sacrifice she had made to him: her heart was new in crime, and its purer impulses would at times resume enough of their gentle sway to make her shudder at the wrong she had done, and recoil from the unhappy passion which was all of love that the pampered king had retained the power of feeling. The tie which bound her to the king was rivetted by her own art, though its golden links fretted the heartstrings of his victim asunder. She could not go back. At times she trembled as this thought pressed itself upon her.

And all this sorrow made itself felt while the attachment of her royal lover was in its first freshness. His hand had not yet been stretched forth to tear away the unholy chain that bound him to the citizen's wife. She had not yet to listen in vain for his tardy footstep, or to watch patiently for a glance from his eye, still her heart was in constant dread of this, and trembling for the future she poisoned all joy in the present.

It was a lone hour with Jane, and thought was crowding painfully upon her as she paced that gorgeous room. A sound at the outer door came to her relief, and now each unhappy sensation was swept from her heart. The footstep must be his—she paused and listened—her graceful head slightly bent on one side, and her heart fluttering like a new caught bird. Nearer and nearer came these footsteps, quick like his and yet unlike in lightness. There was a sweet tumult in her bosom, the hope that was almost a doubt blending uncertainty with the delicious bliss of expectation. Some person was assuredly mounting the stairs.—He was treading softly in order to surprise her.—The thought gave birth to a smile that flashed like morning sunshine over these lovely features, dimpling the cheek and lips with child like and mischievous sweetness. With a finger on her lip, and a step like the fall of a flower, she advanced towards the door. She opened it; a silvery laugh broke from her lips—a quick gasp, and she paused on the threshold motionless as marble and almost as white.

A female stood before her shrouded in a cloak, but with the hood thrown partially back, enough to reveal the face, but no more. For the duration of a minute the aunt and niece stood face to face, pale and still, each with her eyes fixed on the other. Ruth was the first to speak.

'I am pale and in trouble—we are both changed, but you have not forgotten me—I hope not!' she said very mournfully.

Jane Shore snatched the hand held towards her, drew her visitor within the room and shut the door: she gasped for breath, and her whole frame began to tremble. She turned to Ruth, and pushing back the hood from her face, fixed a look full of affection, terror and surprise upon the pale features thus exposed.

'Ruth—Ruth, my own sweet child!' she cried with a burst of uncontrollable affection. 'You have come to find me—oh, my heart is bursting with the sweet joy of seeing you!' and clasping the poor girl wildly to her bosom she kissed her forehead, lips and cheek over and over again.

All at once she unloosed her clasp, stepped back, and covering her face with both hands burst into tears, while a crimson glow burned over her neck, temples and bosom.

'Ruth,' she said at length, removing her hands and speaking with mournful humility—'you should not have sought this place. They cannot have kept the truth from you!'

'Nothing has been kept from me!' replied the young girl, and her eyes filled with tears.

'And yet you are here.'

'Yet am I here, for my trouble is terrible, and you alone can help me.'

'What trouble, child?' exclaimed Jane, wildly 'He is not dead, surely, surely—I mean my—my —your uncle—say that he is not dead, Ruth.'—She was as white as death, and her beautiful teeth knocked together as her voice of anguish ceased.

'No one is dead yet,' replied Ruth.

'Nor ill—tell me that—tell me that no one is ill!'

In a few rapid words Ruth explained the peril that had fallen upon her father and her betrothed. She withheld nothing, not even the shore they had taken in concealing the fugitive queen. As she went on Jane cast a round arm caressingly over her shoulder, and though her tears flowed freely she seemed inexpressibly relieved.

'And knew your father of this visit?' inquired Jane, with a painful blush burning her cheek.

'No—he is a prisoner; and my poor mother was so confused that I could not make her understand what I was about to do.'

'And is the peril imminent?'

'Most imminent.'

'And it is to me the degraded, the destroyer, that you have been compelled to apply?' said Jane in a tone of deep humiliation. 'The peril must be great to have driven one of his kin to this. It was kind in you, Ruth—oh, how unspeakably kind thus to give me this precious opportunity. I did not hope to make any one who loved me of old, happy again in the least thing.'

'These words have almost made me happy,' said Ruth smiling with mournful gratitude through her tears. 'Oh, how your voice reminds me of times that will never come again!'

'Do not speak of them,' cried Jane, turning pale again and shrinking back, 'and yet,' she added with a quivering lip, while her eyes sought the floor—'one word of *him!*'

'Nay, poor uncle, you mean,' said Ruth in a low voice. 'What would you know of him?—ask and I will answer.'

'I have not seen—I have not heard from him since—since the day I put on these robes,' said Jane, touching the glowing velvet of her robe with a bitter smile. 'Tell me that my desertion has not been his entire misery—that he curses my faithlessness, but does not mourn for me.'

'My uncle never curses you!' replied Ruth.

'He never speaks of me, perhaps—never thinks of me!' said Jane, in a tone of deep humiliation. 'Is it not so? Speak, I can bear it.'

'He seldom speaks of you. As for his thoughts—the mother of heaven forgive you—but he is bent like an old man; his hair is almost all grey. Judge from this what his thoughts have been.'

The unhappy woman covered her face with both hands, and groaned in anguish of spirit.

'And he thinks that I am happy,' she said with bitter grief—'he thinks I am happy. Yet the saints be my witness how much I have suffered. Look on me Ruth, I have a monarch at my feet; I, who one little year ago was a plain artizan's wife, innocent, loving and happy. I am surrounded by the magnificence of a queen endowed with power, of which I make no use. Yet the husband I have forsaken is happier in his desolate home than I can ever be. Have I not given anguish for love? Have I not cast shame on the man who cherished my youth? Have I not the consciousness that retribution deep and fearful, will fall upon me for all this? How or when it may come I know not, but the certainty is fixed here.'

She pressed a hand over her heart and sighed heavily. Then she added:

'Ah, Ruth, this torture of memory is a terrible thing!'

'Terrible indeed,' murmured Ruth, gazing at the unhappy woman through her tears.

'To feel,' said Jane, giving utterance to the wretched thoughts aroused in her heart—'to feel that the unredeemable past lies between you and all hopes of atonement—to feel this while a love of right is strong within you. Oh, Ruth, if I could but once lay this head in innocence and trust upon his bosom again—but that is madness,' she exclaimed, starting and pacing the floor, while her bosom heaved and her delicate fingers were firmly interlocked. 'This is madness—the past is the past—I cannot take the snow from his locks or the pang from his heart.

'You may not do all, yet much might be done for his happiness,' laying her hand persuasively on the fingers that seemed to interlace more rigidly at her approach, 'if you would but leave this monarch——

'Hush,' exclaimed Jane with a start, 'that was a footstep. It is the king.'

Ruth sank to a couch breathless and trembling. Jane had scarcely time to dash the tears from her eyes and take a seat by her guest when the door opened and King Edward entered the room. The look of surprise that came over his face on seeing a stranger there was succeeded by a brilliant smile, and advancing with the graceful assurance of a man privileged to trample on forms, he seperated the aunt and niece and seated himself between them.

'So, sweet Bonibel, thou hast found a companion in our absence. A fair one too by our kingly faith!' he exclaimed, turning his bold blue eyes with a glance of careless admiration on the blushing girl, while he was trifling with the jewels upon the little hand which Jane, with a blush of bitter shame, was striving to withdraw from his clasp. 'We left the court early and spurred hitherward that no reproachful cloud on this fair brow should chide the king for tardiness,' he continued still gazing with increasing admiration at the downcast eyes and glowing cheek of the young girl.

'You return in a cheerful mood my liege,' said Jane, with a constrained smile, 'and this should promise well for the success of a boon I was about to crave—this poor maiden in her sore distress has crave my intercession with your majesty.

'Let the maiden plead her own cause, sweet Bonibel,' replied Edward, careless of the blush that rose in the cheek he gazed upon. 'What favour can the king deny a face like this?—speak out pretty trembler—our queen can testify that beauty never pleads in vain to Plantagenet.' The little hand in his was drawn suddenly away as he mentioned the queen, but he grasped it again somewhat impatiently, exclaiming with a slight laugh, 'Nay, nay, fair Bonibel, no foolish jealousy!—our Lady Bessie, the queen, has a thousand times more cause. Let the maiden speak. We are impatient to learn if the voice matches the rare beauty of this face.'

'My father,' said Ruth, trembling like an aspen, and attempting to kneel, 'my father and—and one to whom I am betrothed, have fallen under your majesty's displeasure—their lives even may be in peril. I beseech your highness to pardon them!'

Edward had taken her hand and held it as if to prevent her kneeling.

'Before we grant thy father's pardon and that of thy betrothed, who is a man worthy a king's envy, tell us their names,' he said with a smile. 'Thy father's crime must be forgiven were it only for giving so much beauty to his monarch's gaze. His name then and the offence!'

'He is charged with favoring the Lancastrians. His name is Barker,' said Ruth, lifting her eyes for an instant, and sinking them again abashed by the admiration glowing in Edward's face.

'Barker,' repeated the king, looking grave, 'why that is the man our brother of Gloucester persists in believing the mover of some deep seated treason against our throne. An hour since his fate was determined.'

'Not his death Plantagenet—not his death!' cried Jane, turning very pale again, and clasping her fingers around the king's hand.

'Hush, thee, Bonibel, this is the maiden's suit' said Edward. 'Let her speak.'

'I can but fall thus at your feet, great king, and plead for mercy—plead that a breath from your lips shall not make me an orphan, and a widow before I am a bride.'

'Rise—rise,' said the king with that winning grace which had so thoroughly enslaved the people—'thy sweet beauty shall not plead in vain.—It is almost beyond my power to reprieve a victim whom Gloucester has condemned. The boy always has some good reason to tender for what he wishes. Besides, he added thoughtfully,' 'there has been treason somewhere, and these two persons hardly denied some part in it. Still thy suit shall not be denied. Thy father, and perchance the man more to be envied, shall have their lives.'

'And liberty,' said Ruth, clasping her hands while her eyes sparkled.

'And liberty,' replied the king, taking her clasped hands in his. 'And now, sweet maiden, we change places, and the king craves the boon of one kiss from those bright lips in exchange for the two lives he has granted.'

Edward flung his arm around the maiden and attempted to draw her toward him, but she struggled and shrunk back with a shudder, while an expression even of abhorrence swept over her face.'

'What means this?' said the king releasing her in amazement, for he saw that some feeling deeper than maiden modesty was imprinted on her face. 'Is a single kiss to great a boon to grant the king for a father's life?'

'Not even to save his life should the lips that have already done us so much harm be pressed!' to mine!' replied Ruth in a low, but resolute voice. 'I will not do my poor uncle this wrong!'

Jane uttered a faint exclamation and attempted to arise, but fell back again.

'Thy uncle. Who is this uncle whom the king's kiss can wrong?' demanded Edward.

Ruth parted her lips to answer, but while the words were on her lips Jane started up and grasped the king's arm.

'He is—he is *my*—my——' The words died on her quivering lips, and she sank fainting at the monarch's feet.

'Maiden, I command you explain this!' said Edward with stern dignity. 'What has the uncle of whom you speak to do with her?'

'He was her husband!' replied Ruth faintly.

'And between you the king was to have been cozened into an act of mercy to this whining chert. It is well we learned this in time, or even thy fair head had not rested safely on its pillow!'

Ruth would have spoken but waving her off with an imperative motion of the hand, Edward strode to the other end of the room, his forehead black with passion.

He took no heed of the fainting woman who lay upon the floor half shrouded in her abundant tresses, for the jewels that confined them had broken loose, and in his heavy tread across the room he crushed them unconsciously, till at last the golden spur upon his heel became entangled in these scattered tresses. Then he paused in his walk, carefully disentangling his spur, and bearing the insensible woman into the inner room, laid her on the couch. After a moment he came to the door pale with rage.

'Away!' he said, addressing the terrified maiden. 'Away, and speak not of that which thou hast seen, or thy father's head shall have company on the scaffold!'

Ruth went into the street, heart stricken and bewildered. Where should she go? With whom could she council in her great misery? She wandered aimlessly about for a time, and at length found herself in front of a gloomy building with closed shutters, and a knocker rusted from disuse. Had she been in a state capable of reflection it is probable that this would have been the last dwelling to which the poor girl would have carried her grief. But her brain was wild with the scene through which she had just passed, and it was with a throb of joy that she recognized the house of her uncle Shore.

She did not knock, but softly raised the latch, entered what had been a ware-room. Boxes of rich plate, and dusty caskets with the jewels exposed, lay neglected upon the shelves. The room was dark. As Ruth passed through it her heart failed, and she paused a moment leaning against a pile of cases. Through an open door at the extremity of this deserted ware room she saw her uncle seated in a room scarcely less gloomy than the one in which she stood. She saw him lift his eyes from the book he was reading, those dark troubled eyes that seemed to draw their light from the fountains of a crushed heart, and a sensation of awe crept over her.

There was something so calm and full of dignity in his silent sorrow, that the maiden felt as if it were sacrilege for her to intrude there with her passionate grief. At length she advanced into the room timidly.

Shore lifted his eyes, a faint smile came to his lips, and rising from the huge chair of carved oak in which he had been sitting, he advanced toward the maiden and laid both hands caressingly on her head, but without speaking a word. He sat down and she placed herself on a stool at his feet, fixing her troubled eyes pleadingly on his face, but without daring to break the profound silence that reigned throughout the dwelling.

'And how fares it with thee, dear child, and those at home?'

Ruth burst into a passion of tears. 'Alas—alas, and has all this come upon us, and you ignorant of it?' she exclaimed.

'Thou art pale Ruth. What has chanced?—why these tears?' cried Shore, nervously. 'Is any one ill?'

'Sweet mother of heaven, how came I here?—How can I tell him?' She arose to go, terrified at the thought of speaking to that heart-stricken man of the visit she had made.

'Sit down Ruth—why tremble thus? This is something connected with her. I feel that it is—speak out. These things do not pain me as they did at first.

Thus encouraged, Ruth told the history of the last two days; her voice was broken, and often choked by tears during the narrative, but she withheld nothing, not even when describing the interview with her aunt and the king. Shore asked a brief question now and then, but not while Ruth was speaking of his wife.

When she had done he stood up with one thin hand pressed to his forehead.

'Uncle!' said the maiden, frightened by the deathly paleness that settled around his mouth.

Shore dropped his hand and spoke, but his voice was husky, and he leaned upon the chair for support.

'Did'st thou leave the king there?' he inquired with a perceptible shudder.

'I left him there.'

'And he pronounced thy father's doom to thee in her presence?'

'She was faint and quite insensible.'

'Do not torture me with the description,' he exclaimed sharply, while big drops of perspiration started to his forehead. 'Return home, child—comfort thy poor mother. I will go to the king.'

'Thou, uncle?'

He did not seem to heed her; but taking a vial from his bosom, drank off its contents. This appeared to renovate his strength, and he stood upright, but with a hand pressed hard against his heart, while a spot of red flashed up to one cheek, leaving the other of a ghastly white.

'Uncle, you are ill!' said Ruth, starting up.

'No—no!' he answered. 'Let me depart tomorrow will be too late.'

They went out together, and, strange to say, the burden that had bowed Shore to the dust seemed lifted from his shoulders; his step was firm and nervously quick. He walked upright, and there was fire in his dark eye—Ruth gazed upon him almost with terror, for the transformation seemed supernatural. He walked away without speaking to her, and evidently forgetful that she was near. She turned to look after him once or twice, but he went resolutely onward looking neither to the right nor left.

Something of regret for his violence induced Edward to remain with his victim some time after she had regained consciousness. He did not in the least relent from the stern determination to execute the members of her family who had been plotting against his throne, but the wretched woman was so grief stricken, so terribly depressed, that he could not in common humanity leave her in that state. She lay upon the couch, with tears stealing down her pale cheek, a tremor now and then stirred her lips as if she would have spoken, but the dark cloud on Edward's brow frightened back the words of supplication as they rose.

At length he became weary of her grief and arose to go. 'To-morrow,' he said, 'we trust to find roses fresh upon this cheek again. We came not hither for tears and petitions!'

Edward turned angrily away. 'These traitors shall lack the power of avenging their king's privacy after this fashion, before he leaves the palace again,' he said. 'Till then farewell!'

He turned from the couch, took a step forward, and stood face to face with the man whom he had injured so dreadfully. Shore stood upon the threshold of the chamber.

A flood of crimson rushed over the king's face, and then he turned fearfully white.

'I have come hither,' said Shore, before the enraged monarch could speak, 'to save thee Edward of York, from adding another crime to the black list registered against thee in heaven.' A smothered cry from the bed made his voice quiver, but he only paused a single instant. 'I have come to demand—or supplicate if the term suits thy pride better—the life of my sister's husband, and that of the man betrothed to her child.'

'Thou demand, or supplicate, if the term pleases me better!' cried the king hoarse with rage.—'Churl—villain, how camest thou here?'

'I came alone, armed with my own wrongs; thy minions would have stopped me at the door, but I passed through them all. A moment since and one blow of my arm had avenged me, I did not give it, though I found thee here unarmed and in my power.'

'And would'st thou hold us grateful that thou art not a murderer!' cried Edward scornfully.—'Away man, or we shall forget ourself and deal more harshly with thee for this insolence than, for the sake of your fair dame, we could desire.'

'Even this,' replied Shore, 'I can endure. I came not to vent weak reproaches on thee; ah, king, even the sight of you wretched woman grovelling amid the trappings of her shame have strength to beat. I come with my great wrongs to barter them away for the life of my sisters husband.'

'Great wrongs!' retorted the king, with a haughty sneer. 'Why it has been the boast of noble houses that their daughters found favour in the eyes of a Plantagenet. Must thy churl's tongue prate of wrongs to the king's face?'

'Anger him not; oh, taunt him not thus!' cried the wretched cause of this unequal recrimination, starting from the couch. And falling upon her knees between her husband and the king, she grovelled at their feet, hiding her face and smothering her sobs in the purple folds of her robe.

'Up!' cried the king, lifting her from the floor, and putting her harshly back with his hand, 'turn not thy face to this churl's gaze again.'

The wretched woman staggered and fell against the couch, moaning as if her heart was broken.'

'Thou kingly fiend!' cried Shore, terrible in the majesty of his wrath—'thou in thy grandeur and thy sin—I in the memory of my wrongs.'

'What ho!' cried Edward, stamping on the floor, forgetful that in his secret visits to the house no retainers ever followed him. 'What ho——secure this traitor!'

Again the unhappy woman sprang forward, wild with agony, and fell on the king's bosom.

'Mercy! mercy! this is killing me,' she cried in a voice of keen anguish, 'it is killing me!'

Shore started, pressed a hand to his heart and staggered. The breath rattled in his throat, and with one sharp cry he fell forward on his face.—The sight of his wife clinging to the bosom of another had torn asunder the last string of a heart that had been breaking for months.

Even the haughty king was appalled by the agonizing cry with which that crushed soul had left his enemy stark and dead at his feet. His heart recoiled from that horror-stricken woman, and he put her from his bosom: she fell from his arms helplessly with a shuddering cry, and her hair sweeping like a cloud over the dead face of her husband.

The heart of the proud king was moved: his cheeks grew pale, and a look of keen regret came to his eyes as he bent them on the two beings that before had been so innocent and happy together.

'*Mon Dieu*, this is terrible,' he muttered shuddering. 'If I had but granted the life of these two at first this might not have happened. Why did he brave me thus? Why did she interpose?'

A smothered cry, and a clasp of two agonized hands beneath the mass of dishevelled hair smote on the already regretful heart of the monarch; he lifted the trembling form of that guilty wife from the dead bosom of his victim, and laid her upon the couch. Then he took the attenuated body of Shore in his arms, and carrying into the next room laid it in a recess of the window, and tearing some tapestry from the walls heaped it over him. The king was a powerful man, but he staggered under the weight of his victim; and when he passed the door where Jane was lying insensible, a groan broke from the bosom. Then he left the house.

An hour after, and the courtiers swarming in the Tower, were flung in a state of consternation by the appearance of the king, pale as death, and with his garments covered with dust. He hurried through the crowd, and meeting the lieutenant of the fortress demanded his keys, and preceded that officer as he went to the rooms where Barker and young Williams were imprisoned. Edward went in alone—without heeding the surprise his appearance produced, he addressed the prisoners:

'Speak,' he said, 'you have been true to a bad cause: firm in treason to the king. Torture has not wrung Margaret of Anjou's secret from you.—Can you be equally faithful to Edward of York?'

'It has long been the Tradesmen's Boast that no betrayal of a trust from friend or enemy is yet to be charged upon their class,' said young Williams.

'The king frees you both, and trusts you with a secret dear to his honor,' replied Edward with touching dignity. 'Be faithful to him as you have been to his enemy. Follow us to the city, our own presence shall be the warrant for your free passage.'

Half an hour after and Edward dismounted from his horse near the dwelling of Jane Shore. Followed by two men whom he had just released from prison, he entered the room where he had composed the poor goldsmith's body. Every thing was as he had left it, save that the tapestry had rolled back from the dead man's face, and the wretched wife sat by him on the floor, with the pale head resting on her lap, and rendered more ghastly from the purple hue shed over it from the velvet of her robe.

The mercer started as he saw that cold face.—'Dead, my poor brother dead, he muttered. 'The saint forbid that this thing came from violence.'

'It was sudden but natural,' said the king in a sad voice; he came to plead for the lives of you his kinsman. The sight of—of—no matter—he died by no violence. You have the word of a king and a Plantagenet that it was so.'

'The saints be praised for that,' said Barker.

'Take him gently from her,' said the king.—'Remove him to his own dwelling, and be silent of all that you have seen. The king not only forgets the past, but will be your debtor in this.'

Barker stooped down and attempted to withdraw the lifeless husband from the almost insane clasp of the woman who had murdered him.

'Listen,' he said in a broken voice—'trust him with me.'

His voice seemed to unlock the terrible despair that lay around her heart. She lifted her eyes with an expression of unutterable anguish to his, and lifting her arms that he might raise her from the floor, murmured—'take me home—oh, take me home!' and once more fainted.

The stout mercer trembled beneath his beautiful and sinful burden as he bore her to the inner room. He remained alone with her during half an hour, and when he came forth tears stood in his eyes.

'Do not attempt to see her again, my liege,' he said in a broken voice—'respect her anguish and leave us with the sorrowing and the dead.'

The king bent his head and went forth, and a few hours after, Shore was carried through the same door and placed in the grave which his king had dishonored.

☞ PRICE OF THE CHRONICLE—12s. 6d. per annum, in advance; 15s if not paid until the termination of a year.—For $10 In Advance, 5 copies will be sent *to one address* for one year; for $20 11 copies; and for $40, 21 copies ——Single Nos. may be had at the office, 4d each.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, NOV. 15, 1850.

FIRE AT FREDERICTON.—From the Head Quarters Extra, we copy the following account of a terrible conflagration which occurred in Fredericton on Monday last, commencing at about 2 o'clock in the day. It comes peculiarly unfortunate at this season of the year, and when more than the usual quantities of merchandize and supplies of every description were forwarded to, and lying in the city; some portion of which has doubtless been destroyed.—The numerous similar calamities which have befallen St. John, will have well taught us how to condole with those in distress at Fredericton, and we have no doubt the requirements of the sufferers will be met in a right spirit of sympathy and charity. To that end, a requisition has been got up for a public meeting, which, we are informed, will be held on Monday next, by which time all information regarding the sufferers will have been procured to lay before the meeting.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—Yesterday about two o'clock, one of the most awful conflagrations which ever visited a small community, broke out in Carleton street, commencing in the rear of the premises formerly occupied by Dr. Emerson, and then in the occupation of Miss McLaughlin and Mr. Hilland, which in an incredibly short space of time communicated with the Methodist Chapel, which, with the building named, were speedily consumed. The most strenuous efforts were made to confine the devouring element to the block on which it originated, but these efforts were without avail. At this juncture a strong wind blew from the north-west, which forced the flames to the opposite side of King street, consuming the new building owned by Mr. Morgan, the house occupied by the Rev. Mr. Temple, and from thence backwards to within one building of the Masonic Hall. The corner house on Carleton street, opposite the Methodist Chapel, was soon after in flames, and Magee's bakery, the Temperance Hall, and all the buildings along to Flewwelling's corner very speedily followed on the one side, while the premises occupied by John Reilly, and the building owned by Patrick Kelly, better known as Perks' tavern on the other. All the buildings on that block, Carleton street, being consumed, with the exception of that known as Anderson's corner. From this time the progress of the flames became irresistable. The military, the firemen, and the citizens generally, worked as men should work for the preservation of life and property, but still the flames rushed on consuming nearly three entire blocks in the very centre of the city, and were not stayed until they had reached from above Carleton street upwards, to Saint John street, downwards, and from the south side of Queen Street to Brunswick Street, backwards, leaving on St. John Street the property belonging to the Bank of British North America, that belonging to E. W. Miller, Esq., on Brunswick Street, the property owned by Beverly Robinson, the residence of the Roman Catholic Bishop, the Roman Catholic Church, which was several times on fire, and the residence of Mr. Charles Gripor. On the south of Queen Street, between the points mentioned, there only remains the property of Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. Stewart, and the new brick building owned by the heirs of the late Mr. Staples.

By this awful calamity upwards of two thousand souls have been driven out of their houses, many of whom do not to this hour (5 o'clock) know where to lay their heads. The loss by this calamity it would be vain now to estimate, but our readers may form some idea of its extent, when we mention that this morning we counted *one hundred and fifty six* seperate tenements totally consumed, without taking into account the out-houses and back stores attached thereto, which might amount in all to some three hundred. The business portion of the community have suffered very severely, but those who have lost their all are most to be pitied, and for those public sympathies will, we hope, be felt abroad as well as here. We subjoin the proceedings had at a public meeting held here to-day:—

At a Public Meeting held in the Court House, this 12th day of November, 1850, to take into consideration the means of relieving the sufferers by the fire of yesterday—His Excellency the Lieut. Governor in the Chair. Present, the Lord Bishop of Fredericton, His Honor the Master of the Rolls, the Venerable the Archdeacon, the Rev. J. M. Brooke, the Hon. the Provincial Secretary, the Hon. Attorney General, Hon. C. Fisher, His Worship the Mayor, the High Sheriff, and a large number of the leading members of the community.

His Excellency the Lieut. Governor addressed the meeting, expressing his sympathy with the sufferers in the late calamity, and his anxiety to co-operate with the meeting for their relief.

On motion of the Hon. Attorney General, the Rev. W. Q. Ketchum was unanimously requested to act as Secretary.

On motion of His Lordship the Bishop, seconded by the hon Charles Fisher.

Whereas a large number of our fellow citizens were last night deprived of their houses and goods it becomes the especial duty of those who, by the blessing of Providence escaped such visitation, to assist those who may thus be left destitute and in urgent want at the approach of winter, it is

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to receive subscriptions to be appropriated—1st, to provide shelter for indigent persons deprived of their houses by fire; 2nd, to supplying such necessary food and fuel and other necessaries as may be urgently needed.

On motion of the hon. the Master of the Rolls, seconded by the hon. J. R. Partelow,

Resolved, That such Committee consist of the following persons, with power to add to their number—The Lord Bishop, his honor the Master of the Rolls, the Attorney General, the hon Col. Shore, the hon. Charles Fisher, the Archdeacon, Rev. Mr. Brook, Rev. Mr. Aylward, John Ambrose Street, Esq., the High Sheriff, the Mayor, the Rev. W. Q. Ketchum, W. J. Bedell, Esq. James Taylor, Esquire.

On motion of the Hon. C. Fisher,

Resolved, That the Committee have power to delegate their functions to any three or more of their body, and that a meeting of such Committee be held at the Court House, on Wednesday, 13th instant, at 10 a. m., when they shall fix the time of meeting for a sub-committee.

On motion of his Worship the Mayor, seconded by the hon. T. Baillie,

Resolved, That subscriptions be paid to the Treasurer, or by permission of the Directors of the Central Bank of New-Brunswick, to his account there, and a list opened for this purpose.

On motion of Dr. Robb, seconded by the Rev. J. M. Brooke,

Resolved unanimously, that the cordial thanks of this community are due to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of her Majesty's 97th Regiment, and of the Royal Artillery, for their untiring and valuable exertions throughout the disastrous conflagration of yesterday.

On motion of the Lord Bishop, seconded by the Attorney General,

Resolved unanimously, that the thanks of the Meeting be given to his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor for his conduct in the Chair, and for the zeal and sympathy which he has manifested in behalf of the sufferers by the late fire.

At the close of the meeting, a subscription list for the relief of the sufferers was opened. His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor headed the list with £30, four other gentlemen present contributed in the aggregate £59.

W. Q. KETCHUM, Secretary.

Fredericton, Nov. 12, 1850.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, was early at the scene of devastation, and continued to aid in saving property until the fire was subdued.—We understand that of the property consumed there is only insured about £12,000, between three and four of which falls upon the Central Office in this city, and the remainder in offices in the United states. We are also authorized to state, that any person wishing to reinsure in this city, who at the time of this fire was insured in the Central Fire Insurance Office, will have their legal claims liquidated forthwith.

THE RAILROAD.—The Head Quarters states that John Wilkinson, Esq., Civil Engineer, has returned from an exploration of the country lying between St. John and Calais, and that it is now intended to test the character of the country to the Southward of that already explored.

The first line, we understand, passes up the Nerepis road, and through what is called the Douglas Valley, and in its *detour* comes within a very few miles of Fredericton, consequently making the line considerably longer than it would be by the more direct and Southern route.—We are informed by persons well acquainted with the country, that there is no serious obstacle to the construction of a railroad for a great part of the distance on a nearly direct line, and if this should turn out to be the fact, the longest and consequently the most expensive route, will be abandoned.—A line should then be laid to Fredericton, leaving the Great Trunk at the most advantageous point for that purpose.

ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY.—At the Quarterly Meeting of this Society, held on Thursday evening, the following gentlemen were elected Office-Bearers for the ensuing year:—Mr. Robert Jardine, *President*, (vice Mr. Jack, retired); Mr. John M. Walker, *Vice President*; Mr. Wm. Thomson, *Treasurer*; Mr. James Macfarlane, *Secretary*; Messrs. W. W. Emslie, Andrew Scott, and Robert Thomson, *Committee of Charity*.

The Society intend to celebrate their Anniversary on the 30th inst. by supping together. It is intended also to have a Ball under the Banner of the Society at an early date, in order to afford the Ladies an opportunity of participating in the festivities of the season.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The Lecture season of this popular Institution commenced on Monday evening, when the opening Address was delivered by His Honor Mr. Justice CARTER, to an overflowing and highly gratified auditory. The spacious Hall was filled to excess: a large proportion of the audience being ladies. The learned Judge's Lecture was, of course, of a general nature, principally elucidating the advantages of literary and scientific pursuits, and including many valuable suggestions for their efficient and profitable prosecution. As a composition, the Address was truly elegant and chaste; and it was delivered in so easy, pleasing, and gentlemanly a style, as evidently to afford entire gratification to all who heard it. We congratulate the Institute on this auspicious commencement of the Season; and doubt not from seeing the list of Lecturers already announced, (many of whom are of established reputation and talent,) that the prestige will be fully sustained.—*Observer.*

NEW VESSELS.—A Brigantine, built at St. Martins, called the "F.," is now fitting out here for sea. She measures 166 tons, was built by Messrs. J. & T. Berry, and is owned by Mr. Thomas Furness, Jr., of this city. Another new Brigantine, called the "*Triumph*," was recently launched at Sackville, and is now fitting out here for the West India Trade, for which she is intended. She measures 144 tons, and was built by Mr. Chas. Dixon, for himself and Mr. Mariner Wood, of Sackville. [Courier.]

The City of Fredericton was lighted with Gas for the first time on the 7th instant.

On the 6th instant, the Ecclesiastical City was visited by a "darkness" which continued from 3 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and was occasioned by a mass of dark clouds which overshadowed the city.

The Electric Telegraph from Fredericton to this place is nea ly completed.

We regret to learn that Dr. INGLIS, the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, died in London on the 27th ult. He was very much esteemed in his diocese, and his loss will consequently be generally deplored, especially by that portion of the inhabitants with whom he was spiritually in connexion.

☞ We were incorrect in making the number of separate tenements destroyed 157, the real number is ascertained to be 122, occupied by 177 families and the estimated loss is £30,000. The property covered by insurance is £19,000, and the number of families requiring immediate aid is eighty-nine.—*Head Quarters of yesterday.*

The new Church at the corner of Sydney and Princess streets, built by the "Reformed Presbyterians" was opened for Divine Service on Sunday last; the Rev. Messrs. Stavely, Lawson, and Somerville officiating at the services. The discourses by these gentlemen were appropriate to the occasion, and the collections made on that day, towards the building fund, amounted to the very handsome sum of £42 6s. 9d., which, added to the contributions of some few friends, made up the sum of £75 received within a few days. The church will accommodate about 600 persons, and we understand its neat and admirable arrangements are the result of the skill and ability of Mr. Robert Ewing, of Portland: Messrs. David Johnston, John Ewing and Mr. McAfee being the builders and finishers.

Among the passengers by the Commodore from Portland, were the somewhat distinguished Wm. Crafts and wife, escaped slaves, who are on their way to England. An unsuccessful attempt was recently made in Boston to capture them.

The Commodore met with an accident on her passage to Portland last Wednesday night, by coming in contact with a schooner, name unknown, when off Kennebec river, by which she knocked off part of her stem, and was compelled to run in upon the flats. The night was dark and stormy; nothing could be seen of the schooner after the collision.—*New-Bruns.*

How they do things in Ohio.—The City Council of Cincinnati have appropriated $600,000 to the Indiana Railroad, $150,000 to the Belpre and Cincinnati Railroad., $150,000 to the Covington Railroad, and $100,000 to the Hamilton and Eaton Railroad.

A Public Meeting has been held at Windsor, to endeavour to procure an electric telegraph between that place and Halifax.

Wm. Walker, the late Post Master of Brantford, has been sentenced to death at the Hamilton Assizes by Mr. Justice Draper, for purloining Bank notes from the letters passing through his hands. Death is the stern penalty attached by the Imperial Statute to his crime. We trust the sentence will commuted.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

The Bishop of Toronto, while in England, got subscriptions to a fund for supporting an Episcopal University to the amount of $64,000.

During the last month, several large whales have been captured in the St. Lawrence, below Quebec. One of these animals, says the Quebec Mer., seventy-five feet in length, was harpooned at Kamouraska. Another caught on the 17th Sept., was 100 feet long.

RAILROADS.—Both Americans and Canadians are all alive to the importance of these now indispensable means of travelling. North, South, up, down, East, West, right and left, railroads are being constructed, and immediately a new town is laid out in the far, far Western Country, no matter what the distance, a railroad is the only means of communication that will suit the new settlers. It annihilates distance, and at once puts the inhabitants in a position to compete with other parts of the country.—Here is a new one, just opened:—

OGDENSBURGH AND ROUSE'S POINT RAILROAD.—A few day since we mentioned the opening of the road through the entire line of one hundred and seventeen miles thereby connecting the river St. Lawrence with Lake Champlain. On Friday last, on returning from a trip to Upper Canada, we passed over the road, and it gives us pleasure to say, that it is one of the best railroads we are acquainted with. We found it in excellent condition for a rapid run, yet a large number of workmen are still employed in sodding the sides of the embankments, and completing the buildings at the several stations, all of which will be substantial and convenient.

The stations at Ogdensburgh and Rouse's Point are on a very large scale. We had more time to examine the latter, while waiting the arrival of the boat from St. John. The building is 500 feet long and 100 feet wide, with spacious waiting room, and a saloon of 100 feet by 50 for breakfast, dinner, and supper. The third story is fitted up as bed-rooms for one hundred persons. The whole is warmed by hot air furnaces.

This excellent road, when the buildings, &c., are completed, will have cost upwards of three millions and a half of dollars. Already the business done on the road is four times the amount estimated by its most sanguine friends. Indeed there are not sufficient cars on the line to carry off the freights now at the several depots.

The railroad does not pass through many of villages, but near them, the object of the directors being to keep a straight line. The only villages of considerable importance through which the cars pass are Malone and Champlain. The towns or stations passed from Ogdensburgh, are Lisbon, Gross River, Madrid, Racquette River, Potsdam, Stockholm, East and West branch of the St. Regis, Lawrence, Moira, Brush's Mills, Bangor, Malone, Salmon River, Trout River, Chateaugay, Ellenburgh, Centerville, Moser's Champlain and Rouse's Point.

The cars leave Ogdensburgh at 7 A. M., and arrive at Rouse's Point in time to meet the boats from the North and South, on Lake Champlain, thereby connecting the line with Montreal, Boston, and New York. For Montreal the train meets the boat that left St. John in the morning, and the passengers arrive at Montreal the same evening.—For Boston travellers take the cars at Burlington and the next day are in Boston. For New York, they take the boat for White hall, arrive there in time for the morning cars for Albany, and in good season to leave at 11 o'clock to connect with the Hudson river rail road, arriving in New York about 7 o'clock same evening.

EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.

A London paper of the 18th ult., makes the following remarks upon this important subject:

"It is with extreme satisfaction we observe, that at no distant date, the Atlantic is to be bridged over by means of such an improved system of communication, that the old world and the new will, by the means of rail and steam, be brought nearer to each other than Leith and London