doesn't know you as I know you—fine feelings indeed! to send the poor girl out, when I told you and told you're friend, too—A pretty brute he is, I'm sure—that the poor girl had got a cold and chilblains on her toes. But I know what will be the end of that; she will be laid up, and we shall have a nice doctor's bill. And you'll pay it I can tell you—for I won't.

Wish you were out of the world! Oh! yes, that's all very easy. I'm sure I might wish it. Don't swear in that dreadful way! Aint you afraid the bed will open and swallow you? And don't swing about in that way. *That* will do no good—*that* won't bring back the leg of pork, and the brandy you've poured down both of your throats. Oh, I know it! I'm sure of it. I only recollected it when I got into bed—and if it hadn't been so cold, you'd have seen me down stairs again, I can tell you—I recollected it, and a pretty two hours I've passed away, that I left the key in the cupboard; and I know it—I could see the manner of you, when you came into the room—I know you've got at the other bottle. However there's one comfort; you told me to send for the best brandy, the very best, for your other friend who called last Wednesday. Ha! ha! it was British, the cheapest British; and nice and ill I hope the pair of you will be to-morrow.

There's only the bare bone of the leg of pork; but you'll get nothing else for dinner. I can tell you. It's a dreadful thing that the poor children should go without; but if they have such a father, they, poor things, must suffer for it.

Nearly a whole leg of pork, and a pint of brandy! A pint of brandy, and a leg of pork! A leg of—leg——leg——a pint——

"And mumbling these syllables," says Mr. Caudle's manuscript, "she went to sleep."

British News.

FIRE and LOSS of LIFE in LONDON.

On Tuesday morning a fire most fatal and devastating in its effects, took place at Raggett's Hotel, Dover-street, Piccadilly. It broke out about one o'clock; an alarm was instantly given by the police and several of the inmates speedily made their appearance in different parts of the building; ladders and fire escapes were sent for, but those who were in the lower part of the hotel made their way to a balcony over the entrance; whence they were speedily extricated by the assistance of those below. The persons in the upper part of the house also, with one exception, descended safely, as soon as the fire engines were brought. At a quarter past two, the fire was at its height; but, through the most unceasing efforts on the part of firemen, it was brought considerably under, within half an hour of that time. The destruction has in fact been such, that the extensive pile has been completely gutted, though fortunately, and somewhat remarkably, no material damage has been done to any of the adjoining houses. It is, however, a matter of deep regret that several individuals have perished in the flames, amongst whom are Mrs. Round, the wife of the member for Malton; Mr. Raggett, the proprietor of the Hotel; Miss Raggett, his daughter, (who missed her footing on the escape, fell to the ground with great violence and died soon after,) and Mrs. Jones a servant of Lord Huntingdon. It is feared there may be other bodies in the ruins, owing to the fulness of the house at the time, many persons having come to town on account of the drawing room. The damage done is very considerable amounting probably to nearly £30,000; but it is insured to a large amount in the Sun and Atlas Fire Offices. Some books have been saved, though but little of the valuable furniture has been preserved in consequence of the rapidity with which the flames spread.

The fire originated in the apartments of a Miss King, who accidentally set fire to the bed curtains, and the rapid progress of the conflagration is attributed in a great measure, by Mr. Braidwood, to the throwing open of all the doors. It would appear almost incredible, but is nevertheless a fact that at the time of the fire breaking out, the hotel had not been closed for the night.

The head waiter and cook, as well as Mr. Raggett, junior, were sitting up for those inmates who had not then returned home. Mrs. Round and her daughter had been to the St. James's Theatre to see the French plays, and the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon to the Opera. Mrs. Round and her daughter came home a few minutes after twelve, and retired to their sitting room on the second floor, to partake of supper. They had scarcely sat down when the head waiter, who had seen Miss King whilst going up stairs entering her bed room at the back of the first floor, and who had again descended, was alarmed by hearing screams of fire.—On rushing up to the first floor landing he met Miss King coming down in a distracted state, exclaiming that her bedroom was in flames, and that she feared she had set fire to the bed curtains. He found the whole room in a blaze, and entrance impossible from the dense smoke that issued from it. The screams had attracted the attention of the inmates, and on his rushing up the second floor stairs he saw Mrs. Round on the landing in the same dress she had arrived from the theatre. He told her the house was on fire and to make her escape. He ran down stairs supposing the lady to be following him, and saw no more of her. Miss Round states that she was with her mother at this time, and either from the smoke or fright the lady fell on the stairs, but at the same moment a man caught her up, saying he would save her; and seeing her, as she supposed safe, ran back into the apartment occupied by the attendant, but was unable to proceed down stairs on account of the intensity of the heat and smoke.—She and Miss Raggett again went into the front room, and opened the window; and when the fire escape arrived the fire was coming into the apartment. Miss Raggett was the first to go out but did so before the conductor could get up and fell on the pavement and was killed. Miss Round then got out with her attendant, and effected their escape. A minute or two before this occurrence, a painful sight was witnessed by the crowds which had already assembled. A poor fellow, servant to Mr. King was seen to make his appearance at an adjoining window of the second floor, to that from which Miss Raggett fell. The flames were in the apartment, and in the hope of immediate assistance he got outside, and clung to the window sill for several minutes. The flames bursting through the window burnt his hands so dreadfully he let go his hold, and fortunately fell into the balcony, from which he ultimately managed, with difficulty, to scramble into the street. About two or three minutes prior to the cries of fire being raised, Lord Huntingdon had arrived home, and his lordship states that he had scarcely put his hat down when he was startled by the alarm. His first impulse was to run to the room where his son and servants were. Mrs. Jones, the nurse, heard the alarm, and was preparing to dress the child, but his lordship snatched his son from her arms, and with the countess ran out of the house, telling her to follow him. He believed she did so, but returned for some article, and must afterwards have mistaken the staircase, and got into one of the back rooms, and out at the window, from the position in which her body was found. The person whom Miss Round saw on the landing with her mother, is supposed to be Mr. Raggett, sen, from the fact that the remains of the two bodies, when discovered, were found close together.

The Countess of Huntingdon has lost the whole of her jewels, the estimated value of which was stated to be as much as £3,000; and those of the unfortunate Mrs. Round and daughter, which they intended to have worn at the Queen's Drawing Room are estimated at a much larger sum. Mr. King, who is a merchant from Bristol, had in one of his apartments a large and valuable chest of plate supposed to be destroyed.

Her Majesty had herself witnessed the progress of the flames from the palace, and a messenger was at an early hour sent to inquire into the extent of the damage. In addition to these persons already mentioned, two, if not three other unfortunate individuals are missing, and are supposed to be buried in the ruins.

Up to 5 o'clock late hour on Tuesday evening the general impression prevailed that one of the bodies discovered was that of Mrs. Round, but the impression now is that the body discovered was that of Mrs. Barnes, one of the female domestics in Mr. Raggett's employ, and not that of Mrs. Round, who is still supposed to be in the ruins. Another party supposed to have fallen a victim to the flames, and still to be in the ruins, is a young man, servant to Colonel Bouverie, whom the colonel, who slept out from the hotel on Monday night, directed to be with him at 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, but has not since been heard of; and there is also the man whom Miss Round saw rendering assistance to her mother Mr. Raggett himself being stated to have been too feeble to have done so.

(From the Woolwich Gazette, June 4.)

The Erebus, Captain Sir John Franklin, Knt., K.C.H., and the Terror, Capt. Crozier, left Woolwich on Monday, May 12, towed by the African and Myrtle, steamers, for Greenhithe. The Terror having previously tried her screw propeller, on this occasion resolved on trying it again, and made such excellent progress that she cast off her towing steamer and proceeded down the river without any additional assistance whatever. The crews of the Erebus and Terror were paid two months in advance on May 17; but several of the men having represented that they were about to proceed on a long voyage, and that it would be satisfactory to them to be paid for a longer period that they might leave their families as well provided for and comfortable as possible, their request was communicated to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and their Lordships, with the kindest consideration for the crews, promptly acceded to their request, and on Monday, May 19th, they received an amount which made their advance wages equal to six months double pay; and the vessels sailed on the same day with their happy, contented and enterprising British sailors employed for the Arctic expedition.

Two years provision has been taken on board of each of the vessels; and the Barretto Junior, hired transport ships, accompanied them with live stores and various descriptions of preserved meats and other articles most liberally supplied for the use of the officers and men of the discovery vessels, and equal in one year's provisions for both ships. The Barretto junr., is to accompany them to the borders of the ice, and then transfer the stores she has on board to the discovery vessels previous to their entering any opening which may present itself, and be considered worthy of exploration. The Rattler and Monkey, steam vessels, accompanied the Erebus and Terror to render assistance in towing them, should their services be required, and will proceed as far north as the Orkney Islands. Two hundred tin cases were taken on board of each of the Arctic ships, previous to their sailing, for the purpose of holding papers which are to be thrown overboard with a statement of the longitude at the time, and other particulars worthy of record, written in six different languages; and the parties finding them are requested to forward the information to the admiralty.

The anxiety felt by the public for the success and safe return of the members of this enterprising expedition is very great, and the following graphic description of a portion of the Arctic Regions from the "Boston Mercantile Chronicle," cannot fail to be perused with interest, at a period when that part of the world is again to be explored:—

GREENLAND the LOST COLONY.

Greenland is a country situated in a high northern latitude, and noted for the coldness of its climate, and the sterility of its soil. Cape Farewell, the southern part of Greenland, is in North latitude, 59 deg. 48 min. From this point the land widens, stretching on one side in the direction of the north-west, on the other of northeast. This country was once regarded as a vast peninsula, closely united to America; but modern discoveries have shown that it is separated from the American continent by a wide and continuous channel called Davis's Straits after its discoverer, and that it extends to the north a distance which is unknown, but certainly beyond the 78th degree of latitude.

This country, although now consisting of little else than barren rocks, mountains covered with snow and ice, and valleys covered with glaciers—although its coasts are now lined with fleets of ice, and checquered with icebergs of immense size, was once easily accessible, and its soil was fruitful, and well repaid the cultivation of the earth. This country was discovered by the Scandinavians, towards the close of the tenth century, and a settlement was effected on the eastern coast in 982 by a company of adventurers from Iceland, under command of Eric the Red. Emigrants flocked thither from Iceland and Norway, and the germs of European enterprise and civilization appeared upon different parts of the coast. A colony was established in Greenland and it bid fair to go on and prosper.

Voyages of exploration were projected in Greenland, and carried into effect by the hardy mariners of those days. Papers have been published by the Danish Antiquarian Society, which goes far to show that those bold navigators discovered the coast of Labrador, and, proceeding to the south, fell in with the island of Newfoundland, and, continuing their course, beheld the sandy shores of Cape Cod, centuries before the American continent was discovered by Christopher Columbus! It is even believed that these Scandinavian adventures effected a settlement on the shores of what is known as the Narragansett Bay, in Rhode Island, and in consequence of the multitude of grapes which abound in the woods, they called the new and fruitful country, Vinland. Owing, however, to the great number of fierce savages who inhabited these regions, the colonists, after some sanguinary skirmishes, forsook the coast and returned to Greenland.

The colony in Greenland, however, continued to flourish, and the intercourse between the colony and the mother country was constant and regular. In the year 1400, this colony is said to have numbered 190 villages, a bishopric, 12 parishes, and two monasteries. During this period of four hundred years, vessels were passing, at regular intervals, between the Danish Provinces in Europe, and Greenland. But in the year 1406, this intercourse was interrupted in a fearful manner. A mighty wall arose, as if by magic, along the coast, and the navigators who sought the shores of Greenland, could behold the mountains in the distance, but could not effect a landing. During the greater part of the 15th, the whole of the 16th and 17th centuries, Greenland was inaccessible to all European navigators. The whole coast was blockaded, by large masses and islands of ice, which had been drifting from the north for years, and which had at length chilled the waters of the coast, and changed the temperature of the atmosphere, and presented an impassable barrier to the entrance of their ports, of friend or foe! the sea, at the distance of miles from the land, was frozen to a great depth, vegetation was destroyed, and the very rocks were rent with the cold. And this intensely rigid weather continued for ages.

The colony of Greenland, after this unexpected event took place, never had any intercourse with their mother country. They were cut off from all the rest of the world, and by this sudden unanticipated change of climate were also doubtless deprived of all resources within themselves. Their fate is a mystery. History is silent on the subject. All which is known of these unfortunates is, that they no longer exist. The ruins of their habitations and their churches have since been discovered along the coast, by adventurous men who have taken advantage of an amelioration in the climate to explore that inclement and sterile country and establish settlements again on various parts of the coast! and also by missionaries, who have braved hardships and perils to introduce among the aboriginal inhabitants, the blessings of civilization and christianity. No other traces of those early European settlers have been discovered, and we can only speculate upon their fate!

It would require no very vivid imagination to imagine the appaling sense of destitution, which blanched the features and chilled the heart of those unhappy colonists when they began to realize their forlorn condition, when the cold rapidly increased, and their harbours became permanently blocked with enormous ice bergs, and the genial rays of the sun was obscured by fogs—when the winters became for the first time intensely rigid, cheerless and dreary—when the summers were also cold, and the soil unproductive—when the mountains were no longer crowned with forests, covered with snow and ice throughout the year, and the valleys filled with glaciers—when the wonted inhabitants of the woods and waters were destroyed or exiled by the severity of the weather, and their places perhaps supplied by monsters of a huge and frightful character.

It were easy to follow these people in fancy to their dwelling—to see them sad, spiritless and despairing, while conscious of their imprisoned and cheerless condition, and impending fate—to watch them as their number gradually diminish through the combined influence of want and continual suffering—to behold the struggling for existence; and striving, to adapt their habits, their feelings, their wants, to their strangely changed circumstances; but all in vain—to behold them gazing from their icy cliffs, with straining eyes to the eastward, to that quarter of the globe, far distant, where their friends and relations reside in a more genial clime, surrounded with all the blessings of life—but compelled to rest their eyes on a vast, dreary and monotonous sea of ice, a mass of frozen waves, surrounding myriads of icebergs, extending to the utmost limit of their vision!

Fancy might even go further than this, and portray the last of these unhappy colonists, who had lingered on the stage of life, until he had seen all his companions—all, of each sex, and every age—die a miserable death, the prey of want and despair. Poets have described lines of surpassing beauty and sublimity, the horrors which may be supposed to surround "The Last Man," but there seems to be a remoteness, and indeed an air of improbability about the subject, which robs it of half its force and majesty. But here is an event which has actually occurred—and worthy of being commemorated by the ablest pen in the land. Here, indeed, we may imagine, without offending probability, the wild horrors, invading the very temple of reason, and accumulating, until madness takes possession of the mind. Here we may look for the reality of the fanciful picture, presented with so much terrible distinctness by the poets.

DAN O'CONNELL'S DEFIANCE OF THE CALL OF THE HOUSE.

(From the Age.)

My dear friends, my dhe light of Hibgine and M'Hale illuminator your souls! There is a pretty shindy blowing over to our shores just now—may be you have heard of a big whig in the Saxon Parliament House, a sort of pedagogue, whose duty is to keep the big boys in order to grant indulgencies and call out of bonds. Well, there's myself, and Sir Teddy Smith O'Brien, and dear Billy Brown, and Pat Somers, and the small fry of the house of O'Connell—we are all friends, that is, as that Tom Steele has licked the blarney stone. Well, my freinds, "the man in the wig," as old Jack Fuller called little Abbot, threatens to make a call upon us, and if we do not come when he shall call, then he will send his spirit over the great deep to arrest and enforce our attendance. Mighty fine talk that!—Can he transfer the Hill of Howth to the Isle of Dogs—packet our Parliament House—and turn Sergeant Murphy into a straight-haired Puritan? that's moonshine, my lands. A Saxon Speaker might take such liberty with a Saxon serf in his own country, but I deny his power to peel, an Irish potato, unless the said potato be quite agreeable to the operation. The Act of Annexation—falsely called the Act of Union—gives no such right; they might as well send over a warrant to arrest Mr. Justice Burton when he was in a fix with the gout—he could tell them that the Irish Legislative Act of 1832 was yet unrepealed. By that act no power on earth had any authority but the King, Lords, and commons of Ireland—that was the law, and still remained in full force. Well, then, some of the boys would enquire where was the King? Let them see their eyes. As to the Lords and Commons they were mere legal terms—things not real or substantial, they were like John Doe and Richard Roe, only inserted in the statute to swear by—(Great cheers.) Do the Britishers think to bully us with a visit from the Men of the Mace, Sir William Gossett, in his big wig, and silver sword by his side—with old Jimmy Pratt and Frank Wilme, the door-keepers, to recognise us, there would be a parliamentary army to send against the repealers of ould Ireland. May be, some of you might be inclined to behave rudely to them—the divil's fork to you if you do you will spoil the game. Let them execute their warrant as they may, I shall tap me on the shoulder (and Dan) after a fashion that Billy Brown will explain to you; that being done, I shall apply to Court of Exchequer for a *habeas* to bring up my own body. I shall not trouble Lord Denman, he has not read Plunkett or Bush, he has not read Blackstone, he is no Exchequer or Common Pleas for my argument, and retain Howard, the attorney—who beat them in Stockdale's case. There will be another triumph for Ireland, depend upon it. If they take us to England upon the speaker's warrant, they must take us by force—all the members of Dublin are agreed upon that—and I think my importation it will be admitted duty free, no doubt, seeing that Peel beware of the drawback. (Thundering cheering.)—The report says he concluded by reading a letter from Smith O'Brien, reiterating similar sentiments and declaring his intention to resist the call of the house. After this, we shall see if Mr. Hume has the courage to persist in his motion.

FOOT RACES.—The best man out of the Blues and the Life Guards was selected, on Monday last, to run for a purse of £25. The men selected to contest the race were Corporal Mason, of the Blues, and private Miller, of the 2d Life Guards, the tallest man in the regiment, standing six feet six inches and a half. The distance to run was 150 yards. Mason was the favourite at a trifling odds, and eventually beat his opponent by three yards, the distance having been run in sixteen seconds.—On Tuesday last a foot race which excited great interest, was run over the Newton race course, for the sum of £100. The competitors were Barlow, who won the great race in America last year, and Robinson, of Newton. Barlow was the winner by upwards of 20 yards, with ease.

Father Mathew has received £7,000, principally from England, which pays all his debts.

GEO. LOVE, an engineer in the employ of Messrs. Samuda, was tried on Wednesday, at the Central Criminal Court, charged with the manslaughter of five persons, killed by the late explosion at Blackwall, and acquitted.

The Lords of the Admiralty have given directions to construct two small iron steam vessels, of under 200 tons burthen, and of light draught of water, to be propelled by a screw each of them is to carry in midships a long gun to act upon a pivot. It is supposed that they are destined for the suppression of slavery on a particular part of the coast of Africa, where it is now necessary for a look out to be kept in an open boat on account of shoal water.—*United Service Gazette.*

HONOURS TO "PUNCH."—At the Polytechnic Institution of Birmingham's second annual conversazione, Mr. Douglas Jerrold in the chair, a deputation from the working jewellers presented an address to him, with a handsome gold ring, in which was set a fine onyx stone, as a testimony of admiration for his writings, "embodying as they do," said the address, "those sentiments of justice, exposure of tyranny, and defence of that class to which we ourselves belong; expressed, too, in that extraordinary style of satire, pathos, and truth, to which no other writer has ever yet approached.

IRELAND.—O'Connell is doing his utmost to detach himself from the sympathies of England. His conduct almost ever since his release from prison, has shown that conciliation is not his object. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which his liberation was received by the English people, almost his first act was to indulge in intemperate language against us, to taunt us with a hatred to Ireland, and to assert that he would win repeal without our assistance. His conduct through the Bequests Acts was equally bad, and nothing but the fear of detaching from him the support of the Catholic Hierarchy, induced him to succumb the measure; the Maynooth Bill is another instance of the same line of conduct on the part of O'Connell; his insulting conduct in reference to the Queen's visit another; and still later, his all but absolute rejection of the Government Educational scheme another. The reason of all this clear—O'Connell sees that if a conciliatory policy is adopted towards Ireland, the staple of his agitation is gone, and with it goes his influence over the minds and pockets of his countrymen. Well, some £20,000 a year 'rent,' added to twenty times the sum for repeal, is worth reckoning, and knowing the mainspring which governs his conduct Englishmen must be prepared for his ingratitude, and resolved to act justly without courting his approbation.

Mr. Emerson Tennent, it is said has been appointed to succeed Sir Colin Campbell as Governor of Ceylon.

LAUNCH OF A FINE IRON STEAM-SHIP.—On Saturday last a beautiful iron steam-ship called the the Prince Earnest, of about 350 tons measurement, and 120 horse power, was launched from the yard of Mr. John Laird, North Birkenhead in the presence of a numerous and delighted assemblage of spectators. She is one of the sharpest vessels ever built on our river, and of a high draught of water.—Engines of the most improved construction are being built for her by the Messrs. G. Forrester and Co., who have long been celebrated in this department. She is built for the South-Eastern Railway Company, to run between Folkstone and Boulogne. She was christened by the hon. Mrs Hall, lady of Captain W. H. Hall, R. N., who is so well known as the distinguished commander of the Nemesis, iron steamer built at the same yard, and which, it will be in remembrance, did this country incalculable services in China during the contest in that quarter of the world. The Prince Earnest is of great length, and on the water, presented a most rakish and pretty appearance.

According to Dr. Chalmers, the Highlanders of Islay alone spends £6,000 a year in snuff.

The steam-ship Great Britain is supplied with life-boats, constructed on a new principle, and capable of carrying four hundred persons.

In Douglas, Isle of Man, the other day, a horse walked up two pair of stairs, and made an attack on and demolished a looking-glass before his retreat was discovered.

Accounts from Stockholm state that a famine is generally apprehended in Upland. The captain general of the district has requested the local authorities to inform him of the necessities of their vicinities.

It is said that the Prince de Joinville proposes to develope his opinions on the steam navy of France in a second note; and that this intention has brought him into collision with the Minister of Marine.

The directors of the East India Company have granted to Lady Nott, widow of the late Major General Sir Wm. Nott, G. C. B., an annuity, during widowhood, of £200; and to the daughters of the deceased, Letitia and Charlotte Nott, whilst unmarried, an annuity of £100 each.

Melvin Lal, whose name is so honorably known to the English public, in connexion with our disasters in Affghanistan, in which country he rendered our countrymen signal service, and was mainly instrumental in rescuing the captives of Akbbar Khan, has been rewarded by the East India Company with a pension of £1,000 a year.

The coroner's jury on the body of a person killed by the Yarmouth Bridge accident have returned in their verdict "that the falling of the bridge was attributable immediately to the defect in the point of welding of the bar that first gave way, and to the quality of part of the iron and workmanship, being inferior to the requirements of the original contract, which had provided that they should be of the best quality.

A Veteran.—The aged sailor, 93 years old, who was recently committed to the Bridewell, Bristol, for begging, was discharged on Thursday, his term of imprisonment having expired. We find that he sailed twice round the world with Capt. Cook, was present at his death, received a spear wound in his defence, and with difficulty escaped with his own life. He was present and wounded in all the important engagements of the last war, with Lord Rodney, Lord Howe, Lord Nelson, Admirals Jervis, Parker, &c.—He was in Egypt with Abercrombie, and in Holland with the Duke of York.—*Somerset Herald.*

Visit of Her Majesty to Germany.—We are enabled to announce, upon authority on which we place every reliance, that Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, contemplate a visit to Germany during the ensuing summer. We understand that the Court will leave London early in August.—*Post.*

According to the report issued on Wednesday, there were 8,922 petitions against the Maynooth Bill, signed by 1,121,470 persons. There had been no petition in favour of the giant since the last report.

A TALE OF HORROR.—The following dreadful and truly disgusting letter lately appeared in a local journal. Few men can have any sympathy with the writer of such an article, and I am told it is the intention of the jury to have him up before them.—"To have him up," in front of the County Gaol, would be the proper exhibition for the callous-hearted writer, who, whatever might be the peril of his own position, could so far forget the affliction of the survivors as to send forth among the sorrowing, heart-broken kindred of the deceased such a heartless, harrowing, and bloodthirsty account of the prolongation of their suffering. This fellow ought to be hung in chains for ever, or if he be not, let him, sleeping or waking, be punished by the ideal presence of the woman, he justly says, whose spirit appears to him in his dreams, and reproaches him with murdering her:—"The chains on the Yarmouth side broke and let it down, only on that side remember, while the other side still hung all right. You will have an exact resemblance by letting the leaf of a table down. Not a timber or bit of the bridge broke, but it shot us all into the water.—There we were—the screams were horrible—they were heard for miles. To supernatural presence of mind and a strong arm I owe my escape. I felt an iron under me, and clung to it in a death grasp, my mouth full of salt water, for the tide was up. I raised myself on the bridge, and got my head above water. I clung up the iron and looked around me; scarcely had I done so (I was not out of the water further than my chin) than a man grasped me round the neck, his head just above water—I drew my arm back, and struck him on the face—I hit him hard for the skin is off my knuckles. A woman next seized me; I was forced to strike her, and her blood spirted from from her nose all over my face, and dimmed my eyes. I was the only one above water but the bridge gave another move, I was under. I rose again, but folks were under the water clinging to me. The case was now desperate. I felt my pocket, and, holding by one hand, I opened my knife with the other, cut all down my legs, but could not make them leave go. A woman seized my waistcoat; she was young, and really handsome a tradesman's daughter. I did not like to strike her, but necessity was imperative—I hit her, she rolled over and was drowned. Never shall I forget her look at me. It seemed to say, 'You murdered me.' I once more used my knife about a man, and jumped to a boat and was pulled in, with two girls clinging to me, and got safe on shore. The presence of mind that supported me during this trial instantly deserted me, and I was carried to the next public house. I drank some brandy, and walked home with my hands and face covered with blood. I went to bed and dreamt of it. I thought the woman whom I last struck came and reproached me for murdering her."—*London Times Correspondent.*

MUTINY—RECAPTURE—BUTCHERY OF THE PRIZE OFFICER AND CREW.

The following letter dated Sierra Leone, April 16, 1845, brought by the barque Adairo, at New York, is said to contain the particulars of the capture and recapture of a slaver, and the horrible butchery of the English brig's officers and crew:—"On the 11th inst. a slaver with 450 slaves on board, entered this port under the command of Lieut. Stupart of H. M. S. Wasp. This vessel, supposed to be a Brazilian and called the Echo, was on her way to the Brazils when captured by Lieut Stupart, who had just captured in the 'Wasp,' an empty slave schooner. Lieut. Stupart transferred himself and some of the crew he had with him to the Echo, leaving a young midshipman, Palmer, with twelve men, on board the other. Scarcely had the transfer taken place when the schooner bore down on Lieut. Stupart and fired three rounds of grape shot into him. Lieut. S. notwithstanding, got away from her, and his fears respecting a recapture on the part of the slavers has been but too certainly corroborated.

"Lieut. Morris, of the Ardent, arrived here on the 15th inst. in the steamer Albert, from Ascension, and gives the following intelligence. Three days after the capture above alluded to, her majesty's ship Star fell in with and recaptured the schooner. The capt of the schr and another volunteered [on the discovery of sundry articles which were soon recognized as having belonged to some British man of war's men,] to give information of the circumstances that had taken place. They deposed the following:—The deponents with some more did not take part in any of the proceedings, but the whole was planned and carried through by the commander of the Echo; promised the crew ample remuneration if they would join him in murdering the Midshipman and the Englishmen, and that they were certain of recapturing the full slaver as she was a dull sailer, and that he had agreed with the boatswain of his own vessel and those of his crew left on board the Echo, to mutiny, the moment they saw the peak of the schooner's mainsail lowered, which would be the signal of their having recaptured the schooner. The details are too horrible to relate, suffice it to say, that none of the captors twelve in number, had any arms, and that twenty five pirates overcame them and butchered them all without an exception. The instant the cook discovered that information was given he jumped overboard and drowned himself. Twelve of his companions are in irons and awaiting at Ascension the arrival of the Rapid, which left this port yesterday afternoon with Lieut. Stupart on board, to convey the prisoners to England for trial."

☞ Blanks, Handbills, and Job Printing of all kinds, executed at the Chronicle Office at lowest prices.

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, JUNE 27, 1845.

THE PRESS.—It was our intention to have resumed this subject in our last number, but other matters precluded the possibility. We now proceed to redeem our promise, in doing which we will turn the eye of the reader back to the golden days of "HARMONY" and "HARVEY." At that eventful era of our Province's history, the same system of puffing the popular branch was resorted to by the paid press, for the purpose of allowing that body to purport to be a popular one, and to gainsay which, was to call down the thunders of the press; it was in vain to venture on such dangerous grounds. We however did on that occasion draw a bow at a venture, with a design to strike down the monster that threatened to sap not only the best interests of the country, but to destroy also that bulwark of the cause of liberty, the honest, and uncontaminated press, and how it was received, and how it was prosecuted with the people's money,—is it not written in the annals of the Province's downfall. We saw the robberies then committed, we saw the daring, and to the people dangerous attitude then assumed by the Assembly, and we saw the unblushing way in which their inquiries were opened to the public eye. We saw a "Geddes," (a more arrant humbug than whom, never disgraced the Assembly's patronage,) sucking from the public revenues in the short space of four or five years, directly and indirectly, something like the sum of £10,000, and for which the province was presented with a *big Bone*, said to be the antedeluvian remains of a *Mammoth*; but nothing else, if we except the addition to our public stock of "the Doctor," the "Geological Doctor," the "Provincial Geologist," bemoaned his loving friends and patrons of the Assembly. In all public places, in all public houses, in private parties, and in his lectures in the Mechanics' Institute, did this politic parasite stuff to repletion a too confiding public with the praises of a set of men whose hired mouth piece he was. But true, time, the unravelling mysteries has shown in colours no longer to be mistaken the hypocrisy of the one party, and the knavery of the other. Pass we now to the doings of *Sir John "Harmony"*, but it were strange to tell, and long to relate, the iniquities he sanctioned, and the outrages he hoisted the province, and humiliating position in which he placed this province, over which a benignant monarch had entrusted, fatally entrusted him, to preside. And when his derelictions, his disgraceful abandonment of his trust, was made apparent to his Sovereign, and he was recalled as an unprofitable and unworthy servant, here we thought our miseries were to terminate; but no, so if the treasure of their and his iniquities had not yet been completely filled up, two more strokes were to be inflicted. The Contingent fund in which was placed £1,000 for the services of the ensuing year, was sacked; and still worse, (in addition to £500 per annum,) £1,800 currency was voted to that prince of jugglers for the dexterity of his tricks during the most fatal administration that ever this province had suffered under. Have did the Press of this Province act? did it permit those plunderers to escape without notice? did it desert the holy faith reposed in it as the conservator of the public weal? yes, and worse than all that; recreant to the people's cause—the people to whom they looked for support, and whose interests they professed to guard with a jealous eye; they sided and lauded to the skies the actions of men who were paving the way for that disgrace, which, like a cloud of darkness, was about to fall upon an injured and betrayed people. We then foretold the coming storm—we pointed the warning finger to the sirocco that was all but to annihilate this fair and favoured portion of her Majesty's dominions. But our warning voice was unheeded, our timely notice was disregarded.

We again call the attention of the public to the present state of things; the same game is about to be played over again; the same men hold the same cards, and the same results must inevitably follow. We feel it our duty then to warn those who will be the sufferers, (the public,) to stand forth in their own defence, and if possible avert the pending evil. But how, it may be asked, is this to be accomplished? we answer by sending honest men to represent us; by giving the "go by" to those who have so foully betrayed their trust, by not again voting for these men who have *with the people's money* purchased the voice of the press, and by bribery stifled the honest intentions of men who could not withstand the temptations of contamination. A portion of these Esau's have already raised a clamour at our expense, and by dint of billingsgate and falsehood endeavoured to keep the winkers on the eyes of the public a little longer, to enable them again to dip their unholy digits into the public chest; but their opposition will avail them nothing, neither will it deter us from performing a duty which we conceive to be paramount, and above all other considerations. There is however one redeeming trait in the character of these transactions, which we may here notice. At the last session of the Provincial Parliament, when that "Pandora's box" the Contingent bill, was about to pass the house, one of our city members, the Hon. R. L. Hazen, (supported by Messrs. Scoullar, Allan, J. A. Street, and Mr. Botsford,) ashamed of the duplicity and injustice about to be perpetrated by the House, implored them by all that was honest and wise, not to be guilty of such an outrageous misapplication of the public funds, as that of bribing the Press of Fredericton—but his still small voice was drowned in the roar of factious rottenness, and as heretofore, the unholy grant was made. We repeat then, more "in sorrow than in anger," that this state of things is fully calculated to produce and perpetrate on this province all the disasters incident to the worst governed countries. The Province may have natural resources, equal to the wealth of Golconda, but no wise man will venture his capital for their development:—It may have a Commerce exceeding that of the modern Babylon, but it cannot prosper. Who then but must feel the necessity of bestirring himself to aid in cleansing this Augean Stable, and by a bald front, a true heart, and a determined mind, set about the work of reformation, and leave as an inheritance to his children, that best of all blessings a well governed country.

Since writing the above, we have observed an article in the *Head Quarters*, animadverting on our remarks on "THE PRESS." We are extremely sorry that any remark of ours should have given the worthy contemporary so much disquiet, while we tender him our thanks for copying so much of the article as he has done, as it was our wish to give it as extended a circulation as possible. We feel sorry however, that while he took so much pains to inform us that Fredericton had become Ex Officio a City, and that the streets of St. John were occasionally very muddy, the climate very foggy, and York Point a good place for fitting pigs and killing men, (the whole of which we endorse,) that he did not favour us with his opinion of the state of things described by us. But as he has promised to resume the subject, we shall look anxiously for the promised treat.

We learn that the Annual Examination of the Episcopal Sunday Schools of this City will take place To Morrow, (Saturday,) at half past 9 a. m. at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, and the Annual sermon will be preached, and collection made in behalf of the school, on Sunday evening next at Trinity Church.

The first Iron ship that ever visited this Province arrived at Saint Andrews last week from Great Britain via New York. Her name is the *John Garrow*, 349 tons burthen.

WHAT'S A CLOCK? A beautiful machine for pointing out to thoughtless mortals "how fleetly glides this life away."—An instrument of this description has recently been erected in the tower of St. George's Church, Carleton. It has greatly increased the respectability of the appearance of the Church; while it is both creditable to the projectors and eminently useful to the community.

POSTPONEMENT.—The Concert advertised by Mrs. Underwood and Mr. Stevens, to take place this evening, is Postponed until *Friday evening next*, 4th July, in consequence of Mr. Ricks, Band Master 33d Regt. having been detained in Fredericton to assist at the Bazaar on Saturday next.

ATTEMPT TO ROB.—Between Saturday night and Sunday morning last, an attempt was made to rob the Counting House. It is supposed that the thief was concealed and locked up in the building, as no forcible entrance was made from the outside. After forcing himself into the banking room by cutting and breaking a panel out of the door, the rogue set about breaking open the desks, and finding the vault too strong for him, he decamped through the window, getting nothing but his labour for his pains.

The trial of Richard Burke, for the wilful murder of John Carey, on board the brig *Velocity*, was tried yesterday at the Criminal Court, and a verdict of manslaughter! returned against the prisoner.—As we stated at the time, the murder turns out to be a premeditated, heartless, cruel character, and it is needless to add that the verdict surprised the whole community.

ROCKET PRACTICE.—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a beautiful engraving, illustrative of "Rocket Practice in the Marshes," from our respected contemporary in England, the Editor of the *Woodstock Gazette*, from whose journal, we are often enabled to enrich our columns.

General Andrew Jackson, late President of the United States, died at his residence on the 8th inst.

The United States Government have issued a General Order, authorising and requiring all officers and persons in the Naval service of that country to afford every assistance in their power to the commanders of the discovery ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, which have again left England in another attempt to accomplish a northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

☞ H. M. Troop ship *Apollo* and the *Spartan*, sloop of war, have both arrived at Quebec, consequently neither of these could have been the vessel reported a fortnight since as having been wrecked at St. Shots, and 60 lives lost. We trust the report may prove incorrect.

Her Majesty's steam frigate *Vesuvius*, from Plymouth, via Newfoundland, having on board the Earl of Cathcart, Commander-in Chief of the Forces in Canada, has also arrived in Quebec. The noble Earl landed under a salute from the Citadel, on the 15th instant, and on the following day left for Montreal.

HALIFAX, June 24.

ARRIVAL OF THE ADMIRAL.—Her Majesty Frigate Vindictive, bearing the flag of Vice Admiral Sir Francis Austen, Naval Commander in Chief on the American station, arrived on Wednesday morning lastin 6 days from Bermuda. Sir Francis landed under a salute from the citadel, and was received by a guard of honour.—*Times.*

OREGON EMIGRATION.—The following paragraph from the Independence, Missouri Expositor, will give some idea of the tide of emigration now setting towards Oregon, and shows how zealously the people are carrying out the directions of Mr. Polk, by quietly possessing themselves of that country, by emigration, while Great Britain is amused in *negotiating* with the President upon the right to the territory:—

"A train of upwards of *two hundred waggons* left our town on Tuesday and Wednesday last for Oregon; others have been departing daily since. Yesterday twenty-eight more passed this town from the neighbourhood of Fort Madison, Iowa Territory. From St. Joseph's we learn that *two hundred waggons* have crossed the Missouri at that place, and its vicinity, and departed for the same destination. Whilst we write, a friend informs us that *fifty* more waggons are crossing at the lower ferry, and will pass onward to-morrow. As the main Company has started at least two weeks earlier than usual, and many intending to emigrate may be diverted from so doing by this fact, we will state that parties will continue to start until June, and that animals, provisions, and every thing for complete equipment, are to be obtained in abundance."

The "St. Louis New Era," says "The whole track from fifteen miles beyond the Big Blue to the State line, is lined with Emigrants for the Oregon; there is at least 500 waggons with the usual proportion of emigrants and cattle. *This is the way to fortify our right to the Oregon.—Actual possession and occupancy*, by the right kind of men, will be the *best guarantee for our rights to the region.*

CROPS IN THE FAR WEST.—We have a letter from a friend, dated at Warsaw, Missouri, the 19th instant. He has been travelling throughout all the counties of the southwest part of the State. He says that rain is much needed throughout that section. The streams are so low that all the water mills are stopped; corn is extremely scarce in the frontier counties, and at many places he was unable to get his horse