but found nothing 'cept a bit o' broken glass as had got stuck in the heel of an old shoe. And that's my story. But if ever a man saw anything at all, I saw a bit o' the moon; and I thank God for it. It was a blessed sight for a poor old man of three score and ten, which was my age at that time."

"Now, Peggy!" cried several voices, "tell us what you saw. Peg saw a bit o' the moon."

"No," said Mrs. Doting, rather indignantly; "I'm no moon-raker. Not a sign of the moon was there, nor a spark of a star—the time I speak on."

"Well—go on, Peggy—go on."

"I don't know as I will," said Peggy.

But being pacified by a few good-tempered, though somewhat humorous compliments, she thus favored them with her little adventure:

"There was no moon, nor stars, nor comet, in the vernal heavens, nor lamp nor lantern along the road, when I walked home one winter's night from the cottage of Widow Pin, where I had been to tea, with her and Mrs. Dry, as lived in the almshouses. They wanted Davy, the son of Bill Davy the milkman, to see me home with the lantern, but I wouldn't let him, 'cause of his sore throat. Throat—no, it wasn't his throat as was sore—it was—no, it wasn't—yes, it was—it was his toe as was sore. His big toe. A nail out of his boot had got into it. I told him he'd be sure to have a bad toe, if he didn't go to church more regular, but he wouldn't listen; and so my words com'd true. But, as I was a-saying I wouldn't let him light me with the lantern by reason of his sore throat—toe, I mean—and as I went along, the night seemed to grow darker and darker. A straight road, though, and I was so used to it by day time, it didn't matter for the darkness.—Howsever, when I com'd near the bottom of the dust-heap as I had to pass, the great dark heap was as zackly the same as the night, you couldn't tell one from t'other. So, thinks I to myself—what was I thinking of at this moment?—for the life o' me I can't call it to mind; but that's neither here nor there, only for this—it was a something that led me to remember the story of how the devil goes about like a roaring lion. And while I was a-hoping he might not be out a-roaring that night, what should I see rise out of one side of the dust-heap, but a beautiful shining star of a violet color—I stood as still—as stock-still as any I don't-know-what! There it lay, as beautiful as a new-born babe, all a-shining in the dust! By degrees I got courage to go a little nearer—and then a little nearer still—for, says I to myself, I'm a sinful woman, I know, but I have repented, and repent constantly of all the sins of my youth, and the back-slidings of my age—which have been numerous; and once I had a very heavy back-sliding—but that's neither here nor there. So, as I was a-saying, having collected all my sinfulness of life, and humbleness before God—on, into a goodish bit of courage, forward I step—a little farther—and a little farder more—until I com'd just up to the beautiful shining star lying upon the dust.—Well, it was a long time I stood looking down at it, before I ventured to do what I afterwards did. But at last I did stoop down with both hands slowly in case it might burn or bite—and gathering up a good scoop of ashes as my hands went along, I took it up, and began a-carrying it home, all shining before me, and with a soft blue mist rising up round about it. Heaven forgive me!—I was punished for meddling with what Providence had sent for some better purpose than to be carried home by an old woman like me, whom it has pleased heaven to afflict with the loss of one leg, and the pain, expense, and inconvenience of a wooden one. Well—I was punished; covetousness had its reward; for, presently the violet light got very pale, and then went out; and when I reached home, still holding in both hands all I had gathered up, and when I took it to the candle, it had turned into the red shell of a lobster's head, and its two black eyes poked up at me with a long stare—and I may say a strong smell too—enough to knock a poor body down."

Great applause, and no little laughter, followed the conclusion of old Peggy's story, but she did not join in the merriment. She said it was all very well for young people to laugh, but at her age she had enough to do to pray; and she had never said so many prayers, nor with so much fervency, as she had done since she received the blessed sight of the blue star on the dust heap, and the chastising rod of the lobster's head at home.

Little Jem's turn now came; the poor lad was, however, so excited by the recollection of what his companions called "Jem's Ghost," that he was unable to describe it any coherent language. To his imagination it was a lovely vision—the one "bright consummate flower" of his life, which he treasured up as the most sacred image in his heart. He endeavored, in wild and hasty words, to set forth how he had been bred a chimney sweep; that one Sunday afternoon he had left a set of companions, most on 'em sweeps, who were all playing at marbles in the church yard, and he wandered to the dust-heap, where he had fallen asleep; that he was awoke by a sweet voice in the air, which said something about some one having lost her way!—that he, being now wide awake, looked up, and saw with his own eyes a young angel, with fair hair and rosy cheeks, and large wings at her shoulders, floating about like bright clouds rise out of the dust heap! She had on a garment of shining crimson, which changed as he looked upon her to shining gold, then to purple and gold. She then exclaimed with a joyful smile, "I see the right way!" and the next moment the angel was gone!

As the sun was just now very bright and warm for the time of the year, and shining full upon the dust-heap in its setting, one of the men endeavored to raise a laugh at the deformed lad, by asking him if he didn't expect to see just such another angel at this minute, who had lost her way in the field on the other side of the heap; but his jest failed.—The earnestness and devout emotion of the boy to the vision of reality which his imagination, aided by the hues of sunset, had thus exalted, were too much for the gross spirit of banter, and the speaker shrank back into his dust-hovel, and affected to be very assiduous in his work, as the day was drawing to a close.

Before the day's work was ended, however, little Jem again had a glimse of the prize which had escaped him on the previous occasion. He instantly darted, hands and head foremost, into the mass of cinders and rubbish, and brought up a black mass of half-burnt parchment, entwined with vegetable refuse, from which he speedily disengaged an oval frame of gold, containing a miniature, still protected by its glass, but half covered with mildew from the damp. He was in ecstacies at the prize. Even the white cat-skins paled before it. In all probability some of men the would have taken it from him 'to try and find the owner,' but for the presence and interference of his friends Peg Dotting and old Doubleyear, whose great age, even among the present company, gave them a certain position of respect and consideration. So all the rest went their way, leaving the three to examine and speculate on the prize.

The dust heaps are a wonderful compound of things. A banker's check for a considerable sum was found in one of them. It was on Herries and Farquhar, in 1847. But bankers' checks, or gold and silver articles, are the least valuable of their ingredients. Among other things, a variety of useful chemicals are extracted. Their chief value, however, is for the making of bricks. The finer cinder dust and ashes are used in the clay of the bricks, both for the red and gray stocks. Ashes are also used as fuel between the layers of the clamp of bricks, which could not be burned in that position without them. The ashes burn away and keep the bricks open. Enormous quantities are used. In the brick-fields at Edbridge, near the Dryton Station, one of the brickmakers alone with his usually contract for fifteen or sixteen thousand chaldrons of this cinder dust, in one order.—This coke, or coke dust, affects the market at times as a rival; but this coal, or coal dust, never, because it would spoil the bricks.

As one of the heroes of our tale had been originally—before his promotion—a chimney-sweeper, it may be only appropriate to offer a passing word on the genial subject of soot. Without speculating on its origin and parentage, whether derived from the cooking a Christmas dinner, or the production of the beautiful colors and odors of exotic plants by a conservatory, it can briefly be shown to possess many qualities both useful and ornamental.

When soot is first collected it is called "rough soot," which, being sifted, is then called "fine soot," and is sold to farmers for making and preserving wheat and turnips. This is more especially used in Herefordshire, Bedfordshire, Essex, &c. It is a rather costly article, being fivepence per bushell. One contractor sells annually as much as three thousand bushels; and he gives it as his opinion, that there must be at least one hundred and fifty times this quantity (four hundred and fifty thousand bushels) sold in London. Farmer Smutwjes of Bradford, distinctly asserts that the price of soot he uses on his land is returned to him in the straw, with improvement also to the grain. And we believe him. Lime is used to dilute soot when employed as a manure. Using it pure will keep off snails, slugs, and caterpillars, from pens and various other vegetables, as also from dahlias just shooting up, and other flowers; but we regret to add that we have sometimes known it kill, or burn up the things it was intended to preserve from unlawful eating. In short, it is by no means equal for any purpose of garden manure, to fine cinders, and wood ashes, which are good for almost any kind of produce, whether turnips or roses. Indeed, we should like to have one four or fifth part of our garden beds composed of excellent stuff of this kind. From all that has been said, it will have become very intelligible why these dust-heaps are so valuable. Their worth, however, varies not only with their magnitude, (the quality of all of them is much the same), but with the demand. About the year 1820, the Marylebone dust heap produced between four thousand and five thousand pounds. In 1832, St. George's paid Mr. Stapleton five hundred pounds a year, not to leave the heap standing, but to carry it away. Of course he was only too glad to be paid highly for selling his dust.

But to return. The three friends having settled to their satisfaction the amount of money they should probably obtain by the sale of the golden miniature frame, and finished the castles which they had built with it in the air, the frame was again enfolded in the sound part of the parchment, the rags and rottenness of the law were cast away, and up they rose to bend their steps homeward to the little hovel where Peggy lived, she having invited the others to tea that they might talk yet more fully over the wonderful good luck that had befallen them.

"Why, if there isn't a man's head in the canal!" suddenly cried little Jem. "Looky there!—isn't that a man's head?—Yes, it's a drowned man!"

"A drowned man, as I live!" ejaculated old Doubleyear.

"Let's get him out, and see!" cried Peggy.—"Perhaps the poor soul's not quite gone."

Little Jem scuttled off to the edge of the canal, followed by the two old people. As soon as the body had floated nearer, Jem got down into the water, and stood breast high, vainly measuring his distance with one arm out, to see if he could reach some part of the body as it was passing. As the attempt was evidently without a chance, old Doubleyear managed to get down into the water, behind him, and holding him by one hand, the boy was thus enabled to make a plunge forward as the body was floating by. He succeeded in reaching it; but the jerk was too much for the weakness of his aged companion, who was pulled forward into the canal. A loud cry burst from both of them, which was yet more loudly echoed by Peggy on the bank. Doubleyear and the boy were now struggling almost in the middle of the canal, with the body of the man twirling about between them.

They would inevitably have been drowned, had not old Peggy caught hold of a long dock-rope that was close at hand—scrambled down up to her knees in the canal—clawed hold of the struggling group with the teeth of the rake, and fairly brought the whole to land. Jem was first up the bank, and helped up his two heroic companions; after which with no small difficulty, they contrived to haul they body of the stranger out of the water. Jem at once recognised in him the forlorn figure of the man who had passed by in the morning, looking so sadly into the canal, as he walked along.

It is a well known fact to those who work in the vicinity of these great dust-heaps, that when the ashes have been warmed by the sun, cats and kittens have been taken out of the canal and buried a few inches below the surface, have usually revived, and the same has often occurred in the case of men. Accordingly the three, without a moment's hesitation, dragged the body along to the dust-heap, where they made a deep trench, in which they placed it, covering it all over up to the neck.

"There now," ejaculated Peggy, sitting down with a long puff to recover her breath, "he'll lie very comfortable, whether or no."

"Couldn't lie better," said old Doubleyear, "even if he knew it."

The three now seated themselves close by, to await the result.

"I thought I'd a lost him," said Jem, "and myself too; and when I pulled Daddy in after me, I guy us all three up for this world."

"Yes," said Doubleyear, "it must have gone queer with us, if Peggy had not come in with the rake. How d'yee feel old girl; for you've had a narrow escape too. I wonder we were not too heavy for you, and so pulled you in to go with us."

"The Lord be praised!" firmly ejaculated Peggy, pointing toward the pallid face that lay surrounded with ashes. A convulsive twitching passed over the features, the lips trembled, the ashes over the breast heaved, and a low moaning sound, which might have come from the bottom of the canal, was heard. Again the moaning sound, and then the eyes opened, but closed almost immediately. "Poor dear soul!" whispered Peggy, "how he suffers in surviving. Lift him up a little. Softly, don't be afeared. We're only your good angels, like—only poor cinder-sifters—don'tee be a'feared."

By various kindly attentions and manœuvres, such as those poor people had been accustomed to practice on those who were taken out of the canal, the unfortunate gentleman was gradually brought to his senses. He gazed about him as well he might—now looking in the anxious though begrimed faces of the three strange objects, all in their "weeds" and dust—and then up at the huge dust-heap, over which the moon was now slowly rising.

"Land of quiet Death!" murmured he, faintly, "or land of Life, as dark and still—I have passed from one into the other; but which of ye I am now in, seems doubtful to my senses."

"Here we are, poor gentleman," cried Peggy, "here we are, all friends about you. How did'ee tumble into the canal?"

"The Earth, thence, once more!" said the stranger, with a deep sigh. I know where I am, now. I remember this great dark hill of ashes—like Death's kingdom, full of all sorts of strange things, and put to many uses."

"Where do you live?" asked old Doubleyear; "shall we try and take you home, sir?"

The stranger shook his head mournfully. All this time, little Jem had been assiduously employed in rubbing his feet, and then his hands; in doing which the piece of dirty parchment, with the miniature frame, dropped out of his breast pocket. A good thought instantly struck Peggy.

"Run, Jemmy dear—run with that golden thing to Mr. Spikechin, the pawnbroker's—get something upon it directly, and buy some nice brandy—and some Godfrey's Cordial—and a blanket, Jemmy—and call a coach, and get up outside on it, and make the coaches drive back here as fast as you can."

But before Jemmy could attend to this, Mr. Waterhouse, the stranger whose life they had preserved, raised himself on one elbow, and extended his hand to the miniature frame. Directly he looked at it, he raised himself higher up—turned it about once or twice—then caught up the piece of parchment, and uttering an ejaculation, which no one could have distinguished either as of joy or pain, sank back fainting.

In brief, this parchment was a portion of the title-deeds he had lost; and though it did not prove sufficient to enable him to recover his fortune, it brought his opponent to a composition, which gave him an annuity for life. Small as this was, he determined that those poor people who had so generously saved his life at the risk of their own, should be sharers in it. Finding that what they most desired was to have a cottage in the neighborhood of the dust-heap, built large enough for all three to live together, and keep a cow. Mr. Waterhouse paid a visit to Manchester-square, where the owner of the property resided. He told his story, as far as was needful, and proposed to purchase the field in question.

The great dust-contractor was much amused, and his daughter—a very accomplished young lady—was extremely interested. So the matter was speedily arranged to the satisfaction and pleasure of all parties. The acquaintance, however, did not end here. Mr. Waterhouse renewed his visits very frequently, and finally made proposals for the young lady's hand, she having already expressed hopes of a propitious answer from her father.

"Well, sir," said the latter, "you wish to marry my daughter, and she wishes to marry you.—You are a gentleman and a scholar, but you have no money. My daughter is what you see, and she has no money. But I have; and therefore, as she likes you, and I like you, I'll make you both an offer. I will give my daughter twenty thousand pounds, or you shall have the dust-heap.—Choose."

Mr. Waterhouse was puzzled and amused, and referred the matter entirely to the young lady. But she was for having the money, and no trouble.—She said the dust-heap might be worth much, but they did not understand the business. "Very well," said her father, laughing, "then there's the money."

This was the identical dust-heap, as we know from authentic information, which was subsequently sold for forty thousand pounds, and was exported to Russia to rebuild Moscow.

FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT—EXPLOSION OF SIXTY BARRELS OF GUNPOWDER.—Letters received from Newport, Monmouthshire, give the particulars of a remarkable and alarming accident which had occurred on a branch line connected with the Monmouthshire and Newport Railway. The branch line, it appears, is the property of the Ebbw Iron Company's Works. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, a man in the employ of the last mentioned company was engaged in shunting a small train of two trucks, heavily laden with iron, into the main line of the branch, and being unable to move them forward a little with a locomotive. The engine-driver did so, but unfortunately too great an impetus was given to the train, and the break not acting on its reaching a deep decline, it started rapidly down, and gained speed as it progressed. A man named Williams, of Tydeo, was jogging alone the tramway with a horse and covered van, containing 60 barrels of gunpowder. He had reached Llanbelleth, when he was startled at seeing the approach of the descending train thundering along at a frightful speed. With a great presence of mind he freed his horse, and jumping on it galloped away across the fields. His escape was most extraordinary, as he had only left the line a few seconds, when the train struck the van with tremendous force, smashing it to atoms, and scattered the powder barrels in every direction. The collision caused some sparks of fire, and instantly an explosion of an awful character occurred, tearing up the permanent way, and shaking the country for miles round. The train of carriages continued its course along the line some miles further, but without further damage being done.—*English Paper.*

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THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, JANUARY 31, 1851.

EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.

We have read with no ordinary degree of pleasure the Communications of Mr. George Whightman, of Halifax, published in the Colonist of that city. The subject of which is the *European and North American Railway.* We are strangers to Mr. Whightman, but feel assured that he is worthy of the most exalted station that the Province of Nova Scotia can afford—as no man unless possessed of a patriots heart, and a clear philosophical and a truly enlightened mind could have brought to his argument such a train of brilliant and undisputable ideas relative to the effects, political and commercial, that must inevitably result from the consummation of that great and splendid undertaking, the building of the "European and North American Railroad." That writer without that circumlocution which too frequently mystifies and renders *null* the productions of scientific men, comes directly up to the work, and after pointing to the immense, and unbroken stream of Emigration which now flows from every quarter of Europe to the United States, shows clearly that with suitable Boats to carry passengers from Galway in Ireland, to Sydney in Cape Briton, and at the prices now charged by the Steamers of this Continent, the whole tide of emigration both to the Canadas and the Western States must as an inevitable consequence flows through these lower Provinces, and over the contemplated RAIL, to the amount of at least half a million of souls annually. To enforce which argument he states that at present a very large portion of the Continental Emigrants go by the way of New Orleans, and up the Mississippi against the stream to the far west. The ocean transit alone of which is 6,000 miles, while the contemplated route by Galway and Nova Scotia is only 2,000, and consequently while it involves a much greater amount of passage money, also subjects the northern European emigrant to the pestiferous and deadly climate of the lower Mississipi. In drawing the contrast between the present rates for ocean steaming, and what might result from the arrangement he contemplates, he says—

"The passage from Galway to Sydney, on a par of price with that from Buffalo of Chicago, will be for the first class 21 dollars, and for the second 8 dollars; which prices, to make ample allowance for any disadvantage in ocean navigation we may afford to double; which gives 42 and 16 dollars as the respective fares across the Atlantic. At these prices, combined with the freight to Montreal, and the advertised fares in the United States we get in round numbers, for the—

	1st. cls.	2nd. class.
From Galway to Sydney,	$42	$16
Galway to Montreal,	65	24
Galway to Hamilton, per st'r	69	26
Galway to Sandusky, do	72	27.50
Galway to Chicago or Cin'nati.	81	30
Galway to St. Louis,	88	33

He very naturally infers from such premises, that, in addition to the regular emigrant, a vast traffic would accrue in the persons of Mechanics and others of small means travelling for mere personal gratification. It is also more than probable that many of our Nobility with their suite and equipages, who now travel the Continent only, would be induced to turn their faces westward, for the purpose of visiting the gigantic natural curiosities of this to them, *terra incognita*—the greatest inducements to do which would be found in the safety of the vessels—the shortness and certainty of the voyage—and the rapidity with which a rail road speed would propel them from the shores of the Atlantic, to the haunts of the red man in the wild prairies of the west. That the great projected Rail Road would become the high road of the nations of the earth, cannot be doubted—that it would also cement and render the interests of the whole Saxon race, both in the Eastern and Western worlds, one common bond of union is clearly obvious, and that it would eventually form part of the direct route from Great Britain to China—viewing as at this moment it may appear to those who eschew thought and contemplation, is to our mind equally certain, as a glance due west across the terrestrial globe will make fully apparent. The writer of the article referred to then goes fully into the question of ownership, as to whether it shall be the property of government, private individuals in the province, or of a foreign company furnishing the capital. These points he fully and ably discusses, and after shewing the advantages and disadvantages attendant on each system, he determines in favour of the property being vested in the Governments of the respective States and Colonies, through which it may pass—but the detail is too voluminous to be embraced in this paper. To strengthen and carry out his opinion however, he urges as follows—

"The Canadians have established another channel of commerce, by improving their river; this, also, is called by some, a visionary undertaking, but seems to be destined to work great changes. This, however, must be effected by operating upon another element. Ports near the ocean, and shipping are the only proper means for making the canals available, and, to this end, railroads across the lower Provinces are absolutely necessary. If is true, all this may be brought about in the course of time, by private enterprize; but if it is to be done by the people of the Provinces, it must be postponed till another generation, and in the meantime the advantages are lost."

The greatest feature of this gigantic project and most worthy of acceptation is his scheme for making every man, possessed of strong hands and a willing heart, a participator in the great design; and while it enlists the sympathies and touches the pockets of hundreds of lusty yeomen, whose principal business through the winter is toasting their shins before a rock maple fire, for lack of profitable employment, it also establishes the proprietorship of the undertaking in the bone and sinew of the country. But as any description of ours falls very short of the logical perspicuity with which Mr. Whightman has embodied his ideas I will let him speak for himself. In closing which he says—

"For the means of building these roads two general plans present themselves, both of which are attended with advantages and disadvantages, to borrow money on provincial credit, import laborers and run the con to through in a short time, or to draw the people of the country into it, contract the debt with them, and take such a time as will allow this plan to be worked out. The first plan will make money plenty, raise prices, give profit to merchants, grocers, taverns, &c., and get the road complete in a short time; but this business moment would be likely to be followed by a depression, leave a host of paupers to be maintained in winter, and a debt of interest to be annually sent out of the country. It is not worth while to enquire whether this money will be derived from the earnings of the road or from other sources; the general effect will be the same; the creditor or stockholder is abroad, and the value must be sent to him to be used in another country. If this debt was due at home, although the same interest would have to be annually paid, it would be paid to each other, the property represented by it, instead of leaving our shores, never to return, would be simply distributed among the same people that produced it.

There is much mystification on this subject, generally, but by attending the first principles, the matter becomes sufficiently clear. When a debt has to be paid abroad, a certain quantity of articles, has to be produced, but they remain for the use and comfort of the people within the country—it is the *distribution* only that is affected. This explains the reason why England, with her enormous national debt—requiring a payment of six dollars a year from every individual—and her extensive aristocracy, does not seem to feel the pressure, while Ireland with not a fourth of the burden in proportion to population, but with a host of absentee landlords, is in a state of starvation. It also explains the reason why the western States, who borrowed money abroad for public works, found themselves in difficulty, while the northern States, who have laid out three times the amount, raised among themselves, the interest of which is regularly paid, are rapidly increasing in wealth and trade.

The question here is not whether it be better to borrow the money than to go without the roads, for of this there can be no doubt; but whether it be better that the savings of the capital represented by the road, live within the country than without. There can be little doubt of this, provided it be practicable. That it is practicable to a certain extent, is very probable—at least as regards Nova Scotia. On the line from Halifax to Pugwash, or within a reasonable distance, there are eighty thousand inhabitants, the working agriculturists of which may be put at twelve thousand men, with a proportionate number of horses or cattle. The same farms that require the labor of these twelve thousand in summer, can be carried on by eight thousand in the winter, leaving four thousand that might be detitched to other employments, without neglecting the agriculture. But two thousand men would grade the road from Halifax to Pugwash, in three winters. Here, then, is the labor already existing; can it be made available—can this labor be so worked in as to create a domestic instead of a foreign debt? It may not be practicable to do this, but it is worthy of a trial.

Suppose small debentures be issued, bearing interest, and contractors be paid in this paper, while it continues at par. There is reason to expect a considerable sum would be invested in this paper. By some, it would be used as a savings bank; there are others who owe small debts which cannot be paid by the surplus produce of their farms, and would be glad to turn out with their teams in the winter, to earn the means of payment and the creditor would be glad to have his debt exchanged for a claim upon the Province. There are great quantities of wild land and small farms, which have fallen into the hands of parties who would be glad to get rid of them in this way, and there are others who would struggle hard to obtain them by working at the leisure season of winter upon the road, and who, instead of leaving the Province, would cultivate them. Were facilities afforded, it is not improbable that a large sum would be absorbed in these ways, and so far as this went, it would be, virtually, a clear gain to the country—a road would be made by time that would otherwise be wasted. It would not perhaps, be prudent to rely upon this plan of finance, for it might not succeed; it would be necessary to have a reserve to fall back upon; but with prudent management, it would be likely to succeed to a considerable degree.

This is the place to say a few words respecting the *ability* of the Province to construct such works. One half of the labor of constructing a railway can be done in winter, and there is a sufficient surplus of men to do this portion—and who are as able and willing to work as the men of another country. There is no lack of ability, so far as this goes; there is spare labor enough to grade and provide wood-work for the fifty miles a year, and which does not at present produce a single cent; and it should be remembered that labor is the only productive capital. There are hands enough; if anything is wanting, it is heads to make such arrangements as will set these hands to work, and that feeling of mutual confidence, and co-operation, among the people generally, without which no great work can be carried forward.

I am quite aware that many persons think such work cannot be carried on in the winter, and I could adduce a good many facts which have taken place in the course of my own experience in Nova Scotia, showing that it can be done as cheaply as in summer, but that is not necessary. If these gentlemen will just look across the United States boundary, they will see near one thousand men employed this winter sixty or seventy miles from Portland, and in the employment of contractors who know perfectly well what they are about."

☞ The last *Courier*, we are happy to find, has endorsed our opinions as set forth a few weeks since, with regard to the whereabouts of the missing one per cent. on the interest of the Corporation Debentures, by stating as its opinion, that the £1,500 produced annually by the sale of Fishery Berths, should not be gambled away and rendered worse than useless, but should be applied to its legitimate purpose, that of meeting the liabilities of the City Corporation. This is perfectly true and just, inasmuch as there is a Provincial Law prohibiting Lotteries,—and why the Corporate Body should be the first to set the example of insubordination, and opposition of the law, we are yet to learn. We will not stop to handy opinions on a question so glaringly objectionable, or we might bring into Court, the City's Charter, and condemning the system by the mouth of its own witness—which clearly says that "*the fisheries shall be for the benefit of all the Freemen*, and not for the benefit of a fortunate few. If gambling is to be the order of the day, and any part of the City property is to be subjected to the wheel of fortune or the dice box, let us be consistent and trust the whole revenues to blind chance; mangle the Corporation Debt or its annual interest. We are much pleased however to find the disposition to make the necessary Reform in the proper quarter, from whence such a move should emanate. His Worship the Mayor, as Chairman of the Co'porate Board, is the most proper person in the community to bring forward such a motion, and we sincerely hope and trust that he will carry out by practice what he has proposed as a theory. We are strong in hope also that the reduction of Salaries as set forth in our remarks above alluded to, will also meet the approbation of His Worship, beginning with his own—thereby following the patriotic example of the Mayor of Halifax. It will also be doubly gratifying to find that the first Chief Magistrate (being a Mechanic) is the first to effect the necessary reform, and to correct public abuses. The reductions of Salaries, as recently pointed out by us, together with the amount of sales of Fishing Berths, would make in round numbers about £3,000 annually, a sum that added to the present Corporate Revenues, would put an entire new feature upon the solvency or otherwise of that body.

FIRES.—Since our last publication, three fires have occurred in the City—a visitation that we Providentially have been comparatively free from for a length of time.—The first fire broke out at about 10 o'clock on Friday evening, in a barn belonging to Mr. Hutchinson, in Elliot Row, and attached to his dwelling house; The latter was saved by the strenuous exertions of the engine companies, but not without some considerable damage. The barn was entirely consumed.

On Monday morning, between 7 and 8 o'clock, another fire broke out in a barn attached to the premises next the above, belonging to Mr. William Fenety. This also was consumed, but the dwelling was rescued from destruction.

Another fire occurred between 4 and 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning, more destructive in its effects than the preceding ones. It also commenced in the out buildings attached to the dwelling, which were entirely consumed. The house was situate on the corner of Wentworth and Orange streets, and belonged to Mr. J. W. McLeod; it was occupied by Mr. William Lash, Accountant of the Bank of British North America, and family, who, we regret find, lost nearly all their furniture and effects, from the suddenness with which the devouring element came upon them—the inmates barely escaping in their night clothes.

The cause of neither of these fires is satisfactorily explained, and there is much reason to believe that incendiaries are at work.—The very great scarcity of water in that part of the City, also added, on each occasion, to the destruction, and a majority of the engine companies were consequently compelled to become unwilling spectators of the scene.—It is to be hoped that before another year has elapsed, every part of the town will be supplied with water by the company's works.

ANOTHER FIRE.—Since writing the above, another fire occurred in the large building at the corner of Union and Sydney streets, known as the "Golden Ball." The alarm was made between 11 and 12 o'clock last night,—the weather was tremendously cold, and unfortunately, as in the former fires, water was not to be had for supplying the engines. A small quantity was, however, obtained, and being judiciously applied, put an end to the fire without its having done extensive damage. This was indeed fortunate, as had it obtained headway, an extensive conflagration would doubtless have been the consequence, owing to the coldness of the night, and the want of water.

We would suggest that those persons who are acquainted where Wells of Water may be found within a reasonable distance of any casualty by fire, should immediately make the fact known to the first engine Company which arrives, as a little water, judiciously applied at the breaking out of a fire, is worth more than many tons after it has taken hold, and would be the rescuing of much valuable property from destruction. Preventive is better than cure.

The cause of this fire, is, like the others, wrapped in mystery and it is to be hoped that a searching investigation will be at once made by the public authorities, to ascertain, if possible, the facts of each case, and quiet public apprehension.

CARLETON LECTURES.—George Blatch, Esq., Barrister at Law, lectured last evening on "The Present Age." After a comparative view of the state of society, literature, and science in former ages of the world's history, he gave an interesting resume of the inventions and discoveries of the present century, dwelling particularly upon the most important astronomical discoveries.—This portion of the lecture was illustrated by a neatly executed diagram, to which Mr. B. referred in such a way as to convey the meaning of his language in a plain and simple manner to his auditors, who expressed themselves highly pleased and edified by the able essay of the learned and eloquent lecturer.

Edward Jack, Esq., will lecture next Thursday evening on "Prejudice and Superstition."

ARMONOSTON.—We lately visited the carpenter's shop of Mr. Thomas Turnbull, of this City, for the purpose of looking at a carriage recently invented by that gentleman, which is to be propelled by manual power, and which he has designated by the name prefixed to this article. The body of the carriage resembles in some respects that of an ordinary riding waggon, and rests on three wheels, one of which is used as a guide wheel, and is in front of the carriage, where it stands, when not acted upon, at a right angle to the bearing wheels, which are situated in their ordinary position. The last named wheels are acted upon by a crank of a peculiar construction—the discovery of Mr. T.,—which is worked by two levers, one situated upon either side of the driver's seat. A suitable arrangement for steering, which operates upon the guide or steering wheel, is so adjusted as to be under the convenient control of the driver.

The principal arrangements of this novel machine are in the body of the waggon, where they are covered and kept out of view, or as Toney Lumpkin very properly remarks in "She stoops to Conquer," 'the cream of the discourse is in the inside of the letter.' Therefore it is impossible for us to pronounce any opinion from personal inspection of the machinery upon the value of Mr. T.'s discovery. We hope our fellow townsman has made a "happy hit," and will be well rewarded for his enterprize.

DESTRUCTION OF VERMIN.—Any preparation which will accomplish so desirable an object, will be well received by every householder. We have before us a long list of testimonials to the efficacy of *Sharp's Vermin and Insect Exterminator*, for the destruction of Rats, Mice, Cockroaches, Beetles, Crickets, Bugs, &c., and can vouch that it answers the purpose admirably, and to its being superior to any other preparation, as it causes the vermin to leave the building where it is applied. It is manufactured and sold by the Proprietor, JOHN G. SHARP, at his Drug Store, Market square, in boxes at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. each.

A Church has lately been opened for Divine Service in the New Ireland Settlement, Parish of Harvey, and County of Albert. It is stated to be the first Church erected in that County, and that the Inhabitants have been largely indebted to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, for contributions towards it.

Another Church is also in the course of erection in the same Parish.—*Witness.*

The Rev. Mr. Stewart delivered an able and interesting Lecture at the Mechanics' Institute, on Monday evening, upon "Ancient and Modern Colonization." It evidenced much careful research, and afforded an instructive review of the principles and leading objects upon which colonization has been undertaking or attempted in ancient and modern times.—*Ib.*

The American Steamer *Arctic*, which put into Halifax last week, is the third in succession of the Collins line which has failed in performance of the passage;—the Pacific put into Provincetown; the Atlantic missing, and the Arctic into Halifax. She was only 12 days out, and is represented to have put in short in coal; some accounts attribute the failure to other and more likely causes, as she carries coal for 18 days.

The following summary of intelligence is made up from papers on board the Arctic, which left Liverpool on the the 11th inst.:—

The Steam ship "GREAT BRITAIN" has been sold by the directors of the Great Western Steam-ship Company, to Mr. Patterson, the eminent ship-builder, of Bristol, for the sum of £18,000, being about the seventh part of her original cost. Mr. Patterson is now building in the dock in which the *Great Britain* was built, a Steam-ship for the Royal West Indian Mail Packet Company; she will be six feet longer than the *Great Britain*. The *Times* states that the *Great Britain* has been purchased by Mr. Patterson for Messrs. Gibbs, Bright & Co., of Bristol and Liverpool. It is intended that the engines now on board shall be removed and new ones adopted, and it is not improbable that this leviathan will convey passengers between Liverpool and New York during the World's Fair.

The French Ministry had been compelled to resign, owing to a succession of defeats. A new ministry might be formed, but as it involves the dismissal of General Changarnier, which is insisted upon by the President, it is very doubtful if it would be sustained. French affairs seems to be approaching a crisis.

Letters from Rome announce that the United States residents in that city have resolved on resistance to the Pope's order to close their chapel.

The last trip of the *Asia* from New York to Liverpool, (10 days, 4 hours and 8 minutes) was the most splendid run on record. On the 26th, 28th, and 27th Dec. respectively, she ran 321, and 309 miles.

Cotton was tending downwards at Liverpool.—The sales of the week ending Jan. 6th, were reported to be 21,760 bales.

The market for Bread Stuffs was extremely dull—the purchases being only to supply immediate wants.

The Limerick and Clare Examiner of Saturday, contains four letters from correspondents in various parts of the country, giving the particulars of as many cases of death from destitution.

The *Limerick Chronicle* says:—The country is in a deplorably wretched state from the rains which for the last month have swamped the fields, and rendered the ground entirely unfit for tillage or farm work of any kind.

Lord John Russell had issued a circular to his friends in Parliament, requiring their attendance on business of importance at the meeting of Parliament on the 4th of February.

in every department of trade is healthy and reeling prevails, and merchants look forwa busy and profitable year.

It is announced that the Dublin and G Railway will be open to travellers on the June.

Sir George Francis Seymour, Vice Adm the Blue, is appointed to relieve the Earl of Ad[illegible] in the command of the Squadron West India and North American Station.

Lieutenant Augustus F. Kynaston, (18[illegible] appointed first Lieutenant of the new flag-s the West India Station, the Cumberland, Chatham.

The Glass Palace in Hyde Park, thoug quite completed, was formally surrendered Royal Commissioners on the 1st January. of thousands of people flocked to see it, an nounced to be the most wonderful structure beheld.

☞ The *Canada*, with the English Mails o instant, is out 13 days to-day:—no account arrival at Halifax has yet been received her

The Supreme Court closed its sittings on nesday evening last, on which day a compl tary address was presented by the Petit Ju Chief Justice CARTER, on his recent elev and to which His Honor made a suitable re

The following presentment was made b Grand Jury with respect to the Gaol:—

The Grand Jury for the City and Coun St. John, Court of Oyer and Terminer, h twelvemonths since made a Presentment rel to the unsafe state of the Gaol, and having visited that Building at the present meetin the Court in performance of their duty, beg to state that they still find the ceiling of the through which a prisoner escaped last yea precisely the unsafe state as then; and c but express their surprise that a matter c much importance should not have been atte to by the proper authorities.

respectfully submitted,
HENRY P. STUDDE
For

Grand Jury Room, 27th January, 1851.

COLD WEATHER.—Thermometer on Tue at Fredericton 18 below zero; Wednesda above, with rain; Thursday 5 below.

In this City this morning, at 8 o'clock, thermometer stood at 20 degrees below zero.

Samuel Thompson, Esq., will lecture next W day evening, at the Mechanics' Institute, "Human progress."

The total number of Marriages solemnized this City and County during the past year was

THE STEAMSHIP ATLANTIC.—Although are not prepared to jump at the conclusion tha Atlantic has met with a serious accident, ye learn with pleasure that every possible mea safety in case of accident was fully provide Mr. Collins. The Atlantic, it is said, has p sufficiently powerful to flood the ship in ca fire, and a metalic life car to land through surf.—Besides, she has six of "Fremer's m fire-proof life boats," of immense power and "Three of them will carry one hundred pe each, and the boats cannot be submerged. has seven boats in all.—*Boston Journal.*

The St. Charles Hotel, at New Orleans, consumed by fire on the morning of the 15th i It will be a great loss, being the most beau structure in the South.

NEW STYLE OF WINTER YEAR.—"*The H road.*"—Now selling at Granite Hall, got up the latest London Winter styles from the best materials, superior trimmings, and sh work, being the neatest and most comfort Vest ever offered to the public for wear at season of the year, and must supersede others. THOMAS H. JONES

Domestic Manufacture.—GARRETT & SM have determined to charge only Tw Shillings for CANADA TOP COATS. S low price will have the effect of doing away the imported slops that our city has been inu ded with for the last 20 years. Dec. 27

Wolf Cloth Top Coats.

THESE COATS are particularly adapted this severe and changeable climate—not confin the perspiration and injuring the health, like unhealthy Fur Coats, which article they h entirely superseded, at less than half the cost. PANTECHNETHEC

Corner of King and Cross streets, St. Jo Jan. 1851.

DR. WISTAR'S
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

For Consumption of the Lungs, Liver Complai Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Influ-enza, &c.

This celebrated and infallible remedy was d covered some ten years ago. Since that time its, by its own merits, been rapidly, surely, safely working its way through the opposition cracks and counterfeiters, until by its true va and intrinsic excellence, it has gained for itself most