Unfortunately there was but two much occasion for his services, for, of ten children, the youngest parents, at the time of which we are now speaking, had only five remaining to them, three having died in childhood, and the rest—smitten by the withering hand of that cruel foe to the natives of this country consumption—had successively grown up to an age when youth is loveliest, then faded, dropped, and passed from earth to heaven ere they had gathered the flowers of eighteen summers. These sad bereavements increased the dejection of the miserable father to a most alarming extent, insomuch that fears were entertained of his intellect becoming disordered. He would sit for hours silently brooding over his sorrows, and answer impatiently, even fiercely, and even with attempted to offer him consolations.

There was but one individual towards whom he never displayed signs either of impatience or irritability, and that was Henry, his only surviving son, who had reached his twenty-first year, apparently in good health, so that his parents were sanguine in their hopes that he, at least, would be spared to them.

People had began to talk of the festivities that were to celebrate the coming age of the young heir, an event that was looked forward to with the most pleasing anticipations. But alas! some months before the time arrived, symptoms of the fatal malady began to exhibit themselves, and Dr. Courtland was once more called in and again, as in former cases, he said: "You had better take him to a warmer climate." The very words sounded to the afflicted sire as his son's death warrant, for twice the remedy had been tried, and in both instances it had failed.

"I will not—I will not!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands in all the agony of despair. "If my boy must die, he shall die here, at his own home, and not among strangers. Two of them already lie buried in a foreign land, and now I am to lose the last. Oh, my God! my God! this is a just retribution!"

The last words had escaped him unconsciously; he did not known he had uttered them, so entirely was every faculty absorbed in the intensity of his grief; but the doctor had heard them distinctly enough, and they brought back to his mind certain circumstances which had occurred in days long gone by. He pondered over them as he returned homewards. "A just retribution!"—it was thus his ideas shaped themselves—"that must have some meaning," people don't say those things at random. Now let me recollect—it is really so long ago that I have almost forgotten how it was, but there certainly was a suspicion afloat at the time of something not quite right. Let me see—his brother, the captain was killed, I think, in that affair at Quatre Bras, and, if I remember rightly, there was a child born the same night or day after, and nobody knew what became of it. Now that child would have inherited all the property, and in that case our friend Roper here had very little prospect, but to retire upon half pay. It has an ugly look, that's certain; however, it's no business of mine that I know of; it rests between him and his conscience. Besides, it is only a surmise, after all; I should be sorry to breathe a suspicion of the kind to any human being. We are all a little too apt to be heard in our judgement of each other. God keep us out of the way of temptation, that's all." And with this charitable feeling towards the sins of his neighbors, the worthy doctor alighted at the door of his own house.

* * * * * * *

Martin Furst was poor—so poor that he could afford no better lodging than a back room on a second floor of a small house in Camden Town. But as he was too proud too publish his straitened circumstances to the world, and was in the habit of dining out every day at a late hour, his landlady had no suspicion of the actual state of his finances, and treated him with the utmost civility and attention; but if that worthy person had known where and at how little cost her handsome lodger dined, it is highly probable that she might not have been so profuse of her courtesies, or so amiable in her speech as she always took care to be. There was a certain ease of manner about the artist, which together with the elegance of his person and his habit of paying the trifling demands upon his purse without question, kept up his character as a gentleman upon very slender circumstances indeed. He was fond of his profession, and being blessed with a hopeful disposition, did not suffer present poverty to damp his energies or depress his spirits, for he was under an erroneous impression that, in England, talent is a way to fame and fortune—a pleasant dream enough, but very seldom realized. It was by mere chance he had obtained an introduction to General Merryfield, who met with him in a printseller's shop, where he was offering some drawings for sale, and being pleased with his manners and conversation, engaged him to take the likenesses of his two grandchildren—an accidental circumstance that led to more important results than he could possibly have anticipated. Still he felt happy in having met with two such excellent patrons as the General and Dr. Courtland, and set about the new work he had undertaken with the most sanguine expectation of future wealth and eminence.

On reaching the house, they were shown at once into the library, where Mr. Roper was sitting alone engaged in writing. His countenance was pale and dejected, and his voice trembled as he returned the greeting of his friend, who, after the usual salutation of the morning, said—

"Permit me to introduce you to this young gentleman, Mr. Furst."

At the mention of that name, Mr. Roper gave an involuntary start, for he remembered it well, and, turning his eyes towards the stranger, uttering a piercing cry, fell back in a fainting fit. The doctor rang the bell and called for water; in a few moments the wretched man opened his eyes and stared wildly about him.

"You had better go and walk about the grounds for a little while, Furst," said the doctor; "his nerves are so shattered he can hardly bear the sight of a stranger. I will come to you presently."

The young man left the room in some surprise, not able to account for the sensation his appearance seemed to produce; and as soon as he was gone, Mr. Roper seized the doctor's arm and said, in a voice scarcely audible;

"Who is he? Where did he come from? Why have you brought him here?"

"Calm yourself, and I will explain all," replied the doctor. "He was born at Brussels, and has come from Switzerland. You are struck, I see, with the resemblance, as I was myself."

"Then it is he—it is the injured son of my departed brother! Oh, Dr. Courtland, I have been a sinful man! but I have been grievously and justly punished." And he covered his face with his hands and wept bitterly.

How vain is the attempt to secure happiness by doing wrong! The immediate object may indeed be gained, but can the means be obliterated from the mind? Will they not haunt the evil doers like spectres in the night, turning all that ought to be sweet in life to bitterness, and casting a dark shadow over the bright things of the earth?

The kind-hearted doctor allowed the excited feelings of the penitent to exhaust themselves in some degree before he entered into any further explanation; but when he saw him sufficiently composed to hear what he had to tell, he related all that the artist had told him respecting his birth, the lamentable fate of his parents, and the manner in which he was placed under the care of the good woman who performed the part of a mother to him.

These details were listened to by the guilty man with profound silence, nor did he utter a word or raise his eyes from the ground for a long time after the narrator had ceased speaking. At last he said in a low half-suffocated voice—

"I am ready to make what atonement I can."

"I knew it," replied the doctor, grasping his hand with friendly warmth. "I have but one question to ask you, and then I shall understand it all. Was it you, who visited the nurse, Agnes Furst, under the name of Captain Partington?"

"It was—it was! God forgive me! I gave her money to take the child out of the way. Oh! great sum of money has that accursed act entailed upon me. I have never known a moment's peace since I took possession of this ill-gotten property. If he who contemplates a crime did but know the sorrow and remorse that must follow, how many wicked deeds would be left undone."

"True, my friend; and you must be thankful that the opportunity is mercifully given you to repair your error, and make resitution!"

"I am thankful. Heaven is my witness that I am—but, my poor boy—"

"It will not affect him, Mr. Roper; his mind must not be disturbed by this discovery; therefore, at present, everything had better go on just as it is."

"As you will, as you will. I am content to be guided by your advice."

"Then suppose I keep the young gentleman with me for a few weeks as Martin Furst, the artist; and let him take the portrait as we intended. It may be as well, perhaps, to gain some knowledge of his character before we act in this matter at all. And so it was decided.

The seventeenth of June came round again, and Martin Furst was putting the finishing touch to his picture, when a message was brought from the Hall requesting Dr. Courtland's immediate attendance.

"I expected this," he said. "I saw yesterday that it would be so. And he is of age to-day, too. Poor fellow—it is a strange fatality."

The event he had foreseen took place. Before he reached the mansion, all was over, and the innocent, unconscious usurper of another's rights was peacefully sleeping his last sleep, happy in being spared the knowledge of his own false position.

"Mr. Furst," said Dr. Courtland, that same evening, "the seventeenth of June is destined to be a memorable day in your history. Twenty-five years ago, on that day, you began your life without friends, without a name, and without an inheritance; but Providence has ordained that the same day which deprived you of those rights shall restore them to you, and it is my mission to make you acquainted with your real name and parentage. You are the nephew of Mr. Roper, and the rightful heir of Newborough Hall, and I have now only to entreat your pardon for keeping you so long in ignorance of the truth."

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of the artist at this unexpected revelation, and the sudden change in his fortunes; yet, with the generous feelings of a young and ardent mind, his first impulse was to pour forth the most sincere expressions of sorrow for the death of his cousin, and regret that he had not known him as a relative.

"If he had lived," he said, "we should have been brothers, and shared the estate between us."

The funeral of Henry Roper was conducted with strict privacy; no vain show, no empty parade, accompanied his mortal remains to their final resting-place. His father and newly discovered kinsman were the chief mourners, and from that time the latter resumed his real name and took up his abode at Newborough Hall; but no arguments could prevail upon him to supersede his uncle, who repeatedly declared himself ready and willing to resign the estate at once. All that the noble spirited young man desired was, he said, to be treated as a son and looked upon as the future heir, nor did he ever utter a single word in allusion to the wrongs he had sustained. The secret was faithfully kept by Dr. Courtland, so that the world attributed the long estrangement of the heir to the accidents arising out of the confusion that prevailed in the neighbourhood at the time of his birth.

Mrs. Roper did not long survive her son, whose place to her the stranger could not supply, amiable and high-minded as he was. After her death the uncle and nephew continued to live together on the most amicable terms; and when time had healed the wounds inflicted by so long a series of domestic calamities, Mr. Roper was a happier man than he had ever been since that inauspicious hour, when dazzled by the pomps and vanities of the world, he was prompted to usurp the patrimony of the orphan heir.

## SHIPWRECK AND AWFUL SUFFERINGS AT SEA—TEN LIVES LOST—NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN RUDOLF.

The following account of the loss of the british ship *Blake*, of Liverpool, Capt. Edward Rudolf, (who a short time since commanded a ship out of St. John's) is from a letter written by the master, after his arrival in Newfoundland:

The british barque *Blake*, of 800 tons, Edward Rudolf, Master, belonging to Messrs. Finie, Brothers & Co., of Liverpool, England, sailed from Ship Island Harbour, State of Mississippi, United States, with a cargo of Pitch pine deals, bound to Cork for orders, in fine trim and beautiful order, on the 8th February last, with a fine fair wind and weather, with every hope of making a good and prosperous passage. The weather continued fine and making nice progress on our way, sighted Bermuda on the 18th day after leaving—all well, ship tight and in splendid order—until the 4th day of March, when the weather began to change, commencing to blow from the South East with rainy squally weather. 5th, hauled to the South West, blowing a strong gale and a heavy sea running, finding the ship making a little water, pumps being attended to every watch. 6th and 7th the gale increasing and sea running very high and crossed, wind blowing from South West to West North West, causing the ship to labour heavily, and kept one pump constantly going, running under double reefed main-topsail, and close reefed fore topsail and foresail. 8th and 9th—gale still continuing, and veering more to Northward, with very squalls, causing a great cross sea, and making the ship labour and straining fearfully—at this time both pumps going constantly, running under close reefed maintopsail and tried to fore-reach her under the two closed topsails; but finding her straining and labouring more, owing to crossed sea caused by the sudden changes of the gale from West to North alternately, was obliged to run her finding the ship making water fast, and gaining upon us, having three feet water in the hold.—10th and 11th—gale continuing, squalls more violent and frequent, attended with hail and snow, and very cold, water gaining rapidly on the pumps—6 feet in the hold. 12th, blowing a terrific gale from West North West, with a heavy sea running 13 feet water in the hold—men getting worn out, being at the pumps three days and nights constant without sleep or rest, water rising fast, and the ship getting heavy and difficult to steer; at 6 p.m she broached too, shipped a sea which carried away the man at the lee wheel, binnacle, skylights life and jolly boats, and all the bulwarks; took in the foresail, and rounded her too under the close reefed maintopsail, when the sheet parted and the sail blew to pieces—she lay very broad to the sea which made a clean breach over her, carrying away spars on deck, water casks, galley, long boat, top-gallant forecastle, breaking in the poop and washing away the cabin and everything on deck; got the maintopsail set, and tried to get forward to cut away the foremast, but it was impossible for a soul to get there—ship being now water-logged, and blowing a terrific gale with violent squalls, and sea making a clean breach over her, all hands clinging to the weather rigging and in the maintop, every thing being washed away from the main deck. 13th, blowing a perfect hurricane, with terrific squalls of hail, sleet and snow, from Northwest, and fearfully cold; at 11 a.m. was struck by a terrific squall and a tremendous heavy sea at the same time, which capsized the ship, washing away 7 men, poop deck, burst up the main deck, washed off all the hatches, carrying away every morsel of provisions there was on board the ship, and all spare rails. She lay in this state about 2 hours, while the hurricane blew piercing cold, nearly perishing the remainder of the crew, when she carried away all three lower masts at the heads, bowsprit short off at the stem. She righted slowly, having a list; it formed a little shelter from the cold wind, under the weather poop bulwarks aft. We were obliged to hold on and make ourselves fast to prevent being washed away by the sea, which was constantly breaking over us. In this miserable position we remained until the 18th, gale still continuing and sea breaking over us (being about lat 42 15 N. long. 38 30 W) and unable to move from this place for fear of being washed away. This being 6 days without a morsel of food or a drink of water, without rest, and constantly drenched with seas. 19th, gale and sea more moderate—at the risk of our lives, attempted to get forward for a drink of water in which we succeeded, but spoilt the cask of water in the attempt—this day one of the seamen died from cold, hunger and fatigue; we put him overboard; this afternoon gale began to moderate got some pieces of canvas to lay upon, and all huddled together in a heap to keep ourselves warm. 20th, this being the seventh day without anything the weather still rough and cold. I caught a half drowned rat, which I immediately cut up and shared out to each one; it was a delicious morsel! The eighth day we were able to get forward and get a small cask of water from the hold, brought it aft and lashed it to the stanchions, this being the only thing we had to depend upon. Ninth day, no sail could yet be discerned on the horizon; all eyes daily and nightly stretched to catch a glimpse of some friendly sail. Hunger now began to tell heavily on us all, and its ravages were plainly discerned! Tenth day, what a joyous sound was heard this morning, as the watch at daylight cried out, "Sail, ho!" and two!" every heart leaped with joy, but only to bear a heavier disappointment; the two vessels passed us, one to windward, the other to leeward, without taking any notice of us. Oh! this disappointment was heart-breaking, and starvation staring us in the face, and the cries and moans of the men around me, calling on their God to help them, and looking so piteously towards me as if I could help them. Oh! the scene was awful and horrible—it cannot be described by pen, and in my situation, I had to hold up against everything, to shew them that they must not give way to it. Many times I had to set my heart as hard as iron to bear up against the moans and cries of the men, and their appeals to me of what should they do; when I could have lain down and given way to grief and sorrow far deeper than their own, to see them now so strong and robust, now nothing better than moving skeletons—to hear them smacking their lips, and dreaming of being at some friendly table, eating and enjoying themselves in peace of their loving sleeps, as they would fall off from fatigue and exhaustion, only to be awakened by a wish of a sen, to behold their most deplorable state.—Then the moans and cries from the poor fellows would be heartrending—they by this time began to get slighty from weakness, and sores breaking out all over us, from being constantly wet with salt water. In this way we continued for thirteen days, when we saw another vessel pass us. The wailings and moanings were too awful to be described upon this day—thirteen days without a morsel of food of any kind to put to our lips. Another seaman died this day from starvation, but we did not put him overboard; we reserved him for our own use, and in this state we lingered for four days more, living upon the body of our dead companion, but I must say very sparingly indeed, for the thought of it was almost as bad as death.—Through these four awful days I do not see how we ever lived, not having a dry place to lay, and the sea constantly washing over us, and as some of us would drop off in our dozing dreams, dreaming of feasting at some friendly table; in a few minutes would be awakened by the wash of a sea, then seeing our situation and also the dead body swinging in the pale moonlight, the moans and cries were appalling, until Saturday morning the 20th March, when we bore the heaviest and greatest disappointment by a large ship passing us about two miles to windward, and not seeing us being too early in the morning. This being the seventeenth day since we capsized, and nothing to eat but the body of our shipmate, none of us able to move hardly from weakness and fatigue, and all our hopes gone, I laid myself down when this ship passed and shut my eyes, and gave up all hopes of ever seeing land again. I was about resigning myself to my fate, when about two hours after I heard the cries of great joy from all of sail ohsail oh—repeated several times, and in such a strain as never will be erased from my memory. She proved to be the schooner *Pegeon*, Captain Knight, of St. John, Newfoundland, from Lisbon, bound to St. John's, it blowing strong from W. S. W., with a good sea on at the time, had some difficulty in removing us from the wreck in our miserable state. On the 9th day after being picked off being short of water and some other necessaries, fell in with the packet ship *Mercury*, Capt. John L. French, from New York bound to Havre, who kindly supplied us with water, &c., and also with clothing and many other little comforts for the sick. On the 15th day of April the Pigeon arrived at St. John's, where we were safely landed. Our clothes on being taken off the wreck were completely rotten, from being wet so long, could pick them off by pieces; and after returning thanks to Almighty God for our safe deliverance from so awful a death, we next returned our heartfelt thanks to Captain Knight, and his crew, for the great risk they ran in taking us from the wreck and for their great kindness and attention to us in our miserable state on the passage from the wreck to St. John's. Long may they live to enjoy all the comforts and happiness of this life; and may not the lightest shadow of the loss of our sufferings ever be cast on any of their voyages through life. The following is a list of the survivors:—

Wynne Duggan, mate, Swansea,
James Cosgrove, 2nd mate, Liverpool,
John George Rudolph, 3d mate, Halifax,
John George Peterson, seaman, Trieste,
Joseph Barber, seaman, Genoa,
John Kiesar, seaman, Germany,
William Thomas, cook, Halifax.

LIST OF THOSE WHO PERISHED.

Washed away:—
John Phillips, carpenter, Dundee,
Thomas Leach, seaman, Dublin,
Henry Eagleston, seaman, New York,
Joseph Thomson, seaman, "
John Cummens, seaman, "
William Brown, seaman, "
Charles Book, seaman, Baltimore,
Jonathan Roberts, Steward, Liverpool.

DIED FROM FATIGUE, COLD AND STARVATION.

Richard Foss, seaman, Bridport, Wales,
Jose Ariva, seaman, Callao.

EDWARD RUDOLF,
*Master.*

St. John's, N. F., April 15, 1856.

## THE FREEDOM OF ITALY—HIGHLY IMPORTANT MEASURE BEFORE THE CONGRESS OF PARIS.

*[From the London Times.]*

It is but natural that those evils in the State of Italy to which we have called the attention should interest the Italian power which has not long ceased to suffer from many of them. The King of Sardinia, before he entered on a war with Russia, had fought a long battle with foes nearer home. The domination of Austria and the privileges of the priesthood were clearly seen to be the chief impediments to prosperity both in Piedmont and the States of the Peninsula. By a course of policy both bold and cautious the Sardinian Statesmen freed their country from these obstacles. They have given their Sovereign right to speak in the name of the whole Italian race, and have insured him allies who will listen with the fullest sympathy to his remonstrances. We have heard with great pleasure, therefore, that the state of Italy has been formally brought before the Conferences by the Sardinian Plenipotentiaries. To a reported exclamation by the French Emperor, of "What can one do for Italy?" Count Cavour has answered by a memorial which states the principal grievances of Italy in general, as well as of the individual States. The Milanese and Venetian territories, the Papal States, the Kingdom of Naples, all suffer from different forms of the same malady. Despotic government and priestly interference ruin and taint every thing from the Alps to Sicily. No improvement had taken place during long years of peace; on the contrary, the Governments are every day becoming more narrow in their principles, more rigid in their discipline, more relentless in their resentments. The Sardinian statesmen have therefore felt that the time has come when the whole matter should be discussed and a remedy applied. No one can believe that the present state of things is permanent; and, if reforms be not adopted, there can be no alternative but fresh convulsions, succeeded by even more grinding tyranny. Confident in her position, Sardinia has resolved to speak out and it is difficult to form too high a notion of the boldness which animates the State papers put forth by her Plenipotentiaries. Certainly neither the statesmen of liberal England nor democratic France have ever inveighed in such plain terms against the corruptions of any foreign Government.—Things are indeed called by their right names in the Sardinian memorials, which if responded to by the Allies, must be the commencement of a new period in Italian history.

Taking it for granted that there must be for a long time to come a struggle between the Liberal and Absolutist principales in Europe, Sardinia is anxious to range herself and her sister States on the side of freedom as represented by France and England. Austria she considers as only temporarily and by chance the opponent of the Czar. The Emperor of many disjointed provinces and discordant nationalities can only rule by the full supremacy of the autocratic principle, and by that cunning refinement of it which is expressed in the maxim, "Divide and govern." The Sardinians therefore believe that the Western Powers will do well to encourage such an amount of national independence and political liberty in Italy as will unite in some degree *various States*, and place them for the future on the same side which Sardinia has taken in the late conflict. The matters brought before the Conference should be every part of Italy, but the chief importance is given to the deplorable condition of the Papal territories. Nothing but a Protestant Assembly in Edinburgh or Belfast could say of the government of Pope Pius XI. would go beyond the diplomatic representations *which a Catholic and Italian State now makes solemnly in the presence of Europe.* It is urged that the temporal supremacy of the priesthood in an evil *which Roman subjects can no longer bear*; and that even the Government of the simplice; that the ecclesiastical rulers of 3,000,000 of Italians is only kept on his throne by foreign troops, and would again be driven forth if his subjects were released for a week from a foreign repression. The character of the priesthood is spoken of in severe language, and its incapacity for its high functions bodily declared. Then comes the practical part of the matter. The Allies are invited to deliberate on the reconstruction of the Roman Government. Sardinia totally repudiates the position that temporal power is necessary for the Pope in order that he may fully exercise that functions *might* be wisely restrained to ecclesiastical matters, or, if his rights as a temporal sovereign be deemed inalienable, it might be insisted that he should entirely distinguish between his duties as head of the Church and his duties as an Italian Sovereign; and that, while ecclesiastical posts are held by Cardinals and Bishops, all that concerns the population which is subject to him should be committed to responsible Ministers, chosen from the laity, under the *safeguard of new and sanitary laws.*

While Rome is held by French troops the Legations are under the control of an Austrian General. This section of the Papal territory formed part of the kingdoms of Italy, and at the downfall of Napoleon received with reluctance the old system. As the people are bitterly opposed to the Papal sway, which was condemned them to year, of late enjoyed, Sardinia proposes that they should be at once released from it and disserved from the States of the Church. The territory so constituted should be placed under the government either of an hereditary House or a Viceroy nominally dependent on the Pope, but appointed under condition sanctioned by the Allies. Austrian occupation should be strictly prohibited, the *Code Napoleon* introduced with such modifications as might be necessary, and the administration by the clergy entirely abolished. These measures Sardinia considers of the highest importance, and necessary for the peace of Italy.

With respect to Naples the Plenipotentiaries speak of the direct Austrian dominion, it is of necessary to proceed with caution. The are very outspoken. They look on the state of that kingdom *as a disgrace to the Italian name, and suggest the intervention of the Allies*, and the establishment of guarantees for a just administration. The cases of Poerio is alluded to by name, and he is declared to be the victim of a Government *which seeks to crush all that is noble and healthy in Italy.* When Sardinia comes to Plenipotentiaries state that circumstances will not allow them to discuss the separation of Lombardy and Venice from the Austrian empire. Any change in this direction must arise from the eventualities of the future. However, they assert that these provinces form part of Italy, and are inseparately united with their own country and the rest of the Peninsula. They complain of the political proscriptions which have taken place, and the unsatisfactory nature of the so-called amnesty. The obstacles interposed between Lombardy and Piedmont are mentioned. High duties, it is said, are placed on Piedmontese productions, and passports are with difficulty obtained by Austrian subjects, and needlessly scrutinized when a Sardinian would cross the frontier. The discontent which prevails in the Austro Italian States is also noticed, and declared to be the effect of an oppressive Government. For all these wrongs Sardinia asks redress. Some acknowledgment of a national unity in Italy is considered by the statesmen of Turin to be the first step in insuring prosperity and peace. A Customs union, it is alleged, would develope the resources of the country and facilitate that inter communication which is so much wanted. The whole state of Italy is recommended to the care of the Plenipotentiaries now assembled in Paris, who are reminded that the Congress of Vienna did not scruple to enterfere in the affairs of every nation, and to settle questions relating but little to the war which then ended.

We have laid before the public this sketch of the questions which has grown out of the late conflict, believing that they will not possess less interest than the terms of the specification itself. We cannot be surprised and gratified at the courage with which a small State has ventured to appeal for justice in the face of Europe. A spirit and a language almost new in diplomacy, seem to augur changes which may astonish Old World statesmen. Every Englishman will await with interest the result of these new discussions.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.—The fact that Brunet, the late admiral of the French navy, was a protestant, and that General Pelissier, the hero of Sebastopol, is also said to be a Protestant, has led Dr. Baird to present a brief view of Protestantism in France. Though in two centuries and a half, ending in 1786, oppressions and persecutions caused the death of over two millions and the expulsion from the country of a half a million more, yet there are now a million and a half of French Protestants in France, besides half a million in the part which Bonaparte took from Germany. Many of her most distinguished citizens have been and still are Protestants.

In the last years of the reign Louis Philippe, when the Jesuits had gained great power, the Journal des Debates announced that if the Protestants did not like the state of things, "they might emigrate as they ancestors did at the revocation of the edict of Nantes." In 1835. The next day Gabriel Delessert came out in the same journal over his own name, and as a deputy of France, and told the editors and all France, that the Protestants of that country were one million and a half in number; that they had done as much and were ever ready to do as much as any other equal portion of the population to uphold the honor and advance the interests of the kingdom; that they knew their rights, and would maintain them. The effect was immense. Not another syllable was published in that journal about the emigration of Protestants.

# The Chronicle.

**Saint John, N. B., May 16, 1856.**

Since our last issue, four days later intelligence from Europe has been received, via New York, per steamer *Atlantic*. The treaty of peace has been officially published and the documents laid before Parliament. An opinion prevailed that an early dissolution of the Parliament would take place, or a new Cabinet would be formed. On this subject a late Liverpool journal says—

Lord Palmerston is losing his hold on the present House of Commons. He cannot preserve his majorities. All the single elections recently have gone against him, and one of two things must follow—either he must dissolve or give way to a minister who is in more favour with the popular branch of the Legislature. This is one of the effects of a cessation of hostilities. Lord Palmerston was accepted as the Minister to prosecute and to end the war, for the condition of parties when he was called to the Premiership rendered any other choice, for the time, all but impossible. He has succeeded the object of his installation, and with the return of the new condition of things he finds his power waning, and his days as the First Minister numbered. But his case is not absolutely desperate. If the terms of the peace are such as to satisfy the country, he can appeal to it with a reasonable hope of success. Much of his strength or weakness at the hustings will depend upon the game which the Opposition may play. If they have a "good cry" he must go—no doubt of it; and then we shall probably see an amalgamation of leading men on both sides, not dissimilar to the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen. But if, on the contrary, the terms of the peace and the details find favor with the nation, the new Parliament may extend to him its countenance for years to come. But his defeat on the Maynooth question, and other kindred events of the last few weeks, justify the inference that we are on the eve of a new and important political movement. Lord Palmerston is hardly likely to throw up the reins without allowing the constituencies the opportunity of being heard, more especially as the last general election took place under the auspices of Lord Derby and his friends.

Some uneasiness began to prevail respecting the probability of a rupture with the United States, arising out of the exaggerated rumour about the soldiers and munitions of war which are on the eve of being despatched to Canada. There was just truth enough in the statement to make these rumours exciting, and during the last few days much speculation has been the result. If Lord Panmure had not happily burst the bubble by his timely explanation on the night of Thursday, in the Upper Chamber, the statements in the English newspapers, copied into those of the United States, would have caused another of these commotions on the other side of the Atlantic which unfortunately have been so frequent of late. But all uneasiness has disappeared since the Minister of War has spoken out. It appears, then, that the Government merely intend to send to North America a certain number of regiments returning from the Crimea to replace those which had been withdrawn—an arrangement to which the most ardent filibuster could hardly object. It was altogether an error to suppose that a large force was to be despatched. The munitions of war stood in nearly the same position. The struggle in the Crimea had caused nearly all the Colonial depots to be so drawn upon as to bring them almost to the point of exhaustion, and to replace these abstracted stores that fresh ones are about to be sent out.

There appears to be a great deal of grumbling in Britain with reference to the Peace treaty cooked up in Paris, just at the moment the old lion is fully muzzled and equipped to have satisfaction for the blood and treasure sacrificed in the Crimea. No doubt the Emperor has been over anxious in having this mock peace consummated. But the end assuredly is not yet—nor will be until all Italy is freed from Papal Slavery, and the cruel taskmaster of Austria, with his new unholy Concordat in favour of absolute control invested in a ruthless Priesthood, is hurled from his throne, by the brave and down trodden Hungarians, with a Kossuth as leader. Sardinia has boldly spoken out and is ready to engage in the glorious struggle, as may be perceived in an article elsewhere in this paper, taken from the Times. England is bound to assist Sardinia in the cause of Freedom, and the Emperor to help the godfather of his dear Baby, who would have long since been Cain like an outcast on the face of the earth, was it not for the presence of his French bayonets. It may be ere long the allies will be arrayed against each other. We subjoin the following on the peace question from the London Sunday *Times*:

We can hardly be said to be speculating in the dark when we undertake to discuss the kind of settlement of European affairs which has been effected by the peace of Paris. To speak the truth honestly, we think that nothing has been settled. The contest between military despotism and constitutional government has only been postponed. Here at home, the effect both of the war and of the peace has only been to paralyse the energies of the people, and induce them to look with indifference on all attempts at improving their own institutions, or taking the conduct of their own affairs out of the hands of those who mismanage them, in order to entrust them to others, who would manage them better.

One of our contemporaries, while enumerating all the reasons which should render the people of this country indifferent to reform, indicates, among others, the disorder of our military system, the uncertain state of our finances, and the fact that we are unable to realize the moral gains of the war. This is odd. Men ask for reform, and are told it is the wrong time, because one of our institutions requires to be completely reconstructed. When everything is put into the state in which it ought to be, then the nation, perhaps, may be allowed to amuse itself with ameliorating its legislature.

But in point of fact, what is likely to be done in England is not the subject of greatest interest connected with the supposed settlement of European affairs by the conferences of Paris. It may be all very well, as far as France is concerned. The French people have had their revolution—have overthrown and reconstructed all their institutions, have obtained a good civil code, have abrogated the law of primogeniture, have created a vast body of landed proprietors, and thus rendered nearly the whole creation deeply interested in the question of peace and war. But if we look beyond the French frontier, we shall discover abundant elements of discord and strife. In Germany, everything is felt to be standing on the edge of a volcano, and still worse in Italy. Spain, Greece, European Turkey, Poland, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, and we may even include Russia, are panting and throbbing with the desire of change. A few years more of war would have developed this great germ of confusion, and this is what led the contending governments to patch up, suddenly, the hollow truce they have entered into at Paris.

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Again, we say, let our readers consider the mighty questions which remain to be settled. Turkey is to be regenerated; the Danubian provinces are to be consolidated, and supplied with a constitution; Hungary, Poland, Italy, are to be left writhing in the suppressed agonies of revolution; and the Scandinavian nations, in spite of the late treaty are to be abandoned to the tender mercies of Russia. What, then, has been settled? How long is the peace to continue? Does any state feel it safe to disband its army, and put its ships into ordinary? Is not Sardinia on the verge of a quarrel with Austria? And if the sword should be drawn in Northern Italy, where would the movement stop? Would the barbarians be suffered to keep their hordes beyond the Alps?

The whole British nation takes this view of the much settlement of the affairs of Europe. There is no rejoicing—there is no satisfaction—there is little or no hope that good will come from it. Of course, people feel pleased at the remission of pressure on their financial resources, if in reality there be any remission. But the same taxes still continue to be paid, and must continue to be paid until the debts contracted during the war shall have been cleared off. There there is a very dark cloud beyond the Atlantic: troops, ships, military stores, are finding their way into North America, ostensibly for one purpose, but, in reality, for another. Let the Boston Anglo-Saxon tell us what the friends of England think of this matter in the United States. We shall be glad to learn.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Chambers' Journal of Popular Literature, Science and Art.*—This unrivalled publication has been received, and well sustains its character as one of the best selected Journals of the age.

*Pickwick Life and Adventures of Jack Adams, the celebrated Sailor and Mariner.*—This is a powerful and well written book of 200 pages, by Capt. Claiden, R. N. It is exceedingly interesting and well worthy of perusal.

*Holly-Tree Inn.*—In seven Chapters. Coming from the pen of the inimitable Dickens, needs no comment.

T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is the publisher of the above works. They are for sale at the Book Store of E. O'Brien, King street, St. John.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The May number of this book is received from the publisher, Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It is elegantly embellished and contains all the latest fashions, with a great variety of choice reading. Ladies' it is impossible for you to shine without consulting Godey.

NAUTICAL MAGAZINE.—We have received from the publishers, Griffith & Bates, New York, the May number of this magazine. It contains, as usual, many valuable suggestions on ship building, besides the plates and lines of some of the recent clippers built in the United States. All interested in shipbuilding in this Province should subscribe. Agents in this city, Barnes & Co.

*History of England.*—We have received part 17 of this work, from Mr. T. Hunter, Agent, Market Square.

Music.—Price & Atkins have commenced enlivening our citizens with their efficient Band, by performing in the evenings on the Squares. Some substantial encouragement should be given these spirited performers, who have spared neither expense nor time in forming a corps which is few not inferior to any of the Regimental Bands; that they may be enabled further to enlarge their numbers, and continue during the summer months to gratify us with their sweet sounds. Mr. Maisly, (late 33d regt.) is the leader.

☞ The officers of the Treasury Department seized on Wednesday night last, at Musquash, six casks of American Rum, containing 40 gallons each.

☞ A new steamer called the *Lady Head*, has been placed on the route between Gondola Point and Clifton, Kennebecasis.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—About 11 o'clock, on Tuesday night, a fire broke out in the rear of Peters' street, and spread with great rapidity. The Fire Companies were early at the scene of disaster, and by their united exertions much valuable property was saved, which would otherwise have fallen a prey to the devouring element. As it was, however, two dwelling houses were destroyed and a range of out buildings. One of the houses was occupied by Mrs. Hunt, and the other, a new building, was owned by Mr. George Brown. The fine new Livery Stables of Mr. Henry Austin, on Coburg street, were in imminent danger, but were saved through the active exertions of the Firemen. We understand that the property destroyed was mostly covered by insurance.—[New Br.

The Circuit Court for the City and County was opened on Tuesday morning, His Honor Judge Wilmot, presiding. After the Grand Jury had elected their Foreman, having chosen John M'Grath Esq., His Honor delivered his charge, pointing out the duties of the Jury and explaining the nature of the cases which would be brought before them. The criminal business is small, only four cases being on the Sheriff's calendar, the most serious of which was that of McCarron, for the attempted murder of John Walsh. His honor said that this case assumed a two-fold character—first for assault and secondly for assault, with intent to commit grievous bodily harm. If Walsh's injuries were of a nature to cause death within a year and a day the prisoner was liable to be placed on his trial for murder; otherwise the charge would be for assault only. Of the other cases, two were for assault, and the other for larceny.

The civil business is very heavy, no less than 152 new causes being entered, which, together with the 13 remanets, presents a formidable list of 165 causes for trial at this term!

Yesterday, the criminal McCarron was tried for burglary, committed the night previous to the assault on John Walsh, and sentenced to four years imprisonment in the Provincial Penitentiary with hard labour.—*Ib.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—At a meeting of the members of the Institute, held on Monday evening last, the following gentlemen were elected Directors and Officers for the ensuing year, viz:

James Patterson, L. L. D., *President.*
Joseph W. Lawrence, } *Vice Presidents;*
Robert Parlee, }
James H. Reed, *Corresponding Secretary;*
William L. Avery, *Treasurer;*
William Hutchinson, *Secretary.*

*Directors*—William F. Smith, John J. Hunter, Geo. W. Lawrence, Robert Shives, Isaac Woodward, James G. Melick, George Fleming, William Turner, George W. Smith, James Pettingell, Elisha Bread, W. K. Reynolds.

The amount of expenses for all purposes during the last year, is stated at £844 19s. 2d.; of receipts £867 7s.

The Great Republic, the largest clipper in the world, built by Donald McKay Boston, is running between Marseilles and the Crimea for the French Government, has frequently, with a common single reef topsail breeze, outsailed the fastest steamers afloat. An English merchant who had made two passages in her offered $100,000 for a nine months charter, which was declined on the ground that she was being better in her present employment.—*Am. pa.*

Dr. Wyld, in his work on "Health and Comfort," observes that there are in London probably not fewer than 500,000 prescriptions written in a year for ailments, a very large proportion of which may be avoided by attention to the most common rules of health.

A San Francisco letter in the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says that California is now more prosperous than ever. Her agricultural prospects are excellent and her exports of wheat, will this year, be very large. Those best qualified to judge, estimate the yield of gold in 1856 at $60,000,000, of which total it is supposed at least $20,000,000 will be retained in the State.