discuss; bets to decide, and a world of business to be gone through; so that when he turned his horse's head to the road leading towards the city, the darkness and haze of a dull afternoon in the early part of February, was already beginning to render distant objects misty and undefined.

It so happened, that all the gentlemen whose destination was the same, had preceded him by some hours, so that he was left to pursue his solitary way, and ruminate in silence on the dregs of excitement: the most unsatisfactory aliment in the world. Gaily whistling up his spirits, he began, for want of better amusement, to think of some familiar air, by which he might beguile the time. "Gentle Zitella," had already passed his lips; but there is a power in sound to call up buried images, beyond what the utmost stretch of imagination can realize; and with that light and playful ditty, came back the vivid remembrance of her who had so often sung it with him; and he saw again the slender fingers, white as the ivory keys they touched, and the sparkle of the sunny eyes, and all the bright and rapid variations of her incomparable charms.

There was no bearing this;—stillness, like that of death, was all around him; and had not his horse, with something of his master's irritability of feeling, started at every fresh object upon the road, and thus with the application of whip and spur, supplied him with continual occupation, it is impossible to say to what height his impatience might have risen. It was too much for mortal man to endure—to be haunted night and day as by a spectre, and all this torment from one who would not willingly have cast a shadow on his path. It became necessary to call up all that was potent and dignified in his nature. For he was not the man to be made a fool of by such idle fantasies; so he discontinued his boyish occupation of lashing off all the young twigs within his reach, and sat bolt upright in his saddle, and felt himself a man, and a gentleman.

In this style he was issuing from a bye lane, which led out by a sudden angle into the great public road, when in an instant his philosophy and himself had well nigh been dismounted, by Ronald giving a tremendous start; and Wentworth started too, for by that turn in the road, they had come at once upon the sight and sound of the quick stroke of a spade upon the fresh earth of a new made grave, in a little churchyard, that was separated by a high and thin hedge from the public road. The funeral procession was all gone—the clergyman had left the church—the clerk had just locked the door, and carrying home the keys, and a troop of merry children were enjoying their last gambol amongst the graves, before the sexton should finish his work and turn them out of their favorite play ground.

"That's a cold lodging" said Wentworth, as soon as he recovered himself; while he pushed up his horse's head as near as he could bring it to the part of the hedge, beside where the sexton stood.—"That's a cold lodging for somebody, my good fellow; for whom are you doing that kind service?"

"Sir," said the man, looking up, and resting one hand upon the spade, while with the other he slowly raised his hat; "who lays here, did you mean, sir? —It's a Miss Eskdale,—there's a monument in that church to old Sir Jonas Eskdale, and the family has buried here ever since his time."

Before the old man had finished speaking, Wentworth was again proceeding slowly on his way, but his head was now bent forward, and strongly, and violently, yet without aim, or object, his hands were clenching the reins of his bridle.

For some time he pursued his way, more like a statue than a living man, when another start of his horse induced him to look up, and he saw he was falling in with a long line of mourning coaches; and now he could hear the hollow rumbling of the hearse, as it passed under the arch of the ancient gateway, and, when he looked down the first street into the city, its glimmering lights were intercepted at intervals by the nodding of the heavy plumes.

Wentworth would have given much, could he have entered by some other road, for to say nothing of his own internal struggle, he felt, in this rencontre, the want of the decency of external mourning.

In his scarlet coat, he had unwittingly joined the hunter was [illegible] and his sleek and high mettled hearse, which had just conveyed Ellen to her grave.

Before he could reach his own door, it was necessary to pass the house of Mr. Eskdale.

He looked up to the windows—the drawing room was again lighted, and the shadows of female figures flitted to and fro.

Ah! how well could Wentworth picture to his mind the scene within. The blazing fire of a winter's evening—the many lights of paler lustre—the thick folds of damask curtains—the crimson furniture, that gave a glow of warmth and comfort to all around—the soft and flowery carpets, and the rich sofas inviting to luxurious repose. He thought of all these, and then of that little churchyard, where the night was closing in unheeded, and that solitary grave, on which a still and steady rain was falling, unfelt; and then, for the first time, the full conviction took possession of his soul, that Ellen was indeed no more—that through the whole of his after life he should never gaze upon her face again.—There might, and he believed there would be much to cheer and animate him on his future course, but Ellen would not be near to share it. Creatures as bright and beautiful might minister to his gratification—music might soothe him on his way; but Ellen's harp, and the far sweeter tones of Ellen's voice would be forever mute.

Wentworth passed on—his heart was not broken—he rushed with fresh ardour into the vortex of dissipation—he drank deeply of the cup of pleasure; but sometimes, before the cup was tasted, there would arise thoughts, that were almost intolerable, of that dismal church yard, the hearse, the coffin, and the worms.

Oh! it needs religion to reconcile us even to the earthly part of death.

Of the family of the Eskdales, it is not necessary to say more than that, at the expiration of the usual time for seclusion, they entered the church, in which they maintained a warm and comfortable seat, dressed in a full costume of fashionable mourning; that many times during that day's service, the mother's face was shrouded in a white and delicately scented cambric handkerchief; and that once or twice, when the daughters lifted up their blue eyes, they were seen to be suffused with tears.

CHAPTER VI.

If any young reader shall have glanced over this picture, in search of highly coloured, or romantic scenery, without any regard to the general design of the painting, disappointment will be the probable issue, accompanied by a want of patience to bear with the author a little longer, while she gives a summary of her meaning, or, in the true style of fable writing, adds a moral to her tale.

The individual whose short career has been described in these pages, may serve to represent a vast multitude of sentient and immortal beings, who pass from the cradle to the grave, without once enquiring for what purpose they have been sent to trace their little journey of experience upon this earth—with what provision they have set out upon that journey, and what will be the event of its termination.

The human mind in its natural state, has, under all circumstances, powers of action and capabilities of enjoyment; and must necessarily be supplied with objects on which these powers may operate, and sources from whence these capabilities may extract pleasure.

How dreadful, then, must be the error of those parents who forcibly compel their children to walk in the right way, by imposing upon them unnatural restraints; checking their innocent myrth, and violently uprooting, instead of properly directing, those desires which nature has implanted in their hearts. If this be the straight and narrow path which is recommended to us, no wonder that so few continue to walk therein.

In order that death may be divested of its terrors, it is not necessary that we should render life still more terrible. In order that we may think of the grave without shuddering and horror, it is not necessary that we should make the way that leads to it a howling wilderness;—in order that we may be willing to die, it is not necessary that we should hate to live.

The beautiful Creator of our being has supplied his creatures with sources of happiness so various and so multiplied, that the meanest peasant may find them in his daily path, while, to the liberal and enlightened mind, earth, air, and ocean, teem with wonder and delight. How, then, can there be sin in opening the heart to those pleasures which the present state of excitement affords. The great and important question is, in what measure, and in what manner we shall enjoy them.

If the body be permitted to gain the ascendency—if we spend our money, our time and our energies, in ministering to the gratification of our senses; whether in gross indulgence, or in that which is more refined and voluptuous, well may we shudder to perceive in that body the symptoms of disease or age; when we know that it must pass away into a state which offers every thing humiliating and repulsive to the natural feelings. But if, on the other hand, our pleasures and pursuits have been such as to elevate and purify the mind, that mind, being itself immortal, will rejoice at the prospect of that day, when it shall burst the bonds of its prison-house, and leave behind the gross impediments of clay.

But how, asks the young reader, is it possible to attain this state of mental exaltation. My dear young friends, well may you hesitate, before you attempt so difficult an ascent, without the help of religion; but religion, vulgar, degraded, trampled-upon religion, is able to accomplish all this for you; and that, without the aid of science or philosophy; and religion has done as much for many, whose portion in this world was, to be dispised and rejected of men; convincing them by the surest evidence, that the termination of life is not in itself an evil, nor the approach to it a season of dread. That death may be compelled to lay down his sceptre,—to cease to be a king of terrors, and placing on his brow the diadem of peace, stretched forth his hand, in kindly welcome, to the shores of a long wished for eternity.

As farther proof how much the body may be made subservient to the mind, we have only to refer to the history of some ancient philosphers, who knew not God; and yet were able to meet death with calmness and satisfaction, and plunge, without fear, into the abyss of uncertainty. If, then, the case of those wonderful beings, who shone like stars in the distant firmament; beautiful in their own lustre, but dimly disappearing before the glorious orb of day—if the case of these wonderful men supplies us with proof, how much the body may be brought into subjection to the mind; how much of firmness and fortitude may be attained; how much resignation of self and sensual enjoyment may be affected, by a steady and systematic cultivation of the intellectual powers, combined with a contempt for those luxuries and pleasures which afford gratification to the senses alone; what should be the expression of our joy, what the measure of our gratitude to him who has permitted us, in this our day, to add to the negative satisfaction of the stoic, the high hopes, and the glorious privileges which religion can offer.

Philosophy may destroy the burden of the body, but religion gives wings to the soul. Philosophy may enable us to look down upon the earth with contempt, but religion teaches us to look up to heaven with hope. Philosophy may support us to the brink of the grave, but religion conducts us beyond. Philosophy unfolds a rich store of enjoyment, —religion makes it eternal. Happy is the heart where religion holds her throne, and philosophy her noble handmaid, ministers to her exaltation!

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

ON MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

There, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say, you were the best creature living; now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

'Because, *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house! You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a pass on is—and I think I ought by this [illegible]

It's a pity you havn't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry 'oh' at? I say *once*, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than your's. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

'Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourself: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

'A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

'And it's my belief, after all, that the button was'nt off the shirt: it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for any thing! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt, for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

'However there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

'No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Candle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

'And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands: a decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. Why won't I hold my tongue? Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue. Oh! but that's just like you men!

'But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too: such a negro slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em eh? No, Candle, no: not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

'You're not snoring? Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to,—and now, the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Candle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearthstone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button——'

'I was conscious of no more than this,' says Caudle, in his MS., 'for here nature relieved me with a sweet deep sleep.'

Mr. Caudle has lent an acquaintance the Family Umbrella.—Mrs. Caudle's Lectures thereon.

Bah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He dosen't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides he had better taken cold than taken our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school to morrow. They shan't go through such weather I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. Needn't I wear them? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go out as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

'Men, indeed!—Call themselves lords of the creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella.

I know that walk to morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh! don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella.

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh! don't tell me; [illegible] go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they should'nt; you are so aggravating, Caudle: you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—*I* did'nt lend the umbrella.

'Here,' says Caudle in his MS., 'I fell asleep; and dream't that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; and that in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella!'

MAYNOOTH AND THE DISSENTERS.

(From the Liverpool Mail, April 19.)

Whenever the dissenters, of "all denominations," as they collectively classify themselves, enter the field as a political body, we may depend upon it that it is for an object the very converse of the professed one. The proposed grant to Maynooth College at present under the consideration of parliament, has afforded them an opportunity of doing that which they delight in, manufacturing petitions in the wholesale line, by machinery and sterotype of course, in which they record their repugnance to grants of public money for religious purposes.—These worthy and conscientious men, being free traders in religion, or rather in meeting houses, and the serviteurs of the same, cannot understand why the work should not be performed by contract, and that he alone should pay for it who uses it, of his own free will, and in the proportion in which he uses it. The church, they contend, should have nothing to do with the state; and the state should not favour one class of doctrines, or professing Christians, more than another.

If we were to admit the principle or the proposition to be sound, the use which the dissenters would make of the admission would be this. They would say that the state has abused its power and misappropriated its revenues, in endowing the Anglo Catholic Church—that, if religious instruction be the object, the state should not only tolerate, but support, all religious sects—either pension all or pension none.

This is certainly the system of moral and religious teaching with squares with Political Economy. It assumes that in all religion there is more or less of good and evil—more good than evil, perhaps—but inasmuch as no parliament, synod, convocation, or convention, can be competent to decide where the greatest amount of good is to be found, the state has no alternative but to embrace all, court all, encourage all—

Black spirits and white—
Red spirits and grey—

as if the preachers were riding for the cup at Chester, the first at the goal carrying off the prize. We put the argument in this low form in order to reduce it to the level of the sectarian mind.

But there is a slight mistake in the main proposition itself, in other words the premises are not true. The Church of England is not endowed by the state, and never was so endowned. All that the church knows of the state is, that she has been to her a hard hearted stepmother. It was one of those compulsory unions under which a large portion of the patrimony of the bride was wrested from her, and perverted to lay and even profligate purposes. Henry VIII dealt with the church as he did with his wives. He and his rapicious nobles drew their swords, professedly in her defence, but it was to protect the fair lands of which they had spoiled her. The church has seen in the state only a consistent and continuous plunderer, constantly, but gradually and silently, removing her landmarks, encroaching upon her pinfold, shearing her sheep, impropriating her tithes, and robbing her orchards. If restoration were made to the church of the property which was wrested from her by violence at the reformation, many of the noble families of England would now be as poor as Mr. Canning's knife-grinder. The plunder of the episcopal church of Scotland, such as it was, even in John Knox's time, who was no presbyterian, was carried still farther. It was, under the plea of patriotism, the most wholesale and iniquitous robbery that the world ever witnessed.—Jews, they say, make good bankers, for the same reason, we suppose, that expert thieves make excellent gaolers and police-officers.

Let us, therefore, hear no more about the church being endowed by the state. That she has been allowed to retain a small portion of her former revenue is all she has to be thankful for; and how long she will be permitted to hold that depends not upon the parliament of England, but upon the church herself—that is to say, upon the people.

We are not going to argue the question of the grant to Maynooth. We have our own opinions of that measure. It is now more than twelve months, as many of our readers will recollect, since we shadowed forth in pretty distinct coloring, and which gave great offence at the time, the line of policy towards Ireland which had been resolved upon. Statesmen in the present day, fettered as they are by contending factions in a popular assembly, the quality and complexion of which change every few years, can do nothing more than venture upon small experiments; and what is still more unfortunate, the experiment has to be introduced in some sort of disguise as medicine is administered to children. The grant to Maynooth College is an experiment of this kind. On all sides we hear the cry "educate the people!" Be it so; but, giving to zeal all the credit which it is entitled to, and listening a little to the dictates of prudence, may we not ask, would not the cause of education be better promoted by first educating the teachers? If the teacher be poor, needy, dejected, forlorn, discontented and unappy, what must his pupils be? Elevate his condition—improve his circumstances—dissipate the gloom that surrounds him—and mark the results. We cannot, on public grounds do *less* than this—*more* is not required at present.

This revival of the dissenters, we are told, has its rise in the abhorrence of popery. We do not believe it. The dissenting system is popery itself. Mr. William Gladstone asserts this in as plain terms as that cautious gentlemen is in the habit of using.—When the whigs were in office—when the episcopates in Ireland were swept away—when the appropriation clause was under discussion, and the revenues of the church were to be devoted to popish purposes—when did the dissenters lift their hands or their sweet voices against the sacrilegious acts of the destructive ministry? They were then as dormant as toads in a bed of limestone. Popery had then no terrors for them. In those halcyon days the grant to Maynooth did not grate upon their tender consciences. The popish members, the repealers, the reformers, and the infidels in power, were doing, as they fancied *their* work, and that was, as they believed, and gloried in believing, undermining the Church of England, and sowing the seeds of that anarchy which they imagined would place them in a more commanding and more formidable position.

They are playing the same disgraceful game now, and, as they think, under a more impenetrable mask; and sorry are we to say that there are too many churchmen joining with them, unconscious, of their evil and mischevious intentions. It was only the other day that we saw how the dissenters rallied, like wasps from all the corners of the land, in favor of the free traders of Manchester—how they gave a holiday to their pulpits, and left the gospel unfermented at home, to preach in the crusade of selfishness, and make their extempory prayers a passport to the temple of festive and carnal indulgence. That was a political movement, whoever paid for it but it was a failure. The present move has a similar object, done in a cheaper way, and with less physical gratification; but it also will fail, and therefore, are we more anxious to warn churchmen against the consequences of lending any countenance to such men, for, if they do, they will sooner or later repent it. We admire constancy—we reverence principle, only in its purity, but suspiciously in its alloy—but churchmen and dissenters in loving union is beyond our comprehension. You cannot touch pitch without being defiled.

THE NOTORIOUS SLAVE FELUCCA.—The slave felucca that beat off the Growler's boats, so gallantly commanded by Lieut. Lodwick, has escaped no less than six times from our men-of-war cruisers; once from the celebrated Waterwitch, 10, commanded by Captain (then Lieutenant) Matson; once from a prize of the Waterwitch; twice from the Iris, when commanded by Captain Tucker; once from the Kite, steam-vessel; and once from the boat of the Growler, steam-sloop. She is well known to all the men-of-war officers and there is not a man on the coast who would not be delighted to give that account of her punishment and capture which we hope soon to record. She is a long, low, sneaking craft, with a stump of a mast not six feet above the deck, but having a yard running up at an angle of forty-five degrees, above 180 feet long, with a sail that propels her through the water at such a rate as to distance the swiftest cruiser. We have heard that she was built at Barcelona, and has a crew of between 60 and 70 of the worst description of men-stealers. Captain Matson, we believe, captured a sister vessel to her, which for a long time had been notorious on the coast of Africa for her impunity and success. The Waterwitch came within range, and, by a well directed shot thro' the slings of her immense yard, knocked it about her ears, and thereby the slaver became entirely at her mercy. On this occasion the semi-pirate captain seized a musket and shot dead the man whom he had placed on the top of the mast to look out. The escapes of the felucca that beat off the Growler's boat have been very narrow. On one occasion she was almost caught by a tender of the Waterwitch, named the Pretty Polly. This vessel was a beautiful little craft, and, on being captured, was manned from the Waterwitch, and sent into a slave-dealing port to lie in wait for this felucca. Not aware of the capture and altered character of this vessel, but, deeming her to be still in the iniquitous pursuit, the felucca stood into the place within a quarter of a mile of the Pretty Polly, and we believe had nearly got down her large sail, when she discovered she was in the vicinity of an enemy. She immediately, by great exertions of a numerous crew, got up her sail again, the Pretty Polly firing at her and endeavouring to get nearer; but having such few hands, and the felucca being so fully manned, the wind also failing, and the felucca capable of being rowed with ease, the tender had no chance with her. When the felucca got out, and perceived her advantage over the Pretty Polly, she several times most impudently bore down on her, fired a shot and then run away in no time. The Waterwitch was only about 15 miles off, and the tender made all haste to communicate with her; but when the Waterwitch and the Pretty Polly arrived at the slave port the next morning, they found that the felucca had been in, and by force of arms had seized a cargo of slaves and had departed. Her escapes from the Iris were almost miraculous. It was generally believed that nothing but a steamer could catch her. [It is said that the felucca has since been captured by Lieut. Seccombe of H. M. sloop Espoir, and a boat's crew who pulled after her eight hours.]

GRAND MASONIC FESTIVAL.—On Thursday, the Right Honorable the Right Worshipful the Earl of Mexbro', Provincial Grand Master of the West Riding of Yorkshire, attended by the officers of the Provincial Lodge, and members of other lodges, assembled at the Wakefield Lodge in Thornhill street, at eleven o'clock, and proceeded to consecrate the lodge. After this ceremony, the brethren, preceded by a band of music, and with several clerical and military masons, in their canonicals and regimentals, walked in possession to the Parish Church. Prayers were offered, as far as the anthem, by Brother the Rev. T. Kilby, the lessons were read by Brothers N. Brackinbridge and Dr. Senior. The prayers were conducted by Brother the Hon. and P. Y. Saville, M. A., and the sermon preached by Brother the Rev. G. A. Walker, A. M. A collection was raised for the two new churches. The brethren then adjourned to the Bull and Mouth, and partook of a sumptuous banquet.

A NEW JOINT-STOCK COMPANY.—On Wednesday a meeting of "The Latter-day Saint," was held at the Music-hall, Bold-street, with the view of forming a joint-stock company, for the purpose of providing manufactories at Nauvoo, in America, for those of "the saints" who have emigrated thither. The number of shares was fixed at 60,000, and the price was only 10s. each. With the deposits they were to trade in any thing which would ensure a large profit for a small outlay, and in five years—the time required for the paying up of the price of the shares—it was calculated the capital would be doubled, and the directors would be able to pay back to the proprietors the money advanced for shares. These fanatics believe that "Nauvoo" the city in America, built by Joe Smith, the Mormon Prophet, is the place where upon earth "the saints" are to be gathered together, and immense numbers of the poorer classes have, within the last few years, emigrated to that "paradise of fools," where they are in a state of utter destitution and starvation. America has long been the refuge of all the found-out rogues in the world; and it may be a curious speculation for the philosopher, as to the effect upon the national character this general influx of the fools of all nations will have in another generation.—*Liverpool Mail.*

MASTING AND SPARRING SHIPS.—Our townsman, H. C. Chapman, Esq., has already issued a fifth edition of his "Rules for the Uniform Masting and Sparring of Merchant Ships."

CURIOUS EFFECT PRODUCED IN RINGING THE NEW PEAL OF BELLS IN YORK MINSTER.—An effect has been produced which was no more anticipated than that of the whispering gallery of St. Paul's; being a material of ringing hardness, in windy weather they send forth a sound which at night is heard over the city, of course particularly in the direction of the wind, and which is dreary in the extreme, and to those residing in the vicinity of the Minster yard must be far from enlivening; the melancholy unmusical wail seems to proceed from some imprisoned ghost—the spirit of the departed chimes perhaps, and who as the storm drives more furiously through the bars of his cage, raises a voice to a howl which is heard above it. With a view to obviate this, a piece of stout quartering has been fixed upright in the middle of each opening, notched so as to halve the inner bearing of the louvres, since which the ghostly music has been less loud and less frequent, although not altogether put down; this, however, it is confidently expected will be accomplished.—*The Builder.*

☞Blanks, Handbills, and Job Printing of all kinds, executed at the Chronicle Office at lowest prices.

THE CHRONICLE.
SAINT JOHN, MAY 16, 1845.

In our paper of the 2d instant, we announced that Her Majesty had not been pleased to accept the resignations of the four Executive Councillors who resigned in consequence of Mr. Reade's appointment to the Provincial Secretaryship. This we believe, is correct, except so far as Mr. Wilmot is concerned, *whose resignation her Majesty* HAS BEEN *most graciously pleased to accept.*

The Council were called together on Thursday last, but the retired Honorables suddenly returned to the city on Saturday night. The public were very sparingly enlightened as to the true cause of this sudden termination of their labours, but we make the following extract from the *New-Brunswicker* which is said to be substantially correct:

"His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, upon receiving these instructions, communicated them to the Hon. Messrs. Johnson, Chandler and Hazen, and also summoned them to meet at Fredericton early in this month; but it appears that the Hon. Mr. Wilmot was not notified to attend. It has been alleged by some persons, that the resignation of Mr. Wilmot was accepted by the Home Government, and by others, that His Excellency refused to invite him, because he published a confidential letter last winter. It is certain, however, that he did not meet with the other members. On Friday last, the Council met, but soon separated in a hurry, and on Saturday the members left Fredericton on their return to their homes;—it being reported that none of the above-named gentlemen would take their seats unless His Excellency would lay before them some information relative to the views of the Colonial Secretary, and the reason of their conduct being approved by the Home Government. We learn that His Excellency did not condescend to do so, and that he did not even inform them if the resignation of Mr. Wilmot had been accepted!—Upon these grounds the retiring Councillors refused to accept their seats, and, it is said, will continue to do so, until the requisite information be given."

Various rumours are afloat in the community of the appointment of other parties to the office, none of which are entitled to full credence.

Sixty First Anniversary of the Landing of the Loyalists.—We hope that the descendants of those veterans will do all becoming honour to the "Birth Day of New Brunswick." The 18th falling on Sunday, the following day will be set apart for that purpose, when, among other things announced for the day, a Concert will be given by the Philharmonic Society, at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute; the Programme for which will be found in our advertising columns; after this a grand display of fireworks will be made from King's Square. The Museum of the Mechanics' Institute will be opened during the day; to Members and their families no charge will be made for admission on this occasion.

GAS LIGHT COMPANY.—A meeting of the stockholders in this company was held on Tuesday last, when the following gentlemen were chosen Directors for the ensuing year:—James Kirk, Thomas Allan, John Duncan, Robert Jardine, John M. Walker, Thomas Daniel, Alfred Smithers, Frederick A. Wiggins, and W. J. Ritchie, Esquires.

A meeting of the Directors was held yesterday morning, at which James Kirk, Esq. was elected President, and W. J. Ritchie, Esquire, Solicitor.—The appointment of a Secretary and Treasurer was deferred, Mr. A. Jack being appointed secretary *pro tem.*

We understand that Mr. Thomas Allan will proceed to Halifax by the way of Annapolis to-morrow, for the purpose of acquiring information relative to the working of the Gas company there. It is understood that Mr. Peebles, Manager of the Halifax Gas company will return with him next week.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The Annual General Meeting took place at the Hall on Monday evening, and the Report read by the Secretary contained the gratifying information of a large decrease in the debt, which this year but slightly exceeds £400. Immediately after reading the report, &c., the election of Officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with, when the following persons were duly elected:—John M. Robinson, Esquire, President; Isaac Woodward and W. J. Ritchie, Esquires, Vice Presidents; James Paterson, L. L. D., Corresponding Secretary; W. H. Adams, Treasurer; J. W. Lawrence, Recording secretary, and secretary to the Board of Directors; Samuel Jordan, James Lawton, Robert Shives, Edwin Fairweather, H. J. Chubb, James Pettingell, William Curry, Wm. M. Smith, James Agnew, John R. Marshall, E. Stephen, and John Gray, Committee.

We learn that private letters received from Halifax mention that the departure of the steam boat *Unicorn* is countermanded; she was to have left for England, but is now detained for further orders on this side the ocean.—*Montreal Courier.*

Arrival of Admiral Austin.—The Vindictive, bearing the Flag of Vice Admiral Sir Francis Austin, arrived yesterday in a passage of 30 days from Portsmouth. The Vindictive came up the North side in gallant style; she was saluted by the Illustrious soon after she rounded St. Georges, which was returned after she anchored. The Admiral is accompanied by two of his daughters. Mr. Austen, one of Sir Charles's sons is his Flag Lieutenant, and Mr. Jeans his Secretary.

Miss Elizabeth Reid, daughter of his Excellency the Governor, came passenger in the Vindictive.

It is rumored that Admiral Sir Charles Adam, will leave for England early next week.—*Bermuda Gazette, April 22.*

The New York *Courier & Enquirer* says a Millerite meeting was a short time since broken in upon in the night, near North Bucksport, Maine, by some forty or fifty people, disguised as negroes. They forcibly entered the house in which the disgusting conventicle was held, and proceeded to administer an oath to those assembled that they would not attend any more such meetings. They then turned to and hustled the fanatics, male and female, out of the house and afterwards searched the premises, upon which they found plenty of provisions for victualing the second Adventers, together with forty or fifty dollars in money, which the "Regulars" took possession of, for the purpose as they said of handing it over to the "Select Men." Several of these engaged in this disgraceful transaction, are said to be men of character, and property and intelligence, who took this mode of managing Millerites, as the best way to get rid of them from the town. They ought to be ashamed of themselves as long as they live, and be punished into the bargain; for bad as the Miller men may be, and annoying as their orgies may be to the community infested by them, the conduct of these self constituted avengers is even still worse. The law ought to be brought to bear upon these mischeevous fanatics, but this mob interference can find no justification under any circumstances.

Cruelty in the United States' Navy.—The "*Old Dominion*" states that Captain Voorhees, of the U. S. frigate *Congress*, is charged with the grossest cruelty towards the men under his command. It is said that on leaving the Capes of Virginia, he had the whole crew assembled, and made to them the following proclamation:—"I wish every man to understand, that if he is reported, I will punish him, whether right or wrong; for I believe that I can place confidence in my officers, that they will not report a man without a cause." Under this brutal policy, says the *Old Dominion*, punishment was perpetual, and the charge is boldly made that more than one sailor or inferior person was whipped to death! This we do know, that the officers of that ship did not dare to stay to mingle with the men, but hurried themselves off at the earliest moment; for threats of vengeance were loud and deep against them, and we have no doubt had the men been discharged, serious scenes would have been witnessed in this town. (Portsmouth.)

Law Case Touching the Family of the late Governor of Canada.—Miss Sophia Poulet Thomson, daughter of John Poulet Thomson, Esq. of Waverly Abbey, Surrey, and sister of Lord Sydenham, was in Germany, in the year 1825, when proposals of marriage were made to her by the Baron de Biel, a German nobleman, who was possessed of an entailed landed estate at Zierow, in the duchy of Mecklenburgh Schwerein. On the 22d of December, 1845, the two brothers of the lady and the baron had an interview to arrange the terms of the settlement, when they informed him that the fortune of their sister was to consist of £10,000 to be paid down on the day of the marriage and an allowance of £200 per annum during her life to be paid by her father. It was further intimated that it was the intention of the lady's father to leave her by will the further sum of £10,000 to be settled on her and her issue.—The other parts of the arrangement were fully complied with, and the question in the cause was, whether this last mentioned was a positive stipulation, or only an indefinite intimation, depending for performance on the volition of the party making it. The defence in substance was that the memorandum was a mere note of an intention, and was not a binding agreement, and that not being signed it was void within the Statute of Frauds. The master of the Rolls rejected these defences, and made a decree in favor of the claim, and on appeal his decree was confirmed by Lord Chancellor Cottenham. The present appeal was then brought.—Council having been heard on both sides, the Lords considered it a positive agreement, subject only to the condition of settling the money according to Mr. J. P. Thomson's discretion, in case his daughter should not have any children. The decree of the court below was therefore affirmed.

UNION AMONG PROTESTANTS.—What we strongly recommend is union among those who know and love the truth of God, in opposition to Popery without, and Popery within the Church. We would recommend the formation of such unions in every city, town, and parish throughout the kingdom, where they can, in the exercise of due care and exertion, be affected. They will all be wanted. If they be adequate, through the blessing of God, to the occasion, they will more than realize the expectations of many sober minded and able men.—*Record.* This is precisely what the Orange Association is doing, and we recommend all persons desirous of following our contemporary's advice, to study (as carefully and minutely as they please) all rules and regulations of that excellent society, which are open to the perusal of every one.—*Liverpool Standard, January 28.*

MUSIC.—From the prevalence of Music in every age, and by its cultivation in every part of the world, it is evident there is something in the "concord of sweet sounds" congenial with the mind of man. Whether among rude or polished nations, it has ever been regarded as of the highest importance, and been introduced to aid the expression of joy and grief upon the most serious and the most festive occasions, in the temple and in the theatre, in solemn processions and in the sprightly dance. It has ever been the solace and the delight of men of genius, and there is no subject which is praised in more ardent expressions or expatiated upon with more delight, by Homer, Shakspeare, Tasso, Milton—by all writers indeed of refined taste and highly cultivated intellect. As civilization advances, music, as a science, gains new advocates; and the day is evidently fast approaching when few will decry music on the ground that its effects are merely sensual. It is addressed to the ear indeed; but all the influences which we receive from without are conveyed through the medium of the senses; and the tones of music often speak a language to the soul richer in meaning than words could express. Nothing is merely sensual which makes a lasting spiritual impression upon us; and those who deny to music such a power, have not heard its sublimest strains, or have not the capacity to appreciate them.—*Maunder's Universal Class book.*

The Great Western and Great Britain.—The New York Tribune says:—The Great Western had the largest letter mail she has ever taken. The postage will probably reach $3000. The steamer had probably not less than 275 people on board. We understand from a gentleman who has recently returned from England that it is doubtful if the Great Britain comes out to this country. Her owners, it is believed, are endeavoring to sell her to some European power as a war steamer. She is considered to be too expensive a ship for this trade. The agents here, however, have no advices that there has been any change in the arrangements.

Lewis Philippe and the Pope.—A French Journal says, that it has been asserted in the diplomatic saloons that an order has been given to M. Rossi to negotiate at Rome for an interview between the Pope and Lewis Philippe, to take place the approaching summer, at Nice. It is added that the object of this conference would be to regulate, in a definite manner, the great religious question which has been agitated for a year past, and to introduce a new article into the Concordat, in order to regulate *all* the liberties of the Gallican Church.

Married.

Last evening, by the Rev. Enoch Wood, Mr. William Lingley, of the Parish of Portland, to Miss Louisa, daughter of Mr. Matthew Thomas, of this city.

On Monday evening, by the Very Rev. J. Dunphy, V. G., Mr. Patrick Doyle, to Miss Mary Finn, both of this city.

At Prince William, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. J. W. Disbrow, A. M., Mr. Frederick A. Lyons, of Woodstock, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Simeon Jones, Esq., of Weymouth, N.S.

On the 8th inst., at the Parish Church of Shediac, by the Rev. Dr. Jarvis, Mr. Joseph Scott, to Miss Rosanna Dowling, both of Shediac.

On the 12th inst., at Digby, by the Rev. the Rector, Mr. I. T. Cheetham, of this city, to Miss Helen Beyea of the former place.

Died.

At Sand Point, (Carleton,) on Tuesday last, Joseph, second son of Mr. Joseph Beattey, aged 8 years.

At Carleton, on the 27th ult., William Henry, eldest son of Mr. George Vaughan, in the 11th year of his age.

At Canning, (Q. C.) on the 26th ult., Sarah Amelia, daughter of the late Mr. John McFarlane, of that place, in the 47th year of her age. Miss McFarlane was a woman of strict moral integrity, her worth being founded upon faith in the doctrines and precepts of the Chistian religion.

SHIPPING LIST.

PORT OF ST. JOHN. ARRIVED. 11th—Barque Albion, Thain, Liverpool, 40—T. Wallace, goods.
Independent, Kirkley, Gibraltar, 56—Wiggins & son, coals.
Brig Wellington, Wilson, Carthagena, 42—John Robertson, ballast.
Corinthian, Davidson, Hull, 54—James Barber, ballast.
John Eskdale, Jackson, Carthagena, 40—Allison & Spurr.
Elizabeth, Brown, Hull, 50—John Robertson, ballast.
schr. Scotia, Henneberry, Halifax, 10—G. Salter, assorted cargo.
Barque Edina, Simpson, Carthagena, 56—to order, ballast.
schooner Lion, McKay, Halifax, 10—order, ass'd cargo.
13th—ship Avon, Marsters, Liverpool, J. Ward & sons, merchandise.
Resolution, Wright, Carthagena, 42; John Robertson, ballast.
Brig Pallas, Hall, Cork, 43; Wiggins & son, passengers.
Daly, Sterrit, Bantry, 46; Lewis Burns, passengers.
14th—str. Herald, Brown, Eastport; J. Whitney, assorted cargo.
Brig Blue Nose, Patch, Havannah, 18; N. S. Demill, molasses.
Westmoreland, Walker, Gibraltar, 52; Crookshank & Walker, ballast.
Brigt. Danube, McNaughten, New York, 7—Wm McDonough, assorted cargo.
Mary Jane, Barr, New York, 7; T. Leavitt & Co. flour & corn.
15th—Barque Queen, Watson, Hull; John Robertson, ballast.
Brig Lumley, Topliff, Sunderland, 45; John Wishart, ballast.

CLEARED.

9th—schr. Meredian, Kavanagh, Boston, salt, J. Kirk; Joseph, Smith, Halifax, limestone, D. Stewart.
10th—ship Five Sisters, Redmore, Cork, timber & deals, J. Barber; Brig Ann Lousia, Keill, Dundee, timber & deals, R. Rankin & co.
12th—Barque Frederick, Grant, Bristol, timber & deals, Wiggins & son.
Barque Regent, Stephenson, Hull, timber and deals, J. Barber; Aramata, Grangemouth, timber deals, Jas. Alexander.
14th—Brig Staindrop, Hammond, Killeybegs, timber & deals, Wiggins & son; brigt. P. I Nevius, Stoop, Alexandria, plaster, S. Hersey; schr. Enterprise, Gorum, Hallowell, chalk, John Robertson.
16th—Barque Bethel, Mosher, London, oil, deals &c., C. C. Stewart.

Capt. Davidson, of the barque Corinthian of Hull, reports having spoken, April 3d, lat. 49 45 N. long. 19 47 W. ship Albion of this port, for London—all well. April 23d, lat. 43 9 N., long. 47 W. brig Cynthia Ann, of this port, 34 days from Liverpool bound to Halifax, with loss of boats, bulwarks, &c. May 8th, Cape Sable, Seal Islands, bearing N.N.E. distance 13 miles, barque Exchange, of Yarmouth, N.S.

The ship Potomac, at Nantucket, from the Pacific Ocean, reports off Ocean High Land, July 1, whale ship Java, Allen, of this port, 50 sperm.

OYSTERS—Fine Fat OYSTERS to be had on application at the *Hibernian Hotel.* May 16.

Globe Assurance Company.
NOTICE is hereby given, That the first Instalment of Ten per cent. on the Capital Stock of this Company has been paid in, and that the Directors of the Company are now prepared to make Insurance on Vessels, Cargoes and Freights.
May 9. JOHN DUNCAN, *President.*

NOW LANDING—*ex Mayflower, from London*—2 Hhds. very choice old Jamaica Rum, 2 Hhds. do. MARSALLA.
For sale by RANNEY, STURDEE & Co.
May 2, 1844.

FOR CHARTER.

THE barque ALBION, W. Weare, Master, 504 tons, will take a charter for any safe Port in Great Britain. Apply to the Master on board, or to
April 25. ALLISON & SPURR.

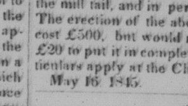
A *Brick Stor*[...] ings, Nelson st[...] Samuel Stevenson. and three Lofts. Ap[...]
May 16.

Bank and Mec[...] *ing St*[...]
10 SHARES [...] *New-Bru*[...] Stock of the *Mechani*[...] for sale. Apply to
May 16.

MA[...]
The subscriber has ju[...] roline,"
20 KEGS of [...] 10 bags PIMENTO.
May 16.

New[...]
Per [...]
THE subscriber h[...] Toys, &c.; G[...] Beads; Bugle Beads [...] Wicker Knitting Baske[...] Wicker Baskets and [...] Bears' Grease; Col[...] and shaving Brushes.
May 16.

A Great [...]
TO be disposed of [...] Co partnership; [...] short distance from the [...] years supply of Logs n[...] diate vicinity. A vesse[...] the mill tail, and in per[...] The erection of the ab[...] cost £500, but would [...] £20 to put it in comple[...] ticulars apply at the C[...]
May 16 1845.



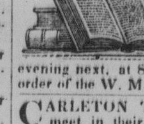
GRAND C[...]

Instrument[...]
MU[...]
THE Members of the [...] the honor respectf[...] habitants of St. John a[...] give a CONCERT [...] cal Music, on the evenin[...] in celebration of the sixt[...] Landing of the Loyalis[...] which occasion they will [...] and valuable assistance [...] RICKS, Band Master of [...] STEVIN, Professor of M[...] favourite Amateur Vocal[...]

PROG[...]
PART [...]
Labitzky's "Dublin." [...]
Song.
Flute Solo—"Rule Brit[...] the "Beauties of Drou[...]
Song.
Musard's "Polichinelle."
Song.
Strauss' "Venetianer."

PART S[...]
Labitzky's "Die Elfen."
Song.
Musard's "Les Soirees [...] lagh." Quadrilles.
Song.
Clarionet Solo—Muller's [...] sur la Cavatine du Ba[...] ville, de Rossini."
Song.
Musard's "Le Rendezvo[...] se." Quadrilles.
Finale: God s[...]
Mr. STEVIN will presid[...] accompany the Solos.

☞ Tickets, 2s. 6d. eac[...] a Gentleman and two Ladi[...] Stores of Mr. Stevin an[...] Stores of Mr. McMillan a[...] Sharp's, at the Saint John [...] ing of performance, at the [...]
Doors to be opened at 7 [...] to commence at 8.


T[...] G[...] N[...] q[...] L[...] evening next, at 8 o'cloc[...] order of the W. M.

CARLETON TRUE [...] meet in their Lodge [...] evening next. Regular [...] W. M.

PRINCE OF ORANG[...] their Lodge Room o[...] May. R. N. By order of [...] Lewis' Cove, Washaden[...]

Cast Steel, Pi[...] &c. &c.—JUST [...]

2 TONS Sanderson's [...] well assorted [...] 450 Pipe Axle Boxes, a[...]
—ALSO ON [...]
200 bags NAILS and S[...] 2 Rolls Sheet Lead, 1[...] 3 Tons cast iron Boile[...] 100 Tons IRON of vari[...]
May 9.

Dry Goods for [...] or Pack[...]
AN Invoice of 6 Bale[...] GOODS, well assor[...] season, for sale low. Appl[...]
May 9. JO[...]

Paper H[...]
Per Brig Syr[...]
521 PIECES, s[...] wide, 10[...]
Also, from [...]
18 Caddy boxes Hyson T[...] 2 Barrels first quality C[...] 1 Barrel BLUE VITRIO[...]
May 9.

Ginger Beer [...] COR[...]
Per Corsier fro[...]
30 GROSS Ginger [...] 2,500 gross d[...]
April 25.