

The City Gazette

Our Queen::Our Constitution::Our Country.

SAINT JOHN, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1840.

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Weekly Almanack.

		Sun	Moon	high
		Ris. & Sets	Rises	water
		U. M. U. M.	U. M. U. M.	U. M.
15 Friday	-	4 34 7 18	3 17	10 48
16 Saturday	-	4 33 7 19	ris. 11	25
17 Sunday	-	4 32 7 20	9	morn.
18 Monday	-	4 31 7 22	10	0 1
19 Tuesday	-	4 30 7 23	10 50	0 37
20 Wednesday	-	4 29 7 24	11 27	1 14
21 Thursday	-	4 29 7 25	11 58	1 53

Last Quarter 24th day, 8h. 45m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Bank of New-Brunswick
THOMAS LEAVITT, Esq. President.
Director this week, - John Boyd, Esq.
Discount Days—Tuesday and Friday.
[P.S.] Notes for discount must be lodged before 3 o'clock
on the days preceding the discount days.

**Commercial Bank of New-
Brunswick.**
LEWIS BURNS Esq. President.
Director this week, - Henry Gilbert, Esq.
Discount Days—Tuesday and Friday.
[P.S.] Notes for discount must be lodged before 10 o'clock
on the days preceding the discount days.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
SAINT JOHN BRANCH.
R. H. LISTON, Esq. Manager.
Director this week, - E. Dew Ratchford, Esq.
Discount Days—Wednesday, and Saturday.
Hours of business, from 10 to 3.
[P.S.] Notes and Bills for Discount to be left
before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the
Discount Days.

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,
from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.

THE THREE STORY HOUSE.
A very amusing and instructive sketch under
this title, by Miss A. M. E. Buchanan, appears
in a late number of the Lady's Book. It opens
with a colloquy between Doctor Harris, a
young physician, established in good practice
in a small country town, and his pretty little
wife, whom he had married and brought from
a distant city a few weeks before. They are
preparing to choose between a snug, pretty lit-
tle cottage, which the bridegroom has already
half engaged; and a huge three story to which
the bride has taken a fancy. The husband
urges that it is altogether too large; that it is
badly built and of poor materials; that it has
been occupied as a public house, and was then
much abused; and that it is terribly out of
repair. The wife answers that they need not
use the whole, that the owner has agreed to
put it in repair; that she ought to have her
own way. Of course the husband yields, and
now for the sequel.

Agreeably to the lady's decision, the three
story house was taken, and the necessary re-
pairs made. Mrs. Harris's handsome new fur-
niture arrived, and was duly moved into it.—
The rooms were well planned, and showed
every thing to the best advantage. The fresh
paper and paint were so skillfully put on, that
no one would have suspected the walls to have
been cracked, and the wood worm eaten under
them. The young couple received a great
many visits, and a number of complimentary
remarks were made as to the fine style in
which they had set up. Things went on so
well for a while that the doctor began to feel
quite satisfied with his bargain.

"My head aches terribly through loss of
sleep," said Louisa, one morning, after they
had been at housekeeping a month or two;
"the winds in this part of the world must be
particularly violent; did you ever hear such a
noise as they kept up before the rain came on?"

"Or rather the windows in this house must
be particularly loose," answered her husband;
"no wonder their rattling keeps you awake. I
expected every one in this range to fall in.
I must have wedged put into them all. I can't
risk my knife and pocket comb again. Upon
my word, I stuck the wrong comb into this
one, by mistake, and here is your brother
Frank's parting present broken in twenty pieces—
The ivory could not bear such incessant
jarring, and the gold plate with his motto has
fallen into the street, I suppose. Poor Frank!
I would not have had it happen for the price
of two windows!"

"It is a pity, indeed, but accidents will hap-
pen," returned Mrs. Harris, going out of the
room. A loud exclamation from her brought
the doctor after her to the stairs. "My carpet!
my beautiful Venetian!—it is utterly ruined!"
cried she. "The night's rain had driven it un-
der the door, and the handsome hall carpet, so
much admired for the fineness and thickness
of its texture, and the beauty and excellent
contrast of its colours, was indeed ruined. The
water had been soaking in it for hours, and the
colours had run, one into another, till there
was not a distinct hue left."

The doctor examined the door. "There is
no dasher on it," said he; "there are marks of
one, but it must have been broken off long ago.
It is strange I did not think of it before. When
I looked at the White Cottage, I noticed par-
ticularly that every outside door was furnished
with a good one. I must have made for this."

"Yes! now when the carpet is spoiled," said
Louisa; "I am so vexed I could almost cry."
"Spare your tears, my love," returned her
husband; "if we get through a year in this
house without farther mishaps than these of

the comb and carpet, I shall be perfectly con-
tent.

Louisa's acquaintance consoled with her
very kindly on the misfortune of her carpet,
and she had begun to feel reconciled to it,
when a family of her city friends arrived in the
village, to whom it was necessary to show par-
ticular attention. They were very fashionable
people, and she determined on doing all that
was to be done in the best possible manner.—
By way of beginning, she projected a dinner
party.

"There is some satisfaction in entertaining
here," said she to the doctor; "every thing is so
cheap that it can be done handsomely without
danger of exceeding a very moderate income."

The dinner was to be a very large one, and
it was the first of the kind Louisa had ever
undertaken, she considered her credit very
much concerned in its success. Contrary to the
usual experience of housekeepers, when they
aim at something extraordinary, her pre-
parations were got over without a single mis-
take or disappointment. She executed the
dinner entirely herself, and was eminently
successful. The custards were every thing
they should have been, the pastry beyond
praise, and the jellies a *chef d'œuvre*. At last
it was time for her to go to dress, but before
she went, she gave minute directions for laying
the table.

"The dinner set is desperate dusty," said
Susan, her right hand woman, "I guess it'll
have to be brought into the kitchen to be
cleaned."

"The dining room closets certainly do draw
in a deal of dust," said Louisa; "but don't take
the things out. Wipe them off, and pile them
upon the second and third shelves till you
need them, and when you have done that, set
the dessert in also. If it is left on the side-
board it will attract the flies into the room."

The guests assembled fast, and Louisa was
watching for an opportunity to go out and give
her last order to Susan, when a sudden crash
that shook the house and caused half the com-
pany to start from their seats, sounded from
the direction of the dining room. In an in-
stant, the doctor's boy appeared at the back
parlor door, ejaculating "Miss Harris! oh! Miss
Harris!" with his lips as bloodless as his
teeth, and Louisa escaped after him. When she
had reached the dining room, she saw the
former contents of the cupboard lying on the
floor, literally a heap of ruins. Her beautiful
dinner set which had caused her so many an
anxious search over the city, her rich cut glass,
Aunt Jane's elegant present, and her admirable
dessert all crushed into one mass.

"The second shelf gave way first, and the
weight of that, broke down the other," cried
Susan, wringing her hands, "I never did see
such rotten boards in all my life!"

Dr. Harris, who had come out and was try-
ing to comfort his wife, went forward to ex-
amine; "I am amazed they could have held up
so long," said he; "the stays are absolutely en-
tirely out of dust, except merely on the surface."
No wonder they could not support such a quan-
tity of ware, particularly that of heavy cut
glass.

But there was no time now for lamentations.
The doctor was obliged to go to the stores and
send home such dishes as he could find—a
medley of dingy reds, greens and browns, the
ugliest, vulgarst looking things imaginable;
and Louisa had to smooth her face and try to
relate the history of the disaster credibly to
the company, and to give zest to her dessert of
preserved raspberries and cream by administer-
ing them with an extra degree of grace and
amiability.

Shortly after this, Susan came to Mrs. Har-
ris one morning with looks of great trouble and
perplexity, and said "I'll have to move my
bed out of the third story ma'am; I can't stand
it any longer."

"Just as you please, Susan; you know it
was your own choice to go there; you prefer-
red it to sleeping over the kitchen. But what's
the matter that you are tired of it?"

"Why indeed, Mrs. Harris, as sure as the
world, the house is haunted."

"Nonsense! nonsense! Susan."
"It must be, indeed, madam; I've heard
queer noises. For several nights past there
seemed to be somebody walking up and down
the balcony, and the window of the room back
of mine would raise, and I could hear some-
thing shuffling over the floor, and every now
and then there would be a moan enough to
make any one's hair stand on end."

Louisa laughed at Susan, and knowing the
superstition among the people of her class, she
thought no more about the matter.

One evening of the same week, the doctor
was called away to visit a patient at such a
distance that he could not be expected to re-
turn home before morning. Louisa felt some-
tremor at the idea of spending the night with
so many empty rooms around her, but pride
would not allow her to exhibit any timidity,
and though Susan had offered to sleep near
her, she declined, and resolutely locking the
door of her chamber, she retired to bed.

She was almost in a doze, when, just at the
witching time of night, she was startled by a
succession of noises, which must have been the
very same that had frightened Susan. First,
there were steps on the third story balcony,
then a window raised, and then she plainly
heard some one move almost overhead.

The sounds were too distinct, she could not
be mistaken. Her first impulse was to alarm
the servants, but they were at such a distance
off, and to run the risk of being attacked in the
passage, it was not to be thought of. She lay
still and listened. Every story she had ever
heard of robbery and murder came into her
mind. For two or three hours at irregular in-
tervals she heard movements on the floor above
and sounds that Susan would have called
groaning, and yet there was no approach to the
tenanted part of the house. If the intruder
was human, robbery certainly could not be his
object, but what then could he be? In spite of
established convictions she began to question
whether it might not be something supernatural.
Towards dawn, she heard the window again
raise, and the sound of steps on the bal-
cony, but was too much weakened with terror

to rise, and when her husband came home, not
long after, she was really ill. He went at her
request to examine the premises, but finding no
indications of the rooms having had an occu-
pant, he attributed the whole affair to her im-
agination, and was vexed that she had allowed
herself to be overcome by it.

Louisa, however insisted on its reality, and
the doctor consented to her entreaties that he
would watch the next night. Much to his sur-
prise immediately after he had fixed himself on
guard, she directed his attention to the very
sounds that had caused her alarm. When all
was again hushed, he took a lamp in one hand
and his pistols in the other, to mount to the
third story, and Louisa, like a good wife, ready
to share the danger of her husband, stole after
him. He softly pushed open the door of the
balcony room, and attempting to enter, he
stumbled across the body of a man lying close
to it. "Who is here?—who are you?—what
do you want?" asked the doctor among other
significant queries common on such occasions.

"Let me be!" returned a weak, squealing
voice. "Get out w! you!—it's my room—I'll
let you know it is."

"Upon my word, it is old Billy Snikes!" ex-
claimed the doctor, and at first looking sur-
prised, and then bursting into a laugh; "the
mystery about his lodgings is solved at last!"

And Bill Snikes it really was—a poor old
lunatic who for years had wandered about the
village during the day, but whose repository at
night had always been a matter of doubt. He
had been in the regular habit of climbing up the
balconies and sleeping where he was found
ever since the last tenant had vacated, until
within a few months, when he had been visit-
ing in the country—a circumstance which had
delayed the discovery.

"If we had been living in a house of more
proper size, my dear, you might have been
spared this fright," said the doctor; "I wonder
what disaster will come next."

His curiosity was soon gratified. Within a
few weeks a brick fell down the kitchen chim-
ney, and after grazing Susan's head mashed
her foot so badly that she was laid up for near-
ly a month, and as no servant could be obtain-
ed in her place, Louisa was obliged during all
the time to do the work of the house herself.

Then the time for making fires came on, and
it was discovered that every chimney in the
house smoked. Coal was not used in that sec-
tion of the country, and the doctor had a con-
stitutional horror to close stoves, their rooms
from the smoke, and constantly keeping the
doors open to make the fires draw, were so un-
comfortable that the acquaintances ceased, in a
great measure, to visit them. Louisa was of a
social turn, and for want of company began
to grow quite melancholy. "Well, here is
March at last," said she to her husband; "I
suppose it will be warmer weather now, and
that we shall have a chance to see some one
occasionally."

"There is no dependence to be placed in
March, my dear," returned the doctor.

That very night the wind rose almost to a
tornado, and swept the roof entirely off the
house, and a good portion of the wall, and the
tops of the chimneys with it. The smoke, of
course was now beyond endurance, and there
was no resource but to lock up their effects and
go out to board.

"I have heard," said Mrs. Harris, when this
had been concluded upon, "that Mrs. Jones
intends to break up housekeeping now since
her daughter is married. In that case the
white cottage will be let again. Suppose
we apply for it?"

"What, Louisa! give up your three story
house with all its manifold advantages?" re-
turned the doctor, affecting amazement.

"Come now don't jest about it, dear Charles.
You know I have been tired of it long ago. I
shall always call it my folly after this. Pray
remind me of it, whenever you see me giving
up comfort for ostentation!"

From the Knickerbocker.

A PSALM OF DEATH.

"Dear, beautiful death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could we outlook that mark!"

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair," said he;
"Have nought, but the bearded grain?"
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to
me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves!
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of the flowers gay,"
The reaper said and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white
Those sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
But she knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light above.

Oh! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Nothing appears to be so absurd as placing
our happiness in the opinion others entertain
of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of
them. The fear of being thought vulgar is the
moral hydrophobia of the day; our weakness
costs us a thousand times more regret and
shame than our faults.

From The (Montreal) Literary Garland for
April.

DIARY IN AMERICA—PART II.—BY CAPTAIN
MARRYATT, C. B.

We have not yet received a copy of this
portion of Captain Marryatt's Diary, but we
have seen copious reviews in the English ma-
gazines and journals, in all of which it is spo-
ken of in terms of commendation, though the
extracts furnished lead us to infer that it is lit-
tle different from the former series, being a dis-
sertation upon the American moral and social
character, instead of being, as the author pro-
mised, reflections upon the working of the
Institutions of America.

There seems, however, to be in the volumes
some valuable statistics, in reference to the U.
States, and a great variety of amusing descrip-
tions—the whole forming a book of no com-
mon interest. The first volume is devoted
wholly to travelling, presenting a fearful pic-
ture of the heedlessness of the Americans with
regard to human life, if a journey, at any risk,
can be accomplished with speed. By a com-
parison of the casualties in England and Amer-
ica, it is shown that while in the former only
sixty-three deaths have occurred during ten
years, by the bursting of boilers, or the wreck
of steam-boats, in the latter, no fewer than ten
hundred and eighty have been swept into eter-
nity in one year! and that out of thirteen hun-
dred boats that have been built, two hundred
and sixty have been totally lost, by accidents
that the commonest foresight might have pre-
vented. Of some of these, Captain Marryatt
gives the details, which are full of interest.—
We quote the following, descriptive of the
Mississippi, the correctness of which will be
perceived by any one who has seen that terri-
ble river:—

"Never, perhaps, in the records of nations,
was there an instance of such unvarying and
unmitigated crime as to be collected from the
history of the turbulent and blood-stained Mis-
sissippi. The stream itself appears as if ap-
propriate for the deeds which have been com-
mitted. It is not, like most rivers, beautiful
to the sight, bestowing fertility in its course;
not one that the eye loves to dwell upon as it
sweeps along, nor can you wander on its
banks, or trust yourself, without danger, to its
stream. It is a furious, rapid, desolating tor-
rent, loaded with alluvial soil; and few of
those who are received into its waters ever rise
again, or can support themselves long on its
surface, without assistance from some friendly
log. It contains the coarsest and most unrea-
table of fish, such as the cat-fish, and such
grues; and as you descend it, its banks are oc-
cupied by the fetid alligator, while the panther
basks at its edge in the cane brakes, almost im-
perceptible to man. Pouring its impetuous wa-
ters through wild tracks, covered with trees of
little value, except for firewood, it sweeps down
whole forests in its course, which disappear in
tumultuous confusion, whirled away by the
current, now loaded with the masses of soil
which nourished their roots, often blocking up
& changing for a time the channels of the river,
which, as if in anger at its being opposed, in-
undates and devastates the whole country
round; and as soon as it forces its way thro'
its former channel, plants in every direction
the uprooted monarchs of the forest (upon
whose branches the bird will never again perch,
or the racoon, the opossum, or the squirrel
climb), as traps for the adventurous navigators
of its waters by steam, who, borne down upon
these concealed dangers, which pierce through
the planks very often, have not time to steer
for and gain the shore, before they sink to
the bottom. There are no pleasing associati-
ons connected with this great common sewer
of the western America, which pours out its
mud into the Mexican Gulf, polluting the clear
blue sea for many miles beyond its mouth. It
is a river of desolation, and, instead of remind-
ing you, like some beautiful rivers, of an angel
which has descended for the benefit of man,
you imagine it a devil, whose energies have
been overcome only by the wonderful power
of steam."

The love of military titles, which is a ruling
characteristic of the Americans, is well hit off
in the following extract:—

"It is singular to observe human nature
peeping out in the Americans, and how tacitly
they acknowledge by their conduct how un-
comfortable a feeling there is in perfect equal-
ity. The respect they pay to a title is much
greater than that which is paid to it in Eng-
land, and naturally so; we set a higher value
upon that which we cannot obtain. I have
been often amused at the variance on this
point between their words and their feelings,
which is shown in their eagerness for rank of
some sort amongst themselves. Every man
who has served in the militia carries his title
until the day of his death. There is no end
to generals, and colonels, and judges; they
keep taverns and grog-shops, especially in the
Western States. Indeed, there are very few
who have not brevet rank of some kind; and
I, being only a Captain, was looked upon as a
very small personage as far as rank went. An
Englishman who was living in the state of New
York, had sent to have the chimney of his
house raised. The morning afterwards he saw
a labourer mixing mortar before the door—
"Well," said the Englishman, "when is the
chimney to be finished?" "I'm sure I don't
know; you had better ask the Colonel." "The
Colonel! what Colonel?" "Why I reckon
that's the Colonel upon the top of the house,
working away at the chimney."

The Captain, we should imagine, has not
been an especial favourite with 'the fair' in
the Republic, or he would not have ventured
to make such ungallant remarks as are to be
found in the following:—

"The American women have their pecu-
liarities, and in some respects, they might be im-
proved, is certain. The principal fault in so-
ciety is that they do not sufficiently modulate
their voices. Those faults arising from asso-
ciation, and to which both sexes are equally
prone, are a total indifference to, or rather a
love of change, 'shifting right away,' without
the least regret from one portion of the Union
to another; a remarkable apathy as to the suf-

ferings of others, an indifference to loss of life,
and lastly, a passion for dress carried to too
great an extent; but this latter is easily ac-
counted for, and is inseparable from a society
where all would be equal. Miss Martineau's
remark upon the Washington belles, I am
afraid, is too true, as I have already pointed
out, that indifference to human life in America
extends to the softer sex, as I perfectly well
remember upon my coming into a room at N.
York, with the first intelligence of the wreck
of the 'Home' and the dreadful loss of life
attending it, that my news was received with a
'dear me!' from two or three of the ladies,
and there the matter dropped. A Washing-
ton belle related to me the sad story of the
death of a young man who fell from a small
boat into the Potomac, in the night, it is sup-
posed in his sleep. She told me where and
how his body was found; and what relations
he had left, and finished with 'he will be much
missed at parties.'"

THE STARS.—Weary and faint was Daniel
from his prophetic view of the future, which so
often had robbed him of his strength, and filled
him with terror, when, behold one from the
council of the Watchers at last said to him:
"Go hence, Daniel, and compose thyself until
thy end come, that thou mayest stand in thy
lot at the end of thy days." Tranquilly, Dan-
iel listened to the mysterious words, and said
to the man who stood near him in linen gar-
ments, "Meanest thou, Lord, that these dry
bones shall become fresh again?" And the
heavenly messenger took him by the hand and
pointed him to the heavens full of glittering
stars, "Many that sleep under the earth shall
awake—but the teachers shall shine forth like
the splendour of the heavens, and they that
have done much good, like the stars which per-
ish not." He ceased and touched him with
his right hand, and Daniel slept under the face
of heaven and its clear shining stars. [Trans-
lated from the German of Herder, for the Chris-
tian Messenger.]

DIBDIN, THE SAILOR'S POET.

At a Dinner given to the Hon. Col. Greville,
by his Tradesmen, a short time since, a hand-
some subscription was made for the poet
Dibdin, who now, at the age of eighty is in
great destitution.—The following Song—
"Gratitude," or "The Deserted Bard," has
been since written by the old Poet's own
hand, to the air "O then protect the Hardy
Tar." Our readers will doubtless peruse it
with a melancholy interest, as it is in all prob-
ability, Dibdin's last effort.

Britannia's Chief bade discord cease,
And war, subdued, retreated,
The sword of Justice fought for peace,
And peace its conquest greeted;
The land rejoiced, save one lone Bard
Whose harp new lays neglected,
Or hung, unstrung, without regard,
Its aid no longer needed!

I've seen amid the wintry blast
Unshelter'd and neglected,
With mainstay chafed, and sprung each mast,
A bark all unprotected;
While drifting on a dead lee-shore,
When loud the hail-storm patters,
On canvas, which no action bore,
A Flag now all in tatters!

And thus a drooping Bard, whose fire
In many a by-gone story,
Had power our warriors to inspire
With love of patriot glory!
His shipwreck'd store, his fearless eye,
His bold attempt concealing
That poverty had drained quite dry
For him each former feeling.

Long beating up 'gainst winds and waves,
His course at hazard steering;
Past friends he counted by their graves,
No living messmate cheering;
Till dark the night, and loud the gale,
When hope on hope deceiv'd him,
With transport he descried a sail,
And hearts of oak reliev'd him!

Yes, hearts that loved old naval strains,
Alerted present danger;
And when from friends no hope remains
'Tis waken'd by a stranger!
Now war no more in accent rude
Fires fading recollection,
But strains ascend of gratitude
For succour and protection!
Dec. 9, 1839. THOS. DIBDIN.

BERMUDA, April 21.—Melancholy Accident.
—Lieutenant Samuel Powell, second lieuten-
ant of H. M. S. Raccoon, was unfortunately
drowned by falling overboard from that ship at
Grassy Bay Anchorage, on the night of Sat-
urday last. The particulars of this sad event
are these:—At 11 o'clock on the night in
question, in which Lieut. Powell's watch on
deck, he was last seen sitting under the poop,
by the stern port, leaning against one of the
lockers, by the Sergeant who had to make a
report to him.—At half past 11, when the
Sergeant went again for a similar purpose, Lt.
F. was not there; and the Sergeant supposing
that he had stepped below for a moment, took
no notice of it. At 12 o'clock, however, the
Quarter Master went to report the time, &c.,
&c., Lt. F. was no where to be found. It is
supposed that Lieut. Powell being much fati-
gued—having been on shore all that day in
Pembroke Parish with the Steward, for the
purpose of procuring stock, &c., for the mess
—fell asleep, and tumbled through the port
into the water, when he was drowned. The
Sergeant, the Quarter-master, and Sentinel
were walking on the fore-castle the whole time,
looking out for the Hon. Capt. Harris, who
was on shore at Clarence Hill, dining with the
Admiral.—The Body has not yet been found.
Lieut. Powell was, we understand, a married
man.—Regal Gazette.

DEMERRA, March 4.—The Troop Ship
Sapphire arrived here yesterday, with the
Head quarters of Her Majesty's 70th Regi-

ment, which replaces the 76th, ordered to Bar-

bados. The same vessel carries the Head-quarters
of the latter Regiment to their destination.—
During the stay of this corps in British Guiana,
it has pleased the Almighty to afflict it with a
frightful mortality. Seven officers, and a host
of non-commissioned officers and privates have
fallen victims to that scourge of the West
Indies, the yellow fever; in fact, so frightful
have its ravages been, that the Regiment is, at
present, a mere skeleton. For a month or
two the disease raged with fatal effect,—of late
it has entirely disappeared, and, we believe,
there has not been a case in the hospital for
some time.

During the appalling period that its fury was
at the greatest height, the conduct of both
officers and men was most praiseworthy.—
There was no grumbling, no insubordination;
and though circumstances daily occurred, cal-
culated to make a stout heart quail, yet there
were observed, throughout a steady discipline
and meritorious fortitude, becoming the soldier
and the man.

The causes of this 'endemic' have puzzled
the skill of most Medical men, some attribut-
ing it to the swamps about the Barrack—others
to the effluvia arising from the decomposed
vegetable matter, prevented from dispersion by
the protection of the coriaria bush, along the
line of coast—and many to the intemperate
habits of the soldiers themselves. The opinion
that it was engendered by an inferior quantity
of food, has been opposed by the fact of many
officers (accustomed to better fare than the
privates) having perished during its continuance.

Whatever may have been the causes of the
malaria, its effects will, at all events, be long
remembered by the corps, in which they have
been so signally marked.

From the St. Andrews Standard.

Extract of a letter from a Gentleman in De-
merara, to a Correspondent in this Town.
Demerara, April 4, 1840.

"Georgetown is improving, and many fine
buildings are going up, particularly in Water
street, in anticipation of their being a demand
for them when emigration is permitted from
India—but this boon is now withheld from us
until we accept of a new Civil List just sent
out by Lord John Russell to be saddled on the
Colony for 21 years or during the Queen's
life. The salary of the Governor now £2,000
sterling is to be under the new arrangement
£2,600 stg. and the total of the list more than
double what it has been since 1834. Our
Combined Court meet on the 21st inst, and
we are then to be told to grant the new de-
mand of the Colonial Minister, or you shall
see no emigrants, and the Colony may go to
ruin."

THE MILITARY.—Our brave soldiers, in gar-
rison, have thrown aside the heavy grey great-
coat and the uncouth fur cap, and are again vi-
sible in all the brightness of cochineal. The
new forage cap, set jauntily on the head, is a
dandy substitute for the cap of fur.—The
struts are made gay by the multitude of red-
coats. Looking at some of the spruce light-
bobs, yesterday, we began to calculate, what
chance they would have, if they could catch an
equal number of the redoubtable heroes of
martial Maine, off their beat?—We think the
light-bobs only want a FAIR-FIELD.—Montreal
Morning Courier.

From the New-York Observer.

TWO MISSIONARIES EATEN BY SA-
VAGES.—Through the kindness of a
gentleman in this city we are permitted
to publish an extract from a letter just
received by him, containing the heart-
rending intelligence that two mission-
aries in New Zealand have