"You forget sir," said Wilder, respectfully bowing, "that I can accept no proposal, however advantageous, that would seperate me from my father."

"Certainly not, in the present situation," said Mr. Wilton; "I have friends here who will readily assist me in making suitable provision for his support; and you may then be put to a business that will secure you a future competence."

'Impossible, sir,' replied Wilder. 'My father can have no claims like those on his son. It is but a short time since my weakness required his support; and shall I now transfer the duties of filial gratitude to the hand of charity?' Mr. Wilton knew not what to reply. 'Do not think me ungrateful for your proffered kindness, continued the boy, while his dark eyes swam in tears, and every trace of pride suddenly gave place to the liveliest expression of gratitude. 'I feel most deeply your solicitude for my interest; but indeed, sir, I am perfectly happy in my present condition. My father, too is satisfied with the slender provision which my labour affords; and, should it hereafter be insufficient, I will not scruple to ask the aid of benevolence.'

Mr. Wilton was affected. The soldier again leaned his head on his staff, and was probably invoking blessings on the head of his son. A storm had commenced, and the sleet was even then dripping through the broken roof. Mr. Wilton rose to depart. 'Must I then go,' he exclaimed, 'without rendering you any service? Will you not even accept—' putting his hand into his pocket. But Wilder drew back with an expression that answered the unfinished sentence.

'Accept my thanks, sir,' said the old man giving him his hand with an air of benignity, 'and suffer me to enquire the name of him who has thus sought the dwelling of poverty.'

The stranger gave his name and address, and, receiving a promise that they would seek him in future need, reluctantly left them.

Mr. Wilton was a man of feeling, but he was also a man of pleasure, and, with the votaries of dissipation, the soft and holy whisperings of benevolence are too often lost in more seductive strains. The scene he had now witnessed, had however, awakened all his better principle.—The dignified submission of the father, the humility of the son, preferring the most servile labour to the shadow of independence; his deep, but quiet tenderness of his unfortunate parent, and his perfect exemption from selfish feeling, all were vividly impressed on the visitor. If intercourse with the good influences even cold and torpid hearts that influence must be strong indeed on the soul of feeling.

For a little time the pageantry of the world lost its power on the gay Wilton, and all the haunts of pleasure were forgotten. He shuddered as he contrasted the elegancies that surrounded him with the destitution he had witnessed. The straw pallet of age and infirmity, the picture that memory drew, seemed even yet more vivid than the reality. The following day Mr. Wilton had left B——; but an envelope inclosing a fifty pound note had been placed by an unknown hand in that of the soldier.

Years passed away, and the glow of unearthly pleasure that the traveller then experienced was gradually forgotten. The blandishments of pleasure resumed their wonted influence; her glittering wave hurried him onward without the power of reflection; and, if a momentry wish would have led him to inquire the further fate of Wilder Lee, the bright phantoms that surrounded him diverted his purpose. Death had deprived him of an amiable wife, whose influence might have won him from the sphere of illusion, and his only child, early accustomed to the rounds of fashionable pursuits, thought not of opposing them.

The exalted sentiments, however, which even in childhood, she had imbibed from her mother, preserved her from that contaminating influence; and, amid the blights of a gay world, the purity of her character remained stainless as the snow of the unapproachable cliff. Gentle as the reed of summer she yielded to the impulses of those with whom her lot was cast; but her mind, supported by high and frequent communion with the memory of her sainted mother, escaped the thraldom which habit might otherwise have secured. At the age of fifteen she accompanied an invalid friend to the medical springs of H——. It was a place of fashionable resort, and, to a mind like that of Isabel Wilton, buoyancy of health was here contrasted with the langour of disease; the hectic of death with the laugh of revelry; the palpable images of mortality mingled with the votaries of pleasure; the listless who strove to annihilate time, and the dying who eagerly sought to add yet a few more days to those they had now to number.

Soon after the arrival of Isabel, she was one day struck, on entering the common sitting room of the hotel, by an old man, who sat alone, and apparently unnoticed. His sightless eyes, his palsied limbs, and the white locks that were thinly scattered over his pallid features, all at once riveted her attention. Her heart throbbed with pity but reverence mingled with compasion, at the marked the settled and placid expression of his countenance. At no great distance a group of ladies were indulging in bursts of merriment which, at this moment, struck discordantly on her heart. She felt that the presence of unfortunate age should at least inspire respect, and involuntarily approaching the unheeded old man, she was half resolved to address him. Her natural timidity however, withheld her, until she was at length called by one of the gay groups to partake of some straw-berries. The irresolute expression of her countenance at once changed to that of pleasure.

'I will beg some,' she said, unhesitatingly presenting her work basket, 'for this old gentleman.' And she then approached him without embarrassment.

The voice of Isabel was like the low sighing tones of an instrument it touched every chord of the soul. The old man received them with a smile that spoke a benediction: while an elegant though youthful stranger, who stood reading a newspaper with his back towards them, suddenly turned round and fixed his eyes on the blushing girl with mingled admiration and surprise. She instinctively retreated, and joined the group she had hitherto shunned, mingling in their trifling. Soon after, the youth himself approached with her basket. Presenting it with a look of indescribable import, he said, 'Accept, miss, the thanks and blessings of age for your delicate attention.' He then disappeared. In a short time he returned, and addressed the old man in a tone of respect and tenderness; 'I have at length found a more quiet lodgings, and will attend you whenever you feel able to walk.' The old man rose, and leaning on the arm of the youth they left the apartment.

'They are to be temporary sojourners at this place,' thought Isabel; and a sensation of pleasure, of which she was perhaps unconscious, rose from the idea of again meeting them.

They met the next morning at the spring, and again and again met.

Who shall describe the mingling of kindred spirits Who shall trace the intricate and delicate sources of that mysterious passion which sweeps like a torrent over the human soul!—Scarcely a word had passed between the youthful strangers; they knew nothing of each other beyond the limits of a few short days; yet the years that preceded had become to them as a tedious dream; their present was their all of existence, and resembled the renovated life of the chrysalis, when it sails on new wings through summer air.'

As yet, however, unconscious of the dangerous source of this new sense of enjoyment, they met without embarrassment. The blush that dyed the cheek of Isabel in the presence of the stranger was that of abstract pleasure; and the light which flashed upon his eye at her approach was brilliant as the rays of heaven. The failing health of the blind old man, whom he daily attended to the spring, afforded their only clue even to a passing remark. The deep interest which his appearance excited in the bosom of Isabel conquered the scruples of vestal reserve, and she frequently ventured a timid inquiry respecting the aged invalid.

There are a thousand nameless attentions, too trifling for description, that come with a cheering influence over a feeling heart, like the imperceptible breeze that stirs the delicate leaf. Such were the attentions which misfortune invariably elicted from the hand of Isabel, no matter how narrow her sphere of action. Her voice, her step, were already known to the criminating ear of the old man; and if his cane was dropped, or a seat brought, he knew the ready hand that presented them. He was, however, evidently and rapidly failing; and at length Isabel met the interesting stranger no longer.

Three days elapsed, and her attendance on her friend became a penance. A walk was proposed, and, weary of herself, she gladly become one of the party. As they passed within view of the cemetery her attention was arrested by a funeral procession. Their duties were finished, and they were returning; but there was one who yet lingered, and with folded arms leaned over the new made grave. Could it be?—Yes, it was the young stranger, and Isabel comprehended the melancholy scenes. The party proceeded, and ere their return the surrounding landscape was flooded with the silver light of the full moon.

The feelings of Isabel were rendered yet more intense by the softening influence of the hour, and almost unable to proceed she leaned on the arm of her friend, whose health was yet but imperfectly restored, and fell behind her gayer companions. Again her eye was turned towards the last asylum of humanity; the solitary mourner had left the spot, and with a faltering step, was slowly returning to his lodging. Their paths intersected, and he was already before her. He bowed, and both were some moments silent. He at length said, in a voice of suppressed emotion, 'The cause that brought me hither is now terminated in the grave. I leave this place to-morrow. Permit me, then, miss, even at this moment of sorrow to thank you for the interest you have evinced in the sufferings of my departed father, and for the soothing attentions you have paid him. If the cup of affliction is ever yours, may some spirit gentle as your own, temper its bitterness—some being, bright and lovely as yourself, hover around your pillow.'

Isabel could not reply. Her party had halted, and she now rejoined them. The young stranger uttered a stifled farewell, and striking into another path, disappeared.

On her return, the subdued Isabel was pressed to the bosom of her father. If anything at that moment could have given her pleasure it was his arrival, as she was anxious to leave a spot, that was now utterly devoid of interest. The light adieus of ceremony were easily concluded and early the following morning she was equiped for departure.

As her father handed her into the carriage, he stopped to speak to an acquaintance, while a young man who was passing at the moment, suddenly paused, and clasping his hands, exclaimed, 'Mr. Wilton, my benefactor!'

'I do not understand you, sir,' said the astonished Wilton. 'I know of no one who can give me so flattering a title.'

'Ah,' said the young man, whose countenance and voice were but too familiar familiar to the trembling Isabel; 'am I then so changed? I am Wilder Lee, the soldier's son, whom seven years ago you rescued from poverty.'

'You mean I would have rescued but for his intolerable pride,' said Mr. Wilton pressing his hand with emotion.

'Ah sir evasion is unnecessary,' said Wilder, 'We could not mistaken the hand relieved us. Have you then no interest in hearing—will you not suffer me to tell you what has been the effect of your bounty.'

'I shall gladly listen to anything which concern you,' replied Mr. Wilton.

'Two days after you left us,' said Wilder.—'my father was removed to a more comfortable dwelling, and I entered a public school. I could yet attend to the personal want of my father; and incited to exertion by every claim of gratitude and duty, I could but progress in my studies. I was soon a ready penman and accountant; and a year afterwards, was received into a welthy mercantile house as a clerk My salary enable me to make immediate provision for my father, and it was yearly augmented and now he added, in a subdued tone, since he is called to receive far higher wealth than that of earth, my first exertion will be to discharge the pecuniary part of my obligation which has so greatly influenced my present destiny.'

'The obligation you speak of does not exist said Mr. Wilder. 'Ah ample equivalent was at once received in the pleasure of assisting those who were worthy. Do not, then wound my feelings by so unjust an allusion. But tell me is your venerable father no more.'

Wilder briefly sketched the late events; and Mr. Wilton now shook him warmly by the hand. 'Farwell, dear Wilder,' he said my carriage has been some time waiting. Believe me that I rejoice in your prosperity, and also remember, that you may always command my friendship.'

Wilder looked wistfully after him as he departed, but the form of Isabel was not visible. She had shrunk back in the carriage at his approach, and had thus escaped observation. From her father, who was himself too much excited to notice the agitation of his child, she now heard a description of his first knowledge of Wilder Lee. She made no comments, but every word was treasured up in her heart; and, tho though years passed away without a single event to recall his memory, every vision of her fancy, every idea of romantic excellence in the imagination of Isabel, was identified with his image. This imperishable attachment, however, partook of the high tone of her mind. It was a deep and sacred principal, hidden in the recesses of her heart, and leaving no trace on the surface of her character,

Isabel was far too lovely to remain unsought, and Mr. Wilton was astonished at her decided rejection of repeated and splendid offers. He expostulated, he entreated, he taxed her with perverseness. She deprecated his anger with seraphic gentleness. She anticipated his very wish; but her firmness remained unshaken. His attention was at length called to objects of yet deeper anxiety. His love of pleasure, his recklessness of gain, had gradually wasted an estate which, though sufficnt for all the chaster elegancies of life, was inadequate to the support of prodigality.

He now stood on the verge of ruin, and those who had shared his substance looked coldly and carelessly on his wreck; while the unhappy Wilton, driven to madness, could scarcely believe the perfidy of the world he had implicitly trusted. The family seat was to be publicly sold, and the fearful day arrived. While it was yet under the hammer a new Bidder appeared, apparently from a distance; his horse dripped with sweat, and his countenance was pale and agitated. The property, as usual in such cases, was going at half its value, and the stranger bid it off. Mr. Wilton was still the occupant, and the new proprietor waited on him immediately. Isabel had that moment left her father for some domestic duties and the unfortunate man was musing on their impending expulsion, when Wilder Lee stood suddenly before him.

'Welcome, most welcome to my heart, dearest Wilder,' exclaimed Mr. Wilton; 'I can no longer welcome you to my home. You have come to witness my removal from all that was once mine. I am now here only on sufferance. To morrow I may have no shelter for my head.'

'Not so,' cried Wilder; 'you have yet a shelter; your present home is still yours; and no earthly power can expel you from it.'

'What mean you? said the astonished Wilder.

'Fourteen years since, he replied, 'you presented my father a sum which then preserved him from want, and secured my subsequent wealth. He received it but as a loan, that debt devolved on me yet uncancelled. Reluctant to offend you, I delayed its discharge, though the amount was long since appropriated in my imagination for that purpose. It has not however lain idle. The profits of the house in which I some years ago became a partner have been considerable. Your little capital has acquired its share, and its amount has this day assisted in redeeming your forfeited estate. By a mere accident I saw it advertised, and I lost no time in hastening hither; and now,' he added with a smile, taking the hand of Mr. Wilton. 'will you not welcome your Wilder to your home? it is not long since you gave me a check on your friendship—I have come to claim it; and surely you can no longer refuse the title of my benefactor, when from your bounty I derived not only wealth, but the pleasure of the moment.'

Mr. Wilton wept. The thoughtless man of the world, wept at the sacred triumph of virtue, Wilder himself was overcome by the scene, and paced the floor in silence. A portrait of Isabel hung directly opposite him, and it now caught his eye. Starting back with amazement, he gazed at it as a lovely phantom, it looked indeed like a thing of life.

'Tell me, he at length exclaimed, turning to Mr. Wilton, 'who is the original of this picture?' Mr. Wilton replied, 'Have you ever seen her?'

'Seen her, said Wilder, 'oh yes! her image has long been engraved on my heart; but of her name I am yet ignorant.'

'Her name is Wilton,' said the astonished father. 'She is my only child.'

'Gracious Heavens!' exclaimed. Wilder, what new excitement awaits me.'

'May I ask the cause of this emotion. Wilder,' inquired Mr. Wilton. 'How, or in what manner, have you known my beloved Isabel?'

Wilder gave a long and passionate description of their early and limited acquaintance, and the long concealed attachment of his daughter was at once revealed to Mr. Wilton.

'Tell me,' he said, taking the throbbing hand of his friend, 'tell me Wilder, in sacred faith if this imperfect knowledge of my child has awakened a sentiment of tenderness,'

'Ah sir, have I not cherished her memory through the long season of utter hopelessness?' replied Wilder, throwing himself into his arms. 'Has not my spirit turned from all allurements of the world, to commune with the recollection of her virtues?'

Mr. Wilton left the room in silence, and returned with the trembling Isabel. 'You are worthy of each other,' he said, and joining their hands, he invoked the blessings of heaven on the dearest objects of his heart. He then left them to pour out his gratitude to him who had thus redeemed the everlasting promise:—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

THE INDIAN RELIEF FUND AND CARDINAL WISEMAN.

The following is a copy of a letter from Count Batthyany to Mr. H. Wellington Vallance, a member of the Court of Common Council, the original of which together with a cheque for £50, has been forwarded to the Lord Mayor:—

"38, Brunswicksterrace, Brighton, Oct 11, '57.

"My dear Sir,—I have just arrived from Vienna and Paris, and regret to see, in this day's *Morning Post*, that the so-called Pastorals of Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Cullen have induced a certain number of people, who call themselves Christians, to refrain from joining their fellow Christians, as well as charitable Jews, in relieving the sufferers in India. Understanding you are on the Indian Relief Committee, I beg to enclose my cheek for £50, and regret that I cannot do more at present.

Although a Catholic myself, I should be very sorry if my friends, and others included, are amongst those bigots have withheld such aid as they can afford from their fellow creatures, under the Jesuitical pretext of their peculiar religious feelings. Pray, therefore, have my name and subscription published as a protest 'sectarian hypocrisy,' and

Believe me, faithfully yours,
(Signed) "BATTHYANY.
"H. Wellington Vallance, Esq"

(From the Liverpool Mercury)

THE PROSCRIPTION OF ORANGE MAGISTRATES.—The last act of the model Irish Government has been to signify its intention of excluding from the magistracy all members of the Orange Association This certainly seems to us an extremely questionable move. No good has ever come from the adoption of arbitrary disabilities and disqualifications, in the magistracy or elsewhere. Either the Orange Institution is legal or illegal. If the latter, its members have never been properly eligible for her Majesty's commission, and it ought long ago to have been unnecessary to make any new regulation against them. But if, on the contrary, the association is legally permissable, we have no right to visit is adherents as such, with official censure and proscription. It is not likely that any amount of administrative sagacity in the Irish Executive would secure it a prolonged lease of Existence in the present costly and complicated form of a Lord Lieutenancy. The thing its doomed, and must come to an end before long as being alike useless in itself and degrading to the Irish people; but it is a pity that so venerable and time-honored an institution cannot contrive to fall with some little credit and dignity.

The Chronicle.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 20, 1857.

Later from Europe!

ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA.

The steamship Niagara, which sailed from Liverpool at 1 p m on Saturday the 7th inst. arrived at Halifax on Wednesday morning.

The Vanderbilt arrived at Cowes on the morning of the 5th. She grounded off Cowes owing to a thick fog, but got off without damage.

The American frigate Niagara left Plymouth, on the 5th, for home. The officers had a farewell banquet given them by the commander and officers of the British flag ship on the station.

Financial affairs were still of paramount importance. On Wednesday, the 4th, Consols fell to 89. There was increased anxiety and a pressure in the money market under a further rise in Bank rates, but the heavy payments of the 4th were well met.

The suspension of Powles, Brothers, and Co. was announced. Their acceptances amount to about £50,000.

The rate of discount at Hamburg had advanced to nine per cent.

On the 5th the Bank of England, as was anticipated, raised the rate of discount from eight per cent to the unprecedented rate of nine per cent. This movement failed to abate the demand for money, which continued without diminution throughout the day.

The *Times* thinks the pressure must be mainly caused by the alarm and the consequent desire of every person to be oversupplied. Suggestions are current that Government should be called upon for palliative, but the *Times* argues that there is not a shadow of pretext for such a cry. It says, all classes of the public must be well aware that if the nation should so pitiably lose its self-possession as to give way to a panic, there is but one remedy, and that Government will be compelled to adopt. There can be no need, however, by formal proceedings, to proclaim the belief that the financial sense of the nation is still so low as to cause the degrading contingency to be regarded not only as possible but probable.

The Funds fluctuatuated about half pe cent during the day, closing at 88 1 2, to 88 5-8ths.

From all places on the Continent various sums in specie were said to be in course of transmission to America.

The suspension of Naylor, Vickers & Co. of Sheffield, having a branch establishment in America, was announced, liabilities estimated at from £600,000 to to £1,000,000 stg.; assets believed to be £200,000 in excess. The difficulties are believed to be temporary, and solely attributed to a cessation of remittances from America.

W. Orr & Co. of Liverpool, in the River Plata trade have also suspended.

A public meeting of the merchants of Glasgow appointed a deputation to proceed to London to wait upon the Government to urge the necessity of immediate measures for commercial relief.

LATEST.

Applications for money at the Bank on Friday were numerous, but no new difficulties transpired. Consols advanced early in the day, but subsequently reacted. The *Times* urges a suspension of the export of specie to India, and thinks India is rich enough to be left to her own resources. The *Daily News* believes the Glasgow deputation arrived in London on Friday evening. They will, it is undeastood, urge upon Government the advisibility of suspending some of the provisions of the Bank Charter Act, as was done in 1847. Movements with a similar object may be shortly looked for in other districts. The freedom of the City of London and a splendid sword were presented to the Duke of Cambridge on the 4th. The Lord Mayor gave a grand banquet in honor of the event, attended by several Cabinet Ministers and Foreign Ambassadors, including Mr. Dallas. The Duke of Cambridge, in his speech, said he had a letter from Sir Colon Campbell emphatically denying any difference between him and the Governor General of India. The Duke extolled the conduct of the British army in India, and advocated the maintainance, in an efficient state, of the warlike establishment. Earl Granville defended Lord Canning from the charges with which he has been assailed, but intimated that if they should prove true, he should be prepared to sacrifice his personal feelings to a sense of public duty. Mr. Dallas, after making remarks appropriate to the event of the day, spoke as follows in regard to the Indian mutiny:—"Sympathy has been invoked from foreign nations in reference to the state of affairs in India. I am not here to speak as to the extent to which my Government or the people of the United States sympathize with the struggle of England against India. That is not the thought I wish to express. The thought that I wish to express is in reference to the treatment that is to be dealt to those who have distinguished themselves in the field of crime in that unhappy region. Now crimes are of various descriptions. Mutiny and murder are heavy crimes; they are dark and gloomy crimes; but they are crimes known to us all, and they are crimes committed in almost every community and under almost every government. Penalities are specially provided for these crimes in the respective criminal codes of various countries. Let such crimes be punished wherever they occur according to the law; that is the first and clearest principle of action. But there are other crimes, crimes, at least, of another character, which become so monstrous as to assume the attitude of enmity to the human race; not merely crimes inimical to England, not merely crimes inimical to Europe and its civilization, but crimes that constitute their perpetrators what pirates are, what cannibals in the Fegee Islands are, enemies to the human race; and meriting, not from one nation, but from the whole of the human race summary and exemplary extirpation. This, as it appears to me, is not the language of any particular individual or any particular country, but the language of human nature; and although I am unable to say how far such language may be concurred in by the great body of my fellow citizens on the opposite side of the Atlantic, yet I think I know them well enough to say that no language can be too strong, no words too impressive, no force too sudden, no blows too severe, for crimes such as those which have been perpertrated in India." This speech received great cheering.

Lord Brougham officiated at the inauguration of Queen's College, Liverpool; in the course of his remarks, he strongly denounced the encouragement of African free emigration by France, stating that it was reviving the slave trade and had caused the suspension of civilizing commerce with Africa.

Parliament further prorogued to the 17th Dec.

The Borough Bank, Liverpool, was paying all depositors under £200.

The prohibition upon the importation of hides, &c, from the Baltic, has been removed.

The kings of Sardinia and Greece each subscribed 10,000 francs to the Indian Relief fund.

The London *Times* has an article on Central American affairs, and hopes for an amicable adjustment of all pending questions out of Sir W. Gore Ouseley's mission, and an early realization of the projected canal across the isthmus.

No further attempt had been made to launch the Great Eastern. An examination showed there was not the least twist or deflection in the vessel, and that she sits as fairly on her cradles as on the morning of the attempted launch, being no more liable to settle now than before The 2nd of Dec. is the period fixed for the next attempt. The engineers are confident of a successful result.

A suit in the Admiralty Court, brought by the owners of a cargo on board the American ship Andrew Foster against the vessel by a collision in the Irish Channel, resulted in favor of the Andrew Foster.

FRANCE.

The *Times'* correspondent says it is pretty certain that the Emperor is much annoyed at the turn things have taken in the Principalities. Neither the Turkish nor Austrian Ambassadors have been invited to Campeigne. Something serious must be going on at this moment at Constantinople if it be true as reported, that M. Thouvenal has suspended relations with Redschid Pacha, though not with the Government, it is added that Thouvenal had been left alone in the matter.

The Paris Bourse continued unsettled, but without any very great fluctuations. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—"It has been reported that eighty millions of francs in English bills for forty millions in French bills on the United Sotes had been returned protested." The Independance asserts that recruiting for the English service is going on secretly in France, and that a hundred francs is given each recruit. It was rumoured in London on Friday that the Bank of France had advanced its rate of discount; but the *Daily News'* correspondent telegraphs that the Bank of France had not increased its rate, hoping to find other means of self protection; there is some question as to the right of exporting gold; funds closed, in Paris, on Friday, 66, 70, and 67 francs. The bullion in the Bank of France is said to have increased from 190 millions to 198 millions of francs.

SPAIN.

Rumours of another Ministerial crisis had been current, but proved to rest on slender foundation.

ITALY.

The floods had done great damage in Lombardy.

BELGIUM.

The Ministerial crisis continued. M. DeBrouker had been called in by the King, but had not succeed in forming a Ministry. A dissolution of the Chamber was considered probable.

AUSTRIA.

The reduction in the Austrian army, said positively to have been decided on, will be the largest reduction since 1848. Thirty generals will be placed on the retired list; it is believed that fifty millions of florins will be saved yearly by the reduction.

A Vienna despatch, Nov. 3rd, says:—"The Credit Bank has, to-day, taken a step likely to cause extensive embarrassment. It is in want of ready money, and has demanded payment from those persons who have obtained advances on the Government by private stock."

PRUSSIA.

A Berlin letter says that most of the German States have notified the Prussian Government that they adhere to the measures projected by Prussia and Austria in the Holstein question.

It is reported that the British Government had written a note to the Diet claiming justice for the Dutchies. A late despatch says:—"England, France and Russia have offered their good offices on the question of Holstein."

Berlin, 5th—The existence of the Austro-Prussian convention on the affairs of the Principalities and Holstein is officially denied.

PORTUGAL.

The latest dates from Lisbon report a considerable decrease in the number of deaths from the cholera mic. The inhabitants were returning.

[The news was abruptly terminated by the breaking of the telegraph wire.]

CHARITY CONCERT.

On the evening of Tuesday last, the Choir of Trinity Church gave a Concert for the benefit of the Poor of our City, at the Mechanics' Institute. The attendance was large and fashionable, and the performances such as to elicit the marked approbation of the audience. Where all performed their parts well, it would be invidious to particularise—they are all justly entitled to much credit for their successful efforts to raise a fund that will doubtless mitigate much of the suffering that must be endured by many families during the winter, from the general depression of business, and the consequent want of employment. We are sure that the silent thanks of not a few will be offered up for a blessing on all who in any way have been instrumental in the matter. The high character obtained by the Choir of Trinity, could not have failed, even apart from the laudable object of the Concert, to call out a large concourse of our citizens, not a few of whom have a taste for well executed musical performances.

"The principal points on which the educational controversy ought to turn are more of a *political* than a *religious* character; not even the *simplest rudiments of Christianity* ought to be inculcated in our public schools.

Courier.

The Church Witness remarks—this is real and practical infidelity." Whither are we tending? is a question which ought to engage the serious attention of every man who has at heart the welfare of the country. When declarations like the above are made from the Government press, it is high time to take the alarm, for it is nothing short of an ignoring of Christianity. Men may go great lengths for party purposes, but we greatly mistake the temper of the mass of the people, if they are prepared to go any such length as now proposed. What the Courier now advocates, has been practised for years in India, and with what success we all know. The Rev. Mr. Williams, a Baptist Minister from Bengal, stated recently at a meeting at Southampton, that he knew Nena Sahib, and bore testimony to his possessing mental accomplishments, and to his polished and gentlemanly manners. Nena Sahib was educated in one of the English government Schools in India, where almost every book is studied but the Bible, and every thing taught but Christianity. The greatest enemies to British rule, and to the spread of the Gospel in India, were men like Nena Sahib and others who had been educated in the Government schools, most of whom were professedly Deists, but in reality Atheists.

[From the London Morning Advertiser.]

SEPOY SYMPATHIZERS.—Roman Catholics seem to raised above or below humanity by the Indian revolt, *The Irish Romanists proclaim their joy at the butcheries perpetrated in perfidy and cowardice by* Nena Sahib at Cawnpore; *the English Romanists hold a jubilee over that and other horrible events*; and the tender French melt with compassion for the poor Sepoys at the bare supposition that they are likely to meet with retributive justice, for, apart from soldiers, whom no nation has ever been able to check in such cases, that justice is all that they are likely to meet with, and the rational fear is, not that they will be hardly used, but that too many will escape from all punishment But why do the extreme Romanist of England, Ireland, and France sympathise with those cowardly and bloodthirsty ruffians? Does the image-worshipper and saint-worshipper of Europe entertain a fellow-feeling, which is said to make a men wondrous kind, for the idol-worshipper saint-worshipper of India?"

☞ The steamer Transit partially broke down the new Oromocto bridge, whilst towing a raft through last week. Carriages are now unable to pass over.

THE MCKENZIE MURDERERS.—On Friday evening, the Jury brought in a verdict of *Guilty* against young Slavin, but recommended him to mercy. Breen and old Slavin were brought in to Court on the same day, and sentenced to be hanged on the 11th of December next. Young Slavin will not be sentenced pending the recommendation of the Jury. So foul a crime as the murder of the McKenzie family has never disgraced the annals of this country, and we believe the history of all the crimes in the world can scarcely show a parralel case of foul, deliberate, long conceived murder, arson and robbery. These horrible circumstances, coupled with the several other premeditated murders by the same parties, induce us to the belief that the recommendation to mercy cannot be of any avail. It certainly would be the rankest injustice to the whole community if any of the persons connected with this tragedy are allowed to go unpunished.

The *Head Quarters* observes, with regard to the Mispeck tragedy:—"The confession of Slavin is terrible. One might search through the annals of Thuggism in the East, and scarcely find a parallel for this monster in human shape. The *News* expresses its surprise that so many murders and murderous attacks have been committed of late. Let us tell the *News* one reason. It is on account of a corrupt and pusillanimous press crying out against capital punishment—endeavouring to divert sympathy from the unoffending victim, hurling without a moment's notice into eternity, and directing it towards the murderer, whom they seek to save."

The Governor of Barbadoes, in his message to the Legislature, has recommended the enrolment of five thousand troops for five years' service in any part of the British dominions. In case the troops be sent to India, a militia force will be raised in all the West Indian Islands for home service.

FATAL ACCIDENT—On Wednesday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, Mr. George Sutherland, merchant, of this city, came to a sudden and melancholy death by falling into the dock between his own office and the fish market. We learn he had just left his office to return home, and in order to avoid the mud, attempted to walk on the top of the timber of the wharf at the dock head, when his foot slipped and he was precipitated a distance of thirty feet, by which his spine was broken, and he was otherwise injured. The tide was out, he remained some time before being discovered. He was quite sensible, and related the circumstances of his misfortune, and shortly after being taken to his home he expired. Mr. S. was highly esteemed in this community as a prompt man of business and his death has cast a gloom on a large number of sympathizing friends.

☞ At 2 o'clock this afternoon, young Slavin was brought into Court to receive sentence, when after a most feeling address, during the delivery of which, no one seemed unmoved but the prisoner, the Judge passed on him the extreme sentence of the law, and that he be hanged on the 4th day of March next.

We learn, with unfeigned respect, that an honourable Resolution, which is duly appreciated by the family of the late Dr. BOYD and his friends was unanimously passed, in true Scottish spirit, with regard to him, at a recent meeting of the Saint Andrews Society in this City; the first held since his decease.—*Nbkr*

DEATH BY DROWNING.—Last Tuesday a labouring man, whose name we did not learn, fell from a wharf in Lower Cove, and was unfortunately drowned. A noble effort was made to save him by Mr. Robt. Bastin, who was not far from the spot. Mr. B. fearlessly jumped after him into the water, but the tide was so strong that he came near losing his own life, and the man was carried between the logs of the wharf and drowned. In a former instance Mr. B perilled his own life by jumping from a wharf, and rescuing a child, who was nearly drowned. Such generous exertion in the cause of humanity will be duly appreciated by every benevolent mind.—*Ib.*

The post office here was feloniously entered last night, and some loose shillings, with two notes of hand, the property of the postmaster, stolen. The public monies had, as usual been judiciously removed to a place of greater security yesterday evening.—*Fredericton Reporter.*

The Crown Land Office in Fredericton was also broken into on Friday night last, and it is said about thirteen shillings abstracted.

FROM MADAGASCAR.—The Queen of Madagascar has expelled all the English and French inhabitants from that island.

☞ The Rhode Island Central Bank has a circulation of $386,502, and to meet this the sum of 7 dollars and 87 cents in specie.

DISTRESS IN CANADA.—In Quebec there is not to be a single new vessel put this winter, upon the stocks, and the effect upon the poorest of the poor, the greatest traders being now only the greatest paupers, will be awful; no fuel, no bread for thousands, and bitter cold cold weather to aggravate want.—*Toronto Colonist.*

Sharp pursuit of a Boston Murderer.—A few months ago, during a fight at the North End, a man was so seriously injured that he died in a short time. His murderous assaulter succeeded in effecting his escape from the city, and went to the British Provinces. The police heard of his whereabouts, and two officers started in pursuit. They traced him to one of the ports of New Brunswick, but unfortunately arrived too late, the guilty man having sailed two days previous for India, having enlisted in the British army. He was a part of the expedition which lately left St. John for India, to put down the Sepoy mutiny now prevailing in that country.—*Boston Traveller.*

NOBLE INSTANCE OF HEROISM.—On Wednesday last, as the train on the La Crosse Railroad was coming east, and when about a mile east of Cambria, the engineer saw a little boy about five years of age on the track. He immediately whistled to the "brake," and reversed the engine, but it was on a down grade, and he soon found that he could not stop the train, which, when the child was first seen, was under full motion. The engineer stationed himself on the fore part of the locomotive, and watched his chance, jumped ahead of the engine, snatching the boy from the track, and thus saved his life The train passed on some distance before it stopped. The name of the engineer is L. T. Meade, who deserves unqualified praise for his noble act. There are few men that possess the courage and nerve to perform such a feat. But he is rewarded, for the pleasure to such a man of having saved the life of "some one's little boy," is infinite. Take it altogether, it is the best and noblest act of engineering that we have heard.

Late European advices state that Mormonism is making such progress in Denmark as to excite considerable alarm in the minds of religous and reflecting men. Petitions have been sent in large numbers to the Government, asking that the Mormons may be restricted from the more public practice of their ceremonies.