THE Weekly Chronicle

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* *[12s. 6d. if paid in advance.*

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THE CHRONICLE,

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Weekly Almanack.

JAN.		H.	SUN. S.	MOON.	H.	W
29	Saturday,	7	4 4 56	9 15	1	11
30	Sunday,	7	3 4 57	10 26	1	35
31	Monday,	7	2 4 58	11 43	2	10
1	Tuesday,	7	1 4 59	Morn	2	48
2	Wednesday,	7	0 5	0 3	4	3 35
3	Thursday,	6	59 5	1 3	7	4 30
4	Friday,	6	58 5	2 4	9	5 41

Last Quarter, 2d. 5h. 30m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: G. Swinney, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: D. J. M'Laughlin.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: E. DeW. Ratchford, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVINGS BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Mail Stage to Fredericton.

THE subscribers have commenced running a STAGE three times a week to Fredericton, leaving St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and Fredericton on the alternate days.

☞Books will be kept at the Commercial Hotel, St. John, and at Mr. Segee's, Fredericton.

JAMES HEWITT,
Nov. 26. JOHN WINTERS.

Mail Stage between Saint John and Fredericton.

THREE TIMES A WEEK.

THE subscribers beg respectfully to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have commenced running a STAGE between this City and Fredericton, via the Nerepis Road, leaving Saint John on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings at 6 o'clock; and Fredericton on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings at the same hour.

Passengers can register their names in the books, which are kept at the Saint John Hotel, St. John, and at Jackson's Hotel, Fredericton; at either of which places any further information will be given.

☞All baggage at the risk of the owners, and no credit allowed. JAMES BRADLEY,
Dec. 3. JAMES GREEN.

Just Printed,

And for sale at the stores of Messrs G. & E. Sears, and Messrs. Fraser and Avery, Booksellers:

A TRACT

SHEWING THE DANGEROUS CHARACTER OF

THE OXFORD TRACTS,

With Testimonies against them.

Price 3d each, or three for 7½d. Nov. 5.

Mr. John M'Lardy, Baker,

Germain Street, opposite Trinity Church:

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his customers and the Public, that he has removed to his new stand as above. From the well known character of his Bread being perfectly free from acid, and the special attention paid to cleanliness in its manufacture, he hopes to merit a continuance of Public favour. Dyspepsia Loaves, French Rolls, and Twist Bread, made expressly for private Families.—Shopkeepers and Families can be supplied in any part of the City. SAGO ROLLS and TEA CAKES on hand at all times. Oct. 29.—3m

Co-Partnership.

THE Subscribers having entered into Copartnership, the business heretofore conducted by W. P. RANNEY, will on and after the present date be continued by the Firm of RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

W. P. RANNEY,
H. P. STURDEE.

St. John, October 1, 1841.

☞The subscriber having entered into Co-Partnership on the date above referred to, requests all parties indebted to him or having unsettled Accounts, will pay to or adjust the same with Ranney, Sturdee & Co.

W. P. RANNEY.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE subscriber begs respectfully to inform the Inhabitants of St. John and its vicinity, that he has commenced the Blacksmith business in the shop lately occupied by Mr. J. H. Brongnick, at the foot of Portland street, where he hopes to merit a share of public patronage in the following branches, viz:—*Carriage and Sleigh Ironing, Mill Work, Edge Tools*, and jobbing in general.

The subscriber further solicits that the patronage so liberally extended to his late Father may be continued to him.

N. B.—All orders punctually attended to

12th Nov. JAMES F. WOOD.

Miscellany.

CATHARINE.

[Continued.]

Business began to thicken on Damy, for she had scarcely reached the kitchen before old Jack came to say that Elsey, the cook, had sent for her trunk, as she would not be able to return in some time, her mother being ill.

Damy packed up her clothes with alacrity, for she was glad of the event; Elsey being a sort of a stumbling-block in her way with respect to her new plans. She sent the old porter immediately for an old croney of hers, a Mrs. Wadlup.

'A good, lazy old soul,' as Damy said, 'who could cook with the best, and for the best, and one, too, that hated to stir if she could help it; and this is the very best thing that has happened yet,' continued Damy, exultingly in her own mind, 'for Mrs. Wadlup will never want to go up stairs to make beds, or loll out of windows, as Elsey constantly did; that Elsey was an idle girl; but then we had so little for her to do, that it would spoil any body; so I am glad that Elsey's mother fell sick; oh no, I am not glad that her mother is sick, only I am glad that her mother's being sick obliged her to leave us. I like Elsey the better for taking care of her sick mother."

Damy returned to Catharine in about an hour after the arrival of old Mrs. Wadlup, and she made known the excess of her pleasure at the circumstance of her change of cooks.

'One of your nimble run-ups would find you out in a trice, but old Mrs. Wadlup may be here a month before she knows you are here, that is, if I don't tell her by *accident*, for she is too lazy to ask questions, although she can cook with the best, and for the best.'

Damy seemed now to be talking against time, and certainly, in point of subject matter, she was a match for any member of the present congress; and after setting out with her joy at having rid herself of Elsey, and repeating over and over again Mrs. Wadlup's laziness and good cooking, she digressed to every point of female chit-chat, and ended with her sincere belief, that if Catharine would only give Mr. Bingley time, and not hurry him, 'for he was a very shy gentleman,' he would marry her.

There was something so ridiculous in this speculation of Damy's, that had Catharine been differently circumstanced she would have laughed at the little shallow plot thus prematurely divulged; but before she could make any reply again Damy went on—

'If you would let all this matter work itself right, Miss Catharine, you would marry Mr. Bingley, and no one could tell where you came from, for old Jack thinks, poor lame old soul, that you are Sally Brady, that is the young woman who sews for us, and as Betty is such a pokey little sleepy head, I mean to get rid of her, and hire a nice little girl to wait on you, and I can tell her that you are a great lady, you know; and then when you get married to Mr. Bingley every body will think that you are one, and Mr. Bingley may be will like you the better. And now that I have told you all, I must go and see if Mrs. Wadlup has not forgotten how to make oyster sauce for our Turkey, for although she can cook with the best and for the best, yet she had lived so long in a first rate boarding-house that she may have forgotten that we never put strong butter in oyster sauce; and you'll just take off your hat and shawl, Miss Catharine, and make me another pretty cap—you don't know how much Mr. Bingley admired me in it.'

So saying, she whisked out of the room before Catharine could reply or expostulate, and locking the door, she proceeded to the kitchen, leaving the muslin in Catharine's hands.

Damy got through with a deal of business—she saw that lazy Mrs. Wadlup put fresh butter in the oyster sauce of her own accord. She despatched Elsey's trunk—she exchanged sleepy little Betty for a sharp, squint-eyed girl, that Damy thought would be invaluable, as she could see two ways at once, and be a match for Martin. She sent up the dinner in good time, and, finally, after taking in Catharine's dinner, and obliging her to eat—after giving strict orders to the little squint-eye to do every thing that Miss Catharine told her, she locked them both in the room, and proceeded to the parlor, as was her usual custom after meals.

What could Catharine do? She felt herself in a most ridiculous plight, but her consolation was, that if Damy, in her simplicity, had hinted at her foolish scheme to Mr. Bingley, he would treat it as it deserved—and, at any rate, as she never expected to see the gentleman, she thought she would not suffer so silly a circumstance to vex her. She had no alternative, but to trust to Damy's good-nature, in procuring some place where she could remain in quiet until her mind could suggest some permanent plan. Meanwhile she began another cap, and she rejoiced in her abilities in this way, as it might be one of the modes by which she could employ herself in future.

Mr. Bingley was just leaving the parlor when Damy entered:

'Well, Damy,' said he, 'I was just going to the counting-house, but I will stay a little, to ask after your friend. I suspect, after all, that you have deceived me, and that you have a lover instead of a lady—you would not have changed your dress for a lady, I think.'

Again Damy's head was set on one side, and the smile of consciousness, that insinuated that no lover of her's was in question, quite diverted the gentleman.

'Well, Damy, I am not to know who you have locked up in your bed-room?'

'My bed-room! Lord bless you, sir, my bed-room is only large enough to hold a single cot. How could we both sleep there.'

'Both! then you really have some one with you. Elsey has gone, I hear; have you hired a young woman that is too pretty for a bachelor to see?'

'We don't want another servant,' said Damy, rather tartly, for she was trembling for her young favorite's prospects. 'We can do without another servant. Mrs. Wadlup cooks, old Jack does our errands, Martin, the disagreeable fellow, waits and cleans the parlors, and I have sent little Betty away, because she was always so sleepy in the evening, and I have a nice little squint-eyed girl in her place, on purpose to wait upon Miss Catharine, and I am house-keeper; and for all that my eye sight is bad, I can mend coarse things, and Sally Brady does ——'

'Damy, you need not tell *me* what *you* do, nor what Sally Brady does; surely by this time I ought to know. But who is this Miss Catharine?'

'Indeed, sir, I don't know who she is; I brought her in from the storm on Monday.'

'Brought a stranger in the house, and she has been here three days without finding out who she is? This is really too bad, Damy. I am afraid that you have been imposed upon. Has this young woman no friends?'

'No one in the world,' said tender-hearted Damy—'not one but Captain Grant, of the ship Sterling, and he has been shipwrecked.'

'And has not this Miss Catharine told you who she is, nor whence she came?'

'Oh, yes, sir, she came from England on Monday, and does not know the name of the person where she is to go, and our old Jack says that he thinks Captain Grant will never be heard of again; so I told her that you were too kind-hearted to turn her out of doors—and she made me this cap, and dressed me up a little, and if ever I leave off snuffing it must be owing to her.'

'Well, well, Damy, never mind your snuff; I have heard enough of it. So you do not know any thing more of your new friend's history. I must say, for a woman that you have but little curiosity.'

'Why, sir, as to that, she wanted to tell me who she was, over and over. "but," says I, "Miss Catharine, don't tell me, for I can't hear of any body's troubles, having so many of my own."'

'Your own,' said Mr. Bingley, 'why what troubles can you have? I thought you were as happy as possible under my care.'

'Why so Miss Catharine said, and she has the most beautiful hand you ever saw, sir; it is as white as snow, and she has those curious white circles, like your's at the roots of her nails.'

'Well, did you tell Miss Catharine what your troubles were, for really I should like to know?'

'Yes, sir, I told her that I hated our Martin so ——'

Mr. Bingley could stand it no longer, he laughed loud and long, and Damy grew quite pettish.

'Well,' said she, as he stopped to take breath, 'you are just like Miss Catharine—just so she laughed at my sneezing, and I think that she would suit you on that account better than any lady in the land.'

'What—Damy—do you intend this Miss Catharine for my wife?'

'Why, sir, I did not mean to tell you of it for some time; but Martin spoils every thing; and your saying that he was a spy, and that he would come to my room——'

'Why, Damy, you are certainly a little crazy: I said no such thing. It was you who called poor Martin a spy. But, upon my word, I am much obliged to you for your kindness in getting a wife for me so conveniently. When am I to see the lady?'

This was as far as poor Damy could go—she knew that Catharine had no desire to be seen, and she hesitated.

'Have you told Miss Catharine of your kind plans with regard to us?'

Mr. Bingley was always in good humour with this attached domestic, who, with all her simplicity, was a capable woman in her station, and he often amused himself with her answers—but this was the first time in her life that she had ventured to take a plot into consideration, and she knew no more than an infant how to manage it.

Finding that she hesitated, he repeated the question—

'Does Miss Catharine know that she is to be my wife?'

'Yes, sir,' said Damy, at length, growing, a little grave, 'I told her that I was sure you would marry her if she would give you time, but that you were very shy.'

Mr. Bingley laughed till his sides ached.

'Well, Damy, what did the lady say then?'

And whilst she was trying to recollect what Catharine *did* say, Martin came in to get his discharge. Mr. Bingley had effected a change of servants that morning with a friend of his, and Martin was now going to his new place. Mr. Bingley intended to mention it to Damy, but the conversation took so curious a turn that he forgot it.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Damy disappeared as soon as Martin entered, who, after receiving his discharge, which was already written for him, followed Damy through the passage, and just as she had turned the key, he electrified her by bawling out—'Good-bye, Mrs. Snuffy—I am going—shake hands—let us part friends:'

Damy gave a dreadful shriek, and then another, which sat Martin scampering—made Mr. Bingley rush to the spot, and brought the terrified Catharine to her assistance. Here they were, all three together.

Mr. Bingley's surprise was great. He soon learned the cause of Damy's fright, but for so bright a vision as that which he now beheld, he was not prepared; whilst Catharine, trembling and blushing, stood with downcast eyes, unable to advance.

Damy was the first to recover her presence of mind. She pushed the little squint out of the doorway; and as both Mr. Bingley and Catharine were obliged to enter the room, as she advanced she shut the door, and handing a chair to the gentleman, she begged Catharine to sit likewise.

'There, sir,' said she, exultingly, 'does not her hair curl beautifully?' and is not her hand as white as snow; and if you could get a good peep at her eyes'—

Mr. Bingley rose; he approached poor Catharine, who had covered her face and was weeping.

'I hope, my dear madam,' said he, respectfully, 'that the good-natured simplicity of our good friend will not give you pain. I can gather nothing from her but that you are a stranger. Make your mind easy, therefore, for here you are safe; and if I can, in any way, assist you or contribute to your welfare you can command me. Let Damy know your wishes.'

Half-raising her head, Catharine would have thanked him, but he unlocked the door and left the room.

'Now is the time to dance, if ever a man did dance,' said honest Damy, frisking up and down the little apartment. 'How do you like him, Miss Catharine? He is no great beauty, to be sure.'

But Damy only said this to extort praise from Catharine, for she considered Mr. Bingley as one of the finest gentlemen in the world.

'I really was too much terrified to look at him, Damy, but his voice I shall never forget; it sounded like music to me. I am sure he will be my friend, and I will tell him all my unhappy story, and he will advise me what to do. I will beg you for pen and ink; I will write to him immediately.'

'No, don't; he is as tender-hearted as I am. Do, just let things fall naturally. He will serve and advise you exactly the same as if he had cried over your story for half an hour.'

But Catharine had sense enough to know that it was proper to let Mr. Bingley know something of a person who had taken refuge in his house; and she again begged for pen and ink, which, on promising to be as brief as possible, Damy gave to her.

She told her story in as few words as her agitation would allow, and concluded by imploring his protection for a few days, until she could devise some plan for her support.

'I have no means, sir,' said she, in conclusion, 'to convince you of the truth of what I say; my story seems romantic, but it is too true. I disguise nothing from you but my name, which, as it is the name of my guardian, I now abhor too much to use. If you wish it, you shall be informed even of that; for I am under every obligation to you and your good house-keeper, although it would be most desirable to me to remain concealed from my guardian's knowledge.'

Mr. Bingley was very much surprised with the style and penmanship of the letter. That she had been well educated he could not doubt, and he determined to have an interview with the fair stranger in the morning.

He despatched a note, to this effect, by Damy, and although the day had been pregnant with so much of inquietude and interest both to Catharine and Damy, yet the evening closed with renewed hopes to the former, and a confirmation to Damy of all her agreeable prognostications.

At ten o'clock the little parlor was ready to receive Mr. Bingley, for now that secrecy was no longer necessary, the beds had been removed to a more commodious room up stairs; and when he entered, Damy, dropping a sideling courtesy left the room.

Although Mr. Bingley was impressed with the idea that Catharine was handsome, he was not prepared for so much loveliness. Her embarrassment seemed even to give additional charms to her face, and the ease with which he at first accosted her was fast giving way to a confusion equal to her own. Catharine was the first to speak.

'How can I sufficiently apologize for giving you all so much trouble? Accident at first threw me on your hospitality, and now, continued she, with her face covered with tears and blushes, 'if you will but add to all this kindness by advising me what to do, I shall be for ever grateful. The cruel situation into which I have been thrown, is too much for me to bear. I—

'Say no more, my dear madam. I rely, implicitly, on what you say, and it shall be my study to deserve your confidence.'

They were both standing. Mr. Bingley led her to a chair. That 'beautiful white hand' trembled in his, and, like a fool, his trembled too. He seemed spell-bound. The ease and quiet that he felt when in company with other ladies, vanished before this young stranger, and it was with much effort that he assumed courage enough to beg her to remain at present under the protection of his house-keeper.

'Her manners,' said he, gathering courage as the hand was withdrawn, and he had seated himself by her side; 'her manners are as simple as a child's. She has lived in my family ever since I was a child, and I am sincerely attached to her, and, in fact, when not called upon in any emergency, she is equal to the station she holds. Her affection for me supplies many deficiencies, and I overlook faults which would be intolerable to another. She has grown wonderfully partial to you, madam,' continued he, rising and again taking her hand, with nails so like his own. 'Be at ease—at home, here. Command me as your friend, and, above all, bear with poor Damy's foideries. Be assured of my respect, and let me know, from time to time, what you wish me to do.'

To be concluded next week.

From the Richmond Compiler.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF BISHOP MOORE.

The first ancestor of Richard Channing Moore, the late Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, of whom there is any thing known, was Sir John Moore, whose family seat was Frawley, in Berkshire. This gentleman was knighted by Charles the 1st, of England, on the 21st of May, 1627, two years after he came to the throne, and lost both his estate and life in the revolution which ended in the execution of that unfortunate king. The motto of his coat of arms was *nihil utile quod non honestum.*" Of the descendants of Sir John Moore little is known until we come to John Moore the grandfather of our lamented bishop, three of whose brothers were distinguished as well as himself. One of them was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Moore, chaplain to the celebrated scholar and Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Atterbury, whose sermons he published. He died Rector of Little Britain, in London, leaving a highly respectable family, among whom were Thomas Moore D. D., rector of North Bay, in Kent, and the Rev. Dr. Charles Smith whose sermons were published in England, in 1822, and highly esteemed. Another of the brothers of John Moore, was Daniel Moore, a gentleman of estate who was a member of Parliament for many years, whose daughter married the celebrated Lord Chancellor Erskine. Another of the brothers was Wm. Moore, of Moore Hall, Pennsylvania, who left a highly respectable family. One of his daughters was married to the Rev. Dr. Smith, a celebrated preacher of Philadelphia, and formerly rPresident, of the University of Pennsylvania. John Moore, the brother with whom our narrative has to do, being the grandfather of the bishop, was an eminent merchant of New York, in colonial times. He was an Alderman of that city, for many years a member of the Legislature, and at the time of his death Colonel of one of the New York regiments, and a member of the King's Council for the province. He was born in 1686, and died in 1749, at 63 years of age. He was the 1st person buried in Trinity churchyard, and the title of the family vault was in Bishop Moore at his death.

Mr. John Moore married Frances Lampert, and was blest by her with eighteen children, among whom were three pair of twins. The descendants of Mr. Moore married into the Bayard, Livingstone, Hoffman, Onderdonk, Bailey, Tredwell, and Rogers, families, which are among the most respectable families of the North.

Stephen, the 17th child, owned West Point, which he sold to the United States, and removed to North Carolina. Upon the invasion of the Southern States by the British, in 1779, he commanded a regiment of North Carolina militia. He was afterwards taken prisoner at the first battle of Camden. Being exchanged, he returned to his beautiful seat, Mount Tirza, North Carolina, where he died, leaving in that State a highly respectable family.

The 7th of the thirteen sons of John Moore was Lambert, the father of Bishop Moore. He was born in 1722, was sent to England for Education, and was bred a scholar in Westminster school. At twenty-one years of age he returned to his native country, and settled in that part of the state of New York which was called the neutral ground. Here he lost all his property amidst the devastation and plunder which desolated that part of the country. His House at West Point, where he resided during the early part of the Revolutionary War, was plundered by the Hessians, when the British took the posts of the Highlands, and his family was turned out of doors in a destitute condition. He removed thence to the city of New York, where he obtained an appointment in the Customs, and lived in comfort until the conclusion of the war. After this event, he removed to his brother John's, in Norwhich, Connecticut, where he died of a pulmonary disease, on the 19th of June, 1784, in the communion of the church. In the spring of 1755, his remains were removed to New-York, and deposited in the family vault, in Trinity Churchyard, by his son, the late Bishop of Virginia, who then resided in that city.

Elizabeth Channing, the mother of Bishop Moore, was descended of a highly respectable family.—Being left an orphan at two years of age, she was brought up in the family of her uncle, John Pintard, Esq., one of the Aldermen of New York. She was an accomplished lady, having received the best education which New York afforded, and was highly esteemed in the best society of her native city.—She was polished in her manners, of the most amiable disposition, and exemplary piety and was remarkable for strong judgment and sound good sense. To the early religious instructions, the prayers, and lovely and pious example of this exemplary Christian mother, Bishop Moore often delighted to revert with tears of gratitude in his eyes, and a bosom swelling with affection and reverence.—To her early nurture and admonition in the LORD he ascribed under God all his happiness and usefulness in this world, and his hopes of a blessed immortality in the next. She entered upon her eternal rest, at his house on Staten Island, on the 7th December, 1805, in the 78th year of her age.

Of the 11 brothers and sisters of Bishop Moore, our limits will allow us only to say, that they were all honorably connected in marriage, were respectable, virtuous, and useful.

Richard Channing Moore, the late Bishop of Virginia, was born in the city of New York, on the 21st of August, 1762. He received a liberal education, and was bred a physician; but after practising medicine for several years, in 1787 he resolved to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel of CHRIST, and was ordained by Bishop Provoost in New York. The first two years of his ministry were spent at Rye in the county of Westchester, most acceptable to the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, at Richmond, on Staten Island.

Here Dr. Moore laboured for twenty-one years with eminent success. His faithfulness in all the departments of ministerial duty, his zeal in the advancement of true religion, his love of his Divine Master and of his work, his unaffected love of all men, his amenity of manners and entire freedom from spiritual pride, and all moroseness in his theological views, gave him, not only an unbounded popularity among his people, but won for him their warm admiration and sincere attachment. The fruits of such labours, and of such a Christian character, were soon abundantly manifested. The bounds of his parish were greatly enlarged, his congregation soon overflowed, and it became necessary to enlarge his church edifice. The numbers of his communicants rapidly increased, and the standard of their piety was much elevated. Even after a large addition to the sittings of his church, it soon became necessary to make still further provision for the numbers who flocked to his ministry, and a Chapel of Ease was provided 6 miles distant from the Parish Church.

During his attendance upon the late General Convention, in October last, the writer of this sketch visited this scene of the early labours of his venerated and beloved friend. It was grateful to every good feeling of the heart to witness the ardent love and unsuffected veneration for their old pastor, which were still cherished and remanied enshrined in the hearts of his former parishioners and children. It was delightful to address in the two beautiful churches of the parish, large congregations of zealous worshipers of Almighty God, and to see the son of this venerable man, who had in his earliest manhood, and immediately after his admission to Holy Orders, succeeded his father in this enteresting charge, now himself more than fifty years of age, and honoured with the title of Doctor of Divinity, after a useful and successful ministry of thirty-two years, still occupying the post of his father's duties, and walking in the steps of that good old man, as a faithful and beloved shepherd of CHRIST's flock. The bishop loved, in his social intercourse with his friends, to revert to this scene of his former ministry—to talk of those zealous members of his congregation who were wont to hold up his hands in his arduous duties, and to recount the many evidences of his Heavenly Father's goodness then vouchsafed to him.

The reader will here pardon me for here introducing one or two of the many anecdotes which I have heard him relate: It pleased God one time eminently to bless his labours, by unusual influence of Divine Grace among his people. There was a true revival of religion, the work of GOD's spirit, and not the ephemeral effect of those hot-bed contrivances and human devices, which have with pernicious consequences so often been resorted to for doing that work which the Holy Spirit only can really effect. Within a few weeks, more than sixty persons were added to the list of his communicants. During the prevalence of this happy state of religious feeling, Dr. Moore went to officiate in the chapel, where he regularly performed divine service in the afternoon. After the services and sermon, the blessing was pronounced; but instead of the usual bustle of a retiring congregation, entire stillness pervaded the assembly, interrupted only by suppressed sobs. A churchman arose and said, "Dr. Moore, the people are not satisfied, they desire more of the bread of life, will you not preach again?" Hastily selecting a portion of Scripture during the singing of a hymn, he again preached an extempore discourse of the usual length, and pronounced the benediction; but all was quiet, and again this people, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, asked and received in a third sermon heavenly food from their shepherd's hands. The afternoon by this time being spent, and the strength even of this able labourer having been exhausted, he was obliged to entreat the enchanted throng to debart to their homes. Such an instance may in vain be searched for since apostolic times.

On another occasion, the Doctor was invited to meet a company of highly esteemed friends at dinner. Just as he was getting into his gig, a messenger arrived from a distant part of the Island, requesting him to visit a very poor communicant who was dangerously ill. Obedient to the call of duty, he relinquished his proposed pleasure, but still with some reluctance, wishing the call of duty had not been made, and almost inclined to delay it until the morrow. When arrived at the humble cottage, he was unusually successful in imparting the consolations of religion, and succeeded in quieting the fears and animating the hopes of his humble friend. As he knelt on the dirt floor, the grace of GOD warmed his affections, and with unwonted fervour he poured forth his supplications for the dying Christian before the throne of their co mmon Father and God. As he returned home late in the evening, with his own faith strengthened and his Christian graces enlivened, he wept at the thought of the reluctance with which he had gone to so delightful a duty, and was humbled under a sense of his ingratitude to that merciful God, who had thus by his very kindness rebuked him. That night his sick friend died, full of peace and hope. The Bishop continued to his death to look back to that evening spent in the dying Christian's chamber as perhaps the happiest of his life, and he learned from the occurrence a lesson which he did not forget, never under any circumstances to postpone duty to pleasure.

In 1809, Dr. Moore was called, by God's providence, to a still more important sphere of usefulness in St. Stephen's Church in the city of New-York. Here he continued 5 years. His labours were very great, but neither the strength of his fine constitution nor the ardor of his zeal failed, and he was again, as on Staten Island, richly rewarded for all his toils by the abundant bestowment of God's blessing on the work of his ministry. He found a small congregation, and only about thirty communicants. After a short ministry of 5 years, he left a crowded church, and between four and five hundred communicants. There is, I believe, to this day, in St. Stephen's Church, an honorable monument to the zeal and efficiency of his ministry while there. When the whole church had become crowded, every pew, not only in the body of the church, but also in the galleries, being occupied, a gentleman called on the rector, and applied for a pew: there is none, was the reply. Will you permit me to build one? was the answer. Where? said the Doctor; there, over the gallery against the wall, said the persevering applicant. But how will you gain access to it? said the Doctor. By cutting a small door in the wall, and building a private stairway outside the church, said the zealous man. And there, I understand, high up against the wall, is that pew to this day a lasting memorial of pastoral zeal, fidelity, and eloquence, such as few ministers of CHRIST are cheered by.

The next important change which occurred in the life of Doctor Moore was his call to the Rectorship of the Monumental Church at Richmond, and to the Episcopate of Virginia. These events occurred in the spring of 1814. The peculiar history of the Church of which he now became Rector, is too well known to require more than the remark, that it was built upon the site of the old Theatre, the burning of which had caused the death of more than a hundred persons, and involved Richmond in the deepest distress. Entering upon his charge at so favourable a time for so serious a consideration of religion, his zealous labours were soon rewarded by a full church, and rapidly increasing communion. But the superior importance of the subject, must withdraw our attention for a time, from his parochial to his Episcopal character.

(To be continued.)

British News.

By the English Mail.

LIVERPOOL, January 4.

NEW POSTAGE RATE.

A Treasury minute was published in Friday night's Gazette regulating the rate of certain foreign postages. Its substance is conveyed in the annexed schedule—

"Between any ports in Madeira and the Canary Islands, or between any port in Madeira or the Canary Islands and the Azores, or between Madeira or the Canary Islands, or the Azores, and any port in the West Indies or North or South America, other than the Western coast (not passing through the United Kingdom). 1s.

"Between any port in the United Kingdom and any port in Canary Islands or the Azores, 1s. 8d.

"Between any port in the United Kingdom and any port in Central America or Venezuela, or New Grenada, (ports in the British Colonies or possessions, and the Isthmus of Panama, and on the Western coast of South America, excepted,) 2s. 1d.

"Between any port in the West Indies or North or South America, whether in her Majesty's Colonies or not, (but not including ports on the Western Coast of South America,) and any other port in the West Indies or North or South America, (except the Western Coast,) not in her Majesty's Colonies or possessions, (without passing through the United Kingdom,) 1s.

"Between any ports or places on the Western Coast or South America, (in addition to any other rates payable under this warrant for the transmission by packet-boat, to or from the Northern or Eastern Coast of the Isthmus of Panama.) 1s.

THE EXCHEQUER BILL-FRAUD.

Mr. E. B. Smith pleaded guilty to the charge of forging the exchequer bills, and was sentenced to transportation for life. Mr. Rapallo having been admitted by the crown as approver, was discharged, and the public are kept in ignorance of the facts which were expected to come out on the trial. Smith's address to the judge, in mitigation of punishment, was a most extraordinary one. He said he was the only person officially connected with the Exchequer Bill-office who was in any way implicated in the offence; that in committing it he was allured by power and talent which he could not resist, that he had never derived the slightest benefit from the crime, that year after year bills had been wrung from him under pretence of redeeming and cancelling the former ones, and that he had been sacrificed to the objects of others.

Her majesty's ministers have appointed four commissioners to make inquiries respecting the recent fraudulent issue of exchequer bills.

Letters from Paris mention that Rapallo was then or recently in that capital.

We have understood that the final and revised statement of E. B. Smith to the treasury is to the following effect:—

"That he was introduced so long back as 1820 to Rapallo Solari, and one or two of their associates. That soon after, becoming entangled in accommodation bills, he was tempted to 'borrow' an exchequer bill of £1,000, in order to raise money to meet his acceptance.

"That a speculation was entered into by Rapallo and his friends, which, if successful, was to have extricated all parties from their difficulties. But it proved most unfortunate, and only plunged them into increased perplexity and trouble.

"That apparently it lay in his power at any time to secrete and misapply almost any number of bills, wanting only the signature; and by a simple forgery to turn them into good and valid exchequer bills.

"That no person of rank or public character, whatever, was in any way mixed up in the transaction; the parties being himself, Solari, Rapallo, and another individual, whose office was in Basinghall-street; at which place they used to meet and concert their plans.

"He believes the total amount fabricated to be about £340,000; but is doubtful whether a sum of £40,000 is or is not included in this total.

"He still maintains that this whole amount has been wasted, from time to time, in gambling transactions on the Stock Exchange."

CHARACTERISTICS OF WELLINGTON.—An Israelite of Dover wrote the other day to the Duke of Wellington, requesting his Grace to discharge a debt of 14s. due from the Marquess of Douro, as he would be glad of the monish. The Noble Duke's answer was written on the other side of the note, in the following strain:—"F. M. the Duke of Wellington is not the Marquess of Douro, neither does he collect Mr. R's debts." The answer was so truly characteristic of this extraordinary man, that Mr. R. has refused a considerable sum of money for the autograph.—*Kent Paper.*

THE LATE MR. CHARLES SCOTT.—How vain are often our most cherished hopes and ambition! Sir Walter Scott expected—toiled—and died—to found an estate. His family was then numerous, and the Scotts of Abbotsford were in his imagination to rival any of the border chiefs of the olden time. A long line of descendants would regard him, the poet-founder of the family, with pride and veneration. It seems certain now that the direct succession will not continue beyond the present generation. His eldest son has no family; the second has died in a foreign country without issue; both his daughters are dead. Misfortune and death have lowered the crest of Abbotsford, and the halls which Sir Walter took such pride in rearing will scarcely ever again be trod by one of his children. The only survivor is now in India. Mr. Charles Scott was in his 30th year. He was of a reserved and diffident temper and disposition, but possessed of considerable intelligence and a fund of quiet humour, which he delighted to exercise among his friends. He was carefully educated at Oxford, was little known, and made no exertion beyond his official duties, and a few friends and relations.—*Leeds Mercury.*