mile upon his countenance, he sank into that sleep that knows no waking on earth.

There died my poor brother.

The funeral took place from my house, and after it was over Mary, my dying brother's gift to me, told me a sad story. She told me of a gay life at Paris, and finally the desertion of herself and brother by her misguided mother. His wife's conduct almost broke her father's heart, as her extravagance had almost ruined his fortune. Then the wretched woman died a death of remorse and became, the tidings of which did not reach them till after they had taken passage for America.

From that day her father seemed strange, and incapable of any exertion; all depended upon her. On arriving in this city, she took cheap lodgings for herself and father. They had a little money, but not enough to support them without some exertion on her part. She tried to obtain a situation as teacher, but she had no friends. In desperation she wrote an article for the paper, and carried it herself to the office; it was excepted, and ever since she had regular employment, and been well remunerated, and if her father had but recovered his health, she would have been happy. But he grew worse and at times very wild, so that she was afraid of him. Some one advised her to try an I procure admittance for him at the asylum; a friend, she never knew him, but he was very kind, aided her. It was very hard to have him go, but she felt was best; she was permitted to visit him every day. Then she gave up her rooms, and took lodgings with me, which was much cheaper for her. After her father entered the asylum, he seemed better and she hoped might yet be well but with returning reason, his body grew more feeble, although when she left my house that morning, she had no idea of his being so near his end.

'But you knew of me, Mary; surely your father had told you of my residing in this city?'

'Yes, but I had always supposed your name the same as his, and on coming to the city had inquired for Miss Mary Grant, but failing to find one of that name, I concluded you had left the city. My father was not in a situation to assist my search.'

Mary was now indeed my child, and a few words sufficed to inform my boarders that I had, in my former lodger, found a niece. I would not allow her to pore over her books and papers as she had done, but made her join us in the parlor, where I very soon found her presence was quite a pleasant addition to our circle.

'Aunt,' said Mary to me one day, 'I never yet understood how you ascertained I was with my father when I was missing from your house.'

'Mr. Dalton informed me,' I replied.

'How did he know where I was?'

Mary was silent for some time, and noticed that after this she rather avoided Mr. Dalton though I think not from any rooted dislike.

I had forgotten to mention that the boquets were still regularly received, but they were now left at the door, and I knew that Mary had no suspicions from whence they come. Mary was a little romantic, like all girls, and rather liked this secrecy.

Mr. Dalton, seemed to grow very fond of my society, and generally sat with us in the evening. Though Mary had little to say to him personally, still her avoidance of him was not marked enough to keep her silent in general conversation. I could see, sly man that he was, how by his talent in conversation, his deference to her opinion, the peculiar intonation of his voice when he addressed her, he was gaining a place in her good opinion; and I knew that she was interested in him for the very reason that she avoided him, namely, because he had taken such a strange and undue interest in her affairs, and had informed himself in some most mysterious manner of her history.

One evening, it was a warm, soft summer twilight, and I was sitting in the further part of the parlor busy in some matters requiring my attention, I forget what it was now, when presently Mary came in with Mr. Dalton. They conversed for a while on common subjects. I knew they did not see me, but thinking no harm I kept on with my employment. She held a boquet in her hand, and as she was admiring it he pulled a pretty white rose bud and placed it on her bosom. He fixed those black, searching eyes of his upon her, and in his deep voice said:—

'You accept the gift, but scorn the giver.'

The boquet fell from her trembling grasp and she covered her burning face with her hands.

'Mary, said he, and he took down her hands from her, face, and compelled her to look at him, 'Mary, do you think it is for curiosity's sake, or for the purpose of annoying you, that I have taken this interest in your affairs. You may say it is an interest, and perhaps it is, but can you forgive nothing for the deep love which has prompted this intrusion.'

Still he held her hand in his, still his searching glance was upon the poor girl as she stood almost powerless before him.

'Mary,' he continued, 'do you wish to know when I saw you first? Do you remember when you first come to C——? Do you remember a hand that rescued you from the officious grasp of a coachman, who, presuming upon your unprotected state, dared to be impertinent? It was dark, no wonder you do not recognize me again. Do you remember the day you came to the office of the F—— with your manuscript. I saw you through the glass door of my office; your article was accepted, and ever after all you choose to bring. Since then I have not lost sight of you, I have seen all your trials, and have done what I could unseen and unknown to you, to aid you.

'When you came to this house, it seemed to be our destiny to be thrown together. If any watchfulness has seemed to be intrusive, it was because I was jealous lest evil should befall you. I have guarded you as silently as I could, and my sincere affections must be excuse. I have sometimes dared to send you gifts, such as I know your delicate nature would have accept and appreciate—books and flowers—you have excepted them, you have worn the flowers in you bosom; will you now cast away the heart I offer you, as you have cast aside the boquet, or will you place it where you have placed the beautiful bud, the emblem of love?'

He let go her hands and stooping, picked up the boquet, and held it towards her. In the fading light I could just see that she accepted the offering, and then I silently left the room, for I have heard that love scenes require no third party.

When we met at the tea table the bud still rested on Mary's bosom, and for once, I thought I read in Mr. Dalton's face that something unusual had happened. I cannot say whether there was any engagement entered into that evening or not, but but certain it is, that not many months from that time, I reckoned another married couple among my boarders.

The mystery was all solved. Mr. Dalton was the head of a publishing establishment; he had fallen in love with Mary Grant, who had turned out to be my niece.

I have explained it all; they are now Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, I am still Miss Mary Stephens, the mistress of a boarding house, a situation which has its cares and responsibilities, and also, like most other situations its pleasures.

THE USE OF RATTLESNAKES.—The Great County (Wis) Herald of the 17th ult. says, that Seth Maker, a curious naturalist residing near Bostown has a spot of ground on his farm set apart for melons, and near it their is a well-known den of rattlesnakes. He has tamed the snakes, and, by some mysterious powers in the spiritual department of science, is able to conjure them at will into his melon patch to guard the same against uninvited intruders. The snakes discharge their duty admirably.

ENGLISH ITEMS.—A little boy has been murdered in Nottingham Forest, apparently for his boots. He undertook to guide a man to Basford for ten shillings. His body was found in the forest. The wretch who pretended to hire him as a guide appears to have first strangled him, and then made off with the poor little fellows boots.

In several occasions of late the London *Gazette* has announced that the Queen "has no further occasion for the services" of certain young officers: this looks like vigour on the part of the Commander-in-Chief in removing the inefficient or the ill-conducted.

The London journals of the last two days are filled with an analysis of the sermons preached on Wednesday. On the previous Sunday the Roman Catholics had implored God and the Holy Virgin to pardon the English nation the injustice shown to the Hindoos.

AUSTRIA.—The *Siecle* describes the conversion to Protestantism of a considerable number of the inhabitants of Vienna.

The Emperor ordained that in every regiment the first battalion shall have pictorially represented on its banner the image of the Immaculate One. In Spain too, the Ministry are thinking of some extraordinary demonstration in the same sense.

LORD GOUGH ON THE INDIAN MUTINY.—At a meeting held in Doblin on Friday, in aid of the sufferers in India, General Lord Gough, in proposing a resolution, said: "I have served in India—I know the conduct of the Company—I know the conduct of the officers toward the Sepoys, and I avow to you, as an officer, a gentleman, and an Irishman, who would not glose over the ill conduct of any one, that there never was a more unfounded statement than that the native soldiers have had any thing to complain of. (Applause.) The feeling of the Court of Directors—the feeling universally of the Government of India—has been that of a parent toward these soldiers. If it were possible for men to be too kind to those under them, I would say that they have been so, by making too many concessions to every thing connected with their caste. I would give one instance of the horrors of the wretches. By the last mail I received a letter from Sir Patrick Grant, commanding in India, and in informing me of the death of that noble fellow, Major Holmes, he stated that ther never was a man who devoted himself more to his regiment than Major Holmes, and that the night previous to murder by his own troops he reported to the commander-in-chief that the government might depend on his regiment—The Irregular Cavalry—that they were true to their salt, and would fight for the Company. What was their conduct? The next morning they murdered their friend and commander, who looked upon them as his children, contributed to their comforts out of his own pocket, and never lost sight of their interests. They murdered and hacked his wife—they murdered the doctor who continually attended upon them—and, to add to their infamy, they murdered his wife and child also. Such is the conduct of those men, and no man in his senses could say they were justified. O, my friends, believe me when I say to you that the Indian soldiers are not justified even in complaining, much less in the horrid atrocities which they have committed. They will mark them for ever as a desperate and degraded race." (Hear, hear.)

Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral and the Indian Mutiny.

It does not seem to have struck many of those who have read Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral, published in our impression of Monday, that while dwelling on the sufferings of our countrymen and countrywomen in India, and appealing for subscriptions for Indian purposes, the cunning Cardinal, in the true spirit of Jesuitism, says that "the funds so contributed will go to the officers and ladies, *after the missionaries have been provided for!*" Now, can any one, who knows aught of the genius and spirit of Popery, believe for a moment that a single sixpence of the money collected, will ever reach the real sufferers?—the officers and their wives, and widows, and children? They will get the sympathy and the tears of subscribers, but all the gold and silver will find their way into the pockets of the mendicant friars alone. The officers and ladies will continue to *fast*, while the jolly monks will *feast* on the liberality of the Roman Catholic portion of the British public.

SEPOYISM IN BRITAIN.—The Kilkenny *Journal*, a Roman Catholic Paper, in an article on the Indian Mutiny, says:—

"The Sepoys have done nothing more than rise with the avenging arm of a Brutus, to strike the tyrant, the author of all their wrongs."

The Dublin *Nation* writes in the same strain:—

"Throughout the length and breadth of the land there is but one opinion amongst the (Catholic) people, that the English fillibusters should be hunted out of India, and as every mail arrives from the East, there arises from their hearts a prayer that not only in India, but in Ireland, honest men (Sepoys) may come by their own again!"

A placard to the following effect has been posted on the walls in Manchester, England:

"Arm yourselves! In spite of the Crime and Outrage Act of Government, the pike is sharpening and the rifle is polishing. Remember 1848, and visit the accursed Saxon with retribution. By order."

Another treasonable and bloodthirsty placard has appeared upon the walls of the town of Carrick-on Suir, of which the following is a copy:—

"FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN—The present critical position of England's power in India has forced the Government to call upon you once more. Their object in doing so is, as you are aware, to get men to fill the places of those who have fallen by the bullet of the Indian Sepoy. We call upon you to know will you become "food for powder" in India, or rather will you not imitate the example of the Sepoys, and burst asunder the chains of slavery in which you have so long been bound. Now is the time to avenge all your wrongs on the head of the accursed Saxon. Follow, then the glorious example of the Sepoys, and unfurl the green flag on your national hills. Delhi not taken yet."

A Roman Catholic priest, writing in the Dublin *Nation*, attributes to the Priests collectively the same atrocious feeling of exultation at the result of the Indian mutinies which he does not blush to avow for himself. Affecting to write in the name of his order, this recreant priest indulges in such language as the following:—

"When we (Catholic priests) rise from the consideration of individuals to that of nations, we become sternly exultant; we thank God, not, as is asserted by the castle penny-a-liner, for the detailed horrors, but for the grand result; not that robbery, arson, and murder, and violation of female honor have outraged Heaven, but that the bully and coward of nations, who in India, and in Ireland too, committed every horror over which he now whines, has been punished, that God's justice has thus been visibly vindicated, and a lesson read to the oppressed and the oppressors over all the earth. We rejoice on the same principles that Te Deums are sung. * * * Meanwhile there must be expected every possible outrage against humanity, and for every outrage, by whomsoever committed, the invader, the robber, the torturer, the violator of the rights of war, holy England is accountable. At present, however, we blush not to say, our sympathy is with the Sepoy."

On the corner of Chapel-lane, Tipperary, a placard was posted up, containing the following inciting but innocuous language:—

"Tipperary men!! Are you men!! If you have the spirit of Irishmen do not neglect Irelan'd's opportunity! Up for the Green! Hurrah for Indian Revolution!"

In the vicinity of the chapel, on an unoccupied house, the following:—

"Glorious news. England defeated, God bless the rebels of India. Hurra for freedom."

(From the Liverpool Herald.)

Orangeism Proscribed in Ireland.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland (Brady) under the authority of Earl Carlisle, the Lord Lieutenant, has written to the Marquis of Londonderry, denouncing the Orange Institution, and stating that no Orangeman, for the future, shall hold a commission of the peace.

The same that has nearly lost us India—namely, pandering to idolatry, and superstition and opposing all who would propagate the Scripture—is being pursued in Ireland.

Those gentlemen now in the commission of the peace the Government *dare not* remove, because it cannot show any just cause for such a procedure, for Parliament would instantly reverse such an act of tyranny and oppression. The Orangemen of Ireland care not one straw for the denunciation of its pro-Sepoy Lord Lieutenant. The Orange Institution cannot be put down. The usurping spirit of the Papacy can never be stayed by conciliation, and we feel therefore, assured that so long as the present policy is pursued towards Rome, she will only become emboldened to grasp at more power; so that the end must be a Revolution when the influence of the Jesuits, and their abettors, has attained a climax. The day may be far off, or it may be nearer than we anticipate, but come it will, and then woe to those who have betrayed the nation, and thus caused the outbreak. The struggle may be a severe one, but God will defend the right.

SPAIN.—The Bishop of Segovia, accompanied by a deputation of clergymen and gentlemen, had waited on the Queen of Spain, and had presented her Majesty with the "holy staff of St. Domingo de Silos," which belongs to Segovia, and which is supposed to possess great efficacy for women in childbirth, St. Domingo being a special intercessor for them.—The Queen, says the *Espana*, "adored the holy relic," and then caused it to be placed in her oratory.

WRECKS AT RICHIBUCTO.—The Norwegian bark Louise, loading in the roadstead of Richibucto, broke from her anchorage, and ran ashore during the late gale, and is a total wreck. The crew was saved with much difficulty through the noble daring of John Bell, and Edward Moore, seamen belonging to the steamer Enterprise, which the proprietors, Messrs. Holderness & McLeod, sent down to render assistance. The seaman above alluded to, volunteered to proceed to the wreck in the life boat of the steamer, and after much toil and peril, succeeded. Credit is due to these men for the manner in which, they risked their lives in the cause of humanity, and we hope the people of Richibucto will bestow on them some mark of respect.

During the same gale, the schooner Maria, Odell, from Quebec, with a general cargo, and consigned to Messrs. Gilmour Rankin & Co., at this port, ran ashore inside the bar at Richibucto. We have not learned the state of the vessel or cargo.

The brigantine Maria Louisa, Ferrier, from Quebec, with a general cargo, bound to this port, and consigned to various parties, got ashore outside the bar at Richibucto, during the same gale. The vessel we learn is a total wreck. The crew of both vessels succeeded in reaching the shore.—*Gleaner.*

DARING OUTRAGES IN CHELSEA.—The citizens of Chelsea, Mass., were last Thursday startled by one of the boldest and most outrageous assaults and robberies that ever occurred in this vicinity. Between [illegible] and 12 o'clock two young men entered the jewelry store of Edward A. Skerry, 74 Winnissimmet street, which was at the time in charge of a young man by the name of Chas Sutherland, whom they attacked, and knocked senseless by the infliction, with a sharp iron instrument, of a wound on the head. The scoundrels then proceeded to load themselves with spoils, and escaped with about $700 worth of jewelry.—At the time the desperadoes were seen to enter the store, Mr. Skerry had but just left the store and although he was absent only eight minutes the whole affair took place within that time.—Sutherland's situation was first discovered by a young man who happened to go into the store soon after. He was immediately removed to his boarding house, and several physicians were soon in attendance. On the head were found seven severe wounds, some of them large and dangerous, and from which the blood flowed profusely. The skull was also fractured. Some of the wounds appeared as though they were inflicted with a hard piece of wood. Young Sutherland is about 17 years of age, and is a son of Rev Mr. Sutherland, formerly of this city, but now of Danvers.—*Boston Paper.*

(From the Detroit Tribune.)

COLD BLOODED MURDER.—On Monday a man named Johnson moved from Saginaw to Fentonville, leaving his wife at a hotel, while he with the rest of his family, consisting of three children, slept in the house, on the floor. With them was a young man named Geo. Colwell, about 17 years of age. In the evening two men called at the house and inquired for Colwell, who seemed to be acquainted with them, and not suspecting anything Mr. Johnson allowed them to stay all night. About 4 in the morning he received a blow on the head, and springing up, followed a man who was trying to make his escape. On coming up to him, the wretch stabbed him with a knife. He returned to the house where he found that the little girl had been murdered with an axe. Colwell's head was split open, the boy was covered with wounds and the little girl a slight scalp wound, £350 in money was missed. Their evident intention was to murder every soul there in the hopes that no clue to their identity could be obtained. As Colwell was the only one who knew the murderers, it is not yet known who they are

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As an evidence of the substantial manner in which our Railroad is built and notwithstanding the late severe rain storm, we have the satisfaction of stating, that on Tuesday morning an Express Train was run from Shediac to Moncton in 25 minutes in which were passengers Hon Messrs. Tupper, Chandler, Smith, R. B. Dickey, Esq, and others, who left in the Steamer *Emperor*, which was waiting their arrival.—*Westmorland Times.*

MELANCHOLY AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—A young man of the name of William Allen of Chatham, was drowned on Thursday last in the River, opposite Rose Bank. He was in the act of descending from the stern of the schooner in which he was sailing. *Gleaner.*

The Chronicle.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 13, 1857.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, 23d October.

Once more we are on the tip-toe of expectation here for news from India. The anxiety, however, is not so great as usual, inasmuch as people begin to assume the comfortable conviction that the tables are turned and all going well towards a final triumph. On the strength of this it is said that Lord Palmerston has recalled his intentions, and *not* Lord Canning, who is to remain and reap the reward of British valour. Had this favoured nobleman not happened to be *protege* of the Premier's the case would have been widely different, and Ellenborough or some other man would now have been on the way to Calcutta. By the way, Ellenborough's letter on India has excited much attention on account of its mild tone; some say that it was intended by his Lordship to be conciliatory towards the Government, and that the noble lord was willing to stand well with Ministers in case they might be induced to offer him the Governor Generalship.

It is hoped that the next mail will bring news of the arrival of the vanguard of the 40,000 British troops now on their way to India. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to notice what has been done by the Governors of our Colonies. At Ceylon and the Mauritius the garrisons were almost denuded of European troops, all of which were sent to Bombay or Calcutta. From the Cape, Sir Geo. Grey forwarded four strong and seasoned regiments,—and the patriotism of the Colonists was so much roused, that they took upon themselves garrison duty, and surrendered their own private studs to mount the cavalry reinforcements despatched.—Our Colonies altogether have furnished on this occasion assistance the most important. Lucky for our Indian possessions that they existed, and that Sir John Bowring had brought on the Chinese war. The least thing which the Opposition can do now is to present Sir John with a piece of plate in testimony of the services which they combined to stigmatise but must now fully appreciate.

Fuller intelligence with regard to Lucknow leaves little doubt that the brave garrison will be able to hold out until assistance reaches them.—They had been much annoyed by a musketry fire from a tall loop-holed house adjacent to the Residency. At last they undermined it, and, seizing a favorable moment when it was full of Sepoys, blew it into the air. Nearly 200 of the besiegers are said to have perished in this explosion. At the same moment the garrison sallied out, and drove the enemy from before them in confusion—spiked two large guns which had maintained a galling fire upon their position, and brought back a quantity of bullocks and provisions. A large underground house attached to the Residency, in which were women and children, with such of the soldiers as were not employed in defending the place, added much to the security of the non-combatants, who were thus placed out of harm's way.

So far from decreasing, the commercial panic at home is considerably on the increase. On Monday the Bank of England, immediately on receiving the unfavorable news from America, raised their rate of discount from 7 to 8 per cent. This is a rise of 2 1-2 per cent. within a fortnight. The present rate is the highest known in modern times and its only parallel is a few weeks during the height of the railway panic, at exactly this time ten years ago, when consols were down at 80.—They are now about 88, but have been lower.—Meanwhile many failures of houses at Manchester, Glasgow, and in different parts of the country are noted, and the aggregate of debts due to English merchants from those who have failed in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and in Baltimore, is said to be enormous. It is suspected that we have not yet seen the end. Almost the sole cause of the crisis is the re-action caused here by American insolvency; and there are great fears lest a general smash should take place on the other side the Atlantic.

The King of Prussia is better, but there is danger of a relapse at any moment, and under the most favorable circumstances it will be long ere he can attend to State affairs. A regency is therefore talked of in the person of the Prince of Prussia.—The Prince of Wales has returned from his Continental trip, and has joined his royal papa and mamma at Windsor. The chief items of personal interest are the unopposed return of Mr. W. J. Fox for Oldham, in room of the late Mr. Platt, and the departure of Mr. Layard for India. This restless energetic gentleman announces his intention in a characteristic letter to a friend. "I am off for India next week," he says, "to visit the seat of the rebellion, to form my own views upon its cause and results. I have been too long idle, and want again to work and try to be useful."—Mr. Layard expects to be back by the end of May or early in June, and meanwhile says he shall be happy to serve any constituency who will do him the honor to elect him. His arrival at Calcutta will create quite a flutter among the civilians at Government House.

The Waterloo-bridge murder continues enveloped in mystery. Another man, in the habit of hanging about the toll-gates, has come forward and says he can swear to the woman with the parcel and the carpet-bag, who is the only human being upon whom suspicion rests. But she is unknown, and no traces of her have been discovered.—In addition to the Government reward of £300, private individuals are prepared to add 200 more. The Government will, it is said, even increase the amount they have offered to £500, with a pardon and passage to the Colonies to any person, not being the murderer or murderess, who will give the required information. Should this fail, a public subscription is talked of, to bring up the reward to the extraordinary amount of £1000. For some days it was thought that the mutilated man was Mr. Patterson, a digger from Australia, who was known to have had a large amount on his person. This gentleman, however, has since turned up alive and well. Thousands of persons continue to inspect the clothes at Bow-street station. They are believed to be of foreign make, and this has given rise to the suspicion that the victim was a foreign spy, murdered and made way with by the refugees. The case of the Italian who was assassinated some time ago, and whose murderers escaped, is well remembered; and it is feared that if this is a political crime, the authors will avoid detection.

The dispute now going on in the *Times* concerning the new word Telegram, which by the bye is a very good word, reminds us to notice another instance of the proneness of newspaper writers to adopt anything that is novel. Somebody in the present controversy touched upon our taking up American vulgarism, and instanced the word "reliable." To this word we have no objection, for it is good English, but these gentlemen are adopting another word to supersede the word programme, which we cannot refrain from denouncing.—It has long been the custom in America, when a political party puts forth a synopsis or a programme of its political creed, to call it the party's "platform," and this really vile Yankeyism is fast stealing its way into English newspapers of a high class. Let us then close the controversy regarding our young friend Telegram, and go heart and hand at the destruction of this monster "platform." Our cousins across the Atlantic are fully welcome to their coinage.

THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY.

It is from the commercial revulsions of the day that we ought to gather up wisdom for the future, for lessons learned in the school of adversity are seldom forgotten. We have ever maintained that as a people we import too much, and grow and manufacture too little. The farmer neglects the field for the forest, while all classes err in not sustaining the different manufacturing establishments which exist among us. If these truths were more regarded, we should not only find a marked improvement in the general trade of the country, but we should be free from those periodical depressions in trade, from which under the existing state of things, we can never be exempt.

We take from the Washington *National Intelligencer* the following, to every word of which we cordially subscribe:

"Like the break-down of 1837, we are again a used up people—the result of excessive imports, excessive trade, excessive land speculation, and excessive extravagance.

"If the duties on imports had been shaped so as to lessen our imports, the immense sums of coin would not have been sent to Europe, but retained at home, and been instrumental in preventing the present disastrous state of affairs.

"How absurd is the theory of some, that large imports contribute to our wealth! What man ever got rich who imported more than he sold?—Had we for the last few years imported moderately, say enough for our actual wants, there would have been no export of precious metals. On the contrary, there would have been imports of gold, and by consequence a financial revulsion would not have occurred."

To our commercial men, farmers and mechanics, we say, give to these self-evident truths a practical recognition. The future of New Brunswick is in your hands: shall there be for her a career of prosperity, or one of oft-recurring depression? Patriotism, not less than self-interest, demand from you the adoption of a course entirely different from that which has been so blindly pursued. The way to wealth is to keep the money in the country, by giving employment to our own people, in place of those who live in other lands.

"STOP THAT KNOCKING."

Executive Chorus.

Partizanship is creeping far too fast into every public institution, and it is the duty of the government to check rather than to encourage it.

Leader.

That the most profuse promises were made by the party in power at the late elections, is known to every one, and that a great number of those who are and have been so clamorous for office were led to believe they would not be forgotten is equally true. It is therefore ungenerous for those who are in possession of place, to give the cold shoulder to those to whom they owe their elevation. The promotion of the present day, although at the cost of the people, is but the reward for services done in the late political contest. The Government find it cheaper to silence the demands of the clamorous in this way, than to pay their election expences out of their own pockets. It appears, however, from the official announcement in their Organ that they find it impossible to satisfy the claims of any more, at least for the present. We do not wonder that upon a review of what they have done, they should feel ashamed, as they have been imposing upon the public in the way of making appointments which in themselves ought to hurl them from power. We have no wish to particularize, but we are satisfied that they are creating a wide-spread and deep-seated disaffection throughout the land. The views of our Woodstock contemporary are perfectly in accordance with our own; in commenting on the remarks of the *Leader* it says—

"Very true! pity it had not been discovered sooner. What a contrast does this declaration of the *Leader* make to the views which have been advocated by the Smashers since their advent to power! The cry hitherto has been that the Government should be made more and more partizan,—that it should be made entirely partizan,—that the offices should be filled upon every change of administration with the friends of the men coming into power. The tune is woefully changed. We are glad to see that common sense is beginning to dawn upon the Smashers, even at this late hour. The government are evidently tiring of the importunities of their friends. Having secured power by the most profuse promises of post and pension, they have been called upon to make good their promises, and finding the impossibility of fulfilling them, they have at length become desperate, and turning round, bravely lift their voices in deprecation of the introduction of partizanship into our public institutions. The one drop has been poured in which has made the cup overflow; the feather has been added which has broken the camel's back. Rudely and impatiently the ministry push back the eager and importunate claimants, exclaiming "Stand out of the way, gentlemen!—Stand out of the way! We cannot provide for you!"

THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

THE REGISTRARSHIP OF KING'S COLLEGE.—When in 1854 the Hon. Charles Fisher became Attorney General, there was a general call upon him to resign the office of Registrar of King's College, the union of the two offices in one person being considered improper. Mr. Fisher, however, held on to the Registrarship, giving the strange excuse of "want of time." Mr. Fisher has again become Attorney General, and it is to be hoped that he may soon find time to resign this other other place. The greedy pertinacity with which he clings to the Registrarship does him no credit; very shame, if nothing else, should drive him to resign it. Would it not be well for some of the Smasher papers to give their great Chief a gentle hint as to what decency requires of him?

Woodstock Journal.

We can inform our contemporary that another reason besides the one assigned by Mr. Fisher for not resigning the office of Registrar is, that he is by no means certain that he will be able to retain the post of Attorney General much longer, not only because of the disunion in the Government ranks, but also because of the feeling of dissatisfaction which is so general against the government even among those who quite recently were its strong supporters. The reaction has begun, and will not stop until it has consigned one and all of the present executive to that obscurity from which for their own credit and the good of the country, it would have been well if they had never emerged. This is the second reason why Fisher retains the Registership, and there are several others which time, that great unraveller of mysteries, must sooner or later expose to public view.

OVERLAND MAIL TO CALIFORNIA.—It is reported at Washington that the Postmaster-General has closed a contract with Messrs. Butterfield and Co. for the conveyance of the entire letter mail, semi-weekly, in four-horse coaches, to California. The trip is to be made in twenty-five days, and the expectation is strong, from the reputation of the contractors and their securities, that the service will commence and be performed according to the requirements of the Act of Congress. The route has two starting points on the Mississippi, one at St. Louis, and the other at Memphis, making a junction at Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas. From thence the route crosses Texas, and then the Western Territories, and terminates in San Francisco.—*Boston Papers.*

Considerable snow has already fallen in Quebec and Montreal.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir Edmund W. Head, accompanied by Lady Head, arrived in town, from Quebec, yesterday afternoon. Their Excellencies left the "ancient capital" at 6 o'clock in the morning, and travelled from Point Levi by special train, resting Longueuil shortly after one, and the Grand Trunk wharf about two o'clock, p. m., where they were received by Colonel Ord and Colonel the Hon. George Moffatt, the former attended by the Garrison Staff, and the latter by the Militia Staff of the district. As the boat approached the landing Royal salutes were fired, respectively by the Montreal Field Battery of Artillery and by the Royal Artillery, on the Island St. Helen's. On landing His Excellency, escorted by his Worship the Mayor proceeded to the City Hall where our "City Fathers" were in attendance to welcome him on his return to Canada.

[His Worship read an Address to his Excellency, which called forth an impromptu reply, expressed in the most heartfelt and feeling manner.]

Their Excellencies then proceeded under escort of the 1st Troop of Montreal Cavalry, to the residence of His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, Sir Wm. Eyre, where we understand, they will remain as guests of Sir William and lady Eyre during their stay in Montreal. The guard of honor in attendance was furnished by Her Majesty's 17th Regiment. We regret to learn that Sir William Eyre has been confined to the house for a day or two in consequence of an accident in the hunting field, and was consequently, only able to meet His Excellency and Lady Head at the threshold of his own hospitable mansion.

We understand that the Governor General and Lady Head will spend this day with Sir William Eyre and will, probably take their departure for the seat of Government to-morrow.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting held on Thursday the following officers were elected:—

John M. Walker, *President*; Wm. Thomson *Vice President*; Robert Cruikshanks, *Treasurer*; W. C. Watson, *Secretary*; Rev. Mr. Donald, *Chaplain*; W. W. Emslie, Robert Shives, Wm. Girvan, *Committee of Charity.*

CERLISO CLUB.—Alex. Petrie, *Presses*; Luke Stowart, *Secretary and Treasurer*; Thos. McClelland, Alex. Jardine, Wm. Thomson, Wm. Girvan, James McFarlane, Gilbert McClelland, James Milligan, Thomas M. Reed, *Ships.*

At a Regular Quarterly Meeting of the *Irish Friendly Society*, held in their long Room, Temperance Hall, Sydney street, on Monday evening, 2nd inst., the following members were elected as Officers and Directory, by ballot, for the ensuing year:—Boyle Travers, Esq., M. D., *President*; John Doherty, Esq., *Vice President*; Mr. John Kerr, *Jr. Vice President*; Mr. Peter Hughes *Rec. Secretary*; Mr. John C. Harrington, *Cor. Secretary*; Mr. James McSorley, *Treasurer*; Mr. Laurence McCullough, *Librarian*; Mr. Laurance Cullough, Mr. John McGuirk, Mr. James Duffy, Mr. John Bogan, Sent.; Mr. Michael Nolan, Mr. Thomas Robinson, *Directory.*

ACCIDENTS.—We learn from a correspondent of the *Christian Messenger* of the 28th ult., that a young man named John Spinney, was killed by the upsetting of a cart body. Also, the melancholy death of the only daughter of William and Elizabeth Stevenson, at Melvin square, which was caused by its clothes igniting during the mother's temporary absence from the house. The child, on finding her clothes on fire, rushed from the house and was found by the mother a charred corpse on her return.—*Western News.*

The *Avon Herald* is the name of a new semi-weekly newspaper lately started at Windsor by Mr. Campbell Stevens, (deaf and dumb.) It presents a neat appearance and deserves the willing support of the people of Hants.—*Ib.*

By the decease of Vice Admiral Purvis, and the consequent promotions, Captain Frederick Bullock attains his flag as Rear Admiral of the Blue. Admiral Bullock is personally known to many persons in Nova Scotia and is a brother of the Rev. William Bullock of this city.—(Halifax Recorder.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S POSITION.—The Washington *States* has the following:—"It is reported that Brigham Young and his people have determined to resist the entrance of the United States' troops into the Mormon territory, and threaten to burn the grass on the Prairies, and, if necessary, to destroy their own city, in order to deprive the troops of shelter during the winter. The report accords with threats from Young which were thrown out in Mormon newspapers. He even affected to doubt whether the Government would send out troops at such a season, as they might be easily deprived, by the Mormons, of all supplies. Not one of them, said Bringham, will ever reach us without our consent. But, at the same time, he qualifies his threats by declaring his willingness to receive the United States' laws, reserving to the people of the Territory all the rights which he desired for them. What he demands of the United States Government are which he now proposes to resist, it does not appear. He has had his own way so long, that he will probably consider the exercise of any United States authority as an encroachment upon the rights of the Mormons. That some trouble is to be made by the Mormons, is very probable, and in that case, the military force employed by the United States on this service will be found inadequate. Should the Mormons resist the United States laws and authority constitutionally exercised, they will be expelled, ere long, from the Territory; for the presence of a hostile community in the central part of the continent, and the great line of communication across it, cannot be endured. Congress will, in this event, not fail to legislate upon the subject, and may, according to Judge Douglas' suggestion, repeal the act establishing a Territorial Government, and partition the Territory between the adjacent States and Territories.

A MEETING AND A GREETING.—"Among the many heart stirring occurrences which have already signalized this memorable war, there is one which is not only interesting at the present time, but I may trust we may regard as ominous of the future. When the 64th, with the Madras Fusileer, and battalion of Sikhs, were painfully toiling under an Indian sun, between Allahabad and Cawnpore, a din was heard, a cloud of dust was seen to arise behind them—and the rear guard faced about and drew up across the road to resist the attack, as they supposed, of a fresh enemy.—What were their transports when, on a nearer approach, the plumes of the Highlanders were seen emerging through this cloud, and the well-known notes were heard on the bagpipe, "The Campbells are coming!" (Loud applause). Yes, gentlemen, the Campbells *are* coming; and I trust that when their noble leader Sir Colin Campbell, draws the sword which has been presented to him by the citizens of Glasgow, and rejoins the Highland Division, from which he was separated in years on the shores of the Crimea, he will strike a blow which shall resound through Europe and Asia, and teach the world, that, wide as is the extent of British benificence, as terrible is the stroke of British justice, when indulgence has been met by treason, and kindness by cruelty." (Loud and protracted applause.)—*Report of a Speech, by Sir A. Alison, at Glasgow.*

The Quebec morning *Chronicle* says.—Mr. Baldwin, the ship builder, of this city, is about opening his ship yard again, for the construction of another large vessel, similar to the 'Storm Queen,' which he launched some time ago. His is a good example, and will be hoped, be followed by all others in the same business who have at all the means. We may here contradict the statement published by a Western contemporary, that 'in Quebec there is not a single new vessel put, this winter, upon the stocks.' We are assured, on the contrary, that, hard as the 'times' are, the construction of, at least, fifteen vessels, will be proceeded with, and they will be ready for launching next spring.

A RETURNED MISSIONARY.—Mr. Hay, the Missionary who effected his escape from Delhi, delivered an address at Dr. Potts's Church New York, on Sunday week. The melancholy facts which he detailed have been made public in various ways; but he gave expression in his belief that the mass of public sympathy in India was against the rebellion. He also described the English rule in India as having been on the whole a just one, though a godless one, and asserted that the natives were anxious for its restoration.