THE Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

March.		R. Sun.	S. Moon.	H. W.
9 Saturday,		6 23	5 56	2 42 5 31
10 Sunday,		6 21	6 0	3 28 7 2
11 Monday,		6 19	6 1	4 19 8 28
12 Tuesday,		6 17	6 2	4 55 9 32
13 Wednesday,		6 16	6 3	5 26 10 21
14 Thursday,		6 14	6 5	5 52 11 2
15 Friday,		6 13	6 6	Sets 11 42

New Moon, 15th, 9h. 33m. morn.

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: F. A. Wiggins.

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: J. M. Wilmot.

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: C. C. Stewart.

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: James Kirk.

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.)

Marine Assurance Company.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Miscellany.

AN INCIDENT AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

"Adieu, dear, *dear* Walter, God will protect those who trust in him; to his care I commit you!" were the parting words of Mrs. Leslie to her husband, on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, ere he joined his brave companions on that field on which so many were destined to fall.

Though Mrs. Leslie attempted to speak calmly, her voice faltered. She felt that it was perhaps the last time that he would ever fold her in his arms, and invoke heaven's choicest blessings upon her. Captain Leslie dashed the gathering tear from his eye—a tear for which no one need have felt shame, proceeding, as it did, from the purest and holiest emotions.

"A last kiss, my Helen, and I must leave you! I did not think I had been so weak," he said, attempting to smile, then continued, "If I return in safety I shall be but more dear to you; if I fall God will protect you, and mine will be a fate of which a soldier might be proud." His fine features lighted up as he spoke; he pressed his wife to his heart, imprinted one long kiss on her pale quivering lips; and without daring to trust another glance, he moved from the room, and Helen was alone among strangers. For some minutes she wept bitterly; then, sinking on her knees, she prayed long and fervently for the safety of her husband.

But a few weeks had Helen been a bride; she was scarcely more than a child; and until that hour had never known grief, though an orphan. Her parents had both died ere she could know the loss she had sustained; and their place was well supplied by her paternal grandmother. Beautiful, lovely, and sweet tempered, Helen was from infancy a favourite with all. It was the surprise of her acquaintance that she should escape any baneful effects from the flattering attentions she received from all, at a time, when, by the generality of girls, adulation is eagerly received, and too often corrupts the heart. Helen preserved the same true simplicity of character. Mrs. Seymour was endowed with strong good sense, she knew that her darling Helen would not forget in a few hours, the principles which had been instilled from her earliest childhood, and did not fear her joining occasionally in the gaieties of life.

Helen proved herself worthy of the confidence reposed in her. Beautiful, talented, and above all unaffected, she fully justified Mrs. Seymour's proud affection. When sixteen, the arrival of a distant relation gave a new tenor to her existence. Captain Leslie had returned from India, his constitution shattered by the climate; and was recommended by the physician he consulted, to spend some time in Devonshire. He remembered the kind welcome he had always received from Mrs. Seymour; and he wrote to offer to pay a visit at the Abbey, if Mrs. Seymour would be disposed to submit to the inconvenience of nursing an invalid. The immediate and kind answer he received convinced Captain Leslie that Mrs. Seymour was unchanged in heart.

He reached the Abbey late one evening, and was met by Helen, who welcomed him, apologising for the temporary absence of her grandmother. Captain Leslie paused, "Can I have understood you rightly?" he said at length. "Can I be addressing little Helen; Miss Seymour, I should say?" he continued with a smile.

Helen answered in the affirmative. "Ten years have made some slight difference in your appearance," was the laughing rejoinder.

"I have no doubt of it!" said Helen. She might have added, it has done so in yours. For in the pale sallow Capt. Leslie, she could not have recognised the handsome, merry-looking boy, from whom she had parted.

"Grandmama will explain that I really am your little play-fellow," she continued, on the entrance of Mrs. Seymour.

Week after week passed, and still Captain Leslie lingered at the Abbey. Helen was charmed with their guest, he was so superior to any she had before seen. There was a gentle courtesy in his manner, and his remarks showed a highly cultivated mind.

"I wonder if I had a brother whether I should love him better than I do Walter," she said one day to Mrs. Seymour. This was said in perfect unconsciousness of the state of her own heart; for neither Miss Seymour nor her grandmother seemed to be aware of what had afforded speculation for the lovers of gossip. Helen knew that every day rendered Walter but more dear to her; yet she never thought of questioning the nature of these feelings. Captain Leslie felt almost equal doubts upon the subject. He had been accustomed to be sought, and the kind yet calm manners of Helen towards him were so new, that he sometimes fancied such indifference, as he termed it, must proceed from an unknown engagement existing between her and another. This suspicion at first told him the state of his own feelings. He had at first admired the extreme loveliness of Helen, but since then he had learnt to respect her character. From evil examples he had become habituated, not openly to scoff at religion, for there was still sufficient of better feelings to prevent this, but to disregard what he had once considered sacred. Now he felt a reverence for the pure and holy feelings of Helen; and sighed that he should ever have considered religion of little or no importance. He could not bear to think of Helen as the bride of another; and perhaps after all, his supposition might be incorrect, and Helen might be free.

Actuated by these feelings, he informed Mrs. Seymour of his intention of leaving the Abbey in a few days. He watched Helen narrowly as he spoke; she seemed to be reading; and as he purposely dwelt upon the probability of his never returning from India, her head bent over the book, to which she seemed to give undivided attention. Yet he fancied that it was some emotion foreign to the subject by which she seemed so engrossed, which caused her cheek to become so deathly pale; and he fancied a tear rested one moment on her long eyelashes, and then fell on her book. What a contradiction is human nature! Though at another time Capt. Leslie would have died sooner than inflict a moment's pain upon Helen; yet so flattering was this emotion to him, that he enlarged upon the subject, and spoke of the effect the climate had upon his health.

During his harangue Helen made her escape, a minute after and they saw her pass the window.

"Where can Helen be going?" was the exclamation of Mrs. Seymour; "She must have forgotten that the carriage is ordered at two."

"Very likely was the reply. "I will remind her of it;" and without waiting for any remark, Capt. Leslie left the room.

He knew so well the favourite rambles of Helen, that he had no difficulty in finding her. She was sitting in an attitude of deep thought in the summer house, where he had so often read to her. She was not weeping, though a large tear still rested on her cheek. On the entrance of Captain Leslie she started.

"Helen, dearest! you are ill, or unhappy," he said, tenderly. "What can make my Helen unhappy?"

Poor Helen was silent. In that minute she seemed to live years. She felt how deeply she loved. She strove to speak calmly; but the words died on her lips. Her hand was pressed by his; and, almost involuntarily, she slightly returned the pressure.

"Can you be sorry that I leave you, Helen?" and the musical voice of Captain Leslie slightly quivered with emotion. "Tell me my own Helen! is it so?"

Helen burst into tears. "Can you ask me?" she said, reproachfully.

How often has a similar scene been described. It is needless to repeat the oft-told tale, those who *have* never felt, can never feel—will laugh at a description of what they cannot understand; while those who *have* felt the almost overpowering bliss of hearing sincere vows of faith and affection from the being they love best on earth will own, that emotions such as these are too deep and holy for the animadversions of the less sensible portion of the community.

Before they returned to the Abbey Helen had promised to become the wife of Leslie. It was with some little surprise that Mrs. Seymour received the intelligence. She spoke of the hardships to which a soldier's wife must be exposed.

Helen had no answer to offer, but that many would be similarly situated. No opposition was offered; and in three months Helen became the wife of Walter Leslie.

Some weeks passed in perfect happiness. Then the regiment, into which Captain Leslie had exchanged before his marriage, was ordered into Belgium. Walter longed for glory; and Helen was too sensible to pain him by unavailing regrets—even on their parting she had striven not to unman him: and when the first natural grief was over, she took her station at the small window in the inn, which commanded a view of the scene of action.

Could an uninterested observer have gazed upon the plain of Waterloo at that moment, it must have appeared a splendid pageant. But Helen thought how many, ere sunset, would have gone to their final account! and she shuddered at the thought, that perhaps her Walter might be among the number.

The distant cannonading told that already the work of death had commenced. Several random shots had struck the inn, and warned its inmates to take shelter in the barn.

With them did Helen sit during that long day, sad and silent, yet with the same confidence in God's protection that had always marked her character another time. She could have sundered the volubility of her companions, who never ceased speaking, in a mixture of bad French and Flemish. But it made her only more sad, she felt that she was indeed among strangers. Oh, the agony of suspense, the fear of hearing that Walter was among the fallen.

Her beauty and girlish appearance, added to the knowledge that her husband was in the field of battle, gave her an interest in the eyes of her companions and many were the hopes they expressed, in French, that Captain Leslie might return in safety. The day passed, twilight succeeded, followed by the almost immediate darkness which characterises a continental summer; and still Helen sat in all the agony of suspense. The action had ceased; random firings succeeded the constant and fearful din of war; yet, still Captain Leslie returned not. She was roused from the state of stupor into which she had fallen by the sound of approaching footsteps; and some soldiers entered the barn, bearing a wounded officer. It was with scarcely definable feelings that Helen discovered it was *not* her husband, but a young officer of the same regiment. For a few minutes every other feeling seemed lost in the anxious attentions necessary for the severe wound of the sufferer. Helen had, fortunately, provided everything necessary; with the kindest gentleness she dressed the sufferer's wounds; and then attempted to restore him to consciousness, her efforts were successful. Aided by the people of the inn, she succeeded in making him swallow a restorative; and in a short time he was able to thank the gentle hand which had ministered unto him.

Helen with eager earnestness exclaimed, "Walter! where is he?" Mr. Grant turned his head away. He could not bear the sight of the agony he knew his answer must inflict.

"Speak! in mercy tell me that Leslie is safe!"—Helen paused a moment, and then continued, "I know it sir—Walter *is dead!*" There was a frightful calmness in her manner—no tear escaped her. "Did you see him fall?" she said at length, "tell me all, it will do me good; I feel as if tears would cool this scorching pain," she said, pressing her hand to her bosom.

Mr. Grant replied. He felt that tears would relieve her. "I was at his side," said he, "a moment before he fell. He had taken a small pocket bible from his breast—he I pressed it to his lips—"

Helen covered her face with her hands, "It was the bible I gave him on our wedding-day!" she gasped, "tell me, tell me all."

"'If I fall, Grant, give this to my wife,' he said. I laughed at his forebodings. 'You will return, I said, to tell her the events of this day. Before he could reply, we were summoned to action. A few minutes after, a shot struck him, and he fell!"

Helen burst into an agony of tears, and for some minutes continued silent; at length her resolution seemed to be taken. She came to the couch upon which Mr. Grant was lying, and begged him to describe the spot where her husband fell. She received the description in silence. A few minutes after she had stolen from the small inn yard, and stood alone on the spot where she had last seen her husband.

Helen was in years a mere child; and there had been a time when she would have shuddered at a recital of the horrors through which she now passed, with a trembling step, though with an undaunted heart, but what will not love in woman undertake? "God has as much power to protect me here," she thought, as the distant firing caught her ear, and caused her for a moment to pause, "as in a crowded room!" The thought of "*what* had to live for!" rendered her a moment incapable of proceeding; then silently imploring strength from God, she persevered.

What a scene of horrors presented itself to her! The spot, where a few hours before she had gazed on the brilliant ranks of the contending armies, was now occupied by the dead or dying. Occasionally, a wounded horse dashed wildly among the heaps of wounded. There were a party employed in stripping the dead: at her approach they looked up, and for a moment a superstitious dread crossed their minds. Her white dress made them suppose her a ghost, and when convinced of their mistake, they let her pass unmolested, observing with an oath that she was seeking perhaps for her lover. Helen passed on. As she approached the spot described by Grant, she examined earnestly the faces of the dead. She was almost beginning to despair, when, from beneath a heap of slain, an outstretched arm caught her attention. On one of the fingers was a ring, one of her first gifts to him. With trembling hands she put down the small lantern she had brought, and removed the slain. It was, indeed, her husband who lay there; and a long fit of weeping relieved her; she raised him, and his head fell back upon her shoulders. Approaching footsteps alarmed her; they were those of two men of her husband's regiment. One of them explained, that they had followed her at Mr. Grant's desire. Between them was the body of Captain Leslie borne into the inn of Mont St. Jean.

A surgeon was then dressing the wounds of Mr. Grant; and his immediate attention was given to Leslie. Helen stood with her husband's hand clasped in hers; with a calmness which was more affecting than the most violent agitation could have been. Bruised as Leslie was, there was no wound to be found. The surgeon placed a glass before his lips—then exclaimed, with an interest he had not often felt—"He still lives!"

The effect of joy is more acute than that of grief. Helen gazed for a moment wildly round; then sank on the floor in a state of insensibility. Hours passed before she recovered consciousness. When she did, she found that it was not a dream. Leslie still lived. The shot which had struck him down was found embedded in the bible which he had but a moment before thrust into the breast of his coat. But, had it not been for the timely assistance of his wife, he must have perished. He was saved almost by a miracle from being crushed to death; fortunately, however, the spot on which he fell was hollow; and he is still alive.

The accidents of this sketch are strictly true. Those who have visited ——— must have seen the small bible, which is regarded by the family with feelings of the deepest veneration. It is still kept under a case, and will for ever perpetuate the heroism of the soldier's bride at Waterloo.—*Dearden's Miscellany.*

Remarkable Invention.—A journeyman clockmaker in the neighborhood of Havre is taking measures to procure a patent for a discovery which, if it really leads to the results announced by the inventor, must bring about a sudden and complete revolution in horology! The invention of our fellow citizen consists in this: we cannot of course speak of the process, this is the property of the inventor. M. * * has changed entirely the mechanism of watches, pendulums and clocks; he has so simplified them that the present price of these machines must submit to a reduction of 50 per cent. on the present price, and will then furnish a great profit to the manufacturer. The simplifying process, and the consequent reduction of price is not the only advantage of this discovery. Another, still more valuable, is the method of making a lady's watch go, without being wound up during a whole year, a gentleman's watch during three years, a pendulum of middling size twenty years, and a public clock for a space of two hundred and eighty years, and following an inverse progression. M. * * manufactures watches of so small size that they can be fixed as the seal of a ring and will require to be wound up but once in fifteen days. A watch of this species will cost but 50 francs. One worn by the Empress Maria Louisa on the fore finger of her left hand was a jewel, the preparation of which did not cost less than 256,000 francs. The watches made by M. * * can only be wound up by himself, or those acquainted with the secret of his patent. They are enclosed in a case hermetically sealed, and have no more thickness than a common watch. The fear of exposing himself to indiscreet solicitations compels him to maintain great secrecy as to his process. We must add, that according to the process of this inventor, the striking of bells cannot be connected with the clock-work which he manufactures.

Vesuvius.—Extract of a letter from Naples, dated the 5th January:—"Early in the morning of New Year's day, we were awakened by a violent explosion like the report of a cannon, and soon discovered that it was an eruption of Vesuvius. In half an hour afterwards a dense cloud of smoke and ashes covered Naples, having the same effect, from the electrical fluid issuing from it, as generally precedes a summer storm. Apprehensions were entertained for the city: but the wind changed and carried the cinders towards the shore at Portici. The eruption ceased in the evening, but the detonations recommenced on the 2d, and continued throughout the day. The earth was constantly tremulous under our feet. In the evening Vesuvius was all on fire, and the lava flowed down into the plain between Portici and Torre del Greco, committing great ravages. On the 3d, the mountain became more quiet, and in the evening was not so much inflamed as on the preceding night, but sent out continual flashes, which is a phenomenon extremely rare. Since yesterday it has been at rest. If the eruption had continued as it began, we should have seen a renewal of what happened in 1822, when, during three days, Naples was covered with cinders, and candles had to be lighted at mid-day."—*French paper.*

Extraordinary preservation.—The following is an extract from a letter received in the city yesterday morning:—"Dalkey, Bay of Dublin, January 16th, 1839.—You must believe the following almost incredible circumstances. As her majesty's mail steam packet Shearwater was on her passage from Liverpool for Dublin, on Saturday evening, she discovered a child floating about upon a plank on this side of the rock. The captain of the steamer with the greatest promptitude and humanity, steered towards him, and picked him up; and next day he was in Kingston in good health. He is a boy of about six years of age, English accent, says both his parents were lost in one of the Liverpool and New-York packet ships, wrecked in the late awful hurricane, and thinks he was at least five hours floating on the water. He has, in the mean time, been carefully taken charge of."

From French papers.—We find the following narrative of a melancholy disaster in the Paris Journal of Debats:—

On the 27th of December the French transport ship La Desirée Captain Plessix, on going out of the harbor of Brest, struck about six o'clock in the evening on the north extremity of the bank *des Balines*. The wind was at N. N. E., the weather fine and a bright moonlight. Suddenly the shallowness of the water, and the swell of the sea acquainted Captain Plessix with the terrors of his situation. He made known his distress to the inhabitants of Brest by numerous shots, and fires lighted at the mast-head. The danger was but too imminent, and at the sixty-ninth discharge of the cannon, every thing on board was lost.—The ship was swallowed in the breakers, men and furniture every thing was destroyed in less than two hours! A small number of bodies came ashore the next day, and hopes were entertained that a part of the crew might have reached the coast of La Vendee in the boat, of which no traces had been seen on the shores of the island. This hope was false—nearly fifty bodies were driven ashore, forming a sad spectacle and a mournful repetition of the similar event which happened in 1829 to the Royal Charlotte.

The criminals destined for transportation were among those who perished. Their irons had been unfastened to give them a chance to save themselves of which Providence did not permit them to avail themselves. Many conjectures are made respecting this deplorable event. Some have imagined from the criminals having been at liberty, that there had been a revolt on board. There were on board thirteen condemned persons and forty (*gardes-chiourmes*). Sailors say that the course of the ship seen by daylight at the entrance of the rocks had something incomprehensible in the direction it took and the manœuvres it made. Others fear, and this is the most probable conjecture, that the Captain found himself in shallow water, without being aware of the current and of the strong rush of water which is caused by the north shore in the narrow passage. In the night the true distance of the light is mistaken. Whatever may have been the cause, the misfortune is great and irreparable. The wrecks of the Royal Charlotte were very numerous. Notwithstanding the difference of construction, those of La Desiree are as much so, which proves the dangers of these rocks on which so many victims have perished.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LOYALIST.

All Sons of Albion take up your Arms.

Ye Sons of Britons prepare your Arms,
Our foes are near at hand;
They threaten us with War's alarms,
To invade our adopted Land.

Chorus—But there's no boasting Yankee, Papineau,
Nor the dupes of the state of Maine,
Shall ever establish a claim to our Land,
For our rights we will maintain.

Our Canadian Loyal Brethren,
With Colborne and Head Brave,
Drove Papineau to the forest glen,
And M'Kenzie's rebels fled.
For there's no boasting, &c.

The rebel hordes of Canada,
With a sympathising crew
Again have risen revolingly,
But Jack Ketch will pay their due.
For there's no boasting, &c.

Our Province is invaded,
By the Jonathans of Maine,
Who calculate they'll get our Land,
But I guess their bragging's vain.
For there's no boasting, &c.

We've Colborne and George Arthur,
And Colt & Campbell too,
Will aid our gallant Harvey
These Invaders to subdue.
For there's no boasting, &c.

Come rally round our Standard true,
Like British hearts of old,
And Victoria's cause will make you
Bid defiance to the world.
For there's no boasting, &c.

G. T.

St. Ive's.—*Noble conduct of the Pilots and Fishermen.*—On Monday afternoon, about half-past two o'clock, the brig Rival, Doughty master, from Liverpool, laden with salt, ran for the pier in a tremendous gale of wind N. N. W. She failed in this attempt, and after striking the ground outside the pier-head, let go her anchor, which held for some time. It was seen, however, that as the tide rose she would drive on shore and be wrecked; and it became a matter of the first consideration to rescue the crew. This was a glorious opportunity for our brave fellows to show at once their courage, their skill, and their humanity, and they nobly sustained the character, which a thousand acts of the same manly daring have gained for them. At first the attempt was made in the pilot gigs; but after every effort had been used, this was found ineffectual.—Two light seine-boats were then manned, and with astonishing exertions, were brought within a few fathoms of the brig's stern; but a terrible sea joined to a great under tow, rendered it impossible to get near enough; and the boats being unable to regain the pier, were driven on shore on a neighbouring beach called Portminster, the men escaping almost by a miracle. A pilot gig was again brought forward, and at the imminent peril of every one on board of her, very nearly succeeded in getting hold of the brig, but was obliged eventually to give up the attempt and to make for the pier, which she regained with the utmost difficulty.—This third failure would have disheartened most men; but those who had engaged in these efforts have never seen their fellow creatures perish while it appeared possible, at any risk, to save them. A fourth attempt was made in a tow-boat—a boat of the same description as a seine boat, but smaller—and after a hard struggle she was got so near to the vessel that a rope was laid hold of, and the most difficult part of the heroic task seemed to be accomplished; another failure, however, occurred—the rope parted, and the boat also was stranded, her crew escaping as narrowly as their predecessors.—Still there was hope—still at least there was the opportunity of giving life for life; and nothing short of that could satisfy these brave men. The stranded boat was emptied of the water, a gallant crew stepped on board of her; and to the unspeakable satisfaction of hundreds who witnessed the exploits—to the everlasting honour of the heroes who accomplished it, and of the town who gave them birth—this, the fifth attempt was successful! The brig was reached, and her captain and crew of four seamen safely conveyed to the shore, where, it would be superfluous to say, they received every succour which their case required. The vessel eventually drove on shore, and was dismasted, but as she did not go to pieces, the men who had so gallantly saved her crew, still further exerted themselves to get her off the beach; and on Tuesday she was safely moored in St. Ive's Pier. For this latter service, the sum of £82 was awarded.—*Cornwall Gazette.*

Colonial.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT—SIXTEEN LIVES LOST.

Yesterday morning, a Canoe belonging to Mr. Chabot, in attempting to cross over from Pointe Levi with twenty passengers was upset by the floating ice in the river, by which sixteen out of the twenty were drowned.

The name of the person who was piloting the canoe is Turgeon, the same person, we understand, who was *conducteur* of the canoe which was upset some two or three weeks ago, when two young men were lost. Among the sufferers were, Michel Roy, tavern-keeper, Lower-town, his brother, sister and nephew (Chabot); Labreque, of Pointe Levi: Faucher, of St. Michel; three habitants from St. Thomas; and an Irish woman and her child. The four saved were, an American, the two mail carriers from Halifax and Nicolet both of whom succeeded in saving the mail bags; and Turgeon the *conducteur.*

The above is all we have been able to ascertain of the melancholy event. Other accounts say that the two mail-carriers were in a canoe close behind the one that was lost. In cases of this nature it is extremely difficult to obtain correct information, the parties naturally looked to for particulars having been too much engaged in affecting their own safety to attend to any thing else.—*Quebec Gazette.*

Charlottetown, (P. E. I.) Feb. 12.

A large vessel, dismasted, was seen off Darnley Capes on the 28th ult. in the ice. Before the inhabitants had made their preparations for boarding her, the wind shifted to the S. W. which carried off the ice, and the derelect along with it. She has not been seen since, in that quarter.

On Thursday morning, about daylight, the house and stable of Malcolm Macleod, Scotch Settlement, Anderson's Road, (about 14 miles from Charlottetown,) was completely burnt down. The man had been confined to bed for some time past, having broken his leg by a fall, about a month back. Has a wife and seven children. No person being up in the neighbourhood at the time, the man's wife (who was far advanced in pregnancy) was obliged to drag her husband out of the house as she best could, and was very badly frost bitten—the whole having been compelled to leave the house without their clothes. All their stock of provisions, &c. was consumed.

About 2 o'clock on Friday morning last, Mr. Samuel Holland, of Tryon, was found frozen to death in the porch of a house at that place. It appears he had been spending the previous evening with his friends, and it is supposed had been unable to find his way home. He has left a widow and two children to deplore his untimely fate. Accounts of persons having been severely frost bitten during the extreme cold weather of that night have reached us from different quarters, in too many cases, we are afraid, arising from the imprudence of the sufferers.

The mortality during the last month, in the country, has been very great, principally among children. On the Mainy Harbour Road, 13 children died between the 1st January and 1st February; and at one time 106 families in that settlement were said to have had some of their members labouring under indisposition. In the vicinity of Charlottetown, we have to record the death of three children in one family on Lot 48 (Mr. Walsh,) and three in another at Elliot River.

About two o'clock on Saturday morning last, the Pinette Grist Mill, on Township 53, was discovered to be on fire, and although every assistance was rendered by the few persons present, the whole (with the exception of the water wheel, which was saved by drawing the hatches) was in a very short time reduced to ashes: and a quantity of grain was also destroyed. We are sorry to say that the origin of the fire cannot be satisfactorily accounted for.

The body of Mr. James Clark, of Darnley, whose melancholy disappearance was alluded to in our last, was found on Saturday the 26th ult. It appears his gun had gone off accidentally while going through a thicket, and the charge had entered his side.

Provincial Legislature.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

Tuesday, 26th February.

On motion of Mr. End,

Resolved, That Andrew Rainsford be discharged from custody.

The Honorable Mr. Johnston, Chairman of the General Committee on Roads, submitted a further Report, which he read, and handed the same in at the Clerk's Table, where it was again read, and is as follows:—

"The Committee appointed to inquire into the state of all the Roads of Communication in the Province, and to report what monies it may be necessary to appropriate for repairing and improving the same, have had under their consideration the subject of Great Roads, as also the expediency of making certain special Grants for Roads, and recommend that the sum of £19,370 be granted, and appropriated as follows, viz:

From Saint John to Nova Scotia Line,	£1800
„ Saint John to Saint Andrews,	1500
To the Corporation of the City of St. John to assist in building Piers and landing places on the eastern and western sides of the Harbour of Saint John, in order to form a connexion with the several Great Roads terminating on the western side of the said Harbour, by the establishment of Steam Ferry Boats for the more safe and speedy conveyance of her Majesty's Mails and passengers across the said Harbour,	1250
From Fredericton to Saint John, via Nerepis,	600
„ Nerepis Road to Gage Town,	200
„ Dorchester to Shediac,	150
„ Shediac to Bend of Petitcodiac,	100
„ Richibucto to Chatham,	300
„ Newcastle to Bathurst,	500
„ Bathurst to Campbelltown,	1500
For Bathurst Bridge,	900
From Fredericton to Canada Line,	2000
„ Fredericton to Finger Board,	400
„ Bellisle to Saint John,	100
„ Fredericton to Newcastle,	3500
„ Fredericton to Saint Andrews,	250
„ Salisbury to Hopewell,	500
„ Shediac to Richibucto,	100
	£17,950

SPECIAL GRANTS.

From Hammond River to Hopewell,	£200
„ Loch Lomond to Sussex Vale,	500
„ Oromocto to Gagetown,	150
Towards widening the Mill Bridge leading from the city of Saint John,	500
From Bend of Petitcodiac to Head of Richibucto River,	1,450
	£19,370

Mr. Woodward, from the Committee of Trade, submitted a Report, which he read, and handed the same in at the Clerk's Table, where it was again read, and is as follows:—

"The Committee appointed on 15th January last, to whom were referred all matters which may in any way affect the Trade of this Province, have had under consideration that part of the Message of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor of 22d January, recommending to the House the Petition of the inhabitants of Shediac, praying that a person might be appointed as Collector of that Port.

"Your Committee are aware that the Port of Shediac, situate as it is, at the distance of thirty five miles from the nearest Custom House, labours under inconvenience injurious to trade, from want of an Officer of Her Majesty's Customs at that Port; and are of opinion that a Collector or Sub-Collector of the Customs should be stationed there; but at the same time they cannot recommend that any appropriation be made from the Provincial funds for that purpose, as under the compact made with the Home Government for the support of the Customs establishment in the Province, they think a sufficient sum has been allowed to make efficient all the salaries required to fill as many Offices as are at present necessary in this Province, if the amount so allowed of £4250 were properly apportioned.

"The Committee also had under their notice sundry Petitions referred to them, and report:

"That on considering the Petition No. 1, of Donald Sinclair, John M'Leod, and 204 others, inhabitants of the County of Charlotte, praying that the Provincial duty on Lime and Plaister of Paris may be removed, and that a duty may be laid on Shingles imported into this Province, they are of opinion, that Lime and Plaister of Paris, both being abundant in this Province, and manufacture of the same increasing every day, that it would be inexpedient to recommend any alteration in the law in that respect; and that Foreign Wood, Lumber and Shingles being permitted free, by Act of the Imperial Parliament, for purposes generally beneficial to trade, the Committee cannot recommend that a duty should be laid on Shingles imported into this Province.

"Petition No. 2, of William C. Smith, and 96 others, inhabitants of the Counties of Westmorland and Kent, praying that encouragement may be given to run a Packet between Shediac, County Westmorland, and Bedeque in Prince Edward Island, has also been under consideration, and the Committee recommend that the sum of £30 be appropriated for said encouragement; to be granted to the Justices of the County of Westmorland, to be paid by them to such persons as they may think proper, having a Vessel not less than forty tons, with proper accommodations for passengers, and to run at least once a fortnight.

"No. 3. Petition of George C. M'Allister, and others of the County of Charlotte, praying that the Doubloon may be made a legal tender at either £3 18s. 9d. or £4, has also had the attention of your Committee; and they cannot recommend compliance with it, as a law passed by the Legislature of this Province, assimilating all gold and silver coins current in this Province near to the present standard of the United States, is now under consideration of Her Majesty's Government.

"No. 4. Petition of Samuel Gould, and 55 others Merchants and Traders of Saint John, praying Legislative protection to the trade between this Province and the British West Indies, by placing additional duties on Foreign Sugars. Your Committee on a consideration of this subject, are of opinion, that the Imperial Parliament having the general regulation of Trade, it would be desirable that a subject of so much importance should be brought to the notice of the Home Government, and any alteration that might be deemed necessary should be made general for the Provinces.

On motion of Mr. Hill,

Resolved, That the several Petitions from Alexander Campbell, John Marks, George M. Porter, Neil D. Shaw, and Beverly Robinson, relating to the relinquishment of certain lands purchased from the Crown, which Petitions were presented to the House on the 9th instant, and ordered to lie on the Table, be now referred to a Select Committee, to report thereon by Bill, Resolution, or otherwise.

Ordered, That Mr. Brown, Mr. Hill and Mr. Woodward, do compose the said Committee.

Mr. Street, from the Committee on the Message from His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, of the 6th instant, on the subject of the appointment of a Master of the Rolls, submitted their Report, which he read, and handed the same in at the Clerk's Table, where it was again read, and is as follows:—

"The Select Committee, to whom was referred His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor's Message, relative to the intended Act passed at the last Session providing for the office of the Rolls, together with the extracts from the Despatch of the Right Honorable Lord Glenelg on the same subject, accompanying the said Message, report:

"That the said Committee having had the matter brought under their consideration, have prepared a Bill to remove the informality mentioned in the Despatch above named, under the title of "A Bill in amendment of the Act relating to the appointment of a Master of the Rolls in the Court of Chancery;" which is respectfully submitted herewith.

J. A. STREET, *Chairman.*

"*Committee Room, 21st February, 1839.*"

Ordered, That the Report be accepted.

The Bill as reported by the Committee being then handed in, was read a first and second times.

Mr. Brown, from the Committee of Finance, appointed on the 15th January last, submitted their Report, which he read, and handed the same in at the Clerk's Table, where it was again read, and is as follows:—

"The Committee appointed to take into consideration all matters relating to the Finances of the Province, report:—

"That on examining the public accounts, and from anticipated Revenues for the coming year, the sum of about £91,000 may be considered as available for appropriations for useful and beneficial purposes, and they come to that conclusion from the following data, namely:—

"Amount of balances in the hands of the Treasurer and his Deputies, in Cash, £8,303 11 3
Balances of Bonds not yet due, 34,669 5 5
Probable amount of General Duties, 65,000 0 0

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