THE Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

December.	R. Sun. s.	Moon	H. W.
8 Saturday,	7 23 4 21	11 52	4 7
9 Sunday,	7 24 4 21	morn.	4 41
10 Monday,	7 25 4 21	0 54	5 18
11 Tuesday,	7 26 4 22	1 57	6 8
12 Wednesday,	7 27 4 22	3 1	7 13
13 Thursday,	7 28 4 22	4 7	8 30
14 Friday,	7 29 4 22	5 15	9 38

Last quarter, 8th. 6h. 12m.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Robt. P. Hazen, 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: W. H. Scovil, 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: S. Wiggins, Esq.

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: G. T. Ray, Esq.

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: John Robertson, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. (Communications by mail, must be post paid.)

[illegible] 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.)

Marine Assurance Company.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Miscellany.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

(Concluded.)

CHAP. III.

The chase continued. I stood ready with my blunderbuss to discharge it on the herd the moment they approached within shot. I had too soon an opportunity. The fleetest of the pack in a few minutes approached within four or five paces of the voiture, and I fired. It was impossible to miss, and I saw two or three fall killed or wounded. To those who were hit it was soon matter of little importance whether the wound brought them down was mortal or not, for they were in an instant surrounded by the rest, who fought for the fallen bodies. This obtained us the respite of a few minutes, which was occupied by the contest among themselves and the devouring of their slain bretheren. We made the best of the time; but, the carcasses once demolished and the bones left to whiten in the snow, the hunt recommenced, and we had not gained a mile when they came up with us again. My blunderbuss had been reloaded in the mean while, and on their near approach I again fired, with similar effect. But this time the respite was briefer. The wolves had now tasted blood, and their fury was excited, so that the devouring of their companions did not occupy half the space it did before, and speedily they renewed the chase with howlings far more terrific than ever.

I appealed to Heinrich, who drove his panting horses at their utmost speed.

"I have not," I said, "enough for another charge for the blunderbuss. "What is best to be done?"

"It is of no use," said he, "to fire our fowling-pieces among them, for we could not expect to kill more than one, and that, so far from delaying, would only spur them on faster. We had better reserve our fire for our last chance."

"Is there any?"

"One, and that but slight. Not far from this, but I do not know how far.—perhaps a mile, perhaps three,—is the old hunting-lodge built for the chasseurs of the forest. If we could reach that,—but what use is there in talking?—you see these poor devils of horses can scarcely hold out—they are almost sinking under the hell of a pace they have been keeping up this half-hour. Have you your pistols about you?"

"I have: why?"

"Do not discharge your last pistol on any account; no, not to save your own life. Keep it until——"

Something choked the old man's utterance, and passing his hand over his face, he wiped off some moisture, which bore as much resemblance to a tear as any thing his eyes could muster, and, applying to his lips his cherry-tree pipe, which was never forgotten in the extremest danger, he discharged a more than usually voluminous effusion of smoke. This done, he beckoned me to put my head out of the voiture, so that whatever he said should reach my ear alone. I complied.

"Keep it until these d——d brutes.—God forgive me for using such words now!—until they are completely masters of the day, and we have no further chance, and then, sinking his voice to the lowest possible whisper, "discharge it into the brains of Miss Adelaide; put it to her temple, and be sure you do not miss."

Oh! how his words thrilled through my heart!—not even the horror of my own impending death, of the hideous manner in which it seemed inevitable that I should be cut off from existence in the flower of my youth, far from my friends, who would perhaps for ever remain ignorant of my untimely fate—not the fierce forms which I saw hurrying to my destruction and anticipating with savage howl their bloody repast—not all the terrors of my situation so palsied me, as this whisper of Heinrich. I looked at my sister. She was eminently beautiful; and if the dreadful scene around her had banished the colour from her cheeks, it had inspired her figure with an air of exalted courage, and filled her eyes with a blended fire of heroism and religion, that rendered her one of the most majestic beings I ever beheld. And this noble creature, I thought,—she, full of all that renders life one scene of happiness—she, qualified to inspire love and admiration into all hearts, the blessing or the ornament of every circle in which she moves—she, who yesterday was wrapped in visions of delight, who this morning woke to welcome the chosen of her heart, and whose present mission, melancholy as it is, was hallowed by filial duty and soothed by the recollection that she has been all that father could pray for.—Is she to die?—and so to die?—by the hand of me, her brother—her brother, who would gladly lay down his life for her? Alas! alas!

Perhaps I said these last words aloud, perhaps Heinrich divined what was passing in my bosom, for he continued in a whisper,

"To be sure, it is hard enough; but it is better than that she should die many deaths by the mangling of the wolves. You and I will fight the d——d brutes,—God pardon me!—with our pistols to the last, and die like men; and it is no great matter how men die. And, indeed, it is little matter how that screaming baggage, who is almost as great a plague as the wolves themselves, comes to an end; she's fit food enough for them. But that dear young lady just think from what a horrid death you save her! She must not be torn by the jaws of a wolf. I'de shoot her myself, dear master, with pleasure, but it would not become me, as you are here. It is you are to do it, for you are the head of the family. So don't flinch."

This conversation occupied only a few seconds. It was carried on in the most subdued voice, and I thought Adelaide had not heard it. I learned from her afterwards that she had distinctly heard every word. When I looked at her, she was busily endeavouring to sooth Louise. She told me that she had purposely avoided returning my glance, lest it might shake my resolution. "There was but one other hand in the world," she said afterwards, "by which I should preferred to have died, if such death was inevitable. He was not there in person; he was indeed too vividly present in my heart, though his name escaped not my lips; and to whom, dear brother, could I look for deliverance but to you?" Such was the effect of the whispering on my sister. It had not passed unnoticed by Louise; though, as it was carried on in German, she would not have understood a word of it, even if spoken aloud. She failed not, however, to interpret in her own manner.

"Ah, Heinrich! ah, dear baron!" she cried with an agony more intense than ever; "ah! do not—do not—do not! I am sure you cannot be so cruel. Ah, dear sweet Heinrich, of whom I was so fond!"

Even at that moment, Heinrich, who hated every thing French in general, and Louise in particular for her especial impertinence towards him and his brother Germans in the service of the princess, could not refrain from giving a most dissentient grunt.

"Dear Heinrich! dear Monsieur le Baron! do not be so cruel. I know what you are whispering about; I know you are going to throw me to the wolves, that you may get off while they are eating me. Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

Adelaide endeavoured to edge in a word, but in vain.

"Oh! dear Monsieur le Baron, remember what became of the wicked prince who did the same to his courier: he was torn by his own dogs for it. Remember the wicked woman who threw her children she was boiled alive for it. Oh! dear Mr. Heinrich, dear Monsieur le Baron,—oh! oh! oh!"

[Louise in her agony remembered two stories, one German, and one French. The German story is, that some Polish prince, travelling through a forest, was pursued by wolves; and that a faithful heyduck devoted himself to save his master's life by descending from the carriage, and making with his sabre a courageous fight against them as long as he could. He knew that he sacrificed himself, but he did it without a second thought, in order that, by delaying them first by whatever opposition he could offer, and then by the time it would take them to devour his body, his master might escape. His devotion was successful, and the grateful master, according to our version, provided for his family, and heaped his memory with honours. A different version is, that the selfish prince who consented to the sacrifice of so faithful a servant, reaped his reward, by being torn to pieces on entering his own gate by his dogs, who did not know him in the absence of his attendant, under whose immediate care they had been placed.—The other story is, I fear, true: it is that of a wretched mother, who with her three children were overtaken by wolves somewhere in the East of France, when, to save her own life, she flung away the children one by one to be eaten. The wolves pursued her to the gates of a neighbouring town, was open to save her; but when she told her story, the populace indignant at the unnatural conduct of this worse than Medea, stoned her to death in the market-place. As a story never loses by the telling, it is currently said that they put her into a caldron and boiled her alive.]

We had no time to pay any attention to the lament of the unfortunate *suivante*, for the wolves were by this time quite close upon the carriage. Fast they came as a dark cloud, scouring with inconceivable rapidity over the snow. Their dreadful howls reverberated through the forest, waking its every echo. We could see their flaming eyes, their snorting nostrils, their mouths and tongues red and dripping with the fresh blood of their mangled companions. Another moment and they would be upon us. The moment came, and there they were.

"Oh!" cried Heinrich, "keep them off one minute—one single minute and we are at the hunting-lodge. "O that the horses may hold out!"

The poor animals exerted their last efforts. If we had been pressed too closely by the wolves, no other chance remained but to sacrifice them, and make our way as best we could to the lodge, while our assailants were fighting around the spoil. But there was no need; one wolf only succeeded in reaching the window of the voiture, and him I instantly shot with my fusil. Another was making the attempt; but I knocked him on the head with the but end, and at least stunned him. Before a third could come up, the horses had made some desperate plunges forward, and the welcome lodge was gained. Heinrich jumped down at once, loudly calling me to follow him. I did so, and with the help of Adelaide dragging on Louise, who had fainted the moment the first wolf had put his nose into the carriage, in less than a second we found ourselves inside the iron-bound gate of the lodge.

"Thank God," I exclaimed, "we are safe!"

CHAP. IV.

"A pretty safety indeed!" said Heinrich, who had lingered behind for a moment, as he firmly secured the gate. "However, here we are, at all events. I had just time to take something out of the voiture that we shall find of use, and to unharness the poor horses, to whom we all ought to be so much obliged, so as to give them a run for their lives, though there is hardly a run in them, before the brutes were upon me. I could barely say, 'Take that, canaille,' as I slapped my shot among them, which gave me an instant to get in. 'Ay! there you are my beauties! howl away as you like, but you shall be balked of your expected supper tonight.'

The lodge in which we had taken refuge, like all such buildings, consisted of four bare walls of rough but uncommonly strong masonry, with stone benches built all round for the purpose of sitting or sleeping upon. It contained a rude fireplace without a chimney; and furniture it had none, except an iron pot, left behind by chance or design by its last tenants. It contained, however, a treasure to us of inestimable value,—the expected, legacy of an immense heap of firewood, which the experienced hand of Heinrich speedily discovered in spite of the intense darkness. What he had risked his life to bring from the voiture, was my lamp and the tinder-box; and, by their assistance, he soon succeeded in lighting an ample fire. Though the exertions of the preceding half-hour had sufficiently prevented our blood from stagnating, the tomb-like coldness of the lodge chilled us, now that the excitement was over, to the very soul. The genial warmth was, therefore, very acceptable, and even Louise began to revive. She at first uttered a cry of despair, when she saw herself in a gloomy vault beside a roaring fire, enveloped in thick clouds of smoke, through which she could but dimly discern our figures. She fancied she had descended to the other world, and did her old friend Heinrich the compliment of supposing him to be the devil.

"I am in no humour, woman," said he, "to listen to your prate. Thank your master and mistress, there, for saving you from the wolves, for the devil a hand I'd have stirred towards it. However, as you are here, take this drop of brandy; and that may call back your brains again, if you ever had any in your paper skull."

He proffered her the draught of what he considered a panacea for all the ills of life, and which, to do him justice, he did not prescribe without having duly tried its qualities upon himself. While hastily running back for the tinder-box, he could not resist the temptation of carrying off a small basket of provisions, which happened to contain a brandy-bottle, and it was put into immediate requisition. Louise received the glass with unfeigned politeness, in spite of the ungallant speech by which it was prefaced, and, cheered by the restorative, and delighted beyond measure with her escape, was beginning a long story of her own courage during the adventure when she was suddenly interrupted by a piercing shriek from outside.

"Silence!" said Heinrich mournfully. "I thought so. It is the poor horses, sir. They stand a great deal, the dumb beasts, without making cry or moan; but when one comes to be torn to pieces by wolves, it is quite a different thing. Ay, there's the other. There's an end to them both, poor things; I feared they had not a run in them; and the blackguard brutes outside have a supper after all,—and little good may it do them!"

"What!" said Louise with a fresh access of terror "are the wolves outside?"

"Indeed they are," replied the chasseur, beginning to smoke. "You will soon hear them, my dear, and perhaps see them too. Don't be afraid, however, for awhile," continued he, as he saw her clinging to her mistress; "all in good time—you are safe for a bit yet."

It was not long, indeed, before we heard them; for, apparently, after they had eaten the horses, they surrounded the building on all sides. We could hear them scraping and pushing against the gates, and endeavouring to climb up the wall. The only exit for the smoke was by an aperturr in in the roof through which at first it issued in volumes, and seemed to serve as a sort of guide to the wolves; at least we heard them clambering along the roof, as if in search of an entrance. After a short time, the smoke began to clear, and a fresh wind having arisen, it was so far blown away, that, looking up, we could plainly behold the blue sky studded with stars. You may believe me when I tell you that we had no taste for admiring heaven's clear azure, as we saw plainly, that the aperture would enable the wolves to come down upon us. Our fears were not without foundation, for in a short time a wolf appeared and leaked in. Louise fainted outright; but we lost no time in striking the intruder with our fowling pieces, and the brute fell through the hole. We speedily knocked him on the head.—Heinrich then thrust a large blazing spar through the aperture, and waved it about for a few minutes, uttering the cry used by the chasseurs when they hunt the wolf. We heard what appeared to us to be a general flight from the roof.

"They will not try that way again," said Heinrich, and he was right, "during the darkness; for they are scared off by the fire, and they have sufficient instinct to know that one of their party is killed. We are then safe all night."

"I wish," said I, "it was morning."

"It is a wise wish," said the old man; for why should you wish for morning? Our horses are killed; we have near twenty miles to get through snow to the next post-house; and how could Miss Adelaide, to say nothing of this helpless jade here, walk that distance before nightfall, when we should have the wolves on us again, if we had them not before? We must not expect another lodge like this. Nay, though this fire keeps away the wolves during the night, yet when daylight returns it will shine so much more dimly, that it will lose its effect, and daunt them no more."

"I thought," said I, "the wolves retired by day, and prowled only at night."

"Ay, that's generally the case; but when there is so strong a pack as this, and they know that prey is at hand, and see nobody to scare them away, they sometimes take courage, and do not dread the daylight. Besides, it must have been hunger that drove them so early into these parts; and what brought them here will keep them from going back."

"We, then, have no chance of escape?"

"Nay, I don't say that neither; while there's life, there's hope. Something may fright the brutes off; or some travellers, seeing our carriage, may stop and come to our assistance; or——"

"Or, in short," said I, "some angel in seven-leagued boots may descend from the sky. But no matter, dear Adelaide, we have at least another day's provision; and if the worst comes to the worst, as we lived together we shall die together. Strangers must close the eyes of our father, and strangers sit in his halls."

"It is the will of God, dear Herman," said Adelaide, "and God's will be done!"

We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and tried to sleep during that dismal night. Louise, who had shrieked and moaned away all her powers, did, I believe, at last fall into an exhausted slumber.—Heinrich smoked, and sipped brandy, and alternately sung snatches of ballads or mumbled forth fragments of prayers, until he was as soundly asleep as if he was in bed. Adelaide and I were silent, ruminating on our condition—on the blighting of budding hopes, and the darkening of brilliant prospects,—on the melancholy fate for which we were reserved, and on our father waiting in the sickly suspense of hope deferred for his children, and perhaps sinking down to die chiding us for the unkindness of our delay. In reflections such as these passed the night, undisturbed by any sound but that of the ceaseless howling of the wolves outside, and the crackling of the fagots within.

All things must have an end and, so had this night. The tardy day broke at last, and Heinrich, rousing himself, flung numerous logs on the fire to excite as great a blaze as possible.

"It will be all of no use," muttered the old chasseur as he plied his work; "they will come in spite of us; but one should never give up. In the mean time, let us take whatever we can get for breakfast; for, believe me, we shall want all the strength and spirits we can muster before long."

He prepared breakfast accordingly, as well as his materials allowed, and we partook of it with heavy hearts. The sun soon shone brightly through the aparture, and the logs began to "pale their ineffectual fire." We made ourselves ready for the expected attack; for, as Heinrich anticipated, the wolves had not withdrawn. A sufficient charge for the blunderbuss, which I committed to the chasseur, was scraped together from our united stores, and, what awful hours were they!—when suddenly our eyes, which were scarcely for a moment divested from the aperature, saw the object of their fear. Two or three wolves of the largest size had climbed up the roof, and were preparing to jump in. A discharge of the blunderbuss drove them away, and the body of one huge brute dropped dead into the lodge. Short respite!—the way was found, and the sun had deprived the fire-brand of its power. Another and fiercer relay was soon on the roof, and we had no means of preventing their descent.

"Now," whispered Heinrich, "May God help us! for there is no help in this world. Have you the pistol ready?"

I assented by a glance.

The shaggy wolves, howling incessantly, glared down upon us with ravenous eyes from the top, waiting the moment to spring. Below stood Heinrich and I, illuminated in the blaze of the fagots, our reserved fowling-pieces in our hands ready to strike. Louise lay at our feet prostrate, fainting on the ground; and Adelaide, sunk upon her knees, seemed as the light from above streamed upon her uplifted countenance, emerging in radiant beauty from the smoke and glare, like an angel about to wing her way back to her native heaven from the darkness and the turmoil of a hapless and uncongenial world.

* * * * * *

"And is this all?" said my cousin Lucy.

"I have no time," said I, "to write any more, for I am going out to shoot with your brother Dick."

"But I tell you this will never do: you must put an end to it. How were they saved?"

"Are you sure they were saved?"

"Yes, quite sure; else how could you hear Herman tell the story? And he says, beside, that Adelaide told him how she overheard his whispering.

"Ah! I forgot that; but I must be off."

"Not before you finish the story."

"Finish it yourself."

"I can't—it's not my business."

"Why, you will never thrive in it, if you cannot devise some way of bringing the lover to the rescue, with his train of huntsmen and wolf-dogs. He must have heard of the bursting down of a pack of wolves, and followed on their traces just at the right moment to save the party, to kill the marauders, to put fresh horses to the carriage, to whirl off to papa, and to come in time for his blessing. Then the rest is easy. Herman gets the estates.—Sobieski gets his wife:—they both get back to his mother's; there they get—very happy,—and I get rid of the story."

Watlac.

The Steam Ship Liverpool.—The Liverpool was built by Messrs. Humble and Milcrest, of this town, for Sir John Tobin, from whom, as we observed in our last, she has been recently purchased by the Transatlantic Steam Navigation Company, for the purpose of plying on the station between this port and New York. Her burden is 1148 tons, out of which she has stowage for 700 tons of goods. She can, besides, carry in her bunkers upwards of 450 tons of coals. Her length is *two hundred and thirty three feet*, breadth of beam *fifty-six feet*, and depth of hold *twenty-one feet*. She is fitted with two engines of 460 horse power. The diameter of her cylinders is 75 inches, length of stroke 7 feet, and diameter of paddle-wheels 29 feet. She has two distinct sets of boilers, which will enable the engineers to regulate the steam in a superior manner, and to keep up a proper supply, should any of the boilers get out of order, or require examination The engines of the Liverpool, we are informed, are the largest and most powerful that have ever yet been completed. They were manufactured by Messrs. Forrester and Co., at the Vauxhall Foundry, under the superintendence of Mr. Campbell, the conductor of the works at that establishment.

The interior fittings of the vessel are in a state of great forwardness, as no less than from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy workmen have been employed on board during the whole of the last week. It is expected, that she will be fully equipped for sea by Friday next, Her after-cabin is a long and pleasant apartment, sufficiently lofty, and lighted from above by three skylights, of handsome design, which add greatly to the beautiful appearance of the room. The decorations, which are being executed by Mr. W. H. Geore, whose skill as an ornamental painter is well known, will, when completed, be tasteful and elegant. From each side of the cabin diverge the state-rooms, which contain berths for fifty passengers. The doors of entrance to the state-rooms are painted in imitation of satin-wood, with elegant panel-work below, and, on the upper half, an oval insertion of Venetian rods, for the admission of air and light. On each side of the doors and in the compartments between them are elegant pillasters, painted in imitation of porcelain, surmounted with rich fancy capitals of white and gold. The ceiling is of uncommonly chaste and elegant workmanship, its appearance being in keeping with the rest of the decorations. The state-rooms are painted pink and white, and the hangings of the berths are of white, striped with gold. The panels between the pillasters are exceedingly light and elegant, presenting an ornamental scroll of gold on a ground of light green. A massive sideboard, surmounted by a mirror, will be placed between the cabin-doors. Opposite to this, in front of the rudder-case, a clock will be erected, of superb workmanship, surrounded with a gold ornament, of unique design. The cabin is to contain three tables; one, a long dining table, and two others for miscellaneous uses. On each side of these will be ranged ottomans and sofas. The whole of the cabin furniture will be such as to conduce as much as possible to the convenience and comfort of the passengers.

To the left of the cabin stairs is the ladies' state-room, a neat apartment, containing an appropriate number of berths.

The steward's pantry, which is on the right of the cabin stairs, will be an object of attraction to many when the outfit is complete. It is furnished with every requisite for luxury in a small compass. It contains a wine-cooling room, in which ninety dozens of wine can be placed. We may mention, that there is on deck a copper ice-house, for the preservation of the material for cooling the wine. The roof of the pantry contains compartments for three hundred and sixty-five wine glasses, and, on all sides there are recesses, lockers, &c., for decanters, tumblers, and other necessaries. Beneath the pantry is a room in which the steward is to stow his preserved meat and other articles of luxury; and, below that, is the wine cellar, in which 300 dozens of wine besides porter, can be stored. Under the cabin is a spacious apartment for passengers' luggage. At the bottom of the cabin stairs a trap-door leads down a flight of steps to a range of warm, cold, and shower baths.

The fore cabin contains 48 berths, with several spacious state rooms, opening into each other for the convenience of families. The decorations of this cabin are similar to those of the after cabin, and the conveniences are of precisely the same description. Above it, on the deck, is the cigar divan and bar at which the gentlemen may lounge, sip champagne, coffee, or lemonade, and smoke their cigars, as the latter is not to be permitted in the cabins. In fact, as the mate said to us, "Here will be every thing that can be wanted or that could be procured ashore. It will be a complete floating hotel, of the best description."

On the deck, behind the chimney, is a shippon with two stalls for the cows, which will supply passengers with milk, and near the cows are boxes for sheep, pigs, &c., from which a supply of fresh meat will be continually obtained. The cooking apparatus is extensive, and is fitted up on the best principle. The stays, shrowds, and all the rigging that is fixed, or not intended to be moveable, is of a new material. It is formed of wire rods bound together with thrums. It has the advantage of possessing great strength and of not offering any great resistance to the air.

The Biter Bit.—On Sunday morning, a railroad man called Jem, went into the inn at West Haddon, and, leaving his basket in the kitchen, went into the tap to drink a pint of beer. The landlord, being tempted by curiosity, opened the basket, in which he found a leveret, and doubting Jem's either being licenced or allowed to shoot, he thought he ran no risk of being publicly complained of if he rung the changes upon his guest, which he did by abstracting the hare and putting a dead cat in its place. On getting home, Jem found out the fraud, and returning with his basket to the inn, he found mine host had gone to Church, and being past 11 o'clock the servant refused to draw him any ale. After much persuasion he induced the girl to leave the kitchen to get some spring water, and in her absence he opened a large pot on the fire, in which was a fine leg of mutton, and very ingeniously exchanged the tabby for it, carrying home the prize. Jem sent his brother there after church time, making him fully acquainted with the facts, and the landlord, wanting some broth, ordered a basin out of the pot; not liking either colour or flavour, he caused an examination, and instantly detected the cause, and its author on witnessing the cat's mortal remains. "Oh," said Jem's brother, "I dares for to say—that there cat first eat the mutton, and then committed suicide to avoid detection."—*Northampton Herald.*

LATEST FROM CANADA.

The Kingston Chronicle contains a note written in pencil on its margin, stating that the rebels at Belleville had risen in great numbers. On Wednesday evening, a party of Indian warriors, consisting of about seventy or eighty from Mohawk village, arrived at Kingston, all anxious for an opportunity to try their aim on the Americans. The following, from the Kingston Chronicle, conveys additional particulars which will be perused with interest:—

On Tuesday morning, a detachment of 40 men of the 83d Regiment, under the command of Lieut. Johnson, and 30 of the Royal Marines under Lieut. Parker, were landed at Prescott, and being joined by detachments of the Volunteer and other Militia, the whole numbering only about 300 men commanded by Col. Plomer Young, of the Particular Infantry Service, proceeded to attack the patriot pirates. While the main body assailed the rascals in front, who had come out of their houses and posted themselves behind a stone wall, a party of militia under Col. Duncan Fraser, made a detour with a view to attack them on their flank. The troops advanced under a galling fire from the wall, and soon succeeded in expelling the enemy from behind it. They then drove them to spek refuge in the houses, from the numerous windows and apertures of which they kept up a deadly aim on our gallant fellows. Lieut. Johnson, in a daring attempt, with a few regulars, to storm a house with nine windows in it, filled with men, firing at his party, fell within a few feet of the house—a gallant victim for the honour of his insulted country. The Marines strove nobly to succour Mr. Johnson as their list of wounded will show but were compelled to retreat or die, before the incessant fire of the pirates. Being destitute of Artillery to batter the houses, in which the sympathisers were so strongly posted, our gallant troops were reluctantly obliged to retire from the unequal contest.

During this attack, the Patriots had two pieces of artillery which kept up in an interchange of shots with the steam vessels anchored in the river, the fire from which could make no impression upon the round stone tower of the mill in which the enemy were strongly posted. While the attack was going on, the wharves at Ogdensburg and the shore were lined with people who cheered repeatedly when the troops retired. Another extraordinary evidence of the honorable spirit of American neutrality took place while the engagement was going on. A steamer from Ogdensburgh, believed to be the Telegraph hired by the American Government, came into the stream with the two sympathising schooners, which were towed repeatedly up and down the river opposite our vessels, as if to divert their attention from the contest going on at Windmill Point. A supply of ammunition had also been sent from the American shore to the Patriots during the previous night. We subjoin a list of the killed and wounded, for the complete accuracy of which we cannot vouch; but presume it to be nearly correct.

Killed—Lieut. Johnson, 83d Regt., commanding detachment, Lieut. Dulmage, Grenville Militia, Sergt. Fraser, do. 2 Glengarry Independent Company, 2 Dundas Militia, 3 Women.

Wounded—4 of the 83d Regiment, Lieut Parker and 14 Royal Marines, 6 Queen's Royal Borderers, Sergt. Clarke, of the 71st Regt., attached to Capt. Edmonstone's Company of Volunteers, 7 Glengarry Independent Company, 2, and 1 missing of the Brockville Independent Company, 3 Dundas Militia, 4 or 5 Grenville Militia, Captain Geo. McDonald, Glengarry Independent Company, stationed at Prescott, Lieut. Colonel Gowan.

New York, Nov. 21.

THE MOHAWKS IN CANADA.

The following correspondence has been enclosed to us, for publication, by Colonel Kerr, the grandson of Sir William Johnson, and, on his maternal side, a Mohawk by extraction. He is the acting principal chief of the Six Nations—the chieftainship having devolved upon his infant son, on the death, six years ago, of the late Capt. John Brant.

Brant House, Wellington Square,
Gore District, U. C. Oct. 3, 1838.

Sir,—I discover, from English extracts, that Mr. Hume, in the House of Commons, asked Ministers whether the Indians in Upper Canada had been employed in concert with the troops in putting down rebellion. I consider it due to the warriors of the Six Nations Indians, as well as to myself, (who had the honor of leading them,) to give you a short statement relative to their conduct, for the information of His Excellency Sir George Arthur, who was not here when the rebellion broke out.

The question, coming from so contemptible an individual, as regards Canadian affairs, would be unworthy of any notice, were it not that it might, in other respects, involve the best interests of the Indians in Upper Canada, and create an unjust prejudice against their fair fame in England.

At the outbreak, the Indian warriors turned out with alacrity, and joined their brethren the militia in defence of the country, its laws and institutions, at a period when there were no regular troops in the country. They continued many weeks on duty, and for their steady, zealous, and good conduct, they received the thanks of the highest authority in the country.

Surely Mr. Hume, from his long acquaintance with public affairs, and particularly his meddling in *Canadian domination schemes of notoriety*, ought to have known that the Six Nations Indians have, and hold, a very large stake in the country, gained by their determined zeal and attachment to the British standard. He ought to have known that the Six Nations Indians assisted largely in the conquest of all Upper Canada from the French, in 1759.

He ought to have recollected that the same people joined the British standard on the breaking out of the American revolution, and continued steadfast throughout the whole of that arduous and eventful contest, at a sacrifice of five millions of acres of their most valuable lands. And surely he must bear in mind their gallant conduct during the late, American war in this country, under Major General Sir Isaac Brock, at Detroit, Queenston, and in every action fought during that war: for which good conduct they publicly received the thanks of both Houses of Assembly in Upper and Lower Canada.

None but a foul traitor could suppose that the brave warriors to which Mr. Hume alludes, would be found sitting quiet when the honor of their Sovereign, the laws and institutions of their country, were set at nought; indeed their own lives, their families, and properties, were in danger.

What had the Indians to expect, when such men as Mackenzie, and others, were rising in the country, with knife in one hand, and a fire-brand in the other? The leading rebels were Mr. Hume's intimate and confidential friends and correspondents! I say again, is it reasonable to suppose that the warriors of the Six Nations, under such circumstances, would be silent spectators, possessing, as they do, the fire of their forefathers, and one of the finest tracts of country in Upper Canada?

I would ask Mr. Hume, whose lands would Mackenzie and his followers have first selected or seized upon, had he succeeded in his diabolical purpose?

It is now nearly two centuries since the chain of friendship was first handed to the Six Nations of Indians by Great Britain, during which period they have not allowed it to rust, but have kept it bright, although they have had to pass through severe trials. Their loyalty and attachment to Great Britain is as strong as ever it was; and, to their honor be it spoken, they have neither Indian radicals nor Indian rebels among them.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient, humble servant,
THAKAWARENTTE,
a Mohawk Chief, alias
Wm. JOHNSON KERR.

To the Hon. John Macaulay,
Civil Secretary, Toronto.

From the Montreal Courier.

A plain account of the Engagement between the Loyal Volunteers and the Rebels at Odell Town.

My dear Sir,—The dispassionate, but determined manner, in which the Journal under your prudent direction, endeavours to remonstrate with the disaffected, encourage the well disposed, and support the Government, induces me to believe, that the subjoined narrative will be favoured with a place in your columns. These incontrovertible statements, when circulated through the *Courier*, will reverberate as the echo of loyalty, at once bracing the nerves and cheering the hearts of our gallant Volunteers, and affording to their misguided enemies a reason why they should relinquish the idea of taking Canada, inasmuch as 1,000 of them are unable to wrest a border Village from 150 rural militia, addicted to the pursuits of industry and peace.

The revolt, which had been brooding for some time, assumed a tangible form on Saturday, the 3d instant. The insurgents, directed occasionally, by Drs. Nelson and Cote, and the notorious Gagnon, or either of this magnanimous triumvirate, gathered in large bodies at Napierville and its vicinity. They commenced operations by disarming the few loyalists in the neighborhood; and these they imprisoned in Napierville Jail. Having issued a burlesque Proclamation, announcing the *capture* of a town that *was never taken*: and in which, surrounded by hundreds of rebels, not more, perhaps, than 8 or 10 loyalists resided, they proceeded to occupy the different posts leading from Napierville to the Province Line, through Odell Town.—With this view, a strong guard of the most ferocious that could be selected, were stationed within three miles of Lacole Village; and on receipt of this intelligence, the loyalists flew to arms, and took up a good position at Lacole bridge, on the road to Odell Town.

Sunday, 4th.—All was dismay and confusion; the Wesleyan Chapel, the only regular place of public worship in this neighbourhood, was closed; the men, that would gladly have been listening to the Gospel of peace, were obliged to stand forth in the defence of their homes and their families; the roads were covered with waggons loaded with women & children, all hurrying on to the United States; and illustrating by their condition, the singular aptitude of our Lord's advice—"Pray that your flight be not in winter nor on the Sabbath day."

Monday, 5th.—The insurrectionists made an incursion by the lower road running parallel with Lacole river; and, while the Militia and Volunteers were securing the passes in the interior, marauding parties of rebels, headed by Gagnon, as chief brigand, made some prisoners and plundered several houses near Masten's settlement. To prevent a recurrence of this, a party of Volunteers, consisting of twenty men, were posted at Lacole Mill.

Tuesday, 6th.—This picquet was attacked by a strong body under Dr. Cote; but were repulsed by an incessant fire, kept up from behind a rude stockade, or breast-work, which the Volunteers had hastily constructed. In this rencontre, many of the rebels were on horse back, and several of them were observed to fall.

Lieut. Col. Odell being informed that this body had crossed the lines, and that another force was coming from Douglasville, in order to surround him, very prudently abandoned his position at Lacole village, and retreated upon Odelltown. A despatch was sent to Major Schriver, requesting him to come with all his disposable force. During the night of Tuesday the sixth, and early on the following morning, a party of the rebels, under the personal direction of Cote and Gagnon, were busily employed in bringing in a cannon and a large quantity of arms and ammunition from the United States