THE Weekly Chronicle.

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

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The Chronicle,

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☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Weekly Almanack.

JUNE.	R. SUN.	S.	MOON.	R.	W.
2 Saturday,	4 17	7 38	1 28	7	30
3 Sunday,	4 17	7 38	1 44	8	31
4 Monday,	4 16	7 39	2 2	9	14
5 Tuesday,	4 16	7 40	2 24	9	56
6 Wednesday,	4 16	7 40	2 48	10	38
7 Thursday,	4 16	7 41	3 20	11	12
8 Friday,	4 16	7 42	morn.	morn.	

Full Moon 8th. 0h. 6m.

Public Institutions.

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

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

CITY BANK.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President. Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: C. Hazen.

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

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

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

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

☞**Notice.**

THE subscribers having formed a connection in Business, will in future transact under the Firm of JAMES WHITNEY & CO.

JAMES WHITNEY
CHARLES R. GIBBONS.

St. John, 1st May, 1838.

☞**Notice.**

THE subscriber having taken a store in Ward street, adjoining the premises occupied by Messrs. D. Hatfield & Son, for the purpose of transacting a General

Auction & Commission Busines,

is now prepared to receive Goods intended for sale, and to attend to such orders in the above line as his friends and the public may be pleased to entrust to his management.

16th March. S. L. LUGRIN.

☞**NOTICE.**

JOHN & JAMES ALEXANDER having this day entered into Co-Partnership, the Business previously carried on by John Alexander, will be continued under the firm of

John & James Alexander.

JOHN ALEXANDER.
JAMES ALEXANDER.

Saint John, April 14, 1838.

☞**Notice.**

THE subscriber announces to his friends and the public, that in addition to the Business of a General Commission Agent, he will from this date undertake that of a MARINE INSURANCE BROKER, and solicits a share of their countenance.

JAMES T. HANFORD.

St. John, April 28, 1838.

CARD.

SUBSCRIBERS are respectfully solicited for an ENGRAVING to be made after a Picture now to be seen at Mr. AVERY's Book store, Prince Wm. street.—This Picture represents the Great Conflagration that took place in the City of Saint John on the night of the 14th January, 1837.

April 20, 1838.

STEAMER NOVA-SCOTIA.

THE Steamer NOVA-SCOTIA, Capt. REED, will continue her present route until the 7th of May; after that period she will be employed weekly as follows:

MONDAY, For Digby and Annapolis, returning to Digby from Annapolis the same evening, and to Saint John on Tuesday morning.
WEDNESDAY, For Eastport, returning the same Evening.
THURSDAY, For Windsor, starting as the tide may suit, and returning on Friday.
SATURDAY, For Eastport, and returning the same Evening.

This arrangement will continue until further notice.

☞ The first Friday and Saturday in every month the Boat will remain at Saint John, to clean boilers, &c. For further information, apply to Capt. Reed on board, or to E. BARLOW & SONS.

St. John, April 27, 1838.

Emigrant Office,

At Mr. Wedderburn's, St. James' Street.

DAILY attendance from 9 in the morning, until 6 P. M. Persons desirous of obtaining Land for settlement, should apply before the 20th of the month, that their applications may reach Fredericton in time to be laid under consideration of His Excellency in Council.

May 4. A. WEDDERBURN, E. A.

MOLASSES & TEAS.

JUST recieved and for sale,—20 Chests Fine Congo TEA; 10 do. fine Bohea ditto; 3 do. Gunpowder ditto; 20 Puns. choice retailing molasses.

May 4. JOHN V. THURGAR.

Miscellany.

THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

By the Author of "Cavendish," "Gentleman Jack,"

CHAPTER XII.

A few minutes having elapsed while Ramsay was putting on his clothes, he at the end of that space made his appearance on deck, accompanied by a sergeant, and a couple of marines.

'Well, you skulking scoundrel!' cried the captain, hailing his appearance with the hoarse enraged accent of some uncontrollable savage driven to the confines of madness, by the possession of more power than his weak intellect could withstand—"what's the reason, sir, that when the ship's company are piped to reef topsails, you presume to keep your hammock?'

'I did so, sir, by the orders of the senior assistant-surgeon, who told me to consider myself on the sick-list. The language, therefore, Captain Hecla, that you——'

'Silence, sir—your name is not upon the sick-list—you are a skulker—you have deserted your duty.'

'I hope not, sir—and if you will but ask the assistant-surgeon he will tell you that I have only stated the truth.'

'The truth, you impudent blackguard—do you mean to bandy me about betwixt you and the assistant-surgeon? There's the sick list—look at it, and tell me if your name is down for the evening report?'

Ramsay took the book from the captain's hand, and ran his eye over it. 'Well, sir, do you see your name there?'

'No, Captain Hecla, I do not; but though the assistant-surgeon has made an omission, I hope——'

'Hope nothing, sir! In the king's service there are no omissions. You have been found skulking in your hammock when the hands were on deck, and you should have been doing your duty, and, to-morrow morning I must do mine. Master-at-arms put Ramsay into the report.'

'Captain Hecla,' said Ramsay, in the strength of despair assuming a tone that he usually avoided as much as possible, 'I have to remind you that I am not legally one of your crew. I was impressed by the most shameful and outrageous violation of all law, and I have only continued to do the duty of a topman to preserve quiet, and avoid creating any disturbance in the ship that I must beg, with every respect for the rank you hold, to warn you, that if, notwithstanding my illegal impressment, you now unjustly punish me for a fault not by me committed, I shall take legal measures against you for any assault that you may cause to be committed on my person by your orders, as soon as I am enabled to reach England—and you are aware how severe is the punishment for this offence awarded by the civil power, including not only a heavy fine but a lengthened imprisonment.'

'Upon my word, sir! a devilish pretty ex-lawyer you are! So you presume to lecture me on my own quarter-deck! What is it, you scoundrel, that you want?'

'Justice, sir, is all I ask.'

'Justice, eh! Take care, sir, you don't get a little more of it than you may like.' And Hecla paused for a few moments in deep thought, as if the mention of Ramsay's appeal to the civil power had awakened unpleasant cogitations. 'Now tell me, sir, pray what do you call justice?'

'The discharging from the service one who has been wrongfully compelled to work in it.'

'Oh! that's what you call justice, is it? Then to-morrow, sir, I'll give you some sort of notion of what I call justice. Boatswain, call the watch.'—And giving Ramsay no time to make any sort of remonstrance against this threat, Hecla at once descended to his cabin. In half an hour he sent for Sneak, and put into his hands a sealed order, which was not to be opened till four o'clock in the morning, when Sneak was accustomed to rise for the duties of the day. Captain Hecla also gave orders that he himself was on no account to be called till eight o'clock. The ship was to be continued in her present course, but not to be allowed to exceed the rate of eight miles an hour, while sail was to be shortened and made according as circumstances might require.

Meanwhile, it being now Ramsay's watch below, he had retired to the lower deck in a state of mind that none might envy. Fate seemed to have delivered him, bound hand and foot, into the power of his enemies, for though a change of captains had taken place, it seemed only that most wretched change from very bad to worse; nor did he who had no private reasons for his animosity prove a whit less inhuman in his tyranny than he who, to every hardness of heart, added the strong incentive of personal hatred against him.

As these terrible reflections came home in the solitude of the night, they conjured up all those dark images of violence and despair, which seem to hold, as favourite trysting spots, the hearts of the unhappy.

The first lieutenant, having left orders to be called at four o'clock, had retired from the quarter-deck and the ship was once more left to the comparative silence and repose of the watch. Although the air still felt heavy and the sky bore every appearance of threatening weather, the breeze had rather gone down than increased, and as the ship's progress had been rather less than above the desired rate of eight miles an hour, no necessity had existed for either shortening or making sail, while the gallant frigate still held on the same course.

At last, to the joy of those who had kept the middle watch, and the regret of such as still were to go through that probation for the morning, the hour of four o'clock arrived. The ship's bell sounded forth its sleep-disturbing summons. The quarter-master hurried down to call the relief midshipmen, and the mate of the watch to rouse the next officer, together with the first lieutenant. With the heavy start of one who too well knows that he must awake to some unpleasant duty, the latter received the intimation of the hour, and hastily rising called for a light to open the letter of the captain.

If his manner had before been disturbed and ruffled, the contents of the long written order, whose seal he had just broken, did not greatly tend to bring him to any pre-eminent state of composure. With a motion of the shoulder and elbow that betokened the excess of his surprise, he read through the document very carefully a second time, and placing it on the table before him, proceeded with all possible haste to make his toilet. This is never a very long matter with a seaman, and ere many more minutes had passed, he and the officer of the next watch left the gun-room together.

As soon as the preceding officer had been relieved Sneak went up to his successor and showed him the written order. Still more astonishment was exhibited by its second peruser than its first, while a dash of no slight anger might have been read mixed up with this feeling. After a long consultation, which seemed to take no very precise termination, Sneak inquired 'Is the land in sight yet?'

'No: Heathfield told me, when he went below just now, that it was not yet in sight, but soon would be, as we should have to leave it on the lee-quarter. He little knew what was in store connected with that island. But stay, give me the glass; if I mistake not there is something monstrously like the haze of low land coming in sight on the lee bow.'

The two lieutenants, taking with them a couple of glasses, mounted into the fore-rigging, and having ascended to the foreyard, after a few minutes scrutiny, returned to the quarter deck.

'That's the land depend on it, Sneak,' said the officer of the morning watch. 'What's to be done? It would be but kindly to give him a hint of what's coming.'

'And lose your own commission for acting in downright disobedience to the positive written orders of the captain? I, for one, will have no hand in it.'

But consider, my dear fellow—is it not a hard case—a cruel, heart-rending, infamously oppressive case?'

'Well, but charity begins at home; and by so violating the captain's orders we might bring ourselves into the very case we deplore, and yet do Ramsay no essential service after all.'

'By my soul, 'tis too bad to be driven to such a selfish argument; and yet I know not either what to do else.'

'We can do nothing—whatever orders may be in themselves obey them we must. We must remain quite silent till we get so near the shore as to be within two or three miles, and then the first cutter must be piped away.'

'Very well—needs must, I suppose, when the devil drives: but it goes against my heart, and right glad am I that you have had the duty, and not I.'

At the easy rate at which the frigate was now speeding, a very short space of time brought her within the space named by the lieutenant, in reference to the island then on their lee bow, for as day had hardly yet broken it was nearer than had at first appeared.

'Pipe the first cutter away,' was the order from the quarter-deck.

The whistle's piercing tones resounded through the still-slumbering ship below, and the boatswain's mate in person collected the crew together. Two of these, however, had been so severely flogged among the maintopmen on the right before as to be now incapable of doing their duty. As soon as this was reported on the quarter-deck, Sneak ordered the vacancies to be filled by Ramsay, whose watch it now was, and another seaman. The cutter's crew having seen that their boat was fit for lowering from the quarter, the frigate had by that time gained the required distance, the boat was brought up alongside, the crew taking their places and tossing up their double-banded oars, the gun-room steward descended with a basket, and Lieutenant Sneak following, took his place.

'Shove off forward,' was the word. The cutter's bow was thrust from the frigate, the twelve blades fell simultaneously into the water, and with Ramsay pulling the starboard stroke-oar, glided rapidly over the exulting surface of the ocean towards the land.

The golden burst of the young sun upon the deep blue waves—the feeling of freshness and that wild freedom which seems to breathe in every aspect of nature, tightened spirits even so depressed as his. Little did the crew dream, as they pulled so cheerily along, the duty on which they were going—the scene to which they were hastening—that which they had left behind.

After forty minutes hard rowing, they struck on a gentle acclivity of a sandy shore. The island to which this belonged was low from the sea, yet from this part of its own level it seemed to possess one or two higher hills than the stranger would have expected to find, and these were covered by the palm-tree, the wild tamarind, and tropical growths, filled up by canebreak and similar brushwood.

'Come, my boys,' said one of the bowmen, jumping out, 'here, at any rate, we may have a run before we get packed up on board again.' And, delighted with the thought, he leaped out upon the sand.

'Come back here, sir, directly,' called out Sneak; 'not one of you are to quit the boat without orders. Ramsay, take from the steward that basket and carry it on shore.'

Without a moment's suspicion that anything sinister was meant, the broken lieutenant rose, and took the basket from the steward's hand. As he did so he thought he felt something like a pressure of the hand, and turned round in surprise. All, however, that he could observe was the steadfast gaze of Sneak, fixed upon himself; but conscious of no reason why it should be so, he proceeded to step out of the boat, and carry high up to the dry sand the basket committed to his care.

No sooner did the acting lieutenant observe the poor fellow to be out of ordinary hearing, than he turned round to the crew, and in as low a voice as he could command, said, 'Bowmen, shove her off a few fathoms from the land. Out oars, my men!'

The dominion which habit acquires over reason is so great that the men, used only to obey their orders, without attempting to canvass their propriety, were too busy in executing the commands of their superior to think, for the first few moments, of that to which they led. The first pause that afforded time for this reflection showed them that they were lying at a couple of ships' lengths from the shore, on which stood Ramsay, who had not yet put down his basket. As soon as he had done this, he turned round, and, somewhat surprised at beholding the cutter lying with her oars out, her bow towards the sea, and at such a distance that he could only get on board by swimming, in danger of sharks' teeth, rushed down to the water, to hear what was the matter. The truth now suddenly dawned on all hands, and as soon as the ill-treated officer arrived within hail, Sneak opened Captain Hecla's letter, and pointing to it with one hand, said, 'I have landed you, Mr. Ramsay, by the written order of Capt. Hecla, who, from the complaints you have made of improper impressment, is anxious to render you the '*justice*' you have required, by setting you free from the service at the first land which has appeared since your requisition. Give way on board, my men.'

When this brutal and insulting outrage on human nature was ended, as the worthless projector and despicable tool of it were concerned, the men looked round on one another in mute astonishment, as if still doubting whether they had heard aright.

'Give way, stroke-oar—sir, do you hear?—give way, you blackguards, when I order you.'

'In half a minute, sir,' replied the coxswain and stepping from the stern sheets into the middle of the boat, 'here, my lads, since that gentleman is to be left to shift for himself on a bit of land that most likely has no human being on it save himself, it's do all we can for him. Here, I'll club a jacket and knife for him!' whipping his jacket on the thwarts, and flinging his knife in it: the example once set, spread with the electricity of deep and genuine feeling throughout the whole faithful thirteen.

'Here, cried another,' here are my shoes and neckcloth!'

'Here goes for a hat!' said a third.

'D——— my eyes, as luck would have it, if I hav'n't two pair of breeches on this morning, and here's one and a pair of purser's stockings.'

'That's right, Bo; and here's a neckhankichief and a box of baccy, for that *must* be useful. Has none of ye got me'er a pipe?'

'Here's my dudeen, & welcome,' cried another.

And so the enthusiasm ran from man to man, as if there had been but one heart amongst the whole of them—steward and all; for the latter being a young man, a civilian, who had come out in the frigate from England, and had known the prisoner in all his woes and all his worth, he wept like a woman at the almost certain, but most cruel and lingering death to which he saw a noble-hearted man devoted, and from which all the kindness and solicitude of his friends would, he feared, but slightly tend to shield him.

While, with a quickness and determination of purpose that petrified the weak mind of Sneak, the men thus showed their most unequivocal attachment to Ramsay, and their instinctive abhorrence of the persecutions so mercilessly heaped upon him, the lieutenant himself, between surprise, pusillanimity, and resolution, knew not how to act. That Ramsay should thus, as the boat's crew evidently designed, obtain from their momentary fellowship and genuine compassion everything they were able thus lastily to contribute to the alleviation of his fate, was, he knew, in most direct opposition to his orders. Still, what could he do? Even to so common-place an observer as himself, it was evident that he might as well attempt to dam up the falls of Niagara with his open fingers, as stop the burst of feeling which Ramsay's horrible sentence had called forth in these rude breasts, to which so many a soft passion might plead for preference in vain.

Meanwhile, the various contributions each had made from their person to the probable wants of the deserted, or as it is technically termed, the marooned man, being securely wrapped together in a bundle, this last was put on the point of a boathook, and one of the strongest of the seamen got upon the head-sheets to give it a vigorous cast to the shore.

'As surely as you attempt to fling that bundle to the land, Wilson, I shoot you through the body.'

'Can't help that, sir,' was the cool reply, as the boatman deliberately fixed the bundle on his boat-hook.

'Sit down, sir, this instant; and out oars all of you. Wilson, I'll be as good as my word;' and Sneak drew forth a pistol, and cocked it preparatory to taking aim.

'Come, your honour,' said the larboard stroke oar, rising, while all the rest followed his example, 'let your shot pass through the whole of us, for we're all equally to blame; *for* you needn't see the bundle go ashore, sir, or know anything about it. 'Tis but human nature to feel for a brave gentleman cast on a desert place without two days' food to eat, nor a plank to cover him, let alone a bed to lie on, and not a sight or sound of man or voice to hear him more. How can a shipmate bear to think of this, sir, and not tear the heart almost out of his bosom to help him a bit over the rough of it? We would have done the same for you, sir,—Mr. Ramsay there among the very first.'

Rude as this appeal might have been, who, at such an hour, could have withstood the truth of it but Sneak? On him it made as little impression as on the wave beneath him; and when the boatman, with a powerful swing, launched the bundle ashore to the feet of Ramsay, the lieutenant levelled his pistol, and taking the best aim he could, shot the offender through the right arm.

'Thank ye, sir,' said he, touching his hat with the left. 'There's little merit in doing a shipmate and a good officer a bit of service, if it doesn't cost ye anything,' holding up the bleeding limb to his shipmates gaz.

'Here my lad,' said the stroke oar, 'there's still a handkerchief in the boat; sit down and let's clap a stopper on that wound as spares yours.'

'Give way, my men, instantly—give way!' cried Sneak. 'The first refuses is a dead man.'

A second pistol here made its appearance, and a seaman, with murmured rage and evident reluctance, were compelled to leave to the most barbarous of all destinies, one who, in every trying circumstance, had not only won their deep esteem, but proved how fully he deserved it.

As for poor Ramsay himself, the sudden announcement of his misfortune seemed to have come upon him with startling effect; but neither in gesture, word, or deed, did he betray the incapacity to bear up even against that which might have crushed the heart of the bravest. Silent he remained, for he knew the uselessness of appeal; and the motionless attitude he preserved was as much the result of the sudden shock that had come upon him as aught besides. It was not till he saw the motion of the rowers quickened to their utmost velocity, and the boat still receding towards the noble frigate hove-to in the distance, that a convulsive throe of anguish produced an involuntary clasping of his hands together of his chest, and the quick following remembrance of the boatswain's kindness towards him, called forth the only farewell he could now give them—a wave of his hand.

The men, whose eyes were intently and affectionately fixed on his fast diminishing figure, saw this token of his thankfulness towards them; and before the lieutenant could foresee—much less prevent such an exhibition of their esteem—the rowers one and all tossed their oars perpendicularly upright in the middle of their boat, a salute of respect reserved in the service to pay honour to the rank of a captain. For an instant the fresh waters gleamed bright as gold in the morning sun, rendered each blade distinctly visible for miles. A sudden dash—and all were returned once more to the bounding wave that bore them onward, for life and death were in their race.

THE MINES.—"There is danger in the mines, old man," I said to an aged miner, who, with his arms bent, leaned against the side of an immense vault, absorbed in meditation—"it must be a fearful life."

The old man looked at me with a steadfast but somewhat vacant stare, and then, in half broken sentences he uttered "Danger—where is there not—on the earth or beneath it—in the mountain or in the valley—on the ocean or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot—where is there not danger?—where has not Death left some token of his presence?"

"True," I replied, "but the vicissitudes of life are various; the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulph him—the hunter seeks death in the wild woods and the soldier in the battle-field—and the miner knows not but the spot where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb."

"It is so, indeed," replied the old man; "we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life; "tis a strange riddle, who shall solve it?"

"Have you long followed this occupation?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner.

"From a boy. I drew my first breath in the mines—I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of those vicissitudes to which you have just now alluded?"

"Yes," he replied, with a faltering voice, "I have. There was a time that three tall boys looked up to me and called me father. They were sturdy strplings! Now it seems but yesterday they stood before me so proud in their strength, and filled, too, with a father's vanity. Where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock, his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet a bleeding mass. We were together—so near, that his hot blood sprung up into my face. Molten lead had been less lasting than those fearful drops. One moment and his light laugh was in my ears; the next, and the large mass came;—there was no cry—no look of terror; but the transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash, and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load. It was an awful moment; but time, which changeth all things, brought relief, and I had still two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They, too, were taken from me. Side by side they died—not as their brother—but the fire-damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man—his fair jewels—than whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no price; and told him that he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the plant should thus survive the stripling things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die in the mines?"

"You have, indeed," I replied, "drank of affliction. Whence did you derive consolation?"

The old man looked up—"From Heaven: God gave, and he hath taken away—blessed be his name."

I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer, and the old man passed on.

VERY GOOD.—Mr. B. a gentleman well known in Leverett street, and who is distinguished for his size as well as his wit, remarked to his friend a day or two since, that he thought of making a trip to Europe. "Indeed," said his friend, "that will be a *Sirius* affair." "Oh no," replied Mr. B. "it will be a Great Western concern."—*Balt. Repub*

"What a singular season," exclaimed one to his friend, as he viewed the turbid stream flowing through the snow trench from the residence of—'in Fabrique Street—"this early thaw is really not to be accounted for." "Oh! easy, my good fellow," was the reply, "surely it is not surprising that the snow should melt in a country which has been so long in hot water."—*Quebec Mercury.*

National Advantages to be Derived from the Cultivation and Patronage of the Arts.—Neither the higher and well educated, nor the middling and manufacturing classes, have had their taste cultivated, in proportion to the knowledge which they possess upon other matters, arising from want of opportunity, and the general disregard of that department of education. Persons of the most enlarged and cultivated minds, both in the ancient and modern ages of the world, have ever regarded the study of art as of the highest importance for the refinement and improvement of the mind. The importance of the cultivation of the arts must be viewed in two separate points—as regards the improvement of our national manufactures, and their moral effect or influence on the national mind;—the one great principle to be observed is the connection between the arts, and practical pursuits of mankind in general. Manufacturers must be taught how to apply the arts to the purposes of the manufactures in which they are engaged;—so, also, must the higher and more extensively educated classes be taught that knowledge which will evince to them the connection between the arts, and the most intellectual branches of learning. The arts are not less important to the national welfare than the most mighty achievements of which science can boast. In their progress the two should ever be united, and should advance hand in hand together: while the one is engaged laboriously in adding to our stores of national wealth, the other should not only aid in this endeavour by this improvement and extension of our manufacturing industry, at the same time, exercise a salutary and secure influence to refine the mind of those sordid and avaricious feelings which the uninterrupted accumulation of riches is wont to degenerate.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

IMPROVEMENT IN SHEEP.—It is really surprising the improvement that has taken place during the last few years in the management of sheep: and if a farmer of the last generation were to come again, he would be quite at a loss to know how to act, and would, we think, cut but a sorry figure in this our day. The first and greatest improvement in the dipping of the sheep in autumn, whereby all the vermin are destroyed, and the poor animals can lie down in quiet without doing as they used to do, namely, by rubbing down the hurdles, or lying down and kicking, and knawing the greater part of the wool from off their backs. Formerly it was a rare thing on the chalky soils of this country to see a flock of sheep without torn coats, and now it is a rare thing to see any part of the coat torn or displaced. If you go to the fold of a spirited farmer, in this our day, you will perceive one trough with salt for them to lick to keep them healthy, and another trough well supplied with water, and most likely you will perceive a number of other troughs filled with chaff, and such chaff cut entirely from hay; and some proud and high keepers are not content even with this, but they even mix with the said cut hay large quantities of malt dust, pollard, bran, and even oats, peas, beans, barley meal, and vetches, and every thing else, that can be thought of; and then you see several women and boys, and even men, pulling up the turnips, and scraping off the dirt, and others busy with a machine cutting them in slices. In the spring also you will find provided for the flocks large pieces of vetches, rye, winter barley, winter oats, trifolium, Italian rye grass, and many other things which the farmers of the last generation never even heard the name of; the last, though not the least, you will find in every village, and in almost every field, rape, the plant so highly extolled by shepherds, and yet so greatly dreaded. It is universally acknowledged, that nothing will thrive a sheep like rape, not even corn, but that its blowing quality is so dangerous that the shepherd and master are both extremely anxious during the time that their sheep have the same for food, and with every care there will be a few losses. It is considered that the cultivation of rape has increased tenfold within these ten years, and the threshers speak in praise of this plant, for they all know that no wheat yields so well as that grown after rape.—*Berks Agricultural Report.*

EMIGRATION.—A handbill is going the round of the city, which occasions much discussion and alarm to some, least the plan proposed may draw off much of the wealth and population of Upper Canada. For our own parts, we have no such apprehension. A similar plan was on foot during the fever occasioned by the Alien Question; but it all ended in smoke! The present plan is to form a company, under the title of "The Mississippi Emigration Society;" to make a large purchase of land on the west bank of the Mississippi, in the Territory of Iowa; found a city; build mills; and lay the foundation of a modern Utopia, wherein all men shall be as brothers, free, equal, happy, &c. &c.—Books are opened, and further information acquired on application to the Bank of the People. This plan being evidently concocted by those who will never be satisfied under any form of the British Government, so far from putting a damper upon it, we can almost wish it success, as a sort of safety-valve for the disaffected of polution of this country. Such are the superior advantages and resources of Upper Canada, that she need never fear any injury from such measures, which act, indeed, if at all, as a common sewer to carry off that which is corrupt and unwholesome.—*Toronto Palladium, May 2.*

MONTREAL, May 10.

LOYAL MANIFESTATION.—We have a very satisfactory additional proof of "Loyalty" on the part of our French Canadian population, which we cannot but give publicity to, *at a distance;* in this city none is required, for the circumstance was indeed the "town's talk." Various efforts have been made by the friends of several of the rebels in jail to effect their liberation by means of the habeas corpus act. Some time since the matter as argued in court, and finally settled, as all considered, by the decision of the judges, that Martial law being in force, the court could not grant the writs for the production of the bodies of sundry rebels. It was well known to court and advocates and to the whole country, that the prisoners were in charge of the military authorities, and necessarily that a writ could not be enforced, or that its execution would be resisted. The application was at the time considered *curious*, and was only to be explained by the natural anxiety of the relatives to obtain the liberty of their kindred. A well-meaning man and well intentioned subject, would, after such a decision of the court, and under the peculiar circumstances of the country, have there let the matter drop, but not so thought the Hon. Judge Rolland;—No,—*sympathetic*, feeling prevented him from seeing what every body else could see, under the unhappy condition of things existing in the province, a judge should not lend himself to impede the course of even-handed justice, which necessitated the suspicion of legal forms for the time being. But Judge Rolland *would* not see this;—he persisted in embarrassing the authorities by causing notices to be served on the Commandant of the Garrison.

He went further; he actually gave a verbal order to the clerk of the Peace to arrest the *Saviour* of Lower Canada, Lt. Col. Wetherall, the Commandant, but, will it be believed, when asked for a written order to authorise such an act, he, hurriedly, and in an agitated manner, refused to give it, thereby wishing to throw the odium and the responsibility on Mr. Delisle. This acted a French Canadian Judge, and, during one day, did he, to whom we owe our lives and all that is dear to us, the gallant Wetherall, walk through the streets, liable to be seized by the polluting hands of the Constable. Well was it for the Judge and the Constable that no insult was offered to the veteran or the indignation of Britons and Irishmen could not have been restrained, and fearful would have been the catastrophe. It makes one's blood cirdle to think what might have happened, had the clerk of Peace obeyed Judge Rolland's verbal order. His conduct on this occasion is a sample of the "Loyal Manifestations" so ostentatiously paraded by the sapient Gosford. But perhaps after all, the learned judge is only a "dupe."

THE LAST SAD CEREMONIES.—The following description of the funeral obsequies of the victims of the explosion on board the Moselle we cut from the Cincinnati Gazette. The "Queen of the West, as that city has justly been called, has established a new reputation for hospitality and humanity; in its care she has taken of the survivors, and her tenderness and consideration for the feelings of the dead. The of the deceased in respect to the men in the mourning whole city has turned out, the dying, and the dead; Ful labors due the men of the city of the Ohio have ex- and the fair prerogative in the dispensation of comfort to the afflicted. Gratefully and oft, as the minds of those who escaped revert to the horrid castastrophe will the Cincinnatians be remembered.

On Saturday afternoon, April 28, the mournful duty of committing to the grave nineteen of the sufferers in the destruction of the Moselle, was performed in this city, associated with a solemn funeral service, upon account of all the sufferers.

As the calamity was peculiar and transcendant in its horrors, so were the funeral obsequies solemn and imposing beyond anything that has ever taken place in this city. At three o'clock, upon the first toll of the bell, every place of business was closed. It is believed there was no exception. Apparently the whole city was a moving mass to the foot of Broadway, where the procession was forming. This was accomplished according to previous regulations. The deceased, enclosed in proper coffins, were placed in the hearses of the city, which not being sufficient to convey them, the necessary number of carriages were added. When the procession was prepared to move, Broadway to Fourth st., and the contiguous approaches of the intersecting streets, were literally choked with one crowded jam of human beings. Among all these no word was spoken no look of levity was indulged. The universal feeling was too deep for any such sensation to be felt.

The progress of the procession, so vast in numbers so solemn in manner, made every where on its line of movement the deepest impression.—Sad and sorrowful faces, hundreds of them bedewed with tears, crowded to windows, doors, and all places of observation.

The interment took place in the public burial ground, and at this last act of respect and kindness that can be performed by the living for the dead, some most touching scenes occurred.—Those to be deposited in their last earthly rest were all strangers Some of them were members of the same family, and in one or two instances surviving relations were present. One mother, a German, whose husband is among the lost, cast herself upon the coffin of her only two children, in agonies seldom witnessed. But we must omit a detail of those scenes.

The impressive funeral service of the Episcopal church was read by the Rev. Mr. Brooke, and a brief but most pertinent and affecting address made by the Rev. Mr. Sehon, of the Methodist Episcopal church. Our narration here ends, and we presume not to break its effect with any reflections.

A host of the citizens of the towns of Newport and Covington, and of the surrounding country, joined in the procession. It is estimated that more than twenty thousand persons were present.

American paper.

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.—The highland Society of London assembled on Wednesday to commemorate, with the usual honours, the anniversary of the battle of Alexandria. The Duke of Wellington was present, and was welcomed with enthusiasm never exceeded by any former reception of the illustrious soldier. Several other distinguished officers were at the festival who had themselves been engaged at Alexandria, among them Sir George Murray, who was last year President of the Society, and who on this occasion addressed the meeting with much eloquence. The brilliant effect of an assembly of nearly 200 gentlemen, many of them attired in the picturesque Highland dress, or in naval or military uniform, may well be imagined. The Duke of Sutherland, the President of the Society, was in the chair, and was supported by the Duke of Wellington (who has allowed himself to be nominated an honorary member,) the Marquis of Douro, Sir G. Murray, the Hon. Sir C. Colville, Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Sir H. Turner, Sir L. Grant, Sir A. D'Este, Sir J. Maclean, Sir J. M'Gregor, Campbell of Islay, the Rev. Dr. M'Leod, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, with many other officers and gentlemen connected with the Highlands. The royal banner of Scotland waved over the President's seat, and in the course of the evening a variety of pipe music was admirably played by the Society's pipers, and Mackay, piper to the Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness. An excellent band filled up the intervals.

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