*. Their corn and cotton we admit duty free; our manufacturers they exclude as much as possible, none being admitted into their federal union under a duty of from 20 to 35 per cent. *ad valorem*. The control they have obtained in the British markets by their exports of corn, gives them an ascendency in the cotton trade which they never possessed before, when their capital was more limited, and their pecuniary wants more urgent. Corn must be sold; cotton will keep, and their price of cotton must be our. We can't help ourselves; we have no redress.

But in addition to this, the spinning and steam-loom weaving of cotton is now an European employment. The Americans themselves are making tremendous strides, and in the coarser fabrics of cotton cloth they are not only supplying themselves, but have actually driven us out of the Brazils and many parts of South America. The annexation of Texas was a manufacturing force—the conquest of Mexico was a cotton speculation. In short, the Americans have now all the advantages that England once almost exclusively possessed, *and something more*.

Let us see what that is.

Sir Robert Peel's great commercial changes, carried to their present extent by the government of Lord Russell, by rendering the cultivation of wheat, unprofitable or many soils in England, impracticable (with a rent charge) in Scotland, and impossible (with the present poor rates) in Ireland has led to the results which we are now only beginning to feel. This social and commercial convulsion has like the deluge, broken up the fountains, of the great deep, petrified all the affections of young life, of home and native land—the church bells have lost their charm, the village fair its attractions, the harvest home its frolics, Christmas its joyful and merry meetings—all is changed; the aged are left to weep, mourn, and die, while a flight, as if from a pestilence, has taken place, and a mighty emigration is thinning the population of these islands, in magnitude and increasing numbers such as the world never before witnessed.

What is the cause of this? Poverty, or a well-grounded apprehension of poverty, in this country in consequence of the new views of national policy. It will be said that the flight has been caused in a great degree by a maniacal love of gold, and the discovery of its abundance in California and Australia. But this is against evidence. The emigration began before the auriferous treasures were discovered in Australia; and the Irish exiles fled, not to California, in search of gold, for they had not the means, but to the colder and more accessible regions of North America, in search of food. In the present number of the *Quarterly Review* we find the following:—

"During the last five years emigration from the United Kingdom has *averaged* 284,534 persons a-year, and 'it now,' say the Commissioners, 'exceeds the *highest* estimate of the *annual decrease* of the population.' In the second quarter of this year there were abstracted from us—

By Death	100,813
By Emigration . . .	125,112
	225,925

"The births amounted to 159,136, showing a decrease in the population for *three months*, to 66,789 souls. Previous to 1847, the largest number who emigrated in one year was 129,851, in 1846; last year the number was 335,966, and it appears likely that this year it will be still greater. In last August 61 emigration ships sailed from Liverpool, having on board 21,907 persons. The number in the corresponding month of 1851 was only 16,712. The amount of money sent over by the emigrants who had established themselves in other lands, *to assist the emigration of their friends*, amounted in 1851 to £900,000. It is observed by the Commissioners, that those who depart, include a large proportion of the youngest, the healthiest, and most energetic of the adult population, on which the excess of births over deaths mainly depends."

So far the *Quarterly*, but the writer, though cautious, and anxious to arrive at truth, is a miserably slow coach, uncommonly rusty in the upper department, too much addicted tored tapery, and attaches a ludicrous importance to the statistics of "commissioners." He fancies that he sees what is going on, but he does not. Murray must find an able hand, and a clearer head to do this subject justice. His observations (critical, God help us!) on the currency and the influx of gold, are perfectly contemptible. We did not expect such twaddle in the *Quarterly Review*, but we have much to endure in this age of *established reputation* and deplorable imbecility.

Now, how comes this exodus of the people, and the rise in the price of cotton, to bear upon the Manchester manufacturer? In this way. Cheap bread has not answered his hopes. His books do not square to his satisfaction. His cotton speculations, as an importing merchant, have been unfortunate. His consignments have been of that confidential nature that do not warrant a repetition of them. The margin, and a little more, has been lost; but this, of course, is not confessed. The price of labour is advancing—the rather haughty independence of the operative progressing—cotton has been going up, "domestics" down—20 per cent. is little enough for the wear and tear of machinery, and it hardly commands 7 per cent.—what then?

Oh, nothing! He can scarcely have the face to ask for protection yet. But the time will come.

THE LATE DANIEL WEBSTER.—The following tribute to the late Daniel Webster, formed part of a discourse, preached on Sunday the 7th instant at Washington. The sermon was on the subject of DEATH, and from this text of the 90th Psalm, "We spend our years as a tale that is told." After an impressive discourse on the solemn theme, the preacher paused, and then resumed as follows:

"My friends, you all understand why I have chosen for the subject of this morning's meditation the most solemn event that can address itself to mortal man—DEATH—the hour, the crisis of our departure from this life. This morning brought us tidings of such an event. It occupies the whole public mind; we feel that it is no ordinary event. From a high place in this Government—from a place still higher in the estimation of his countrymen—from the highest place, I suppose, on this continent, in intellectual power, a great man has passed away. He is gone!—he is gone! How difficult, how impossible to realize it! He was so with us and of us; he was a part of this nation and of this nation's life and history that the very world this American world, feels a shock in this [illegible] Webster is dead! That vast spirit which [illegible] pied is darkened; that great and majestic presence has passed away!

"You mourn for him. There are friends of his here whose hearts are stricken for his loss. It is not a great man only that you have lost, but a man you loved. His was not a majestic presence the most winning. No conversation perhaps was more captivating than his in his hours of ease and unbending from brooding thought and weighty care I think I never saw the cloud of a brow, so dark at times, beam forth a sweeter smile.

"Am I saying that he had no faults? If he had, let the pall of Death cover them to day. But of what mortal man shall that be said?—Yet this I say: that those who imagined that in the majestic proportions of his nature, the heart had no place, have utterly misconceived him. And this, too, I say, that, in the moral judgement which his political opponents were accustomed to pass upon his daily life, no man, I am thoroughly convinced, was ever more misrepresented.

"But it is not my part to pronounce his eulogy. That belongs to others. This country, indeed, to which his life was devoted—this country, in its whole lenght and breadth, bears his eulogy. The name of Daniel Webster will be known and celebrated as this nation shall endure.

"I am reminded in this connexion of what one of his great compeers in political life (Mr. Calhoun) once said in conversation upon the question, 'What is the highest human greatness?' 'What is the greatest action that a man can perform?' He said it was this: for a man to speak, in a difficult and perilous national emergency, THE GREAT WORD that should give guidance and deliverance to his people. For (said he) it implies the largest knowledge of the past, the clearest foresight of the future, and the fullest comprehension of the present. Mr. Webster, more than once, spoke that word. It was given to him, in perilous emergencies, to stand by the Constitution and Union of his country, with sage wisdom and giant strength.

"And many other words did he speak, in the Senate and the forum, which the world will not let die. It is most fortunate that among the last care of his life was the collection, under his eye, of his speeches into volumes, which are destined to be read and noted as long as there is an American or Englishman to read anything.

"But he is gone! All our thoughts of him now yield to that thought—he is gone. The voice is silent; the eye is quenched; the brow that awed the world is but cold, dead, senseless clay. Oh Life! how art thou but as tale that is told? We say a few words *in memoriam*; we take our last look is taken; we shed some 'natural tears,' and all is over.

"Oh! in the infinite realm of the unseen life there is a place for all souls. What awaits them there is not decided by what we say here. We bow before the infinite wisdom of God. To his infinite care and mercy we commit the dead, and we commend the living; we commit the dead, who is gone, and we commend the living, who mourn for him.

"Yes, we commit, we yield him up to God's behest; it is all over; the last struggle is past; the struggle, the strife, the anxiety, the pain the turmoil of life's over; the tale is told, and finished, and ended. It is told and done; and the seal of death in set upon it. Henceforth that great life, marked at every step; chronicle in journals, waited on by crowds; told to the whole country by telegraphic tongues of flame—that great life shall be but a history, a biography, a tale told in the evening tent; in the tents of life it shall long be recited; but no word shall reach the ear of that dread sleeper by the ocean shore. Fitly will he rest there. Like the granite rock, the heaving ocean, was his mind! Let the rock guard his rest; let the ocean sound his dirge!

"My respected hearers and friends, I have said these few words on the sad occasion that presses on your minds this morning. I could not say less of such an one, who labored among us—of such an one, who has dwelt among you as a neighbor, a friend, and a fellow-laborer in the cares of Government. It would not become me to offer you admonition, counsel, or consolation. Your own minds will do this for you better then I can. May God in his goodness grant that the uses of this visitation may be as great as the event is signal and solemn!"

The Chronicle.

Saint John, November 10, 1852.

CANADA.

The Legislature of this Province, which has been in session since the 19th of August last, was brought to a close on the 11th instant. The Quebec *Chronicle* observes of it: "That more has been done to conquer to conciliation jarring parties, and to lead back to the great popular stream the hostile derivations which previously were wasting themselves without any profit to anybody, than years of legislation on abstract questions of government could possibly have effected."

TWO very important resolutions were *unanimously* passed in the Lower House on the 8th instant, having reference to the construction of a great line of railway from Quebec to Halifax by way of Trois Pistoles, Restigouche, and Mirimachi. The 8th resolution expresses an ernest hope that for the reasons set forth, the Imperial Government will lend its assistance to perfect that portion of the line which is to be constructed between Mirimachi and Trois Pistoles, about 227 miles. An address to the Queen, founded upon these resolutions, has been presented to the Governor General, who has promised to transmit the same, to be laid at the foot of the Throne.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Quebec, 11th Nov., 1852.

HIS EXCELLENCY the GOVERNOR GENERAL has been pleased, in conformity with the provisions of an Act of the present session, intituled, *An Act to Incorporate the Great Trunk Railway of Canada*, to appoint the undermentioned Gentlemen to be nine of the Directors of the Company incorporated by it, and as such to represent the interest of the Province in the undertaking, viz:

The Hon. Francis Hincks, M. P. P.; the Hon. James Morris, M.L.C.; the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, M.P.P.; the Hon. John Ross, M.L.C.; George Etienne Cartier, Esq., M.P.P.; Thomas Ryan, Esq.; Alexander Tilloch Galt, Esq.; and Luther Hamilton Holton, Esq.

PRICE OF RAILWAYS IN CANADA WEST.

One of our Upper Canada exchanges informs us, that the contract for the railroad from Toronto to Guelph has been given to C. S. Growski & Co., for £7108 currency, per mile, or £355,600 currency for the whole distance, and that the arrangement does not cover land claims and stations. If the number of stations on this line is in the same proportion to the number which it is intended to establish between St. John and Shediac, and to be built in the same substantial manner, we are partly inclined to believe that Growski—"Phoebus, what a name, to fill the speaking trump of future fame"—has made a better bargain for his firm than the "terrible Jackson" has accomplished for himself and partners in New Brunswick.

By the bye, whilst on the subject of railways, we must record our difference of opinion with a morning contemporary, who asserts that the more our railways are to cost the better for the country. Now, our view is, that if railway iron, an important article in the construction of railways, costs only £6 or £7 per ton, and is equally as good as that which costs £10 or £12 per ton, it would be better for us to build our roads with the cheapest article. But, according to our cotemporary, with the dear article, the greater would be the amount of capital to be introduced into the country. Fudge! The value of such capital is variable, depending on the state of the home market. The more the road costs, the less on the capital expended, must be the amount of the dividends. It would be all very well to speak with assumed contempt of the price of railways, if the contractors intended to give them to us, but the people of this Province, in one shape or other, are expected to pay for them, therefore the less they cost, the less we shall have to [illegible] the occasion, as the [illegible] cotemporary that the government of Belgium owns *four* lines of railway, not *one*, as he has vainly imagined; although, by the way, this *comparatively* trifling blunder of his, was very promptly corrected in the *Daily Times* on the morning after it was perpetrated.

IMPORTS FROM GREAT BRITAIN.—The value in sterling of the Imports from Great Britain during the quarter ending 10th October last, amounted to £135,175. The following are some of the items:—Ale and porter, 303 barrels; apothecary wares, £816; brandy, gin and rum, 21,917 gallons; barley and peas, 112 barrels; coals, 6605 tons; cordage and rope, £6027 canvas, £2871; copper and patent metal, 895 cwt; earthenware, £2101; glassware, £754; hardware, &6266; haberdashery, including silks, cottons, hats, umbrellas, woollens, &c., £80,810; indigo, 4568 lbs.; iron, wrought and cast, including chains, anchors, &c., 9083 cwt.; iron, unwrought including bar and sheet iron, 1203 tons, pig iron, 910 tons; lead, 318 cwt.; leather manufactures, £1787; paint, oil and varnish, £1150; oats, 420 bushels; oakum, 362 cwt.; powder, £235; paint and putty, £988; paper manufactures, including books and stationery, £3542; steel, 109 cwt.; salt, 2235 tons; soap, 31 cwt.; tea, 60,728 lbs.; wiskey, 2264 gallons; wine, 4193 gallons. The value of imports for the quarter ending 5th July last, from Great Britain, amounted to £199,590 sterling; and for the quarter ending 5th April last, £13,629; making altogether for the three quarters, £347,794 sterling, as the value of imports from Great Britain into this port, from the commencement of the year to the 10th October last.—*Courier.*

On Wednesday last, was launched from the ship-building yard of Messrs. W. & R. Wright, of this City, a very handsome ship, of 1000 tons register, built to class seven years, A 1. at Lloyds, finished in Messrs W. & *usual style*. This ship is 165 fee in length, 36 feet in breadth, and 23 feet in depth of hold; is framed, planked and fastened in a very superior manner, and we feel assured her appearance and qualifications will add to the fame which our City has already attained in ship-building, to which none have contributed more than the well-known architects of this ship. The *Miles Barton* has a very sharp entrance, with beautifully rounded sides and handsome stern, and looks a regular clipper. We think she must equal, if she does not excel, any of Messrs. Wright's former ships, and she has been named as above by her enterprising owner, James Beazley, Esq. of Liverpool, in honour of a gentleman with whom he served his apprenticeship to business; and we heartily appreciate the graceful compliment thus paid in naming after him this truly noble ship. Immediately after being launched, she was towed to the wharf where she will be rigged and loaded, to proceed to Liverpool in January, to be delivered over to her owner, to whom we wish every success.—*Ib.*

NEW VESSELS.—A substantial, well built ship, called the *Sultan*, was launched a few days ago, from the building yard of Mr. Benjamin Appleby, at the Kennebecasis River, and is now fitting out for sea in this harbour. She measures 849 tons, N. M., 801 tons O. M., and is owned by Mr. Appleby. We are informed that this ship will bear a favourable comparison with many of our first-class vessels; and from the well-known character of Mr. Appleby as a ship-builder, we have no doubt she will command a good price in the Liverpool market.—*Ib.*

EDITORIAL CORTESY.—Last Friday we published the particulars of the melancholy accident—terribly magnified in the morning by the *News*, who asserted that *six* bodies had been found, when *four* only were drowned—which occurred in the harbour the evening before. For the details of this sad affair we were indebted to a gentleman who was on board the Ferry Steamer at the time of its occurrence, and whose acknowledged character for truth was to us a sufficient guarantee for the perfect accuracy of his statement. The *Freeman* of Saturday morning adopted our account substantially, only altering its language; and some other papers copied from the *Freeman*, and gave credit to that paper, where none was due. So much for "the courtesy of the press."

FIRE.—Shortly before 6 o'clock last evening, a fire broke out in the attic of the large four story brick building in course of erection by Mr. J. G. Pine, in King-street. The flames spread with great rapidity, and it appeared at one time almost impossible to save the premises, but the prompt arrival of the engines, and the admirable manner in which they combated the devouring element, soon put a check to its ravages, and finally subdued it, thought not until considerable damage was done to the inside of the upper story. The efficiency of the Fire Department was never more manifest than on this occasion, and to much credit cannot be given to the various Companies. We must not omit to state that the Brunswick Company, No. 1, of Portland, also came over, and rendered good assistance.

We learn that the fire originated from a small stove used by the workmen, who were putting zinc on the roof. Mr. Pine was understand, was insured.—New Brunswicker, 18th inst.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—This deservedly popular and most useful Institution commenced its annual Lecture Season last evening. Although the weather was unfavourable, the spacious Hall was well filled with a most respectable audience, including a large proportion of Ladies; and the attendance on the opening night augurs well for a prosperous season. The inaugural Lecture was delivered by Dr. Robb, Professor at Chemistry and Natural History in King's College; who, after apologising for having been unable, from want of time and press of professional engagements, to compose a Lecture of the nature usually delivered at the commencement of the Season, delivered an interesting essay on the History of Geological Science in North America; which displayed the learned Professor's intimate acquaintance with the subject, and developed a number of statistical facts not hitherto generally known. Previous to the Lecture, the President of the Institute, Dr. Paterson, addressed a few pleasing complimentary and congratulatory remarks to the audience, to whom he also appropriately introduced the Lecturer of the evening, on his first appearance on the platform of the Institute.—*Observer.*

The Rev. Mr. Lawson was announced to Lecture on Monday evening next.

OUR NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

Nowhere in the world is the *British Army Despatch* better estimated than in our North American Provinces. Our Protectionist principles, founded on the sane and sensible basis of protection to home produce and as near an approach to free imports as possible, in all that which we cannot raise at home with the universal preference to be given to the colonies by the mother country, have, together with our nationality and our intense hatred of humbug, false sentiment, and cosmopolitanism, done this for us. The fact is, the old English spirit of England has sought refuge in our territorial extremities. There the upas shade of manufacture has not spread its blighting influence over honesty, manliness, and upright thought. There the cheap system has not lowered the standard of honour, in relation to the deterioration of goods made to sell. There, men still think patriotism a virtue, and, above all, are not the deluded victims of those false doctrines of pretended peace, which offer nations an easy prey to their foes.

For ourselves, we regard our inland and maritime possessions in America as the most valuable of all. In climate, resources, extent, capability of development, and situation, we see there still the means of imperial sway over all the world, neglected, spurned and misunderstood, by the paltry red tapists or blind demagogues who struggle in home for power, without reference either to [illegible] or honour, man or God.—*British Army Despatch.*

SHIPPING OF THE PRESENT TIME.

The following graphic description of the shipping of the present and olden time, we copy from the New York *Daily Times*. If any man had had the temerity to have said thirty years ago, that *very many* New Brunswick built ships would, in time, most distant colonies—that they would stand A. 1. at Lloyds, for eight years—that a St. John built ship would perform the quickest passage ever made between Liverpool and Australia—that our vessels would last for more than forty years—that in point of sailing, stowage, and symmetry, they would compete with the finest ships in the world—why, a man saying all this thirty years ago, or within a far less period, would have been looked upon as an idiot. BUT STILL THE PROPHECY HAS BEEN REALIZED! It will thus appear that the *Times'* article has something more than a 'local habitation,' and we therefore transcribe it with the greater satisfaction.

Let us now glance at some of the points of contrast between a ship of thirty years old, and the clipper of the present day. Beginning forward, as in a sailor's bounden duty, let us take a look at the head gear. In the first place, the modern bowsprit sheeves, very much less than the old ones. By this means the leverage of the head sails is greatly increased, and the ship looks better. It is not quite so comfortable, however, in reefing or furling the head sails. Next, the old ship always carried a heavy awkward spritsail yard, of no earthly use but to strike porpoises from; and to hang clothes upon to dry. This is now entirely dispensed with. A great, two legged martingale also incumbered the head gear, while now a small, delicate, single one is the style. The bobstays, bowsprit, shrouds, and other, rigging in that vicinity, was of heavy rope, now it is of chain or iron rods, exquisitely neat, and of ample strength, and when properly set up, requiring no lifting for years. The next noteworthy matter is the ground tackling. Instead of the neat chain which is now shackled to the ring of an iron stocked anchor, we remember the hard, hawsen, hempen cable, bent on with all sorts of seizings to a great wooden stocked anchor. It was no child's play in olden times, to handle a ship's ground tackling. To "overhaul a range of cable" in cold weather, was a forenoon's job; now it is done in a few minutes. To heave it in of a cold day, and stow it away in the cable tier, was positively the very worst work a crew could do. Now, a few minutes at the new fashioned brakes and the anchor is apeak, and the cable let run into the chain boxes without delay. The old-fashioned ground tackling was not a great deal better in hot weather, one's fingers did not get quite so benumbed in handling it. But even then it was a hard dispensation, for the worms and barnacles of the tropics and other warm latitudes would form colonies on the hemp cable; and it was Jack's Sunday privilege to give it a scrubbing, by just dropping another anchor under foot and heaving in the old one. Jack's theology obliged him to make an addition to a certain precept of the Decalogue, that it should read in this wise—"Six days shalt thou work and do all you are able, on the seventh heave up and scrub the cable." All this is now done way with. In old times ships had no bulwarks, forward of the fore rigging. It was all open there, why, Heaven only knows. Now the bulwarks are much higher than the tallest man's head, and solid all around, forming a capital breakwater. A few feet further aft we come to the windlass, and here is a wonderful improvement. The old windlass was merely a large round piece of wood, with holes in it for hand spikes, and a few iron pawls. It had no leverage power, except that derived from the arm of the handspikes. At this miserable machine the sailors had to heave until they were exhausted, and even then, they were frequently unable to lift the anchor. The modern windless is an instrument of great power, with breaks like those of a fire engine, by a few strokes of which the most firmly imbedded anchor is lifted from its cozy bed. Still passing toward the stern of the ship, the long boat meets the eye. Formerly it was stowed directly over the main hatchway, requiring it to be removed before the cargo could be got at. Now it sits in its chocks from one voyage end to another, well housed over. The galley too, is a different affair from that of olden times. It is more like a well appointed kitchen than a galley. Many is the gale of wind in which the "doctor" (as the cook even in these degenerate times is called) could not boil water enough in the old galley to mix with the grog we felt in duty bound to drink to our "sweethearts and wives" on Saturday nights. When the fires are put out on a galley of a modern built ship it will be because she has taken a freak to pay Davy Jones a visit in that unexplored locker of his. On the quarter deck a manifest improvement is perceptible, in the absence of those hen-coops which were always found there. The bare recollection of them gives us a squalmish stomach. The most important improvement in this part of the ship, however, is the steering apparatus; and very great is the debt due to mechanics on shore for the invention and perfection, of the new wheel. It is now easy work to steer the largest ship, even by one man, and with accuracy too; but in old times it took two men