but sat motionless amid the clink of hammers and the grating of files as if in a painful dream, from which nothing could arouse him. Tools lay upon the bench before him with a coronet half set with gems, and just at his elbow was a heap of loose jewels that cast a rich gleam over his face now and then as a slight turn of his arm allowed the sunshine to strike them.

The abrupt opening of a door, and the widow's voice low and thrillingly impressive, made the boy start and look wildly up.

'To your work, lads, to your work!' cried the resolute woman, closing the door—'the duke's men are here.' Then approaching the youth, who half started from his stool, she addressed him with breathless eagerness—'take up the file thus—thus—bend your face over the work, place the tool here on this space left for the emerald. That will do! Keep your eyes down thus—thus—seem in earnest.

The boy snatched up the file at the first breathless hint, and drawing the coronet forward applied it to the delicate gold work. It was marvellous with what coolness he used the tool, not a tremor of the hand bespoke the terrible strife of feeling that was raging in his proud heart.

A gleam of satisfaction lit up the widow's eyes, and looking around, she said with a respectful motion of the hand toward the youth. 'Take this august example, my children, be firm and cool as that great spirit is ever found in seasons of peril!'

She went forth at once, for the tramp of soldiers was already heard near the outer door. Scarcely had she passed three paces along the passage when a file of armed men stood in the way.

'What would you?' she cried in a calm voice, addressing the men. 'Tell me your errand that I may know whether I am greeting friends or foes?'

'We have the duke's orders to search every house in this neighborhood for concealed traitors,' replied the man.

'Pass on,' was the composed reply. 'Yonder is my son's work-shop, where his apprentices may all be found at their toil. Those stairs lead to the rooms we inhabit. Search and welcome.'

With these words the widow moved on toward her own room trembling in every limb, but outwardly calm.

'To the work-shop first,' cried the captain: four men guard the entrance while we will begin here and search to the roof.'

He flung open the door and entered the work-shop, followed by his men. The oldest apprentice laid down his tools and advanced to meet them.

'What is your will? he said bowing with great respect, our master is from home, but if your orders are only for bucklers or sword pomels such as befits a soldier, we can supply you as well as if he were here.'

Without paying the slightest attention to this respectful address, the captain passed into the centre of the room, and cast a searching glance over it. There was no chance of concealment, for the apartment contained nothing but the usual implements of the goldsmith's craft, with a huge desk and some shelves, on which were piled the finished and unfinished work belonging to the establishment. The apprentices all kept at their work, not one of them seeming to know that the band of armed men were present for other purposes than usually brought customers to the work-shop. Their backs were towards the captain, and it was only on pretence of examining their work that he could obtain a full view of their faces.—Passing from one work-bench to another, he paused at that occupied by the strange youth. The boy seemed entirely unmoved by his presence, but laying down his file and shaking the particles of gold from his hand, he took up a large emerald and began to force it into the socket which he had prepared, exhibiting considerable energy in the task, but without betraying the least shadow of awkwardness.

'This coronet,' said the head apprentice, coming up apparently quite unabashed by the rebuff he had met with near the door. 'This coronet is one sent hither by his gracious majesty to be reset. The jewels—these loose ones—were said to be a part of the dower which Duke Richard of York received with the Lady of Baynard Castle, [illegible] royal task considering that his master is imprisoned for treason,' replied the captain bluffly. 'King Edward might have entrusted his jewels to better keeping, I should think!' and turning away he moved on to the next work bench.

The head apprentice followed him, while the stranger youth drew a deep breath as if relieved of some terrible burden, and though his eyes were downcast, their fiery flash could be seen through the thick fringes that shadowed them. He worked on till the captain and his men left the room. Clasping his hands on the work bench, he shook till the very stool on which he sat trembled.

Dame Williams met the captain as he came from the work-room with her wimple on, and prepared to go out.

'What, leaving the house now, good dame?' said the man, surprised at her calm demeanor.—'Know you not it is filled with the king's soldiers?'

'I know that my son is in the king's hands, and, therefore, his credit as an honest craftsman is left for me to care for. There is a ship lying in the channel which brought a heavy order for goldsmith work from the King of France. I have the wares safely packed in yon box, and must see that they are on board the vessel before the wind changes.'

'And how are they to be taken?' asked the man suspiciously.

'In my son's barge.'

'Oh!' ejaculated the man, 'so the young traitor keeps his own barge, ha—but what want you in the work-room?'

'I want half a dozen of the apprentices to row the barge,' replied the widow with great composure. 'Enough will be left behind to aid your search.'

'Be it so,' replied the captain; 'stand back my men and let the woman pass.'

There was a sinister look in the man's face, and a smile lurked about his lips as the widow entered the work-room he turned to one of the men and whispered—

'Get a wherry and keep this woman in sight, there are plenty of stopping places on the river at which a fugitive might be taken up—quick! before he comes forth.'

The man disappeared, beckoning some of his companions to follow. Soon after the widow came from the work-room, accompanied by a group of apprentices, and among them walked the strange youth. Two of the young men lifted the box pointed out by his mistress, and bearing it forth carried it toward the river. The widow followed, accompanied by the oldest apprentice, and with the other youth walking close by her side. They entered the barge which lay in waiting, and the matron took her seat in it with the box at her feet. The apprentices took up the oars and push-the boat off. The strange youth, who took his seat nearest the matron held an oar like the others, but it was only dipped lightly into the water now and then as a pretence at labor, and after the barge reached the bosom of the stream it was allowed to rest motionless in its socket, while the youth fixed his dark eye on the tower, at first mournfully, then a fiery light broke through them, and his lips were pressed together till the blood left them.

'You wherry seems following us,' said the widow, bending forward in considerable perturbation. 'Your highness, seem to be more earnest with the oar, I pray you.'

The youth cast a quick glance at the wherry which seemed determined to follow closely in their wake, and grasping the oar bent it to the water.

'Now—on—on,' the barge shot through the water like an arrow as this command was given, but still the wherry kept in the wake, slow and resolute like a panther scenting his prey.

At last the wherry was distanced, for the barge had pursued its arrow-like flight toward a vessel that lay in the bosom of the river. Still the pursuers were so near that they saw its little crew mount to the deck.

'There is no order that we should watch farther,' said the captain of the wherry, addressing his men who rested on their oars, keenly watching the vessel as its sails were slowly unfurled. 'They have stopped nowhere on the way, what care we how the flat-cape yet home again.' The wherry wheeled slowly round and made its way up the stream, and that moment the group of persons standing on the deck of that vessel uttered a deep thanksgiving, and the matron fell upon her knees before the disguised queen, uttering broken ejaculations of joy, and abandoning herself to a rush of strong feelings that from their long suppression had become entirely insupportable.

'My queen—my queen—thou art safe—thou art safe!' she cried, covering the small hand surrendered to her by the disguised sovereign, with tears and wild kisses.

'And to thee, my leal friend, Margaret owes her freedom perchance her life!' replied the seeming boy, with deep feeling, 'but for thy quick wit and firm purpose, yon black walls might this day have blocked out from the world forever, or, more likely still, had proved her grave now, added the stern lady, turning her eyes from their fixed look at the tower, 'now we have but the old fortune of war, loss of friends, of treasure, and flight.'

'Not loss of treasure, royal lady,' said the matron, pointing to the boat—'the gold which came with you from France remains almost untouched.'

Margaret cast her eyes on the box, and they kindled with renewed fire, but instantly a mist crept over them, and giving both her clasped hands to the widow, she said with mournful grace—

'But thy son. We have bought gold and freedom at a fearful price for thee, old friends!'

'The life of every true Englishman belongs to England's sovereign,' said the widow with simple devotion.

'Alas! who much of this priceless coin has been spent for as already!' cried Margaret, with deep feeling. As she spoke the vessel that had been getting under way, swung round and began to move down the river.

Once more the widow bent her forehead to the queen's hand, and then she stood up, her lips bitter so firm, quivering with grief, and tears raining from her eyes.

Margaret was deeply moved. 'The blessings of all the saints go with thee thou leal old friend, she said, 'and now farewell.'

Then withdrawing her hand gently from the devoted servant who had suffered so much for her cause, she went below wavering unsteadily in her walk as if her energies had been taxed to the utmost.

A moment after the barge containing the goldsmith's widow and her apprentices was sweeping up the river again, while the gallant ship, with its sails outspread, moved majestically in an opposite direction. The wherry was still in sight, and occasionally its occupants looked toward the ship not quite bereft of suspicion regarding its visitors.

'See they are entering the barge again, all is right,' exclaimed one of their number. 'Shall we wait for them to come up?'

'No—no,' exclaimed the leader, 'move on, we have wasted too much time on the chase, already.'

(Conclusion next week.)

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRELATES AND EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

(From the Times.)

The Committee of Roman Catholic prelates at Thurles have inaugerated their consultations with a fluent address on a favourite theme. It is, they say, absolutely necessary that the whole education of the Irish people should be in exclusive "Catholic" hands. With the help of the word "Catholic" introduced into every other line in a very long document, nothing can be easier than to write on so absolute a proposition. It would be as easy, and, did the circumstances admit, still more delightful, to write a discourse on the necessity of the whole world being of one religion, on the desirable of having at least Kings, Courts, and Parliaments, and armies on the right side, or on the expediency of all colleges, schools, learned professions, and profitable trades being in orthodoxy. Nothing is required to give a word, and a thousand excellent essays, all on one side, will be forthcoming in twenty-four hours. Unfortunately the proposition is, after all, only an abstract one, and does not meet the facts of the case, for when you have proved your point the facts are still against you.—It is easy enough to prove that with a good vessel, an experienced captain, and efficient crew, you can sail from Galway to New York in twenty one days. But if your vessel is a tub, and leaky besides; if your captain has neither knowledge nor charts; if your crew is drunken and mutinous, and the wind against you the whole of the way, your beautiful little theory of sailing all on one tack, and without having to touch a single cord of the rigging, will only add to your difficulties and aggravate your disappointment. When the abstract means of the universal question have been eloquently discussed and positively settled, all in one way, there remains a few practical queries to be answered. What prospect is there of such a Catholic university as will justify putting under ban the Roman Catholic youth now studying quietly and profitably at the Queen's Colleges?—What are they to do in the meantime, before the university is ready for their reception? Why have the Roman Catholic prelates so long demanded that Trinity College, Dublin, should be opened entirely and indifferently to the Churches of England and of Rome? Why have they consented to Roman Catholics studying and taking degrees at that college? Why do they continually represent the Irish as so universally destitute that the death of any vagrant among them lies at the door of a wealthier English people, when, as it now appears, they have only to held up a finger, and a university springs into existence? Why do they use the word "bigotry" as one of utter odium, and in the very document before us keep up the old farce of Roman Catholic liberality, by pretending that one object of the Catholic university is to make men of divers creeds more tolerant of one another? "Besides," say they, "though men may have been educated apart from one another, some in a Catholic, others in a Protestant Episcopalian, others again in a Presbyterian college, they will all have been taught to cherish brotherly love one towards another; and when they afterwards enter upon the business of real life, their daily intercourse, mutual relations, and reciprocal interests will naturally lead to the interchange of good offices and good feeling, provided there be no religious ascendancy, and that odious distinctions on account of religion be totally obliterated." Such is the language these gentlemen can assume when it suits their purpose to do so.

But why all this anxiety at this moment? Why wait till the Queen's Colleges are actually in operation, and then undertake at the eleventh hour to find a "Catholic" substitute? A flood of light appears to have broken in upon the prelates. All of a sudden they present themselves "Catholics of Ireland," inviting them to engage heart and soul in a scheme for "the intellectual improvement of the country;" they recall the happy but somewhat apocryphal times when strangers flocked from all parts of the world to study religion and polite letters at the feet of Irish scholars and divines; they discover that "in a highly artificial state of society, such as we live in, secular education of a high order is a thing of absolute necessity, whether to the professional man, or the merchant, or the private gentleman, none of whom can maintain his position in society, much less take a lead in the career of honourable competition, unless his natural talents have been previously formed to the pursuits of life by the hand of education."—Such are some of the reasons which urge the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland, we are told, to attempt "to the utmost of their power, influence, and means, to provide for the Catholic youth of Ireland education of a high order, every way commmensurate with the intellectual wants of the times." The subject seems to grow in their hands, and each time the idea of education presents itself, it is invested with fresh dignity.—"For the grand object in view is to make the Catholic religion the basis of a system of academical education as extensive and diversified as any to be found in the most distinguished universities of Europe, so that the youth of the country may enjoy all the benefit of the highest education without any detriment to their faith or morals." This is a splendid dream, and no *alumnus* of Oxford or Cambridge could reasonably deny a Roman Catholic Bishop the satisfaction of a Roman Catholic university; but where are the colleges, the schools, the libraries, the rooms for professors by the scores, and students by the thousands, the funds for maintaining as many tutors and pupils in academic dignity and ease, the scholarships and fellowships, and all the other costly apparatus of universities? Are any of the learned men from Oxford or Cambridge who have sought refuge from English ambiguities in Romish infallibility to plan a new Oxford and a new Cambridge in Ireland? Certainly here they are pastors without flocks, whereas in Ireland there are flocks that want pastors; but an invincible jealousy protects Ireland from all English intrusion. The Irish will only be taught by the Irish, and where are Irish teachers to be found of such attainments as to fulfil the above aspirations? If any there are, who is to pay them? But if the whole project is still in *nubibus*, is it fair to prohibit the only existing means of education in the vague hope of something to come? Is it consistent with these florid professions in favour of the intellectual improvement and the highest possible amount of education?

These prelates content themselves with enlarging on two axioms. Science with true religion makes men everything that is great and good; science without true religion makes them conceited, sensual, revolutionary, anarchical, and so forth. Would that human affairs did run in the regular groove, and would that legislation were reduced to the certainty of Euclid's propositions! But how comes it to pass that there is such a thing as heresy, or revolution, or vice of any sort in this part of the world, seeing that four hundred years ago all Western Europe was exactly in the state which the prelates at Thurles declare to be constantly happy in its scientific, its religious, and its moral results? The whole education of the British isles was then in the hands of the Catholic clergy; yet we had rebellions, we had the usual average of immoralities, and we had the Reformation. These prelates boldly undertake to give "all the benefits of the highest education, without any detriment to faith or morals." Should they succeed, what a reproach to the whole Catholic Church these 1800 years! We mean no irreverence when we say that if Drs. Cullen, Murray, Slattery, and M'Hale do what they promise, they will throw the apostles themselves into the shade. All experience leads one to apprehend another result. Faith and morals are not always safe even in churches and convents, much less in universities and schools. The prelates exclaim, "Witness the first French Revolution, the master spirits of which proscribed religion in the public schools." We reply with a slight variation. Witness the first French Revolution, the master spirits of which had been educated in Roman Catholic colleges. When, too, these prelates shortly after observe, "It was only the other day that Providence in its mercy saved the nations of Europe from similar calamities, arising from the same cause," we rejoin that during the last 30 years the education of Western Europe has been much less exclusively in clerical hands, and, as it happens, revolution has not assumed either so wicked, or so sacrilegious a character. Exclusive systems, as a fact, have very indifferent success. The English universities are on exclusive system, but they are not able to avert innumerable evils both without and within. They cannot prevent grievous divisions, the alienation of many members, the positive hostility of others; they cannot secure to themselves the education of the country, and the lead of political affairs, if other schools rise up and other influences prevail. They can only offer a cogged, ineffective, and almost inarticulate antagonism to the tendencies of the age.—Should the prelates at Thurles therefore succeed in founding a Catholic university, we question much if its chairs will be occupied by such formidable antagonists as Drs. Cullen and Murray. They had much better found Catholic "Halls" within walking distance of the Queen's Colleges, and so combine religious training by the clergy with secular education by the State.

A REPENTANT PATRIOT.

(From the Carlow Sentinel.)

There are few of our readers who are unacquainted with the fact that Mr. J. M. Rivers of Dungarvon, being deeply implicated in the Young Ireland insurrection in 1848, fled the country and retired to France, a reward of £300 being offered for his apprehension.

He was permitted to return to his native country during the past year, and on being invited to take a part at the "League" proceedings in Kilkenny, this gentleman addressed a letter to the secretaries, which conveys much instruction to those who possess property, and are ambitious to shine in the political world as patriots.—Mr. Rivers observes:—

"The maxim of 'doing as I would be done by' has ever influenced my dealings with my tenants, long before the words 'tenant right' were made the plausible lure to divert public attention from lucrative agitation, by those who feared that agitation was about being brought to a successful issue too soon for their purposes. The receipts in the hands of my tenants will show that whenever a bad season came, I always made them abatements, and that without waiting to be solicited; yet that did not prevent them, both here and in the county Kilkenny, conspiring, with interested parties, to break down my interest and rob me of my property, at the very time I was suffering exile for my advocacy of the only real and substantial tenant-right—the right of self-legislation."

This is the true picture of gratitude! While in exile he was robbed without mercy, and we have little doubt, by many of those who were ready to cheer him on his political career for repeal. Mr. Rivers, however, towards the close of his epistle, is still more explicit—for, altho' a suffering "patriot" and an unfortunate gentleman, who was engaged in the insane proceedings of Mr. Smith O'Brien and his colleagues, his rents were not the better paid; on the contrary, his tenants believed they were under no obligation to pay any rents. Speaking of the unprincipled mercenaries who are now organizing counties, and who entertain no hope of success in carrying out their wild theory, Mr. Rivers states:—

"However, this question is no sooner started than a great body of the tenantry take it into their heads to pay no rent at all. The sooner people are made to understand the folly of this delusion the better for them and the peace of the country. Under no possible circumstances can their farms become their own property, except by purchase. No, not even in revolutionary France did such occur."

☞ PRICE OF THE CHRONICLE—12s. 6d. per annum, in advance; 15s. if not paid until the termination of a year.—For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies will be sent *to one address* for one year; for $20 11 copies; and for $40, 24 copies.—Single Nos. may be had at the office, 6d each.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, NOV. 8, 1850.

OUR exchange papers this week are entirely barren of 'news,' and we have consequently to make up our paper of odds and ends. At the same time, and as railroads are now the order of the day, and positively the only project that will ultimately lead to Provincial prosperity, we copy the following gratifying remarks from the St. Andrews Standard, on the Quebec Railway from that town:—

THE RAILROAD.—Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, the work on our Railroad is progressing as fast as can be expected. This is gratifying, as by far the heaviest portion of the labour required on the road is now approaching completion. The line above the Lakes at Chamcook passes through a level and beautiful country, presenting no engineering difficulties, and can be made for nearly one half the cost, and in less time in proportion, than the first ten miles. This must be evident, as the land, which is well adapted for settlement, abounds in valuable timber, is level, and requires little grading, and possesses the advantage of having the wood which is used in construction along the line, on the Company's lands. The country, and the work, only require to be seen to be appreciated, as appears by the fact, that a gentleman, who, some years ago, visited the upper St. John, was so convinced of the great capabilities of that fine country, particularly of Woodstock, that, on learning there was a prospect of its being opened up by the St. Andrews and Quebec Railroad, subscribed and paid in to the Stock of the Company £1000 sterling, and it gives us much pleasure to add, that the same gentleman on visiting St. Andrews a few days ago, was so pleased with the place and the undertaking, that he *increased* his stock £500. This should encourage the friends of our road to push on the work with vigor: a few such gentlemen as we have just mentioned, would enable us to build our railroad. We wish all other similar undertakings in the province success.—Our favourite, the St. Andrews and Quebec line, will command it.

THE editor of the British North American, published at Halifax, makes use of the following pertinent remarks on the subject of Railways, the Despatch, and Reciprocity, in his paper of 31st October.

THE RAILROAD.—A Royal Gazette of Friday evening brought forth a Despatch from Sir John Harvey, asking for the guarantee of the Home Government to procure a loan of £600,000 to lay our share of the Railway to Portland, and Lord Grey's answer.

What his "reasons" are for declining to endorse the credit of this Province, Earl Grey does not condescend to tell us; but really we are tempted to exclaim, "What can you expect from a pig but a grunt!" Earl Grey and his confreres have never yet treated the Colonies with any thing but contempt. However, it will teach the people of British America a lesson that will not soon be forgotten. It will teach them the value of self-dependence, and the necessity of self-exertion.—What sympathy or assistance can they expect from the bloated Lords of England, over whom they have no influence? If they desire either influence or respect, they will take the proper means of securing it, and that proper means is within the reach of their representatives.

We have before now shown that the Colonies will never have any influence over the government of England, unless they demand and obtain a voice in *putting in or turning out a Cabinet*. Without this, they are the mere serfs of Foreign Rulers—liable to every species of tyranny, and powerless to obtain redress.

We shall be astonished indeed, if the contemptuous answer of my Earl Grey do not rouse in the people of this country the spirit of the Anglo Saxon Race, and compel their representatives to adopt the most energetic and decided measures at the next Parliament. Like some lazy fellow looking for a "situation," we have looked abroad for shadowy blessings. We hear asked every day whether Great Britain will unite the Colonies, or whether she will build the Railway! Our eyes are getting opened to the extravagant nonsense of these expectations. We must henceforth *help ourselves*. Instead of allowing the United States to dawdle with us about Reciprocal Trade, the Colonies should band themselves together and impose *reciprocal* duties on every article of United States' manufacture; then, with a tariff equally as high against their industry, as theirs against ours, we should be on the right footing to negociate.—Then our language would be—"We'll reduce our duties if you will reciprocate." At present, the United States have the highest inducement to keep things as they are. They have a fine market for their manufactures—carry off our coin and industrious youth, and admit none of our articles except at an exorbitant duty. The sword cuts both ways.

A Union of the Colonies would soon cure this, and a Union would soon give us the Railway.

How?

We need not wait for a Legislative or Federal Union—Let us have Union *in reality, at once*.—We have unity of interests—let us have unity of *action*. At the very next session of the Colonial Legislatures, let them appoint two or more delegates to meet together in some central place, and deliberate on the state of these Colonies, with full power to mature measures to *lay the Railway*, and secure Reciprocal Free Trade with the United States, or else frame a uniform Colonial Tariff, imposing taxes on American goods, in the same ratio as they tax ours.

These delegates should be invested with the fullest powers that could be invested in them by the Legislature and people of these Colonies: and if necessary, they should all hie to London and open their Parliament opposite the Colonial Office in Downing Street.

The people of British North America have slumbered too long. They must

"Awake, arise! or be forever fallen!"

THE GREAT BOAT RACE between the Indian Town four-oared gig *Xiphais*, and the Sand Cove four-oared gig *Eclipse*, for £100 a-side, came off in our harbour on Monday. We have witnessed a number of interesting races, but none appeared to excite more attention than that of Monday, which, perhaps, may be mainly attributed to the uniform success which has attended the rival crews in all their former contests, and the circumstance that these boats had never before contended with each other in any of our Regattas.

The weather since Saturday evening had been very foggy, but about an hour before the race, the wind hauled to the Northward, gradually dispelling the mists which overhung our noble harbour, and leaving the surface of the water almost as smooth as that of a mirror. An immense concourse of persons assembled on the wharves and heights overlooking the harbour, anxious to catch a view of the race. At 11 o'clock, the Stewards appointed for the purpose, gave the word to start, and both boats went off in gallant style, the Eclipse leading all the way down the harbour, but on rounding Partridge Island both boats were even, and at the turn of the boat moored off the Western point of the Island, they fouled, but cleared immediately. The Eclipse again took the lead, but the Xiphais was soon even with her, passing her opponent, and increasing her distance at every stroke; while it was evident that the crew of the Eclipse were doing their utmost, and had been during the greater part of the race; but the Xiphais drew gradually more and more ahead, and came to the winning post fully six lengths in advance of the Eclipse. The distance rowed was about six miles, and was performed by the winning boat in exactly thirty-four minutes, according to the time kept by the Stewards.

The Xiphais was rowed by Messrs. Richard Pigeon, Isaac Stevens, Shubal C. Stevens, and John Stevens, of Indian Town; and the Eclipse by Messrs. Edward Welsh, John Coyle, Wm. Maloy, and Walter Welsh, of Sand Cove. The former boat was built by Mr. S. Sterling, and the latter by Mr. C. Coyle. Our readers will recollect that the Eclipse was the boat, with her crew, which beat the Halifax boat in that harbor last year. She was the favourite boat, and the betting was in favour; but the result proved that there is nothing certain in this world, and those who risked their money on her were doomed to lose it. Both boats were pulled with great skill and judgment, and a fairer or more honourable race we have never witnessed.

The above account of the Boat Race, with inconsiderable alteration is taken from the New Brunswicker of Tuesday. It may be added that the Sand Cove men honestly acknowledge themselves fairly beaten; consequently the laurels rest on the shoulders of the Indian Town rowers. In the evening of Monday, a Ball was given by the winners and their friends, at their Town Hall, in honor of their success, at which the rival crew were particularly invited to attend. A goodly number of the fair sex honoured the company with their presence, and many who had passed the "meridian" also patronised the "boys" on this "particular occasion," and might be seen tripping the "light fantastic" with their grand daughters.—The evening's entertainment was a source of happy enjoyment to all present, and will long be remembered by the company.

SEIZURE.—Last Wednesday and Thursday, about 1400 gallons smuggled Spirits, and a horse and cart, were seized at and near Sand Cove, by the Revenue Officers of this port.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the Annual meetings of the St. John County Agricultural Society, held on Thursday, the Treasurer submitted his accounts with vouchers, which were examined and found correct.—The President submitted the Report of the Directors, whereupon it was resolved that the Report be adopted, and 500 copies of it be printed for distribution.

It was also resolved, that in accordance with a recommendation of the Directors, an edition of one thousand copies of "Norton's Essay on Scientific Agriculture" be printed, and that the Secretary offer the different Societies in the Province such number of copies as they may require at cost.

The Society then proceeded to the election of Office-bearers for the ensuing year, when the following gentlemen were returned.

R. JARDINE, *President*;
ROBERT F. HAZEN, } *Vice Presidents*;
ROBERT BOWNE, }
JOHN DUNCAN, *Treasurer*;
M. H. PERLEY, *Corresponding Secretary*;
D. B. STEVENS, *Recording Secretary*;

Peter Dewar, Henry Chubb, Jas. Dunn, Henry Blakslee, Thomas Trafton, F. J. Ayer, Thomas Davidson, Otty Crookshank, W. J. Ritchie, Jas. Brown, Wm. Hawkes, Charles Drury, Geo. P. Peters, M. D., Wm. Howard, and John John H. Gray, *Directors*.

THREE LIVES LOST.—Captain E. W. Mitchel, of the Schooner Tanner, picked up in the Petitcodiac river, on Friday last, two Squaws who had saved themselves from being drowned by getting on the bottom of their canoe. One of the unfortunates, when Captain Mitchel came to their rescue, was all but lifeless, the other could not speak, but by kind treatment they have quite recovered. These Squaws report that three other persons were in the canoe at the time of the accident. As no traces of them could be discovered, they must have sunk in the angry element to rise no more.—*News*.

A mammoth Squash, weighing 137 lbs. can be seen at the store of Messrs. Jardine & Co.—It was raised by Mr. John Glazier, for John Pollok, Esq. of this City.—*Ib.*

On Monday afternoon, No. 5 Engine Company gave their new Engine a satisfactory trial, by throwing water over the Gas Chimney, a height of 153 feet, sucking the water from the Company's tank. We have no doubt that those parties who so liberally subscribed for this Engine will be pleased to hear that she performs so well.—*New Bruns.*

MORE CONVICTS FROM BERMUDA.—Munro, our State Alien Commissioner, on boarding the schooner Sir Robert Sale, Capt. Thomas, from Westport, found nine convicts from the hulks of Bermuda on board, as passengers. They represented themselves as being stone cutters by trade, from Nova Scotia, but our Commissioner, with an eagle eye, discovering that they had served a time in the hulks of Bermuda, immediately placed officer Taulton and one of his men on board the schooner, to keep the convicts from landing on our shores.—*Boston Traveller.*

DEPARTURE OF THE ADMIRAL.—H. M. Ship Wellesley, Admiral the Earl of Dundonald, accompanied by other vessels of the squadron, left for Bermuda on Tuesday. The beautiful sight attracted the admiring gaze of all who had opportunity to witness it.—*Halifax Church Times.*

We are glad to be able to state that His Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia, bore the passage home in the steamer remarkably well, and was rather better on landing at Liverpool than when he left Halifax. His Lordship has proceeded to London. We trust that further intelligence will bring us news of continued and greater improvement.—*Ib.*

From Late English Papers.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER IN THE CATHEDRAL AT DURHAM.—Great excitement prevailed among the Durham churchmen during the right reverend prelate's residence in the Cathedral town above-named. His lordship preached in strong terms from the cathedral pulpit, and was replied to in terms equally stringent from the parish church. The bishop refused to deliver the blessing after preaching, the dean, in consequence, did it for him, giving his lordship an intimation that he would allow no deviations from custom in the cathedral of Durham. The Bishop of Durham has deprived one curate of his licence for publishing a Denisonian pamphlet against the late judgement, and has thereby given a heavy blow and great discouragement to the Tractarians in his diocese.—(Church and State Gazette.)

THE ALPINE MONSTER TUNNEL.—The great project of piercing the Mont Cenis for a monster tunnel has been abandoned, and a new line, connecting Basle with the subsisting railroad from Genoa to Turin, is under consideration. Should it succeed, (and the projectors are most sanguine on the subject), it will complete one continued line, with the aid of the Rhine navigation, from Ostend to Genoa, and give our Indian mail a certain route in case of renewed troubles in France.—(Galignani.)

The President of the French Republic distributed 60 hogsheads of claret to the troops reviewed at Versailles.

General Heynau has twice been with the Emperor since his return to Vienna. During his second audience he gave his sovereign a full account of the reception he met with in London.

At the time of the famine in Ireland a subscription was made in the Austrian dominions, where there is a vast number of Irish emigrants, for the relief of the poorer classes of Irish Catholics of the same faith of the contributors. The unsettled state of affairs at Vienna, prevented the transmission of the fund so raised until recently, when it was sent through our government for distribution. The amount (£3,200) was duly received, and under the advice of Lord Clarendon, has been forwarded to Ireland to be disposed of in the following proportions by the Roman Catholic archbishops of the several provinces:—Dr. Slattery, for Munster, £1,200; Dr. MacHale, for Connaught, £1,200; Dr. Murray, for Leinster, £260; Dr. Cullen, for Ulster, £540. Total, £3,200.

Upon the Marquis of Waterford's estate in Deray notices were served last week by incendiaries, that the tenants who would pay rent, without having a reduction of from 7 to 17 per cent., would suffer by the the burning of their houses and broken heads. A similar notice was posted on the office door of his lordship's agent in Newtownlimvady, threatening him with the fate of Mr. Mauleverer.

Mr. George Whelan, shipwright, of this city, has raised the schoonor *Catherine*, which was sunk in Labasheeda Bay about nine months ago; there was 25 fathom of water over her. Mr. Whelan sailed her a distance of two miles from where she was to the quay of Labasheeda. Her cargo (oats) is all safe, about six or seven hundred barrels being only moist, the salt water having oozed through her sides.—There is great credit due to Mr. Whelan, as some of the cleverest engineers despaired of raising her.—*Limerick Reporter.*

The Flying Dutchman will "spurn the turf" no more. He was purchased last week for £7,000 as a breeder. He was never beaten until Wednesday se'nnight by Voltigeur, and then carried 19lbs. more than his adversaries, the profits netted by his late owner are about £20,000.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.—Hobart Town journals to the beginning of June notice an improved condition of the financial and commercial prospects of the colony. The revenue for the quarter ending March 31 aggregated £28,895, and the expenditure £25,955. M'Manus, the state prisoner, has obtained permission to reside in Launceston. The first stone of a monument to the memory of the officers and men of the 99th Regiment, who fell in the campaign in New Zealand a few years ago, was recently laid at Hobart Town. The monument is to be sixty feet high, and the cost to be defrayed by subscription amongst the officers of the regiment. A normal school for instruction of schoolmasters was about to be established, a master having, at the instance of Governor Dennison, been selected by the Bishop of Chester. Mr. Frost, the notorious chartist, has been lecturing in Hobart Town on the evidence of Christianity The unpaid magistracy were about to exhibit to the local governor their disapproval in reference to the system of transportation. The Launceston *Examiner* gives currency to the rumour that no inconsiderable number of unpaid magistrates are prepared to resign office. It is said they will act in concert, and distinctly declare that they cannot, as honourable men, act longer under a government which has proved recreant to its promises, insulted the entire body of colonists, and degraded the community in the eyes of the world, by the continuance of transportation. Nor can this be wondered at. After years of remonstrance against the practice, the colonists have been forced to accept the Neptune's cargo of felons driven from the shores of another country.

ROME.—The consular agent here, Mr. Freeborn, has heard nothing of the menaces held out to him by the Papal government, and I believe I am correct in stating that he is so powerfully upheld by Lord Palmerston as to set him perfectly at ease in the event of his exequatur being withdrawn, or of his being subjected to arbitrary expulsion—nor is it probable that the Papal authorities will proceed to such an extremity when they learn that no successor will be appointed by the British government in case of Mr. Freeborn's being withheld from the exercise of his consular duties. His claims for compensation, also, in case of being obliged to give up his banking establishment, would doubtless be backed by the representations of the Foreign Office. I cannot say whether the same rule would, in international law, apply to a British artist, but it would, at any rate, in equity; and I have a case in point which will no doubt decide the question when discussed by the competent authorities. Mr. John