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Month	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th	21st	22nd	23rd	24th	25th	26th	27th	28th	29th	30th	31st
Jan	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

First Quarter, 17th. 2d. 5th. moon.

Public Institutions.
Bank of New-Brunswick.—This Bank is open every day, except on Sundays and Public Holidays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Bank does not receive deposits or make advances on any other day. Directors: Messrs. G. H. de la Potherie, J. F. de la Potherie, and J. F. de la Potherie.

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we should act? Can we fly like you? They near us in spite of our best seamanship and our utmost press of sail. Well! if they turn out to be stronger, as well as fleet, than we are—let us see if we have pluck enough to follow us below—

And he pointed with a significant gesture to the blue depths of the mighty mass of water—a gesture which seemed to impart very little comfort to the terrified lieutenant.

For my part, I watched the approach of the redoubtable frigate with equal pleasure and inquietude. True, if we were captured, I was not in reality one of the guilty; but I could not assure me that our captors might not doubt the truth of my assertions, and hang me along with the worst of my persecutors! Moreover, how was I to escape, should Stamar, as his posture had threatened, blow up his craft rather than allow her to be taken?

Having my papers constantly about me, however, I was not without hope of obtaining a fair hearing from the captain of the frigate, and I resolved to throw myself overboard, swim to her, and endeavor to persuade her captain to board the ship, and endeavor to rescue the fair captive and her attendant. So much was I excited with this project, that I had infinite difficulty in concealing the rapture with which my frail hopes—alas, how frail!—inspired me.

Peters, close by whom I was standing, readily read in my features the thoughts that were passing in my mind. He took me by the hand, and said with a smile, "You really deceive yourself, my poor Dammot, if you see in your frigate a means of saving either yourself or others. You but little know Captain Stamar, much as you may fancy you have already seen of his skill and daring. We shall either get away or blow up the craft."

I paid but little attention to his words, my notice being just then too much engrossed with the powerful frigate, which by this time had gained so much upon us, that the whole of her hull was well up, and from which a shower of balls was thrown towards us, from time to time, by way of preliminary. The affair now became to look so serious that the pirates stood about in sad and silent groups, attentively watching the countenance of Stamar, who stood with his arms folded, gazing at the frigate. Suddenly he sprang forward, a hideous and withering sneer of triumph curling his pale thin lips.

"Master!" he cried, "let one half the men go below, but hold themselves in readiness to go aloft at the very first signal. Lorenzo, see that the Columbian flag be displayed; and strike topside!"

His orders were obeyed as rapidly as they were given, and, electrified by the audacity of their chief, our pirates passed at once from despondency to a complete feeling of security. The Columbian flag streamed gaily out abait, and, to my indescribable amusement, we brought to anchor, on hearing us, hoist in his turn, and hailed us.

Stamar seized his speaking trumpet and replied in Spanish, that he would go to leeward; and our brig, by means of sweeps, was slowly and silently urged forward, as though that had really been his intention.

On the poop of the French frigate several of her officers were collected, who, with their glasses bent upon us, watched every movement upon our deck.

The Shark swept forward till she had close astern of the frigate, and Stamar profoundly saluted him who seemed to be her principal officer. For an instant we seemed to be luffing a trifle, so as to range alongside the frigate, and under her lee; but suddenly Stamar sprang to the helm, and jammed it hard a-weather, his steuntorium tamed at the same time rang fur over the howling waters, as he shouted, "All hands aloft! I see all clear, and let go the topsails!"

The orders thus given were executed with an almost inconceivable celerity, and the Shark, obedient to the new and powerful influence thus given to her, sprang swiftly forward beyond the reach of her enemy.

This bold manoeuvre of Stamar caused a tremendous outcry of disappointment and rage on board of the French frigate, from which shots were quickly, but quite innocently, sent after us; but long before they could resume the chase, we had gained the vicinity of a group of islets close to St. Thomas, each new discharge of the enemy's guns only affording a subject for new sarcasms from Stamar, and now laughing from his now confident desperation.

Their confidence was not ill founded, for we speedily ran into a creek not much wider than the length of our brig, and so shallow that the bottom, which the clearness of the water allowed us to see very distinctly, was scarcely a foot from our keel. We consisted five or six large thro' and similarly shallow and narrow creeks, and at length, reached a conven-

ent and well-sheltered bay. Here Stamar gave orders to let go an anchor, and a boat's crew was sent to scale various neighboring heights, to give notice of any attempt on the part of the frigate to cut us out. Our scouts soon returned with the pleasant intelligence that the frigate, after having sent two boats to sound the crows, had veered about and was already out of sight. The audacity and coolness of Stamar had thus saved himself and crew from a most imminent danger, and had at the same time utterly deprived me of all fallacious though sanguine hopes of deliverance. Peters, to whom my countenance told all the vexation and disappointment which I felt, took an opportunity to say, as he passed by me,—"You see I was right in telling you that you did not know our captain."

It will easily be imagined that the pirates were in raptures at their narrow but very complete escape. All were loud in praise of their captain, of whom the master told tales which, if only half true, showed Stamar to be as brave and able as he was frolics and unpretending, and that it was not a little. While others forward were giving their attention to these startling tales, I was wholly absorbed by what was going on aft, where Stamar and the villainous Lorenzo were walking out and in deep conversation; the countenance of the former being lighted up by a half-smile, which gave his always very sinister countenance an even more sinister expression than usual.

Lorenzo, on his part, seemed to speak with great animation, and as they both length directed their footsteps towards the cabin, I had no doubt that an interview was about to take place between the pirate and his lovely and unfortunate prisoner. And, in fact, my conjecture proved to be only too correct, for Stamar entered the cabin, and Lorenzo resumed his promenade at the quarter-deck.

Urged by an irresistible desire to know the result of this ominous interview, I went aft, and, under pretence of being engaged in splicing a rope, took up my position, so that I could hear whatever might be said.

"At last, no sound struck my ear except heavy and stifled sobs. Suddenly these ceased, and were replaced by the hoarse voice of Stamar. 'Soberly,' said he, 'you may go!'

"O sirs," rejoined the fair captive, "I entreat you—I implore you to allow her to remain with me!"

"O pray, madame, let us have no scenes of grief and sentiment, and all that. They are not at all to my taste. I assure you, and you, soberly, do you know that I am a person by no means accustomed to having to give the same order twice?"

The fierce tone in which the pirate spoke so completely deprived the faithful servant of all her small stock of courage, that she left the cabin without further attempt at disobedience, and sat down, in a perfect agony of tears, close to the spot at which I had taken up my station.

"I have had pity upon you, madam," said Stamar, "and have saved your life. The sacrifice that I have thus made of the hatred I bear towards all of your nation is worth some reward, I think. No doubt you can guess at the nature of the reward I expect?"

No words answered this speech, but the unhappy lady sobbed more violently than ever.

"Tell me—is it by tears and groans that you think to repay me?"

I trembled at the stern tones in which the pirate now spoke, for well I knew the absolute fury which possessed him whenever these tones issued from his thin and pallid lips.

"Oh, death would be more welcome than the horrors of this place!"

"Death, my beauty? Well, death you shall have, if that is your fancy; but mark me, death itself I will oblige you with only if you shall have duly rewarded me—see, Stamar the Pirate!"

And he thrust out his horrible threats the savage grasped the hands of the poor prisoner so rudely and so violently that she uttered a long and piercing shriek. I was on the very point of rushing to her assistance, when I was held by a violent blow from behind. I turned round, and saw that it was Castile, the master, by whom I had been struck. My sword enemy would not lose so good an opportunity of spiting me, and a second and a third blow, each more severe than its predecessor, almost deprived me of consciousness, as well as of power. As I endeavored to retreat towards the fore-castle the infernal laugh of Lorenzo sounded in my ears, and the peats of the two tyrannical wretches passed me as long as I was within hearing of them.

"You are a fool," said Peters, when I joined him forward, "why the devil do you thus run yourself into danger? Why risk yourself for these women? I will surely finish by getting a bullet through your brains if you go on so; and that, too, without leaving it in your power to be of the slightest use to the prisoner."

"What a question! What connexion? While they were on board that ship, they were, as to speak, under my father's protection; and now give me an equal claim on mine. I consider that I shall merely discharge a sacred duty in restoring to them the protection which they have been so unjustly deprived of, and I will, at whatever risk, do all that I can to save them."

Peters shook his head with the air of a man who listened to sentiments which he could by no means understand.

"My poor Dammot!" said he, "see how it is—you are in love. If instead of being young and pretty, my lady-prisoner were old and ugly, the devil a bit would you run any risk to save her. And what can you do for her? Just this—obey Stamar to put her to bed, or get yourself put to bed, without even the consolation of letting her know that you do for her sake!"

"Listen! You have charge of the linnet. Go aft, to clean the pumps, and call me to help you, if I need you."

"I'll tell you that by-and-by. Will you do what I ask?"

"Poor English Dammot!" muttered Peters; and then went aft as I had requested. Going below for a few moments, I hastily scrawled the following lines:

"My name is Dammot—I am the son of the owner of the vessel in which you were a prisoner. A terrible fate has fallen on me, as well as on you. I will save you, if my efforts can do so, even should my life be the price. In striving to do so, I believe myself to be only fulfilling a sacred duty. Tell this to the moment you have read it."

(To be continued.)

WATERLOO ANNUET SONG.
The Waterloo Annuet Song,
Is sung by the British Band,
To honor our brave old heroes,
Who fought for our King and Land.
The Waterloo Annuet Song,
Is sung by the British Band,
To honor our brave old heroes,
Who fought for our King and Land.

Now for the first of conquest led
Where Honor sits and sings,
And over thine own golden years
Thy name be sung and sung.
Thy name be sung and sung,
Thy name be sung and sung,
Thy name be sung and sung,
Thy name be sung and sung.

And oh! what thrilling thrills
Their hearts the plough the field,
To fight for our King and Land,
To fight for our King and Land.
To fight for our King and Land,
To fight for our King and Land,
To fight for our King and Land,
To fight for our King and Land.

Britain's brightest all her soul,
And perfect here her bliss,
Ere all England could give time
At banquet work as this?
When was crowned Wellington in pride
Sits with his Waterloo side,
And keep with the British Ball
The best of Waterloo! Ditties.

on the carpet. This brought up such members of the family as had not yet retired to rest; restoratives were administered, and when Mrs. Hastings and her daughters were alone, Mrs. Hastings, who had retained possession of her reason, and being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she fell disposed to consider the whole distressing and interesting as the result of certain associations, between the melancholy tale she had been perusing, and her late loss, operating on a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable her maid servant should repose in her chamber, but any suspicion what she had determined to consider entirely abstracted should distress herself and shut her eyes. On Tuesday night, feeling stronger and in better spirits than she had enjoyed for several months past, Mrs. Hastings, disposed with the prospect of her attendant, retired alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before 10 o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck twelve sleep was awakened from sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen, advancing from the table (on which stood her night table) till it stood opposite to, and drew aside the curtains of her bed. A sense of suffocating oppression deprived her of all power to scream aloud. She describes her very bold rearing with icy chillness to her heart from every pore. The countenance of her beloved in life were not its benevolent aspect; the eyes, once beaming with affection, were now fixed in stern regard on the trembling half-dead body, who with the courage of desperation, thus adjured him—"Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again?"

"Jesse," slowly and solemnly repeated the shadowy form, "I have come to this land a small rest of written paper, 'Jesse' my newspaper accounts and let me rest in peace!"

DEATH OF LADY FLORA HASTINGS.
(From the Morning Herald.)
From the unfavorable accounts we received up to a late hour on Thursday night of the condition of the much lamented lady, we fully expected it would be our duty in our next impression to announce her death.

A few minutes after two on Friday morning, Lady Flora ceased to breathe, and her death was perfectly tranquil; there was not the slightest appearance of pain. Her death was surrounded by the most beautiful and touching circumstances. Lady Flora Hastings, Viscountess of Torrington, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Norfolk, were in the room, when she was summoned to the bedroom, and she died in their arms.

As we have mentioned, when it was announced by the medical attendants that Lady Flora was no more, the whole circle gave expression to the deepest grief. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Norfolk was deeply and justly affected, and she was accompanied by a host of friends. The Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings returned to their apartments at the Burlington Hotel at three o'clock.

By the command of her Majesty the whole of the family of Burlington Palace were closed at an early hour on Friday morning, and the funeral of the deceased lady's family are to remain so until the removal of the body.

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present time, that when the late Marquis of Hastings was on his death-bed at Malta, where nothing could exceed the filial devotion of Lady Flora, he called her family around him, and, in bidding them a last farewell, spoke among other things, of the pain he felt in leaving his children, then very young, to the trust which awaited them in a cold, distant, and unknown world. It would almost seem as if the expression which he used were dictated by a prophetic anticipation of the fate of one of the most beloved of those children, which has plunged his whole family into unutterable affliction. Little did the noble father of the future victim of courtly treachery think that in the palace of one of the royal descendants of the sovereigns whom he so faithfully served the blow could be struck that would inflict upon his family the appalling sense of peculiar bereavement.

But the fair sufferer sleeps well—altered views have found the repose which cannot be taken from her—let us pray her persecutors, the victims of calumnious innuendo are over—thence have but begun.

(From the Argus.)
Lady Flora is no more. She died on Friday morning at two o'clock.

Thus has departed in the prime of life, a gifted, amiable, high-born, and high-minded lady—the first victim to court intrigues—the first, but not the last. She passed away peacefully and her sorrowing friends. We understand that her last words, or rather injunction, was that, to matter how painful such a proceeding should be to those whom she left behind, her lady should have a post-mortem examination, in order that the wretched calumnies which broke her heart might never be traced to their source. It is no wonder, such a feeling should be apperceived in the mind of the unhappy lady; but it is needless to resort to the art of the dissembler to make a suspicion which never for a moment found a resting place in any honorable mind.

Burlington Palace where the mortal part of Lady Flora now lies unburied, has been closed to the public by her Majesty's command. This is well. The ministerial papers published in regard to her death, also we perceive, have been commissioned to state, that no court enquiry shall be allowed to interfere with the disposal of her ladyship's remains in whatever manner may be most correct, and most agreeable to the feelings of the relatives. This also is well. But it would have been better if her Majesty had closed her ears to the whisperings to whom the death had now closed the palace is attainable, and closed her doors against the "fingering lady," who acted as the dirty tool of the dirty press in her vulgar calumny which we now see the honorable result. It would also have been better if her Majesty had been allowed to contain, as we have seen, like the tenderer now possessed of the ministerial papers, the feelings of Lady Flora herself, and her relatives, when she was alive. The respect shown in the death, though kindly and suitable, the honorable funeral of her ladyship, her remains, ever manner may be most correct, and most agreeable to the feelings of the relatives. This also is well. But it would have been better if her Majesty had closed her ears to the whisperings to whom the death had now closed the palace is attainable, and closed her doors against the "fingering lady," who acted as the dirty tool of the dirty press in her vulgar calumny which we now see the honorable result. It would also have been better if her Majesty had been allowed to contain, as we have seen, like the tenderer now possessed of the ministerial papers, the feelings of Lady Flora herself, and her relatives, when she was alive. The respect shown in the death, though kindly and suitable, the honorable funeral of her ladyship, her remains, ever manner may be most correct, and most agreeable to the feelings of the relatives. This also is well. 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