THE Weekly Chronicle

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] "Nec Metu, Nec Petulo, sed utroque." [12s. 6d. if

Vol. III. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1838. No. 7.

The Chronicle,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Lewis W. Durant & Co. at their Office in Mr. D. M'Millan's building, Prince William Street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

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Weekly Almanack.

SEPTEMBER.		R. Sun.	S. Moon	H. W.	
22	Saturday,	5 47	5 58	7 18	1 47
23	Sunday,	5 48	5 56	7 44	2 18
24	Monday,	5 49	5 55	7 17	2 55
25	Tuesday,	5 50	5 53	9 0	3 37
26	Wednesday,	5 52	5 51	9 56	4 24
27	Thursday,	5 53	5 49	11 4	5 20
28	Friday,	5 54	5 47	morn.	6 25

Full Moon, 3d. 10h. 2m.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Robt. F. Hazen, 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: N. Merritt.

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: S. Wiggins.

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: G. T. Ray.

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: E. DeW. Ratchford.

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 2d—Clerk. (The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

Miscellany.

THE PIRATE.

It was in the latter part of June, 179–, the Circassian sailed from New Orleans, a gallant ship, with a cargo of cotton. The captain was a good sailor—her crew brave and gallant seamen. In crossing the Atlantic, they encountered a heavy gale, and were driven into the Bay of Biscay—was dismasted, and sprung a leak, which baffled all their exertions to keep under. The frightened crew deserted the vessel in two of her boats; one of which was swamped—the fate of the other was uncertain. Three human beings were left on board the wreck, a man, a woman, and a child: the two former were from the sultry clime of Africa; the child, which lay at the breast of the female, was evidently European; and to them we must turn our attention.

They had taken a position in the caboose, to shelter them from the waves, which broke as they poured over the gunwale, and deluged the ship's naked decks. Without food or water, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, on the mere hull of a vessel, water-logged, scarcely floating above the surface of the water, it would seem almost impossible to imagine a more hopeless condition. Five days were passed in this miserable state, when the gale gradually subsiding, the man with difficulty, from extreme weakness, managed to slide open the door, and, by holding on the door-jambs, to survey the horizon.

'What you see, Coco?' says the female, observing his eye fixed on a certain quarter.

'So help me, God! me think me see something, but ab so much salt water in me eye, me no see clear.'

'What you think um like, Coco?'

'Only—only one but cloud,' replied he, entering the caboose with a heavy sigh, and resuming his seat.

'Eh, me!' cried the negress, who had uncovered the child to look at it, and whose powers were sinking fast—'Eh, me! poor lilly Massa Eddard look very bad. Him die soon. Look, Coco, no hab breath;' for the child's head fell back from the breast of its nurse apparently lifeless.

'Judy, you no ab milk for piccaninny: suppose um ab no milk, how can live?'

'Coco,' says she, wiping her cheek with the back of her hand, 'me give heart blood for Massa Eddard; but ab no milk—all gone.'

This forcible expression of love gave Coco an idea. He drew his knife from his pocket, and very coolly sawed to the bone of his finger, which he applied to the mouth of the child.

'Look, Judy, Massa Eddard suck—him not dead;' for the child, revived by the strange sustenance, gradually recovered its powers. 'Pull away, Massa Eddard—Coco ab ten fingers, take a long while suck um all dry;' but the child was soon satisfied, and fell asleep in the arms of Judy.

'Coco, 'spose you go see again,' observed Judy.

The negro crawled out, and again scanned the horizon. 'So help me, God! this time me think, Judy—yes! me see a ship!' cried Coco, joyfully; 'and she come this way.'

It fortunately happened that the frigate, for such she was, continued her course direct for the wreck, which had escaped the notice of the look-out men at the mast-heads, and was near running over it in her impetuous course, when it luckily attracted the notice of the man on the bowsprit, stowing away the foretop-mast stay-sail.

'Starboard hard!' was roared out.

'Starboard it is,' sung the helmsman, as he shifted the helm.

The topmast studding-sail flapped, the foresail shivered, and the jib filled, as the frigate rounded to, narrowly missing the wreck. Five minutes after, Coco, Judy, and the infant, were rescued from their awful situation.

On the evening of the same day on which the child and the two negroes were rescued from the wreck, Mr. Witherington, of Finsbury Square, was sitting alone in his dining room, wondering what could have become of the Circassian, that he had heard no intelligence of her. Mr. Witherington, as we have said before, was alone; he had his port and sherry before him, and although the weather was warm, he had a little fire in the grate, because, he said, it looked comfortable, and he loved comfort. He filled another glass of wine, and then proceeded to make himself more comfortable, by unbuttoning three more buttons of his waistcoat, pushing his wig farther back, and casting loose all the buttons at the knees of his breeches. He completed his arrangement by dragging two chairs towards him, putting his legs on one, and resting his arm on the other; for why should not Mr. Witherington be comfortable? He had good health, a good conscience, and £8000 a year.

Satisfied with all his little arrangements, Mr. Witherington sipped his wine, and re-commenced his speculations on the non-arrival of the Circassian. Presently rousing himself from the reverie, he rung the bell. Jonathan the butler, made his appearance.

'Jonathan,' said Mr. Witherington, 'I wish to look at the last letter from New York—you will find it on the dressing table.'

Jonathan quitted the room, and soon made his reappearance with the letter.

'That will do, Jonathan. I'll ring for coffee presently;' and Mr. Witherington was again alone, and in a brown study.

Mr. Witherington's character may be summed up in two words—eccentricity and benevolence. He was unmarried he had a sister, about three years his senior, who also remained single; but whether from a most unprepossessing squint which deterred suitors, or dislike to matrimony, it is not in our power to say.

A cousin of Mr. Witherington, a great favourite, had, to a certain degree, committed herself: that is, contrary to the injunctions of her parents, had fallen in love with a young lieutenant, whose pedigree was but respectable, and whose fortune was any thing but satisfactory—merely a subaltern's pay. Poor men, unfortunately, always make love better than rich, because they have less to care about. Young ladies also, who fall in love, never consider if there is sufficient to make the pot boil—probably because young ladies in love, losing their appetites, imagine love will always supply the want of food. Now, we appeal to the married ladies for the truth, that, although the feast on the day of marriage is looked on with loathing, they find their appetites return with interest next after.

This was the case with Cecelia Witherington—or rather Templemore, for she had changed her name the day before—and it was also the case with her husband; and the consequence was, that the mess accounts, for they lived in barracks, was in a few weeks rather alarming. Cecelia applied to her family, who kindly sent word she might starve; but the advice stilling neither her nor her husband, she wrote to her cousin. He advised Mr. Templemore to sell out, and come and reside with him. This was exactly to their wishes, and they followed his advice; but Mr. Templemore had an honest pride, which did not permit him to eat the bread of idleness; therington, and requested his assistance to procure an honorable livelihood.—Mr. Witherington had become attached to them, and very reluctantly consented. He procured him a partnership in a mercantile house, which made large consignments to America, and he soon after sailed for New York, with his young wife, to overlook the concerns of the house. Two years after, the yellow fever broke out, and Templemore fell a victim, about three weeks after his wife had presented him with twins. Mrs. Templemore rose from her couch a widow, and the mother of two boys. Mr. Witherington again offered her an asylum, and she embarked on board the Circassian with her two children, bound to Liverpool.

Those who witnessed the proud bearing of the Circassian, as she gave her canvas to the winds, little contemplated her fate, much less those on board. We shall pass over the voyage, and hasten to the catastrophe. It was during a gale from the north-west, which continued for three days, that the Circassian had been driven into the Bay of Biscay, that at about midnight a slight hull was perceptible. The captain, who had remained on deck, sent for the chief mate.

'Oswald,' says Captain Ingram, 'I think the gale is breaking, and shall lie down for an hour or two. Call me, if there be any change.'

Oswald Bareth, a tall, muscular, and handsome specimen of transatlantic birth, carefully examined the horizon before he replied. 'I've a notion not, sir. I see no signs of clearing off to leeward; only a lull for relief, and a fresh hand at the bellows, depend on it.'

'Well so be, if so be,' was the safe reply of the captain. 'You must keep a sharp look out, Bareth, and don't leave the deck.' So saying, he descended to his cabin.

Oswald looked at the compass—spoke a few words to the helmsman—gave one or two hard kicks in the ribs to two or three of the men, who were *cauthing*—sounded the pump well—stowed a fresh quid in his cheek, and then proceeded to scan the heavens. A heavy cloud, much denser than the rest, spread over the zenith, and based itself on the horizon. Oswald's eye had been fixed on it for but a short time, when he beheld a small gleam of lightning pierce through the most obaque part; then another, more vivid. Soon the lightenmg played in rapid forks; and the loud thunder, as it quickly followed, proved its near approach. A deluge of slanting rain descended—the wind lulled—roared again—lulled—shifted a point or two—and the drenched and heavy sails flapped.

'Up with the helm!' cried Oswald, as a flash of lightning nearly blinded him.

Again the wind blew strong—it ceased—it was a dead calm; while the ship rolled to and fro in the trough of the sea.

'Down, one of you, and call the captain,' said Oswald. 'By the Lord, we shall have it! Mambraces, there, men! and square the yards. Be smart Square away the yards, my lads!—quick—quick! There's no child's play here.'

Before the men could execute the order, or Captain Ingram could gain the deck, the wind burst on the devoted vessel from the opposite quarter, taking her all aback, and throwing her on her beam ends. The sudden shock awoke all the seamen, who thought the ship was foundering, and they rushed upon deck in their shirts, their other garments in their hands. Oswald, Captain Ingram, and some of the men, gained the helm: it is the rendezvous of all good seamen in emergencies. Oswald gave the helm to two of the seamen, and with his knife cut adrift the axes, ready to clear away. It was necessary the ship should be put before the wind, and the helm had no power over her. The lanyards of the mizzen rigging were severed, and the mizzen-mast went over the side.

Oswald regained the binnacle, and for some little time watched the compass. The ship did not play off, but appeared to settle down now into the water. Again Oswald and his companions plied their axes: the lanyards flew through the dead-eyes, and the tall mast disappeared in the foaming sea. The ship was now played off and righted, and in a few minutes was flying before the gale, occasionally striking on the wrecks of the masts, which she towed with her by the lee-rigging. It was not till dawn of day they could clear the ship from the wrecks of the mats, which was steadily performed, when a heavy sea struck her on the counter, and sent the foremast over the bows adrift. The wreck of the foremast was cleared away, and all danger was considered over.

"By the by," says Oswald, "we may just as well see if the hold needs any water with all this straining. By the Lord! I never thought of that. Carpenter, sound the well."

The carpenter immediately complied. On taking up the pump, he hailed at it for some minutes, as if pumping that water in the hold.

"Let the pump work immediately manned; the carpenter reports four feet water in the hold. Stop! stop! Hold! what's that? Carpenter, sounding the well." The carpenter immediately obeyed. "Four feet water in the hold, sir." "