She leaned her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold; and in the other, she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead!

After a time, the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills and the peasants say that it is the voice of the miner-ale seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night, the lamp of Leila is still seen upon the mountains as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.

Such is the story of the storm lights of Anaaska, and the only part of which is mine, is the translation into the language of civilized men of the sentiments of a rude and ignorant people.

THE WAR.

VICTORY BY THE ALLIES.

The following despatch has been posted at the Bourse:—

"Marshall Pelissier reports on the 1st that a brilliant contact of cavalry was fought on the 29th ult., at Krughill, five leagues N. E. of Eupatoria, in which the Russian cavalry, commanded by Gen. Wyrl, were defeated by the French cavalry, under Gen. Allonville."

"Six guns, 12 ammunition wagons, and a campaign forge with all appurtenances, and 150 prisoners, of whom 2 were officers, were captured, besides 250 horses of the Russian Hulans."

"Fifty of the Russians were killed, among them was Colonel Androwsky. Of the French, 6 were killed and 27 wounded."

DESPATCH FROM GEN. SIMPSON.

A despatch from General Simpson to Lord Panmure was published during the night of the 5th instant. It contains Gen. Simpson's list of the names of officers and men brought to his notice by the General of the Highland, Second, and Light Divisions, on the occasion of the attack on the Redan on the 8th ult. It is stated in a note that the list of officers recommended by General Simpson for promotion for distinguished services has not yet been received. The first mentioned is very long; besides the officers it comprises the names of 12 soldiers of the 3rd Regiment, 11 of the 41st Regiment, and 18 of the 62nd Regiment, who distinguished themselves bringing wounded from the front of the advanced trenches.

BOMBARDMENT OF THE NORTH FORTS BY THE ALLIES.

The last official despatch from Sebastopol state that the French had begun to work their guns on the north forts with success, and that the Russians replied. A portion of the fleet was about to direct attention to the sunken vessels. The allied generals had taken active measures to cut off the retreat of the enemy should he attempt a retrograde movement. An ordinary despatch from Turin says the bombardment of the northern forts commenced on the 29th, and that the enemy was retiring. This intelligence is also repeated in a despatch from Vienna. Should such be the case, it will result that new decisions have been made by the Emperor whilst at Nienlaiet. But the telegraphic intelligence from Vienna and Turin cannot be depended upon, and there is no Russian news to indicate a halt of the large forces which the Czar has ordered to march into the Crimea.

The taking of the inventory of material abandoned by the Russians in Sebastopol progresses. Nearly all the forts have been found capable of repairs without any considerable expenses. The allies still suffer loss from the fire of the northern forts, but they reply to the enemy's fire vigorously.

General Gortschakoff has sent several communication to the allied generals, the nature of which has remained a secret.

The same intelligence announces that a contingent of 5,000 French, just arrived at Constantinople, goes forward to the Crimea. Another brigade was expected from Marseilles. The number of barracks in the allied camps, in the vicinity of Constantinople has been increased. It is thought that the English cavalry will winter at Scutari. A rich booty found in Sebastopol and the neighbourhood, has been sent to Kamiesch.

Two divisions, one French and one English occupy Sebastopol.

The army of opperation, under Marshal Pelissier, will take the field. General Simpson and Gen. La Marmora will hold defensive positions.

The fleet has received orders for important operations.

The allied forces are in full confidence.

THE CRIMEA.

The Morning Advertiser says the Allies have established batteries in Fort Nicholas and the Quarantine, which dominate Fort Constantine.

Measures are in progress to free the harbour of Sebastopol. It is asserted that submarine machines, which were taken at Kertch, will answer this purpose, and that the Allied fleets will bombard the northern forts. A Te Deum has been chaunted in the Cathedral of Sebastopol. Marshal Pelissier was present. Another church has been appropriated to the English.

It was officially stated that out of 320,000 men sent into the Crimea by the Russians not more than one-third are left.

The Phlegethon arrived at Kamiesch on the 18th ult., having been at Odessa to effect an exchange of prisoners. She had several French soldiers and ten English officers on board. Among the latter were those of the Cossack, who fell into the hands of the Russian at Hango Head. They had been three months on their way from Swaeborg to Odessa. The Commander of the Phelegethon reports that the Russians seem to be preparing fresh means of defence in the neighborhood of Odessa and Oczakoff. The road from Perekop to Nicolaieff is being covered by numerous works.

A letter from an officer at Sebastopol, in the Constitutionel, says:—

"It was a corporal of the 1st Zouaves who planted the first French standard on the Malakoff. His name is Eugene Libant of Paris. It was General M'Mahon's standard of the 1st division, the hoisting of which was to be the signal for the attacks on the other points. The General gave him the standard with his own hands, with the word, "this is the signal flag: go!" Libaut was the first to spring out of our trenches. While getting into the enemy's ditch he was struck by a stone, but, notwithstanding the pain, he scaled the parapet in the midst of a hail-storm of projectiles of every kind, and at length planted the flag, around which our brave soldiers soon flocked, and maintained their ground."

The same letter says:—

"Eighteen women, who remained in the town, were made prisoners. At first it was thought they had been left behind to fire the mines, but it was soon found that such was not the case; they are treated with every respect."

The Polish journal, Czar thus describes the position of the Russian army in the Crimea on the 23rd ult.:

"The Russian forces occupy a line, fortified by art and nature, forming a semicircle round the position of the allies, and extending from the Telegraph and Fort Constantine, situate at the extremity of a small promontory, to the impenetrable chain of mountains Tchatir Dagh. The main force of the Russians, consisting of three divisions, is posted behind that line, on the plateau of the Halbek, and facing the south. The right wing is composed of a considerable corps occupying (on the north side of Sebastopol) the citadel of Severnaya, and Forts Catherine, Constantino, and the Telegraph. The left wing holds the fortified defiles of the Aitodar and the chain of the Tcherkes-Kermen, as far as the source of the Belbek and the mountains of Yalta. The army of reserve is stationed at Bakhtchisaraï and Simpheropol. Other troops maintain the communication between the principal army and three other corps—namely, the one before Kertch, with its right wing at Kaffa and its left at Arabat; another in observation before Eupatoria; and the third, consisting of at least 40,000 men, protects Perekop. The Russian troops in the Crimea still possess two roads by which the can communicate with Russia, the one passing by the Isthmus of Perekop, and the other by the bridge of Tchongar across the Putrid Sea.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

The intelligence from Trebizond, which reaches from the 20th of September, makes known the fact that the want of provisions rendered the fact that the want of provisions rendered the situation of the garrison of Kars extremely precarious; but it was thought that the cold would prevent the Russians from continuing the encampment round the place longer than the month of September.

The semi-official Austrian Correspondenz publishes news from Constantinople of the 27th ultimo, to the effect that the Russians before Kars had captured a Turkish convoy of provisions destined for the garrison, together with 1000 horses and 300 men.

A letter from Erzeroum, of the 4th ult., says:

We have here a report that 30,000 Russians attacked Kars in divisions—one side with four battalions, six guns, and a division of irregular cavalry, and on the other side with the great majority of the force. The Bashi-bazous and the regulars attacked this force, of which 300 were killed—the rest retreated. This report although vouched for by the authority of General Tahir Pacha, requires confirmation.

This must have been a false report, as it was utterly impossible that anything could be known at Erzeroum of the affair, which took place at Kars only on the night previous. The following is the account given by General Mouravieff, in the "Invalide Russe":

The English General Williams, who commands at Kars, experiencing daily greater difficulty in feeding the garrison, especially the horses, resolved to send away the greater portion of the cavalry from the fortress.

A letter from Constantinople of the 24th ultimo, says that Omer Pasha is concentrating 50,000 men near Chefketil, a fort on the frontier of Asia, which the Turks took from the Russians at the commencement of the war.

THE ASSAULT ON THE 8TH SEPTEMBER.

The following is an extract from a letter from Staff-Assistant-Surgeon Walter Clegg, attached to the Light Division:—

Before Sebastopol, Sept. 9th, 1855.

Whilst I write, the tricolour waves on the Malakoff, and the British flag is planted on the Redan. The whole of the south side of Sebastopol is on fire, and the sky is lurid, and red and purple with the blaze and the heavy smoke. The entire Camp is pervaded with the pestilential stench. Mines are still exploding every few minutes, and shells are bursting at their "own sweet will", in all the works which were recently Russian. The town is fearfully battered, though the churches and many of the public buildings are still standing. The Russians have all withdrawn to the north side, and I expect that in a few hours they will fire that also. At length there is no doubt that we may exclaim "*Sebastopol est pris!*" It would be old news if I entered into particulars how all this happened. Ere you receive my letter you will have read Mr. Russell's description in the *Times*, and no doubt that will be very eloquent and very truthful. I can, however, tell you all I know in a very few words. The assault was determined upon—not a few regiments only, as last time, but a general assault. The men in each regiment were addressed on parade, and each man clenched his teeth, and clutched his fingers, and knew that he was about to stare death in the face, and determined to do his duty. At 12 o'clock at noon, on Saturday, the French advanced on the Malakoff. They had lapped up to within thirty yards. It was, therefore, a short run; and on they went, column after column, in silence and in perfect order, a resistless tide; every officer knew his man, and every man knew his position; and in less than five minutes the tricolour fluttered from the interior of the Malakoff. Almost immediately afterwards up went the White ensign from the Mamelon. This was the signal for the English attack on the Redan. They had 150 yards to run. The attack was made; deeds of personal valour were performed never surpassed in the history of war; our troops were many times in the fort, but to hold it seemed impossible. And so matters went on until evening, when the Russians blew up the Redan, blew up all their forts on the south side, and escaped as best they might. Their pontoon bridge was smashed by our fire, and hundreds of men floated away on it, to be picked up, probably, at Fort Constantine, or other points seaward. Of course our loss is terrible. Wiser heads than mine may explain what was the use of our attack on the Redan, when (as the sequel proved) the guns of the Malakoff so completely commanded the Redan Fort, that the existence of the latter was impossible after the former was taken. However, it is all over now. The French loss was very great, for although they got into the place so rapidly, they had a terrible hand-to-hand fight for the possession.

In the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, we have to lament the loss of Captain Hammond and Lieut. Ryder. We have Lieutenants Carey, Eyre, Eccles, and Riley wounded; and about 130 men killed and wounded. With Captain Hammond's name you will be familiar, as I frequently mentioned to you the many acts of kindness I received from him when he commanded the Depot at Fort Chatham-land. A braver soldier never on that day mounted the Redan; a Christian of more unaffected piety never entered the presence of God. He had only been in the Crimea forty-eight hours when he was killed. When the Rifles were forming for the assault, a young subaltern, going into action for the first time, who had come out with Hammond, addressed him:—"Captain Hammond, how fortunate we are—we are just in time for Sebastopol!" Hammond's eye was gazing where the rays of the sun made a path of golden light over the sea, and his answer was short and remarkable, and accompanied by the quiet smile which those who knew him will so well remember: "I am quite ready," said he. The next that was seen of Hammond was when his sword was flashing at one of the embrasures of the Redan. He was indeed at the head of his company, fighting to gain an entrance for them. A dozen bayonets were at his heart; and once he was dragged in a prisoner. In a few moments he was recognized again outside the embrasure, still hacking with his sword. The next morning at six o'clock, Captain Balfour found him in the ditch, beneath a dozen of the slain, with a bayonet wound through the heart.

Hammond and Ryder were buried this afternoon in the burial ground of the division, rendered sacred long ago by the sepulture of brave men. Ryder was barely eighteen years old, and was one of my first friends after I entered the service. Before the assault had lasted an hour he was shot in the throat and fell, and was carried to the rear and consigned to the surgeon. But as it happened the surgeon was engaged at the moment that Ryder was brought in, and the young Lieutenant tied his handkerchief round his throat, and was seen again on the ladder, and when he was found the day in the ditch a bayonet thrust had transfixed his forehead.

You have had some letters lately from Jacob Omnium, in the *Times*, and Jacob has been pleased to favor the Rifle Brigade with his polite attention. In his last letter Jacob inquired if non commissioned officers and privates could be expected to follow boys only a few months from school. Concerning Jacob Omnium's destructive insinuation, I will say nothing, but I will tell him this, that when such young men as Ryder lead the way to victory, or a soldier's grave, our oldest veterans will follow him in life, and bless his memory in death, when they have dug his last resting place.

Dockyard, Sebastopol, Sept. 10, 1855.

I have been all over Sebastopol this morning. The pillage is enormous, but not of very much value. The Russians are still unburied. The French are turning every house "out of window." Drawing room furniture is all smashed in the streets; you walk over fragments of mirror-glasses. If I had a dozen waggons I could fill them with relics, for being a doctor, the French admit me into their rambles, though they claim as a right the entire plunder of the town. I have pockets full of crosses and medals—some I have taken, some I have brought. The French have pickets all around to prevent the army entering until they have sacked the place. This morning when the fear of mine explosions had ceased, they made a dive at the Custom-house vaults to tap the brandy and arrack. And there a horrible discovery was the result. The Russians, during the attack on the Redan, had made some of these vaults their hospital. Hundred of wounded Russians, French, and English, had been carried there. I went through the vaults and the sight was appalling. About one in twenty still lived. There were five or six English of the 97th, 33rd, and 23rd, two Frenchmen, and about fifty Russians alive. Hundreds lay dead in every attitude of human torture. A few sitting bolt upright against the walls, with staring eyes, and the foam of putrescence trailing from their faces to the ground. The stench was scarcely bearable. No human being had been near these vaults for more than two days. Several of those who lived had both legs blown off, and still they were even cheerful. I sent up to the front for stretchers and assistance, and then looked about for water to relieve the piercing cries which encrounded me on every side. I sought in vain for a pump or well; and to ask the assistance of the French was useless, as in the adjoining vaults they were tapping hog-heads of wine, cognac, and hollands. I had been there nearly an hour examining the wounds of the poor fellows, when two sailors came in—"men-of-war's men." Jack likes his grog, but Jack's "a man for a that." They fetched me water in tin pannikins during the next two hours, and to see the poor wretches drink, and to witness their gratitude would have brought tears from stone. They clutched my hand kissed it, and jabbered incessantly; I could not tell what they said, but the word "Sebastopol" was constantly repeated; I almost fancied that they intended to express their satisfaction that they knew the worst, and that the bloody siege of Sebastopol was at an end. The poor goes immediately. The French have got into the churches and set all the bells a-ringing. The effect, seeing that all the other buildings smashed, is most ludicrous. I hope that this miserable war is nearly ended, and that I shall soon have the pleasure of greeting you again in old England.

I am, dear ——, yours faithfully,
WALTER CLEGG.

A PRO-RUSSIAN STATESMAN ON THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

(A Private Letter Communicated to the Tribune)

MY DEAR ——: One act of the drama is through the Russians have lost Sebastopol, and with it the Crimea; and certainly they will not attempt to retake them. I think that the real war will commence; for all who have written on this war have lost sight of the fact that there has not been from the beginning, either on the Danube or in the Crimea, a single pitched battle. All the fighting has been in attacking fortified or entrenched places—Oltenitza, Alma, Inkermann, St. Istvin, Chernaya and Sebastopol. Now we will see. I have always thought and still think that in an open field the Russians can cope with their enemies. At any rate they can if they could do it at Inkermann and Chernaya, where they fought under all possible disadvantages, where they were huddled together on the ground and could not deploy. On a level field the Russians manoeuvre as well and as quickly as any other troops, and the improvements of modern tactics are more familiar to them than to the English. One thing is sure—that they will fight well, better than they have fought so far. Defeats and disasters do not injure their *morale*; believe me, that is a peculiarity of the Russian character. But, take it all in all, it is a terrible blow to Russia—not to her prestige but to her power. Sebastopol and the Crimea contributed far more to the preponderance and the prospects of Russia than the little region which goes by the name of Poland. It was the most vulnerable point in the whole empire. Mutilate that, and it will take half a century to heal the wound. In my opinion it is as bad as a bombardment of St. Petersburg; I would have preferred the latter. I always have insinuated this against everybody, and I still maintain that the man who planned the expedition to the Crimea played a hazardous game but knew where to strike.

The only consolation for me is to see that babbler, Kossuth, made an ass of, with his predictions. Believe me—and I feel the palpitations of Russia's heart—the past and present Emperors, as well as every Russian statesman and general, would have preferred a thousand times to see all Europe—no matter though a million of men—in arms in Poland, or the Vistula, or the Niemen, to the Crimea expedition. The Russians have certainly lost more in resources, horses, cattle and men, in supporting their army in the Crimea, than they did in the campaign of 1812. Any man who knows the country knows this as surely as that the sun shines. And then a million of men in Poland fighting for her nationality, as Kossuth says, would have starved, ruined, devoured that nationality—that is Poland; whereas it is Russia which now suffers and bleeds from St. Petersburg to the Black Sea. It would have been easier for Russia to maintain 500,000 men between the Baltic, and Bessarabia than 150,000 in the Crimea. And then all Europe in arms on the Niemen and the Vistula would have been starved out in three months. Germany and Prussia would have suffered terribly; while France could and can as well as England, much more easily provide for her troops in the Crimea, by the aid of her fleets, than she could in Poland, or in any place in the interior of a poor country which the Russian would have laid waste for hundreds of miles round. I am sure that even now, if the Russians could choose, they would rather see Pelissier and his army in Poland than continue the struggle in the Crimea. This is what the Crimean expedition amounts to.

I believe, I hope, that the Russians will do the impossible. But to tell you the truth, my heart bleeds; for I see that by this event the progress of civilization has been stopped on two points. First, in the West, Louis Napoleon is fortified and the abjectedness of the French increased—in whose eyes, with very few exceptions, the least glare of military glory suffices for liberty, honour, morality, and real national dignity; then in the East, where, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, Russia was an agent of civilization, and where Russia alone could and can fill that office.

The Czars have received a fearful punishment for having followed for more than twenty years past a German and not a Russian policy; for meddling with European squabbles; for marching into Hungary in 1849, instead of taking Constantinople in 1843, as the Russian interests demanded at a time when nobody could have opposed it. It is a terrible lesson by which they will profit. You are young, and you will live long enough, I am sure, to see Russia rise again. Her latent forces are too great to be broken by even this terrible blow. As for me, I have nothing but the pretty consolation of seeing the great Kossuth floored. If even last year Russia or Nicholas had had the courage to make an appeal to the Serfs of Southern Europe, where now would Austria be, with or without her allies.

PROPOSED MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

(From the London Times.)

On the very day on which was announced the capture of Sebastopol, it also transpired that Prince Frederick William of Prussia had arrived at Balmoral, for the purpose of "improving his acquaintance with the Princess Royal." It is understood, so far as a matter of this kind can be understood, that in the year 1851, when her Royal Highness had attained the mature age of ten years, a kind of preliminary understanding was entered into that she was one day to become the bride of this young Prince, the heir presumptive to the Prussian Crown; and now that the Princess has attained the age of fifteen years, it may be supposed that the negotiation is about to advance another stage. It is the misfortune of Royalty that these domestic transactions, which in private life are concealed under so much reserve, must inevitably be treated as matters of public concern, involving as they do not merely the happiness or misery of the young people, but questions of policy and alliance most important to the future destiny of empires and of kingdoms. Is it, then, or is it not expedient, that a daughter of England should take her place upon the throne of Prussia; and, in forwarding such a match, are the parties principally concerned consulting the happiness of the young Princess, or the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and her dominions?

We lay no stress on the fact of the rapid and visible decay of Prussian power and influence since 1851; nor following the precedents of former times, should we regard it as any substantial objection if King Frederick William should succeed in placing what was once a great Power on a level with the petty kingdoms of Saxony, Hanover, or Wurtemburg. It has never been the policy of England to seek the alliance of first-rate States; and whenever she has deviated from the policy she has seen reason to repent it. In one sense, however, an alliance with Prussia may be considered as a step towards an alliance with Russia. The two Royal families are inextricably entwined in the bonds of relationship, of sympathy, and of mutual interest; and it needs little argument to prove that the present is, at any rate, an ill-chosen time for bringing us into contact with the Court of St. Petersburg, or raising a suspicion of its influence over any portion of the Royal family of England.

In humbling Russia, we are not only reducing a barbarous and aggressive power, but plucking up from the very depths of the ocean that mighty anchor upon which all the anti-popular dynasties of Europe hope to ride out the storm of public indignation any contempt. Why should we place a daughter of England in a situation in which devotion to her husband must be treason to her country—why distract her mind between wishes for the welfare of the family which she has left and that into which she is to be received? Suppose this marriage to take place, who can tell how soon we may see the Princess whose betrothal to a member of the House of Hohenzollern is now being hurried on with such ill-omened haste return to these shores, stript of the pomp and dignity with which she departed from them, to find as an exile and a fugitive in the home of her ancestors that asylum which already receives within its arms so many of the great ones of the earth? Or, far worse, why may it not be the fate of this Prussian Prince, as of so many others of Royal and noble lineage, to enter the Russian service, and to pass those years which fattening ambition now destines to crown in ignominious retirement as a General Officer on the level of his Imperial Master, having lost even the privilege of his birth, which is conceded to no German in Russia?

Why risk the fortunes of a daughter of England with all this uncertainty—all this danger? Why embark more on the troubled sea of uncertain German politics, from which the devotion of Hanover to the male branch has so happily relieved us? Surely, the same consideration which would render it most important for a private citizen of assured position and easy fortune to unite his daughter to a man engaged in hazardous speculations ought to apply with tenfold force to an union with the bankrupt dynasties that yet for a little while encumber the central thrones of Central Europe. What is his Prussian Majesty to us, or we to him? What sympathy can exist between a Court like ours on the solid basis of popular government which a revolution, resisted with perfidy, yielded to with cowardice, and quelled with insolence, had left behind it.

For our part, we wish for the daughters of our Royal House some better fate than union with a dynasty which knows neither what is due to its own dignity, to the rights of the people over which it presides, nor to the place it occupies in the great European confederacy; and we regard it as a poor sequel to the efforts which have broken the strength of Russia that we should ally ourselves with Princes who are only too happy to be ranked among her pensioners and supporters. The people of England, at all events, has no wish to improve its aquaintance with any Prince of the house of Hohenzollern.

COMMUNICATION.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

KING'S COUNTY, 31st October, 1855.

MR. EDITOR,—It appears that our great Liberal Government are determined that Herod shall be out-Herroded; that the people of New Brunswick must accustom themselves to put up with any act, however detrimental it may prove to the best interests of the Province, merely because a Liberal Government (as they term themselves) are the authors. Now, Mr. Editor, I challenge any friend of Messrs. Fisher, Tilley & Co. to the proof, in what solitary instance they have proved themselves better men than the old Government; and if they are not capable of carrying on the affairs of the country in a more satisfactory manner than Messrs Street, Gray, Wilmot & Co., their professions and promises are false and delusive. When it was first rumoured that the Attorney General had prepared a *stupendous* programme of Railways, people began to ask themselves, "in which way is the affair to be started?" but within the last *few days*, Mr. Attorney General Fisher and his colleagues deign to inform the public what their *designs* are. And if the contemplated project existed merely in the brains of those individuals, without any probability of its being carried farther, no harm would result; but when they, *as the Executive of New Brunswick*, are actually about appointing Mr. Fisher himself to represent New Brunswick, and Mr. John Robertson to represent the North American and European Railway Company, the thing takes a tangible shape; and, in order to make the matter plain to the most obtuse intellect, I shall, in as few words as possible, endeavour to explain the present great Liberal scheme, and the old Railway scheme—which was supposed to be a thing accomplished after Mr. Jackson signed the contract for behalf of Messrs Peto, Brassey, Betts & Co. The Jackson contract contemplated a liability to the Province of not exceeding £1,500,000, which, being based upon a rate of interest of 4 per cent., would amount to a yearly charge of £60,000. Sixty thousand pounds! And I may here be permitted to state, that the present Judge Ritchie was the professional man who prepared the document that was to bind Messrs. Jackson, Peto, Brassey & Betts to build a certain extent of Railroad, beginning at Shediac and terminating at St. John, with the full expectation of continuing said road to the borders of the United States, which would, of course, constitute *the great Highway* from the Mississippi towards Europe. Mr. W. J. Ritchie, having charge of the arrangement on the part of New Brunswick, and being considered learned in the law, everybody supposed that no screw would be allowed to be left loose; but when the public are informed that, in the first place, Mr. Jackson's name was a mere *ruse*—that *he did not hold the necessary powers* from Peto & Co.—they will naturally express their astonishment; but when I go farther, and state that if Mr. Jackson held the necessary powers to bind Messrs Peto & Co., and that even then the contract *does not bind Mr. Peto*, not only astonishment but indignation will be expressed. This whole Railway scheme, I have reason to believe, emanated from the brains of two individuals, viz: In the first place, Mr. D. Archibald, formerly of Nova Scotia but latterly, at least for the last 15 years, of London, and Mr. Jackson, who at one time was supposed to have realized some £60,000 or £70,000 by speculating in land near Liverpool, England, but afterwards, perhaps, lost a larger sum. Therefore our Railway, of which Mr. Ritchie was bound to inform himself with every particular connected with the contract, had nothing stable to start from, and the contract was nothing better than waste paper; consequently, New Brunswick has (as some would term it) been sold. But if the Ritchie scheme has been so miserable a failure, what are we to think of the great Liberal scheme emanating from Messrs. Fisher & Co.? When the old contract was entered into money was cheap in England, and, as I before mentioned, it was based upon an annual charge on the Provincial funds of £60,000 per annum, at which period our Revenue was increasing year by year until, in 1854, it attained nearly £200,000.—*How stand matters at present?* Our revenue falling off, probably, to the tune of £40,000 or £50,000—money in England at famine price, 7 per cent. of upwards, and a magnificent scheme of Railways to the tune of £3,000,000; or in plain English, three millions of pounds Sterling. If this is not enough to throw the whole country from its propriety, I know not what is. The danger is, that people will allow the thing to slip along, not thinking it possible men professing to be reasonable beings could for a moment cooly harbour so frightful a scheme. But, when we look back upon the acts of the present Government, nothing seems too wild for their grasp. And I wish, Mr. Editor, that all who read this communication will note its contents; so that, if this enormous undertaking is allowed to go on without the public voice being raised against it, it cannot be said that no warning voice has been raised. I have always advocated a practicable Railway scheme; but at the present time, and with such a Government as the present, not the slightest hope can be held out of a successful result. And again: only look for one moment at the character of our present Government as at present constituted. Mr. Fisher the Leader—Mr. Johnson, the Solicitor General—Mr. Beveridge, the Surveyor General—*have openly professed themselves Freesoilers*, (and I am afraid that Mr. Tilley is a disciple of the same school,) and in favour of an ad valorem duty of 5 per cent. on all imports. Now, how in the name of common sense are we to raise the interest *alone* on this tremendous outlay, as connected by Fisher & Co., viz: £3,000,000, at any 7 per cent. interest, £210,000 per annum? Two hundred and ten thousand pounds fixed charge yearly—some £50,000 or £60,000 more than the whole revenue, under the protection that we now enjoy. But at 5 per cent. our mechanics, farmers, and all our producing classes would be ruined; and 5 per cent. would not, in all probability, give us a revenue of £40,000, in which case the figures would stand thus:

PROVINCIAL EXPENDITURE.			
Interest on three million pounds at 7 per cent.		£210,000	0 0
Civil List,	£12,000		
Roads, bridges & schools,	76,000		
Other necessary expenses,	20,000		
		108,000	0 0
		£318,000	0 0
RECEIPTS.			
Whole source of Revenue, including Import and Export duty, Casual Revenue, Light, and all other sources,		135,000	0 0
Balance against the Province,		£183,000	0 0

Now, I care not how unlearned a man may be, he can understand from the above figures that the result of the Government carrying into effect Mr. Fisher's *grand system of Railways must be irretrievable ruin and distress*; and, as my information with regard to the £100 per annum received by the Attorney General as Registrar of King's College proved correct—having been acknowledged through the *New Brunswicker*, but qualified by the *intended* resignation of Mr. Fisher at the end of the year—so true will the result prove if this gigantic fraud is permitted to be perpetrated. But, while I am on the subject of our great Liberal Government, I should like to be informed what are the views of His Excellency; As an honorable member of the constituency, I consider that the Representative of our beloved Sovereign does not fulfil his high and peculiar functions in permitting Mr. Fisher and his colleagues to jump along with their pump of a Government, and not fill up their ranks to the proper number.—*Possibly* the Executive may have done so at their present sitting, which I am informed has been a protracted one; but if they are *allowed* to continue on in the old way, I can assure His Excellency that he will not be carrying out the well-understood wishes of the Representatives of the people. As I have already exceeded the limits of a Newspaper communication, I shall reserve my further remarks for a future number.

Believe me, Mr. Editor,
Your obedient servant,
A PROTECTIONIST.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE IN THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.—*Two attendants killed by a Lunatic.*—A most melancholy affair occurred at the Lunatic Asylum on Tuesday morning last. It appears that a patient named John E. Clarke, who has been an inmate of the Asylum for upwards of three years and a half, and who, during most of this time, has been quite docile, and was employed in various ways about the establishment, frequently attending on the family of Dr. Waddell, in a fit of "impulsive insanity," seized an axe, and before any alarm could be given struck down two of the attendants, and by repeated blows mangled them in a shocking manner, causing instant death. Dr. Waddell was immediately attracted to the spot, but was unable to arrest the lunatic, who also made an attempt to take his life, but the coolness exhibited by the Doctor, and his presence of mind in placing others beyond the reach of the unfortunate man, prevented any further sacrifice of life. Clarke then made off, and was arrested by two of the attendants of the Asylum some miles distant, after an obstinate resistance. The names of the murdered men were Wm. Carroll and Barry Mills. The former was nearly 70 years of age, and had been employed in the institution for 14 years. The latter was about 42 years of age, and had been employed in the institution for 4 years. He leaves a wife and four children.

It is a singular circumstance that the lunatic had been employed in carrying fuel to the apartments occupied by the Doctor's family only a few minutes previous to the commission of the dreadful deed.

This is the first tragical event that has occurred at the Asylum since it has been under the judicious management of Dr. Waddell.

It gives us much pleasure to find that the recent efforts to improve the navigation of the river St. John have been very successful. This is a subject to which we frequently recur, inveighing as it does the interests not only of the City of St. John, but also those of the whole province in its connection with those vital portions of its system.

On the 18th, the steamer *Richmond* left Fredericton for the Grand Falls with between four and five hundred barrels in bulk on board, the River at the time less than one third freshet, and falling nearly a foot daily. She left a part of her load at the Tobique, and proceeded with about four hundred barrels to the Grand Falls, where the water was found to be about two feet lower than at any former arrival of the same vessel in the basin. The *Richmond* is the largest steamer engaged in the upward route; on this occasion she had a heavier load than usual.

Col. Maclauchlen, the Commissioner, for the improvement of the navigation was on board, making an inspection of the river, and particularly of those parts above Woodstock where his parties had lately been engaged, and where the rapids were once so formidable as to prevent every mode of communication, except that of the Tow boat, but which is now so improved as to present—as in the present instance—very slight difficulties.—*Reporter.*

PHYSICIANS.—The editor of the American *Medical Gazette* estimates that one physician is required for every 700 inhabitants. This would give over 30,000 in the nation. It is probable that the average life of a physician is not over thirty years after he enters his profession. Hence it follows by computation, that the waste by death alone, is one thousand physicians a year. But more are lost by change of business than by death; and this loss might be estimated, without exaggeration, at 300. We have, then, an actual loss of 1,300 physicians annually, which must be made up. Again, in the increase of population in the United States is about 700,000 a year, which it requires an increase of 1,000 physicians to supply. There are, therefor, actually required twenty three hundred new physicians in the United States yearly. To meet this, we have only 1,400 graduates from the schools, about 300 foreigners, making in all 1,700, and leaving an actual deficiency of 600 a year, to be supplied by irregular practitioners.

PROFITS OF AN ACRE.—Mr. Leonard Dennis, of Carleton, in this Township, has raised the present season, from one acre of ground, the following crop:—5 tons pumpkins, 14,000 ears corn, 3 bushels shelled beans, 4 bushels do. peas, 19 bushels do. corn, 5 bushels carrots, 5 do. turnips. Mr. Dennis has realized from the produce of this acre upwards of £50.—[Yarmouth Herald.

The Chronicle.
SAINT JOHN, N. B. NOV. 2, 1855.

CONSISTENCY AND ECONOMY.

THIS PROVINCE for the last fifteen years, has been well nigh scared from its propriety, by demagogues clamouring for Retrenchment and Responsibility in the Governmental Department. The country throughout its length and breadth has resounded with stump oratory, the sole burden of which was that the Government had been too extravagant and contrary to the maxim of the day Retrenchment, they had disregarded "*the well understood wishes of the People as expressed through their Representatives.*" The sensible and loyal portion of the community knew precisely how much faith to place in their assertions, and the Conservative portion of the Press at the time warned them of the designs of those political mountebanks; but it was all of no use. The people had got the crotchet into their heads that there was a screw loose somewhere, and that nothing short of a change of men and measures could furnish the powerful remedy existing evils. The *Freeman* and the *New Brunswicker* the best of public opinion, speculated on the popular error, and falling into the ranks of the deluded cried with the crowd "Great is the Goddess Diana." The *Courier*, too, which had waned into sleepiness and dotage, suddenly awoke from its slumbers, and joining the rabble rout, became the loudest of the loud in defending the very men, and the very measures they had for so long a period advocated. To say the Courier acted inconsistently in so doing, would perhaps be scarcely in strict accordance with truth, because the zig zag course so invariably adopted by that paper, had rendered it notorious only for its being consistently inconsistent—hence the good wine has been converted into vinegar, and a recantation of the most humiliating nature was read by that "truly valuable and deservedly popular paper" for a consideration that of government patronage. But the Courier has this consolation, it had the fellowship of the present Attorney General and most of the members of the government to keep it company, each in their turn having thrown the double somerset, by repudiating in actions, all that they had promised their dupes, in words. Bargains were made for Judgeships in more instances than one. Officers that under the old government had been voted useless, and had been done away with, were resuscitated with increased salaries, in order to satisfy the cravings of their hungry expectants, and to enlist them in the cause of disaffection and demagogueism.

Such was the infatuation of the people, and so determined were they to carry out the great Novelty, that no stone was left unturned to produce the devoutly to be wished for consummation.—The tricksters seeing their advantage, spared neither Money, Pains nor Promises, to land themselves into office. Flattery and electioneering promises were as "plenty as blackberries" each one denouncing the members of the *then* existing government as plunderers and place hunters, and vowing with might and main, that if elected to office they would scorn to take any situation in the gift of the government. And now, we would ask, have those promises been fulfilled? why by the grossest, most barefaced and reckless disregard of all justice and decency. One of the party without the shadow of a claim, after jockeying himself into the legislature, bolted Harlequin like into the ermine of the judgeship. Another has his defection from truth and honesty rewarded with a resuscitated and useless office in the Customs. The old hero of the beat trap slips cautiously into the Surveyor General's chair, with all its crumbs of comfort; while the rejected addresses of "Allen the brave" are rewarded with the snug berth of Shipping Master. Perhaps the least culpable of the batch, from mere position, is duly installed into the chair of the Provincial Secretary; while the former occupant like an old horse past labour, is quietly turned out in a field of clovers.

But "the head and front of their offending, had more extent than this. Office after office has been created with a whirl that makes the head giddy to contemplate, and with salaries attached far beyond the ability of this poor country to meet, while taxes have been multiplied until they are grievous to be borne; and these are the blessings of the great reform. Just imagine reader the advantages to be derived by the appointment of a Postmaster General, with £600 per annum, about as much required as the fifth wheel to a coach. A Chairman of a Board of Works, do. do. with another £600. A Paid Board of Health, unnecessarily expensive and an entire *new invention*, filled principally with government todies. Together with a swarm of subordinate offices, that infest the country like a flight of locusts, and for the same purpose, that of devouring every green thing on earth. But the most glaring feature of their direlections, remains to be told. With Responsible Government emblazoned on their Banners, they—to fulfill Electioneering promises, say to 40,000 inhabitants of this City, in terms as plain as language can make it, notwithstanding we have hoisted the Standard of Responsibility, notwithstanding we carried our point under its fair folds, and pitchforked our *noble selves*, into pleasant places, the time has come when it is no longer necessary that we should wear a Mask. Know then, that your "*well understood wishes as expressed through your Representatives*, can no longer influence us, we have the power, and we will use it. And here fellow citizens, we would ask your serious attention. On the vacancy occurring in the office of the Common Clerk. Our Representatives look cautiously round and select from the Body of the Bar a fit and proper person to fill that office. They appoint John M. Robinson, Esq., for that purpose, a choice we believe that was not only fairly earned by that gentleman, but approved of by the Citizens generally. The standing of his family, the universal favor which he himself found in the eyes of his fellow citizens, and last not least, the services of his Father who was long our much respected and deservedly beloved Chief Magistrate all gave him a legitimate claim to the office, and which nothing but unblushing faction, could be found to dispute. But our Reform Government so dispute it, and in whose favour? why their unscrupulous advocate the Editor of the Temperance Telegraph, a man who, like his masters in the Executive, altho' the professed champion of teetotalism, does not stop to stain the "Love, Purity and Fidelity," of his columns to advocate the cause of rum drinkers and rum sellers, and with all the advantages of education, could only earn for himself the unenviable fame of being a briefless barrister. Suffice it that the powers that be, have hauled down the flag of Responsibility, and are now fighting under the piratical flag, and knowing that their days are numbered, appear determined to make the most of their waning power. We feel that the city has been stormed and taken, and as is usual in all such cases we must submit to be sacked. But the end is not yet.

The Saint John County Agricultural Show came off yesterday, near the Marsh Bridge, and a highly respectable display of Agricultural productions in both cattle and vegetables were exhibited.