THE Weekly Chronicle

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

VOL. V. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1841. No. 31.

The Chronicle,

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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.

March.		R. Sun. s.	MOON.	H. W.
3 Saturday,	- -	5 41 6 19	4 15	10 16
4 Sunday,	-	5 40 6 20	4 37	10 53
5 Monday,	-	5 39 6 21	Rises	11 29
6 Tuesday,	-	5 37 6 23	7 41	0 5
7 Wednesday,	- -	5 36 6 24	8 52	0 40
8 Thursday,	-	5 35 6 25	10 1	1 19
9 Friday,	- -	5 33 6 27	11 5	2 2

Full Moon, 5th. 8h. 32m ev.

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 on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.–Director next week: F. A. Wiggins, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, 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 Wishart, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.–(Saint John Branch.)–A. Smithers, 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: Hon. John Robertson.

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.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of DANIEL BRUNDAGE, late of Carleton, City of Saint John, N. B., deceased, are requested to present their accounts, duly attested, within Twelve Months from the date hereof; and those indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

HANNAH A. BRUNDAGE, *Adm'rx.*
WM. OLIVE, Sen. *Administrator.*

Carleton, 30th April, 1840.

SAINT JOHN HOTEL.

THE Subscribers having leased the above named Establishment from the Company, and put the whole in a thorough state of repair, they respectfully beg to intimate that the House will be re-opened on *Monday next*, the 17th instant.

They are determined that every thing which can conduce to the comfort and convenience of those who may patronize them, shall be strictly attended to on their part, and they confidently hope that their exertions will merit a share of public support.

☞ A supply of the choicest Wines and Liquors will be constantly on hand at the Hotel.

WILLIAM SCAMMELL,
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

St. John, Feb. 15, 1840.

RECEIVED

Per ship "Andover," from Liverpool.

10 CASES Naylor & Co's warranted CAST STEEL, assorted,
10 Bundles do. German do. do.
12 do. do. Granite Wedge do.
10 do. do. (L.) Blister do.
10 do. do. Sleigh Shoe do.
And for sale low by
Feb. 19.—4w. WILLIAM CARVILL.

BIRCH TIMBER & DEALS.

ABOUT 30 tons BIRCH, of superior quality, ex "Princess Royal," from Parrsboro, and now lying in Pettingill's slip, may be had if applied for before being sent to a pond. Also—a quantity of DEALS and STAVES, at same place.

Feb. 19. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

Salmon TWINES and Souchong TEAS.

JUST received by the subscriber—50 Chests excellent quality Souchong TEAS; 2 Packages of Salmon TWINE.

5th Feb. JOHN V. THURGAR.

10,000,000
Superficial Feet Saw Logs.

THE Subscribers will contract for Ten Million Superficial Feet Spruce SAW LOGS, to be delivered at their Mills near Indian Town, early in the ensuing Spring. H. J. & D. MACKAY.

Dec. 11

Wanted to Purchase.

5,000,000 SUPERFICIAL feet of Spruce SAW LOGS.
Apply to WILLIAM CARVILL.
Feb. 19th.—6w.

NEW GOODS,
Per Andover, from Liverpool.

THE subscriber has received a choice assortment of Hair Brushes, Bone and Ivory Tooth Brushes, Cold Cream, Bears' Grease, &c. &c.

Feb 19. W. MAJOR.

Souchong Tea.

47 CHESTS superior souchong TEA, just received on consignment, and for sale in lots to suit purchasers, for cash or approved paper. [Jan 29.] JAS. MALCOLM.

MORE COFFEE, &c.—Landing ex schooner *Cumberland*, from Boston:—25 bags real Java Coffee; 8 Pockets HOPS, for sale by

January 1. JAMES MALCOLM.

Miscellany.

NIGHT AFTER TALAVERA.

The night which followed the battle was a sad one. Through the darkness, and under a fast-falling rain, the hours were spent in searching for our wounded comrades amid the heap of slain upon the field; and the glimmering of the lanterns as they flickered far and near across the wide plain, bespoke the track of the fatigue parties in their mournful round—while the groans of the wounded rose amid the silence with an accent of heart-rending anguish: so true was it, as our great commander said, "that there is nothing more sad than a victory, except a defeat."

Around our bivouac fires, the feeling of sorrowful depression was also evident. We had gained a great victory, it was true: we had beaten the far-famed legions of France upon a ground of their own choosing, led by the most celebrated of their marshals, and under the eyes of the Emperor's own brother; but still we felt all the hazardous daring of our position, and had no confidence whatever in the courage and discipline of our allies; and we saw that in the very *melee* of the battle the efforts of the enemy were almost exclusively directed against our line, so confidently did they undervalue the efforts of the Spanish troops. Morning broke at length, and scarcely was the heavy mist clearing before the red sunlight, when the sounds of fife and drum were heard from a distant part of the field. The notes swelled or sunk as the breeze rose or fell, and many a conjecture was hazarded as to their meaning; for no object was well visible at more than a few hundred yards off: gradually, however, they grew nearer and nearer, and at length as the air cleared and the hazy vapour evaporated, the bright scarlet uniform of a British regiment was seen advancing at a quick step.

As they came nearer, the well-known march of the gallant forty-third was recognised by some of our people, and immediately the rumour fled like lightning,—it "is Crawford's brigade;" and so it was: the noble fellow had marched his division the unparalleled distance of sixty English miles in twenty-seven hours. Over a burning sandy soil, exposed to a raging sun, without rations, almost without water, these gallant troops pressed on in the unwearied hope of sharing the glory of the battle-field.—One tremendous cheer welcomed the head of the column as they marched past, and continued till the last file had deployed before us.

As these splendid regiments moved by, we could not help feeling what signal service they might have rendered us a few hours before; their soldier-like bearing, their high and effective state of discipline, their well known reputation, were in every mouth, and I scarcely think that any corps who stood the brunt of the mighty battle were the subject of more encomium than the brave fellows who had just joined us.

The mournful duties of the night were soon forgotten in the gay and buoyant sounds on every side. Congratulations, shaking of hands, kind enquiries went round; and, as we looked to the hilly ground where so lately were drawn up in battle array the dark columns of our enemy, and where not one sentinel now remained, the proud feeling of our victory came home to our hearts with the ever thrilling thought, "What will they say at home?"

I was standing amid a group of my brother officers, when I received an order from the Colonel to ride down to Talavera for the return of our wounded, as the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief was momentarily looked for. I threw myself on my horse, and, setting out at a brisk pace, soon reached the gates.

On entering the town, I was obliged to dismount and proceed on foot. The streets were completely filled with people, treading their way among waggons, forage carts, and sick litters: here was a booth filled with all imaginable wares for sale; there, a temporary gin shop established beneath a broken baggage waggon; here, might be seen a merry party throwing dice for a turkey or a kid—there, a wounded man, with bloodless cheek and tottering step, inquiring the road to the hospital; the accents of agony mingled with the drunken chorus, and the sharp crack of the provost-marshal's whip was heard above the boisterous revelling of the debauchee.—All was confusion, bustle, and excitement. The staff-officer, with his flowing plume and glittering epaulettes, wended his way on foot, amid the din and bustle unnoticed and uncared for, while the little drummer amused an admiring audience of simple country people by some wondrous tale of the great victory.

My passage through this dense mass was necessarily a slow one. No one made way for another: discipline for the time was at an end, and with it all respect for rank or position. It was what nothing of mere vicissitude in the fortune of war can equal—the wild orgies of an army on the day after a battle.

On turning the corner of a narrow street, my attention was attracted by a crowd which gathered round a small fountain, seemed, as well as I could perceive, to witness some proceeding with a more than ordinary interest. Exclamations in Portuguese expressive of surprise and admiration, were mingled with English oaths and Irish ejaculations, while high above all rose other sounds—the cries of some one in pain and suffering; forcing my way through the dense group, I at length reached the interior of the crowd, when to my astonishment, I perceived a short, fat, punchy looking man, stripped of his coat and waistcoat, and with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, busily employed in operating upon a wounded soldier. Amputation knives, tourniquets, bandages, and all other imaginable instruments for giving and alleviating torture, were strewed about him, and from the arrangement and preparation, it was clear that he had pitched upon this spot as an hospital for his patients. While he continued to perform his functions with a singular speed and dexterity, he never for a moment ceased a running fire of small talk, now addressed to the patient in particular, now to the crowd at large—sometimes a soliloquy to himself, and not unfrequently, abstracted, upon things in general. These little specimens of oratory, delivered in such a place at such a time, and not least of all, in the richest imaginable Cork accent were sufficient to arrest my steps, and I stopped among the crowd for some time to observe him.

The patient, who was a large powerfully built fellow, had been wounded in both legs by the explosion of a shell, but yet not so severely as to require amputation.

"Does that plaze you, then?" said the doctor, as he applied some powerful caustic to a wounded vessel, "there's no satisfying the like of you. Quite warm and comfortable ye'll be this morning after that. I saw that same shell coming, and I called out to Maurice Blake, 'by your leave, Maurice, let that fellow pass, he's in a hurry:' and, faith, I said to myself, there's more where you came from: you're not an only child, and I never liked the family,—what are you grinning for, ye brown thieves?—this was addressed to a Portuguese,—"There, now, keep the limb quiet and easy. Upon my conscience, if that shell fell into ould Lundy Foot's shop this morning, there'd be plenty of sneezing in Sackville-street. Who's next?" said he, looking round with an expression that seemed to threaten that if no wounded man was ready, that he was quite prepared to carve out a patient for himself. Not exactly relishing the invitation in the searching that accompanied it, I backed my way through the crowd and continued my path to the hospital.

Here the scene which presented itself was shocking beyond belief—frightful and ghastly wounds from shells and cannon shot were seen on all sides, every imaginable species of suffering that man is capable of, was presented to view; while, amid the dead and dying, operations the most painful were proceeding with a haste and bustle that plainly showed how many more waited their turn for similar offices. The stairs were blocked up with fresh arrivals of wounded men, and even upon the corriders and landing places, the sick were strewn on all sides.

I hurried to that part of the building where my own people were, and soon learned that our loss was confined to about fourteen wounded; five of them were officers; but, fortunately, we lost not a man of our gallant fellows, and Talavera brought us no mourning for a comrade to damp the exultation we felt in our victory.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

Sir Astley entertained a supreme respect for the Duke of Wellington, on whom he looked with a sort of super-human reverence. Not long ago, while visiting his Grace at Strathfieldsaye, he chanced to be invited to accompany him to church, and afterwards to join in a walk through the pleasure grounds. To this important event Sir Astley was wont to refer with great satisfaction as the proudest day of his life; and when the Duke who is notoriously punctual in answering notes and returning visits, called to inquire for him during his last illness, he was positively enraptured. The imperturbable patience with which the Duke listened to the parson's drowsy homily—equalled only by the resignation he displays under Lord Aberdeen's more balmy harangues, had struck Sir Astley (who yawned himself) with equal admiration and astonishment. "Ah!" said the expiring surgeon, whose thoughts were beginning to wander, "he sat out that sermon with extraordinary devotion—he has the finest kitchen-garden I ever witnessed in my life!"

Sir Astley, indeed, had an overweening affection for rank, even when unaccompanied by any true nobility. When summoned, in 1822, to Windsor Castle, to extirpate a tumour from the back of Geo. the Fourth's head, he exhibited considerable trepidation on being ushered into the presence of royalty. The Earl of Liverpool, who witnessed his nervousness, took him into a side room, and counselled firmness; but Cooper perhaps unwilling in his agitated state to use the knife, advised that the excrescence should be removed by ligature. "Your plan is too tedious," said the Premier: "the thing is an *eyesore*, and must be instantly removed. Courage, Cooper! *Cæsarem vehis et fortunas*—you are going to cut a tumour from the head of George Fourth." Sir Astley, under this impressive adjuration, quickly recovered self-possession, and performed the operation with his wonted skill; though he was strangely puzzled, and used afterwards heartily to laugh, at the Earl's magniloquence and curious idea of an "*eye-sore*." Sir Benjamin Brodie was the King's future surgical attendant.

And yet, though thus inordinately devoted to rank, Sir Astley was not unapproachable to those of humbler birth. A dentist of some repute in the City, and now, we believe, attached to the hospital with which Sir Astley was so long connected, is chiefly indebted to the late baronet for his fortunes. Desirous of giving some demonstrations in tooth-drawing at Guy's Hospital, he applied to Sir Astley, who was astonished by the simplicity of the application, inasmuch as the applicant had "neither father, mother, brother, uncle, first cousin, nor any other relation" connected with the institution.—"Do you know no old woman about the place?" asked Cooper. "No," replied the other; my mother's dead!" "Poor little fellow!" said Sir Astley, touched by the *naïtive* of the answer, and yet unable to suppress a joke. "I hope you are able to run along; but come to-morrow and I'll see what can be done for you." The little man went, and was appointed tooth-drawer to the hospital; though his was the only instance in which Sir Astley departed from the old rule of "keeping good things in the family," so rigidly observed in these institutions. Sir Astley, indeed, carried nepotism to no ordinary extent. He had two nephews installed as surgeons at Guy's, another at St. Thomas's, and he appointed more distant relations to we know not how many metropolitan charities.

Sir Astley's first marriage was odd and accidental. While rolling into the city one day, his carriage got locked with that of another gentleman on Ludgate-hill. The coachmen interchanged civilities in the customary style, but their masters conducted themselves with exemplary patience.—"Steady, steady, John' don't swear so much" said one of the gentlemen cooped up. "I think I know that voice," observed Sir Astley. "A'nt your name Jones?" "Yes," said the other, "and yours?" "Cooper." Ah! I thought so, continued the surgeon, "and what's become of our old flames, the Miss Cocks?" "I am married to one of them," was the reply, "and the other's waiting for you." "The deuce she is!" was the rejoinder, and Sir Astley lost no time in driving down to his old *cherie amie*, whom he married in less than a month, and received with her a fortune of £30,000. The lady was the daughter of a wealthy apothecary in the Borough.

Sir Astley obtained an equally large dowry with his second wife; but, notwithstanding this, and his large professional emolument, he was always frugal, and latterly evinced no small share of the gentlemanly vice" of avarice. In his latter days he was unwilling to give advice to medical men, from whom it is not customary to exact a fee. To an old friend who called on him some time ago, and tendered a sovereign instead of a guinea, he exclaimed—"No, no, it won't do; I must have the shilling too;" and he resolutely insisted on giving change for a £5 note in order to get possession of the coveted coin. This, however, may in part have originated from a cherished attachment to old recollections; for, on the whole, he was one of the most liberal minded of his profession.

We have been informed that the tumour was not on the posterior of the royal scalp, but on that of the most bulky portion of the Prince's bulky person, and that it was removed at the desire of the Marchioness of C——, because it produced no trifling inconvenience when the "first gentleman in Europe" sat down upon the throne, or sunk into a common chair. Lord Liverpool's ludicrous expression of an "eye-sore" in such a locality was of course thus rendered infinitely more ludicrous.

Mrs. Cockerell, now the Countess of Eglington, was the widow of Captain Howe Cockerell, whom she first met on her passage to India, whither the captain was also going to push his fortune. He arrived at the period of the great failures in Calcutta, and through his family connections was appointed to wind up the affairs of some of the great houses, a service in which he realized £100,000 in a few years. He died shortly after his return to England leaving his young and beautiful wife the life interest of his fortune, and £40,000 at her absolute disposal.

From the Enniskillen Chronicle.

LINES

ON READING MONTGOMERY'S HYMN FOR THE CENTENARY OF METHODISM.

All hail to spirit-stirring bliss,
And hail above, below,
The little band that witness'd this,
A hundred years ago.

A hundred years, not many then,
The little flock could know,
Which like a speck appeared to men
A hundred years ago.

But like prophetic cloud that band
So scattered to and fro,
That watered was the thirsty land,
A hundred years ago.

A hundred years—this lapse of time,
Identifies it so,
That thousands bless in words sublime
A hundred years ago.

But who can call the deed divine,
Or prove that it was so,
That step'd they o'er the church's line,
A hundred years ago.

No sanctimonious place serene,
All pewed by row and row,
Nor cushioned pulpit could be seen
A hundred years ago.

Now is the labelled tablet set,
A dismsy pictured show;
Ask was it seen "this pew to let,"
A hundred years ago.

No sarcedotal order then
That little flock could know,
Nor vie did they with higher men,
A hundred years ago.

Sincerely simple was their plan,
As such their words would flow,
A preacher was no titled man
A hundred years ago.

No source of pleasure would he roam,
The seeds of life to sow,
The ledge his stand the hill his name,
A hundred years ago.

To him the gospel, so replete,
Was nostrum for all woe,
No golden sandals bound his feet,
A hundred years ago.

If other views than these at all,
A sunbeam lustre wore,
In letter'd radiance to recall
A hundred years before.

Yes with Montgomery would I pray,
When all our limbs are dumb,
That there may be a brighter day
A hundred years to come.

ELLIOTT.

IRELAND.—AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

"We entered one day a cottage in a suburb of Cork; a woman was knitting stockings at the door; it was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recal them. 'My husband is a wheel-wright, and always earned his guinea a week; he was neither a bad man nor a bad husband but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he bro't me home more than five shillings out of his one-pound-one on a Saturday night: and it broke my heart to see the poor children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, Gop be praised, he took the pledge; and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks on my bended knees that night? Still I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I was used to, saying to myself, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks were passed; and glory be to Gop! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his hard earnings; so I felt there was no fear of him; and the ninth week when he came home to me, I had this table bought and these six chairs, one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself. And I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his own chair, I put a bran new suit; and upon his plate I put the bill and resate for them all—just the eight sixteen shillings they cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always before went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a bobby—but 'twas with thanks to GOD: and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the County Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or dacenter or better fed children than our own four?' It is most unlikely that such a family will again sink into poverty and wretchedness. We might add largely to these cases, not only from what we have heard, but what we have seen."—*Mrs. Hall.*

QUEEN ADELAIDE'S NEEDLEWORK.—It is well known that Queen Adelaide, and in consequence of her Majesty's example, those around her, habitually occupy their leisure moments in ornamental needle work; and there have been, of late years, few bazars throughout the kingdom, for really beneficent purposes, which have not been enriched by the contributions of the Queen Dowager—contributions ever gladly purchased at a high price, not for their intrinsic worth, but because they have been wrought by a hand which every Englishwoman had learnt to respect and love.—*The Art of Needlework, by the Countess of Wilton.*

HOAX EXTRAORDINARY.—On Monday evening a sprightly wag, well known as the "Helston Pocket Volume of Fun and Frolic," raised a report there that the Duke of Saxe Coburg, father of Prince Albert, had been driven by stress of weather into St. Michael's Mount, and would pass through Helston about ten o'clock, on his way to London. This intelligence, soon reached every ear, was apparently confirmed by the fact of eight horses having been ordered at the inn precisely at that hour. Long before the appointed time a crowd of persons of all descriptions took their station at the inn door, where, in spite of the intense cold, they remained eagerly awaiting the arrival of the illustrious visiter. The entrance to the inn was lighted with wax tapers; the waiting maids supported their richest ringlets and furbelows, and the post-boys exhibited their "buffs," while "mine host" himself was busily engaged in inspecting and superintending all the necessary arrangements in-doors and out. Many of the town council, too, graced the scene with their presence, and the band animated it with its enlivening strains. At length there arrived a certain man of law and letters, delegated to present a congratulatory address to the illustrious stranger, which address he "then and there" proceeded to read to the bystanders. This display, however, was cut short by cries of "He's coming, he's coming," and presently after two carriages and four appeared. The band struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes," followed by "God save the Queen" the crowd, uncovered, stood in breathless anxiety; the learned delegate approached, but was dumbfounded, when instead of father of her Majesty's Royal Consort, he encountered only the guard of the Malta mail.—*Cornwall Gazette.*

LONGEVITY.—There is at present alive, in the island of Harris, a man who was born in 1730, and has attained, or rather turned, the 110th year of his age From his youth upwards he has cherished all the feelings that constitute the true Celtic character, and was deemed trustworthy enough to become one of the attendants of Mr. M'Leod, tacksman of Bernera, during his sojourn in a hiding place that blood-hounds could not reach, subsequent to the disastrous battle of Culloden. The spot chosen was Uamba Ulludal: and while thus secreted, he fared better than Baron Bradwardine, by clansmen and friends, who supplied him with venison, mutton, fish and other necessaries, obtained by hunting dexterity, or otherwise, and served according to the rude fashion of the times. The name of the individual, who has seen generation after generation committed to the grave, is John Martin; his faculties of speech, sight, and hearing are unimpaired, and he is still so hale in bodily health, that, in good weather he thinks nothing of travelling to the top of the highest hill in Harris.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

NEW AMERICAN DICTIONARY.—Cat—An animal that old maids love, because it gives out sparks when it is rubbed. Treadmill—a retired place for those addicted to appropriation. Bonnet—A kind of inverted coal hod, in which ladies' heads are carried. Misery—The life of an unpaid printer.—Nothing—the conscience of a thorough politician. Umbrellas—Common property. Independence—A strong determination to place yourself where you are not wanted. Tempest—Something that comes to married people after the honeymoon. Merit—That which receives no praise. Money—A fish peculiarly difficult to catch. The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of. Modesty—A beautiful flower that flourishes only in secret places. Sensibility—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own. A young Man of Talent—An impertinent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a writer of execrable poetry; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow; a speech-maker. Lawyer—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy, and keeps it himself. My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.—Watchman—A man employed by the parish to sleep in the open air. Rural Felicity—Potatoes and turnips. Thin Shoe—An article worn in winter by high spirited young ladies, who would rather die than conceal the beauty of their feet.—*New York News.*

DEATH OF THE COUNTESS OF SHELBURNE.—The family of the Marquis of Lansdowne has again been plunged into the deepest grief and affliction, by the death of the Countess of Shelburne, which took place, on Sunday, at Wilton House, where her ladyship had been in a state which precluded hope for the greater part of the past week. Her ladyship was fifth daughter of the late Earl of Pembroke, and was married in August last. She was in her 24th year.

IMPROVEMENT OF BUILDINGS.

Analysis of the Marquis of Normanby's Bill "for the better drainage and improvement of buildings in large towns and villages."

The preamble sets forth—1. "Whereas there is great need of sanatory regulations in the towns and populous places of this realm, especially by reason of the crowded and unhealthy manner of building the dwellings of the working classes, and for want of sufficient means of drainage, whereby disease is engendered and aggravated."

Clause 1 provides that no house be built unless first drained with a brick or stone barrel drain, being not less than nine inches in diameter, and falling at least one inch in every five feet of its length, constructed to the satisfaction of the commissioners of sewers having jurisdiction, which drain shall lead from a level not higher than the level of the lowest floor of the building to such common sewers, drain, or watercourse as the commissioners shall direct.

Clause 2 enacts that drains be constructed for houses already built.

Clause 3 Old foundations to be raised on rebuilding, to allow of the construction of a drain as in the case of houses to be built, &c.

Clause 4 empowers the commissioners to take new sewers within such town or village, &c.

Clause 5 provides that the necessity for new "sewers," &c. be inquired by jury as in 3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 22.

Clause 6 enacts that notice of private drains be given to commissioners, previously to their being formed.

Clause 7 secures the right of inspection of drains to the commissioners.

Clause 8 enforces that private drains, &c. be cleansed by occupiers.

Clause 9 Occupiers at rack rent not to pay more than rent due from them.

Clause 10 enacts that tenants may deduct rates from their rent.

Clause 11 defines who are owners, and provides remedy for owners having overpaid, against their tenants and lessees.

Clause 12. Act to be constructed with 3 and 4 William IV. c. 22.

Clause 13 repeals part of 3 and 4 William IV. c. 22, sec. 61.

Clause 14 repeals 3 and 4 William IV. c. 22, sec. 62.

Clause 15 enacts that qualification of commissioners in the city of London, not affected by 3 and 4 William IV. c. 22. Powers given by any local or private act not abridged.

Clause 16 provides how surveyors are to be appointed.

Clause 17. Notice of buildings to be given to surveyor.

Clause 18. Treble fees on default of notice.

Clause 19. That it shall not be lawful to build in any such town or village any house in which the floor of any room or cellar shall be below the surface or general level of the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of such house, unless there shall be an open area not less than three feet wide from the bottom to the top thereof adjoining to the front and back of such room or cellar, and extending from one side or party wall to the other side or party wall.

Clause 20. That it shall not be lawful to build any house in any such town or village in any court or alley through which there shall not be an open space at each end thereof at least twenty feet wide, and entirely open from the ground upwards.

Clause 21 enacts that houses are not to be built back to back, unless a space of twenty feet between the back walls.

Clause 22 regulates the width of the streets.

Clause 23 Walls to be founded on concrete.

Clause 24 As to the level of the ground floors.

Clause 25. Regulating size of rooms. That no room in any house built after the passing of this act in any such town or village, having only one room on the ground floor, or having only four rooms in all, shall be less than eight feet in height from the floor to the ceiling; and in every such house there shall be at least one room of no less dimensions than twelve feet from the back to the front in the clear thereof, and twelve feet from one side to the other side in the clear thereof, exclusive of any space which may be taken off for any closet or staircase.

Clause 26. Regulating windows—namely, that in every room containing 144 square feet of flooring in any house built after the passing of this act in any such town or village there shall be at least one window, the dimensions of which shall be not less than four feet nine inches in height, and not less than three feet wide in the clear of the sash frame; and every such window shall be either a casement window opening on hinges, or the sashes shall be double hung, opening both at the top and bottom.

Clause 27. As to yards and out premises.

Clause 28 enacts that *cellars are not to be occupied as dwellings.*

Clause 29 enacts that every building contrary to this act declared a common nuisance.

Clause 30 enacts that buildings deemed nuisances shall be taken down, on the order of "*two* or more justices."

Clause 31 enacts how payment of expenses may be enforced against owners.

Clause 32 imposes 50s. penalty on workmen offending.

Clause 33 directs the surveyor to give information of irregular buildings.

Clause 34 enacts that houses hereafter built to be surveyed within fourteen days after covered in, and oath made of their conformity to this act. Oath to be filed.

Clause 35 enacts that surveyor on misbehaviour to be discharged, and to be incapable of being reappointed.

Provincial Legislature.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,

Monday, 22d March.

The Honourable Mr. Johnston, by command of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, laid before the House—

Report from the Commissioners for Auditing the Casual Revenue Accounts, in reference to a Balance reported by the Auditor General as due from the late Commissioner of Crown Lands, viz:

"The Commissioners for auditing the Casual Revenue Accounts having examined the Account submitted by the Auditor General, wherein it is shewn that the sum of £324 4 9 is alleged to be in the hands of the late Commissioner of Crown lands, being a part of a balance formerly reported by the Auditor General as due from the said late Commissioner, are of opinion that the said alleged balance has been accounted for in the following payments made to the late Receiver General, viz:

1835.			
May 7.	Draft in favour of F. E. Barker,	£14	8 5
	Ditto " James Willox,	16	0 0
Nov. 7.	Cash paid Receiver General,	30	0 1
	20. Draft on Cashier Crown L. Office,	10	0 0
	22. Ditto in favor of F. Beverley,	9	19 1
Dec. 19	Cash paid Receiver General,	5	0 0
	J. A. Beckwith's Check on W. N. Ackerley, dated 21st Dec., 1833, sworn to as having been paid by latter,	196	7 2
	Forged Notes on United States Bank in Crown Land Office,	42	10 0
		£324	4 9

"The Commissioners therefore conceive that Mr. Baillie should be exonerated from the said amount, and that the Auditor General should charge the Revenue accordingly. It may be proper to remark that the Auditor General could not have been justified in releasing Mr. Baillie from this claim, without authority from the proper quarter.

"Respectfully submitted.

(Signed) A. E. BOTSFORD, J. R. PARTELOW, L. A. WILMOT, } *Commissioners.*

March 13, 1841.

On motion of Mr. Partelow, The House went into Committee of the whole, in further consideration of Supplies to be granted for the Public Service.

To Moses H. Perley, Esquire, the sum of £500, being amount of deposit paid by him on a purchase of Crown Lands in the County of York, upon a survey of which it was discovered that a large portion of the Land agreed for was not within the bounds prescribed, agreeably to the Report of the Select Committee at the last session of the Legislature.

To His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor or Commander-in-Chief, the sum of £1,200 to enable the commissioners to pay off the Contractor for building a Bridge over the Arestook River and to make approaches thereto.

To the commissioners appointed to improve the navigation of the Grand Lake by the removal of a Bar at the entrance of the Jemseg, the sum of £500 towards the completion of that object.

To Francis Beverley, the sum of £50, being amount of his account for stitching Acts of Assembly for the last three years.

To His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor or Commander in Chief, the sum of £500 towards the erection of a Public Steam Boat Landing at Indian Town, in the Parish of Portland, County of Saint John.

To John Simpson, the sum of £116, being balance of his account for printing the Decisions of the Supreme Court, as reported by and for the late G. F. S. Berton, Esquire.

To the Commissioners of Government House, the sum of £430 to pay off James Taylor, Senior, and Company, the balance due on the Government House Accounts to March 1840.

To His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor or Commander in Chief, the sum of £366 9, to be applied in the payment of Storage &c. of Militia Clothing from November, 1839, to March, 1841.

To His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor or Commander in Chief, a sum not exceeding £225 to be applied for the erection of a Building for the Militia Arms and Clothing.

To His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor or Commander in Chief, the sum of £168 18 7 to provide for the payment of the Superintendent of Light Houses for the year 1840, the balance of his Salary at the rate of £250 per annum, agreeably to the Report of the Committee on Light Houses.

To the Justices of the Peace of the City and County of Saint John, the sum of £1000, in aid of Assessments, for building a new Gaol in the said City; the same not to be drawn from the Treasury until 1842.

To His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor or Commander in Chief, the sum of £—— to provide for the cost of Approaches to the Oromocto Bridge, on both sides that River.

Upon the question for filling up the blank with £900, the Committee divided as follows:—Yeas, 15—Nays, 12. And so it was carried in the affirmative, and the blank then filled up with the said sum of £900.

To Henry Chubb, the sum of £61 10s., being amount of his Account for printing Doctor Gesner's third Geological Report, and Captain Robb's Report on the Fisheries and the Navigation of the Bay