'Is that, can that be Maria Eldon?' thought Mr. Westbury: 'the amiable, the feeling, the refined Maria! Where has my love, my admiration, my passion for her gone? or rather, by what blindness were they first excited? Does she wish to retain—nay, does she claim the heart of the husband of another? What perversions of a principle is here?'

The crowd at the door was by this time nearly dispersed, and Mr. Westbury, advancing to the trio that still remained near the bust, drew his wife's arm within his, and bidding Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth 'good night,' led her to their carriage.

'How have you enjoyed yourself this evening?' Mr. Westbury inquired, as soon as the carriage door was closed, and the coachman had mounted his box.

'Quite as well as I ever do in scenes of similar character,' Julia answered.

'Do you not then relish society?'

'Not very well in such large masses,' said Julia. 'So far as my observation has extended, they have little tendency to increase benevolence, or any of the finer feelings of the heart. I have often feared that vanity and thirst for admiration were the cause that drew together one half the crowd; and a vulgar love of luxuries the other.'

'Those causes surely do not influence all those who attend large assemblies,' said Mr. Westbury.—'Such persons as Mr and Mrs. Eveleth, for instance are entirely above them.'

'Undoubtedly,' said Julia. 'Still I believe the rule as general as any other.'

'Does not the elegant and instructive conversation of such a man as Mr. Eveleth reconcile you to a crowd?' Mr. Westbury inquired.

'Certainly not,' said Julia. 'How much more highly such conversation would be enjoyed—how much greater benefit derived from it, in a small circle, artificial delicacy and refinement—artificial feeling—artificial good nature—artificial friendship, are the usual compound that make large companies. Had Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth spent this evening with us, in our quiet parlor, how much greater would have been the enjoyment! how much more profitably the time might have been occupied?'

'It might,' said Mr. Westbury. 'Mr. Eveleth has great colloquial powers. His conversation is at once brilliant and instructive. I know no gentleman who equals him in this particular.'

'I cannot say quite as much as that,' said Julia, 'though he certainly converses uncommonly well.'

'Who can you name that is his equal?' asked Mr. Westbury.

Julia hesitated a little, and blushed a great deal though her blushes were unseen as she said—'In conversational powers, I think my present companion is very rarely, if ever excelled. And why, she added, 'such gentlemen should mingle in crowds, where their talents are in great measure lost instead of meeting in select circles, where they could find congenial minds—minds, at least in some degree capable of appreciating them. I cannot conceive. But I suppose my ideas of rational enjoyment, of elegant society are very singular.' She stopped short, fearing she was saying too much, but Mr. Westbury requested her to proceed. After a minute's hesitation she said—

'I think the crowded drawing room should be abandoned to those who are capable of no higher enjoyment than gossip, nonsense, flirtation, and eating oysters, confections and creams; and that people of talent, education, principle, and refinement, should associate freely in small circles, and with little ceremony.

'In such kind of intercourse, new friendship would be formed, and old ones cemented, the mind and heart would be improved, and the demons of envy and detraction excluded. After an evening spent in such a circle, the monitor within would be at peace, and the blessing and protection of Heaven be sought, without a feeling of shame and self condemnation.'

'Then your conscience is really at war with large parties?' said Mr. Westbury.

'I cannot deny that it is,' Julia answered. 'Impelled by circumstances, I have striven to think they might sometimes be innocently attended, and perhaps they may; but I confess that the reproaches of my conscience are more and severe, every time I repeat the indulgence. Whatever they be to others, I am constrained to believe the are not innocent for me.'

Mr. Westbury made no reply, for at that moment the carriage stoped at their own door, and the subject was not again resumed.

Every party was sure to procure for Mrs. Westbury the favor of a call from Mrs. Cunningham. On the following morning, at as early an hour as etiquette would allow, she made her appearance.

'I could not stay away this morning,' she said, the moment she entered. 'I am so vexed, and so hurt, that I must have the sympathy of some friendly heart; and you are a friend to every one, especially when in trouble.'

'What troubles you, Mrs. Cunningham?' Mrs. Westbury inquired.

'You recollect,' said Mrs. Cunningham's what I said to you last night about Mr. Cunningham's indisposition. Well, as soon as I got home, I ran up stairs, of course you know, to see how he was, expecting to find him a bed and asleep. Judge how I felt, when I found my bed as I had left it, and no husband in the chamber. I flew down stairs, and searched every room for him, but in vain. I then rang for Peggy, and asked 'if she knew where Mr. Cunningham was.' 'La, ma'am,' said she, 'I'm sure I don't know. He went out just after you did. He called me to give charge about the fires, and said he was going out. I thought he had altered his mind and was going to Mrs. T——'s.' I dismissed the girl, and went to my chamber in an agony, as you may suppose. I declare I hardly knew what I did or thought for three long hours—for it was so long before Mr. Cunningham came home! I don't know what I said to him when he came, but he was not the kind, affectionate creature that he ever has been, for he almost harshly told me, to 'cease my upbraidings!'—upbraidings! think what a word—for if I sought pleasure where I liked, I must not quarrel with him for doing the same!' My dear Mrs. Westbury, I could not make him tell me where he had been, do all I could—and I have horrible surmises. What shall I do? I am sick at heart, and almost distracted.'

'Will you follow my advice, my dear Mrs. Cunningham?' said Mrs. Westbury, who truly pitied her distress, much as she blamed her.

'Oh, yes—I will do anything to feel happier than I now do. Really my heart is broken,' and she burst into a passion of tears.

Mrs. Westbury attempted to soothe her, and then said—

'Forgive me, if I would, when I would only heal. You have been a little imprudent, and must retrace your steps by conforming to the taste of your husband. He does not like crowds, and you must, in part, relinquish them for his sake.'

'And is not that hard?' said Mrs. Cunningham. 'Why should he not conform to my taste, as well as I to his? Why must men always have their own way?'

'That point is not worth while to discuss.' said Mrs. Westbury: 'Your happiness, my friend, is at stake. Can you hesitate an instant which to relinquish, those pleasures which, after all, are so unsatisfying, or the approbation, the happiness, perhaps the heart, even, of your husband?'

'But why,' persisted Mrs. Cunningham, 'need he be so obstinate? You see he could go out and stay till two in the morning! It seems as if he did it on purpose to torment me,' and she again burst into tears.

'I have not the least doubt,' said Mrs. Westbury, 'that would you yield to Mr. Cunningham's wishes—would you let him see that you care more about pleasing him than yourself, he would cheerfully, and frequently, perhaps, accommodate himself to your taste. Few men will bear being driven, and they would be objects of your contempt if they would, for authority is divinely delegated to them; but there are very few who have not generosity enough to take pleasure in gratifying the wife, who evidently strives to meet his wishes and is willing to sacrifice her own pleasures, that she may promote his happiness.'

'But I can't see,' said Mrs. Cunningham, 'why my happiness is not of as much consequence as my husband's; I can't see why all sacrifice should be on my side.

'Do you not perceive,' said Mrs. W., 'that the sacrifices you make, are made to secure your happiness and not destroy it?'

'I don't know,' said Mrs. Cunningham. 'can't bear to have Ned think to manage me as he would a little child, and then punish me, as he did last night, if I don't do just as he says. I don't think it fair! And I don't know as it would be of any avail, should I follow your advice. Some men will be ugly, do what you will! And why should you understand managing the men better than I do? You are two or three years younger?'

'I never studied how to manage them,' said Mrs. Westbury; 'but I have thought a good deal on the best way of securing domestic happiness; and reason, observation and the word of God teach me, that would the wife be happy and beloved, she must 'be in subjection to her own husband.' He may not always be reasonable, but she connot 'usurp authority,' without at once warring against heaven, and her own peace and respectability. Think of it, my dear Mrs. Cunningham, ruminate upon it, and in your decision be careful not to let will influence to sacrifice a greater good for a less. It is not degrading for a wife to submit to her husband; on the contrary, she never appears more lovely than when cheerfully and gracefully yielding up her own wishes, that she comply with his. Women were not made to rule, and in my view, the wife who attemps to govern, and the husband who submits to be governed, are equally contemptible.'

'What an admirable wife you would be for a tyrant!' exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. 'I never heard the doctrine of passive obedience more strenuously inculcated. Indeed, you would make a tyrant of any man.'

'If any thing would disarm the tyrant,' said Mrs. Westbury, 'I think this passive obedience would do it, if at the same time, it were a cheerful obedience. But happily, you have no tyrant to disarm. Your husband, I am satisfied should be easily pleased. Try, my friend, for a little while, to yield to him, and see if you do not meet a rich reward.'

'Well, I will think of it,' said Mrs. Cunningham, 'and perhaps shall do as you advise; for really I am very wretched now. Oh, dear I do wish the men were not so obstinate! so overbearing! so selfish!'

(To be concluded next week.)

British News.

MISS MARTINEAU AND MESMERISM.

The *Athenæum* contains a long communication from Miss Martineau detailing the particulars of a wonderful cure which she says, has been effected by mesmerism after a serious illness of five years and a half. Of the character of the disease under which she suffered she thus speaks:—This is not the place in which to give any details of disease.—It will be sufficient to explain briefly, in order to render my story intelligible, that the internal disease under which I suffered appears to have been coming on for many years; that, after warnings of failing health, which I carelessly overlooked, I broke down, while travelling abroad, in June, 1839; that I sank lower and lower for three years after my return, and remained nearly stationary for two more preceding last June. During these five years I never felt wholly at ease for one single hour. I seldom had severe pain, but never entire comfort. A besetting sickness, almost disabling me from taking food for two years, brought me very low, and, together with other evils, it confined me to a condition of almost entire stillness—to a life passed between my bed and my sofa. It was not till after many attempts at gentle exercise that my friends agreed with me that the cost was too great for any advantage gained; and at length it was clear that even going down one flight of stairs was imprudent. From that time I lay still, and by means of this undisturbed quiet, and such an increase of opiates as kept down my most urgent discomforts, I passed the last two years with less suffering than the three preceding. There was, however, no favorable change in the disease. Everything was done for me that the best medical skill and science could suggest, and the most indefatigable humanity and family affection devise, but nothing could avail beyond mere alleviation. My dependence on opiates was desperate. My kind and vigilant medical friend—the most sanguine man I know, and the most bent upon keeping his patient hopeful—avowed to me last Christmas, and twice afterwards, that he found himself compelled to give up all hope of affecting the disease—of doing more than keeping me up, in collateral respects, to the highest practicable point. This was no surprise to me, for when any specific medicine is taken for above two years without effecting the disease, there is no more ground for hope in reason and in feeling. In June last I suffered more than usual, and new measures of alleviation were resorted to. As to all the essential points of the disease I was never lower than immediately before I made trial of "mesmerism." Miss Martineau then gives the following narrative:—"On Saturday, June 22, Mr. Spencer Hall and my medical friend came, as arranged, at my worst hour of the day, between the expiration of one opiate and the taking of another. By an accident, the gentlemen were rather in a hurry—a circumstance unfavourable to a first experiment. But result enough was obtained to encourage a further trial, though it was of a nature entirely unanticipated by me. I had no other idea than that I should either drop asleep or feel anything. I did not drop asleep, and I did feel something very strange. Various passes were tried by Mr. Hall; the first that appeared effectual, and the most so for some time after, were passes over the head made from behind, passes from the forehead to the back of the head, and a little way down the spine. A very short time after these were tried, and 20 minutes from the beginning of the *seance*, I became sensible of an extraordinary appearance, most unexpected, and wholly unlike anything I had ever conceived of. Something seemed to diffuse itself through the atmosphere—not like smoke, nor steam, nor haze—but most like a clear twilight closing in from the windows and down from the ceiling, and in which one object after another melted away till scarcely anything was left visible before my wide-open eyes.—First the outline of all objects was blurred; then a bust standing on a pedestal in a strong light, melted quite away; then the opposite bust; then the table with its gay cover; then the floor, and the ceiling, till one small picture, high up on the opposite wall, only remained visible, like a patch of phosphoric light. I feared to move my eyes lest the singular appearance should vanish; and I cried out, "Oh! deepen it! deepen it!" supposing this the precursor of the sleep. It could not be deepened, however; and when I glanced aside from the luminous point I found that I need not fear the return of objects to their ordinary appearance while the passes were continued. The busts reappeared, ghost-like, in the dim atmosphere, like faint shadows, except that their outlines, and the parts in the highest relief, burned with the same phosphoric light. The features of one, an Isis with bent head, seemed to be illumined by a fire on the floor, though this bust has its back to the windows. Wherever I glanced all outlines were dressed in this beautiful light; and so they have been at every *seance*, without exception, to this day; though the appearance has rather given way to drowsiness since I left off opiates entirely. This appearance continued during the remaining 20 minutes before the gentlemen were obliged to leave me. The other effects produced were, first heat, oppression, and sickness, and for a few hours after, disordered stomach followed. In the course of the evening, by a feeling of lightness and relief in which I thought I could hardly be mistaken."

The second application of mesmerism was made by Miss Martineau's maid." "Mr. Hall," says Miss Martineau, "was prevented by illness from coming over, too late to let me know. Unwilling to take my opiate while in expectation of his arrival, and too wretched to do without some resource, I rang for my maid, and asked whether she had any objection to attempt what she saw Mr. Hall do the day before. Within one minute the twilight and phosphoric lights appeared; and in two or three more a delicious sensation of ease spread through me—a cool comfort, before which all pain and distress gave way, oozing out, as it were, at the soles of my feet. During that hour, and almost the whole evening, I could no more help exclaiming with pleasure than a person in torture crying out with pain. I became hungry, and ate with relish, for the first time for five years. There was no heat, oppression, or sickness during the *seance*, nor any disorder after wards. During the whole evening, instead of the lazy hot ease of opiates, under which pain is felt to lie in wait, I experienced something of the indescribable sensation of health, which I had quite lost and forgotten. I walked about my rooms, and was gay and talkative. Something of this relief remained till the next morning and then there was no reaction. I was no worse than usual and perhaps rather better.

"Nothing is to me more unquestionable and more striking about this influence than the absence of all reaction. Its highest exhilaration is followed, not by depression or exhaustion, but by a further renovation. From the first hour to the present, I have never fallen back a single step. Every point gained has been steadily held. Improved composure of nerve and spirits has followed upon every mesmeric exhilaration. I have been spared all the weakness of convalescence, and carried through all the usually formidable enterprise of return from deep disease to health with a steadiness and tranquility astonishing to all witnesses. At this time, before venturing to speak of my health established, I believe myself more firm in nerve, more calm and steady in mind and spirits than at any time of my life before. So much, in consideration of the natural and common fear of the mesmeric influence as pernicious excitement—as a kind of intoxication.

Miss Martineau mentions several incidents. "Another striking incident occurred in one of the earliest of my walks. My mesmerist and I had reached the headland nearly a half a mile from home, and were resting there when she proposed to mesmerize me a little—partly to refresh me for our return, and partly to see whether any effect would be produced in a new place and while a fresh breeze was blowing. She merely laid her hand on my forehead, and in a minute or two the usual appearances came, assuming a strange air of novelty from the scene in which I was. After the blurring of the outlines, which made all objects more dim than the dull gray day had already made them, the phosphoric light appeared, glorifying every rock and headland, the horizon, and all the vessels in sight. One of the dirtiest and meanest of the steam tugs in the port was passing at the time, and it was all dressed in heavenly radiance—the last object that any imagination would select as an element of a vision.—Then, and often before and since, did it occur to me that if I had been a pious and very ignorant Catholic, I could not have escaped the persuasion that I had seen heavenly visions. Every glorified object before my open eyes would have been a revelation, and my mesmerist, with the white halo round her head, and the illuminated profile, would have been a saint or an angel."

(From the Liverpool Mail, Nov 20.)

A citizen of the name of Polk—a man unknown to fame—has been recently elected President of the United States of America, thereby defeating the pretensions of Mr. Henry Clay. Mr. Polk, who stood on the loco foco or rabble interest, has declared himself favourable to the annexation of Texas to the federal union, to slavery, and a modified tariff. Mr. Clay is what the Americans call a "whig," an anti slavite, a man of peace, favourable to a stiff tariff, heavy customs, and unbounded protection to American manufactures. How he came to be beaten is rather curious.

The false if not fraudulent principle upon which the American constitution is founded, is year by year sinking the republic deeper in the mire. For instance it is the law there that every foreigner who comes has it in his power, by means of a declaration, to become a free citizen, and vote in the elections. The Americans thought this was right at the commencement of their independence, on the principle that leaving stolen the property of their king, they had an equal right to steal his or any other king's subjects. It is an adage that stolen property never thrives—never, in the end benefits the thief; and the Americans have at length discovered this to be a fact. For many years tens of thousands of Irishmen, Germans, Poles, and other foreigners have landed on their shores, a vast proportion of them in rags, hungry, and homeless, ready of course to work, beg, fight, or do anything for a dish of potatoes, a slice of pumpkin pie, and a draught of sour cider. These men have become electors; and they are not only formidable in point of numbers, but what is more to the purpose, every man's vote is worth from ten to fifteen votes in all the large towns. They consequently carry all the elections by force and fraud.

The Native Americans, of the more reputable class complain of this, and lament it. It is lamentable indeed—it is disgraceful—it is demoralizing—but they have no right to *complain*, for they, or their fathers framed the code of laws under which this villany, in the first place, and canker worm now was introduced into the republic. They deeply feel the evil, but we are afraid they have not the courage, if they have the power to provide a remedy. The only effectual cure would be to pass a law that none shall be allowed to exercise the political franchise who cannot prove that they are natural born citizens of the United States. This, of course, would cause a commotion, a sort of Irish rebellion perhaps, some burning and bloodshed. But until some such law is passed, the republic will continue to sink in the estimation of all intelligent men, and become more and more odious in the eyes of the world.

Mr. Clay was universally respected by the better portion of the Americans, as a man of moderate opinions, excellent business habits, and conciliatory manners. Besides he was well known in Europe, has long been before the public, an active legislator, and chastened by years and experience. Who Mr. Polk is, we may guess from his supporters. He evidently belongs to the Jackson and slave faction of the south, whose unconcealed designs upon Texas are for the purpose of manufacturing two or more states out of that envied territory, and turning the balance in favour of the slave owners, both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. If he and his party are bent upon wresting Texas for such a purpose, it can only be done at the expense of a doubtful war, for which we suspect the republic can ill spare the means. Before any dollars are expended upon an invasion and robbery of this kind, we would suggest the propriety of first paying their European creditors.

(From the Same.)

We always thought that it would come to this! We never knew an Irish patriot, no matter of what order, however high sounding, rich himself, or of a wealthy family, whose patriotism did not end, sooner or later, in *sending round the hat!* For the Irish statesman, Irish demagogue, Irish poet, Irsh priest, Irish hay-cutter and corn-reaper *the hat is in perpetual motion!* At present it is going round for Father Mathew!

We are content to admit that Father Mathew has done much good, incalculable good if you please, and has for the present tense accomplished a grand moral revolution amongst the labouring classes of his countrymen. Whether the good will be permanent remains to be proved. We do not believe in its permanency, for there were other instruments at work besides the eloquent, and as they were profanely called, the "apostolical" appeals of the reverend gentleman. But for whatever good Father Mathew has done he is entitled to public approbation, and the thanks of all good men.

It is said, however, that Father Mathew is poor, that he has exhausted his private fortune in the great moral mission, and that from a state of independence he is reduced to indigence. How is this? It is true that he distributed gratuitously a great many medals; but he also, *or somebody for him*, received a great deal of money for the said medals.—We are not aware that he travelled in any considerable state—he did not spend much money in hotels—being a bachelor he had few wants, and he found a home and a welcome wherever he sojourned.—How, then, could he have ruined himself, without being conscious of it, without seeing symptoms of its approach, and providing against the consequences.

By this, we surmise, hangs a tale. It has been whispered that some of his kinsman or kind countrymen have been keeping the reverend father's books too slovenly, carrying his purse too loosely, and something of that sort. If this be true—if Father Mathew has been victimised by misplaced confidence—he should disburthen his mind and tell us all about it. It is unreasonable that the guilty should escape and the innocent suffer. We have no wish to impede the generous efforts of the benevolent.—Those who flattered and encouraged the worthy priest are bound to help him in his hour of need.—There are many men so bound, and also able to help him; and among the rest we are pleased to learn that John Lanoan, Esquire, of Thornton Castle, in the county of Chester, has sent him a sum equal to a hundred gallons of the best Cork whiskey. This, we say, is truly liberal, considering that the good father is rather an enemy to Mr. Langan's trade. But the money, perhaps was made out of the whiskey before the temperance movement began, and that makes a difference. We invite all those who have acquired wealth in the same way to go and do likewise—imitate "Jack."

THE TRIBUTE—COST OF THE IRISH WHISTLE.

The "dearly purchased services" of their demagogue are the frequent theme of Irish admiration; and well they may. We have just calculated, for curiosity, what they have cost the most impoverished people in the world, for the last twelve months, beginning at the third week in November, 1843, and ending (by the anticipation of two days) with the third week in November, 1843, and ending (by the anticipation of two days) with the third week in November, 1844—completing the full cycle of a Tribute year.

The first item is the Repeal rent; and to this we approximate as near as possible, with the means at our hands, by taking the weekly average of twenty-three weeks, beginning the 29th April, 1844, and ending the 30th Sept. The total receipts acknowledged during this period amount to 29,912, odd shillings and pence, which gives an average per week of £1,257, equal to £65,364 a-year.

Item the second is the O'Connell Tribute, amounting, for 1843, to £28,000, and estimated, for the present, at a like sum.

The amount then stands thus:—	
Repeal Rent	65,364
The O'Connell Tribute (1843)	28,000
Do. (1844)	28,000
	£121,364

Thus the agitation of Repeal cost the people of Ireland, in twelve months, the sum of £121,364, of which fifty six thousand are devoted to the personal and private uses of Mr. O'Connell; and the remainder at his disposal in whatever way he chooses to account for it.—*Mail.*

The *Constitutionnel* announces that France has, like England, failed in her endeavours to negociate a commercial treaty with Brazil. The *Constitutionnel* is of opinion that the Germanic confederation will succeed in concluding a treaty with Brazil, in which case both France and England will be serious sufferers, the Brazilian tariff being so adverse to their manufactures and produce as to be altogether prohibitory.

New Zealand Coal.—Some very interesting specimens of coal have been recently brought over from New Zealand, that formed part of the ballast of a barque which arrived in the river direct from that colony. The coal in question traverses, in seams, the seagirt rocks of the island, and the specimens that have come to hand which are no bules of a moderate size, are composed of carbonate of barytes, coal, and sulphurt of iron. The coal itself is exceedingly black, clean, and glistening, and is easily frangible; and appears to be little, if anywise, inferior in quality to the best Wallsend or Lambton Main samples in the London market, and far superior to the Burdwan coal of India. From such small specimens as those which have come to hand it is quite impossible to form any idea as to how far it would answer and purpose of any parties, however speculatively disposed they might be, to bestow their labor and times in working this saxate coal quarry. Nevertheless, it is highly gratifying te learn that the above valuable mineral carbon is indigenous to the colony. The proportion of coal to barytes and sulphurate of iron, in the above samples, is as 13 to 20.

A gentleman from the Bill-office, Somerset-house, is ordered to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, to inquire into the circumstances of the late embezzlement of the government monies, and to ascertain the actual loss sustained by the conduct of the storekeeper who has decamped to Australia. At present it is estimated to be above £27,000.

Lord Dundonald's patent for his rotatory steam-engines has been extended for the further term of fourteen years.

Preparation for Death.—An old woman, aged upwards of 60 years, named Susannah Pass, residing in Teakettle-alley, Kidderminster, has provided in a singular manner for her decent interment after death. She procures a scanty livelihood by carrying water, and from her hard earnings has contrived to save sufficient money to procure a neat coffin, with her name inscribed on the plate, which has been lately completed by Mr. Thomas Griffin. The coffin was conveyed to the old woman's house, when she immediately laid herself out in it, and expressed herself perfectly satisfied. She has also had a shroud and cap prepared, and has deposited 6s. in the hands of a friend, for purpose of regaling her bearers. All this is done that the parish shall not be called upon to defray the expenses of her funeral.—*Ten Towns Messenger.*

The gallant Sir Robert Sale, G. C. B., the hero of Jellalabad, was to leave town on Monday evening to resume his military duties in England.

One of the first subjects to be brought before the House, in the approaching session, will be the present state of the navy, especially as regards the size, number, and capabilities of our men of war steamers.

Sir Robert Peel arrived at Whitehall Gardens, at eleven o'clock this morning, from Brighton. The right honourable baronet accompanies her Majesty to-morrow on the Royal visit to the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, at Burghley House, near Stamford.—*Standard of Monday.*

Eclipses in 1845.—There will be two eclipses of the sun, and two of the moon. May 6, a partial eclipse of the sun, visible, A. M., 8 h 31 m.—May 21, a total eclipse of the moon invisible.—October, 30, a partial eclipse of the sun, invisible. Nov. 13, a partial eclipse of the moon, visible, P. M. 11h 10m.

A Good Season.—During the late racing season Nat (properly, Elnathan Flatman), had 212 rides, including 65 winners, 5 walks over, and 1 dead heat.

A silly article in *La Reforme* speak of the expediency of impeaching M. Guizot for permitting the King's visit to Windsor.

FRANCE.

General Prim.—The National has a letter from its correspondent at Madrid, dated the 13th, in which he says—"General Prim has for several days caused us great uneasiness. He is very ill, and the most sinister reports are in circulation.—It is said in certain quarters there are very few scruples as to the means of getting rid of an enemy. People call to mind the manner in which the Infanta, the wife of Don Francisco de Paula, was carried off by a mysterious malady. Prim has also had singular symptoms—violent spasms, cold sweats, and extreme irritation in the epigastrium. But the disease has not so easy a conquest when it attacks a blood full of richness, and the vigorous constitution of an energetic man, 32 years of age. Nevertheless, it is hoped that if his sufferings do not destroy him, they may so weaken him as to enable them to prevail upon him to commit an act of cowardice. Narvaez, has caused him to be assured, that if he would petition the Queen for pardon, he would be restored to liberty. To this he replied, 'You might take away from me a thousand lives, if I had a thousand lives to lose, before you should induce me to ask pardon for a crime of which I am innocent. I have been brought here through the most odious machinations of the police. I will be released by the hand of justice; or, if am to be added to the number of the victims of these traitors, let them kill me. I know that I shall not be wanting of avengers. A new trial was then talked of; but the fiscal is not taking any steps towards it. New complications, evidence, documents, and revelations have been mentioned—they are just so many impostures. They wish to keep Prim in prison, and he may perhaps remain there as long as the editors of the Ece del Comercio, who have been more than a year in the most cruel captivity.—And what do you think has been the reply of the judges to the remonstrances made against this criminal delay of justice?—'It is an affair we heard talked of at the time, but there is no reason for haste."

"Some days since," says the Gazette des Tribunaux, "a clerk in the employ of M. Delessert, the banker of Paris, lost a sealed parcel containing 37,000f. in securities payable to bearer. The unfortunate loser made every search to recover the parcel, but in vain. After a lapse of some days, when M. Delessert had abandoned all hopes of recovering his property, an aged man, clad in rags, and having the appearance of suffering complete destitution, called at his bank and addressed him in the following terms—'I have heard, sir, that you have lost some valuable papers, and I have found a parcel which perhaps is yours; but as I have not mentioned my discovery to any person, I cannot be certain to whom it belongs. There is the parcel, and if it be yours I am delighted that it has fallen into my hands.' M. Delessert took the parcel, and found to his astonishment that the seal had not been broken, which he remarked. 'It is quite plain,' said the poor man, 'he who would break a seal would break open a door, and I am not that man.' He was about to withdraw, when M. Delessert observed to him, that he did not appear to have been favoured by fortune. 'Alas!' said the poor man, 'it is but too true.' 'You have a right to a reward,' said M. Delessert; 'what do you wish for?' 'I am old, as you see, sir,' replied the man, 'and unable to work; and if you would use your influence to obtain admission for me into the charitable institution of the well-conducted poor. I would be truly grateful.' M. Delessert, profoundly affected at so much probity joined with so much misery, gave him sufficient money to supply his present necessities, and finally established him, with his wife, in a comfortable lodging, and placed his children as apprentices.'

Amsterdam, Nov. 20.—A private letter from Batavia of the 18th July says:—'Several pirate vessels have lately again appeared on the coast of Macassar. Her Majestys steamer Phœnix pursued them, and had an engagement with them. The pirates fired chiefly at the chimney of the steamer, but did little damage. After an obstinate combat, three pirate vessels were captured. The Phœnix had seven or eight wounded. The Palembang frigate takes to Japan, the presents which have been brought by the Bioma. His Excellency the Minister of War perceiving that especially in the course of 1845 so many soldiers ot the standing army, whose time of service will expire, are to be provided with passports to return home, and that in the latter year most of those whose time was expired left the service, his Excellency, desiring to provide for the means of keeping up its full complement the principal part of the armed force, has proposed a plan to his Majesty who has been pleased to order that the volunteers who, after having served six years, are willing to contract an engagement for the same time, shall receive instead of fifteen florins a bounty of thirty florins for the infantry, forty for the cavalry, and thirty-five for the artillery. Count Munster, as a further encouragement, has authorised the commanders of corps to give men a fortnight furlough, retaining their pay. This measure has already produced a good effect, so that it is hoped the standing army will be strengthened, and that the number of the militia who have to be chosen by ballot every year to remain under arms will be diminished.

Alexandria, Nov. 6.—Things continue quiet in Egypt. Many surmises are made as to what steps will be taken by the Peninsular and Oriental Company with regard to the refusal of Mehemet Ali to allow their steamers to ply any longer on the Nile. The general opinion is, that they will have to remove their steamers, and leave the transit through Egypt entirely in the hands of the Pasha. Mr. Bourne has done nothing as yet with regard to the ararrangements with Mehemet Ali for the transit of the India mails through Egypt, and it is not unlikely that this gentleman will have to return to England without effecting anything. Mehemet Ali continues in his plan of dividing his lands among his grandees, subject to certain taxes, and in a few years his Highness will have no private produce to dispose of for his own account.

Syria.—Intelligence has been received from Syria up to the 27th of October. The country still remains in a very unsatisfactory state, occasioned by the weakness of the Turkish government, which is despised and set at defiance by the various sheiks. Troops were arriving every week from Turkey, whose object, it appears, is to disarm the population, and enforce the conscription. The first step will undoubtedly tend to restore tranquillity to the country, as the generality of the Syrians, at present, never stir from their homes without some instrument of destruction, and it frequently happens that the loss of life ensues on the slightest quarrel. The Sheik Aboo Ghosh had entered the town of Jaffa and Saida, and massacred the Governor of each place. The crop of olives will be immense this year; but little or no advantage can be looked for to the country, whilst the whole benefit is absorbed by the temporary governors of the several provinces.

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THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, JANUARY 3, 1845.

'Tis past again!—Another year has rolled away into the vista of the oblivious past; yet Time speeds on, undiminished and undiminishing in its vastness. Another link of the great chain is dropped; yet who can comprehend its future magnitude? We mortals float like atoms in the sunshine, coming and going, yet Time remains the same. What untried change are we doomed to see?—Nation after Nation, Kingdom after Kingdom, and People after People appear, and "like the poor player, who frets his hour upon the stage, and then is seen no more," so they depart. But who can look with the contemplative eye of philosophy into this human ant-hill, and not be struck with the majesty of the Creator in the ingenuity of the Creation.—From the creation of the human species to the present day, intellect has made a steady and uniform march toward that perfection to which it is destined by the Deity to attain.—The little Nautilus which floats in brilliant sportive on the unrippled ocean, has taught man the art of navigating the "vasty deep," and to! the perfection. Look at the float'g palaces which now cover the face of the waters, bressing both wind and tide, and saying with the voice of confidence *the terrors and dangers of the deep are no more.*—The lonthsome spider taught the Weaver "cunningly" to construct the web;—mark the result—one little Nation clothes the universe—millions of human beings "toil not, neither do they spin," yet Solomon in his glory was not arrayed like one of them. This is the triumph of Art, under the guidance of that master-spirit Man. But it were useless to attempt even in a slight degree to picture the "march of mind." Ancients as well as moderns have by their skill contributed to astonish their species. Look at the Pyramids, *even now extant*, which stand in speechless grandeur, owning no builder. The Baltbeck Ruins—the Aqueducts and Bridges of Rome—the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and to make one step from thence to this—the Thames Tunnel. But to narrow the question—let us look only to the stupendousness of our own Nation's doings. What has sun done? or rather what has he not done? Her intelligence and liberality has given religious and political liberty to mankind. It has so with the wand of a magician, broken the fetters of the Slave and said Be Free. Her unsullied Flag floats the breeze of every sky; giving protection to upwards of Two Hundred Millions of human beings.—And hear it surrounding Nations! hear it ye bonsters of Liberty!! Hear it ye defamers of her good name!!! Not one Slave among the number. She has sent the Scripture pores to the Heathen of every land. She has both by her physical and moral power, put down Tyrants, and established the legitimate Sovereignty of all usurped rights. Her Literature, her Arts, her Sciences, and her Legislature, serve as models to the whole world. Such has been her wisdom, her liberality, and magnanimity, that not only are her people more blest than any other people, but her influence cheers and vivifies her less enlightened neighbours.—To come nearer home—these Provinces, so near is our relation to the great Mistress of the world, vibrate in unison with her motions, and partake in a greater or less degree of her glory; in short, her interest is our interest, and the nearer we approach her in manners and method, the greater must be our prosperity and respectability as a Commercial people. We are as yet in our infancy, and unfortunately situate so immediately in the vicinity of a licentious government, that too many of their ideas of "moral excellence" have crept in amongst, and we regret to say, have by no means contributed to the establishment of our credit as an integral part of the British Empire. A brighter day, we trust, is however about to dawn upon this Province. Our loyalty as a people, which formerly from the unguardedness of a few of the then influential, was held doubtful, has, on the test being applied, been found perfectly staunch. With this character established—our natural resources undiminished—a better and more English method of doing business being introduced, and the experience of past errors still before our eyes, we think we may without fear of contradiction promise our patrons and fellow citizens A Happy New Year.

Fishery Draft.—Freemen and others entitled to a Draft in the Fishery will bear in mind that the time for taking names expires at 6 o'clock to-morrow evening, and that no name is taken under any circumstances after that time.

Canada Mails.—The *Bunker Hill Aurora* says, that contracts are now making at Washington for the conveyance of the English mails from Boston to Montreal and vice versa, and that the mails hereafter will be brought to Boston, instead of being sent from Halifax to Montreal. This service has been undertaken by the United States Government, and certain parties have offered to contract. It is thought it will be taken either by the Fitchburg or Concord Railroad Companies, and that it will be closed in a few days.

The death of Mr. John Allingham, on Monday last, which we record in this day's impression, is the result of one of those base and murderous attacks of the York Point crew. It appears that a young lad, the son of Allingham deceased, was called upon to give testimony against some of the "infernals" before a Magistrate, and having given that testimony, these rascals swore vengeance; the consequence was, some of them on Christmas night watched the father, attacked him on leaving a house, and by a blow on the head felled him to the ground, and such was the violence thereof that he died on Monday night. Thus has a peaceable and inoffensive inhabitant been deprived of his life, and a wife and four children of their natural protector, by the wanton and hellish acts of as graceless a set of villains as ever infested any country, and to such a pitch have they carried their fiendish and brutal purposes, that on Wednesday evening the Mayor was obliged to call out the Military, which had the effect of dispersing these vagabonds at once.—We do sincerely trust that prompt and effective measures will at once be adopted to restore order and tranquility, and bring to justice these hardened and daring outlaws. We call upon the citizens to awake, and insist upon the authorities acting, and acting with a determined spirit, and let every citizen be prepared to aid and assist the authorities,

and the result will be an annihilation of that crew.—It is true that His Worship called troops, and has shown that he will not be played with, but he need not expect that he be able to catch the demons by simply the troops past their dens, into which they the sound of a whistle and out at the s the villains must be "bearded" in their de from the sight of the red coat and bayonet them, and from their dens they must be and their punishment can be inflicted. shameful to think that so many respec peaceable men are allowed to be insulted perty destroyed by these monsters in hum Several gentlemen were on Wednesday out of their sleighs, and some of them o abandon their property, and a sleigh w with a lady in it and she thrown out by th raulers.—We say it again—awake citizens and be determined to rid the community crew.

We understand that the Verdict of a C Jury, held on view of the body of Mr. A was Wilful Murder, or words to that eff here it appears the matter has ended, as w find that any reward has been offered for prehension of the murderer.

Temperature.—The cold weather for t of December 1844, has been much mor than the same period of 1843; during th there were only four days on which the ture was lower than 6 degrees; but d month of December of 1844 there were which the temperature was either down —to the 0,—or within 5 deg. of it.

The means of 3 obs. at 7, 1, & 9. 1843—8

" " " 1844—7

Difference, 13 pr cent. warmer in 1843.

A splendid Aurora Borealis appeared on evening the 29th, between 8 45, and 9 and extended much further to the south th the corusca tions reaching S. of the zenith.

Provincial Secretaryship.—The filling o vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Odell, vincial Secretary, has caused quite a se the Seat of Government. We are not sion of so much of the particulars as will g ter in giving into the detail of the matter, whatever do know on the subject, we are a in saying that the appointment has been p of "*all sorts*" of *Heartburnings and distre ings* among the Members of the Executive In short it has been to them the apple o and is calculated to make such a brea "Harmony" as will take some time to rep Without, that political protest we are inc the most vociferous of all the hungry, ex has expressed his disapprobation in no terms, and has even threatened to deprive vince of his *valuable* services as a Council about as difficult to define "Responsible ment," as understood by those gentlem read the riddles of the Sphinx. At one hear "family compact" deprecated, and ced, while at another, where their person "*jumps with the juncture*," the whole fabric ty castles, vanishes. We must confess think, that the families of old and tried s the Crown, (in which be it remembered, number Mr. Wilmot,) have been very caval we may add unjustly dealt with in this Yet when we consider that it is only on the principle so forcibly insisted upon b sponsibles (so called), we think His Exce far as they are concerned) perfectly justi step he has taken. It were a pity of those folks who give *themselves*, as well as munity, so