To-morrow all will be discovered, and I must escape. Such fear, such agony—oh, mother! what have I not endured? No punishment men can inflict will ever be half so heavy. I deserve it, though—all, and ten thousand times more.—But I never meant it should come to this, mother; believe me, I never did. I meant to pay it before now, and I thought I could. I have won some money, but not half—scarce a tithe of what I ought to have, so there is nothing left but flight and disgrace. You do not answer me, mother; I know I should break your heart, I knew—"

Mrs. Lane made a strong effort, and murmured brokenly, "To-morrow—to-morrow! Oh! my poor, ruined boy!"

"I know that after deeds cannot compensate, mother; but if a life of rectitude, if—" Robert paused suddenly, and started to his feet. "I know that step, mother!"

"Hush, my son, hush!" Mrs. Lane had time for no more before her husband entered the apartment. A cloud instantly overspread his countenance.

"*You* here, sirrah! What business brings you to the home you have deserted?"

"I came to see my mother, sir."

"Nay," interposed the lady, anticipating the storm that seemed gathering on her husband's brow, "let the fault be mine. He is my own child, and I *must see* him—a little while—you cannot refuse to leave me a little while with my own boy."

"It is the last time, then," said Mr. Lane, sternly.

"The last time!" echoed Robert, in a tone of mocking bitterness.

"The last time!" whispered the white lips of the mother, as though she had but that moment comprehended it; and as the door closed upon the retreating form of her husband, she slid to the floor lightly and unresistingly. Robert did not attempt to call for assistance; but he raised her head to his bosom, and covered her pale face with passionate tears.

"I have killed her! my poor, poor mother!" he sobbed. "That *I* should be such a wretch! *I!* her son!—with all her care and with all her love! Oh! if they had but given me a coffin for a cradle! A grave *then* would have been a blessed thing; but it is too late now—too late!"

Mrs. Lane was awakened by the warm tears raining upon her face; and starting up wildly, she entreated him to be gone. "Every moment is precious!" she exclaimed, gaspingly. "You may not make your escape if you do not go now. Oh, Robert! promise me—on your knees, before your mother, and in the sight of your God, promise, my poor boy, that you *will* forsake the ways of vice, that you *will* become an honourable and a useful man—promise this, Robert, and then go! Your mother, who has gloried, who has doted on you, entreats you to be gone from her forever!"

"I cannot go to-night mother. I waited to see you, and so lost the opportunity; but there is no danger. It is too late to take a boat now. I shall go to some of the landings above when I leave here, and in the morning go aboard the first boat that passes."

Again the mother required the promise of reformation; and it was given earnestly and solemnly. Then he again sat down on the ottoman at her feet; and, with one hand laid lovingly upon his head, and the other clasped in both of his, she spent an hour in soothing, counselling, and admonishing him. So deeply were both engaged, that neither the merry voice of Ella in the doorway, nor her step along the hall, reached them.

"Has my mother retired?" was her first inquiry.

"No, miss; she is in the back sitting-room," and before the girl could add that she was engaged with a stranger, Ella had bounded to the door, and flung it wide open.

"Robert! *you* here, Robert! If I had only known it, I should have been home long ago. So you are sorry you quarrelled with papa, and have come back to be a good boy, and go out with me when I want a nice beau, and all that! Well, it does look natural to see you here."

As the young girl spoke she cast hood and shawl upon the floor; and with one bared arm thrown carelessly over her brother's shoulder, she crouched at her mother's feet, looking into her eyes with an expression which seemed to say, "Now tell me all about it. You must have had strange doings this evening."

But neither Mrs. Lane nor Robert spoke. The boy only strained his sister convulsively to his heart; while the poor mother covered her own face with her hands to hide her tears, which, nevertheless, found their way between her jewelled fingers.

The eyes of the fair girl turned from one to another in amazement; then, pressing her lips to the cheek of her brother, she whispered,

"What is it, Robin? Has papa refused to let you come back? *I* will ask him; I will tell him you must come, and then you will, for he never refused me anything. Don't cry, mamma; I will go up stairs now, and have it settled. Papa cannot say no to me, of course, for I have on the very dress he selected himself, and he said I should be irresistible in it. I will remind him of that."

"Alas! my poor Ella!" sobbed Mrs. Lane, "this trouble is too great for us to settle. Our Robert has come home now for the last time—we part from him to-night forever."

"Forever!" and Ella's cheek turned as pale as the white glove she raised to push back the curls from her forehead.

"Yes, *forever*," answered Robert, calmly, "I will tell you all about it, Ella. You seem not to know that it was something worse than a quarrel which lost me my home. I had contracted debts—improperly, wickedly—and my father refused to pay them. I obtained the money for the purpose, and now, Ella, I must escape or—or—"

"How did you get the money, Robert?"

The boy answered in a whisper.

"*You!*" exclaimed Ella, springing to her feet and speaking almost scornfully; "*you*, Robert Lane! my brother! Is it so mamma? is my brother a villian, a forger, is he—"

"Hush, Ella, hush!" interrupted Mrs. Lane. "It is for those who have hard hearts to condemn—not for thee, my daughter. There will be insults enough heaped upon his poor head to-morrow—let him at least have love and pity here."

"Pity! Whom did he pity or love when he deliberately——"

"Ella! Ella!" again interposed Mrs. Lane, almost sternly.

"Nay, mother," said the boy, in a tone of touching mournfulness, "do not blame poor Ella. She does right to despise me. I have outraged her feelings and disgraced her name. She deserves pity, and she will need it, when people point at her and say what her brother is. *I* have forfeited all claim to that. Oh, mother! why did you not let me die in that last sickness? it would have saved a world of woe."

Ella stood for a moment, her head erect, and her lip white and tremulous, while tears came crowding to her eyes, and her face worked with emotion; and next she threw herself into the arms of her brother. "Forgive me, Robin! my own dear, darling brother, I *do* pity you! I *do* love you, and will forever! But, oh! it is a horrible thing to be a forger's sister! I cannot forget that, Robert, and I must say it, if it break your heart to hear me, it is horrible! horrible!"

"It is horrible, Ella; I never thought to bring it upon you, but—"

"Why are you here, Robert? Will they not find you, and drag you—oh, mamma! where shall we hide him?—what *can* we do?"

It was several minutes before Ella could be made to comprehend the absence of immediate danger; and then she insisted on hearing all the particulars of the crime, even though poor Robert appeared to be on the rack while giving them.—She loved her brother dearly, and was distressed for him; but she thought too of herself, and the disgrace of her family; here was not a mother's meek, affectionate heart—a mother's all enduring, self-sacrificing nature. At last she started up eagerly. "The disgrace may be avoided; papa will of course shield his own name; I will go to him directly."

"But the sin, my child—the conscious degradation?" inquired Mrs. Lane, with reproof in her mild eye. "What will you do with that, Ella?"

"Poor Robert!" whispered the girl, again folding her white arms about him; "he is sorry for what he has done; and our kind heavenly Father is more ready to forgive him than we. You will never do such a wicked thing again, dear Robin, will you?"

Robin answered only by convulsive sobs, and Ella, too, sobbed for a few moments in company; then, suddenly breaking away from him, she hurried up the stairs. Along the hall she went, as fast as her trembling feet could carry her, and past the room in which she had been so happy while willing hands decorated her pretty person; but when she reached her father's door she paused in dread. She could hear his heavy, monotonous tramp as he walked up and down the room; and, remembring his almost repulsive sternness, she dreaded meeting him. "If I had only known it before," thought Ella, "all might have been avoided; but now it is almost too much to ask." A fresh burst of tears had no tendency to calm her; and she could scarce support her trembling frame, when, repeating to herself "he *must* be saved," she gathered courage to open the door. The old man stopped in his promenade, and fixed his troubled eye sternly on the intruder, while Ella rushed forward, and, twining her arms about him, buried her face in his bosom. "Oh, I am so wretched!" she exclaimed, all her courage forsaking her on the instant; and then she sobbed, as Mr. Lane had never supposed *his* daughter could. But he did not attempt to quiet her; he only drew her closer to him, as though he would thus have shielded her from the wretchedness that was bursting her young heart. At last Ella broke forth, "Come down and see Robert, papa; come and save him. They will drag him away to prison for forgery, and you will be the father of a condemned criminal, and I his sister. Oh! do not let him go away from us so, papa—come down and see him, and you *will* pity him—you cannot help it."

"Forgery, Ella! he has not—"

"*He has!* and you must save him, papa, for your own sake—for all our sakes."

"Do you *know* this Ella? It is not true—it is a miserable subterfuge to wheedle money from his mother—money to squander among the vile wretches he has preferred to us. No, send him back to his dissolute——"

"Is that the way to make him better, papa?" inquired Ella, raising her head and fixing her sparkling eye upon him resolutely. "You sent him back to them before; you shut him away from yourself and from mamma; you closed the door upon my only brother—there was none to say 'take care, Robin,' none to give him a smile but those who were leading him to ruin; and no wonder that they have made him what he is. Be careful, papa. Robert has committed a crime, a dreadful crime; but it was when *you*, who *should* have prevented it, had shut your heart against him, when we, who *might* have prevented it, were obliged to go abroad to see him, and then could give him no more than a few stolen words. It was not just to keep me in ignorance so long, for he is my own brother, and only one little year older than I. But I know all about it now, and if Robert is put in prison, I had almost as lief be in his place as yours."

"Ella! Ella!"

"I should, papa. I know that one like you cannot do wrong without feeling remorse; and when you reflect that poor Robert might have been saved, if you had only had more patience with him, you will never sleep peacefully again."

"Ella, my child," said the old man, cowering in spite of himself, "what has come over you? Who has set you up to talk in this way to your father? I suppose I am to be answerable for this impertinence, too."

"Oh, papa! you know this is not impertinence. I have a right to say it for the love I bear my only brother; you know that my own heart is all which set me up to it, and your heart, dear papa, is saying the same thing. You *must* forgive Robert, and you *must* save him and us the disgrace of an exposure."

"I will avert the disgrace while I have the power, Ella, but that will not be long, if he goes on at this rate. Do you know the amount of money he asks?"

"He asks none—I ask for him the sum that you refused before."

"Ah! he has gained the victory, then. Well, tell him to enjoy his villainous triumph. Give him that, and say to him, that if he has any decency left he will drop a name which has never been stained but by him, and leave us to the little peace we may glean, after he has trampled our best feelings under foot."

"Thank you, papa; and may I not tell him you forgive him?"

"No!"

"That you pity him?"

"No!"

"May I not say that when he is reformed he may come back to us and be received with open arms and hearts?"

"Say nothing but what I bid you and go!"

Ella turned away with a sigh. She had scarcely closed the door when a deep, heavy groan burst upon her ear, and she paused. Another and another followed, so heart-rending, so agonised, that she grew faint with fear. For a moment her hand trembled upon the latch; and then she raised it, and, gliding up to her father, folded her arms about him, and pressed her lips to his.

"Forgive me, dear papa—forgive your own Ella her first unkind words. I was thinking only of poor Robert, and did not well know what I said. I am sorry—very sorry—cannot you forgive me, papa?"

"Yes, child, yes. Good night, darling!—there go!"

"And Robert?"

No answer.

"You will feel better if you see him, papa."

"Go! go!"

Again Ella turned from the door and hurried down the stairs. Still the boy sat with his face in his mother's lap, and his arms twined about her waist. Both started at the sight of her slight figure, dressed, as it was, for a different scene from this. The pale, anxious face, looking out from the rich masses of curls, now disarranged and half drawn back behind her ear, appeared as though long years had passed over it in that one half hour. Poor Ella! it was a fearful ordeal for glad, buoyant seventeen.

"There is the money, Robert," she said, flinging the purse upon the table, "and now you must go back with me and say to our father that you are sorry you have made him so miserable."

"He will turn me from the door, Ella."

"And do you not deserve it?"

"Ella!" interposed the tender mother.

"I do—that and more. But perhaps he will think I come to mock him."

"Your manner and words will tell him for what you come. You have very nearly killed our poor father, Robert. I have seen his grey hairs to-night almost as low as the grave will lay them. I have seen him in such agony as none of us are capable of enduring. You ought to go to him, Robert—go on your knees, and, whatever he says to you, you have no right to complain."

"Ella, child! Ella!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, "You have too much of your father's spirit—that is, too much for a woman. Beware how you 'break the bruised reed.'"

"Ella is right, mother," said the boy, rising. "I will go to him—I will tell him how wretched I have made myself; how I wish I could take the whole load of wretchedness and relieve those I love. I will promise him to look out some humble corner of the earth and hide myself in it, away from his sight forever. Perhaps he will bid me earn his confidence by years of rectitude—*perhaps* he will, but if he does not, Ella is right—whatever he says to me, if he curse me, I shall have no right to complain."

"But *I* will complain, Robin," exclaimed the girl, with a fresh burst of tears; "and wherever you go, I will go with you. Poor, dear papa! But he shall not seperate us—we, who have sat upon his knee at the same time—his own darling children! I will never stay here while you are without a home, Robin."

The excited girl clasped both hands over her brother's arm, and led the way up stairs; while the trembling mother followed, praying in her heart that the interview might terminate more favourably than her fears promised. When they entered Mr. Lane's room, the old man sat in his armed chair, leaning over a table, and resting his forehead upon his clasped hands. Books were scattered around, but they had evidently not been used that evening; there was a glass of water standing beside him, and his neckcloth was loosened as though from faintness. Had his hair become greyer, and his vigorous frame bended within a few days? It certainly seemed so; and the heart of the erring boy was stricken at the sight. The sorrow that he had brought upon his mother and sister had been duly weighed; but his stern father had never been reckoned among the sufferers. A loud, convulsive sob burst from his bosom, and he threw himself, without a word, at the old man's feet. The mother drew near and joined her son, meanwhile, raising her pale face pleadingly to her husband's; and Ella, first kissing her father's hand, and bathing it with a shower of warm tears, placed it on Robert's head.

"You forgive him, papa—you forgive poor Robin? He shall never act wickedly again; and he is your only son."

The old man strove to speak, but the words died in his throat; again he made a strong effort, but emotion overmastered him; and, sliding from his chair into the midst of the group, he extended his arms, enclosing all of them, and bowing his head to the shoulder of his son, wept aloud. "Stay with us, Robert," he at last said; "we can none of us live without you. Stay, and make yourself worthy of the love that forgives so much!"

Men never knew by what a very hair had once hung Robert Lane's welfare—that a mere breath alone stood between him and ignominy. Years after, when he was an honoured and respected citizen, adorning his brilliant talents by virtues as rare as they were ennobling, no one knew why he should turn ever to the erring with encouraging words. The key-stone of his generous forbearance was buried in the hearts of three, and they all loved him. It was buried; but yet a white-haired old man, who watched his course with an eagle-eye, and followed his footsteps doubingly, receiving always the most refined and deferential attention, might often have been heard muttering to himself, with proud and wondering affection, "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

Communication.

(FOR THE CHRONICLE.)

MESSRS EDITORS,—

Attempts are being made by some of our wise Radicals, to fasten the same *motives* upon those who have recently manifested so much strong dissatisfaction in Montreal, for their recent acts, as were justly attributed to the *French* party a few years since, when they murdered Lieutenant Wier fired the property of loyal men, and committed many other diabolical outrages, which history records to their eternal infamy and disgrace. These *Frenchmen* were desirous that *British* rule should terminate, that the power and influence of *Protestantism* should be annihilated, and that Gallic dominion and Popish superstition should be established in the ascendency. Now gentlemen, in a Colony of Great Britain, the brightest pages of whose history are those which record our glorious reformation, and the most gloomy and degrading details of which, embrace that period when James the second, stimulated by Jesuits and the ungodly promptings of a vile superstition, earnestly sought to re-establish Popish idolatry in the land of our forefathers,—I say, that in such a Colony, so long as the *stamina of the country are of the right sort* no class of rebels can ever receive one farthing from the public coffers, as a bonus for treason, or *permanently* retain official reward for the commission of cowardly murders, arson, or other hellish enormities.

The monster James was in the zenith of his villany when the brutal Jefferies shed much innocent blood, and inflicted his diabolical cruelties with daring impunity, but the Saxon spirit of our sturdy ancestors was at length aroused, and from the landing of William Prince of Orange upon the shores of England, may be dated the firm establishment of Protestantism and all its attendant blessings in the "sea girt isle," and the downfall of the *lady* of Babylon in that country, where she had hitherto practised her degrading orgies, marked by violence, and to this day illuminated by the fires which destroyed the bodies, but did not subdue the spirits, or the perpetual truths of her glorious martyrs.

To put down a rebellion in the Canadas, the Imperial Government expended nearly one million of pounds sterling. The best men in the Provinces boldly hazarded their lives, and by the energy and determination of a few (comparatively) loyal and devoted subjects, Johnny Crapeau was effectually placed under foot, and peace and good order were restored to the country. The most that could be expected by *reasonable* rebels under such circumstances would be forgiveness—forgetfulness not being an act of volition—of course, neither office, place, reward or public employment of any kind, could be fairly anticipated by the unnatural traitors, for the remainder of their lives.

The Lafontaine ministry however, have striven to reward treason, with money, which is to be extracted from the pockets of loyal men. Eleven years have barely elapsed since good subjects were enrolled under the auspices of their government, to be shot at by organized rebels, and now forsooth, according to the political doctrine of Lafontaine, these good subjects are to be compelled to defray the cost of all the war-like stores, inclusive of powder and ball, which were so industriously collected together for their especial destruction.

I have recently seen an official announcement from Canada, stating the fact that 68,000 men are sworn and enrolled, and whose political principles must be abandoned and their religious convictions for ever annihilated, before rebellion can receive any other reward than the rope. When these principles are held in light esteem, and these solid convictions based on faith and practice, and consecrated by the blood of martyrs, become of small repute, the treason, arson, and vile sedition of Canada, will merit a pecuniary reward—BUT NOT UNTIL THEN.

Notwithstanding the indignities to which the truly *British* of Canada have been recently subjected by wicked legislation, and the ungrateful requitals it has been their lot to encounter, yet, with characteristic integrity, that party is still true to its country, and in spite of oppression it clings with a loyal tenacity to the good faith and unity of the empire. The following paragraph concludes the circular of the British American League recently addressed to the inhabitants of Canada:—

"We devoutly hope that no measure of injustice may ever be inflicted; no power may ever be abused to the extent of provoking reflecting men to the contemplation of an alliance with a foreign power; and if there be, as some have said, a time when all colonies must, in the course of human events, throw off their dependance on the Parent State, and if in our generation that time should be destined to arrive, we predict that, if true to ourselves, it will not come until no British hands remain able to hoist the flag of England on the rock of Quebec, and no British voices survive, able to shout, "God save the Queen."

When did the rebels of Canada ever give utterance to such noble principles!

But Messrs. Editors, the present discontent which prevails in Canada, is still strengthened and rendered more prevalent among the loyal party, by another cause, which it would be folly upon either side, to endeavour to conceal. The following striking paragraph from Macaulay's History of England, will exhibit this cause in its true light, whilst the contemplation of the remarkable facts which it so plainly sets forth, will furnish some extenuation at all events, for the bold and decided opposition, which a rebel-paying dominant party, have now to encounter. I have *italicised* one sentence in the extract, which in some measure, accounts for the origin of the British American league, and the prominent position of its worthy and respected President, the Honorable George Moffatt.

"From the time when the barbarians overran the Western Empire to the time of the revival of letters, the influence of the Church of Rome had been generally favourable to science, to civilisation, and to good government. But during the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual stupor, while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgement as to the tendency of Papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation, the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality, in Switzerland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton, in Ireland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilisation. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. *The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent around them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise.* The French have doubtless shown an intelligence which, even, when misdirected, have justly entitled them to be called a great people.—But this apparent exception, when examined, will be found to confirm the rule: for in no country that is called Roman Catholic has the Roman Catholic Church, during several generations, possessed so little authority as in France."

KIRWAN.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, MAY 4, 1849.

CANADA.

☞ Since our last publication, intelligence of the most exciting character has been received from our sister Province of Canada. The loyal population of that portion of Her Majesty's dominions have been driven, by the acts of the Governor General, to a forcible assertion of their rights as British subjects, and to violence in resisting the iniquitous measure for remunerating the rebels of 1837 and '38 for losses sustained by them when in arms against the Queen's Government.—That the Governor General should have thought it necessary to assume the position he has, is much to be regretted. A very large portion of the people of Canada, are British born,—men whose bosoms always have, and still do, burn with love for their native land, its laws and institutions.—Yet it must be remembered that those men perfectly understand and appreciate the privileges as Britons to which they have always looked as their birth-right. Lord Elgin is a Whig, and a protege of that twisting and inefficient Government, and taking as an abstract principle that *expediency* is superior to *justice*, has been induced to take a step which must either at no distant date cause the dissevernment of this portion of the Empire, or the Whigs must cease to be any longer Her Majesty's advisers. The party now hostile to the present administration, are staunchly loyal to the Crown and Constitution of Great Britain, but feel they would be compromising their dignity as subjects and Englishmen, by sanctioning the innovations on their chartered rights that Lord Elgin has thought proper to propound.

In this Province there appears to prevail but one sentiment on this question, viz. a decided disapproval of the conduct of the Governor General, and a hearty response to the British pluck which has proved to the world, that though transatlantic it is still the same in essence.—"*Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*"

We publish the proceedings as they occurred, commencing with the following from the *Montreal Transcript* of the 26th ult. The remaining intelligence was received here daily by the electric telegraph:—

"Yesterday afternoon, at about half-past 5 o'clock, the Royal Sanction was given to the Rebellion Bill. No previous notice had been made, and the public was taken entirely by surprise. Some slight suspicion was excited at the last moment, and when His Excellency entered the Chamber of the Legislative Council at twenty minutes after five, a good many spectators had assembled. The part set aside for ladies, was, however quite empty. There was a large number of bills to be assented to, and some seven or eight had been gone through before the Rebellion Bill was come to. The title was read by the Clerk in the same monotonous tone as he had read the others in, and then the assent was given in the usual form, without anything, except a slight movement among the spectators, to indicate that anything extraordinary or out of the usual way had taken place. The news, however, spread like wild fire.

A number of persons rushed from the House, and carried the intelligence through the City, and in a very short space of time a considerable crowd had assembled in front of the building, where the excitement soon became intense. On His Excellency coming out, he was received with a shout of groans, and a few cheers, and as his carriage drove away, a number of eggs, and some pieces of snow, were thrown at it. We are told that one of the former struck Lord Elgin on the breast; but the driver whipped on the horses, and the vehicle was soon out of the way of harm.

And so has been completed this most iniquitous measure, which has filled, and will continue to fill the country with shame and indignation.

We may observe that the manner in which the Bill was thus attempted to be smuggled into full existence, is of a piece with the whole of the proceedings from the beginning.

BURNING OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

At night the Parliament House was set on fire by the populace, and it, with all the valuable Library and Public Records were burnt to the ground Many other houses in the vicinity were destroyed at the same time.

BY TELEGRAPH.

MONTREAL, Friday, April 27.

Several members of the ministry were severely beaten last night about 9 o'clock. The infuriated populace pelted the Governor General with rotten eggs.

The mob, numbering several thousands, proceeded to the residences of Messrs. Hincks and Holmes, and destroyed all the doors and windows.

The cry was then raised to proceed to Mr. Lafontaine's. Upon arriving at his house, (in which his family, however, was not residing,) the multitude set fire to the out-buildings, and destroyed and gutted the house. After this work had been accomplished, the mob retired, and met the military proceeding to the scene. Three cheers were immediately given to the troops, and both parties passed on.

There was a great meeting to-day in the *Champ de Mars*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at which resolutions were passed, praying the Home Government to recall Lord Elgin. The speakers recommended the people to refrain from violence, and the meeting dispersed without further outbreak.

The Parliament met to day at the Bonsecours, Market House, but only to adjourn. No business was transacted.

His Excellency Sir Benjamin D'Urban, commander of the forces, arrived in town this morning. It is rumoured that martial law is to be proclaimed.

MONTREAL, Saturday, April 28.

There was continued excitement during last night, because the Government had armed 500 French constables. There were threats of attack, but they were not fulfilled. This morning the streets are quiet, and Government has disarmed the French constables. 200 men of the 71st regiment have come into town, and are quartered in the Bonsecours Market, in the hall used for the Legislative Council, who are at one end. Parliament has passed a resolution to aid in preserving peace. Cannon still remain in the streets, but there is every reason to suppose that the row is over for the present, as political prisoners are bailed and addressed a meeting last night. Two men have been shot in a street row, but not dangerously wounded.

Howard, Mack, Ferres, editor of the *Gazette*, and Montgomery, partner of Edmonstone, Allan & Co., are in gaol.—[Private Despatch to Quebec Chronicle.

Further Particulars by Telegraph!

Collision between the Troops and the Mob!—The Governor General forced to retire from the City!—Alarming State of the Country!—Despatches from Montreal to the 30th ult. announce that John Young is appointed Chief Magistrate.

The Governor General arrived at Montreal at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th. His carriage was escorted by a troop of the Provincial Cavalry. The people, nevertheless, hissed and cursed him as he passed, and pelted his chariot.

The Governor General was expected to go to the Parliament House, at 6 o'clock in the evening, when riots were anticipated. Members of Parliament, on their way to Parliament with an address to the Governor, were literally covered with dirt and rotten eggs, by the mob, during their passage through St. Paul's street.

The Riot Act was read, and the troops charged on the mob. No lives were lost. The Governor General was obliged to leave town by way of the suburbs, to avoid the mob.

Intelligence from Hastings, Frontenac, and Glengarry, announce that the people are all armed, and are only waiting orders to march on the metropolis.

His Excellency has been burned in Effigy at Quebec.

Major Houghes arrived from Kingston, and had waited on Sir Benjamin D'Urban to represent the dreadful state of that section of the country, and to urge the necessity of doing something immediately to prevent the inhabitants from marching on Montreal. The St. Andrew's Society and the Thistle Club have both expelled Lord Elgin.

The Governor promises that the French shall be disarmed. The state prisoners have been liberated.

LATER FROM MONTREAL.

BOSTON, MAY 2—8 P. M.

A despatch from Montreal says, the report that a Deputation was coming from Quebec to present an address to the Governor had created a great excitement in that city. A mob of 6 or 7000 persons assembled to prevent the landing of the deputation. The deputation succeeded in landing at the Cross, about three miles below Montreal.

It is understood that Mr. Boulton intends to move in the Assembly to-night for a dissolution of the Union.

Large Assemblies have been held at Toronto and Kingston, and numerous petitions have been signed to the Queen for the removal of Lord Elgin.

In the evening things looked more quiet and peaceable.

The steamship EUROPA sailed from New York at noon to-day for Halifax and Liverpool, with 155 passengers, among whom were some Chiefs of the Ojibewa tribe of Indians. Every berth was occupied, and the Mails are very large.

FROM ST. DOMINGO.

Advices from this Island to the 13th April, states that Soloaqui was within six miles of the city, with 20,000 troops. He had taken all the towns on his route, and was expected to attack the city in a day or two. The inhabitants had taken every means to leave the city. A large quantity of money and valuable property had been placed in the houses of the British and American Consuls. It is supposed that ere this the City has been attacked. The vessel which brought these accounts had much difficulty in getting a clearance and provisions for the voyage.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

MAY 2d, 2 P. M.—The Flour business is moderate and in favour of buyers. Sales of 1500 barrels Western and common state at $4 62½ a $5 06¼. Sales 600 bushels prime yellow Corn at 62c. Sales Prime white Wheat at 125c. Sales 100 brls. Pork $10 2d a 37½ for Mess, and $8 25 a 37½ for Prime. Sales 100 hrls. Lard at 6 cents.

At the Annual Meeting of the Members of the SAINT JOHN SAVINGS' BANK holden on Tuesday, the 24th April, the following gentlemen were chosen Trustees of that Institution for the ensuing year:—

The Hon. Ward Chipman,	John Wishart,
The Hon. Hugh Johnston,	W. J. Ritchie,
John Ward,	Thomas Merritt,
Robert F. Hazen,	C. C. Stewart,
Robert W. Crookshank,	L. H. DeVeber,
F. A. Wiggins,	John Duncan,
James Kirk,	

And the Trustees have since re-appointed the Hon. WARD CHIPMAN, President of the Institution.

Statement of the affairs of the St. John Savings' Bank on the 31st December, 1848.

LIABILITIES.

Due to 980 Depositors,		£33,793 16 6
Excess of Interest,		1,667 0 10
		£35,460 17 4

ASSETS.

Invested in Provincial Securities,	£29,991 12 8	
Do in other Public Securities,	4,350 0 0	
Interest due on Investments,	839 17 8	
Cash, - -	279 7 0	
		35,460 17 4
Deposited in 1848,		£9,015 1 1
Withdrawn in do.		13,709 0 8

D. JORDAN, *Cashier.*

DRAFTS FOR BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. For *Canada*, 19th Regt. 2 officers and 82 men; 20th Regt. 1 officer and 122 men; Second Batt. 93d Pioneers 1 officer 51 men; Second Batt. 71st Highlanders 1 officer and 61 men; 79th Highlanders 2 officers and 52 men; Second Batt. Rifle Brigade 2 officers 143 men.

For New Brunswick.—First Batt. 1st Royals 2 officers and 73 men.

For Nova Scotia.—38th Regiment 2 officers and 82 men.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—The Annual General meeting of the Stockholders in this Institution, for the choice of Directors, took place on Tuesday, when the following gentlemen were chosen:—

Mark Dole,	D. J. McLaughlin,
John Duncan,	Wm. Parks,
S. Gerow,	Robert Robertson,
Robert L. Hazen,	Edward Sears,
Wm. Jack,	Chas. Ward,
Geo. L. Lovett,	John Wishart,
Chas. Merritt.	

At a meeting of Directors on Wednesday, Mr. D. J. McLaughlin was elected President, for the next year.

The brig Magog, which arrived last evening from Ayr, has on board nineteen passengers, among them Mr. Gray and family, who intend settling on the fine farm above Fredericton, late the property of Col. Allen. Mr. Gray brings with him some very superior stock and farming implements. As an enterprising and most intelligent Ayrshire farmer, we bid *Mr. Gray* a hearty welcome to New-Brunswick.—*New Brunswicker.*

A VALIANT SOLDIER.—The Regimental Colour of the gallant 24th Regiment, was at first supposed to have been captured by the Sikhs at Chillianwallah, but it had been subsequently found on the battle-field, wound around the body of a devoted private of that corps, who, after the officer that bore it had been slain, tore the drapery from the staff and thus secured for himself a shroud worthy of the greatest hero that ever died in the arms of victory.

ROMANTIC.—At the battle of Chillianwallah, a standard was captured which proves to be the identical one taken from the Mahrattas, at Maharajpoor, by the 56th Native Infantry, and subsequently borne by that Regiment in addition to their own colours. During the terrific conflict of the 13th January it fell into the hands of the Sikhs, and was retaken by the grenadiers of the 70th Bengal N. I. in a splendid charge in which nine guns were taken and others recovered. The standard which is of yellow silk with a red cross was returned by the 70th to their gallant brethren in arms.

Loss of a whole Family by a Flood.—The Keobuk (Iowa) papers contain accounts of the loss of a whole family by the breaking up of the ice in the Des Moines river, which formed a gorge, and cause the water to back up a great destance and overflow farms and houses. Two families, named Frederick and Cross, finding themselves suddenly surrounded by water, attempted to make their escape in a canoe to the highlands, but as the canoe was too small, it was determined that Frederick and his family should go on first, while Cross, his wife, and two children—one four and the other one and a half years old—remained on a log. It was then about eight o'clock in the evening, and the weather was intensely cold.—Frederick and family reached the shore nearly frozen.

A man named Colvin then took the canoe and went to the relief of Cross and family. He found them suffering intensely from wet and cold. After taking them into the canoe he set out for shore.—The canoe upset and Colvin then took the children and by holding on to the branches with the feet in the water all kept afloat. Although the shore was within hailing people, all efforts to save them proved unavailing.—Cross and wife after remaining an hour and a half in this situation, sunk.—The children froze to death in Colvin's arms. He held however on to the bodies until two o'clock, when, fearing that he would perish, he dropped them. He was relieved at 6 o'clock by a float constructed of two cabin doors.

QUEEN'S COUNTY BYE ROADS.

£10 from Gagetown road through the Carney settlement; 15 from Duck Creek to Charles Currie's Grist Mills; 15 Ostenbog Bridge towards Gagetown; 12 10 from the Ostenbog road to the Nerepis road, called the Gamel Road; 10 from McAllister's to the forks of the road near John Gaunce's; 2 to enable Robert Dingey to pay for the repairing the Bridge between M'Alister's House and Vail's Ferry; 8 to enable Gilbert Williams to pay Samuel Mays for building a Bridge over the Ostenbog Stream; 8 from Luke Appleby's, on the Gagetown road, to Robert Kidney's, on the Ostenbog; 6 11 to pay Jonathan Watson the balance due him for labour done on the road leading from the Wharf below Gagetown to the main road; 2 10 to Thomas M'Alister for labour performed by him on the Wharf below Gagetown in 1837; 10 for the road leading from the main road to Cornelius M'Lauchlan's, east side of Grand Lake; 8 for the Foster settlement road, between Lots Nos. 3 and 6, from Richard Stephens to the Great Road; 8 from Wiggins' Carding Mill to the Den road; 12 10 from Patrick Renald's to Patridge Valley, and to Washademoak Lake; 4 12 to renumerate John Wiggins for labour done by him on the road from Wiggins' Mill to Patridge Valley; 6 to repair the Bridge over Youngs Creek; 5 from Reuben Sparks' to Robert Orchards; 15 from Dykemans Bridge to Coxs Mills; 10 from John Roberts' to James Carters, in the back settlement; 10 from Coxs Mill to the Great Road, by way of Samuel Knights; 12 from Sands' Creek to Washademoak Lake; 8 from Cumberland Bay Bridge to the Head of the Grand Lake, near George Burks'; 8 from Brandscombs Mill, north side of the Cumberland Bay Stream, to Ezekiel Wilsons; 6 for the road south side Cumberland Bay from the Bridge up through the settlement; 10 from Baileys Point to the Hardwood Ridge road; 5 from Gideon D. Baileys to Salmon Bay; 8 from Joseph Baileys to William Wileys; 7 10 from James Bailers to Syphers' Pond; 7 10 for the road on the line between Samuel and Moses Dentons, Maquapit Lake; 10 for the road leading from the cross road in rear of Jacob Brills to Gershom Clarks, Maquapit Lake; 10 from Coys Mill to Alexander Clarks; 7 from Lot No. 13 to Mich Dillons; 7 from Mich Dillons to Ledawick Syphers'; 10 from Syphers' Pond to Little River; 8 from Little River to Flowers' Hill; 10 from Flowers' Hill to William Robinsons; 7 to turnpike a new piece of road through Mrs. Thorns Farm in Canning; 4 to renumerate Arthur Brandscomb for making the road from Cumberland Bay Bridge to the main road; 7 from John O'Laroys to George Vances, Salmon River; 14 to pay Guiss Brown in full for building a Bridge near his Farm, Salmon River; 10 from John Doroughs to Harry Porters, Salmon Creek; 8 from John Goldfinchs to M'Donalds, Salmon River; 15 from Coal Creek to M'Donalds, Salmon River; 8 from Kames Point to Browns Mill, Coal Creek; 10 from Dunns Mill through the settlement west side of Gaspereaux River; 8 from Langans Mill to Kent County Line; 12 from Salmon Creek to Gaspereaux River; 8 from John Withrows to Sunbury County Line, Salmon Creek; 35 in part payment of balance due Mialls Manard for the erection of the Bridge over the Gaspereaux, at Burpes Mill; 7 for the road on the north forks of Salmon Creek to Sunbury County Line; 7 from Ironbound Cove to Sunbury County Line; 7 from Cunningham Doroughs to Red Bank, Salmon River; 5 from George Moses' to Thomas Phillips'; 10 to repair the Bridges on the road leading from the New Canaan settlement to the fork Stream; 8 from Nathan Taylors to the main road, New Canaan; 5 Reuben Riders to Perrys Brook; 5 from John F. Prices to James Cromwells; 5 from Robert Watts to John Parks', New Canaan; 5 from Daniel Hoopers to Coles Creek, New Canaan; 30 from Coles Island to New Canaan; 8 from Rush Hill settlement to Shannon settlement; 7 for the cross road near William and Joseph Hendersons Brook; 8 from John Wilsons to the County Line; 7 from John Shaws Mills to Robinsons Bridge; 7 from the Widow Elisons and Oak Point by Robert M'Cays; 8 from Thos. Robinsons to Henry Vesseys; 8 from the Big Brook to the County Line, near Andrew Somerville; 8 from Edward Websters Mill Landing to Ball Hill settlement to Cranberry Lake; 9 from

ARRIVAL OF
BY EXTRAORDIN
One Week La
CONT