the moment of your folly, and to be, as I hope, the prophylactic to save you from ruin and death."

"Ah, God help me! it is a dear medicine," groaned he. "I feel that I can never produce such a work again."

And he hung down his head as if the blackest cloud that covers hope had thrown over its dark shadow. I again observed silence, and he remained with his head on his breast for several minutes, without exhibiting a symptom of life beyond the deep sigh that rended his ribs.

"You must hang that picture upon the wall," said I. "It is the most valuable you ever painted. Look at it daily, and before the sun goes down, begin another on the same subject."

My words produced no effect upon him, and indeed I knew that he was in a condition that entirely excluded external aid to his revolving thoughts. He was in a pit of dejection, which lies on the far side of the elevation of factious excitement—a place of darkness where the scorpions of conscience sting to madness, and every thought that rises in the gloomy bewildered mind appears like a ghost that walks at midnight over upon graves and bones of the dead. To some these spectres have spoken in such a way as to rouse the dormant principles of energetic amendment, that lie beyond the reach of precept, or even that of conscience; but to the greater part of mankind this place of wailing and gnashing of teeth yields nothing but an agony that only tends to make them climb again the delusive mount from which they had fallen, though only again to be precipitated into the dreadful abode where, in the end, *they must die*. I knew that words have no effect upon my patient. I rose accordingly, and left him to the unmitigated horrors of his situation, in the expectation that he might be one of the few that derive from it good. I had no fear of his falling again, immediately into another fit: for the period of excess was only begun, and he was safe in the keeping of a rebelling stomach, whatever might be in that of a burning conscience.

He remained, as his housekeeper told me, in that state of depression for two days, often recurring to the monument of his folly, the destroyed Scriptura-piece; weeping over it, and ejaculating and professions of amendment, clenched by oaths in which the blessed name of God was made the guarantee of a strength of a resolution which the demon of his vice was standing with glaring eyes ready to overturn. I have no faith in outspoken resolves of wordy declamation; not sure of ourselves, we fortify our weak resolutions through the ear and the eye, by spoken and written adjurations, and promises of amendment. After the medicine of dejection had wrought its utmost effect, I wanted upon him. He was arrayed in melancholy and gloom; but the agony of the lowest pit was gone, and he stood on a dangerous middle place, between a temporary fulfilment of his resolution and a relapse. With a patient of this sort I never continue a system of argumentation and deportation.—I am satisfied it does injury; for it teaches the moral sore only to irritate it, and an argument surmounted, of sworn resolution vanquished, is a triumph and a pabulum to the spirit of the foe greater than years of domination. I told him, what he confessed frankly, that he stood for a day or two on the dangerous ground from which he had so often fallen, and requested him authoritively, as if I had assumed the reins of his judgment which he had thrown over the back of his bad angel, to begin instantly another painting, and try once more the American wood. Command sometimes, persuasion never succeeds with a drunkard. He set about stretching his canvass, and put on the first coat of the foundation of his picture. I told him I would call again in a week; but that, as it was no part of my profession to reclaim drunkards, I would discontinue my efforts in his behalf, if I found that, at the end of that time, he had swerved from his resolution. The sense of degradation in the mind of these lost votaries of intemperance, while it inclines the unhappy individuals often to resign themselves to the command (from which, however, they often break,) of those they respect, responds keenly to the admonitions of disregard and loss of esteem with which they are visited in consequence of their failings. He felt strongly the manner of my treatment, and I thought and observed even tears working for vent from his still blood shot eyes.

"You and all men, have a privilege to despise him who has not the approval of his own conscience," he said. "I could bear your persuasive reproof; but the thought that I have rendered myself unworthy of the trouble of one I esteem, to save me from the ruin I have madly prepared for myself, sends me to that deep pit of despair, from which I have even now struggled to get free. You saved me from death; and I was no sooner cured than I plunged headlong again into the gulf from which my disease was derived. I have made myself an ingrate and a beggar; spurned your advice and destroyed the work from which I expected honour and reward. I see myself as through a microscope, and you have diminished me still farther.—Heaven help me."

"You have powers within you sir," replied I, with affected sternness, "through the medium of which you might have surveyed yourself as through the telescope, and your size would not have been greater than that potential moral magnitude to which you might long ere now have arrived, and which is still within your own power. I exhort not—I leave you to yourself.—*In te omne resumbit.*"

"I know it, I know it," he cried with a swelling throat. "My ruin is my estranged lies within my own breast. For ten years I have resolved, and re-resolved; and it is only three days since I destroyed that picture, and rose with fiery eyes and burning heart to survey the consequences of my vice. O God, where is this to end. You saw what I suffered when extended on that bed, racked with pain; my brain on fire; my intellect overturned; my muscles twisted by spasms; my eyes and ears tortured by imaginary sights and sounds; with Consciences in the back-ground, waiting till Reason should bring to the avenging angel its victim. In that every mortal on earth might have found a lesson, but a drunkard. I found none. The very fire of my fever filled my soul with a thirst which precipitated me again deeper than ever in my old sin. I have got my senses again; and my blood shot eyes have survived, and shall survey, that sad monument of my vice and folly—that child of my dreams, with which my pregnant fancy travailed with a delightful pain, and to which my fond hopes of honour, wealth, and happiness were directed—now, alas! dead—killed by my rebellious hand.—From that dead body I have extracted a virtue which with the powers of the amulet, shall guard me more powerfully than the lesson of my bodily agony from further destruction. Believe me, sir. And me once again. If I fail this time, discard me for ever."

As he finished he hung his head over the chair and covered his face with his hands, to hide from me his agonized face. I told him that it was my intention to try what effect the destroyed picture would have upon him.

"You have made a fair beginning," said I.—"Persevere—keep to the new picture to morrow and to morrow. I shall call in a week."

"You shall find me at work and an altered man," he said; and a blush came over his face as he tried to speak some subject to me of a delicate nature.—"I—I have for some time thought," he continued, "that the way in which I live—a bachelor, with few domestic enjoyments—has a part of the blame of this horrid vice that has taken possession of my soul. Had I a wife, my ambitious would be fed, my mind relieved, my home made comfortable, and my affections for my profession keeping my mind in the delightful bondage of fancy, I might thus satisfy all the cravings of my feelings, and be independent of the liquid fire and the envenomed weed."

"You are a perfect *Excelsior*," replied I.—"Had I learned to you for a week from the monument of Galen, I could not have suggested a better medicine; but, mark you, I know not if you have properly described the manner of its operation. A wife will do all for you that you have described: But there is a greater virtue in her; and that is, that she ought to produce to you a salutary terror of making her unhappy. This is a part of love—and I know no greater conservative element of the pure passion. If you fall again into your old habits, you will render an innocent individual miserable; and what thoughts ought to strike you for the person so if it were *Amelia* with the locks of Medea or Circe."

"Oh, I feel it, I feel it," he replied; and an involuntary vow for the acquisition. Like Pygmalion, I fell in love with a form I sculptured last year.—Every line I chiseled was engraven on my heart, and I have dreamed of her ever since. She is an artist, and paints beautifully. Our sympathies are kindred; and though I never declared my passion, from a fear that my bad reputation for inebriety may have reached her, I have *looked* it, and have reason to think that I may succeed.

"Try," said I; "and I shall then have every hope of you."

I left him, and heard some time afterwards that he had married a very pretty young lady, the daughter of an old artist that lived in the same town. It was not, however, (as I understood,) till he had made a solemn promise and *oath* to the old gentleman who was possessed of some eccentricities, that he would renounce his habit of drinking, that the young female artist was yielded to him. I felt still the same interest in the man of genius, and called shortly after the *marriage*, to see how his *medicine* had wrought. I found him as happy as the day was long. His picture was going on even during the honeymoon, and seemed to reflect a part of the sweet luminary's glory. The young wife, who was really pretty, and imbued with a strong love of both the artist and his art, looked over his shoulder as he proceeded with his work.—I was delighted with the couple, and told him the moment he had finished the picture he was occupied with, I wished him to give me a portrait of the doctor. He promised and I left them in the confidence—at times interfered with by my experience of the malicious power of the demon—that he would never again have recourse to his old habit.

"To go to see a cousin" is, as all married people know, a very usual way of keeping up the flame of love in the breasts of the young worshippers of Hymen. Mrs. G—— went, accordingly, to see a friend who lived in the country. The artist was again left by himself, and promised to his loving wife, who left him with a kiss of true affection, that he would have the piece he was engaged on finished by the time she returned, when he was to commence with my portrait.

"Never fear Maria," he said as he embraced her "You have made me a new man. God bless you for it. I am happy now. Oh, that blessed thought so opportunely confirmed by Dr. ——! I shall paint him like an angel for it."

And, laughing through his tears, he again kissed her, and she left the house with the intention of returning in a week, with an affection increased and the satisfaction of seeing the picture imbued with all the glory of his high genius.

I was, in the mean time, and while these love matters were going on, engaged in the pursuit of my profession. I knew nothing of them, but wished them happy, and thought all was right. I was sitting after a day's labour, in my study. It was about eleven o'clock at night. I was startled by the artist's old housekeeper, who burst in upon me in great terror. Her eyes were absolutely starting from their sockets; and she stood before me with her mouth open, but without being able for a time to utter a syllable.

"What is the matter," said I.

"Come to my master, for heaven's sake!" she cried after many struggles of the throat. "He is vomiting fire."

"What can the woman mean?" said I, as I took up my hat, and hastened to the victim.

I soon found a sufficient explanation. The poor artist was lying on his back on the floor. There was a great number of empty bottles scattered per aversionem round him. A blue, flickering flame was burning in his mouth, which was as black as a piece of coal. His eye-balls were turned up, and convulsive movements shook his frame, was at no loss for the cause. A tobacco pipe and a candle were beside him. After he had filled his stomach with whisky for six days, and drunk no fewer than thirteen bottles, he had in endeavouring to light his pipe, set fire to the spirit that lay on his lips and in his mouth, the flame sought its way down the pharynx till it came to the full body of liquid in his stomach, and all was in a moment on fire. I need not dwell on the issue of this case. The poor artist was dead in an hour. Where was his resolution? This is no overcharged picture of the effects of drunkenness.

THE LATE ARCHDEACON OF NORFOLK.

The truly Venerable John Oldershaw, D. D., Archdeacon of Norfolk, who died on the 31st ult., in the 93rd year of his age, was beloved and revered by all who had the honour of his acquaintance. He was born on the 27th May, 1754, at Leicester, where his father long practised as an eminent surgeon. His family formerly possessed considerable property and influence at Loughborough, and resided in it many years, as their monuments in the church testify. He was educated at the Grammar School of Oakham, Rutlandshire, and at the usual age was entered at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1776, and obtained the distinguished honour of being the senior Wrangler of his year. His principal competitor for this honourable prize was the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield. About this time he became private tutor to Charles Manners Sutton, who was afterwards made Bishop of Norwich and Archbishop of Canterbury—a connection which laid the foundation of his future preferment in the county of Norfolk. Soon after his admission to his degree he was elected a Fellow of his college, and afterwards appointed public tutor of it, the duties of which office he continued to discharge for 15 years, with great credit to himself and benefit to his pupils, by whom he was much honoured and beloved. When Dr. C. M. Sutton was made Bishop of Norwich, in 1792, he appointed Mr. Oldershaw his examining chaplain. For this important office he was peculiarly well qualified by his acumen and sound judgment, his attachment to the doctrines and discipline of the Church, and his theological and classical acquirements. There are some yet remaining in the diocese who can recollect the judicious and searching mode of his examination and at the same time the kind and gentlemanly manner in which it was conducted. He had long been attached to Anne, daughter of Sir John Hynde Cotton, Bart., of Madingley, near Cambridge. He expected to succeed to the living of Loughborough, which was in the gift of his College, and to which he had a predilection on account of his family connection with it. He married, however, Miss Cotton a year before it became vacant, and took up his residence at Harpley, in Norfolk, as a curate. He was presented in 1797 by the Bishop of Norwich to the Archdeaconry of Norfolk, and soon after nominated to the rectory of Readenhall cum Harlestone. Mrs. Oldershaw died in 1829, after a happy union of many years of mutual attachment and esteem.—No one was ever more sincerely, strongly and conscientiously attached to the constitution of his country and its established religion, and that after the fullest and most careful investigation of their claims upon us, by a powerful and well informed mind; and whenever he conceived either to be in danger, he was ready, as a judicious magistrate, a zealous and dignified governor in the Church, a private clergyman in his parish, or an influential member of society, to stand forward fearlessly in its defence. There was such an undisguised openness, strict integrity, prompt and earnest decision, in whatever cause he felt it his duty to promote, accompanied at the same time with such urbanity and dignified and gentlemanly bearing in all he said and did, that even those who did not agree with him in opinion could not but admire and esteem him for his straightforward honesty and good intentions. In all measures proposed for the security, protection, or benefit of the Church, its friends, both among the clergy and laity of his archdeaconry, and, indeed, of the whole diocese, looked up to him as a judicious adviser, a zealous advocate, and able leader. He was ever ready to advance, both by his purse and his personal services, whatever he conceived would promote the cause of Christianity, or relieve the wants of the needy and distressed. He was also "given to hospitality," and delighted to see his friends happy around him; and he was able to contribute largely to their information and amusement by the fund of anecdote which he had collected in his intercourse with the leading intellectual characters of his day. Nothing more marked the amiability of his disposition than his fondness for the society of young people, and his willingness at all times to contribute to their innocent amusements; but his condescension never lessened his dignity in their estimation, nor diminished their respect for him. At all times he was with them the Venerable, venerated, and beloved Archdeacon; on all occasions he was the Christian gentleman. There are many remaining from whom the bare recollection of his courteous kindness and its beneficial influence on their own minds, will draw forth the tear of affectionate gratitude. Although he felt it to be his bounden duty to cultivate the great talents which had been intrusted to his care, yet, with the deepest humility, he looked for acceptance with the Great Giver of them only in the merits of a crucified Saviour. The last act of his life, whilst he remained in possession of his intellects showed the humility, benevolence, and piety of his soul. Finding that his hour was come, he summoned his whole household around his bed, desired them to put up to the Throne of Grace their united prayers, in which he devoutly and fervently joined. He then took a final and affectionate leave of them with a solemn blessing; ordered his curtains to be drawn close about his bed, evidently for the purpose of silent prayer and meditation; and thus like the pious men of old was he gathered to his fathers.—*Dorset Gazette.*

BILLERICAY, ESSEX.—Mr. Edward Dewhurst, the Independent Minister of this place, has renounced the principles of Dissent, and given in his adherence to the Church. He is shortly to be ordained, and is now preparing himself for the Ministry of the Church of England. Mr. Dewhurst is the son of the late Mr. Dewhurst, of Bury, formerly a leading minister among the Independents of that town.

Lord Hardinge, feeling for the "spiritual wants of a distant part of the parish of Pendhurst, in which he resides, has sent £1000 towards building and endowing a church or chapel there."

The following remarks from an article in a late number of Blackwood's Magazine, entitled the "Reign of George the Second," are well worth attention.

But a more serious impolicy was exhibited in the neglect of American claims to distinctions and offices. No cabinet seems ever to have thought of attaching the rising men of the colonies, by a fair and natural distribution of honours. Excepting a few trifling offices, scarcely more than menial, under the staff of the British Governors of communities in the provincial militia, the promotion of an American was scarcely ever heard of. The result was natural,—the English blood was soured in the American veins; the original spirit of the colonist became first sullen, and then hostile. It was natural, as the population grew more numerous; while individual ability found itself thwarted in its progress, and insulted by a preference of strangers to all the offices of the country. Let the feeling of the people should ponder upon change. Nothing could be more impolitic than this careless insult, and nothing more calamitous in its consequences. The intelligent lawyer, the enterprising merchant, the hardy soldier, and America had them all, grew bitter against the country of their ancestors.—It would scarcely be believed, that the Episcopal Church was almost wholly abandoned to weakness, poverty, and unpopularity, and even that no bishop was sent to superintend the exertions, or sustain the efficacy or cement the connexion of the Church in America, with the Church in England. The whole of the united provinces were, by the absurd fiction of a sinecure law, "in the diocese of London!" Of course, in the first collision the Church was swept away like chaff before the wind. An Episcopal church has since risen in its room; but it has no further connexion with its predecessor than some occasional civilities offered to it, tourists bishops on presenting their cards at Lambeth, or the rare appearance of sermons transmitted to our public libraries.

Another capital fault was committed in the administration of these great colonies; they had been peopled chiefly by emigrants of the humbler order. Leaving England chiefly in times of national disturbance they had carried with them the seeds of republicanism; but all men love public honours, and Englishmen love them as much as any others. Hereditary honours, too, are the most valuable of all, from their giving a certain rank to those of our regard, which every honest and high minded man values most, his children. To be the founder of a family is the most honourable, the most gratifying, and the most permanent reward of public talents. The Americans of our day affect to abhor a peerage; though no people on earth are more tenacious of the temporary title of office. Nothing could have been easier at this period, than the creation of an aristocracy in America; and nothing could have been wiser. The landed proprietors, and there were some of vast possessions; the leading men of commerce, and there were some of good wealth; and the principal lawyers, and there were men of eloquence and ability among them—would have termed the nucleus of an aristocracy purely English closely connected with the English throne as the fountain of honor, and not less strongly bound to English allegiance. An Episcopacy, of all ties the most powerful, required only a word for its creation. And in this manly, generous, and free-spirited connexion the colonies would have grown with the growth of England; have shunned all the bitter collisions of rival interests; and have escaped the actual wars which inflicted disasters on both.

In Canada we are still pursuing the same system, inevitably to be followed by the same fruits. We are suffering it to be filled with men of the lowest order of society; with the peasant, the small dealer, the fugitive and the pauper. Those men no sooner acquire personal independence than they aim at political. But who ever hears of a title of honour among even the ablest, the most gallant, or the most attached of the Canadian colonists? The French acted more rationally. Their Canadians have a noblesse, and that noblesse to this moment keep up its station, and keep up the interest of France in Canada. Our obvious policy would be, to conciliate the leading men by titles of honour, to conciliate the rising generation by giving them the offices of their country, and make it a principle of colonial government, that while the command of the forces, or the governorship should be supplied from home, every office below those ranks should be given to those brave and intelligent individuals of the colony who had best earned them. We should then hear of no functions, no revolts, and no republicanism in Canada.

DISASTROUS SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF 250 LIVES.—The Glasgow Herald of May 3rd gives the particulars, three seamen, the only survivors, having arrived at that port on the 1st may.—The vessel was the brig Exmouth, of Newcastle, 320 tons, Isaac Booth, master, bound from Londonderry to Quebec. Her crew consisted of about eleven men and she had on board as passengers about 240 emigrants, principally small farmers with their families. There were also a number of women and children, going out to join their male relatives who had already settled in Canada; and in the cabin were three young ladies, two of them sisters, going to their homes at St. John, New Brunswick. Among the passengers were only about 60 men.

A gale set in very soon after the brig lost sight of land, which was on Sunday afternoon, April 25th, and continued to increase in violence until Wednesday morning, when she struck on the Western coast of the island of Islay. The disaster probably would not have happened if the captain had stood to the Westward on Sunday night and Monday morning, when he would have ample sea room; but he had lost his topsails, which were blown away, and he hoped to make some harbor where he could repair damages.

On Tuesday night land and a light were seen which Captain Roach unhappily mistook for the island of Tuey, off the North West coast of Ireland, and hence supposed he had ample sea-room. But for this error he would then have attempted to change his course, and might have saved the vessel; as it was he kept on and was soon made conscious of his mistake by finding his vessel in broken water. He tried to clear off, but it was too late, and, as before mentioned, she struck on Wednesday night. After the first blow she was dashed broadside against the lofty rocks three times; at the fourth the mainmast went by the board, falling into a chasm of the rocks.

In the maintop, at this time, were the captain, who had stationed himself there, for a better look out, and three seamen; the captain's son, a lad of fifteen, was asleep below. When the mast fell into the chasm the three seamen, John Stevens, William Coulthart and George Lightfoot, succeeded in scrambling along until they gained a footing on the crags, the darkness being total. The captain spoke to them and was about to follow, when a mighty wave swept over the rocks, in its recoil hurled the fragments of the mast and the captain back into the sea and drove the brig to a greater distance from the shore, thus cutting off the only chance of escape for those on board. The three seamen contrived to maintain their position on the crags, though the wave dashed over them, and after a time succeeding in finding a crevice where they remained in tolerable safety until day light, when they gained the summit of the cliff and soon obtained relief at a farm house.

They heard the brig rapidly dashed and ground to pieces and all on board must have perished. At the date of the latest advices from the island about twenty bodies had come ashore, principally females; one was a little boy. All were terribly mangled by being dashed against the rocks. Other bodies were seen floating in the surf, but no boat dared approach them.—The captain has left a widow and family. They seamen were all unmarried, save one, George Ross.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, MAY 28, 1847.

☞ The *Chronicle* office is removed to the Brick building in Prince William Street of L. H. DE VEBER & SON, west side, where Blanks, Handbills, and Job Printing of all kinds will be executed at lowest prices.—Advertising in the Chronicle by the year, will also be done on reasonable terms.

Monday being the Queens' Birth Day, was kept as a holiday, at the public offices in this city, and various buildings were decorated with a display of British Flags. Yesterday, being the day appointed by the Ministry for celebrating this Royal event, a Royal salute was fired by the Artillery in Garrison, and a *fête de joie* by the 23d Regiment.

PASSENGERS.—There are at present eight vessels under quarantine, at Partridge Island, with about 2150 passengers. Their names are—Sir Charles Napier from Ireland, Aldebaran from do., Pallas do., Amazon from Liverpool, Inconstant from Ireland, Mars (Dunbar,) do., Thorny Close do., Dealey do. The former vessel, we learn, will be shortly discharged, the great body of her passengers being healthy. The seven latter have all a great deal of sickness, and many deaths occurred on board during their passages. The sick from all these vessels are being landed on the Island, where additional accomodations for their comfort are rapidly in progress.

FLOUR.—The Boston Times of Monday says that between twenty and twenty five thousand barrels of flour were brought last week into that market by the western railroad from Albany.

☞ The last *Royal Gazette* contains a proclamation by the Lieut. Governor, appointing Wednesday the 16th day of June next, to be observed as a public fast and humiliation throughout this Province, on account of the Irish famine. A form of Prayer has been prepared by the Bishop of Fredericton, to be used in all the Churches and Chapels in the Province on this occasion.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—John Ward, Esq., Hon. R. L. Hazen, John V. Thorne, H. Potter, John Owens, John M. Robinson, W. H. Scovil, Edward L. Jarvis, and Robert Jardine, Esquires, to be Commissioners for the Provincial Penitentiary.

John Gregory, Esq. to be secretary to the Provincial Board of Education, under the act of Assembly 10th Victoria, cap. 56.

George W. Cleary and James A. Phillips, Esqs. to be Justices of the Peace for the county Carleton.

Alexander Fraser, junior, Richard Hutchison, Donald M'Naughton, and Donald M'Donald, to be Justices of the Peace for the county Northumberland.

George Hayward, Esq., to be a Justice of the Common Pleas, and Enoch Lent, Chas. Clowes, Thomas Hatt, jr., Wm. Scouller, and Thomas H. Smith, Esquires, to be Justices of the Peace for the County of Sunbury.

Thomas Harrison, Esq. to be a Justice of the Peace for Queen's county.

John C. Price, Elias S. Wetmore, and John Hagerty, Esquires, to be Justices of the Peace for King's county.

Thomas E. Smith, Thomas Keillor, and Rufus Cole, Esquires, to be Justices of the Peace for the county of Westmorland.

Roderick M'Leod, Esq. to be a commissioner to solemnize marriage in the county of Northumberland.

John Smith, Peter M'Clelan, William Stone, and John Lewis, Esquires, to be commissioners to solemnize Marriage in the county of Albert.

John M'Leod, (of Tabusintack,) to be a coroner in the county of Northumberland.

John Crandall to be a coroner in the county of Westmorland.

James Brown, M.P.P. and James Macgregor, to be commissioners to report the best site for a bridge across the Nerepis river, in King's county.

James Brown, M. P. P., and John Jordan, M. P. P., to be Commissioners to report upon the practicability of improving and shortening the Road from Fredericton to St. John, by way of Hartt's Mills, through the Douglas Valley.

Hon. John Robertson, Beverley Robinson, Esq., and Dr. George P. Peters, to be Commissioners of Steam Boats, under the Act of last session, for the Port of St. John; and James Boyd, Edward Wilson, and Peter Smith, Esqrs., for the Port of St. Andrews.

Capt. Thomas Bear, R. N., Thomas Reid, and Thomas M. Smith, to be Commissioners to expend £200 granted last session for placing Buoys and Beacons at the entrance of the Harbour of St. John.

The hon. Thomas Wyer, and James Boyd, Wilford Fisher, and John Farmer, Esquires, to be commissioners for the Grand Manan Packet for the current year.

Dr. Wm. Wilson, and Dr. Robert Bayard, to be Commissioners to examine and report on the Lazaretto Establishment on Sheldrake Island, in the County of Northumberland, under the Address of the House of Assembly of last session relative thereto.

The hon. Thomas Baillie to be commissioner for the erection of a Tablet in Christ's Church, Fredericton, to the memory of the late Capt. Pipon.

Joseph Avard to be commissioner to expend £10 for the protection of the Grave Yard at Fort Monckton, Westmorland, in which a number of British Officers are interred.

George Morehouse to be commissioner to expend £25 granted for a Courser between Fredericton and Bear Island, via the Keswick Creek, at Esty's Bridge, in aid of individual subscription.

By His Excellency's Command.

JOHN S. SAUNDERS.—Secretary's office, 7th May.

INFORTUNE.—The following from the Boston Times of Monday last, exhibits the cruel manner in which emigrants are sometimes imposed upon. In this case we have, to be sure, only a small number, but all no doubt expecting to meet their friends in America, when perhaps from a lack of attention to their wants at shipping them, and on the passage, and by the action of the Boston authorities, they are driven from the land, to a port far away from that to which they had paid their passage. It is not expected that emigrants would know the requirements of a foreign port with regard to passengers, and therefore ship masters and agents should be prepared to carry their passengers through the necessary forms, or suffer the consequences of their neglect.

"DISTURBANCE IN HARBOR.—The British brig Mary, Captain Wyman, from Cork, arrived at this port 17th inst, with forty-six steerage passengers. The city authorities would not suffer them to be landed owing to their destitute condition, unless the master gave bonds that they should not become a burthen to the city. This he was unable or unwilling to do, and came to the conclusion that he must take them to Halifax, for which port he accordingly cleared on Saturday. The passengers were naturally much exasperated at the turn matters were taking, and when the pilot ordered the crew to weigh anchor, the passengers took possession of the handspikes and windlass, and assaulted Captain Wyman, who called to his assistance Captain Josiah Sturgis, of the revenue cutter Hamilton, who went on board with six men and attempted in his usually judicious and dispassionate manner, to restore order, and directed his men to man the windlass.

The passengers crowded forward, obstructing the operation in various ways, and while Captain S. stood upon the windlass encouraging his men, one of the passengers who appeared to take the lead got upon the windlass and collared the gallant captain attempting to remove him. But Captain Sturgis instantly threw him several feet from him, prostrate upon the deck, and made a signal for a reinforcement from the Hamilton, when another boat's crew armed with cutlasses, came on board. Capt. Sturgis ordered the women and children to go aft, and the men to fall back from the windlass, which they did. He then got the brig under weigh, and accompanied her some distance, leaving her with a fair and fresh breeze.

The resistance of the unfortunate passengers is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that they were not landed at the termination of the voyage, but forced to go in an entirely different direction from what they contemplated. Yet the laws must be enforced, however painful the duty may be the to officers. When the pilot left her outside the Light, towards dark, all appeared quiet on board."

We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following Address from the Wardens, Vestry, and Pewholders of St. Luke's Church, and others of his Congregation, to the Rev. WILLIAM HARRISON, on his return to the Parish of Portland, after an absence of a few months in the United States, for the benefit of his health.

We are happy to add that there was a perfect unanimity in the Parish with reference to the Address, but want of time prevented it from being handed to some of the Pewholders for signature.

PORTLAND, May 21, 1847.

Reverend and Dear Sir—

Upon your return, after an absence of some months from the Flock which under your Pastoral care have been fed and nourished by the Bread of Life; We, your Parishioners and others, deeply interested in your health and general welfare, and mindful of the blessings bestowed upon our Parish by Almighty God since the period of your first coming among us, and of your efforts of love and duty for the advancement of that cause to which you are dedicated, of which the rapid growth and healthy condition of our Church in this parish bear ample evidence, hasten as well to proclaim our heartfelt gratitude to Him who ordereth all things aright," for his mercies in restoring you with renewed health to your anxious friends, and for the benefit to be derived from your future exertions for their spiritual welfare,—as also to express that sincere and cordial satisfaction with which we hail your return among us.

It is, dear sir, with feelings of affection and self congratulation, only to be equalled by the deep regret which we felt on your departure on the melancholy errand which hurried you from us, that we now welcome you to the Vineyard which your labours have dressed, to the Church, which by your efforts, guided and assisted by the Spirit and power of God, hath been planted in this Parish.

Almighty God hath been pleased to restore you to us in comparatively good health. We praise His Holy Name for the blessing; and pray that it may please His Divine Majesty to permit you for years yet to come, to labour in "the cause which you have in hand."

And may the blessing of God attend you, our worthy Pastor, in your labours for our redemption,—in health may it keep you—in sickness may it strengthen you, and when trouble and the hour of death overtake you, may it prove your comforter.—Amen.

Jacob Allan, William Lawton, Samuel Shanks, Michael Fisher, James Briggs, John Hawe, James Flewelling, Wm. A. Reynolds, David Tapley, Richard Scoles, Francis Smith, John G. Tobin, Thomas Hilyard, Francis Ruddock,	WARDENS; VESTRYMEN;

S. L. Tilley, Vestry Clerk

Charles Simonds,	Gabriel Strang,
George Waterbury,	Wm. Kilpatrick,
Samuel Reynolds, Jr.	Wm. Moore,
John Cassidy,	Robert Moore,
George Travis,	Robert Boyle,
George Eagles,	Thomas Miles,
L. H. Hatt,	Robert Sweet,
Robert Wylie,	Geo E. Snider,
Robert Robertson, Jr.	T. L. Nicholson,
Thomas M'Mackin,	John M'Intosh,
Jeremiah Travis,	J. Henry Lyon,
Thomas Canard,	W. Henry Lyon,
C. E. Godard,	Edward J. Lyon,
Jacob Pigeon,	Walter H. Lyon,
Thomas Polly,	W. S. Harding,
John W. Morris, Jr.	W. H. Hathewly,
John Robertson,	John Leitch,
Samuel Reynolds,	John Drury,
Samuel Dalton,	Charles P. Betts,
Israel Merritt,	Wm. Olive,
Moses Akerley,	William Knight,
John Crawford,	E. T. Knight,
David Johnson,	Benjamin Miles,
John S. Brown,	John Connelley,
Hugh J. Travis,	George Stewart,
John Cannard,	John Armstrong,
James Clark,	James Burns,
James Crawford,	Robert Payne,
Charles Humphreys,	Edward Eagles,
Robert Leonard,	John F. Godard,
Joshua Bulyea,	Joseph Colter,
Wm. M Candless,	Thomas Ruddock,
Thomas Quaintance,	R. Cannard,
W. H. Hallett,	Richd. Simonds,
Andrew Ruddock,	W. D. W. Allan,
James Nevins,	John Hawe, Jr.
R. W. Crookshank, Jr.	James Briggs, Jr.
George H. Drury,	Wm. Briggs,
Chas. Sorell,	George Hawe,
John Morrison,	Andrew Ruddick,
George Dixon,	Wm. Atley,
Griffith Morrison,	

MR. HARRISON'S ANSWER.

My dear Friends—

Accept my best thanks for your very kind Address.

It affords me great comfort to know that months of absence have not in the smallest degree alienated your affections from me.

For nearly eleven years we have lived together in harmony, and from you I have received many, very many acts of kindness. During my wanderings in search of health in a Foreign Land, and while surrounded by kind christian friends, you have ever been uppermost in my thoughts, and your spiritual as well as temporal welfare were always the sincere desire of my heart.

As to the success with which my poor labours have been crowned since I became your Pastor, I can only say, that all that has been done, must be attributed to the precious assistance of Him without whose aid, our best concerted plans must prove futile.

As to my future course, that I must leave with him, "in whose hands are the issues of life and death."

Praying you once more for your kind address, and praying the Great Head of the Church to shower down upon you the riches of His grace,—believe me,

Your faithful friend and Pastor,

WM. HARRISON.

The Admiral.—The Boston Courier says:—A new and splendid steamer, built at New York, for Mr. Cunningham of the city, will be ready to take her place on the Eastern Route, between this city, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., about the first of June. She is said to be a perfect sea boat, in every respect, and we congratulate the people upon the prospect upon the introduction of so fine a steamer, in the place of one which has had her day.

OLD MR. EATON.—Mr. Eaton, nearly 80 years of age, completed on Saturday evening, at Vanshit, New York, the wonderful attempt to walk one thousand quarters of a mile in one thousand quarter hours—one quarter of a mile in each fifteen minutes.—Go it while *your old*, Mr. Eaton.

Ship Fever at Bellevue.—A highly respectable physician who paid a visit to this Institution on Wednesday, informs us that it contains at the present time 290 cases of ship fever, and that the appearance of matters there is melancholy in the extreme. The hospital is so crowded with the sick and dying, that their beds actually touch each other, and he tells us that there were some half dozen corpses lying in one of the rooms nicely covered with a sheet, which the keeper of the institution had not had time to take to Potter's Field. As the tide of immigration is daily increasing, and the hot weather approaching, there is danger, if immediate steps for prevention be not taken, that a regular plague may be the result.—*New York Express.*

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—The Arkansas Gazette announces that on the morning of the 6th instant, about forty miles below Little Rock, the steamboat New Hampshire, on her trip up from New Orleans, had stopped at a wood yard, and on shoving off, (it being about 4 o'clock, a.m.) her boilers burst, causing a complete wreck of the whole boat, and killing nearly all her officers. A great portion of one of the boilers was thrown a considerable distance upon shore. Luckily, the passengers were in their state rooms, else the loss of life must have been much greater. 15 lives are supposed to have been lost.

DISTRESS IN MADEIRA. We are indebted to Mr. Burden, an intelligent gentleman from Madeira, at present in this city, for some information relative to the famine which has vexed and is vexing that island. He says that for months past, the poor inhabitants of Madeira have been in as deplorable a condition as the suffering Irish.

The potato crop has failed for two years; and this calamity, followed by a deficiency in the supply of breadstuffs—in consequence of the rise in prices in this and other countries—has left the poor there without any of the most absolute necessaries of life to depend upon.

The mother country, Portugal, could not aid them, if it would. Immersed in all the evils of rebellion, and insurrectionary riots, the government of that country can hardly maintain itself; probably will be compelled to call in foreign assistance.

The government of that island has done all in its power for the needy and destitute; but all was necessarily little; for the government itself is poor.

The high prices of all kinds of breadstuffs in the island would justify the sending there of a few vessels loaded with grain, on speculation; and persons who cannot afford to make gratuitous contributions, might realize a handsome and by no means contemptible profit from the assistance thus rendered.—*New York Tribune.*

POSTAGE IN THE AMERICAN STEAMERS.—It is expected that the steamer Washington, the first of the Bremen line, will leave New-York on the first of June. The rates of postage by this line are stated to be as follows:—All letters papers and packages, are to be franked, excepting those destined for Bremen, or places served through the Bremen Post-office, with the exception of Hamburg. All letters and packages weighing less than a half ounce, from New-York will be charged 24 cents; above half above half an ounce, 48 cents, and 15 cents for every additional half ounce. Every newspaper or pamphlet will be charged three cents from New-York, in addition to the postage chargeable for its transmission from any part of the country to New-York. On newspapers this postage is exorbitant, and higher than is at present paid by the Liverpool and Boston route.—[*New York Evening Post.*]

Shocking and Fatal Accident.—The Utica Gazette of Saturday says—While the line boat Henry K. Smith of Buffalo, was in the way lock at this place, Mrs. Beard a passenger, was knocked overboard as she was passing along the sternof the boat, by a blow from the tiller which suddenly swung round from the water washing against the rudder. The water in the lock was down in a few moments, but unfortunately she had passed under the boat and was crushed to death by its weight resting upon her—The water had to be again let into the lock before her body could be extricated. We learn that Mrs. Beard was on her way from Albany to join her husband at Buffalo. She was about twenty-five years age, and had no children. Her friends reside in Massachusetts.

Com. Perry's Despatches to the Secretary of the Navy, respecting the capture of Tuspan, are given in the Union of Friday night. The particulars have already been published. The official account of the Commodore—his sketch of the arrangement of nearly all the Gulf squadron [illegible] burn and almost unhead of town upon the Mexican coast—is as inflated and bombastical as was the wording of his reprimand to Lieut. Hunter, for having had the presumption to be successful in a subaltern command. The Commodore states officially that the loss in this tremendous engagement was fourteen killed and wounded.—*Boston Courier.*

From the Boston Daily Mail, May 24.

THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.—The late intelligence from Mexico, through whatever channel received, induces a general belief that no substancial progress toward a satisfactory close of the war has been made by the defeats of the Mexican armies; that a guerrilla warfare is now to be prosecuted by them with all their energies, more wasting, more destructive and annoying even than the warfare of armies and fortified positions. This belief emphatically expressed by the letter writers in Mexico, and sanctioned by the Mexican Journals and official papers, is however repelled by the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, (published at New York,) mainly on the authority of a private letter from the city of Mexico, which the *Courrier* publishes, and of which we give the points in the following summary:

The letter is dated April 30 and the writer sets out with the averment that the defeat at Cerro Gordo has overwhelmed the partizans of war with stupefaction. They had believed Santa Anna's confident assurance that his position at Cerro Gordo could not be forced, and the practical proof of his error was astounding. Still they hoped that General Scott would pause at Jalapa and give the wrec