THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum ;] "*Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque.*" [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

VOL. IV. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1840. No. 35.

The Chronicle,

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Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

MAY.	R. SUN.	S. SUN.	S. MOON.	H. W.
2 Saturday,	4 48	6 7	8 39	11 29
3 Sunday,	4 47	6 8	9 59	ev 15
4 Monday,	4 46	6 9	11. 8	1 3
5 Tuesday,	4 45	7 0	morn	1 53
6 Wednesday,	4 44	7 11	0 3	2 46
7 Thursday,	4 42	7 12	0 45	3 45
8 Friday,	4 41	7 13	1 15	4 53

First Quarter 8th, 10h 11m morn.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, 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 the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: L. DeVeber, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Henry Gilbert, 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: John Kerr, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: E. DeW. Ratchford, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, 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.

☞NOTICE.

THE Public are hereby informed, that the Partnership heretofore existing between GEORGE EAGLES and the subscriber, as the firm of GEORGE & EDWARD EAGLES is this day dissolved.

EDWARD EAGLES.

Indian Town, 16th March, 1840.—3m.

Notice.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of JAMES DORIE, late of this city, deceased, are hereby requested to present their claims for adjustment; and those indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment.

JOHN ROBERTSON, *Administrator.*

Saint John, 5th February, 1840.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of JAMES OTTY, late of this City, deceased, are required to hand in their claims forthwith for adjustment; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to JOHN ROBERTSON, } *Executors*
JOHN V. THURGAR, }

Saint John, 5th February, 1840. 3m.

NOTICE.

THE accounts of all Persons remaining indebted to the late Firm of W. H. STREET & RANNEY, and which have not been adjusted by the parties giving Promissory Notes or other accepted security, will be forthwith put in suit.

W. H. STREET.

St. John, 6th Feb. 1840.

☞NOTICE.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of the late MRS. MARGARET A. HANFORD, will please render the same for adjustment; and those indebted to said Estate are requested to pay the same forthwith to the subscriber.

JAMES T. HANFORD.

St. John, Jan. 14, 1840. *Administrator.*

La Retraite.

ALFRED COLLINS, most respectfully intimates to his friends and the Public, that he has reopened that well known Establishment in Church street, lately occupied by Mr. F. D S. Jones, and adjoining the grocery of Mr. J. MALCOLM. No expense has been spared to render *La Retraite* a favourite place of call, where Gentlemen will be sure of accommodation. A. C. stock of *Wines, Brandy, &c. &c.* for excellence cannot be excelled in the city; he challenges competition, and solicits from a discerning Public a share of their patronage.

Dec. 20.

J. M'LARDY'S

New Baking Establishment, near the Post-Office, Princess-st.

WHEAT and Rye BREAD of superior quality, being manufactured on the most improved plan and warranted free from scouring.

Victoria Tea BISCUIT fresh every day. Breakfast ROLLS every morning at 8 o'clock.

Ship Bread made to order, in the best Greenock style.

15th November.

Caution.

ALL Persons are hereby cautioned against Cutting LOGS or in any manner trespassing upon Lot No. 1592, adjoining Mr. Sentell's property at Loch Lomond, as in the event thereof they will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the Law.

THOS. BALDWIN.

Feb. 21, 1840.

Bank Stock Wanted.

WANTED a few Shares of the Capital Stock of the Commercial, or Bank of New Brunswick, if to be had immediately.

JOHN V. THURGAR.

Feb. 28. *Corner of Water & Duke streets.*

Miscellany.

THE CORALLINES.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c.

(Continued.)

Pain and pleasure, the wormwood of sorrow and the sweets of a strange joy, were wonderfully, and mysteriously mingled in the bosoms of both. Sir Hugh gazed upon his child as if, by one look, he might make up for the neglect of eighteen years, and she was at once happy and sad. After a long pause, during which they had a little recovered from their distressing emotions, she turned to him with a seraphic smile, and said gently, 'My dear father, I have a letter to you from my mother. I have not broken the seal, but I fear me that it is illegible—see how worn and torn it is; and though I have dried it in the best manner that I am able, the sea-water must have obliterated much of the writing. But do not read it now, father; you are already too much moved.'

'Give it me, even now, Florence. This bitter ordeal must not be repeated—once, and no more.'

Captain Sir Hugh Enstace turned his countenance from his newly-found daughter, broke the seal of the letter, and perused its contents. The heaving of his manly frame told of the violence of his agitation, but he carefully avoided looking at Florence. At length, placing the letter in his bosom, exclaimed, 'That struggle is over, once more, and perhaps my mind will find some little repose. It is now my turn to kneel at your feet, Florence; I do so humbly and contritely, to ask you to give me the pardon of your mother. It is her wish—let me hear it from your mouth—your parent kneels to you.'

Without any false scruples she permitted him to assume the humble posture before her, and she said to him solemnly, 'My mother pardons you. Rise, dear father, and kiss me: henceforth let love, duty, and obedience from me to you be the rule of my conduct.'

And then much remained to be explained. She told him that her mother, having once fallen, proceeded in the downward course, until all her family withdrew their countenance from her, and that latterly she had formed a connexion with an artful and a splendid villain, who, having initiated her into all the secrets of swindling upon the grand scale, justice had overtaken them both, and transportation for life had been passed upon the paramour, of seven years upon her mother.

And then she simply and pathetically told him, how she had fainted when she was torn from her mother in the prison, how fever and delirium had succeeded, and how kindly she had been nursed by the ladies at Clapham—and that there much valuable time had been lost. She then related how, when she was sufficiently recovered, her vow to her mother had haunted her, and that she and her friends had sought counsel of the Lord in long prayer, and that it was borne in upon them that she should do all that she could to fulfil it—that they found that the Amelia had sailed—that her only chance of her meeting her father was, that the ship might put into some port in the Channel; and that she had, attended by a trusty old lady, followed it on land, along the coast—how they had bribed a smuggler to put her on board—that when they got near the ship he refused to come alongside in the dead of the night, for fear either of being pressed, or perhaps of something worse—that she grew desperate, knowing the ship was on the point of sailing, and that, at her earnest entreaty, he had promised to assist her clandestinely on board—that she had fallen into the sea, and that, at last, she had, she knew not how, for her faithless boatman had deserted her, contrived to climb into the boat. She then spoke of her shame at finding she had lost much of her dress, and of the kindness shown to her by the dull and fat Flylightly.

In his turn, Sir Hugh, after bestowing upon her every token of pity and affection, intimated to her, that even under the religious guidance of her three schoolmistresses, she had acted a little rashly. That pious vows were, no doubt, very acceptable things to heaven, but that the best intentions should be carried out by worldly means. That enthusiasm in all things, a seaman's duty excepted, was bad and unsafe.

To all this cold reasoning of Sir Hugh his daughter did not assent. In religious matters she was firm, and she fully believed that it was, in her, a religious duty, at all hazards, and at the sacrifice of all appearances, to fulfil the vow made to her mother, and make known her wishes to him.

"But see, my dear Florence, in what a strange predicament you have placed me. You have, at the risk of your life, smuggled yourself on board this ship. I cannot acknowledge you now, and here, publicly as my daughter. This would expose us both to ridicule. I have not even clothes necessary to your sex. You must still pass here as a lad; and I must make up the best account that I am able."

"O my dear father, it is sinful towards God, all craft and all pretence, that partakes of the nature of bearing false witness. Think of the peril of your eternal soul."

"Florence—my dear Florence, you will drive me mad. I am already suffering most acutely. do not let us embitter our strange union by religious controversy. There is now but one course to follow—you must remain on board here in the strictest incognito, until I am able to place you in some asylum worthy of your own excellence. Wait till we return to England, and I will prove to you, in every act and spirit, a loving and indulgent father."

With her eyes moist with gratitude she kissed his hands, and remained silent.

She was soon installed, with all that was comfortable, in her little berth, but treated in all outward respects as a close prisoner. The sentry at the cabin-door was ordered to consider her as strictly under his charge, and to permit no one to speak with her, excepting the captain, the surgeon, and Frank Flylightly. Affairs took a glorious turn for the latter heavy personage. He was discharged from all duty, excepting that of watching over and attending upon Florence. He was ordered, on pain of countless dozens, never to go into her cabin, and not even to presume to cast his eyes within its door. He was ordered to sling his hammock outside of her berth, and to do all her biddings.

Among the officers she was known as Master Florence, or young Florence, and sometimes as the handsome spy; but she was never allowed to have the least communication with any of them.

At first, close, and beautiful, and mutually beneficial, was the intercourse between the father and daughter. She increased daily in loveliness, and a strange, a new, and ecstatic happiness arose in the breast of Sir Hugh, notwithstanding he had his minutes, and hours, and even days of deep remorse. He had hitherto regarded his connexion with Florence Fontbelle's mother lightly, and even scorsfully, as elderly men of the world usually do. He had forgotten her almost totally; and when the remembrance of her intruded itself upon him, it was only as an *affaire de cœur*, common to all men of fashionable life. Had it not been for the duels with, and hostility of, the members of her family, even the little recollection that he had of the transaction would have been much impaired.

When Florence was not in her own private berth, she was usually in the after cabin in the society of her father and the doctor, and when their duties called them away, she was always in the company of Francis Flylightly. When she chose to walk on the deck for the benefit of the air, Frank was at her heels, watchful as a house-dog, and a part of the deck, free from all interruption, was assigned to her.

Things had not been more than a week in this state, when the master reported to the captain that the ship had reached a certain degree of latitude. When he had arrived there, Sir Hugh had sealed orders to open, and the perusal of them caused him great consternation. He sent for his daughter, and thus addressed her, "My dear Florence, the measure of my retribution for my past conduct is not yet filled up. There is a most hateful, a most harassing duty imposed upon me—of all the captains of his Majesty's navy, on me only. There is, there must be something more than accident in this. Do not shudder, when I inform you that a transport ship was spoken at sea by a small vessel, the convicts of which had risen upon the crew and the military; that the mutiny had been successful, most of the soldiers being drawn in by the mutineers, and that they were steering away, in high spirits, for some of the Indian islands. I am ordered, at all hazards, and at all sacrifices, to pursue and capture this vessel, and finish this service before I place myself under the command of the admiral on the East Indian station. What horrible thoughts does not this service give rise to!"

"There is the hand of an all-directing Providence in this, my dear father. Do His work that he has set out before you, manfully. You owe my mother the one, the only, the great reparation. Through you, and for you, she sinned. Through you and by you she may be again made perfect."

"What mean you, Florence?"

Upon this a long and most distressing altercation ensued, which ended by Florence exclaiming—"My father and my mother should be man and wife!"

"This is too much—leave me."

Florence submissively bent her head, and, with tears in her eyes, withdrew to her own little cabin.

Then began the gallant captain's tumult of thought. He swore, and stamped, and raved; and at length feeling that he could no longer bear his misery alone, he sent for his half-confidant, the doctor, and pacing with him across and across the after cabin, under the strictest pledge of secrecy, he told him the whole, upon which the following dialogue ensued.

Sir Hugh—You perceive, my good doctor, that this little saint will preach me into madness, and yet I cannot help loving the beautiful and affectionate puritan.

Doctor—I am sure she deserves it. But suppose she should be right?

Sir Hugh—Right, doctor! How can you be so absurd? You, too, who are so prudent; whose expediency is so very expedient. Come, come, give me your true opinion. You know, as well as any man, that the morals and religion which a gentleman professes are not those which govern his conduct.

Doctor—All that is very true, captain; but, at our time of life—I beg your pardon, Sir Hugh, for supposing my superior officer either older or younger than myself, as it may be offensive either way—but as I said, at our time of life, is it not worth the consideration to reflect whether or not we are at all happier for this?

Sir Hugh—Doctor, I have long despaired of happiness; the healthful quiet of the mind can be mine no more—and I fear that in this I am like most ambitious men. But I have my gratifications—and to preserve my self-love from wound or hurt is now one of my highest. The mother of the dear enthusiast is utterly lost, infinitely degraded. Shall I, with the haughty, the ancient, and the untarnished blood of centuries in my veins, marry,—in the decay of her beauty, and when past the crime of her life, a harlot and a convicted felon—upon scripture authority?

Doctor—If you are to decide the question upon authority, you cannot have a better one.

Sir Hugh—Are you serious, M'Quillet? This is the very strain in which Florence talks. She has even had the audacity to tell me that I have no right, after my conduct, to hope for earthly happiness, but that I need not despair of it, if I have the courage to repent, do justice, and make all the reparation in my power. I am baited to death; for when I oppose the little saint with excellent arguments, founded upon common sense, she assumes the look of a reproving angel, and stops my mouth with a quotation from the holy Evangelists.

Doctor—Well, Sir Hugh, it becomes not me to read you a great moral lesson, and there are very few of us indeed, that go down in the ships on the great waters, that have any right to make use of the artillery of the Scriptures to fire upon each other.—I am always for temporizing—excepting in very acute medical and surgical cases. You are by no means certain that the lady, whom you have seduced and ruined, is in the revolted ship—if she be there, you are not very likely to meet it—you have the consolation of thinking that she may have died through illness, privations, or have been murdered by the villains—nothing more probable, and, let the worst come to the worst, and that she and you were standing face to face, she might even refuse the reparation of your hand, and prefer the society of the scoundrel who has tempted her on to the very verge of the gallows; for the power of true love in a woman's bosom is miraculous.

Sir Hugh—This is cold comfort, conveyed in very cruel words. I must rid myself of Florence—handsomely provide for her future support—and, in my naval duties, activity and enterprise, forget both mother and daughter.

Doctor—It is very wisely resolved, Sir Hugh, and I have nothing whatever to say against it—if *you can do it.*

Sir Hugh—We will try, however, and, in the mean time, may God's destroying lightning strike and suddenly send to the bottom of the sea this devoted ship, and spare me the mortification and the pain of capturing her.

The surgeon rose and took his leave, saying to himself, "A very humane tender-hearted skipper this is—here he would consign to destruction from seven to eight hundred persons, many among them knowing not their right hands from their left, in order that he may be spared facing a woman who once tenderly loved him, and who, out of the excess of her love, ruined herself for his sake. And yet, where is there a more honourable man than Captain Sir Hugh Enstace, Knight Commander of the Bath, Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal, and of the Golden Fleece; wearing three medals for general actions, the feared of men, and the admired of the ladies? He has got himself, however, into a very pretty mess."

For two days Sir Hugh kept away almost entirely from his daughter, only exchanging with her those salutations that mere politeness required. He shuddered when he considered how much she was, though eminently beautiful like him, in the expression of her countenance, and he dreaded that she inherited from him, with this physiognomical resemblance, his own inflexibility of purpose. She seemed not to know so much as the nature of fear, and in her conduct to acknowledge no other impulse than that of duty. She received her instructions from above, he his from the world. How, then, was it possible that they should agree?

How long this estrangement would have endured it is not easy to determine, for it cost Sir Hugh much pain, had not a little incident removed it suddenly. Whenever, for the last two days, he came into the after-cabin, and found there his daughter, he would look kindly upon her and immediately withdraw. She perceived and felt this, and very rightly guessed the cause, and very deeply did she lament it. But the missionary spirit was strong upon her, and the mission so sacred: it was to a loved and honoured, though a sinful and sceptic father—his soul's salvation seemed to depend upon her—and she was determined she would hold no compromise with her holy call. Yet the gushing tenderness of her heart impelled her to caress and soothe, rather than to exhort and reprove—and her path was thorny and most discouraging. Yet she dared not forsake it.

There was a good and a very faithful portrait of the captain, placed in a conspicuous part of the after-cabin. Before this, on the third day of his changed conduct, Sir Hugh found his daughter kneeling, and perfectly absorbed in intense and audible prayer. Whilst Frank Flylightly stood blubbering at the door, his heavy and globose cheeks nearly scalded with the profusion of his hot tears. The captain placed his hand upon his shoulder, with an Herculean heave turned round the ponderous mass, then placing one foot and his two hands behind it, he gave it so much motion that it impelled it fairly into the middle of the fore-cabin. He then closed the door, and once more found himself alone with Florence. Even the noise of this difficult ejectment had not disturbed her, and she prayed on.

That beautiful prayer! It burned upon the father's heart like living coals of fire—it smote his conscience—it was so opposite to the impious wish that two days before he had vented. Never before had he appeared to himself so little, so selfish, so mean. The language of her heart offering was pure, and tender, and sublime. It told him how davently he was loved, and yet how little that love was deserved.

'If she should be right in her notions of duty and religion, what then am I?' he murmured; 'but right or wrong, I cannot stand this. If I listen longer, I shall feel myself to be utterly contemptible.—Florence, look up,' and he gently placed his hand upon her head—'this enthusiasm is misplaced, and it displeases me. If you will not preach, my gentle and lovely visionary, I will talk to you—yes, for hours, I could drink in, delighted, the sweet sounds of your voice.'

'As braying cymbals, and as tinkling brass, my dear father ——'

'You begin ill, Florence. This is the cant of the conventicle. Converse with me rationally—even, if you will, religiously—and I will be most attentive—only let your conversation be in the phrase of polite society.'

'I look upon you, father, at once with dread and love. The lark offers up her morning prayer to her God only in the notes that He has given to her. I have notie other language than that in which I was taught to praise and pray. Sorry am I that it sho'ld offend you; yet, though grieved for myself, I am ever much stricken for you. And I perceive, by the gathering of your countenance, that you think this preaching.'

"Well, Florence, you must have your own way, I suppose. I will hear all that you have to say, and then, perhaps, we shall the better understand one another."

(To be continued.)

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

[From the Journal of a Military Man, a native of Nova-Scotia.]

Pyramids of Egypt. Grand Cairo, and Alexandria.

March 22nd. This morning our boat was anchored off the Pyramids of Dashoun, which are second only to those of Gazah—one of these is celebrated as the angular sided Pyramid, and is 117 feet lower than the grand one at Gaza, that is as high as St. Paul's Cross, with a base of eleven acres extent, all composed of cut stone and covered with a polished crust of the same material, it is therefore impossible to ascend it; but we found one close to it of nearly equal magnitude, its sides forming steps and from the top of which we could see twelve Pyramids within a distance of twelve miles, the Nile winding its way through its rich valley of waving corn. We descended and visited a Brick Pyramid situated on the banks of the Nile, of great size and built entirely of sun-burnt bricks, said to be the oldest in Egypt, and built by the Jews when in Captivity. You would suppose it almost impossible that materials of such a nature should have lasted so many thousands of years; but it never rains in this wonderful country, and the floods of Ethiopia are annually brought down to cover the country, first with water, and then with three rich crops of corn and vegetables, the water being detained in canals and let in upon the grounds at the will of the cultivator—but let us return to the Pyramids. Regaining our boat we descended five miles, and visited the five Pyramids of Sakarra, one of which (like that of Dashoun) is noted for its unusual shape, being a succession of smaller squares each of great height.

23d March. We dropped down opposite the great Pyramids of Gaza, known by the distinctive title The, from their unrivalled size; mounted Donkeys and rode about four miles across highly cultivated fields to the edge of the Desert, the rocks on which they are built being not more than fifteen yards from the Corn fields! doubling round the last ridge, we at once came in sight of the Sphynx and the three Pyramids, a very stupendous scene!!

The Sphynx and the surrounding Tombs are covered up to the height of the back, but the breast has been excavated to a depth of fifty feet, and its length being one hundred and fifty six feet, will give some idea of its enormous size. The great Pyramid 693 feet square at the base, averaging twelve acres of ground, and its height 520 feet, being 117 feet higher than St. Paul's in London. This is the tomb of King Cheops. We entered the chamber where his Sarcophagus (now in the Museum of the University of Cambridge) was found, by a low slanting gallery, into which we were obliged to crouch, preceded by an Arab carrying a torch: the first descent was 100 feet, and turning to the right we scrambled over huge stones until we again hit upon the passage, and after crawling until my back was nearly broken, we entered the central chamber in which the outer stone coffin lies, and thence ascended to the Queen's chamber: from the heat of the torches, the dust and the crouching position, this exploration is by no means pleasant, and we were delighted to retrace our steps and again emerge from such an atmosphere to the clear pure air.—After resting a few moments we began the ascent of the great Pyramid, and continued to climb over corner stones three feet thick (resting three times) until we reached the top; from it we had a fine view of the Valley of the Nile, its green fields, both Deserts, and all the Pyramids, those of Ceplirenes and the smaller one within a stone's throw of us, and the city of Grand Cairo with its 300 Mosques and Minarets within five miles of us! No prospect can surpass this either in grandeur, or the antiquity of objects seen at one glance of the eye. We returned to the Nile and crossed over to Cairo, which it would take volumes to describe; its narrow streets, high houses, each story of which projects beyond the lower one and forms a canopy over the throng of turbaned men, veiled women, crowds of camels and donkeys, a perfect picture of what we read in the Arabian Nights entertainments. We employed a week in visiting the Mosques, Palaces, and wonders of Cairo, amongst which is the celebrated Garden of Shonbree, belonging to Mahomed Ali, the Viceroy or rather King of Egypt, the most fairy scene I ever enjoyed. On the 28th March, we wandered through flower-beds and groves of Orange and Lemon trees, bowed down with ripe fruit, intermixed with the blossoms of the coming cross! I may say hundreds of bushels might have been picked, but not one is allowed to be touched. Here the Pasha wanders amid marble fountains and summer houses, to meditate on the murders and rapine which marked his elevation to the throne of Egypt.

On the 31st March we visited the Slave Market, and embarked for Alexandria, descended to the entrance of the Grand Canal, when we removed into two smaller boats. This Canal was dug by the present Pasha in 1819; 312,000 Arabs were employed on it for eight months, and the loss of human life was estimated at 23,000. The whole line is through a beautiful level country, and conveys water to all parts of the cultivated districts. April 1st, reached Alexandria at daylight, and found a good English Hotel outside the New Town and in the midst of the ancient ruins, which extend as far as the eye can range, and from which materials are daily drawn to build the New Town. From this day till the 8th, (when we embarked for Constantinople) we examined Alexandria thoroughly, visiting Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and the battle grounds of Nelson and Abercrombie. The weather was truly delightful, to one who had been so long in India almost too cold, but thank God I find myself daily improving in health and spirits.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

FROM J. H., THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD,

Queen's Ward.

Dear Mr. Editor; I find,
There's lots of people of your mind;
Regarding some *state secrets*, which
Have leaked out, for the want of pitch;

And I for my part, would like much,
To give your hat a right good clutch,
And talk these matters over, when
You'd laugh, until you dropped your pen.

But as I do'nt know *who you are*
And have not seen a leading star,
To point out where you may be found,
Whether above or under ground.

I send you by the Penny Post,
A letter which if not a Ghost,
And gone to Hades for your sins,
In shewing up the *state of things*,

I hope you'll publish, *by the way*,
As young Cock Robin's Roundelay;
In Evelyn Grove, 'twas sung I've heard,
And by a very comely Bird.

And should you wish my name to know,
If you'll attend at Province Row,
When next the members meet in State,
Before they enter on debate;

J. H. The Shepherd, there you'll find,
Arrayed in State, with Tail behind,
With answer *long and loud* prepared,
If from an *Action* he's but spared.

So now good night, and pleasant dreams
To you and yours, of Dungeon screams,
For I am told you soon will be,
Safe lodged in one, marked No. 3.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN.

NEW READING.

Who wrote the libel?
I says Great "W,"
I hope it don't trouble you,
I wrote the libel.

Who put it forth?
I says the Chronicle,
Do'nt think I'm ironical,
I put it forth.

Who dare oppose it?
We say the *Corriboos*,
As bold as Marabous,
We dare oppose it.

Who'll order a Prosecution?
We says the Legislature,
For we are *all good Nature*,
We'll order a Prosecution.

Who'll bring the action?
We say the Crown Lawyers,
For we're the *Top Sawyers*,
We'll bring the action.

Who will defend it?
We say the Bar,
The *Pilot* we will mar,
We will defend it.

But who'll find a verdict?
Not we says the Jury;
Whether Whig, Rad, or Tory,
We'll not find a Verdict.

Who'll take the Notes?
I says the Sentinel,
*A'n't I a Gentleman**
I'll take the Notes.

Who'll pay the costs?
The people say we,
For the Press Liberty,
We'll pay the Costs.

Who'll back the Paper?
We say the *disappointed*,
For its very much wanted,
We'll back the Paper.

Who'll look chop-fallen?
We, *a party styled large*,
It was we made the charge,
We'll look chop fallen.

Who will repent it?
We says the Great
Combination of State,
We will repent it.

What will the end be?
Dismay and Defeat,
And three cheers in the Street,
That will the end be.

J. H. ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

* Vide Sentinel, April 4th, 1840.

BOSTON, April 17.

FRESHET AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.—The Providence Herald of the 16th inst. gives the following melancholy particulars attending the storm of Sunday, in that neighbourhood:—

Terrible Disaster.—We had yesterday, and last night, a tremendous fall of rain, attended with a heavy gale of wind from the south. We have heard however of no damage by them in the city, but in the neighboring town of Johnston, the effects of the freshet have been truly awful.

About 5 o'clock, this morning, the waters had become so much swollen in the vicinity of the manufacturing village known by the name of Simmonsville, and belonging to James F. Simmons, Esq., of Johnston, that the embanktments of the reservoir gave way, and the water immediately burst forth with tremendous power and impetuosity. Three or four horses, we learn were carried off by the flood, and a number of lives lost; how many, it has yet been impossible to ascertain amid the confusion of the dreadful scene; but the person who came to Olneyville this forenoon, for the Coroner, says that not less than nine, and perhaps as many as twenty!

Besides the houses already swept away, several others were surrounded by the water, when we last heard from the scene of disaster; and it was feared they would also go, and that more lives might still be lost.

The stream below continued to swell and roll on with fearful rapidity, up to our last accounts. The bridge near Sprague's establishment at or near what is called the Monkey Town, has been swept away, and great fears are entertained for the safety of the mills, &c. on the stream. This is the most terrible disaster by flood, that has ever occurred in this State.

Postscript. Half past 11 o'clock, A. M., a gentleman direct from the spot gives us the following particulars.

The dams were carried away, together with two dwelling houses, the factory, a store and part of a grist mill. The number of persons swept away with them, about *thirty*—six of whom have been found alive, and six dead—the remainder are missing. Two or three houses are still surrounded by water, and the persons in them, without any possibility of any one getting at them, or rendering them aid.

Later. One o'clock, P. M. We learn from a person directly from the scene of the disaster, that *nineteen* of the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers had been found.

☞2 P. M. We have a report of one more dead body found—making *twenty!*

THE AWFUL CALAMITY, of which we gave some account yesterday from the Providence Herald, is described in the Providence Journal of yesterday with some additional particulars. In the dwelling houses which were swept away, there were five families. One family was all saved. Of the other four, eighteen persons were drowned, and only nine saved. The following are the names of the sufferers:—Franklin Randall, aged 24 years, son of Benjamin Randall; Philip Angell, and his wife; Mrs. Sarah Rogers, wife of Abner Rogers; Oliver Angell aged 18 years, and Benjamin Angell, aged 4 years—children of Philip Angell; John W. Hull, aged 31 years; Lucius Hall, aged 28 years; William McAusland, aged 26 years; Mrs. Matilda Whitmore, aged 46 years; Maloney Whitmore, aged 14 years; Almira Whitmore, aged 12 years; Julia Ann Whitmore, aged 10 years; Laurana J. Whitmore, aged 7 years.—the family of Brayton Whitmore, who was absent on a visit to Connecticut; Mrs. Martha Whitmore, aged 20 years, wife of Russel Whitmore; Sarah Whitmore, aged 24 years, wife of Nelson Whitmore, and Janet Whitmore his daughter aged 8 months. The bodies have all been recovered, many of them very much injured.

The Journal adds—

The damage to property is about $12,000. A portion of the books and papers had not been discovered yesterday afternoon.

The dam was examined in the night, and considered perfectly secure. The first signs of its breaking away were discovered by Samuel Randall, and he immediately started to inform the people of the threatned danger; but the dam gave way before he reached the village, and the flood rushed past with such fearful rapidity, that the work of destruction was consummated before he could arrive.

Mrs. Eddy, aged about 60 years, saw the flood coming, and returning to her bed, wrapped herself up in the bed clothes. The house was borne down the stream, and she extricated herself in safety.

The first bell had just rung, and several persons had left the houses which were swept away. Had the disaster occurred half an hour later, the destruction to life would have been much less. The whole dam, composed in part of large stones, was scattered for half a mile below.

The spot has been visited by thousands, ready to offer any assistance which could be rendered. No language can discribe the feelings of the survivors, and of those who were the painful spectators of the scene.

A learned clergyman in Maine, was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education: 'Sir you have been to college, I suppose.' 'Yes sir, was the reply. 'I am thankful,' replied the former, 'that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning.' 'A similar event,' replied the latter, 'took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day.'

Mr. Parkins, formerly Sheriff of London, who has been for many years in this country, died on Sunday last at Newark, after a short illness.—*Boston Weekly Messenger.*

Offensive Breath.—One of the most common causes of bad breath is neglect of the teeth and gums, causing the first to decay, and the latter to become spungy, and of a livid colour, and to bleed from the slightest injury. To preserve therefore the breath pure, the mouth should be frequently rinsed and gargled with water, especially after rising in the morning, and subsequently to each meal: every particle of food which has insinuated itself between the teeth should be carefully removed by a pointed quill or splinter of wood, and the gums frequently rubbed with an appropriate brush.

SLIPE OF EARTH, IN CANADA.—On the morning of the 4th inst., a large tract of land of several hundred acres, near Three Rivers, Lower Canada slid off into the river. There were upon it two houses, several barns, 40 horses, cows and other domestic animals, and 500 sugar maple trees. The land went off gradually, and the inhabitants, including the men employed in making sugar, who took the alarm as soon as they saw the trees moving, made their escape.

A widow said once to her daughter, when you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband. 'Yes, mama' replied the thoughtless little hussy, *for the second time.*

A young musician, on his first appearance in public, was so intimidated as hardly to be able to perform his part, and particularly to execute well those graces that principally display talents; on which Mrs. Crespigny observed, that he *trembled* so much he could not *shake.*

ANOTHER ROYAL MARRIAGE.—HAMBURGH March 8.—A letter from London communicated to the *Leipsic Allgemeine Zeitung*, speaks of a marriage of Prince Ernest, of Saxe Coburg, with the daughter of the Duke of Cambridge: it is represented as a favourite measure with Queen Victoria.

POOR COPY