duties lightly, and with the ease and grace of high breeding and fine cultivated fancy, struck her ear without carrying a meaning to her mind. I indulged the confidence of the patient, and witnessed with feelings which we only can know, the delusive spirit of life flapping his golden coloured wings round the heart whose citadel was already occupied by the demon of death. Such scenes are familiar to us; but there was something in this different from any I had yet witnessed; and I took my departure with an assumed placidity of look, while the inmost recesses of my spirit were convulsed by the laugh of the patient, and the silent brooding, and fearful searching eye of that angelic being whose existence seemed to be wound up in her friend.

Even in desperate cases, we must prescribe; and, in the evening, I sent some medicines of the paregoric and hypnotic kind, with a view, simply—for I could do no more—of relieving a slight pain which occasionally, but at considerable intervals, interfered with her good spirits. I continued my visits and often witnessed scenes similar to those I have described. The patient was gradually approaching the dread issue; and still, at every meeting, that beautiful young woman watched my every look, and searched my heart with those brilliant eyes that spoke some mysterious language which even the deepest feelings of friendship for her benefactress would scarcely explain. The patient herself felt no solicitude, she saw no danger. It was clearly otherwise with her niece; but what surprised me was, that this devoted girl only looked for her intense feelings. She never asked me if her aunt was in danger. Every glance, every movement, shewed that she felt it, but the fear of having her apprehensions confirmed—such, at least, was my construction of her strange conduct—sealed up her lips, and constrained her to a solemn silence.

One day, I called, and was shown into an anteroom, until some friend had departed. I heard words in an adjoining closet, and knew the voice of Louisa—for such was the name of the fair creature who had claimed so much interest from me.

"Why will not you my dearest Louisa?" said the soft voice of a young woman. "This is terrible! Think, love, meditate, what will be the dreadful issue. Oh, sweet, angelic being! why were you fated to make me adore you for acting against those wishes I now breathe in your ear! A-k the doctor, tell him the awful secret, that our happiness depends on ten written letters of a name; and he is only to say write, and it is written."

"I have already tried to speak to him, but I cannot. Alfred, I see our danger. My Aunt, I fear, is dying. The £20,000 left her by her husband, go to a sordid wretch, his brother, if she dies without a will, we are beggars, and her last breath will seal our destiny, and her last tear tell her too late her unavailing sympathy. I know all this. It is my night thought, my day dream, my love's whisper, my Alfred's theme; but God help me, I cannot break this subject to the doctor; my very heart bounds within my bosom at the thought of raising one slight fear in the breast of that woman to whom I owe all the happiness I have ever experienced upon earth. What, oh, what shall be done, Alfred."

I heard her sobs burst from her, as she sought for sympathy in the bosom of her lover.

"Louisa, love, lift up your head," he answered. "You are sacrificing both of us to a feeling which that excellent woman herself would pronounce a weakness and a cruelty to both you and her. Think, love, what shall be the thoughts, the agonies of your aunt, if she find herself firmly locked in the arms of death, and her hands bound up, by his rigid grasp, from obeying the dictates of a bursting breaking heart. The thought that Augustus Germain, the man she hates, inherits all her fortune, and that her dear Louisa is left by her a beggar, will drag her parting spirit to the confines of the flesh, and torture it in the body's expiring struggle. You tremble at rousing in her a fear of death, by the mention of the will; and you inflict a thousand agonies, by leaving her unprepared for that death when it comes. Louisa, Louisa, lift up your head, and say if these are not the words of truth."

A silence succeeded these words. The girl was in tears; and her feelings choked her reply.

"I feel that you have spoken truth, Alfred," said she; "yet I cannot do it, I cannot—I will rather be a beggar."

"And you will be a beggar, sweet but deluded girl," rejoined the lover; and Alfred, who would have died for this Louisa, will also be a beggar thro' her weakness. Love is hated by the Fates."

Another pause intervened, of some moments.

"But, Alfred, resumed the sobbing girl; if, if—oh, I tremble at the word—if my aunt should die without a will, and your Louisa, in place of having twenty thousand pounds, is, as she will be, a beggar—will your love for me, Alfred—ah! I choke—the thought swells my heart——"

"I know it—I know it, Louisa," replied he; "mention it not—it is well that your swelling heart binds up the treacherous word—would not Louisa, with all her aunt's wealth, take Alfred who has nothing—shall not Alfred, who has nothing, take his Louisa, a beggar? Lovely girl!—good, elevated, and noble as you are—I question if you sufficiently appreciate the devotedness of your Alfred. But Louisa, think again of what I have said. I see you again to-morrow. Oh, how time flies, when I think of your aunt!—how it lags when I think of you!—Think—think ere it be too late."

"I cannot—I cannnot," replied she.

There was an embrace; he departed, and the disconsolate Louisa sat and wept bitterly alone.

(To be concluded next week.)

FROM LATE BRITISH PAPERS.

[From the Glasgow Mail.]

Whilst all the world is ringing with the deeds of the French Duke de Choiseul Praslin, and English society stands aghast at the atrocity of "the greatest crime of the century," the state of society everywhere, at home as well as abroad, seem truly deplorable, from the multitude and magnitude of the crimes that every day brings to light. The Judges on the English Circuits are declaring the calenders to be unparallelled. And it is only this week that the High Court of Justiciary has been engaged for 14 hours together, and up to yesterday morning, investigating the details of a murder committed in Dundee. The difference in the British and Foreign offences seems to consist in this, that in France it is in the highest ranks that the most frightful outrages occur; in Britain the criminals are of a lower caste. But, after all, what is the distinction? There is nothing but identity to be witnessed in the state of moral depravity which admits of such offences being perpetrated. The Frenchman murdered his Dutchess, but he was fond of his children; he would not endure, as the accused governor exhibited, to see one of them suffer. Leith, the Dundee broker, poisoned his wife, and very nearly his children too. He had little regard, indeed, for the range of effect his poisonous preparation of barley-meal might possess. In the achievement of one fell purpose, it seemed to him as nothing how great an accumulation of horrors might attend it. The moving cause in both cases was the same; the objects of both criminals was alike; the removal of all restraint on their moral misconduct. The minds of Duke Praslin and James Leith appear to have been similarly constituted. The self-will and determination of the aristocratic miscreant suggested to him the diabolical and fiend-like procedure to which he resorted; the low cunning and moral recklessness of the broker led him to resort to an equally nefarious and more uncertain course. The essence of both schemes of death was the basest treachery—in that the Duke and the old clothesman felt and acted in common. However discrepant the circumstances of the cases or dissimilar the social condition of the parties, the same crime was committed by them from the same motive, and under the influence of the same sentiment. The pain of dwelling upon these atrocities is increased rather than diminished by this reflection. It shows that there is a base leaven in the heart of the human monster, which no correctiveness of education, situation, or example will eradicate. Both are criminally the aggressors from the first. Domestic circumstances, fit to have conferred on them a blessing, are, by their own deliberate perversity, converted to a curse. Familiarised with evil, and habitually to conduct themselves towards their wives in the worst possible manner, one crowning consummation of evil was not wanting to put the cope-stone on their conduct—it was all summed up in MURDER. And whether we regard the midnight step of the French duke towards his lady's chamber—the silent unscrewing of the bolts—the murderous and but half-effectual stabs at the sleeper—the awful conflict that then ensued betwixt the desperation of struggling terror and detected guilt—the skulking retreat of the murderer—the painful drudgery of his attempted concealments—his feigned astonishment—his appalled demeanour on accusation, and ultimate suicide—these are all parrallelled in kind, if not in degree, by the broker's mixture of poisoned meal—his exposure of it for the use of his doomed family—his behaviour in withholding from them sufficient support that they might be driven to use it—his attempts to cast the odium of the deed upon the principal sufferer—his refusal and evasion in seeking medical aid. The most miserable feature of both cases is the wretched cowardice of crime. To incur so much guilt it is often erroneously supposed that some degree of nerve is requisite. But if we analyse such acts properly, we shall truly find that there is not a particle of moral resolution traceable throughout. Hurried on as the Duke de Praslin appears to have been, from one form of outrage to another—nothing is more evident than that the sneaking concealment of assassination actuated him throughout. The brutal blow struck by the butt end of his pistol, was impelled by fear of personal detection. That was a work which, once begun, it would be more certainly fatal to him to have left unfinished than effectually to conclude. He durst not fire the bullet the pistol held within its barrel, into the bleeding bosom of his victim—for that would at once have sounded the alarm; but any extreme of violence less noisy he was ready to enact. Leith's case, on the other hand, was all a piece of detestable and sneaking villainy. His cowardice was the same as the Duke's. He wished to destroy in all security. But the retributive Providence, which both scoundrels had forgotten, was watching closely their hidden deeds—the train was already laid to the mine they were exploding.

The notoriety of the French murder—the peculiar privileges of the aristocracy, which afflict even threatened to impede the course of justice, shook the society of France to its centre, and the French Peerage quakes to this moment on its trembling base. It is much to be questioned if the additional crime with which the horrid tragedy has been wound up improves the position of the aristocracy, or tends to calm the excitement of the people. That the Duke's suicide was connived at by the authorities, in their dread of public sensation the crime had created, is we fear, greatly to be suspected. It is just possible that state policy has taken it upon itself to anticipate his doom. If so, this is just another result of the cowardice of crime.

VISIT OF INSPECTION OF SIR HARRY SMITH TO THE 16TH LANCERS.

Sir Harry Smith, the Hero of Aliwal, arrived in brighton yesterday, on a visit of inspection to the 16th Lancers, previous to his departure for the Cape, of which he has been appointed Governor. Colonel McDowal met the Gallant General and his aid-de-camp, at the Railway Terminus, and at a quarter after 2, Sir Harry Smith and Col. McDowal came upon the ground. The band immediately struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes," and Sir Harry proceeded to an inspection of the regiment, which was drawn up in squadrons. Sir Harry walked slowly down the line, frequently stopping to address some of the men, and kindly tapping them on the breast, apparently in reference to the medals which they bore.—This over, the gallant general, who was dressed in private clothes, took his position in front of the regiment, and after it had marched past, Sir Harry, who had hitherto been on foot, requested that a horse might be brought, and having mounted it, proceeded to put the regiment through a variety of evolutions.—These concluded, and the regiment again drawn up in close column, Sir Harry rode up close to the front, and, in a voice that commanded attention, spoke to the following effect:—

"Soldiers of the 16th Lancers,—I hope you are now as happy as you made your enemies unhappy. You served in India with the highest honour. Whenever you were called on, you were ready to obey your officers, either in the field or in quarters. If I have not this day addressed each separate individual whom I know, it is not because I do not feel toward you as I know you all feel towards me, but because I do not desire to keep you and your officers on the ground. I have served many years and commanded many soldiers; but never did I know a regiment of dragoons or of infantry superior, either in the field or in quarters, to my gallant comrades of the 16th Lancers. I think I now see you on the morning of Aliwal, marching in that order which would have done honour to a Barrack parade—your hearts in the right place, your hands on your lances, and doing what I believe was never before done—charging twice thro' a dense mass of infantry. On the following morning I saw half of you, I believe, with your heads bound up, looking in the field of battle for your dead and wounded comrades. I saw you also, when the enemy had taken your baggage, with a cheerful heart and ready hand, ready to redeem what was considered a reverse, when I asked you to do it, and to make the enemy and the world know that you were equal to all trials. The Duke of Wellington has frequently talked with me about this regiment of dragoons, who have frequently distinguished themselves under his command, and also of the memorable morning of Aliwal. Soldiers of the 16th, I have on this occasion more particularly addressed you. I now beg to address Colonel McDowal and the officers of the 16th Lancers. That you are gentlemen, we all know, and none know it more than the privates of the regiment, and that they have a commander and officers who will ask nothing of them which they will not obey. I regard the 16th as the nuclus of another corps which in future time will achieve another Aliwal. Tell you again what I told you when I parted from you at Lahore, when Runjeet Singh asked if you were all gentlemen, and if Her Majesty had many such regiments of gentlemen. On that morning I told you I loved you. I repeat it; and the love of a comrade is known to none but to soldiers. My dear fellows (said Sir Harry, after a pause), I rejoice to be amongst you again. (To Col. McDowal.) Pray do not let them be kept any longer."

The regiment then gave one loud shout; the band struck up; and the men marched off the ground. It would be difficult to describe the vivid impression produced by the military eloquence of Sir Harry.—It was such as would make men dare and die. The General himself is a fine specimen of a soldier—tall and spare, with features of the Wellington cast but the nose is less aquiline, and an eye like an eagle's, but with a most gracious and pleasing manner. Sir Harry dined with the officers in the evening."

FOREIGN CORN AND CATTLE.—Although the arrivals in London of Foreign Grain have not been, the last few days, equal to those of a week or two back, yet on Wednesday last entries at the Custom house, included 17,065 barrels and 1,814 bags of wheaten flour; 1,328 barrels Indian Corn Meal; 4,900 quarters of oats; 8,200 qrs. and 808 bags of wheat; and 1,520 qrs. of barley. This being more than required for the immediate wants of England, with our own stock and the now gathering harvest, will, with Providence, ensure us peace and plenty in the season to come. With regard to Cattle, &c. to give our readers some little idea of the quantity daily imported, the official returns for the last three weeks comprise, under this head,—16,398 Sheep, 815 Lambs, 4,120 Oxen, 1,805 Calves; shewing a large increase in the quantity hitherto imported, and one that ought to (and must) have more influence on the prices of the market than is now apparent. With regard to Foreign Raw Fruits, such is our rapid communication with the Continent, and the liberal rate of duty (only 5 per cent. *ad valorem*), levied on those productions of our neighbours, renders it a matter of little surprise that our imports in this particular should increase. The importations at the port of London alone, however have been so great, as to render the following worthy of record:—During the last three weeks, the total quantity imported amounts to 21,225 baskets, including cherries, currants, plums, apricots, melons, with a few apples and pears—the whole being in an unusually fine state.

IMPORTANT FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS, AUGUST 20.

The political horizon is certainly becoming dreary—Spain, Italy, Portugal, Switzerland, present themselves all under threatening aspect, and once more men begin to talk of war and rumours of wars; nor now can we hide from ourselves that the combination of all these matters is serious to the last degree! Paris, the centre through which all continental news passes, naturally is more excited upon all these matters than London. Besides, there is no Government to whom war would be likely to prove so detrimental, and here the most intense anxiety is experienced. There are few persons who are unaware that Louis Philippe dreads the excitement of a military movement in France, and that the 17 years of his reign have been one long series of efforts to ensure peace. Now, however, in the present complication of affairs, the difficulties can all be traced to the ambition or despotic tendencies of the monarch. The involvement of the affairs of Spain is too clearly his doing to require repetition, whilst his friendly disposition towards absolutism has encouraged the efforts of tyranny in Portugal and Italy.

The *National* describes the popular excitement in Italy to be of the most patriotic and gratifying character. Everywhere the Latin Crusade are rushing to arms, and calling upon their governments to lead them against the foe. They assert that hundreds of thousands of armed men wait but the signal of the Pope to march upon Ferrara and exterminate the Austrians. The *Siècle* shows, in a logical and terse article, that Austria, discovering that naval power is now necessary to the existence of a great and influential state, is about to subvert Italy, for the purpose of having ports and seats. This absolute necessity which makes Austria to aggression, is the very reason in the opinion of the *Siècle*, why the Italians should set aside all petty differences, and unite in one great struggle for their independence and their rights. The *Debats*, in a tame and flat article, leads every one to suppose that France considers the exchange of a few diplomatic notes all that will be required to allay the ferment. The *Constitutionnel* is silent.

The news which is made public is interesting. It appears certain, from letters dated Rome the 17th, that the Pope is determined on strong measures. A camp of observation has been ordered to be established at Fuli. The battalion of Chasseurs of Col. Bini, and a battalion of Fusileers, will leave on the 21st for Romagna. Five or six thousand men are collected at Ferrara. It was believed at Rome that an English fleet would shortly appear in the Adriatic to protect the Pope, while no one counted on the assistance of France. It is quite certain the most devoted advocates of peace would approve England in an armed intervention. Committee of ecclesiastics continue to make monthly collections for the armament of the civic guard, which has made great progress in discipline. A letter of the 19th says that a paper was sold in streets, headed, "Support of the Pope by England." It consisted of an article in the *Times*.

The *Union Monarchique* says—"The following news came to us from an undoubted source:—The English Cabinet have just despatched an order to the Ionian Islands for an expedition to be directed on Italy. Two regiments will be immediately landed at Ancona. Lord Palmerston has notified his intentions to the Cabinet of Vienna. The real motives of this resolution are as follows:—Lord Palmerston has discovered a connivance between France and Austria; he has discovered that the cabinet of Vienna made sure of the perfect neutrality of the cabinet of the Tuileries on the Italian question at the moment when England was pressing Austria to make common cause with her in the protestation against the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier. By this bold stroke, which forces Austria to stop, Lord Palmerston game two ends at once—that of forcing Austria to cease temporising in the matter of Spanish politics, and of obliging France to make a demonstration. Louis Philippe and M. Guizot have returned to Paris, in consequence of these grave circumstances. The Council assembles to day. England has not waited for events, she has been beforehanded with them; she acts. The fallowing has been said in a high quarter—"It is now evident that Lord Palmerston is working for war. He is an evil genius, who will put Europe on fire."

The same journal says—"In publishing some days back, in an exact compared statement of the effective force of the steam navies of England and France, we called public attention to certain preparations of the Brittanic fleet, which adds to the great disproportion of strength, the enormous advantage of a special arm, exclusively appropriated to operations which seem to be intended for the coasts of France." They then give an account of vast naval preparations in England, and quote an article from the *Sunday Times*, headed preparations for war.

M. Guizot arrived here late on Saturday night, and great activity, has been manifested in Ministerial visits.

M. the Count Alfred de Montesquiou, ex-officer of ordonnance to the Emperor Napoleon, killed himself on Saturday. This suicide was effected by means of a dagger during an attack of fever.—He was 53 years of age, and has left a wife and six children.

The Duke D'Aumale will be governor-general of Algeria in somewhat of the same position as our governor general of India. His mentor will be Major General Changarnier. General Bedeau will return to Constantine. General Lamoricux to Oran. M. Vaissie, prefect of the Pyrenees Orientales, will resume in person the three offices of finance, interior, and public works. Everything strengthens the military rule in Algiers.

MOLDAVIA.—GALATZ, August 24.—On the 24th ult. Galatz, in medavia, was visited by a violent storm, preceded by immense flights of locusts, brought by an easterly wind from the Russian province of Bessarabia. In an hour afterwards there was so heavy a fall of rain and hail that the town was in 10 minutes converted into one great lake, the hail spreading destruction around. Sheep were killed by it in the fields, and more than a hundred head of cattle were drowned in the Danube. Windmills were blown down, a man was killed, and a woman had both her arms broken.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, OCTOBER 1, 1847.

There is no news from Mexico of a definite character: General Scott being still before the city, and from the smallness of his army, no doubt very willing to treat for a peace, which feeling, we should think, (judging from the manner in which they have been handled by the Americans,) would be as anxiously participated in by the Mexican commanders.

☞ At a public Meeting of persons favorable to a Regatta the present season, held at the St. John Hotel, last evening, the following Gentlemen were chosen as Stewards: George Young, J. B. Travis, Jas. Harding, Capt. Thos. Reed, R. Stackhouse, M. H. Perley, Charles Watters, John Mackay and Charles Drury.—Upwards of £10 was subscribed at the Meeting.

ROBBERY.—On the clerks proceeding to business yesterday morning, it was found that a daring robbery had been committed, in the course of the preceding night, on the premises of Messrs Jardine & Co. corner of Prince Wm. and Church streets. The door in the latter street was found open, and from no marks of violence being found thereon, or about the store, it was pretty evident that the robber or an accomplice must have concealed himself on the premises the night previous. Mr. Benjamin Smith had for some time been in the habit of leaving his cash box every evening with Messrs. Jardine & Co. for safety, and this box appeared to have been the special object of the depredators; its contents were taken away, comprising about £200 in gold, paper, bank cheques, and £300 in bills of exchange; with two gold watches and about £20 in cash belonging to Messrs J. & Co.; the money drawers in the store remained untouched. The articles taken were deposited in the safe and locked as usual, which must have been opened by means of a skeleton or false key. No clue has been found to the perpetrators of the robbery.

This robbery shews that we have in the city some expert hands at the business, and must be a caution to our merchants to look to the fastenings of their stores and safes.

We were this morning presented by the publishers, Messrs. Bailey & Day, with a work of 136 pages, containing a tale by Professor Ingraham, called "Montezuma the Serf, or the Revolt of the Mexitili." It was published in that paper, and is now reprinted in pamphlet form at the very low price of one shilling and three pence.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENT.—John R. Partelow and Thomas Reed, Esquires, to be Commissioners for the care and management of the Dredging Machine.

LAUNCHED, on Thursday last, from the Building Yard of Mr. Hugh Irvine, Courtenay Bay, a substantially built ship of 700 tons, named the *Star*.—She is constructed of excellent materials, is of a very fine model, and reflects much credit upon the builder. The Star is owned by John Walker, Esq., of this city.

Lieut. Col. Whannell, commanding the 33d Regt. left Fredericton last week, for England, on leave of absence. Major Blake, is now in command at that place, and Captain Johnstone, of the same regiment, is commandant in this Garrison.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!—The "Act to repeal the Duties imposed upon articles imported into this Province, under the Act of the Imperial Parliament, intituled '*An Act to regulate the Trade of the British Possessions abroad,*'" passed by our Provincial Legislature at its last session, with a suspending clause, received the Royal Assent on the 13th of August last, and will come into operation on the first of April next. The House of Assembly, therefore, in passing the Revenue Bill next winter, will have to revise the whole Provincial tariff, as no duties will in future be collected at the Custom House, but will all be paid by the importers at once to the Province Treasurer or his Deputies. The arrangement will greatly facilitate the entrance of goods, and save the large outlays now expended in supporting the Custom House establishment, which will either be greatly reduced or entirely abolished.—*Courier.*

CITY POLICE.—As the Common Council are about to consider seriously on the establishment of an efficient Police for the putting a final stop to City brawls, we have copied the following very excellent paper on the summary, concise, and highly creditable way in which such matters are managed in Paris; a perusal of which will, we take it, be sufficient to convince the most sceptical, of the beauty, harmony, and justice of such salutary regulations, and under the hope that when the contemplated scheme shall be established, our authorities here, setting aside all selfish motives, and all self-sufficiency, will copy and carry out, to the utmost extent, the same vigilance and efficiency as now constitutes "the government of Paris."

THE GOVERNMENT OF PARIS.

* * * You begin to inquire soberly about the reasons of things:—how it is, matters go on so quietly with a million of excitable Frenchmen?—How it is you are safe in the midst of them—as safe or safer than at home?—In short, how the great machinery of the Paris World is working so noiselessly, and so effectually?

You see a stone out of its place in the pavement, and a day does not pass, but a parcel of quiet workers, without any visible director, with pickaxes and shovels restore the order. You see a man run down by one of the groaning Omnibusses—and appearing on the instant, you know not whence, are five or six men in military dress, who bear him carefully away, for surgical treatment; and if no friend claim him in two hours time, he is carried to one of those great Hospitals, where he has one of those beds, and share of that attendance, which is daily bestowed upon seventeen thousand sick and homeless souls. You hear a disturbance—a slight quarrel in the thoroughfare—a few on-lookers collecting, and before you have noticed his approach, a man in military cap and, with light sword, is among them, and takes one of the brawlers by the arm—he waves his hand to the crowd, and it disperses. How is it that one feels so secure against every annoyance in the city he has thought of, as the city of wickedness?

The Municipal authority in the capital is the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, corresponding very nearly with the office of Mayoralty in the larger of the American cities. There is under him, a Council of Prefecture made up into different administrations, having the cognizance of various public affairs:—as for instance, of Roads and Public Works, of Public Instruction, of Departmental Taxes, of Post Offices, of the *Pont aux Chevaux*.—Beside this, there belongs to each of the twelve Municipal arrondissement, corresponding to the wards of our cities, a maire, (mayor) and two deputy mayors; these officers sit every day from two to four hours. But in addition to all this machinery of civil administration, and what comes more nearly under the eye of the stranger, is the administration of the Police.

The head of this department is the Prefect of the Police, holding authority directly from the ministers of the crown. It is he, or some one of his thousand officials, that permits you to enter the city—it is he who permits you to stay in it, and he who permits you to leave it.

He has control over the lodging houses of the the city,—over the porters, the hackmen, the boatmen, the dressmen; he has an eye to the markets, that weights are just, and that provisions are good;—he fixes the price of bread;—he controls bakers, and bathe;—he is the great conservator of order, and it is he who makes the stranger's way safe in any part of Paris by night or day. If you drive a cabriolet, he tells you what is to be paid, if you ride to the Opera, he tells you the streets you are to pass through; if you lose your way, he puts you right; if you lose your money, he finds it for you; if you break a law, he slips his arm in yours, and walks with you down to the Palais de Justice; if you are trampled down in the street, he plucks you up, and gives you over to his surgeon; if you tumble into the Seine, he kindly fishes you out, and kindly lays your body upon one of the slanting tables in *La Morgue*.

This same omnipresent officer presides every other Friday over a council of health, held by the first physicians and surgeons; he gives to stranger operatives their certificate of right to work at their respective callings. He has under him forty-eight commissaries—one in each of the quarters, into which the twelve arrondissements are divided.—These are the special heads of their districts, and their houses may be distinguished along the Rue St. Martin and Rue Richelieu at night, by a crimson lantern burning at their doors.

Nor is this all; under the commissaries, are two thousand sergents-de-ville, who wear broad military chapeaux, and a light sword, and may be seen at all hours of the day, on the Boulevards, in the Garden, and the dirty alleys of the Cite.

Nor yet is this all;—under the Prefect, and under the commissaries, and holding humbler place than the sergents-de-ville, are the Municipal guard—three thousand picked men on foot, and seven hundred horses. The first are stationed in all the theatres at night—they patrol the streets—they rescue the injured; and wherever there is a street disturbance, there you will see the black horse-hair plume of the mounted municipal guard.

There are beside, hundreds of secret police in almost every station of life; and there are the officers of the Peace in their unsuspected citizen's dress. No portion of the capital is free from the presence of some officer of this mighty Police.—Every theatre has its regular quota—every assembly has its spy.

——You are going to the opera;—your carriage is stopped two squares from the Opera-house, by a horseman in a glittering helmet, with black plumes waving over it;—he directs with his drawn sword the way the coachman is to take; the order has been arranged and prescribed at the Prefecture of Police. Arrived at the door of the theatre, three or more of the mounted guard upon their black horses direct order upon driving away; it may snow, or it may rain—it may be early or late—still the stern looking horsemen are there—their helmets and swords glittering in the gas-light. You alight from your carriage, and a couple of the sergents-de-ville are loitering carelessly upon the steps;—they run their eyes half inquiringly over you, as you enter. Each side the little ticket box is stationed a soldier with musket,—two of the Municipal guard. You enter a passage sentinelled by another; and within, are three or four loitering at the doorways. Perhaps there is a slight disturbance; some brawler is in the house; in that event, the soldier at the door disappears in a moment; he comes again in with four or five of his comrades; there is no need of excuses or promises now; the brawler goes out over benches and boxes. He is handed over to the sergent-de-ville. The sergent-de-ville calls a carriage, and the brawler rides to the Palais de Justice.

Perhaps the disturbance is more general. The soldiers try to arrest it, they press some down, they motion the others; but perhaps half the company are hissing and shouting so that the play cannot go on. In this event—and it occurred during my last visit to Paris,—a plain-looking gentleman, dressed simply in black, with a bit of ribbon in one button-hole, leaps over from one the boxes, and tells the audience, in a quiet way, if the noise does not cease, he shall order the theatre to be cleared.

There is no use in expostulation—still less in resistance—for the man in black whom nobody knew till now, is a commissary of police—and in twenty minutes could order a thousand men upon the spot. The house was quiet in a moment, and the play went on.

For a rogue—merely morally speaking, there is no safer place than Paris. He may offend against every law of God and man, so it be not written in the books of the Prefect de Police,—and he is secure, and he may hold his head with princess, and take the cushioned stalls at Notre-Dame, and dine at the Cafe de Paris, and rent the first *lodge* at the Opera. But let him offend in the least the statues, and there is no corner from Notre Dame, to Mont Matre that can hold him. He may assume any disguise, and change it as he will—those men in the cocked hats, and with the straight swords, and worse still, those men in plain suits, whom nobody knows, will have their eyes and their hands upon him.

It is no use—the going backward, or forward, or talking about rank, or money or position;—he may as well march at once quietly down to the old Palais de Justice—walk straight into the court—ask politely for a room on the first floor, and a bottle of old Macon and a few pipes.

There is something in the constant surveillance of such a police, not altogether reconcilable with an American's idea of of freedom; yet at the same time is there a secret and indefinable charm, in feeling the presence and security of order,—order unfailing and almost perfect. It makes up indeed, a great part of the luxury of Paris life,—this quietude amid all the gaiety. Nor is it wholly the false serenity, which hangs like a summer atmosphere over the scenes of Boccacio's story;—it is guaranteed by arms, and the nicely complete military organization. It gives a home feeling in the gayest and so to speak, most Cosmopolitan city of the world; and when I came back toward it, from the great Eastern cities—there was a yearning at my heart, as if it was half a home; and I welcomed it a busier day,—the high gateway, the wide branching elms, the gray porch,—covered with its green, flowering creeper—of my country home.

On Sunday morning last, while the vessel was on her passage from Bermuda, via, Yarmouth, to St. Andrews, some where between Briar Island, and Grand Manan, the Mate of the brig Enterprise, of Yarmouth, fell overboard and was drowned.—The ill-fated young man was of the name of Allen, about 30 year of age, a person of considerable promise in his profession, and has left behind him, in Yarmouth, a wife and two young children, to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father.

THE CATHEDRAL.—The Fredericton Reporter states that the building of the Cathedral in that city is progressing with great rapidity. The most splendid specimens of Norman stone, cut and richly moulded for the door-ways and windows, have been received; and the main body of the work, under the classic arrangement of Mr. Wills, begins to assume a beautiful elevation.

The Charlotte Gazette says that Mr. Laurie and his assistant engineers have been constantly at work during the week, and the railroad line is now surveyed about four miles from town; the work going on very satisfactorily.

FIRE AT ST. STEPHEN.—On Friday a two story dwelling house in St. Stephen, owned by Mr. Thomas Veany, was consumed by fire. It was valued at about £250, and insured for £150.

A male convict has been living for four years as lady's maid with a female of rank, in the vicinity of piccadilly, London. The announcement arose from the arrival of the superintendent of police, at the mansion in question, when the domestics were all examined except one, and that was the lady's maid. "The very person I want," said the officer, "for the lady's maid is a man."

The potato rot has made its appearance again in Maryland. Whole patches and fields have been destroyed. In twenty-four hours after it makes its appearance in the stem, the whole root is destroyed.

From the Woodstock Telegraph.

The following was handed to us with a request for publication:—

To the Honorable WILLIAM B. KINNEAR, *Her Majesty's Solicitor General for the Province of New Brunswick:*

SIR,—The Grand Jury for the County of Carleton, in Session now convened, have had their attention directed to a paragraph in a paper, published in the city of St. John, called the *Loyalist*, in which your conduct in reference to the Riot that lately occurred in this place is described as "extraordinary and highly culpable." They feel that they would not be discharging the duty they owe to you, as well as to themselves, were they to separate without giving a public expression of their disapprobation of such uncalled for remarks. The Jury are fully desirous that justice should be strictly and impartially dispensed; and they are perfectly satisfied, after serious deliberation, that the course suggested by yourself is every way calculated to meet that object, and the best means that could have been adopted to expedite a prompt and vigorous administration of our laws.

The Jury have to render you their sincere thanks for the valuable counsel and assistance which you have so promptly afforded them as an officer of the Crown, during the tedious and painful investigation that they have been compelled to make.

We have the honor to be
with the most profound respect, &c. &c.

CANADIAN POST-OFFICE ARRANGEMENT.

The convenient arrangement which has for some time past existed between Great Britain and the United States, by which the mails to and from England by the *Canard* line of steamers were passed over the American territory between Boston and Montreal, is at length put an end to—the government of the United States having given the three months notice required by the existing compact—All other existing postal arrangements with Canada will also be abrogated. The following information, which we derive from a private letter, may be fully relied on;—

"Our high spirited neighbours have carried their threat into execution of terminating the Post Office contract by which is conveyed the English Mails to and from Boston. Not content with this, they have given notice that all Post Office contracts between the United States and England shall cease and determine in three months. After which time the arrangement under which our Post Masters collect American postage in the Province, to the mutual benefit of the inhabitants of both countries—and which they have done for forty years past—will no longer exist. We in the Province will suffer some inconvenience for several years, because during the winter we shall be obliged to send heavy mails through the wilds of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick;—but good will come of it, and I am sure that I do not bail it as 'good news,' for it must now open the eyes of our Government to the absolute necessity of forming a Rail Road from Halifax to the Canadas. You see that Lord Grey is already favourably inclined to this great project, and we think that this occurrance will quite remove any lingering doubts of the necessity of the measure.—*Montreal, Sept. 7.*

This issue is much to be regretted, but as the writer of the above letter suggests, good may flow from it, by expediting the progress of that great internal improvement—a railroad from Halifax to Quebec. Until this grand measure be accomplished, the British Provinces must remain in the back-ground in the great picture of modern civilization. A country without railroads is behind the age.

The disruption will be felt by the new line of Cunard steamers, intending to ply between Liverpool and New York direct. To carry the Canada mail it may be necessary for this line also, to call at Halifax, a task, however, not so burthensome as many imagine, when it is considered how very accessable this harbour of Halifax is in all weathers and at all seasons of the year, and how exactly it lies in the route from Europe to America. One of the French steamers found her advantage quite recently in putting into Halifax for a supply of coals, which is always to be found there of good quality, cheap, and in abundance. One of the Halifax journals, lays it down as a fact capable of nautical demonstration—that it would be to the advantage of all steamers plying between Boston, New York, and Europe, to call at Halifax and replenish their stock of coals. Halifax being only two or three days run from Boston and New York, the steamer would save the weight and stowage of two or three days fuel, thus lightening and enabling her to make the early part of each trip with more expedition. This is a new and highly important view of the matter and one we dare say that has not escaped the sagacity of Mr. Cunard and the gentlemen associated with him in his great, and so far, highly successful enterprise of ocean steam navigation.—*New York Albion.*

PLANK ROADS.—It is a source of surprise, that so little is known in this section of the country of the merits of the *plank road*, and, indeed, that it has not been tried on some of the roads in this vicinity, where it might prove of great advantage. We had an opportunity lately, of examining and witnessing the use of several of this species of road in Canada, where they have been tested for the last ten years, and we were satisfied of their excellence and value. One of these roads leads from Toronto to the river Rouse; another from La Chine to Montreal, and there are several others in use of from ten to twenty miles in length. In the construction of this species of road, sills are bedded into the earth, some four to six inches square, and plank, some of pine, and others of hemlock, of about eight feet long by about four inches thick, are laid crosswise of the road and upon the sills. This simple and economical arrangement effects one of the best species of turnpike—even better than the McAdamized road. The travel upon them is not only pleasant and easy, but next to the railroad, more expeditious than upon any other.—*Philadelphia Messenger.*

THE CHINESE JUNK IN TROUBLE.—Owing to the recent difficulties between the officers and crew of the Junk, at New York, the latter, consisting of twenty six Chinese, have abandoned their vessel and taken up their quarters at the Sailor's Home, the vessel has also been libelled, and will not be able to leave for some time to come. Without her interesting crew, it strikes us, that the Junk will be a kind of dead letter for the purpose of exhibition.

The Uses of Specie in England.—The London correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, attributes the recent sudden increase of the demand for money in England, to the loss of some half million sterling of bullion by the Bank in England. How this loss occurred no one (remarks the writer) seems to say. It is true, that some seventy thousand sovereigns have been sent to the United States, and nearly £200,000 in silver, to France—but a large portion of the loss remains unaccounted for, and it is but fair to suppose that this balance remains somewhere in the country, having been required by the transactions of the election and the harvest. The elections have undoubtedly caused the circulation of a large amount of gold. Bank notes being always carefully registered and easily traceable, are not used as arguments to electors. Gold tells no tales. And the writer adds the astounding fact, that in past times, a general election put into circulation, legally and illegally, one million of pounds sterling.

A SMALL BUSTLER.—A New York paper says that while General Tom Thumb was exhibiting at Hartford, Conn., last week; he offered five hundred dollars reward for a Child as short as himself, who could walk. Mrs. Poley, a woman of that city, thereupon presented her little daughter 1 year old, one inch less than the General; yet she could walk alone. The reward was therefore fairly won; but the man of small dimensions creeped out of a small hole, and said he offered the amount for a child of such a description, and refused to pay it unless the mother would give him the infant. This of course, she would not do.

The Sardinian Corvette Aurora, commanded by the Marquis Spinold, and officered by a number of Sardinian noblemen, arrived at New York, on Tuesday, the 7th inst. The object of the voyage is exceedingly interesting. At Genoa, there is a