THE Weekly Chronicle

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"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

April.	R. Sun. s.	Moon. s.	W. H
14 Saturday,	5 16 6 43	south.	1 36
15 Sunday,	5 15 6 45	0 9	2 26
16 Monday,	5 14 6 46	1 9	3 23
17 Tuesday,	5 12 6 47	1 57	4 33
18 Wednesday,	5 10 6 48	2 36	5 56
19 Thursday,	5 8 6 49	3 7	6 26
20 Friday,	5 7 6 50	3 32	7 41

Last quarter, 17th. 10h. 45m.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: R. W. Crookshank, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Ward, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: John Hammond, Esq.

City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: Charles Hazen, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: W. H. Street, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's.—Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

Miscellany.

THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

By the Author of "Cavendish," "Gentleman Jack,"

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

The words had fallen, not to be recalled—the hands were piped down—the watch remained on deck. Cowed and abashed for the time, they retired, it is true, from the sight of their superiors. They hid themselves in the dim recesses formed by the bits on the forecastle, the booms, and the bows of the launch, and all those little nooks, which on a man-of-war's upper-deck are sacred as the council places of the crew. Here, as they read in the eyes of each that common spirit which filled alike the hearts of all, their stern rough spirits gradually found that vent in expression which they dared not breathe in the presence of their officers. At first a few deep oaths alone gave vent to the boiling anger of their souls, and then, as they rapidly became aware that one feeling alone animated all, that feeling was expressed in full and unmeasured condemnation and hatred of the dastardly and despicable acts of tyranny they had just witnessed. The misfortunes that alight on courage, and on honour, touch with compassion hearts whose sternness had otherwise steeled them to every sentiment of pity. Not one among them but felt most keenly for the broken lieutenant, for whom the degrading outrage of the morrow was prepared. Rapidly, [illegible] with every addition that the fer[illegible] moment could excite, the [illegible] anxiously recounted the di[illegible] which they had seen hi[illegible] itude, that rare virtu[illegible] —gratitude, that b[illegible] he Divine Spir[illegible] breast that it ha[illegible] ingered with [illegible] om of these [illegible] ow and [illegible] disjointe [illegible] he good [illegible] cer, ar[illegible] ceal [illegible] the [illegible] qu[illegible] h

do Mr. Ramsay any good, I'd go to the gangway to-morrow, and take four dozen without winking a top-light."

"So would I!" exclaimed a dozen voices at once.

"Ay; but, messmates, 'twould be of no more use than a twice laid chaw of baccky to a cold middle-watcher."

"'Tis but too true, Ben," responded his auditory.

"But," said one of the seamen, "can we lend him a helping hand any way?"

'Not that I know of,' resumed Ben; 'I'd as soon—ay, or for the matter of that, perhaps sooner, see him overboard in a gale of wind, with nothing but a hencoop next him and Davy Jone's locker, as I would see him now stuck down in the black-list without ever having deserved it. When the word with the skipper is 'flog,' you know well enough, boys, that he never repents. 'Tisn't likely then that he'll let off Mr. Ramsay, that he's been lying-by for ever since we came to sea, to catch upon the ground-hop, as it might be. 'Tis a rascally shame, 'deed is it, and for nothing more, as I can understand, than making up to the skipper's daughter—and so he's as good a right to a handsome craft as the lad that has courage to cut her out from under the enemy's batteries. 'Tis no wonder the young leddy likes the leaftenant. I should think little enough of she, if so be her was any other ways minded. I only wish for his sake she happened to be aboard o' us just now—she might cut the clink in quick sticks, though none of us can. However, boys, this one thing's certain, if the skipper's alive and kicking, by six bells to-morrow forenoon the leaftenant's a flogged man; and that I fear he will be, for I can't see anything in the captain's ugly carcase that should please Heaven to take a liking to him on so short a notice.'

'Like enough, man—like enough,' broke in the deep voice of the Scotch corporal, who had hitherto remained mute; "but, in my way of thinking, he's a lang lang journey to go, and both a cold and heat to get through or ever he wins there. But though ower black for heaven, ye ken there's another place, for which he suits well, sirs, well—and if ever anything sho'd tempt me to a few soft words with the father of evil, it would be for the obligation of his taking home such a bairn.—Should he miss his master on the morn; then, boys, mark me—we knows who's laid a claw on him.'

'Oh, blurra nouns, corporal—there's no such luck for us!'

'No!' said the corporal, in a slow deep accent, whose thunder seemed to rumble from the deepest recesses of his capacious chest; 'we shall see," he added, as a terrific scowl passed over his hard features, and, without another word he rose and went below.

'Corporal—is that you?' said one of his marines, as he joined the main-deck.

'Yes,' replied the Scot.

'Then, Mr. Ramsay wants you on the lower-deck.'

'Ay, and on the main-deck too.'

'Oh, then, some one's told you of it.'

'Not they.'

'Why, then, how the devil did you come to know it?'

'By the same token that I know sharks are hungry, and must be fed.'

'Out of the way.'

The young soldier moved aside, and his face bore sufficient testimony to the nature of his surprise at this singular conversation of his petty officer.

[illegible] ed to allow to the [illegible] ligence [illegible] si[illegible]

but his willingness to serve his late superior could only find utterance in a motion of the head. This, however, seemed sufficiently to tell the tale, both of his feelings and his faith, to his countryman, who thus proceeded in the defination of the favour he required. 'The packet I have given you, corporal, contains two letters, one to my family and another to a lady, into whose hands I wish you to deliver them both. She will then be able to forward to my friends more easily than is in your power, the communication I wish them to receive. If you receive no further order from me within twenty-four hours, take the first opportunity of being alone to open the outer seal of the packet I have given you. The name of the lady to whom you are to deliver the inclosure will then be known to you. I confide wholly in your courage and address to deliver them at the first opportunity which may offer, without any detriment to your duty. In doing this, however, expenses may arise which I do not foresee; you will therefore defray these from this sum of money, for which I have no longer any need.'

As Ramsay said this, he laid a small bag of Spanish doubloons on the corporal's knee; and, while he rose to depart, held out his hand. For a time the marine seemed capable of regarding neither that nor the money confided to his charge. At length, looking up at the lieutenant, who still stood beside him, he replied, 'How have I had the misfortune of forfeiting your honour's confidence?'

'In no way, my good fellow. Why do you ask?'

'Because, sir, these things were better in your own keeping and accomplishment, unless you had intended something more serious than you have yet told me.'

'My good fellow, there are some things of which true men are loath to speak, lest their conduct may fall under the suspicion of bravado rather than bravery."

"Ay, your honour, I feared it was that.'

'Nor that only, corporal; but there is a degree of confidence that is more embarrassing to a true friend than desirable for him.'

'And that's the reason, sir, why I made so bold as to seek that which you have not offered me. I understood, sir, what you mean to do—I understand it fully;' and the corporal paused solemnly. Then looking up again at the lieutenant—'Is there no other way, think your honour, of getting out of the bloodhound's toils?'

'None, that I can think of. Can you?'

'Yes, sir; it requires but a firm hand and a true heart, and you have both.'

'But what, corporal, is your plan?'

'As straight and plain as I hope my heart is, your honour. Just put a couple of boarding-pistols in your pocket, and while I call off the attention of the sentry at the companion hatch, enter you the cabin, your honour, and never leave it till the scoundrel, who grinds you to the dust with his unnecessary tyranny, is as dead as one of his boiled chickens.—Nay, your honour, you needn't shake your head; I mean nothing unfair to him, hang-dog as he is, but just to lay one of the pistols on the table, and take the other in your own hand. If fortune is against your honour so much the greater pity, but 'tis a fair fight; but if the captain is once pinked, I'll answer for the crew rising—and then the barky is your own.'

'My poor mistaken friend! and what would be the use of the frigate to me [illegible] cept to hang me?'

poral, averting his eyes from his officer's face, 'ye'll do nothing till the last minute.'

'Why so?'

'Why, by God's good guidance we may fall in with an enemy, and once come an action, the black list will be washed white.'

'True, corporal; but think you that he who has already shown such unjust spite, may not do it again and again, till his object be gained?'

'Ay, there, sir, is the sting of the whole business. However, sir, oblige me in this one thing; for in case of an action, a stray shot might be blessed with making out his discharge, the ship get into other hands, and all be right again.'

'It seems to me but a slight hope; but to oblige you—I consent———'

What further the lieutenant would have added we can scarcely say, for a skulking blackguard, who was generally supposed to be somewhat of a tale-bearer, here got up from the fore-sail bin, in the shadow of which he had been lying, and rubbed his eyes, as if just awakened from his sleep. But the important part of our hero's communication with the corporal had passed, and so they parted.

(To be continued.)

Extraordinary Discovery.—During the whole of Friday and Saturday afternoon the neighbourhood of the New-Cut & Cornwall-road, Lambeth, were thrown into a state of excitement by the discovery of the body of a child which has been dead nearly three years. On Saturday afternoon Sergeant Collision, No. 12 of the L. division of police, received information that if he went into the back room on the first floor of the house of No. 19, white horse-street, Cornwall-road, he would find the unburied remains of a female infant secreted in a cupboard. He accordingly, in company with a constable, proceeded to the house, and upon the door being opened walked up stairs towards the room in question, when the female who kept the house informed them that they could not go into the room. Collision replied that he must go in, but he was again interrupted by the woman. He, however, opened the cupboard, and, after removing a quantity of rags discovered a handsome blue coffin with white nails, and a plate on which was inscribed "Miss Susan Anderson, died the 28th of April, 1835, aged 11 months;" the coffin was unscrewed, and on removing the lid the body of the deceased was found as perfect as if death had overtaken it but the previous day. Shortly after making this discovery, the mother, who went by the name of Legg, came in. Collision inquired of her the motives which led her to adopt such an extraordinary course, when she replied that her reason for so acting was a secret which no power on earth should ever induce her to reveal. On being further questioned, she said that the child died a natural death, that the medical gentleman who had attended her as well as the nurse and the searcher who had examined the body of the deceased at the time of its dissolution, were all dead, but no further particulars should be obtained from her. Information of the discovery was conveyed to Anderson the beadle. Two respectable persons have come forward and entered into the necessary security to be answerable for Mrs. Legg's appearance, if required.—*London paper.*

From the Sandwich Island Gazette.

THE VOLCANO AT HAWAII.

Honolulu, Nov. 30. 1837.

On Saturday, the 4th of November, I started from Byron's Bay in company with two gentlemen belonging to the Admiral Cockburn. We encamped for the night in a rude hut, constructed on the brink of this immense precipice, and, although fatigued, we could not sleep, so much did we enjoy the night view of the burning matter below. Our most sanguine expectations were fully realised in the wonders of the scene; we could see three burning lakes in beautiful action, as well as innumerable fires issuing from cracks in the lava, and a display of the liquid matter discharged from four small craters. The report from the craters were equal to the sound of cannon, & the burning matter ejected from them had the appearance of rockets when exploding in the air.

On Monday the sixth of November, our party descended the crater, and, in about three quarters of an hour reached the bottom; we walked towards the burning lakes—but we had [illegible] when we found some di[illegible]

Towards midnight the wind subsided, and much rain fell, but there were no unusual atmospheric appearances, or any troubling of the earth; the whole commotion appeared to be in the sea.

The same phenomenon occurred at these Islands in May, 1819, without any earthquake here or at the other Islands.

To the Editor of the Sandwich Island Gazette, Honolulu:

Lying in Byron's Bay, Hawaii, on Nov. 7th, 1837, between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening, while sitting at supper, I found the wind aft, and blowing in at the cabin windows from the North and East. I looked out and found, as I thought, the ship to be adrift, as the water was passing her at the rate of three or four miles per hour; the ship being headed towards the beach, I ordered the starboard anchor to be let go, and it was then cut away; sounded, and found only three and a half fathoms. The wind continuing aft, and the surf appearing very near, gave us alarm, the cables continuing slack, in an instant the ship was turned suddenly round, and headed to the northward, and appeared to go six or seven miles per hour. So fast was the water passing the ship that it came in at the hawse holes: the wind then being before the beam, and moderate breezes. Sounded frequently, and found that we had five fathoms, the ship going round and round; at length it became more steady; heard a great shouting, supposed to be the natives hailing the ship to inform us the ship was in danger; but found that many natives were swimming towards the ship—sent three boats to see if they could pick up any persons; in a short time the boats returned with five women, six men and a boy; they informed me that many of the houses were washed away and many persons, broken canoes, and piles of wood were floating in all directions.

I sent two boats away again; one succeeded in landing and found the missionary gentlemen and ladies all safe; the gentlemen were out with lanthorns rendering assistance, which was wanted, the houses recently built for the King, as I was informed, were washed down; many cords of wood were washed away, and about the beach. Many persons lost their lives: others all they had. Up to the time of my sailing, on the 16th, 11 or 12 bodies had been found. It appears that the water receded from the beach several rods, after which it rose several feet above the level of the beach, and swept all before it, until it was spent; it then receded gradually again. On the 9th, it blew fresh from the Northward, with squally weather; sounded and found only 3 fathoms under the ship's quarter, where there had been five; the wind shifted a little to the East; the ship swung into five fathoms, let go the best bower anchor again. Since that we sounded frequently and found five fathoms in the place where we had three. Left at Byron's Bay, the Kingston of Nantucket, Captain Coffin, short of 200 barrels, 16 months out, 12 men deserted from her.

Rifle Shooting in Saxony.—The grand target is generally thirty-six inches in diameter (Saxon measure, i. e. 36-16 parts of an inch less than English) the bull's eye being six inches in diameter, and from the one-inch centre a succession of circular lines one inch apart, are drawn (not perceptible in the distance,) until you count sixteen lines, which leave a white space of two inches outer ring, as a border to the target; the centre inch of the bull's eye counts sixteen, the next line fifteen, and so on, one less for each line to the white border, which, if struck, counts an 0, in order to prove a hit to the shooter; but should the target be missed, then a penalty or fine is fixed to the name of the shot, so that when the count is balanced at the termination of the match, he who has made the nicest hits becomes best rewarded.

A Verdict.—A villainous fellow, in one of the Western countries of Virginia, who had whipped his wife, was ducked by a party of youngsters; whereupon he sued for damages. The jury after retiring ten minutes returned a document to the court, in the form following to wit: 'Verdict of the Jury—*served him right.*

Attached to one of the coaches running from Bristol to London, and called the Monarch, is a guard, who has been 27 years a guard of a coach or a mail. During that period he has travelled for 14 nights out of the 21, and, upon an average, has proceeded each of the 14 nights a distance of 135 miles. During that time he has only met with 13 upsets. Upon this calculation he must have travelled during the year 82,940 miles; and during the 27 years, 889,380 miles.

The notorious Sam Scott, the jumper, who has been astonishing the inhabitants of Liverpool and Manchester, by his plunges into the water, from mast heads and buildings, has visited Bolton. It having become known that he was about to jump from the roof of the warehouse at the Canal Wharf, a great crowd of persons were attracted to the spot. Just as he was [illegible]

Agriculture.

SANDAY SOILS.

A soil that consists entirely of small grains of a hard nature, (silex) which neither cohere together, nor are softened by water, nor soluble in acids, though it ought not to be totally abandoned, yet if too poor to be cultivated with advantage. It would indeed be hazardous in the extreme, from the risk of having the covering mould blown off the new-sown grain, in the spring, by high winds. Sandy soils, however, generally have a considerable mixture of other substances, by which their quality is greatly ameliorated.

The best mode of improving the texture of such a soil, deficient in rentive or adhesive properties, is by a mixture of clay, marl, seaooze, sea-shells, peat, or vegetable earth; and it frequently happens, that under the sand itself, or in its immediate neighborhood, the very materials may be found, so essential for its improvement

In some parts of Norfolk, they have availed themselves of these auxiliaries, for improving a sandy soil, in an eminent degree; and by the continuation of judicious managment, they have given a degree of fame to the husbandary of that district, far surpassing that of others naturally more fertile.

The improvement of a sandy soil, is generally accomplished by fossil manures; but vegetable substances are likewise effectual. A top dressing of peat has been tried for that purpose, and the experiment was attended, not only with immediate good effects, but with permanent benefit.

Rich sandy soils, under a regular course of husbandry, are invaluable. They are cultivated at a modern expense; and at all seasons have a dry soundness, accompanied by a moisture, which secures excellent crops even in the dilest summers.

The crops raised on sandy soils are numerous, as the common turnip,—potatoes,—carrots,—barley,—rye,—buckwheat,—peas,—clover,—sainfoin, and other grasses. The species of soil, in general, has not strength enough for the production of Swedish turnip, beans, wheat, flax or hemp, in any degree of perfection, much improvement in its texture, the addition of great quantities of enriching manure, and the most skilful management.

When under a course of cultivation, it is a great advantage to sandy soils, either to fold sheep upon them, or to consume the crops of turnips upon the ground where they were raised. These practices greatly contribute to the improvement of such soils, not only by the dung and urine thus deposited, but by the consolidation and firmness of texture which the treading of the sheep occasions.

The carrot husbandry, in the "Sandings" of Suffolk, as they are called, is one of the most interesting objects to be met with in the British agriculture. After defraying all expenses, the clear profit, by feeding horses in the stables, is considerable, (£5 9 6d. per statute acre.) Some prefer to fatten bullocks with them; while others who have the advantage of water-carriage, think it most beneficial to send their carrots to the London market. Carrots are likewise an admirable preparation for other crops.

In Norfolk and Suffolk, it is found that poor sandy soils, not worth 5s. per acre for any other purpose, under sainfoin, will produce after the first year, about two tons per acre, of excellent hay, for several years, with an after-grass, extremely valuable for weaning and keeping lambs. How much more beneficial than any crops of grain that such soil usually yield.

In the neighborhood of Dunbar, in Scotland, there are some farms originally of a light sandy soil, which have been rendered uncommonly productive; but they are situated on the coast, and accommodated with immense quantities of sea-weed. For many years they were cultivated in the following course of severe cropping. 1, Turnipe; 2, Drilled wheat; 3, Clover; 4, Drilled wheat. By cultivation, the soil has now become a species of light loam.

The management of sandy land, according to the system adopted by the celebrated Duckett of Petersham and Esher, in Surrey, has been strongly recommended by an eminent author.—It was founded on three principles. 1, Ploughing very deep a due degree of moisture was thus preserved in this light land; by means of which his crops were flourishing in seasons of drought, which destroyed those of his neighbors;—2, Ploughing seldom, but effectually, by a trench plough, or what is called a skimcoulter [illegible]

MUTILATED ISSUE