those who shared with her their poor food, and begged for her support from the "big house." Sightless as she was, poor child, the sweet tenderness of her nature was to her instead of sight; and she watched, without seeing, her fainting and dying friend—without being able to discern the frightful ravages which the fever was making with the one she loved.

When the crisis came and every faculty of life was paralyzed, when she could neither feel Margaret's heart beat, nor the breath from between her lips, then, indeed, Evelyn shrieked, and ran out upon the waste clasping her little hands, while the tears gushed from her eyes, and the black crow rose heavily on the wing, croaking his displeasure at the disturbance. There was none but the crow to answer her cries of distress, for the mist of the morning was heavy on every blade of grass; but as the day advanced when the sun rose, the birds of the morning, and those who shelter amongst the gorse and furze, commenced the business and pleasure allotted to the span of their existence, Evelyn, exhausted by her cries, had sunk upon the heather, and, prevented by the innate dread of death which makes the blood run cold when we grasp the damp heavy weight, *for the last time*, of the beloved hand which never was cold to us before, impelled, I say, by this untaught innate dread, poor Evelyn feared to return to the hut, when all at once a lark sprang from beside her and soared, into the very heavens, flinging its music with the prodigality of abundance, until it mingled with the fleeciness of the morning clouds; and the child's feelings, softened by the melody into a gentler sorrow, subsided. She loved the song of the sweet wild bird. She no longer screamed or sobbed, though the tears flowed on. She almost restrained her breath and turned her face right upwards, that she might not lose the fragment of a sound! It was a picture to look upon. Gradually rising from the ground, she rested on her knees upon the wild heath, with nothing intimating the presence of humanity within reach, save the crouching temporary hut, and a red cloak hanging with picturesque effect above it, from amid the green branches of the solitary tree, which stood out, in strong relief, against the clear firm sky.

So absorbed were her senses and feelings, that she did not hear the approach of her constant friend Larry Twist, who in addition to the half-filled noggin of milk, had brought her on this morning a fragment of barley-bread and three or four potatoes.

"An' what ails ye, *avourneen*," he said kindly, "to be saying yer prayers on the wet grass? Get up, *alanna*, and take this to yer mammy."

"She's still and could," she replied, her tears and sobs recommencing as the knowledge of evil returned to her; "and no beat in her heart, and she wont open her eyes; *I felt them*."

Larry moved cautiously towards the hut, keeping as he said "the wind between them;" and after peering over the cloak, assured Evelyn, "that it was only the *laff* of the fever," which assurance, though she did not understand it, conveyed hope to the child's mind; the hope was increased by his adding "*Eat yer breakfast, my coorse!* and thin take a turn at the prayers. God can raise her up still, if it is his blessed will to do so. And pray with all yer innocent heart and soul, avourneen—pray, do. The prayers of the innocent are sweeter to the Lord than the perfume of the flowers to us—God help us! Pray, my darlint, and God *will* hear you—poor blind lamb ye are. I'll come back in the evening, *allanna!*" and he muttered to himself while departing, "by time she'll be either dead or better."

The child did as he desired. The day seems long to many a listless child of luxury, but Evelyn did not know what the word "dull" meant. Many a petted girl would not have been suffered to arise from her bed after such an illness as she endured, and yet there she was, abroad in the breeze and the sunbeam, gathering strength; and having repeated half a dozen times the prayers she knew, she crept to her "mammy's" side, bathed her lips with milk, kissed her damp brow, then stole as noiselessly away, and plucking up long grass as if it had been rushes, plaited them together, and forgetful as blessed childhood always is, of the past scene when its hour is past, she warbled softly the most mournful of those beautiful melodies which the Irish children seem to imbibe with the air they breathe. The evening found her sitting by Margaret's side, and watching as a fawn her benevolent friend did not approach this time unnoticed, for she advanced to meet him.

'I'm sure its neat night, sur,' said, the child, 'for the sun's gone to bed, and the birds are done singing. Tell me how mammy is now.'

The poor man looked at the woman with exceeding caution, for the humbler Irish think a fever more than usually infectious when it is, as they call it, 'on the turn.' Faded as she seemed, there was an aspect of returning life about the face; it was pale and wan, but its rigidity was gone; a certain degree of apparent warmth was over the features, and the long lank hair was moist.

'Cover her up careful, *avourneen*,' said the man; 'keep her warm, and sit as far from her as ye can. Maybe she'll spake to ye in the morning.'

'I can't sit far from her, sur, an' she in it,' answered Evelyn. And the old man wept to see the tenderness evinced by the innocent child towards her protector.

Margaret lived. It would be impossible to describe, because, thank God, I can only imagine the faintings and weakness that confined her for a long time to the shelter of that miserable hut. The weather continued astonishingly dry for that weeping country, and at last Larry Twist, having informed her that he was going a good piece of the way towards Dublin, and would give her and the 'girleen,' God bless her, a lift on the same grey mare that stared so woefully at her the day she sat in utter weariness of body and mind beneath the old thorn-tree, she once more commended herself to the Almighty protection, and departed with, if it were possible, increased feelings of affection toward Evelyn. In due time, pale and emaciated, she arrived in Dublin, and presented herself at the door of the oculist. What was her dismay at being informed, that, in consequence of severe ill health, he had quitted Dublin the day before, only the day before, for Bath!

This indeed was a blow the poor woman little expected. She calculated her small finances, and finding that they would afford her a deck passage to Bristol, and something more, she set forward, nothing dismayed at the idea of travelling in a strange country, but bent on the one great prospect of seeing her favourite restored to sight. She landed at Bristol, and, despite the weakness attendant upon sea-sickness, and her former illness, the following day found her at the door of the humane oculist in Bath. She knew enough of human nature, which it is the habit to call "knowing the world," to dress herself and Evelyn in their very best; and as Evelyn's best was somewhat grotesque, she attracted so much notice, which immediately on looking at her beautiful face deepened into admiration that Margaret, though flattered, was somewhat alarmed at the number of persons to whom the child belonged to. The extreme delicacy of her features—the quantity and colour of her hair—the softness of her complexion—the length and darkness of the eye-lashes, that curtained her dim and beautiful formed eyes, render her, when spoken to, an object of deep interest. And more than one lounger on the beautiful gossiping streets of Bath followed and lingered near the door at which Margaret knocked. The servant told her (the servants of good kind people are always civil) that his master was very ill, too ill to see any one, much less perform an operation, and that she need not call again. The blood that for a moment had mantled poor Margaret's cheek, rushed back to her heart, and the domestic, fearing that she might faint, with great humanity permitted her to sit in the hall.

'Tell him—just tell him,' she said to the man, 'just tell him, if ever ye hope to meet yer father and mother (God be good to them) in paradise—tell him that its the woman from the far Irish moor—she that lived in Tullygarrett—she, with the fair purty child Evelyn O'Dwyer, that never can see a glimpse of the blessed light of heaven, until it plazes God *and his honour* to grant it. I was seized by the fever on the road, and missed him on its account in Dublin, and now I shall miss him again, and the craythur may go stone blind to her grave, and never have the blessing to look in her father's face, if she should have the joy to meet him!' Many more were her prayers and words, and at last it prevailed. The servant told his master, who kind as he had ever been, consented to receive the nurse and her charge in his bedroom. His days, however, were numbered, and he knew it; but he looked at Evelyn's eyes; and Margaret wept to observe how changed he was, for she well remembered the ruddy health of his countenance at their former meeting.

'I am sure it may be cured,' he said, 'and she could bear it; but I dare not venture on so delicate an operation now. I feel, my good woman, I shall never live to restore this child to sight, but *she may remain here until I can see her no longer*, and then I will leave you a letter to a London oculist, who, for my sake, will with God's blessing, restore her sight.'

Every day, while the good man was able sit up in bed, was little Evelyn placed by his bedside, and the child interested him greatly. The nature of the disease was peculiar, and her intelligence and beauty no less so. Margaret's industry, her devotion and affection for her charge, made a strong impression in her favour; and before the gentleman died, he placed ten guineas in her hand, together with a letter to his London friend. This appeared to Margaret a mine of inexhaustible wealth, but her tears were no less sincere when she saw the remains of the excellent friend whom 'God had raised up to her,' consigned to the tomb. It was indeed a bitter trial, and she left Bath with an aching heart. Every thing was new and strange; she felt, as she said, 'going through a dale of grandeur without a heart, and in the midst of it all no tidings of *the boy*.' Margaret was too long-headed to travel in the heavy and expensive coaches of those days, or even in a waggon; she determined to "walk it," with an occasional 'lift' from a passing vehicle. But the English were not as ready to give the lift as the Irish had been; they valued their time and the labour of their horses at a much higher rate than she had expected, and the refreshment at the wayside inns were always to be paid for. She had journeyed considerably past Reading, when over come with fatigue, she stopped at a cottage which seemed far removed from a village, and requested a drink of milk for the child, and one of water for herself. The woman answered her petition with a tolerable grace, and her husband, struck by the beauty of the child, added to the gift a second draught of milk.

The woman sneered; 'the rebellion in Ireland,' she said, "had driven these away from the country who had made it too hot to hold them."

It was the first time Margaret heard of 'the rebellion,' which unhappily formed so terrible an epochs in Irish history. She inquired the meaning of the words, and the woman gave her a paper, saying, if she could read, that would inform her better. Margaret *could* and did read, what made her heart both beat and bleed. The rebellion had raged in *her* part of the country; the cruelties of both parties had been great; and the little village of Tullygarrett had been the scene of frightful tumult. This was agony to poor Margaret, and little Evelyn threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming, 'I hear ye're in trouble my own dear mammy nurse; oh, do tell yer darlin' what ails ye.' She could make no reply. Her brother probably murdered, her nieces without protection, in the fearful tumult of civil war, were before her! She considered if she were to go back, what could she do for them?—where find them? Besides, if she were to turn from her duty *now*. Evelyn would go '*dark*' to her grave, and the follower of the family have lacked in duty. This decided her on proceeding, though with fearful eyes and a beating heart; and whenever she saw a group of men assembled together, she would stop and listen, and if she dared venture, would ask a question as to 'what news from Ireland?' Alas! England has always news of tumult from that poor country; but at that period the execrations and bitterness heaped upon it knew no bounds. Now, indeed, it is not so; England understands the country better. Many were the trials of poor Margaret's fidelity; and when she entered the long straggling village of Hammersmith, she had already discovered that ten pounds was not the inexhaustible fund she had imagined—travelling for the poor in England and Ireland were two distinct things. She presented herself at the door of the fashionable oculist, and her letter of introduction—the letter, one of the last her good friend had written—gained her immediate admittance.

'Several weeks' must elapse, the doctor said, before the child could be couched, and he would perform the operation for the sake of his old friend. 'Several weeks,' thought Margaret; and how are we to live? This wont last for ever, and we so far from our own home, where the 'hearty welcome' is on every hand and on every lip. Well, I must work any way I can; and so best; it will keep me from thinking!'

But poor Margaret's work was not London work; spinning and knitting were despised; there were no potatoes to dig, no corn to bind, no turf to clamp. Margaret was for a time at a loss for labour; but it is marvellous to the idle how the industrious will make employment. She was always ready to do a 'handy turn' for her landlady, who discovered that she had an Irishwoman in her house, who, though awkward in 'her ways,' was clean, active, industrious, and not quarrelsome. This was new, and useful. Under other circumstances, Margaret would have been cheerful; but how could she be cheerful? The Irish disturbances were to be exterminated rather than extinguished; and though she had written to both 'priest and minister' concerning her brother—written in her own way, but so as to be intelligible to both—she received no reply. She had also to bear the galling and ignorant taunts which the lower class of English, for the want of knowing better, are too apt to heap upon the inhabitants of of their sister kingdom, who work for less and endure more, than they think right or proper that any body should. But Margaret humbly and faithfully prayed on, and trusted in God; and though her troubles were many, they were lessened, not increased, by time. She managed, by hard labour, to earn a few shillings each week, so that the remaining portion of the ten pounds remained untouched. "It was intended for her not me; and God knows what trial may be before her yet, besides the pain, in this strange country." It is a mistake to suppose that the poor Irish set their faces, in those bygone days, even against education; persons who live and observe the peasant part of the community, cannot fail to observe that, on the contrary, they are an exceedingly curious and investigating people, anxious to obtain information in the quickest possible manner, the elders not persevering themselves, but wishful that their children should persevere in their schooling, if they do so in nothing else. Margaret had a great desire that her blind charge, now nearly eight years old, should learn as much as possible; and when evening came, and her daily labours were terminated, the wash-tub deserted, and the scouring concluded, she would sit down and read to her, not perhaps the sort of books we should recommend now a days; but a book was a book to Margaret, no matter what was in it. She read on, until in general she read Evelyn to sleep. She had brought her own Prayer book with her, a dilapidated 'Reading made Easy,' 'Valentine and Orson,' one or two fairy tales, an old 'Voster's Arithmetic,' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' that had belonged to "Masther Garrett." Moreover, there was a volume of O'Halloran's History of Ireland, which she regarded with great veneration, marked with the armorial bearings of the O'Dwyer's.

(To be Continued.)

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., August 3, 1855.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamship *Asia*, with dates from England to the 21st July, arrived at Halifax on Wednesday morning. The news is not important from the seat of war, although it will be seen that the allies were gradually surrounding Sebastopol, and that a final, and we have no doubt successful assault was close at hand.

The Washington, at Southampton, had 210 passengers. The Arabia, at Liverpool, was embarking troops.

THE WAR.

The general view of the war at home and abroad is not very encouraging. Partial successes before Sebastopol, however, revived the drooping spirits of the army, although the small reported losses of the allies show that the successes were not of importance.

Gen. Pelissier, whose character suffered much after the repulse of June the 18th, is regaining confidence, and from the strength of the French works now closely advanced to the Malakoff, there is early probability of its capture.

A despatch is published from Gen. Simpson giving an account of the amputation of the leg of Lord Raglan for England. Gen. Pelissier placed a garland of "immortelles" on the coffin, and the French troops formed an avenue of men from the camp to the sea, a distance of 6 miles.

Gen Simpson is confirmed in his command.

The latest despatches are the following:—July 16th, 11 P.M.—Pelissier telegraph—"The enemy who had for some days in vain endeavored to storm our left approaches in front of the Malakoff tower, attempted last night to drive us back; they were repulsed by the first division of the second corps. Three times the Russians threw themselves upon our trenches with their usual shouts, and after each attempt they were compelled to retreat by the steady fire and calm attitude of our soldiers, leaving behind them many of their slain."

July 17th—Gen. Simpson telegraphs—"Nothing of importance; army in good health."

July 18th—Gen Simpson telegraphs—"A sortie made on the left attack was repulsed with only three casualties on the British side."

July 19th—The Paris *Patrie* says:—"According to the news received this morning, the Russians attempted another sortie last night about 10 o'clock against the batteries of Careening Bay, and were vigorously repulsed."

Letters says that the Russian ships begin to suffer from the French mortar battery on the side of Quarantine Bay, and deserters say that the rations of the shipping are reduced one half.

The French have cleared Kamiesch of all suspicious persons, and have established a municipality there.

The British General Eyre has had his leg amputated.

Gen. John Campbell died within Sebastopol, and a flag of truce returned his sword.

The Army in the Field—The Sardinian and Turkish forces have again withdrawn from the valley of Baidar to Balaklava. This may indicate either another modification in the plan of this campaign, or that the field operation against the Russians have been abandoned.

It is confirmed that the Russians have received considerable reinforcements. Gortschakoff writes to St. Petersburgh acknowledging their arrival.

Black Sea.—Another sea expedition is fitting out, but its destination is unknown. It is supposed to be either against Odessa or to relieve the Turks who are hard pressed in Anatolia. Perhaps it may be for operations on the Danube.

Four thousand Turks are in the Dobrudscha, where reinforcements of French and English are expected.

Asia—Reliable accounts of June 23d states that the Russian army under Gen. Muravieoff had invested Kars, whilst smaller corps d'armee had advanced from Kutais, and were near the Turkish garrison of Batoum. The Russians number 30,000; the Turks 15,000, under Vassiff Pacha and Gen. Williams. The Russians are bringing siege guns from Gumri, and the situation of the Turks is critical, unless they render Kars a second Silistria. The Russians hold the roads to Erzeroum.

Principalities.—The Austrian troops in the Principalities are being proportionately reduced and the men conveyed some to Hungary and some to Vienna.

Baltic.—Nine British ships were reconnoitering the approaches to Abo.

The Russian official Journal of Helsingfors complains that, July 3d, six English boats came into the small harbour of Rauma, district of Abo, under a false pretext of flag of truce, and plundered the shipping until fired on by a detachment of Chasseurs.

No intelligence from the main body of the allied force.

Germanic Relations.—The London Chronicle publishes an Austrian circular, dated June 28, to the Germanic diet. The document speaks strongly for peace. It says that Austria will continue to hold the Principalities till peace be restored. Austria further asks the germanic Confederation to maintain its present attitude. The Telegraph says that the Diet has replied that present circumstances do not call for fresh measures, and the Diet does not contemplate extending its obligations or engagements.

It is stated in Vienna that a better understanding now exists between the Austrian and Prussian cabinets, and that the action in the Federal Diet will be unanimous. There is also a rumour, scarcely credited, that the Allies propose the Crimea to be given to Sardinia; the Principalities to Austria, and Lombardy to Prussia—England and France to have contiguous sovereignty.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Washington *Union* publishes papers containing the first portion of the debate on Mr. Roebuck's motion for vote of censure of the Government.

The *Asia* now brings the conclusion, and the result of the debate, viz:—that Roebuck's motion was thrown out by a majority of 107. The numbers being for—157; against 289. The debate occupies twenty six columns of the London Times. The Palmerston administration has thus a new lease of life. It is stated that Sir William Molesworth will succeed Russell as Colonial Secretary; Sir Benjt. Hall to be Commissioner of Works, without cabinet seat, and Sir John Shelly, President of Board of Health.—Other business unimportant. A committee has been investigating the Police outrages in the recent Hyde Park riots.

Anthony Gibbs & Sons, London, are appointed Financial agents Peru.

Dr. Arnott, Napoleon's Sr. Helena physician, is dead.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* contains a decree modifying the import duties on various articles. The sum set apart for expenses of the fete of Napoleon, on Aug. 15th, is to be distributed to Widows and Orphans of the War. 500 Russians now at Toulon are to be exchanged at Odessa for the French prisoners of June 18th.

Spain.—Don Escalante is appointed Minister to Washington in room of M. Cuesta. The Telegraph from Madrid says the rupture with Rome is complete, the Roman charge having demanded his passports on the 16th, on the Church property Bill.

The "Black Warrior" dispute with the United States was definitely settled by an indemnity of 1,000,000 of reals.

The French mail was again stopped by insurgents near Burgos. Ten Carlists were shot on 16th at Grione; some skirmishes occurred near Burgos; loss trifling on either side; Gen. Arnao, Cabrera's brother-in-law is killed. Barcelona quite. The treaty with the Dominican Republic is authorized by the Cortes.

Italy.—France, England, and Sardinia, are said to have expressed formal disapproval of the proposed league of the Italian States.

Turin papers speak of an attempted insurrection in the Duchy of Modena.

Arrests were made at Spezzia, Carrar, Massi, Lerici, and elsewhere.

Owing to the troubled state of Italy, the French garrison of Rome was reinforced by 1000 more men. Mazzini publishes a letter in the Genoa papers against Bonapartists intrigues.

Germany.—Most of the small German States are preparing to disarm.

The resignation of the Hanoverian Cabinet is hourly expected. Count Platen will be the new Premier.

Capt. Merryman, of the American Bark Undine, has been first to refuse payment of the Hanoverian State dues. He refused to shew his papers, yet was permitted to proceed to Hamburg and deliver his cargo.

Denmark.—Danish Government is understood to have replied to the United States in a long document, regretting that Cabinet at Washington had not given longer notice of intention respecting non-payment of Sound Dues, especially in present crisis, when Denmark's neighbours are endeavouring to drag her to war. Further that abolition of Sound Dues would be the loss of many thousand dollars to Denmark, and a saving of not more than $200 annually to the shipping of the United States. Denmark therefore considers it impossible on so short notice to comply, and believes that other nations will regard America's demands unfavourably.

Russia.—A Vienna letter in the Cologne Gazette, argues that marked differences have arisen between the Czar Alexander and his brother Constantine, and the journey of the Prince of Prussia to St. Petersburg, is to act as mediator.

Africa.—Advices from West coast of Africa, relate the slaughter of 70 British troops by natives, in British attempt to burn African town of Malakook, on Mallimomi river, May 23d, as punishment for non payment of a fine.

Liverpool Markets.—*Cotton.*—Demand limited, prices declined in the beginning of the week, but favourable advices from India imparted more steadiness to the market.

Breadstuffs.—Wheat and Flour continue in fair demand at full prices. White Wheat 11s. 9d. to 12s; Red 10s. to 11s. 3d.; Western Canal Flour 40s. to 40s. 6d.; Philadelphia and Baltimore 42s. to 43s. 4d.; Canada 40s. 6d. to 41s. Indian Corn was totally neglected all the week until Friday, when a further decline of 3s. being established, some speculative feeling arose, and prices closed. White 40s. to 41s.; Yellow 37s. 6d.

The weather was variable but has again become favourable.

Provisions.—Beef and Pork continue dull. Tea less heavy; Sugar very firm; Coffee firm; Rice flat.

London Money Market.—Discounts are currently offered at 3 per cent. Gold export continues. Bullion decreased £153,000 sterling. Consols closed at 90 7-8 to 91 account.

THE REPULSE OF THE 18th JUNE.

THE ATTACK ON THE MALAKOFF.

The French plan of a sault appears to have consisted in assailing the work on both flanks and the front simultaneously, and with overwhelming numbers—twenty five thousand men are said to have been actually engaged. In just retribution for the disregard of their General to the good to be expected from a short morning's bombardment, they found the redoubt swarming with defenders, and guns bristling from every embrasure. The French army of attack was divided into three division, headed respectively by General Meyran, General Brunet, and General d'Autemarre, and the intention was to commence operations at three o'clock; but instead of waiting for the attack, the Russians, at a quarter before three, opened fire on General Meyran's division, which was placed on the side of the Careening Bay, decimated it before the two other divisions could recover from their surprise; so that by the time General Pellissier was on the ground, which was not till three o'clock, his combinations were irretrievably deranged. So sudden and complete was the destruction dealt on General Meyran's division—the General himself being wounded—that the Russians were able to turn their whole attention on General Brunet, whose division was taken in flank and crippled, and the General killed, by the time the Third Division came up, to be likewise decimated. Thus it was the Russians took the French by surprise, and were able as a consequence to execute the manœuvre which has ever been the aim of great captains, that of beating the enemy in detail. This is the French account of the affair, and which it becomes clear that even if the English had succeeded in entering the Redan they could not have enabled the French to achieve the main object of the day—that of the taking the Malakoff Tower.

California Trade.—The growing State of California is no longer a never failing coffer, into which the merchant of the East may pour their cargoes upon cargoes of provisions and produce, receiving in return the bright metal of the mines. It is rapidly becoming a self sustaining State, and in place of receiving has already begun to overflow and send back to us the produce of her soil and manufactures. The well informed San Francisco correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* writes, that the crops of wheat and barley will turn out well this season, and there will be grown not only an adequate supply for the wants of the population, but in all probability, one hundred thousand barrels for export. The clipper ship Adelaide which recently sailed from San Francisco for New York had on board the most valuable cargo of merchandize ever exported from California. Her manifest included 5679 bags of barley, 13500 bags of wheat, 195 barrels, 848 quarter bags and 88 casks of flour, and a great quantity of wool hides and tallow. At last accounts the ship Harvey Rich was nearly loaded with flour and wheat for Liverpool.—[Boston Journal.

DEATH OF JUDGE STREET.

The public will not have received the intelligence of this Hon. learned gentleman's decease, without much regret. As a Barrister, Mr. Street long held the highest position in his profession, and since his elevation to the Bench. The soundness of his legal knowledge and judgment, and the courtesy with which he discharged his judicial functions, have alike commanded the confidence and respect both of his own profession and the people at large. We trust that in filling up the vacant situation a due regard may be had to securing the like qualifications, rather than to the mere adventitious claims of political standing. The office is not political, nor even of a financial character, such as that to which the Hon. Mr. Partelow was lately appointed—but one which requires high legal qualifications, and to which all legal gentlemen naturally aspire as the ultimate reward of success in their professional career. Should such claims as the long holding of many different public offices requiring the exercise of great ability and acquaintance with the law, and the discharge of many public duties with but small remuneration be regarded by the government, we should imagine the Hon. William B. Kinnear must be the successor of the late Judge Street. Indeed we know of no other gentleman who can present the same amount of claims to gain, after a long time spent in arduous occupations, what is generally though perhaps not very correctly styled the "*otium cum dignitate*" of his profession.

Destructive Fire.—Between 1 and 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, a fire broke out in Water-street, which spread very rapidly. The weather was calm, but the combustible materials ignited with such rapidity that the whole heavens were lit up with the glare. The Fire Companies were early on the ground, and worked with a zeal and activity rarely witnessed. Before the arrival of the Engines the flames had obtained great headway, the buildings being of wood, from two to three stories high, and dry as punk, having been seasoned by the the sun's rays for a long number of years.

It is not precisely known where the fire originated, or how it was occasioned, but it was first discovered bursting out in the rear of the house occupied by Dennis O'Connell. It thence extended to the adjoining building, and swept the range of buildings on Merritt's wharf, owned by Charles Merritt, Esq., and known as the old Queen Warehouse. It thence spread southwardly as far as the store occupied by Messrs McMorran and Dunn.

The following is a list of the sufferers:—Buildings owned by James Smith, Esq., and occupied by Messrs. McMorran & Dunn, and Mr. W. C. Leonard, Sailmaker. Insurance on the buildings and goods. House and store occupied by Mr. G. Wood, Soap and Tallow Chandler; no insurance. The building was owned by W. Jarvis, Esq., House and shop occupied by Mrs. Murphy, and owned by Charles Merritt, Esq. Insurance on stock £250. House occupied by the widow Murphy, and house and shop occupied by Dennis O'Connell, and owned by Dr. Coster.

In the ranges of buildings on the wharves, owned by Mr. Merritt and by the Rev. Mr. Disbrow, were the work shops of Messrs. C. Sulis, T. Oliphant, W. F. James; the blacksmith shop of Mr. J. Lemon, and the sail loft of Mr. Thomas Brundage. Mr. John Mahoney had from 1500 to 2000 bushels of oats in Merritt's store at the end of the wharf, were all destroyed; no insurance. Mr. Girvan also lost about 12000 bushels salt, but was insured. The building of Mr. Wm. Finn, on Water street, was also much damaged.

A fine schooner called the "Groveland," lying aground in the slip, was greatly damaged. Her masts and rigging were destroyed, and her upper works burned off. Capt. Kavanagh, the owner, had no insurance on her.

The buildings generally were old, and of not much value, but the occupants who were turned out so suddenly lost most of their effects; one poor woman, the widow Murray and her ten children were driven into the street with nothing but the clothes they had on. The owners of the buildings were generally insured.

Several accidents occurred, and one man named Shay had one of his legs broken by the fall of a piece of timber, and received other injuries.

Had it not been for the extraordinary exertions of the Fire Department, there is no knowing the extent of the damage which would have been caused by the conflagration, as where its ravages would have been stayed. On this, as well as on other occasions they have proved themselves equal to any emergency.—*New Brunswicker.*

Another Fire.—On Sunday afternoon another alarm was given, which proceeded from the Marine Hospital, the coals in the basement having ignited from some cause or other. The fire was subdued without damage to the building.

Another fire occurred at the Straight Shore on Monday night, destroyed the Saw Mill of Messrs. Frost & Curry. It was a new establishment, having been erected last year and worked two gangs of saws. The fire is supposed to have originated from the machinery. With the mill, a small lot of lumber was destroyed. The property was insured for £1500—Its estimated value was £4000.

The *Daily News* says—it is understood that the Emperor of the French has written a letter to Lady Raglan, in which more than ordinary feelings is displayed. The Daily News comments severely on the conduct of Lord John Russell in reference to the course he pursued at Vienna, and his subsequent conduct. The Plenipotentiaries of France and England gave their assent to the Austrian propositions for peace, and undertook to urge their adoption upon their respective governments. M. Drouin De L'Huys returned to Paris, laid before the Emperor the reason which had led him to come to that conclusion, and failing to convince him of its adequacy, deemed it his duty to resign his place in the administration. Lord J. Russell returned to London, invited the Cabinet to concur in the opinion he had declared to Count Buol, was out-voted by his colleagues on the sufficiency of the terms he had consented to, and instead of retiring from office, proceeded forthwith to defend in Parliament the rejection of the offer.

The Crops.—The *Quebec Chronicle* says the Crops in Canada never presented before so promising an appearance. This prospect *of a good time coming* is hereabouts attributable in some measure to the fact that, while a greater breadth of ground has been sown than ever before, our farmers have learned by experience that it is essential to their own interests to cultivate only those crops for which the soil is best suited. The refreshing showers that have fallen in most quarters have produced a heavy crop of hay. Owing to the unusual depth of waters in the rivers and streams, at this season, the mills throughout the country are in full operation.

We are pleased to say the same of our Province of New-Brunswick, never before have the accounts been so favourable, not only of the breadth, but of the forward state of the crops.

Murder at Sea.—Baltimore, July 27.—By the bark Lapwing which arrived this morning from Rio Janeiro, we learn that Capt. Fraser, of clipper ship Sea Witch, was murdered at sea on the night of June 6th, while the first mate had charge of the deck. His skull was beaten in by three distinct blows, evidently from a marline spike which was afterwards found in the mates room. Dr. Brodsky, the surgeon of the ship, who suspected the mate, insisted on having the vessel taken into Rio The latter refused at first, but was finally overawed by the doctor, who accused him of the murder, and threatened to shoot him if he hesitated longer. On arriving at Rio, the American consul after an examination of the affair, ordered the arrest of the mate before being taken ashore. He made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide.

Baltimore, July 30.—Up to last Saturday night there had been at Gosport, Va., thirty-four cases of yellow fever, and nineteen deaths. There were 100 and 1 deaths of yellow fever, at New Orleans.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

REFLECTIONS FOR THE REFLECTIVE.

NO. XXIV.

Before I pass on to a consideration of the evils and horrors of the papal religion, as already stated and publicly developed to the world by many of the noblest and most fearless of the Biblical students of the European Continent, I may be allowed by anticipation of all flimsy objections from the olive leaf or disciples of *Every Creed*, to give a reason why at this juncture, I adopt the course.

As citizens, we not unfrequently hear milk sop protestants, and that designing and hypocritical banditti of Formalists, tinctured with the errors of Puseyism and False Doctrine, ask, with an affected candour and in assumed surprise, (united with a little pious horror,) why Protestants should be urged to maintain an incessant hostility against the doctrines, discipline and disciples of the Papal Church, and why they should be asked to render powerless the ambitious arm of those who, having from their cradle days, continually imbibed the pernicious principles of popish theology, are "living epistles" of the soul and liberty destroying tendency of papistical education.

I think there is one answer to all such trashy interrogatories: We cannot serve two Masters: We must fight manfully for the Religion and Supremacy of our Protestant empire, or succumb to the ambiguities and despotism of Papal Rome: We must, even at the point of the sword of controversy, or the bayonet of physical war, maintain inviolate, undivided and indivisible fealty to Victoria of Christian England, or pay homage and allegiance to the Scarlet Lady of Idolatrous Rome: We must nourish that already spreading and beautifying plant of Protestant Faith, which William of ever illustrious and immortal memory, planted by the blood stained riplets of the Boyne, or allow every popish truckler and protestant turncoat to plant the Upas tree of a blighting Faith!

With such a choice,—so grave an alternative submitted to us, with the pure and patriotic principles of Protestant truth, and an ineffable love of the Island-Home of our forefathers, engrafted in our souls, should not we, Protestants, take up a firm, fervent, public, unalterable stand; and with the Banner of the Most High and the "Meteor Flag of the Free" hanging over us in protective folds, ever express by word and by deed a decided opposition to all the deformities of a corrupt church and the blazing tom-foolories of its soul fascinating and destroying Rituals?

This is the choice, I humbly make; would that every Protestant, in all his relations of life, *sive publicus, sive privatus*, would do likewise. A brighter day and better state of things would soon promote the advancement of New-Brunswick. Would that the Press, professedly Protestant, was not so cold, and oftentimes recreant to its high duties; but, irrespective of the splendid, but merely tinsel allurements and bribes on the one hand, and the soulless ecclesiastical anathemas on the other, would throw the banner of their principles boldly on the breeze: fearlessly erect and cement the planks of their religious, as well as of their political platform; and in the invigorating consciousness of personal rectitude, and in the proud development of a Bibical freedom:

"Speak, and leave the rest to God!"

But there are other reasons why Protestants, in all the world, should investigate as to their duty at this time. Proud, exultant, and to some extent defiant, the monster who has been gloating and fatting in Convents behind the walls of his City of Seven Hills—has opened out to the world in all the pomp and parade of his power and with all the impertinence which can characterise the "Head and Front" of an irresponsible Oligarchy. Fresh fed and full paid minions, with new titles and enlarged claims—bedaubed with nonsensical rosaries and pewter crosses, and crowned with paper and starch mitres, and decked in bejewelled robes, and intoning dismal Liturgies, have been transplanted from the hot bed of the Vatican to every fair portion of the civilised globe. With the blasphemously called "Keys of Heaven and Hell" in one hand, and the scourge, the crown of thorns the thumb screw, and the faggot in the other, places of the Earth have echoed with the cries of torment from the lips of the down-trodden victims of Rome's subordinates, who fill up the idea, that the dark corners of the Earth are the "habitations of cruelty." But where public outrage is impossible the disciples of Rome are doing as fearful, though a less blood stained work.

I have said that the Romish Church claims the destructive appellation of *Infallible*, and the motto *Semper Eadem*. Taking this ground as a starting point, I desire to present the published and authorized version of the opinions of the "Fathers of Rome," who, for their alleged learning and piety have been canonized by the succeeding Popes, and made companions and associates of the Holy Evangelists of Apostolic times.

But here at the outset, some Puseyite, in whose bosom the principles of a "true and lively faith" rather rankle than luxuriate, will tell you that, much as transatlantic Councils and Countries have to fear from Rome, Americans have no cause for alarm! Strange idea! With the American Republic heaving because of the feuds and broils which surpliced demagogues and doctor's of the Pope's manufacture have originated;—with Canada stained with the blood which papists have shed;—with a Bishop, and a horde of Priests and a Popish or Puseyite or truckling press in New-Brunswick, Nova Scotia, &c., America has nothing to fear! Only let the miserable shuffling of our pusey papal government produce its legitimate effect: let the emissaries of our Connolly's and his pimps attain their ends: let the gaudy Cathedrals, the leathsome Convents, the darksome Heremitages, the iniquitous order of Sacred hearts Jesuits, &c, have their scope and influence, and the atrocities of the Spanish Pandemonium of Rome's Carnivals, will pale before the truculent ambition of such men as the New-Brunswick Cabbage Garden defenders and sympathisers with the black despotism of the Court of Alexander.

Earnest.—In my last for "Joiper Eadem" read Semper Eadem.

Casualty.—We regret to learn that whilst Mr. Wm. C. Beatteay was engaged on Tuesday last, in working a tongue and grooving machine in his recently erected Steam Mill in Carleton, the finger and a portion of his palm of the right hand were instantly severed by the cutters which form part of the machine. Surgical aid was promptly afforded, and although Mr. B. has received a painful and dangerous wound, and encountered a severe shock to the nervous system, yet it will be a source of great satisfaction for his numerous friends to be apprised, that the symptoms of his case are favourable and indicate an early recovery.—*N. Brunswicker.*

☞ From a ship received this morning from the Tide office, Moncton, it is announced that the establishment will be conducted in future by Mr. James Robertson, of that place.

The Morning Courier.—We have received a number of this new paper. It is well printed on good paper, and well filled with reading matter. We wish it good success.