THE Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

May.		H. Sun.	S.	Moon	S.	H.	W
19	Saturday,	4	28	7 24	2	19	7 51
20	Sunday,	4	27	7 25	2	40	9 0
21	Monday,	4	26	7 26	3	2	9 55
22	Tuesday,	4	25	7 27	3	27	10 40
23	Wednesday,	4	24	7 28	Sets.		11 24
24	Thursday,	4	24	7 29	9	15	ev2 0
25	Friday,	4	23	7 30	10	16	1 9

New Moon, 23d. 11h. 39morn.

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: John Boyd, 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: William Leavitt, 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: James T. Hanford, 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: Wm. 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,"

CHAPTER VIII.

At the well-known pipe of all hands, every one in the least degree surmisant of the brewing mutiny felt in his inmost soul that something was forthcoming most "material to the issue." In another moment the fatal signal might be given which was to level his cutlas or boarding-pike at the throat of his officer, whose slightest word but a brief space before was irreversible law. Nor was that all; come when the fight might, it would be deadly, and victory only be attainable over the corses of their superiors. Before this could be achieved how many of the crew must fall—in no ordinary fight, but one which harrowed up every feeling and extinguished the last spark of that bright, albeit rude, chivalry, which is the only shining spot—the sole redeeming point—in the slaughter of our fellows! Well might a terrible sensation be experienced at the hearts of those who were bent upon the chances of this sadly-dangerous game.

As soon as the first lieutenant saw the frigate's crew mustered on the deck around, and the silence perfect, he advanced a step or two from among the officers who stood round him, and leaning partly on the capstan, addressed them as follows:—"I am very sorry, my men, that a very melancholy occasion is the cause of my calling you together, for the purpose of saying a few words. The officer of the morning watch, going, in the execution of his duty this day, to call Captain Livingstone at day-break, found that officer absent from his cabin. As all the windows and deadlights were closed, and my strictest search has been ineffectual in discovering anything that can at all guide us to the recovery of our late captain, I am sorry to be obliged to come to the very painful conclusion, that he must have risen in the night, and passing out of his cabin while the sentry went forward to strike the bell, have so reached the deck without observation, and perhaps, in a fit have fallen overboard. Under these distressing circumstances it has become my duty temporarily to assume the command of the ship. I trust to your redoubled exertions, that, in case of our falling in with an enemy, the loss of Captain Livingstone's valuable experience may not be felt; and I gladly take this opportunity of destroying both the black list and the report"—he tore them in pieces as he spoke "in order that we may all begin afresh with a new score. Boatswain, pipe down."

The evident degree of satisfaction that this sensible address produced on the critical auditory for whom it was uttered, would have been mistaken or unobserved by no one: while not even the speaker himself could in any degree have imagined the immense good it produced. Many score lives were in those few minutes preserved by a slight expenditure of breath, that cost the utterer nothing but a small portion of good-will. What would it have been for the unhappy frigate if the same happy turn of destiny had always been in store for her.

CHAPTER IX.

The reign of the first lieutenant on board the frigate did not prove of long continuance: on the third day after the sudden disappearance of Captain Livingstone, they fell in with the commodore. The signal being made for the captain to go on board, and he, unluckily for him, not being quite able to comply with this moderate command, his substitute performed this duty. The commodore, who, as commodores go, was not a bad sort of fellow, seemed particularly struck at the tragical loss of "so gallant an officer as Captain Livingstone," and all that sort of thing.

However, the most striking part of his ideas on this subject came to light in a sentence or two subsequently, when it plainly appeared that he most delighted in striking when the iron was hot; for being one of those never-slumbering self-advancers, a canny Northern, he had, he said, "a nevoy in the distance, for whom the death vacancy would be just the vera thing."

Here the perturbation of the first lieutenant became too evident to be passed over.

"Make yourself easy, young man; ye have no cause of alarm—my nevoy, good lad, is just down to leeward there, chasing a slaver; he's aye ferreting something or another. But I'll make the signal of recal without delay. Sentry, let the officer of the watch make the signal for the Reynard to speak with commodore. My nevoy, sir, commands the Reynard sloop; he shall have your frigate, you his sloop; baith of you will then get your turns served, and I do what I can to get the acting appointments confirmed. Make yourself easy, sir, make yourself easy I say—you're baith provided for."

The lieutenant was profuse in his thanks. Had he also been prophetic in them, they would have been redoubled. Truly indeed was his star in the ascendant at that—to him—auspicious hour! Had the same foreseeing power, however, been granted to "the lad to leeward," the commodore's "nevoy," we are by no means so sure that he would have been as liberal in his gratulations; although he would have seen, to a nicety, that his uncle made no mistake in saying he had *provided for him*. But, as the pursers can tell us, there are more sorts of *provision* than one.

The commodore having directed his clerk to make out the necessary acting commissions, asked the new-made commander to stay and dine with him, in order that he might meet said "nevoy," and have the opportunity of being introduced and made known to him. A captain's dinner is always acceptable at sea. Of course the commander would stay and dine. He was so overjoyed he could have eaten anything but his commission. He therefore asked and obtained leave to get back to the frigate, which, like the commodore's ship, was hove to, in order that all his traps might be packed and ready for transfer to the Reynard, on the moment that the latter floating elysium should to his fond eyes arrive.

At last she came. On the quarter-deck of the commodore's seventy-four he was introduced to "the nevoy." His astonishment may be easily conceived when he found himself presented to a sort of one-eyed ogre, and that "the lad to leeward" was a great red corpulent fellow, considerably past forty. There seemed to be gathered in this blooming functionary's face the whole ill humours of an East India fleet; for I take it that such is most bilious upon record; and the new commander could readily perceive that the new post-captain was just the very man to be, as his uncle had said, "Aye, ferreting some thing or another." "The stout gentleman," too, seemed to know the difference of rank between himself and his new acquaintance, for he kept him at much the same length as the south pole does the north—a perfect freezing distance. In such a case, all that the most experienced navigator can do is to keep clear of the icebergs, and blow his fingers. Little was said at dinner, and therefore we may conclude the more was thought. The commander thought, to wit, how nicely the folks in the frigate would be taken in—lying-to quietly to windward. Now they were in the sweet expectation of receiving on board a smart active young man, who, as the commodore's nephew would be sure to come in for some of his best pickings on the station in the way of lucrative prize-cruises, freights, and other matters. Instead of this, he pictured their horror when they should see mounting their side this living Hecla with a pair of epaulettes on, all fire and frost—for his ferret eye was no bad type of a volcanic hatus, small, dark, and threatening. He thought too how quietly the frigate's "last captain" had moved out of his quarters without rhyme or reason. Not a word of this, however, would he breath to his successor. "No," said he, magnanimously; "it would be such a shame to prejudice him against his new ship;" and with this salvo, if a suspicion of any foul play did cross his mind, he at once dismissed it, though with a slight twinge of conscience, it must be confessed in the doing. This was really, however, a supererogatory susceptibility of virtuous emotion, since Captain Hecla had admitted much the same sort of reasoning in his own mind, and had never dreamt of informing the commander how, when the sloop was last "ferreting" out a slaver, one of his men, with an aim still worse than intention, had taken a sly shot at him from behind, and grazed his collar-bone, instead of perforating his head or heart, whichever the case might be, for he never rightly discovered the intention of the marksman, whose modesty was such, he could never be prevailed upon to avow himself, greatly as his bashful incognito was tried. On all this, we say, Captain Hecla remained mute, together with much more of the same complexion, touching which he might have discoursed most eloquently during the whole of the time. On this ground he seemed almost as modest as his unknown marksman.

As the wine circulated, a slight degree of thaw succeeded on the part of the commodore and some of the other guests; and the new commander, in the fulness of his heart, was guilty of a piece of generosity, for the indiscretion of which even he himself was never fully able to account. He mentioned to his superior the shameful, infamous case of the unfortunate Mr. Ramsay—not in those colours which such an atrocious iniquity deserved, it is true, for that in all probability would have lost him his yet unconfirmed promotion; but it was a great thing for him to mention it at all. He informed the commodore that Mr. Ramsay had intrusted to his care a letter on service, but that he had not delivered it to him until he knew whether such a delivery would have his sanction.

"A bad business, sir—a bad business, sir," groaned the commodore. But give me the letter—there's no harm in hearing what the young man has got to say for himself."

This was done, and the broken lieutenant's petition stated that, as the captain of a merchantman, he had been unlawfully impressed, and begged to be discharged. He also narrated the whole circumstances of his seizure, his production of his merchant's appointment, and its destruction by the midshipman.

"A bad business, sir," reiterated the commodore—"a bad business. The chiel may be telling us nwething but the truth, still ye should know vera well, sir, that the document in question is destroyed, there is no evidence on which we can proceed to his discharge."

"I'm very sorry to hear it, commodore, for I was in hopes that as another lieutenant will be wanted to do duty on board the frigate, Mr. Ramsay might have been reinstated temporarily in his rank, subject to the admiral's decision—a better officer cannot be, and his family, as you must know, sir, is one of the most ancient and honourable in Scotland."

"What, sir! is he one of the auld Ramsays of the border?"

"A branch of that family, sir."

"Whew! A bad business truly. Nevoy, we must do something for this poor fellow. Can we venture, think ye, to reinstate him?"

The first fire of captain Hecla's volcano fell upon the new commander—then on his uncle, over whom he possessed great influence.

"As to reinstating such a person, sir, the thing is out of the question. The sentence of a court-martial is not to be tampered with in that way. The matter of the merchant's appointment as his captain, may, for anything we know, be all a lie—and now I think of it, sir," turning to the commander, "didn't we hear that one or two lives were lost in pressing him. Pray, was that the case?"

"Why, sir, I'm sorry to say that was unfortunately ——"

"Ah! I thought as much. It would have been quite as candid for you, sir, to have mentioned that fact to the commodore, before you sought to involve him with his majesty's commander-in chief on this station, by pardoning and promoting a murderer."

"Surely, sir, not a murderer, or Captain Livingstone would have proceeded against him at once. The violence began on the part of the pressgang, who certainly were not warranted, between ourselves, in making a forcible capture of a gentleman possessed of a legal protection."

"Between us, indeed, sir! I beg to tell you there's nothing between us, sir, but the forms and discipline of his majesty's service; and do you mean to tell me that this wretch—this murderer, to all intents and purposes, has escaped without any punishment?"

'Why, sir, he has not been punished,' replied the commander, who was now quite cowed; 'though he was put in the report for punishment the night before Captain Livingstone walked overboard.'

'Then, by G—! as soon as ever I get on board I'll turn the hands up, and give him five dozen.'

'That you may not mistake me, however, Capt. Hecla, I must inform you that I thought it my duty, on assuming the temporary command of the frigate, to discharge and destroy both the black list and the report."

"You did, sir! By ——, then, I must tell you, sir, we have very different ideas of duty—very. They may take my word, I'll soon repair such a want, and if this late messmate of yours doesn't soon get a taste of the cat, I know nothing about the matter."

"And I, sir, know nothing about the matter if he does," sternly interposed the host. "On yere life ye dare not lay the lash on the back of a Ramsay. Though ye are no Scot, ye're my nevoy, sir, and there are but few things I would tell ye might not dare, but, by St. Andrew of Scotland! this is one of them," striking his hospitable board, so that its load of glass seemed about to shiver into atoms. "The lad, sir, is of high and noble birth on both sides, I'll be sworn!—think of that." The commodore's brother had, to his great rage and chagrin, married a lady from Portsmouth Point. "He may have been wrong, and a fule, to get into sic a scape as this, though there were a pair of petticoats in the business,"—a very great extenuation with the commodore—"but, as for flogging him, sir—if I thought there were any chance of that, not an hour should pass over my head, but I'd have him removed to my own ship. I will not, however, do ye such injustice to think it possible, so say no more about the matter. As for you, sir," turning to the commander, "I am sorry, after the blood that has been spilt in such an ill-advised proceeding, as pressing a young gentleman, protected from that violence, in owning that I cannot reinstate your messmate without first taking the sense of the admiral on that point. The mair especially, as my nevoy there wants that vacancy, I suspect, for ain of his auld followers. Gentlemen, if none of ye will take more wine, we'll ring for coffee."

"Ay, 'tis a wonderful thing," thought the abashed commander, when this, to him alarming scene, was ayer—"tis a wonderful thing how one tiny little postscript may contain the whole pith, marrow, and substance, of a monstrously long and disagreeable argument that's gone before. 'My nevoy there, I suspect, wants the vacancy to promote ain of his auld followers.' Off with young Ramsays head—'So much for Buckingham!'"

[From the Spectator]

DRAMATICALS FOR THE WULGAR.

SCENE IN THE CROWN INN YARD.

Enter Head Ostler and Helpers.—1st Helper: I tell ye, Sir, this here old hornibus of our'n won't keep together many more trips, without Missis stand to a thorough repair on her.

Head Ostler: You bed—d, Harry, with your prognostics! You've been telling me that this twelvemonth past; and I don't see but what the concern is as profitable as ever it was.

2nd Helper: And "no mistake," Mr Lamb: the t'other proprietors an't strong enough to start another yet; and so I don't see why our 'bus an't to keep the road a bit longer. But then, you know, there is them about the yard that's always a croking about her being crazy, and so forth.

Enter Cad.—Ostler: Well, Ned, do you carry full now?

Ned: Why yes, master, we do manage to get passengers; but, to tell you the truth, its not without persuading that I get's 'spectable people in, lately. They has got a trick of peeping in, and saying as how the 'bus is dirty and damaged; and I'm obliged to give 'em a heavy shove sometimes, before they'll ride; and even that don't always do, for t'other night one or two of our reg'lar customers said they'd as lief walk as ride in such a shabby vehicle.

Head Ostler: I don't believe a word of your nonsense.

Ned: Still, if folks are so squeamish, we'll get Charley B—l—r the painter to bring his varnish pot, and give her a lick over to hide the scratches. And here, you Bill Clay, take and brush out the lining, and tell L—tt—n B—lw—r to paste up the broken windows with some waste paper; and, harkee! send to H——s to bring some soap and give the cushions a scouring. Look sharp, you varlets, or you'll look blue when Saturday night comes and no wages. Have the smiths overhauled the wheels?

1st Helper. Yer, Sir; and one on 'em has got a strain. I think 'twas done that time she was druv against the big dray belonging to the Radicals company. She has gone rather stiff there ever since.

Ostler: Well, well—give 'em a good greasing; and mind use Irish butter; and I warrant the old 'bus will make many journeys yet, to and from Windsor.

Exit helpers and Cad, muttering dissent.

THE CORN LAWS.

The propriety of allowing foreign corn to be imported into England, for the purpose of being ground for exportation, having recently been mooted in the House of Commons, and Colonel Seale, the member for Dartmouth, having been allowed to bring in a Bill to that effect, we beg to call the attention of our readers to the subjoined Petition from the Chamber of Commerce to her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, praying for a similar privilege for this Island. Our expectations relative to Colonel Seale's success are not of the most sanguine character, inasmuch as we know that his Bill will be violently opposed, in all its stages, by all the great landholders in the mother-country. Should even that Bill pass both Houses of Parliment, and receive the Royal Assent it will entail an immense expense on the country, as it will require a burdensome establishment to prevent an improper use being made of such a privilege. If therefore, there should be a beneficial change in the law, the object of importers of foreign corn in the Channel Islands would be fully obtained, inasmuch as then they would have the privilege of having it ground at their pleasure without any restriction whatsoever, or the least alteration in the Corn laws,—and, moreover, without the slightest expence to Government. We hope, therefore, that her Majesty in Council will no longer treat us as foreigners in this respect, and that the restrictions under which we are placed will be speedily removed, so that we may be able to compete with foreigners in the Colonies in the matter under consideration:—

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY IN COUNCIL.

The petition of the Guernsey chamber of Commerce,

"Most Humbly Sheweth—

"That the Trade and Navigation of this island has been long declining, and is annually becoming comparatively insignificant.

"That the principal manufacture in this island for exportation to the Colonies is Flour, which is manufactured from Foreign Corn, and gives employment to a numerous class of individuals.

"That the Flour so manufactured, when imported direct into any of the British Colonies, (except for the use of the Fisheries,) is considered as Foreign, having to pay the Foreign Duty as if proceeding from a Foreign Port, by which circumstance, the inhabitants of Guernsey are considered as aliens and their manufacture as Foreign.

"That in order to stimulate their local industry, and the better support of their Navigation, they humbly pray it may please Your Majesty to consider their character of British subjects employing British capital, in which quality they respectfully claim the full protection and encouragement of Your Majesty, to enable them successfully to compete with the millers and merchants of Foreign Countries who now monopolise the supplying of the British Colonies, to the almost total exclusion of the Flour manufactured by Your Majesty's faithful subjects in the Channel Islands, and will continue to do so while the Flour from these islands is subject to the Foreign rate of Duty when proceeding direct to the British Colonies.

"Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray that it may please Your Majesty in Council to approve of and to recommend that the Duty now exacted in the British Colonies on their Flour may be taken off when imported direct from this island in a British ship, without the necessity of proceeding to a Bonding Port in England to warehouse such Flour, and to reship it as if of Foreign manufacture.

"Your Petitioners beg most humbly to represent to Your Majesty that in granting their Petition, the export of Flour from this island direct to the British Colonies would be restricted to British ships alone, whereas Foreign Navigation at present has all the advantage by being exclusively the carriers of their own Flour direct from their own Ports, or of sending it to an English Bonding Port, in order to import it free of Duty as they may think best for their interest.

"The Chamber of Commerce of Guernsey having confined themselves in their prayer for relief, to what can only affect the interest of Foreigners without in the least interfering with that of British merchants, do most humbly and most earnestly supplicate Your Majesty in Council graciously to grant unto the inhabitants of Your faithful island of Guernsey such enobnlagement to their Trade and Navigation now prayed for, which may safely be conceded to them, or grant them such other relief as to Your Majesty in Council shall seem meet.

"And, as in duty bound, Your Petitioners will ever pray.

(Signed) "F. PRICE, Jun., President.

Guernsey, 7th February, 1838."

Emigration.—Our attention has been called to an article printed in the *South Australian Gazette* of the 12th of August, 1837, purporting to be an address by the editor to persons intending to emigrate to that portion of the globe: and certainly if his premises warrant his conclusions, we must say that the inducements to a settler are far more solid and extensive than we had anticipated. We cannot at the present moment afford space for more than one or two extracts from the document in question, but shall return to it occasionally:—

"The fundamental and cardinal principle of the colony is, that the public lands shall be sold, and the proceeds of their sale employed in conveying labourers from the United Kingdom to the colony. The minimum price of land is at present twenty shillings per acre. Some of you may think this a high price especially if you are aware that it is sold in other colonies at five shillings per acre. But in Canada, for instance, where land is at that rate you may pay your three or four hundred crown pieces into the public treasury, and so far as you are concerned there is an end of it. True enough, you have land timber for your money, but you must dig and hew yourself, or take your chance of catching a labourer at any price he likes to demand, to help you. The land, therefore, at five shillings an acre is not in reality worth five farthings unless some provision exists by which it can be made productive. Now in South Australia one hundred acres of land cost as many pounds sterling. But here it is not merely the ground and trees, and the minerals, if there be any that you purchase, you get an able bodied labourer sent out to you free of cost, for every sixteen pounds you expend upon land. Thus the purchase of a snug farm of 100 acres can bring out half a dozen workmen of his own choosing; a sufficient number to make his farm produce his value, and pay its expenses in the first couple of years, besides being then worth at least ten times what was first paid for it.

"The town of Adelade (the seat of government) is on the eastern side of the Gulf St. Vincent, about six miles distant from the sea, and about the same distance from a beautiful range of hills, of which Mount Lofty is the most prominent. It is situated in a plain of great extent and fertility well timbered. The land is generally a rich loam, occasionally inclining to or intermixed with sand. Limestone, slate, granite, excellent brick and potter's clay have been found in great abundance.

"The hills are covered with a species of wood called in New South Wales, stringy bark of as much use and as easy to work as American pine. It splits freely, is fit for all country purposes and fences of it beat the Yankee ones all to nothing.' There are hundreds of thousands of acres of this timber, plenty of it within seven or eight miles of the town, and if we had twenty thousand emigrants every year for the next century, there would be enough for them all."

Improvement in Blasting Rocks.—We have seen a specimen of the patent Safety Fuse, which is described in the annexed article from the Journal of the American Institute, and which promises to be a useful improvement. We understand the article is on sale in this city.

The Safety Fuse was briefly mentioned in the list of articles to which diplomas were awarded at the late Fair of the Institute; it deserves, however, from its importance, a more extended notice.

The Fuse is used in blasting rock, and is designed to prevent those melancholy accidents and loss of life, which often result from the premature explosion of the charge; this it does effectually by superseding the use of the metallic priming-needle, and securing as a *certainty* that the fire will progress to the powder at the rate of only eighteen inches per minute. Another property of the Fuse, it will discharge the blast under water with perfect certainty, and is therefore invaluable in wet blasting; and experiments have proved that by its use powder may be exploded 30 feet below the surface of the sea. It is also economical, costing only one cent per foot, which it saves in time and labor in preparing the charge for firing, and adds in a considerable degree to the force of the explosion by the compactness with which the charge can be rammed home; knowing these qualities of the Fuse, we feel that we are promoting the cause of industry and humanity, by calling public attention to it.

Letters.—It is estimated that the number of letters transmitted annually through the Post Office, from one part of the kingdom of Great Britain to another, which are charged with postage is 88 600,000—the number of letters franked, are 7,400,000—and newspapers, 30 000,000—making a grand total of letters and newspapers, of 126,000,000 per annum.

A Persian Critique on the Fine Arts.—With the Church (at Brussels) the whole party were delighted; the pulpit, a rare chef-d'œuvre in carved wood, attracted great admiration. I have before observed that this style of ornament appears to suit their fancy. The beautiful painted windows, too, were much noticed, as well as the elegance of one of the chapels. On pointing out to Timour Meerza the fine altar-piece, designed by Rubens, he asked who was that figure above, with the beard designed for, was it not *Hazrut Issaw* (our Saviour?) I said, No—it was intended to represent the Almighty. The scornful and irreverent laugh with which he received this piece of information startled some of our party, and those around us. I asked him why he laughed? "The Almighty!" repeated he—"paint the Almighty! and under what likeness?—that of an old man with a beard! Why not paint the wind? Can you do that? You can see it as well as the almighty. Where is it? and where is he? I will give any man twenty thousand tomauns for a handful of the wind, if he will bring it me!"—(*Fraser's Narrative of the Persian Princes in London.*)

Naval Anecdotes: the Battle of the First of June.—The ship was so roughly treated that a whisper of surrender was said to have been uttered, which Lieutenant Monckton overhearing, resolutely exclaimed, "He would be d—d if he should ever surrender, and he would nail her colors to the stump of the mast." At this moment a cock having, by the wreck, been liberated from the broken coop, suddenly perched himself on the stump of the mainmast, clapped his wings, and crowed aloud: in an instant three hearty cheers ran throughout the ships company. His Majesty's ship the Brunswick had a large figure-head of the duke, with a laced hat on. The hat was struck off by a shot in the battle. The crew of the Brunswick thinking it a degradation that a prince of that house should continue to be uncovered in face of the enemy, sent a deputation to the quarter-deck to request that Captain Harvy would be pleased to order his servant to give them his laced mocked hat to supply the loss. The Captain, with great good humor complied, and the carpenter nailed it on the duke's head, where it remained till the battle was finished.****Just as the Charlotte was closing with the Montague, Lord Howe, who was himself conning the ship, called out to Bowen to starboard the helm; to which Bowen remarked, that if they did so she would be on board the next ship, the Jacobin; to this his lordship replied sharply, "What is that to you, sir?" Bowen, a little nettled, said, in an under tone, "D—n my eyes, if I care, if you don't: I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers." Lord Howe heard him, and turning to his captain, said, 'That's a fine fellow, Curtis.'**** Tom Packenham, who commanded the Invincible, having fired away in a very rude style, on one of the French men-of-war, and observing they did not answer the compliment in the manner expected stopped his fire and desired to know if the ship had struck. On being answered they had not, he hallooed out, in great rage, "Then d—n ye, why do you not fire?"—*Life of Lord Howe.*

A Yankee Way of Telling a Story.—[A Scene in Court.] Counsel: Well, what do you know of this matter? Please state to the Jury what you saw. Witness: I was going along the road with my team, and come up where Dickery and Grub were taking down a pair of bars; I stopped and asked Grub a question, when out came Marm Jones, out of her house with a rolling-pin and hit Dickery a dig in the ribs. Counsel: What was the cause of her striking him? Witness: I do'no, unless it was 'cause he was gittin down the bars. Counsel: Well, what took place then? go on with your story. Witness: When she hit him, Dickery up and give her a lounger right in the mums, for, says he, I don't be licked by a woman no how; well says she, I don't be puckerstoppled in that way, I can tell ye. Counsel: What's that word? I don't understand. Witness: Puckerstoppled (a laugh). Counsel: What does that mean? Witness: Why, connunk'd. (a louder laugh.) Counsel: Please to explain yourself, what does that mean? Witness: Why as I understand it, she didn't like the feelin' of that dab in the chops, so she gin him a piece of her mind on the subject. Counsel: Go on. Witness: Arter that they slat round them pretty lively for a considerable spell. Then they stopped a minute, and begun to jaw—says she I aint goin to be skeert. Arter they stood and jawed a spell. Joe Hines come up and axed Dickery what he was doin to Marm Jones. He said he was only fendin off her darned old rolling-pin. Then the old woman said it warnt a rolin-pin, that she could substanche. And then they snarled a spell, and did up a considerable talk among um, but they didn't tackle agin and that's all I know about it.

Lovers.—Every observer of human nature must have perceived that lovers not only do not exercise the power of ridicule over each other but they cannot conceive that the idol of their imaginations should be the subject of it. As intercourse in marriage becomes familiar, and the little graces of etiquette are laid aside, the idol, though not less worshipped, becomes less sacred. She is not the deity of the temple, but of the household; she is no longer the great Diana of Ephesus, approached at a distance with mysterious rites, but one of the Lares, meeting the familiar glance at every turn. This difference is never felt so keenly by a woman, as when she first discovers that it is possible for her to appear ridiculous to her husband. A man who differs from his wife and reasons with her rather elevates her self-love; but the moment that he laughs at her, she feels that the golden bowl of married sympathy is broken.

[From the Toronto Patriot of the 20th April.]

The day after the fight of Gallows Hill, a packet of letters arrived at the Toronto Post Office, addressed to Mr. Bidwell, which, agreably to orders, were sent by the Post Master to Sir Francis Bond Head, who sending to Mr. Bidwell, showed him the letters, and spoke to him to the following effect:—"Mr. Bidwell, you must be aware that you are regarded "here with much suspicion, as one disloyal to the "Queen's Government, and that consequently your "position in society must henceforth be any thing "but comfortable to your feelings; here are a number of letters addressed to you, as you perceive, "with the seals unbroken, will you receive these "letters unopened and voluntarily quit the country "for ever, or stay, and submit to have them examined, taking the chance of what they may reveal, "To satisfy you that it is not by the Govrnment "alone that you are presumed to be disloyal, look at "this flag."

Sir Francis here produced a flag which had been taken at Gallows Hill, with these words painted upon it, "Bidwell and the Glorious Minority." Mr. Bidwell entered upon an elaborate harangue to prove the impossibility of his having any participation in the rebellious proceedings, which Sir Francis heard patiently to the end, when he again placed before him the alternatives of quiting the country for ever, or submitting the letters to a scrutiny. Mr. Bidwell chose the first. Sir Francis then told him to write him a letter, announcing his determination to quit the country for ever, when his packet should be delivered to him intact. Mr. Bidwell then retired, and having addressed the following letter to Sir Francis, his packet was sent to him;—

[Copy.]

Toronto, 8th December, 1837.

Sir,—In consequence of the kind conversation of Your Excellency this morning, I have determined to leave this Province for ever.

I am aware that the circumstances to which Your Excellency alluded are calculated to give rise to suspicious against me in relation to this insurrection; and while they would be likely to render my further residence in this Province unpleasant, they make Your Excellency's kindness the more worthy of my deep and lasting gratitude.

I am confident, at the same time, that the investigations which will now of course be made, will fully remove these suspicious from Your Excellency's mind, and will prove that any (no) such attempt was in contemplation.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, Your Excellency's grateful servant.

(Signed,) Marshall S. Bidwel.

His Excellency
Sir Francis Bond Head.

Montreal, March 26th.—The following remarkable catastrophe occurred last Saturday evening. A poor *habitant*, with her babe, attempted to cross the river at St. Eustache; but the ice, rotten from the effects of the late rains, gave way; and both were precipated into the water. From the strong impulse of maternal affection the mother strove to place her child about nine months old, in safety, by laying her own length upon the ice, as it gave way, and propelling her child before her on the yet unbroken surface. Her cries being heard, many went to her assistance, with boards, &c., but despite of their exertions the woman was drowned, whilst the child was frozen to death on the icy bed where its fond mother had placed it.

The last *Official Gazette*, contains a proclamation putting the Quarantine establishment in force. It is almost the same as that of last year, with an additional clause, providing that any vessel, which, on arriving at the Quarantine, shall furnish the boarding officer with a clean bill of health, and having no sickness nor death on board during the passage, may proceed at once to the port.

We understand that twelve Pilots have been commissioned by the Trinity Board to be on the look-out for the ships of war expected to arrive—and in order to ensure as far as possible the safe pilotage of these vessels, they are authorised, in case of any other pilots being on board, to take joint charge with them. Four are from Quebec; four from the Island of Orleans, and four from the South Shore.—*Quebec Gazette.*

On Thursday last, the Militia force at this station were reviewed by Lieut. Colonel Marshall, Inspecting Field Officer of Militia. The gratification of the reviewer and the reviewed on this occasion was mutual; first Colonel Marshall expressed not only satisfaction but astonishment at the progress made in discipline by the Militia, even during the most unfavourable season of the year; and was frequently heard to say that many manœuvres they performed would bear comparison with those of regular corps he had seen on active service—and the Militia were delighted at paying their respects in marching past, to so renowned a veteran of the Wellington school.—*Kingston Chronicle, April 28.*

The navigation of the Rideau Canal is now open.

Lost and Found; or the superiority of paper Money.—A passenger in the steamboat Postboy, the other day, had the misfortune, when within a few miles of this city, to lose from his vest pocket, a wallet containing Bank notes to the amount of 5000 dollars, which fell into the river. This was too comfortable a sum to grieve over, without an effort at recovering. So thought the loser—and forlorn as the hope was, took the yawl of the boat, with a man to help him, to go in pursuit. But time had elapsed in making these preparations—the steamer going rapidly in one direction, and the money in another. They pulled away, however, over the broad Ohio—one thousand chances against them, in pursuit of a very speck upon its surface, or, perchance, *under its surface.* But, about two miles from where it was dropped, they actually *picked up the treasure!* This is an instance of good luck, that can only be accounted for by the fact that they were all *good bank notes*, and kept the surface. A single *yellow boy* would have sunk the whole concern forever.—(*Pittsburg Advocate.*)

Russia and Circassia.—The following is an extract of a letter from Odessa, dated Feb 27, which is given by the Messager:

"The preparations for the approaching campaign against the Circassians are becoming more and more important. Admiral Hrouchof, considered as one of the most able officers of the Russian navy, has lately been appointed to the command of the fleet in the Black sea, with orders to maintain the blockade of the coasts of Abascia. Upwards of 10,000 men are assembled at Sebastopol to be embarked for Anapia. It is asserted that in case Marshall Paskewitch refuses to take the command of the army of the Caucasus, it will be offered to General Rott, an Alsacian by birth, who entered the Russian service on the emigration of the French royalists."

Egypt.—The Bedouins, of the Red Sea, are in open revolt against Mehemet Ali, who had required from the tribes in the province of Syras recruits to the number of 10,000 men, which had been refused. Achmet Pacha had been despatched to Upper Syria with a force of 10,000 Egyptians. Nothing is said in this letter respecting Ibrahim Pacha, owing probably to its having been written previous to the late report about his death.

The Piedmont Gazette states, upon the credit of a letter from Sira of the 17th March, that a report prevailed at that place of the death of Ibrahim Pacha. A letter from Trieste, of the 17th, in the Augsburg Gazette, also states the same report, adding that apoplexy was the cause.

Steam to the East Indies.—The Semiramis steamship, now on the voyage to Bombay, arrived at St. Helena on the 27th of January. She arrived at Teneriffe, the first halting place, in nine days and nine hours, from the Land's End; was four days eleven hours from thence to Saint Vincent's; and thirteen days fourteen hour's from St. Vincent's to St. Helena.

The rich Miss Angela Coutts Burdett has at last fixed upon a husband. The happy man who is to assist her in disposing of her immense wealth is Lord Fitzalan, grand son of the Duke of Norfolk.

On the recommendation of the Commissioners for the Colonization of South Australia, Colonel Gawler has received the appointment of Governor of the colony. This gallant officer commanded the storming party at Badajoz, on which occasion he was severely wounded.—*Evening Paper.*