that would arise from this sacrifice, which she considered in that one-sided way which people are apt to do when chiefly thinking of their own feelings. At last, moving steadily towards the lady, she fixed her piercing eyes upon her, and said simply and honestly, but in a tone of the

'Ah, thin, ma'am, is it for parting us yo'd be?

'You must understand, my good woman, that I want to bring her up with the feelings and manners of a gentlewoman."

"I wish that the Almighty would but give ye the power to look into the heart of that blessed child, and there yo'd see, my lady, stamped upon her very soul, the honour, the feelings, ay, and the pride too, that belong to a gentlewoman—yes, and though the world don't think it, to many not born so. I had her, before she was twenty-four hours, *a weeping baby of a weeping kind*. I promised her father to protect her—and I have kept my oath "to him, and God." I have watched over her, and prayed for her, that had no sin, instead of trying to lessen my own heavy load of that same, God help me!—kept all knowledge of bad from her, because I wanted her to be like the angels in heart as well as in body. I have done all this, and more: I would not marry where my own wake woman's heart had settled for years, because of the duty I owed the family. When I saw a chance of restoring her precious sight, I left name and home, kith and kin, and country, to see justice done to her. I have loved and honoured her. Never let her think me her equal, but her servant. And now you *would turn me from her*. Ah, thin, lady dear, I heard tell on'st of a bird that laid eggs of gould; I'm not going to say what sort of a bird she was—but gould *they* warr for certain, as I heard tell—full of gould. But, sure, she had no sooner laid the egg than she trampled it under her foot to nothing. If the egg had not been spoilt, my lady it would have been worth anything. But what gool was it?—soiled and destroyed entirely. Ax, ma'am, its a pity to mar what's marie, as the thunderbouit said when it thought of the oak it had given, just to show its strength.'

Now, the lady liked the child, and there certainly was much kindness in her heart; but is not every one who can distinguish the difference between rusticity and vulgarity. A woman of such self-sacrificing and disinterested feelings as Margaret, *could not*, no matter how poor or low-born she might be, communicate mean or paltry feelings to others, because they never had place in her own bosom—they were not inherent in her nature. But Mrs. Langham, like too many others, had acquired the habit of considering poverty and vice as synonymous, and (for that she had a heart both sound and healthful) albeit somewhat encrusted by prejudice and the opinions of the world, which good people often adopt and believe their own, she felt the natural eloquence and power of Margaret's appeal: it was new, and apt; and, above all, it came fully and freshly from her heart. But the lady thought she would try her a little further; her arguments, however, were feeble, for Nature was against them. *The follower of the family* had been father, mother, home, country, *all*, to the child, which she believed it was her duty not only to *serve*, but to *slave* for, to the end of her days.

"It's no good, my lady—God bless you, you mean it all for the best—I see the advantage, madam—let her live with you; I'll act stand in her light for that—let her be to you as your own child; *your goodness will have earned that duty from her*—teche her, my lady (not that she's ignorant) all kinds of things (only her *eyes*, God help her, are still wakely, and don't let them be worn out)—let her be yours, heart and soul. I never thought her love could keep the same for me, when she got among her own class like. I learnt that lesson long ago of a little King Charles's puppy that my poor mistress had (the heavens be her bed!) that when on'st it was fully treated by a turnspit baste that let it share the milk of *her own pup*, turned away from the kitchen to the parlour, and would even set its teeth and *grin* at the poor ould brute that sometimes thrust its nose into *the company quarters*, out of good nature to look after it. *Mine* will never do *that*,' she added, wiping her eyes. 'But I'm deeply grateful she should keep with those who can put her in her own station; and I'll be no burthen on them or her. I'll earn my own living as I do now. But to say that I'm not to give her to her father, if I should ever find him—to say I'm not to see her of a Sunday—that I'm not to watch the light increasing in her eyes, that, through God and his agents, I unclouded—not sometimes to hear the voice that's the only music my heart danced to for year!'—— She could not continue, but turned away her face and wept bitterly. Mrs. Langham, too, felt more than she acknowledged. 'I have only spoken of myself,' said Marguret at last, 'but let Miss Evelyn spake for herself.'

She opened the door and called: the little girl bounded in like a fawn, and then paused to look shyly around at the fine pictures and rich things, and, above all, at an exquisite painting of the Virgin with the infant Christ, which Mrs. Langham, being a Roman Catholic, treasured for a double reason. The light fell from the window upon her beautiful head, and before Margaret spoke, she turned with a smile towards "the lady"—a smile of admiration which was returned.

'Evelyn—Miss Evelyn, avourneen, do ye see that good lady, that has often spoke kind to ye, darlint?'

'I do.'

'Could ye love her, a-cushla?'

'Ah, then, I could—I do paise!'

'Maybe as well as me?'

The child's laugh was momentary music, but it was a laugh of derision—and she twined her nurse's arm round her neck.

'But you'd try, darlint? She's a good lady—quite a lady, my bird alone!'

'And so am I,' said the little O'Dwyer.

Mrs. Langham observed her proud look; it augured well for her project. The nurse continued—

'Avourneen this lady is very kind, very good; she wishes to take you to be her child, to teche you to play the fine music, and behave like a lady, and live in this beautiful room, and drive in a coach!'

'Live in this room! drive in a coach! play music!' repeated the child in ecstacy, her bashfulness conquered by delight. 'Oh! we shall be so happy!'

'Not we, avourneen, but you.'

'Shan't you like it? Oh, dear nurse, you can't mean not to like it!'

'But you are to leave me—not to see me any more—all these beautiful things to be yours to live among—but no mammy nurse.'

'Let us go,' said the child, seizing her nurse's hand between both hers, and rushing to the door; 'let us go; this is a bad place to stay in!'

Letters from Hamburg affirm that cholera was still prevalent in many parts of the Baltic, particularly those in near connection with the Eng[illegible] fleet, and that in several cases it had proved [illegible]

THE WAR.

The following is from the *Times* correspondent:—

The sad history of the 19th, which I was [illegible] mail, is soon finished. The bodies of many a brave officer whom I knew in old times—old times of the war, for men's lives are short here, and the events of a life are compressed into a few hours—were borne past us in silence, and now and then, wonderful to relate, men with sever wounds were still living and able to give expression to their sufferings by moans and sighs of pain. The spirit of some of those noble fellows triumphed over all their bodily agonies. 'General!' exclaimed a serjeant of the 18th Royal Irish to Brigadier Eyre as he came near the place in the Cemetery where the poor fellow lay with his legs broken by a round shot, 'thank God, we did *our* work any way. Had I another pair of legs the country and you would be welcome to them!' Many men in hospital, after losing leg or arm, said they 'would not have cared if they had only beaten the Russians.' It was observed that the abattis was in excellent order—that the chevaux de frise had been repaired, and were very strong, and that every effort had been used up to the moment before we assaulted to render it, as it was, a formidable obstacle to our advance. It is said that the bottom of the ditch was filled with bayonets, fixed firmly in the earth; and there is a report that the Russians were employed during the night of the 17th in repairing the abattis itself where it was injured by our cannon.

I have already tried to describe the nature of the ground in front of the abattis. It was in itself a considerable impediment to regularity of formation. A line of sentries was formed by the Russians as our burying parties came out, and they advanced so far in front of the abattis that General Airey was obliged to remonstrate with an aide-de-camp of General Osten-Sacken who ordered them to retire near the abattis. It was observed that these men were remarkably fine tall, muscular soldier like fellows, and one could not but contrast them with some of the poor weakly-looking boys who were acting as privates in our regiments, or with the small undergrown men of the French line. They were unusually well dressed, in clean new uniforms, and were no doubt picked out to impose upon us. Many of them wore medals, and seemed veteran soldiers. Their officers had also turned out with unusual care, and wore white kid gloves, patent leather boots, and white linen. The mass of Russians were gathered on the towering parapets of the Redan and Malakoff, and were not permitted to come to the front. Some amateurs, who managed to get through the lines, formed groups in front of the Redan, and entered into conversation with a few of the Russian officers. There was however, more reserve and gravity in the interview than has been the case on former occasions of the kind. One stout elderly Russian of rank asked one of our officers "How are you off for food?" "Oh! we get everything we want; our fleet secures that." "Yes," remarked the Russian, with a knowing wink, "Yes, but there's one thing you're not so well off for, and your fleet can't supply you, and that's sleep." "We're at least as well off for that as you are," was the rejoinder. Another officer, in the course of conversation, asked if we really thought, after our experience of the defence they could make, that we could take Sebastopol. "We must; France and England are determined to take it." "Ah! well," said the other, "Russia is determined France and England shall not have it, and we'll see who has the strongest will, and can lose most men." It was generally observed by some surgeons, that the wounds were cleaner than they have been in previous engagements. This is somewhat remarkable, for the Russians fired all kinds of missiles—bags of nails, and fragments of bullets, shells, and balls, as well as grape and canister. They were seen 'shoveling' the shot into the muzzles of the guns. No one can deny many of their officers the praise of extreme bravery and devotion. In the midst of our fire they got up on the top and on the outside of the parapets and directed the fire of their men upon us. Several of them were knocked over by round shot, shell, and rifle balls, while exposing themselves in this manner, but it scarcely speaks well for their soldiers that they felt it necessary to set them such examples. Col. Dickson succeeded in obtaining Lord Raglan's permission to open on the Russians from twenty-one-gun battery and swept them away in numbers as they crowded out to fire our broken columns and on our wounded men and fugitives.

TAKING THE FIELD.

The losses in the Land Transport corps by death would be extraordinary did we not find a parallel to them in the Sardinian army of Tchougoun, which has lost in 3 weeks nearly one 1,000 men by the cholera, dysentry, and diarrhea. The Turks and French encamped in the valley, suffer some what from the same disease, but it is observable that the men who die are mostly unacclimatised. At Yenikale the detachment of Land Transport Corps lost in a fortnight fifty men, of whom twenty-five were English, and twenty-five were native drivers. In its present state it cannot supply all the wants of our army. We could not advance any body of troops without running the risk of starvation, and even the 10th Hussars are said to have been unable to keep their horses so far from Balaklava, owing to the want of forage, and their retreat from their advanced position is attributed to that cause rather than the field pieces the Russians brought to bear upon them from an adjoining height. To understand the difficulties in the way of what is called at home "taking the field," one must come and stay out here. It is much easier to take Sebastopol than it is to take the field. There are only three accessible passes, up the precipitous wall of rock which rises on the north side of the Tchernaya, to the plateau on which the Russians are encamped, and the precipice runs round the Belbeck. These passes are so steep an army would have some difficulty in ascending them at its leisure, without resistance from any enemy. But they are occupied wherever the engineering eyes can detect the smallest weakness—they are commanded by batteries, intersected by overhanging cliffs all ready for the fever March round and turn them! Where and [illegible] Napoleon himself would never lead an army into such defiles as guard the Russian position. Whether we are not strong enough to detach a great corps of 40,000 or 50,000 men to operate against the Russians north of Sebastopol is not for me to say; but it is certain that [illegible] of operations for any such corps must be the sea. till ample transport is provided. The Crimea is, to all intents and purposes, a desert—a Sahara, waterless and foodless before an invading army.

A RUSSIAN LIEUTENANT.—In the *Kilkenny Moderator* there is a letter from a medical officer, dated "Camp before Sebastopol, June 11," addressed to a member of his family in Kilkenny, in which we find the following:—"While the French were employed at the Mamelon, we had a storming party who attacked the Quarries, which are strong defences for sharp shooters, in front of the Redan. These were gallantly carried. Although nothing further was intended, our men pushed forward into the Redan itself, there was so strong a reinforcement of Russians brought up here, that our fellows retired upon the Quarries again, which they held. The capture of this position was attended with great loss. A Kilkenny man, Colonel Shearman, was among the killed. A mine was sprung by enemy during the attack, and several of the men returned almost naked, their trowsers and coats having been blown off, and they were as black as sweeps. A little boy—my thumb of a soldier made a prisoner of a Russian officer, whom he conducted with much pride to the first parallel, the officer over topping the little man's musket and bayonet! I asked the Russian's if he spoke French, he shook his head and said, 'No speak;' but he exclaimed, 'Doctor, doctor.' I made signs that I was one, and he then took off his coat, when I found he had a bullet wound at the back of his neck. He now tried to make himself understood by talking Latin. Pointing to the wound in his neck, he asked, *Thinkeh eh?* When I told him it was not mortal, he pressed me by the hand, and said,—*Pater, mater, et soror sunt mihi*. He said he was a lieutenant of the 7th Dragoon Regiment. When he saw no open my care for a bandage to dress his wound, trust his hand into one of his own coat pockets, and produced his own for that purpose. All the Russian soldiers, were wisely carry, these thing about their.

The Fremdenblatt, of Vienna, states from the Crimea, that Prince Gortschoff has sent, for 24,000 men more, and that he has reinforced General Liprandi's corps with another division.

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., August 13, 1855.

Arrival of the "Baltic."

Seven Days later from Europe.

GERMANY ACCEPTS AUSTRIAN PROPOSITION.

DECLINE IN BREADSTUFFS.

New York, Aug. 8th.

The steamership "Baltic" from Liverpool July 20th, arrived this morning.

The war news unimportant. Neither sorties nor assaults have occurred at Sebastopol.

Operations in the Baltic were unimportant.

The German Diet has accepted the Austrian proposition, together with the three additional points proposed by Russia.

Preparations for the Danubian campaign continue.

MARKETS.—Cotton depressed. Breadstuffs dull and slightly declined, except corn which has advanced 2s. 6d.

Provisions generally unchanged.

SECOND DESPATCH.

It is reported that General Simpson has resigned.

Austria is exhibiting marked preference for Russia in the war.

Parliament will be prorogued about the 16th August.

Sir William Molesworth accepts place vacated by Lord John Russell.

News very meagre.

Arrived at Liverpool 24th, Carolus Magnus, St. John; John Dunlop, St. Stephens; 25th, Sarah Park.

☞ To the Free Trade Editor of the *Courier*, in reply to his article in that paper of the 4th inst. We will commence with noticing his denial of being the doubly, nay trebly vested and *gifted editor* of the *Courier*, *Comptroller* of Her Majesty's Customs, and *Port Measurer* of the city of St. John. To this we will say with honest "*Burchill*," PENOE, with respect to his giving us the Lie. We fold our arms, and use the very complimentary epithet, as a standard of the man's breeding and intelligence. His designating our article rigmarole, is we conceive but a poor way of sneaking out of the argument, and will we take it be so received by the judicious, and by them considered as a defeat. Now, though foiled in his arguments, (if they deserve the name) he should have had discretion enough to have kept his temper, and not by using abusing language, shown to the world that he was in verity a noodle. As the man evidently either does not understand plain English, or he wilfully perverts what he reads, we will again *endeavor* to inform him, that the thing so strongly insisted on by him, "it at plenty, and cheapness of food are good for all classes," is patent to the world; and never, we believe, was denied by any paper in the city, certainly never by the *Chronicle*. We would also wish him to understand that we never objected to labor-saving machines, nor denied that they would contribute to the cheapening of food. What we did object to was, the purchasing of them from the Yankees, instead of our own people, who generally produce *a better and a warranted article*. But our *Solon* like most bad logicians, finding himself cornered, flies off at a tangent, and creates and occupies another and an irrelevant position, leaving the question at issue untouched. We can fully understand why this man of many avocations has been thrown of his guard, and exhibited himself as a well-vexed man. It is because his friends, the gentlemen who appointed him to office as the wages of his toadyism, feel, that like the cow which has given a full pail of milk, he is now kicking the bucket, and that he is injuring their cause instead of serving it. His shallow arguments, so easily overturned, have raised a laugh, where he intended in his zeal for radicals and radicalism to have created honor. His allusion to the late election was the most unfortunate of all his injudicious steps, as it touched his friends on their most sensitive point, it was in short nothing more nor less than a history of their disgraceful defeat, and if we may judge from his silence on this point, he feels it to be so, and now repents of his folly in sackcloth and ashes. At any rate if he does not his MASTERS do. But one of the funniest things among his batch of "*good-uns*" is the flour £2 per barrel in Prince Edward Island while we are paying three here. I only wish he could have seen now the flour dealers on the South Wharf hand at this piece of jugglery. The *Courier* under the management of this would-be *dictator*, has recently rendered itself supremely ridiculous. It has made assertions without data, it has jumped a [illegible] show the baseless fabric on which he bases his opinions, it is amply furnished by himself in his last "*prose*." He states that within the last 12 months, provisions have been twenty per cent lower in England than here, in consequence of free trade. Now whether we place this side by side with his prices of flour at P. E. Islande, or whether we take it for granted, we cannot see under the existing state of hostile Europe what bearing it can possibly have on the question at issue. We have known in the good old times, when men were protected in their inalienable right, fish and lumber sold for a less price in the West Indies, than at the port of shipment. We have known both ships and timber sold in Liverpool for much less than they cost in St. John. Nay we have known flour (American) re-shipped from England back to New York, and British goods sold in California and Australia for less than they cost in Manchester, but these were exceptions to, and not rules and if we should attempt to predicate an opinion in such data, we should expect like our friend the Comptroller to become the laughing stock of the community. For the information of our opponent we will state, that although food has recently been at a famine price both in England and on this continent, the reason why it may have been a shade lower there than here, is, that speculators in consequence of the war, have overtraded, and glutted the market where they sought to meet a higher price than at home. With respect to the wages being a hundred per cent higher in consequence of "free trade" we must again call in the aid of our friend "Burchell" and say to this also "Fudge." The quantity of emigrants continually crossing the Atlantic completely refutes the assertion, and we are able to bear testimony against it from information received from the mouths of many of the newly arrived in this City. But o ur friend of the Courier has undertaken a subject with which he cannot grapple, and he appears to have got into a labyrinth from which he cannot extricate himself while the whole question resolves itself into the simple question of "Is labor wealth?" or has the wealth of this Province grown up without labor? because it is for this we are contending, to keep the labor in the country, and let it continue to increase our wealth and importance, instead of giving it to our western neighbours, who laugh at our stupidity. It has been said by a man equally as wise as the editor of the Courier, that the man who raises an ear of grain is a benefactor and a patriot to his country, while the consumer of foreign productions, the non-producer, is his countries greatest foe. "So say we all."

BOAT RACING.—We perceive by a communication in a late Boston paper signed "Walter Welsh" that the United States oarsmen are informed, if they feel dissatisfied at the defeat they received in Boston Harbor last month, the St. John Club will meet them in September next in Portland, Maine, or if expenses are paid them they will go to Boston, to try their skill from six to twelve miles for $2,000 a side.

We think it rather hard that the few enterprising individuals who have added laurels to our harbor, should bear the whole brunt in this engagement. We know the community will endorse the paper.

We regret to have to announce that the peace of our City, was, to some extent, disturbed by a most disgraceful row, originating in some unfortunate misunderstanding between the "outside barbarians" and the servants and employees of the Circus which recently visited this City. A good deal of dissatisfaction had been expressed in consequence of the insufficiency of seat arrangements and accommodations—and a gang of worthless runagates (principally composed of the loafers of York Point) determined to give the public in general and the Circus proprietors in particular, a *striking* demonstration of their rowdyism and indignation. The police were on the ground, and endeavored to prevent the gang from removing some of the Circus baggage waggons, when the crowd rallied and a general *melee* commenced.—Stones, brick-bats, and fence-poles, were flying in all directions, and the policemen's swords gleamed through the fray, and their pistols gave forth a voice of warning not to be mistaken. At length the gang were repulsed—again they rallied—and were again driven back, till at last they retreated from the presence of the belted guardians of the public peace. Much consternation prevailed thro' the night, and not till morning dawned on the "battle-field" did the American belligerents dare pass through Portland *en route* for Gagetown. No serious damage was done, although many bear slight certificates of their heroism in the form of scarred brows and blackened eyes.

We agree with the *Courier* that such transactions are to be sincerely deprecated. No doubt the "outside" rowdies were as much, if not more to blame than the Circus-men. All, however, were and are grossly culpable, and we only regret that our valiant policemen, instead of foaming so furiously and blandishing their murderous weapons so heroically had not captured some of the miscreants in order that a public example might have been made, and the majesty of the law legally vindicated in a proper tribunal.

☞ Admiral Fenshawe arrived here last evening in H. M. steam sloop *Argus*. The Admiral proceeds to Fredericton on a visit to his Excellency.

FIRE.—Early yesterday morning a fire broke out in a building in Waterloo street, which was burnt to the ground together with several houses adjoining, a part of which belonged to the Estate of the late Thomas B. Hatheway, Esq. A house belonging to Mr. Mitchell and another to Mr Moore were destroyed. Mr. McGuiggin was also a heavy loser. Three horses were burnt together with the stable in which they were confined. The fire which is supposed to be another instance of incendiarism had gained considerable headway before its progress could be checked. Two or three buildings fronting on Brussels street were partly destroyed and we have not ascertained to what amount the several parties have been insured.—*Morning News.*

We have since learned that the fire originated through the carelessness of a person taking a lighted candle into a stable.—Curnox.

NAUTICAL MAGAZINE.—We have received the August number of this useful work. In page 467 mention is made of "Another St. John Clipper," the *Silesia*, owned by Mr. G. Thomas, and built by I. J. and G. W. Olive, which made the passage from Wales to Valparaiso in 69 days, drawing 21 feet water.

The correspondent of the Times at Constantinople calculates that the number of men belonging to the armies of France, England, Russia and Turkey, who have perished, since the commencement of the war, amounts to half a million.

The English sky lark has been domesticated on Long Island. A snow white robin has been seen [illegible] near the residence of Mr. Her[illegible] about Six miles from Watertown, N. Y.

TWO WEEKS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

New York, Aug. 8th.—The steamship Northern Light arrived at 9 o'clock this evening, without being announced by the marine telegraph owing to the thick weather.

She brings San Francisco dates to July 16th, 400 passengers, and $850,635 treasure on freight.

The passage has been made from San Francisco in 19 days and 20 hours—the quickest passage on record.

Col. Walker was at Realjo where he had retreated from San Juan del Sud.

Col. Kenney with 20 men arrived at San Juan del Norte on the 18th ult., in the brig Huntress, of Philadelphia. They were engaged in erecting a building in San Juan. Dissatisfaction is said to exist among them.

The mines in California were yielding better than for several years past.

Gold is said to have been discovered near Puget Sound.

A serious dispute occurred between the French Consul M. Dillon and Mr. Samuel Hermun, and a duel was thought to be inevitable.

Two or three duels had taken place without fatal results.

THE DISTINGUISHING GENIUS OF THE AGE.

Nature, now and then, brings forth such geniuses as Newton, Shakspeare, Talleyrand, Milton Nelson, Napoleon, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Luther, Cromwell and Jackson. Their powerful intellects compelled the world to admire them.

The genius of the present age is Discovery. In the progress of the arts and sciences, this age is immeasurably superior to any former one. This present century stands pre-eminent for its wonderful discoveries in the sciences and arts. Among these, the noble science of Medicine has made great progress. PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY has discovered and prepared a remedy for the diseases of man in whatever clime destiny may have given him birth. We have in a former article, introduced to our readers this distinguished physician, who reputation is already engraited on the world's history. As a physician, he has copied Nature, and among physicians, he stands the acknowledged Emperor. Both in the sale of his medicines, and the number of patients that have taken them, he is unrivalled. Professor Holloway has labored to supply the human family with a permanent remedy for their diseases, to which the afflicted may have recourse with a moral certainty that they will be cured. There is no disease to which they will not afford relief. His Pills and Ointment, prepared from selections from the vegetable kingdom, will great cure, will drive disease out of the system. Thousand of the most intelligent minds of all nations, men distinguished in every sphere of life—the statesman, philanthropist, conquerer, and those whose highest aim is to do good to their fellow men, unite in their praises of the remedies discovered by Professor Holloway for the removal of disease.

In uniting this general recommendation of the remarkable virtues of Holloway's remedies, we only perform a Christian duty, which the press should never neglect. Those who are eminent for the good they do in the world, have a just claim upon the press for aid in extending the good to the extent in their power. Therefore, we have determined to express our opinion, that HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are adapted to the removed of disease and have restored millions of the sick to health.—*New York Atlas.*

REFLECTIONS FOR THE REFLECTIVE.

NUMBER III.

[NOTE. The subjoined letter I intended publishing later in the course. There are remarks however therein, capable of and demanding proof. It will save time therefore to give the letter at this early date, proving the assertions of it by my general substantiation of my charges against the Romish system.]

Notwithstanding the very manifest papal proclivities of our Government, a bitter wail of savage disappointment has arisen from the hand-organs and hurdy-gurdies under the influence of priests and puseyites, because the magisterial and other offices of honor, responsibility and emolument have not been parcelled out to the spies, satelites and subordinates of Bishop Connoly and his spiritual coadjutors. The teeth of the dragon are set on edge, and its truculent *instinct* longs again for universal supremacy; and only ubiquitous sway over the souls and sentiments of the masses of the people will appease its cruel and malignant avidity.

Why the lineal descendants and dependants of those merciless tyrants who daily washed their pontificial robes in Martyr's blood and dried them by the fires of Smithfield—the men who are irrevocably bound by the ecclesiastical edicts of every foreign despot who may, by chicane and corruption, attain a *mitre* and *St. Peters' Keys*' who are beneath the illimitable and irresponsible domination of every son of the SCARLET LADY who may plague and pester our province, should expect an official seat in Councils of a country professedly Protestant, is, to my mind, something of a problem and a puzzle.

Brought back from the most abject and loathsome poverty and exile through the pity of an adjacent power, sustained upon his tottering throne by the bayonets of a valiant and impetuous people, the crumbling columns of his Constitution only upheld [for a time] by the assistance of foreign arms, trembling between a transient hope and dastard fear, within his gaudy palaces, on the seven hills of the tranquilled city, weeping over his fallen grandeur and departed dominion—weighed in the even balances of eternal justice as held by the impartial hand of the King of all kings, and found miserably deficient, and his tattered and shattered kingdom on the dark margin of that utter and universal downfall and desolation which has been so clearly foretold by the inspired tongue of prophetical wisdom: the head and front of the papal oligarchy sees and deplores his own impotency and groans in audible agony over the fading tinsel of his ill-gotten and departing glory.

Yet in the throes of his anguish a last effort is made! Over the face of the earth, locust-hordes and caterpillar crowds of submissive satellites, who only reflect the borrowed glory of the Vatican, eat up everything green and loveable. "But in vain do the heathen rage!" In the hearts core of those very regions where papal sway was most rampant, the notes of preparatory arrangement for a final revolution are loudly sounding, and the enemies of the blood-drunken DIANA of modern days, are determined to lower the impious flag of the Vatican and erect in its stead the trophy-bound banner of the cross of Christ.

Shall New Brunswick then, at this crisis, rest tamely quiescent? When the disbanded fragments of the disconcerted legions of the Papal fly in terror to other lands than those where premonitory decay has commenced to corrode and canker their power and glory—when Spain, once deluged with papal superstition and sacred blood, awakens from servile submission—when France learns, with honest pride, the alphabet of Biblical inspiration, and Turkey thirsts for the Word of Life, unmarred by the hideous interpolations of man's wisdom, and unmutilated by the sacrilegious scissors of papal priest (ghostly confessor), when universally the World is exhibiting symptoms of uneasiness and revolution under the spurious Vicar *Christship* of the Romish enemy of pure revelation, shall New Brunswick receive the runagate religion and by Governmental and Legislative sop and succor, nourish so noxious and deadly an exotic within her borders?

Let the wily emissaries of the Italian Despot foam as they may—let them grow frantic and furious in the wild desperation of their malignant frenzy—let them cry with intoxicated wrath at the corners of the streets, and spit out their soulless benedictions on the black Eagle of the imperial rearguard of Russia, and their impotent anathemas on the holy alliance of the West: but let them also be as dogs who bay the moon, and let no crumb of consolation, no recompense of reward be given them, for harmless as they are in many features, they are the same literary and spiritual desperadoes, who, by their church obligations and baptismal vows are the mutually acknowledged enemies of our QUEEN, our COUNTRY and our GOD.

New-Brunswick need only receive from her adminis-
tration nine justly and tyrannically withholds, and all will be well.

Whilst Government remains recreant, the SOVEREIGN PEOPLE must take the cause of truth into their own custody!

Let them (at the solemn tribunal of the POLLS particularly) eject from Parliament, every fame truckler to the surpliced hypocrites of a corrupt Church—let *them* disown every man, who "paltering in a double sense," exhibits his love for the young giant of Protestantism by softly smoothing the haggard brow of the dying old decrepid idiot of a spurious and an alien faith—and a future day will evangelise and Bless her dominions.

That day already looms lovely in the religious and political future of New-Brunswick—at which time, from the red, gory ruins in which olive-leaf advocates and mock friends have vainly sought to bury Protestantism—and from the dishonored grave of Constitutional Liberty—and from the slimy sepulchre of Political abasement, all these sacred and immortal principles, Lazarus like, shall emerge in a resplendent resurrection to enlighten our Province with a fadeless halo of perennial splendor. No more, jeiled and jibed, by popish politicians, will we be startled by the pale remnant of a bleeding Constitution, or writer under the nail-a Administration of talented demagogues who, on the wall-eyed skeleton of popular liberty, tide into places of profit and emolument. Then, amid the groaning and confusion of dazed and stupefied democratic dreams, the puzzy tyrants at home will learn that, though they tender, and WEAR their eyes with a fatal and delusive hope, since they have dreamed a righteous pro-Protestant indignation, no popish penance, no clandestine confessional can effectually turn away that poisoned chalice of public opinion which they must drink to the dregs, even to the utter abasement of civil and political death; an indignation as fearful as their own deep-dyed determined and profound, and as profound as the eternal dispute of sun and shadow in which, they once fondly and foolishly dreamt they had forever buried the (at last risen, rescued and resigning splendid genius of UNIVERSAL FREEDOM and PROGRESSION.

An English paper says:—"Mr. John B. Dillon, barrister at law, one of the 'leaders' in the insurrectionary movement of '48, and not the least among the able but dangerous press contributors of that memorable period, has arrived in Dublin from the land of Know-Nothings, where he has, it seems been eminently successful in his professional capacity. With creditable good taste Mr. Dillon, since his temporary return to this country is living in the strictest privacy at the sea side, eschewing all the vanities of popular notoriety, and not even permitting his arrival to be noticed or mentioned in the journals devoted to the cause which led to his exile."

While the attack on the Mamelon was going on an English lady, the wife of one of the officers, was present, and displayed great coolness and courage. General Pennefather observing this went up and cut off a tassel from the coat of a dead Russian officer, and in the most gallant manner and a very pretty compliment pinned it in her shawl, saying she had fairly earned it. The general is a great favorite with the army, and the lady, who has great personal attractions, and is the daughter of an old general officer, highly prizes the medal, which she literally obtained on the field of battle.

First on the list of some new publications forbidden to enter the Austrian Empire is the Westminister Review. Finn's History of Italy translated by Mr. Gladstone, and Gervinus' History of the Nineteenth Century, are placed in the same category.

ST. JOHN COUNTRY MARKET.

Beef, on foot, per cwt., $6 to $7; Lamb, per lb., 4d. to 5d.; Veal, 3 to 4d; Potatoes, per bush 6s. to 8s.; Peas, ditto; Roll Butter, 13d. to Packed, 12d. to 13d.; Eggs, (dozen) 12d. to 15d.; Fowls, per pair, 3s. to 4s.; Onions, per string, 3d. Beef, by quarter, 4d. to 5d.; Hay per ton £4.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION

From its having almost always baffled the most skilful medical treatment, it has very justly been termed the "*Opprobium of Phisicians*," and until within a few years, been generally consider incurable, although many medical men of the highest standing, among whom we may mention *Laennec* and *Bayle*—both distinguished authors, admit that this much dreaded disease may be cured, even in its advanced stages, when the lungs are not completely disorganized. The remedy which we now offer,

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry,

for the cure of this disease not only emanates from a regular Physician, but has also been well tested in all the complaints for which it is recommended.

Look out for imitations and counterfeits. Remember the original and only genuine article always bears the written signature of I. BUTTS, upon the outside wrapper.

For sale wholesale and retail by the General Agent, SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and by his sub-agents throughout the country.

S. L. TILLEY, Agent for St. John, N. B.

Married.

At Sackville, on Saturday morning last, by the Rev. T. N. DeWolfe, Mr. James D. Turner, to Miss Araminta J. eldest daughter of H. Gallagher, Esq., of the former place.

On the 29th ult., by the Rev. J. Bunting Capt. Rufus C. Cole, of Sackville, to Miss Charlotte Smith, Salisbury.

At Milltown, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Quinn, Mr. James T. O'Connor, of St. John, to Elizabeth A., eldest daughter of Mr. James Waddell, of St. Stephens.

At Buckfield, on the 29th July, by John Bowser, Esq., Commissioner, Mr. John Webster, to Agnes Canning, late of Picton, Nova Scotia.

On Monday July 30th by the Rev. Mr. Bennett, Presbyterian minister, Mr. B. N. Richardson, of Chipman Q. C., to Miss Margaret Dunn, eldest daughter of Robert Dunn, Esq.

Died.

On Monday evening, Mr. Thomas McCarthey, aged 40 years, leaving a wife and four children to mourn their loss.

On Tuesday morning, after an illness of three weeks, Priscilla Allen, only daughter of Mr. Henry W. Sewell, aged four years and six months.

On Sunday morning, Mr. John Sheck, of this city, formerly of Sussex Vale, in the 65th year of his age.

On Friday morning, in the 26th year of his age, David, eldest son of the Rev. Samuel Robinson.

At St. Stephen, on the 29th ult., Mr. Samuel M. Gilmor, aged 40 years.

On the 2d inst., John Frederick, son of Mr. James Price, in the second year of his age.

Marine List.

PORT OF ST. JOHN—Arrived—

Saturday—Ship Chariot of Fame, Knowles, Boston, 3—Master, ballast.

Bark Franklin, Melius, Havana, 18—to order, ballast.

Science, Spriggs, Philadelphia, 18—L. H. Waterhouse, coals.

Lucinda Sears, Heard, Boston, 2—S. Virgin & Son, ballast.

Steamer Admiral, Scott, Portland—Geo. Thomas, passengers and merchandise.

Sunday—Ship Ladoga, Carter, 3—Wm. Thomson, ballast.

Barque Tanare, Grey, Boston, 3—John Robertson, ballast.

Schr. Algoma, Cole, New York—Master, flour.

Monday—Barque General Taylor, Burton, Boston, 3—J. & R. Reed, ballast.

Schr. Pearl, Wheelpley, Boston, 3—Master, general cargo.

Tuesday—Steamer Adelaide, Winchester, Boston, —L. H. Waterhouse, passengers and merchandise.

Wednesday—Ship Crimea, Newell, Kennebeck, 4—, Robertson, ballast.

Sea Belle, Nason, Kennebeck—J. Robertson ballast.

Brigt. Billow, Curry, N.Y.—Lockhart, flour, &c.