THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

MARCH.	R. SUN. S.	MOON.	H. W.
28 Saturday,	5 47 6 23	3 29	7 9
29 Sunday,	5 45 6 24	3 57	8 16
30 Monday,	5 44 6 25	4 21	9 8
31 Tuesday,	5 42 6 26	4 42	9 51
1 Wednesday,	5 40 6 28	5 2	10 29
2 Thursday,	5 38 6 29	Sets	11 8
3 Friday,	5 39 6 31	8 18	11 44

New Moon, 2d. 10h. 42m. mo.

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Miscellany.

DOUBT AND REALITY; OR, A SPANISH LADY'S WOOING.

(Concluded.)

A female attendant came to her one day with the information that some fishermen, who had taken shelter from a storm in a ruined tower on the coast, had discovered a young man, of singular beauty, who was nearly expiring from exhaustion; and that knowing the humanity of the duchess, they had come to the castle for assistance in reviving him. This account made an impression upon her romantic mind, and on the same day she bent her steps to the tower of Koatven, accompanied by a domestic. Then, for the first time, she saw Henri. Interested by the mild and saddened expression of the youth's beautiful and noble features, Rita explained to him, with some emotion, the object of her visit; and that, having understood that her care and attention would be serviceable to him, she had come in person to tender him.

Henri warmly and gratefully thanked her, but added that there was no occasion he should become a burthen to her. His history was a simple one, he was an orphan, and had been brought up by his uncle, an aged ecclesiastic, and had never quitted him until his death. Left alone in the world, without fortune, friends, or interest, Henri had determined to follow a vocation to which he thought himself called, that of the cloister. Nevertheless, before coming to an irrevocable decision upon this matter, and in order to ascertain whether he could fitly support the solitude, fasting, austerities, and privation of the monastic life, he had resolved to make the tower his place of retirement for some little time. But his strength had failed him—he had fallen sick—the old domestic who attended him had abandoned him when he could no longer pay for services—and, had it not been for the unexpected visit of the fishermen, he must have perished unknown. He concluded his narrative by saying: "It is of little matter now, for I feel that my life is departing; and soon, poor orphan as I am, I shall go to rejoin in heaven my mother, whom I never knew on earth."

The melancholy resignation, abandonment, and misfortune by which the lad was oppressed, and his ingenuous countenance, touched the heart of the duchess, and she instantly felt a deep pity for, and a strong interest, in, one so unfortunate. From this period a new existence commenced for Rita; and, by a strange contradiction, the haughty lady who had resisted and repulsed the homage of the noble and the elevated, felt an unknown sensation inspiring her at the sight of this being, so unhappy and so destitute. Hitherto, the most elegant trifling, the most distinguished manners, and the most graceful impertinence of the flatterers of the gay world, had never arrested the passing glance of Rita; but the sad and pale face of Henri remained engraven on her heart; those features, which she had never beheld but once, seemed to haunt her wherever she went; and that soft and timorous voice was constantly thrilling in her soul.

Rita was so happy in this newly-discovered sensation, that she did not dream of resisting its progress. She was freed from all ties and connexions, immensely rich, and her own mistress;—what obstacle, then, was there to prevent her devoting herself to Henri? And on his side, alone, isolated, with no parents, family, or friends, would he not be hers, and hers only?—would he not be absolutely and entirely dependent upon her?—would he not hold everything of her?—and then, would she not be the only creature that loved him?—for so she understood love. Rita would have been jealous of Henri's mother or sister, if he had owned such relations; for love in her bosom was egotism in its purest sense, fierce, exacting, and exclusive. The more she knew Henri, the more she loved him. She spent whole hours in listening to the outpouring of his artless and candid soul, and delighted in the consciousness that she was feeling the same emotions she excited in her *protege*; for she was as great a novice as the youth in the symbols and symptoms of the delicious passion; so that an exchange was established between them of the ravishing details of each new discovery they made of the influence of the passionate tenderness in their own hearts, by which they divined what was passing in the other's.

And then the boy was so timid—so bashful! and as he never exacted the soft tribute of the lip, it would have been ungenerous not to make a free and unreserved surrender of its treasures. Thus, at length, a deep, burning, and concentrated passion took possession of the heart and soul of the duchess. At her age the development of such a feeling is impetuous and uncontrollable, and every consideration was postponed to the happiness of calling him her own. Her determination to effect this was invincible and unshaken; and regardless of her rank and fortune, forgetful of or despising her social position, she decided upon offering her hand to Henri, who, in one of their conversations, had avowed himself the offspring of a noble though impoverished family of Bretagne.

"Of what consequence is his fortune to me?" said Rita; "is he not noble? Moreover, as I am the only child of a grandee of Castille, can I not endow him with the name and title of my sire? I will do so; for he shall hold everything that he has from me—everything—even his name—that name which he will worthily bear and gallantly illustrate. For my Henri is beautiful, brave, and accomplished. I never yet saw a gentleman that could be compared to him. And then he loves me so! O he loves me to adoration—I feel it here—in my heart! I love him too well for it to be otherwise; and has he not sacrificed to me all that he could possibly surrender in this world?—the faith which he had sworn?—the pure and calm future of which he dreamed? And who knows," said Rita, with alarm," who can tell that he has not sacrificed his happiness to me?"

The three days, during which she had required Henri to reflect upon her proposition, found her, if that were possible, still more determined and resolute in her will. On the evening of the third day she took her cloak, and leaving the castle by her oratory, which communicated with the chapel by a narrow passage, she leaned upon the arm of one of her esquires, and walked to the sea-side. When she reached a large rock, she ordered the attendant to wait her return, and entered the tower. Henri was at the gate, standing on a sort of terrace, which served as a foundation for the staircase; but he was dressed in such a manner that Rita did not at first recognise him, and she stood surprised and motionless. He was almost entirely enveloped in a monk's habit, and his cowl, drawn over his head, nearly concealed his features.

"Rita, Rita, it is I," exclaimed he in his gentle tones. He had scarcely pronounced the first syllable of her name ere the duchess, recognising her lover had flung herself into his arms.

"But, Henri, why assume this melancholy costume?"

"Was it not that I was doomed to wear before I knew you, my Rita? I wished to clothe myself in it for a first, a last, and an only time, in order to make for you a more total, ample, and unreserved sacrifice. Are you offended with me?"

"No, no!—but come," said Rita, running up the staircase.

Henri gently held her back. "Listen," he whispered, while he pressed her lips to his own. "I have a fancy to be alone in my apartment above to receive you, and to do the honours of my hermitage fitly. I wish once more to long for your coming, to hear the welcome sound of your footsteps, and the rustling of your dress. Will you permit me?"

"Yes, yes; but let me tell you," interrupted Rita, with joyous precipitation, so eager was she to confide her cherished and darling project to her lover—"let me tell you, Henri, I am come to offer you my hand—my hand—with an immense fortune and a title—such a glittering, dazzling title as German electors might envy!—it is all for you; and—myself with it!—and O, how gladly do I surrender it all to one, who———"

"Angelic creature!" said Henri, kissing her bright and marble brow, "you shall tell me all above." And so saying, he disappeared in the dark recesses of the tower. A minute afterwards Rita stood at the door of his room, which no darkness could prevent her finding. She flung it open, and uttered a scream of astonishment, and almost of terror.

Her surprise was very natural, for no one could have recognised the obscure and wretched chamber of the tower of Koatven. Its damp walls, blackened by time, were covered with magnificent draperies of purple velvet, whose ample folds seemed to diminish the proportions of the apartment at least one half. There was, besides, a profusion of golden candlesticks, of gilded furniture, of Venetian mirrors reflecting the lights of a hundred wax tapers, which made the circular room like a concentration of lights and splendour. And the timid and melancholy Henri was metamorphosed into a graceful, accomplished, and confident gentleman, who glided over the rich carpets, and offered his hand to the duchess to conduct her to an arm-chair, near a table richly prepared with an equipage of the costliest china, enamelled with vermilion-coloured figures of flowers. The drinking goblets were of crystal, so thin and pellucid that the junction of the lips was almost felt through them. It was Henri himself; only, instead of his monastic habit, which he had assumed to conceal his dress, he was attired in a coat of blue velvet, embroidered with gold, and in a waistcoat of cloth of silver. It was Henri, glittering in the rays of the rose diamonds, which flushed through the elaborate lace-work of his ruffles, which blazed upon his garters, on the buckles of his red-heeled shoes, and on the hilt of his sword. It was Henri, who wore with perfect ease, and as if he had been accustomed to it, the costume of a nobleman, adorned with the orders of Malta and St. Louis, and over which waved gracefully, with every motion, the large shoulder-knots of white satin studded with silver, the distinctive emblem that the wearer was ranked in the military household of the royal Bourbons of France.

But the countenance of Henri bore no longer that soft expression of sadness and suffering which had such a touching charm for Rita's heart. His features were now smiling and animated; his glances, which the duchess had never yet encountered in their full force, and which had been always hitherto downcast and veiled by his long eyelashes, were now replete with gaiety, and exultation; and the cloud of white and perfumed powder which was thickly sprinkled over his waving tresses, doubled the expressive power of his black and deeply piercing eyes.

"Am I asleep or awake?" said the duchess, trembling, and overcome by a feeling of apprehension and grief, which she could not conceal.

"Madame the duchess shall have everything explained to her," was the respectful response of Henri, assuming the exquisite politeness of the day, which only allowed a lady to be addressed in the third person.

Rita threw herself into a chair, exclaiming, "Explain yourself; in the name of heaven, sir, explain the meaning of all this!"

"In the first place," rejoined he, "will madame the duchess allow me to enquire whether she has ever heard speak of the Comte de Vaudrez?"

"Frequently, sir, when I was in the habit of going to Versailles."

"Then madame the duchess will learn, perhaps, with some astonishment, that it is the Comte de Vaudrez who has now the honour of addressing her."

"You, sir, you! Henri! but then—good heaven!—But the Comte de Vaudrez, I was told, was in the navy, and served in America—is it possible? For pity's sake, Henri, solve me this mystery!"

"It is very true, madame, that I did serve in America, under the orders of Admiral de Guiche; but after two years' cruising, I returned to France—where I have been now for nearly two months."

* * * * *

Happy in her husband, her station, and in the numerous blessings which flow from the proper and judicious administration of a large fortune, the Duchess Rita recovered that peace of mind which arises from a conscientious discharge of the duties of life, and in which the days pass undisturbed, and the nights are tranquil and refreshing. With these returned the original pious dispositions of her soul, which had been suppressed rather than extinguished, and which would never have been disturbed, but for the artful insinuations and dextrous sophistry of the leaders of that wretched philosophy, by the principles of which the peace of Europe was wrecked for so long a period. To a susceptible heart, and an ardent temperament, a correct understanding of religious matters is more especially necessary—and in this the duchess cordially concurred, when she reflected upon the danger to which her youth would have been exposed, had the Comte de Vaudrez been other than a gentleman and a man of honour. J. P.

From the National Ægis.

CULTIVATION OF THE PLUM.

MR. EDITOR: Sir—I am induced to offer you some observations of mine on the cultivation of Plums. I have taken an interest in the cultivation of fruit for the last eight years, and now have several good kinds in a bearing state. The plum, is one of our hardiest fruit trees. During our cold winters I lost pear, apricot, peach, and several of the Baldwin apple, by the severity of the cold, but not a single plum tree. Plum trees of almost all kinds are good bearers; the usually blossom full, and the fruit sets well, and it is certainly one of the most delicious fruits we have, when in perfection. The fine kinds are wholesome and salutary, and can be indulged in even to satiety, when fully ripe, without harm. They will grow well in rather a low loamy soil: if the soil is rich, they grow fast and come quick into bearing.

But the grand obstacle in the way of cultivating this fruit, is the depredations of a small insect of the beetle tribe, which commences its operations when the fruit is quite small, and continues them usually till the first of August. This beetle is called by horticulturists the curculio—is about one sixth of an inch long, has two small bunches or protuberances on its back, and a rostrum or beak, and on this two antennæ. By this rostrum it makes a seminular incision on the plum, in which it deposits an egg. The egg hatches, producing a worm, or larve, which burrows down into the heart of the fruit, eating it through two or three times from end to end. This kills the life of the plum, causing it to wither and fall prematurely: the worm then soon leaves the fruit and enters the ground, where it undergoes a transformation or metamorphosis, common to the insect tribe, and then comes up a new curculio, to deposit its eggs as before described. Its work is not confined to the plum, but extends to the cherry, peach, and apple, though it would seem to prefer the plum to other fruit, on account, probably, of the smoothness of the skin, and the greater ease in making the incision. It is remarkable how general its depredations are on the plum tree when unmolested; for when the tree is loaded with fruit, and large, scarcely a single plum will remain unpunctured, and consequently all will be lost to the cultivator. Some kinds of peach and apple which have a woolly or furry surface, are not attacked. Almost all the wind-fall apples (as they are called) are produced by this beetle, and upon examination will be found to contain the larvæ or worm from the egg of the curculio.

The plum tree is subject to a disease on the limbs, a kind of excrescence or warthy appearance, which Dr. Harris says is caused by this same curculio, puncturing the tender bark and depositing his eggs under it. "These swellings, or warts, are diseases of the bark, caused by the punctures of the weevil, and the residence of the grubs. The sap vessels being wounded and irritated by the insects, throw out an increased quantity of fluid; this is re-absorbed by the bark, which is consequently swollen and thickened in substance; the overstretched cuticle bursts, and the swelling becomes irregular, granulated, and full of fissures."

Dr. Harris recommends cutting out and extirpating these excrescenses and burning them before the last of June. The wounds made in so doing should be treated with mortar used in grafting.

The character of the curculio is shy and timorous; so much so, it is seldom seen unless hunted after purposely. He is not often seen in motion on the tree, but occasionally in a small crevice or crack, or the axilla of a limb, and so much does he resemble an old blossom or bud, or a small piece of bark, that he will commonly remain unnoticed. Should the observer extend his thumb and finger to take him, ten to one if he don't elude him, falling as imperceptible as a small shot would to the ground.

The habits of this insect are not well known, I still believe, to fruit growers. I have made frequent inquiry of them for a preventive measure. Some have told me the insect crawled up the tree, and most of them have never seen it to know it. It is well to remark that it flies on the tree.

The following are some of the means of preserving fruit against the attacks of these insects.

First. All the premature fruit that falls to the ground with the worm in it, should be immediately gathered and burned. It will begin to fall as early as the 12th or 15th of June, and continue to until the middle of August, if not ripe before. This course, well pursued, will destroy the next generation of them and save the next year's crop.

Second. Shaking the tree briskly morning and night, and two or thee times during the day, will very much discommode and interrupt them from pursuing their operations—for at each concussion of the tree the insects fall to the ground, and if they rescend, will soon become discharged by this course of treatment.

Third. Let two or three hands take a sheet or sheets and spread under the tree, and then shake and jar it, and they immediately fall, feigning themselves lifeless, and appearing like a shapeless lump, and by those who are unacquainted with them, would not be taken for an animal until they moved. All that fall on the sheet should be immediately crushed. This last mode of destroying them should be practiced twice a day while any are found. In the spring of 1837, I cooped a hen and chickens about an Imperial Gage, whose fruit was destroyed the preceding year, and about all the plums matured on this tree. It is probable that the beetles were destroyed by the brood, as they made their way to the surface of the soil. As this little animal is easily annoyed, trees standing before a store or shop or any frequented place, usually more or less escape injury. I have known trees standing near a hog pen, mature their fruit year after year, while others, standing four rods distant, as surely failed.

Mr. Manning remarks in his Book of Fruits, that plums thrive best near the borders of the sea, and that the curculio is said to avoid the salt air.

If the foregoing remarks should prove of any advantage to horticulturists in the protection of fruit from injuries inflicted by this insect, or lead to minuter investigation into its nature and habits, I shall be well rewarded for this imperfect communication.

JOEL BURNETT.

Southboro', June 19, 1839.

The Governor-General of Canada just previous to his departure from the Upper Province, directed that the Commissariat advertisements should be taken from the *Toronto Patriot* and given to the *Christian Guardian*, a Wesleyan paper dedicated to religious objects appertaining to its own sect.—The reason for this change is, that the Guardian supports Mr. Thomson, and the Patriot is not quite so warm in his praise, although it has conducted itself, with reference to his Excellency and his measures, with much moderation.

The system of rewarding public journals for the support they may render any government is a bad one, and always wears the semblance of a bribery; and, as regards advertisements more particularly, it is doubly the duty of those in office to make choice of that paper which has the best circulation. Such, we believe, was the practice under the tory administrations in England—at all events we have seen the Government advertisements for a long series of years in the opposition papers, because these papers had extensive circulation among that class of the community which would be likely to make application for the contracts. But how stands the matter in relation to the case under discussion? The Patriot has a large circulation among the merchants and business classes in Upper Canada; the Guardian has a small one, except among its immediate and religious votaries—the circulation of one is the partial the other general. Who then can doubt which journal should have the preference for advertisements of beef, pork, flour, and the like? The answer is obvious.

There are other considerations connected with this case which we do not at present dilate on, but we may state that the Guardian has always been conspicuous for its hostility to the Church of England, while the Patriot has supported it; and it appears unseemly that a paper which upholds one of the great institutions of the empire should be punished to reward another which seeks its destruction. But things have come to a remarkable pass now-a-days, and while the present set of persons continue in authority under the Imperial government loyal men must expect a continuence of the same system, and we dismiss the case with merely remarking that Mr. Thomson, as relates to the two journals in question, *has sacrificed the public good to party feeling.*—Albion.

From the Cobourg "Church."

We refer our readers to an extract, under our Colonial head, from the Toronto *Patriot* as well as the Cobourg *Star*,—from which it will be seen that the conductors of those papers respectively have been placed under the ban of vice-regal displeasure. The former is punished by the transfer of the Commissariat patronage to a neighbouring journal which, under a religions guise, has for years taken the lead in political agitation,—labouring, with an industry worthy of a better cause, to upheave our monarchical institutions, and engaged, with an untiring diligence, in the effort to prostrate to the dust the glorious fabric of that Church to which the whole Protestant world are loud and earnest in the expression of their obligations. The latter, having no Commissariat patronage to lose, is divested of his commission as a Justice of the Peace!

Without being prepared to approve of the whole course of either of these contemporaries, there is none who can deny that their career has been uniformly marked by an unwavering loyalty to the Queen and an ardent attachment to the Constitution of their country. If within the last three months, any particular fault could be imputed to the conductor of the *Patriot*, it is that he has been rather lukewarm than otherwise in the defence of his former principles, and has leaned rather to the support than to the condemnation of the policy of the Governor-General. Our contemporary must not suppose that we have any desire to wound his feelings by expressing this opinion: we respect the motives which, as he avows, induced him to do so; but we mention it solely to remind the public of the carelessness and the wantonness of the crusade which appears to have been commenced against the upholders of Conservative principles.

In regard to the proprietor of the Cobourg *Star*, he is assailed in an office where he never offended; he is deprived of a magistracy which he never abused, but which, in the judgment of all political parties, he has filled with credit to himself and with benefit to the community. It probably did not escape the dispensers of this punishment, that the proprietor of the *Star* held another office—that of Captain in the Militia—from which, it is probable, there was an equal desire to eject him; but most likely the recollection of the time when, at the head of his company, he marched on foot through snow storms and over frozen mud for the defence of the Government against those traitors and republicans whom that Government now delights to honour, and spent weeks—to the neglect of all his private affairs and the hazard of his health—in a comfortless encampment abreast of Navy Island,—the recollection perhaps of these things checked his further degradation. If so, we rejoice to learn that any spark of chivalrous sentiment lingers still in the gloomy recesses of a breast in which was harboured the paltry resentment that dictated his dismissal from the magistracy. But let them strip him—or let him release himself—of all the "blushing honours" with which the discriminators of loyalty and virtue in better days voluntarily invested him,—we can answer for it that the proprietor of the Cobourg *Star* will, in the hour of need, be again found in the front-rank of the battle against the foes of his Sovereign and the invaders of his country.

Conservatives must now understand that they have an ordeal to pass through, trying to their pledged fealty—trying to their Christian patience. But let them quietly endure what can prove but the tyranny of a day. Let them go on in dutiful obedience to the laws,—let them not be outdone in fervent loyalty to the Queen,—let their practice as well as their principles be worthy of the altars which it is their privilege to defend. But let them never be cravens to the dignity—to the sacredness of the cause which it is their religious duty to guard and uphold. When they see the monarchy in danger, let them be amongst the foremost in the rescue; when the Church is assailed, let them prove themselves amongst the most devoted of her children. DIEU ET MON DROIT—let this be the watchword graven on the heart of the loyalist, while it stands out emblazoned upon the escutcheon of the monarch.

From the Toronto Patriot.

WAR TO THE KNIFE WITH CONSERVATISM.

The Right Honorable Charles Poulett Thomson, Her Majesty's Representative, and Governor-General of British North America, has magnanimously thought it politic and just to issue his orders, previous to his departure, to the Commissariat to transfer its advertisements from the *Toronto Patriot* to the *Christian Guardian*.

Whether this act of the Right Honorable Charles Poulett Thomson, Her Majesty's Representative, and Governor General of British North America, be political, or personal, or both, it must be viewed by all dispassionate men of the commonest understanding, as an awful warning, that a reign of terror has commenced. The character of the two journals which his Excellency has deemed meet objects respectively of summary reward and punishment, has been so long established in this community, that it would be needless to say a word on the subject, were it not good and proper, and indeed essential, that the abused people of England should be made acquainted with the astounding fact, that the Russell Jack Frost appointments are proceeding in their North American Colonies, under his coadjutor, in republicanizing the Queen's subjects, with all the alacrity that could be desired by a Hume, a Roebuck, a Normanby, a Palmerston, or a Melbourne. Thus, then, we may state, in few words, that the Patriot, which is punished, has, since its first establishment, now upwards of ten years, faithfully, diligently, and unremittingly labored to maintain the Queen's authority in this region. While the disloyal "Christian Guardian," originally established as an engine for "*levelling the walls of the Church of England with the dust*" which is rewarded, has for the same time (both were established the very same Week) with slight intermission, (during the short interval it was under the conduct of Mr. Evans) been as sedulously and unremittingly intent on promoting sedition, rebellion, and separation from England. Indeed, so foul and reckless has been the political course of the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, the original and present conductor of the "*Christian Guardian*," that he has been denounced by his own brother, from the pulpit, as "*a hypocrite in religion, and in politics unprincipled.*"—while the principal British Wesleyan Methodists, whom he falsely pretends to represent, have made more than one public demonstration of the just abhorrence in which they hold both his principles and practice. This statement, it is well known here, is true to the letter, and sets at defiance contradiction from any party whatever. Thus may the Conservatives of Upper Canada contemplate in our treatment by the Queen's Representative, the doom that is designed by the Whig-radical ministry for them all, each one in his convenient turn. It is as plain as the sun at noon, that it is the sole end and aim of the ministry of our beloved but unfortunate Queen, to undermine and prostrate all the venerated institutions of the empire, and with them its power and renown, and that instruments are despatched in all directions the best fitted to perfect the glorious design.

* * * * * We have been rebuked for our silence during the short, ignoble career of this Representative of Majesty in this capital; a few words may suffice satisfactorily to explain the reason for our forbearance.

It will be in the recollection of our readers, that after every public body in England had in vain protested to the whig radical ministry against the appointment of Mr. Thomson, a circular letter was addressed by the gentlemen of London concerned with Canada, to influential parties here, containing a strong appeal to the good sense of the community, for the civil treatment of Mr. Thomson, and for the careful avoidance of obstacles to his government, that on the principle of fair play, he might have a fair trial. This letter, by particular request of a valued friend, we published, and were determined to act in good faith on its advice, and so we have acted; tho' we are free to declare, on many occasions, sorely against our better judgment.

To the Commissariat we owe nothing but thankfulness, for the uniform consideration and attention we have received at their hands, and we trust they will see a full justification of their preference of the Patriot, as their organ of communication with the public, as well in the principles it has advocated, as in the notorious fact, that the circulation of the Patriot in the city of Toronto, is at least five to one more than that of the Christian Guardian.

From the Cobourg Star.

It will be seen by the following correspondence, that the independent consistency of the proprietor of this journal, has drawn down upon his unfortunate head the *heavy* displeasure of the powers that be.

Government House,
Toronto, 15th February, 1840.

SIR,—I have it in command from his Excellency the Governor-General, to express to you that it is the pleasure of her Majesty's government to dispense with your services as a magistrate. I am therefore to request that you will have the goodness in future to abstain from acting as a Justice of the Peace for the Newcastle District.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
S. B. HARRISON.

R. D. Chatterton, Esq., &c. &c.
Cobourg.

(COPY.) *Cobourg, 20th Feb., 1840.*

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt, on Monday last, of your letter, dated the 14th instant, wherein you state that you are commanded by his Excellency the Governor-General to express to me that it is the pleasure of her Majesty's Government to dispense with my services as a Magistrate; and requesting therefore that I will have the goodness in future to abstain from acting as a Justice of the Peace for the Newcastle District.

In reference to this communication, I have only to request that you will take an early opportunity of transmitting to His Excellency the assurance of my cheerful compliance with his command.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
RICH'D D. CHATTERTON.

S. B. Harrison, Esq.
Civil Secretary, &c.
Toronto.

GREAT FIRE AT NEW ORLEANS.

St. Louis Exchange Destroyed!—Fire Raging!—The St. Louis Exchange, with its magnificent dome, cost $1.700.000, is, at the hour we write, one mass of ruins. The fire broke out this morning at half-past 4 o'clock, in the fifth story, from the sparks escaping through a cracked chimney. The keeper of the hotel had been shown this flaw in the chimney, it is said, some days ago.

At 5 o'clock it was seen that the fire was raging between the slating and the plastering, and that it could not be arrested.

The alarm was now general, and the lodgers, many of them, barely escaped with their clothes, so rapid was the progress of the flames.

About six the great Ball-Room fell in with a tremendous crash. At eight o'clock the lofty dome of the Rotonda was on fire, the flames mounting to an immense height.

While we write, the buildings on the opposite of St. Louis street, fronting the Exchange, are beginning to burn. Where the flames will be arrested it is hard to say.

The whole cost of the Exchange was $1,700,000, and it is under mortgage for $1,400,000.

The Improvement Bank, to which the building belonged, has in circulation some $900.000 in bills, and scarcely any specie on hand. The Orleans Insurance Company of this city, and the Phœnix of London, have small risks. There may be others, but we cannot stop to ascertain.

The loss of this building will prove disastrous in the extreme to the First Municipality. The Rotunda was the most magnificent structure of the kind in the Union.

A princess of Coburg is about to marry the Duke de Nemours, a second son of Louis Phillippe.

M. Guizot is sent as Ambassador from France to England.

SPAIN.—In Spain the election of deputies to the Cortes has unexpectedly resulted in a large ministerial majority.

GAS LIGHT AND WATER COMPANY.—A large and highly respectable meeting, consisting of upwards of *four hundred persons*, was held at the Exchange Coffee House this morning at 12 o'clock—for the purpose of considering the propriety of forming a Gas Light and Water Company for the town of Halifax.—J. Leander Starr, Esq. being called upon to take the Chair, and Wm. M. Hoffman, Esq. appointed to act as Secretary, the meeting was opened by the Chairman, who briefly stated the objects for which it had been called, but at the same time, thought it advisable that proceedings should be confined, in the first instance, to the forming of a Gas Light Company, as there was not the slightest doubt, from the information in the possession of the Provisional Committee, of its ultimate success. The Chairman was followed by the hon. J. B. Uniacke, Mr. A. Richardson, Judge C. R. Fairbanks, Mr. Alex. McKenzie and several other gentlemen,—all of whom warmly advocated the introduction of Gas into the town of Halifax by the immediate formation of a Company for that purpose.

It was then unanimously Resolved,—That the report of the Provisional Committee should be adopted, and a Company formed with a Capital of £20,000, in shares of £10 each, (with power to increase the stock to £30,000 if it should be deemed advisable,) and shareholders to be called upon only for so much of their subscription as might from time to time be required.

The meeting was then adjourned until Thursday next, the 19th instant, at 12 o'clock, when further proceedings will be taken, and stockholders proceed to appoint a committee of 7 persons, to act with full power, until their authority is superseded by Directors appointed under an Act of Incorporation. Hon. J. B. Uniacke was requested to introduce a suitable Bill, to obtain such an Act from the Legislature.

Previously to the adjournment, a vote of thanks was passed to A. Richardson, Esq. for his early exertions on the subject of Gas-Light.

WILLIAM M. HOFFMAN, Sec'y.
Halifax, 16th March 1840.

Provincial Legislature.

House of Assembly, March 14.

The Honorable Mr. Johnston, by command of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, laid before the House, an Account from Messieurs James Taylor, Senior, and Company, with the Commissioners for Government House, of Expenses incurred about that Establishment up to the 13th of February last: and on motion of the Honorable Mr. Johnston, *Ordered*, That the said Accounts be referred to the Committee on Public and Private Accounts, to report thereon.

The Honorable Mr. Johnston, from the committee appointed to take under consideration the state of all the Roads of Communication throughout the Province, in order to ascertain the sums required for the improvement thereof, reported, that they had the subject again before them, and that he was directed to submit a further Report thereon, and he having read the same, handed it in at the Clerk's Table, where it was again read, and is as follows:—

"The Committee on Roads having the subject again under their consideration, recommend that the following additional appropriations be made for the improvement thereof:—

For the Road from Grand Falls round the Tamiscouta Lake,	£1,500
For the Road from Woodstock, through the Williamstown Settlement, to the River Des Chutes,	250
For the Road from Fredericton to Petico-diac,	2,500
For the Road from Red Rock to the Nerepis,	250
For the Road from Oak Bay to the Bridge at Eel River,	750
For the Road from the Bridge at Brockways, Magaguadavice, to the lower Bridge on the Saint Croix,	200
For the New Road between Grand Lake and Richibucto,	600
For the Road from Head of Bellisle to Kingston,	600
For the Road from Fredericton to Oromocto,	400
For the Royal Road,	500
	£7.550

"The Committee have also had before them a Petition from Alexander M'Donald and others upon the subject of an expenditure on the line of Road from Saint Andrews to Saint Stephen, and your Committee cannot recommend any appropriation on that Road at this present time.

Mr. Brown, from the Committee to whom were referred the Petitions from John Drummond, Alexander Campbell, Neil M'Laughlin, Thomas Pearson, and others, presented to the House on the 20th and 21st of February, preferring certain charges against the Supervisor of the Great Road from Saint John to Hayward's Mills, submitted their Report, which he read, and it being handed in at the Clerk's Table, was there again read, and is as follows:—

"The Committee appointed to take into consideration the several Petitions preferring charges against the Supervisor of the Great Road from Saint John to Hayward's Mills, beg leave to report:

"That they have made diligent enquiry into the subject matter of the said Petitions, and the several allegations of the same, and after careful investigation and examination into the several alleged causes of complaint, cannot find that the Supervisor was in any way to blame, in any of the proceedings complained of by the petitioners. From various documents laid before the Committee, it appears that contracts with certain well defined specifications and conditions, had been, in the usual manner, entered into for the performance of Road work, and that the Supervisor had withheld certain sums in several instances where the work had not been completed agreeably to such specifications. The Law making the Supervisor the sole judge of the performance of the contractors, and holding him and his sureties liable for his doings, does not permit Your Committee to decide in any case of dispute between him and any of his contractors, all such cases being referable to the legal tribunals of the country." Ordered that the Report be accepted