SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1849.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Not News, Not Politics, but Everything." Number 42.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE

is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Develber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

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June.		R.	Sun. s	Moon s	w.
16	Saturday,	4	16 7	44 1	33 7 20
17	Sunday	4	16 7	44 2	7 8 35
18	Monday,	4	16 7	45 2	47 9 37
19	Tuesday,	4	17 7	45 3	34 10 32
20	Wednesday,	4	17 7	45 Sets.	11 26
21	Thursday,	4	17 7	45 8	45 —
22	Friday,	4	17 7	45 9	36 0 37

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February, 1848.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His Grace the Duke of Portland *to* Mrs. Ann Mellish, *(one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a Patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

Madam,

If Mr. Holloway will undertake to cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete I will undertake to pay him £5 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the Marquis of Westminster, K. G.

Lord Westminster has just received Mr. Holloway's Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

This inestimable Medicine being composed entirely of medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substances. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

Of the Thousands *cured by its agency*, many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period (by persevering in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

All Diseases (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz., a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

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Time should not be lost in taking this Remedy for any of the following Diseases :—

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Bowel Complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysenter	Stone an Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doulourenx,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
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Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c., &c.
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In Boxes at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. each.

N. B. Directions, for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

INDIGO.—Ex Lisbon from London—10 Cwt. of superior Madras Indigo, in quantities to suit purchasers. May 4. WM. HOWARD.

CANADA.

(From the Belleville Intelligencer.)

LETTER FROM SIR A. McNAB.

The following extract from a letter written by Sir Allan McNab to a gentleman in this town, previous to his departure for England, shews plainly what are his feelings, and those of the Conservative party, with respect to the destruction of property in Montreal.

We have a double pleasure in giving publicity to this expression of opinion; as it has been, and is still the policy of the Radicals to attribute the late unfortunate destruction of property in Montreal to the Conservatives as a body. We could have expected nothing less from them—no charge is too base, or too ridiculous to be laid hold of, could they, by some tortuous means or other lay it to the Conservatives—the fact that no Conservative ever even attempted to justify the destruction of property, should have been sufficient; but no, the opportunity was too good to let slip, and falsehood after falsehood, has been only followed by an over-earnestness to fasten the stigma upon the great body of Conservatives. How much more just would it be for us to class every Radical of the present day a muderer?—they do not only countenance the scoundrels who committed the cold-blooded murder of a Moodie, a Johnston, a Weir, a Vosburg, and others; but they laud them to the skies for what they did, and now propose to pay them, for the losses which they sustained, in flying from the country, to escape the vengence of an outraged law. Yes, were we to charge them with these acts, we should come nearer the truth.—But how different the scene—how altered the language—how extremely loyal are these men, now! Language cannot be found sufficiently strong to condemn an affair, where not even a drop of blood was spilt; but not one word was heard from these lip loyal gentry, the Rads, condemning the Rebellion of 1837 or any of its concomitant evils. No, but they exult in all the inhuman and brutal butcheries, of those days, because committed by their own party, who endeavouted to overthrow British Rule in Canada. But, forsooth, we are told that these men were the loyalists. Never has loyalty been so grossly insulted—never has a tytannical parliamentary majority, backed by a most flagrant partizan Governor, done more to alienate the feeling of the truly loyal, than has the present,—never has the constitution been so barefacedly violated, as they have violated it, so that, but a more wreck is left. We caution all persons to beware of the wiles and snares that are continually being laid for them, by this unprincipled faction Radicalism.

"I have made up my mind to leave Montreal for New York to-day, and sail by the Steamer of Wednesday next. I carry with me a great number of Petitions to the Queen, praying the disallowance of the Rebellion Loss, and for the recall of Lord Elgin. Many will follow me, and I hope to have the pleasure of presenting a numerously signed one from your loyal County. As soon as your Petition is ready, send it to the Honourable George Moffatt, who will take the necessary steps to forward all such documents to me.

"Every thing is quiet here just now, and the rioters themselves are, I think, beginning to regret their violence and its consequences. These outrages have given the greatest pain to myself and the other members of the Conservative party here—as indeed they must do to every person of proper feeling.

"I am pleased to see the people of Upper Canada, of all parties, join in condemning these proceedings: at the same time, I cannot but feel the greatest contempt for the Ministry, who originated all these civil commotions by their nefarious Bill, and yet had neither the wisdom nor courage to take the necessary steps to redress them. They are meanly trying to make political capital for themselves of these riots; but they will signally fail. The country never will forget that, in one single Session, they have rewarded Rebellion and insulted Loyalty—they have tried to put an inquisitorial and oppressive tax on our properties and our accounts—they have passed a Tariff Bill, destroying our Native Industry and Home Manufactures—they have destroyed, or attempted to destroy our Market for coarse grains—ruined our Distilleries, our Foundries and our Tanneries—they have abolished our Municipal Councils, just as they were beginning to work well—and they have established, at Toronto, a Godless College, where neither Church of England-men, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan Methodist, or Presbyterian, can be educated according to the tenets of their respective Churches.—At the next Election they will get their reward.

"Don't forget that Robert Baldwin attempted to disfranchise upwards of 10,000 voters of Upper Canada, by a clause that no one should vote except where he resided.—And, at the same time, his Ministry have endeavoured to swamp the British Free-holders in the Eastern Townships, by allowing every French squatter, who promises to buy the land he is on, a vote. The impudent attempt to perpetuate French Domination by the Representative Bill, will, I am sure, always be remembered by you. This ought to be kept constantly before the country, as it is probable the Ministry will renew the attempt next Session."

☞ Among the other tricks of the Rebellion Losses party, they have adopted the novel expedient of hiring a pedlar—a regular dealer in tinware and cotton spools—to carry the "Address to the Governor-General round the Home District." This man stopped at a tavern a day or two since, and asked those present to sign it, which they refused. He then offered to "stand treat" if they would sign it, and one of the party actually consented to do so for a glass of Whiskey.—*Toronto Patriot.*

CURES FOR CHOLERA.

The Chicago Daily Journal of May 29, contains a letter from Dr. W. B. Herrick, editor of the Northwestern Medical and Surgical Journal, announcing with much confidence a specific for the cure of Cholera. Dr. Herrick and Dr. Bird, some six months ago were led to notice the statements of a German Chemist that influenza was produced by the presence in the atmosphere of "*ozone.*"—They reasoned from the observation that influenza usually precedes cholera, that it might depend upon the same cause. Their object was next to discover some substance which would counteract and destroy the deleterious properties of *ozone.*—*Sulphur* at once suggested itself as the proper substance, and experiments convinced them that it would cure the incipient stages of cholera. Dr. Herrick says, "*so far as its efficacy has been tested in the worst state of collapse*, most satisfactory results have been obtained."

These Doctors recommend that a combination of powdered charcoal, one part to four of sulphur, be given as the most successful form of their remedy. We give this announcement as a matter of news, without a particle of faith, of our own, in the remedy.

A prevention of Cholera.—The Philadelphia Ledger says—

Nothing predisposes the system so much to cholera as a morose and unhappy disposition, or snarling or crabbed temper, malignant feelings, injustice, oppression or revenge; any emotion, in fact, that causes the mind and passions to derange the functions of the body, which all the turbulent emotions, do, more or less.

Cure for the Cholera.—Lord Ponsonby, in a letter published in the British journals, says, that to his own knowledge, dissolved camphor has proved a certain cure for Cholera, both in Paris and Germany, and if taken in time, the cure is generally effected before it is possible to procure a physician. The following is the recipe:—

Recipe.—One and a half ounce of spirits of wine; one-quarter ounce of camphor dissolved in the wine. Get a small vial of hartshorn.

Directions.—First, give a teaspoon of hartshorn in a wineglass of water. Begin immediately and give five drops of spirits of wine, (camphor,) filling the tea spoon with cold water, and a little sugar. Repeat this every five minutes until you have given three doses. Then wait fifteen minutes and commence again as before, and continue half an hour, unless there is returning heat. Should this be the case, give one dose more, and the cure is effected. Let the patient perspire freely, as on this life depends; but add no additional clothing.

Discovery of old Coins.—During the progress of the workmen employed in digging for the foundations of the Woolwich Baths, several old coins were found. Amongst others one the size of a half-penny, having on one side JACOBUS II., and on the obverse MAG. BR. FRA. ET HIBER XXX May, and the figures apparently 1690. One of the size of a half-penny of Carolus II., one of the size of a farthing having Deo Gloria on one side, and the other so corroded that the letters cannot be distinguished with any degree of certainty. One an oval of the size of a farthing having Anna Maria on one side, with two female figures and the letters I. H. S. V. under them, and on the obverse S. MICHAEL ARCH. A St. Michael is represented as an Archangel having a drawn sword in his right hand and chains in the left to bind the Devil it is supposed, a prostrate figure appearing to be laying at his feet. One in an excellent state of preservation of the size of a half farthing contains on one side AT THE STATES ARMES with a harp in the centre, and on the obverse IN WOOLEDGE 1656, with the letters E. S. in the centre; one of nearly the same size having WILLIAM CLEARE surrounding a wheat sheaf, and on the obverse, OF GREENEWICH. One a Roman coin much corroded, and one very thin, but the remaining part having the representation of a ship on one side and on the other a head. The Coins do not appear to be intrinsically of much value, but they may prove interesting. They are in the possession of Mr. Gosling, builder, High-street.—*Ib.*

Our "Wooden Walls" in Danger.—On Monday evening there was a considerable concourse of persons on Tyne-bridge and on the shores of the river, to witness a race between an ordinary wooden skiff, or gig, and one made of gutta percha by Mr. Taylor, of the Close. The novelty of the exhibition produced great excitement. Mr. Taylor secured the services of Mr. Henry Clasper. Clasper and his comrades, however, had to row against no mean rivals, the wooden boat being manned by the crew of the Percy. The gutta percha skiff, 26 feet long by 3 broad, was launched from Mr. Clasper's, the Queen's Head, in the Close; and when a little "sparring" had been indulged in (if we may be allowed to use the term) the competitors proceeded to St. Lawrence, thence to row their match to the bridge. When first we caught sight of them struggling for the goal, "Gutta Percha," for by that name the new boat is called, was several lengths in advance, and kept her "broad position" to the end. Our old "wooden walls" were thus defeated by an innovation in nautical architecture, built of a mongrel material, half leather, half india-rubber!—*Gateshead Observer.*

An unexpected Treasure.—A rather singular discovery was made a few days ago in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. The wife of an old pensioner, who, with her husband, resided in Weatherly square, in that place, died on Sunday evening, and it being known that, though always bearing the outward symptoms of poverty, she had saved some money, the house was carefully searched on Monday morning, and the sum of 195*l.* 19*s.* was discovered secreted in various out-of-the-way places. Besides the money, there was a large stock of silk and cotton dresses; bed linen, blankets, and an abundant supply of coals and firewood, the gathering of which on the sea shore and other places was her principal occupation. It appears that the possession of these riches was totally unknown to her husband, who, from old age, is somewhat imbecile. The property has been put under the trusteeship of several gentlemen for the benefit of the husband.—*Newcastle Journal.*

Lord Dalhousie has contributed 500*l.* and Lord Gough 400*l.* for the widows and orphans of those who fell at Chillianwallah and Ramnuggur.

KATRINA SCHULYER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Katrina, my dear, come and sit on this stool by my side; I have something to say to thee."

"Wait a moment, father, till I have tuned my guitar, and then I can practice this sweet air while you are talking."

The old merchant, though an austere man in his warehouse, was, like many of his class, indulgent to a fault to the members of his family.—So he sat quietly in his arm-chair, with an open letter in his hand, while his daughter Kate, the spoiled darling of his widowed heart, went on screwing up the keys of her guitar, trying the strings with her slender white fingers, and humming snatches of a Neapolitan boat-song, as if utterly forgetful that her father had spoken to her.

"Make haste, child. I am waiting," said the old merchant.

"One moment, father, while I shorten the band. There, now it just fits;" and flinging the black ribbond over the whitest and most beautiful neck in all Amsterdam, she seated herself at her her father's feet, and raising her smiling face to his said, "Well, now, what do you want to say? Be quick, for I have not got half my lesson."

The old man had scarcely commenced the subject, which from the gravity of his face seemed to be somewhat important, when Kate struck up a lively air, and completely overwhelmed his voice. Even his habits of indulgence could not withstand this. He impatiently grasped the little hand which wandered like a restless bird over the strings, exclaiming, "Listen to me, Kate. This subject is of importance."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear father. Pray what were you talking about?"

"This letter has just arrived from Paris," said the old man, raising the open sheet in his hand.

Kate caught a glance at the seal. She knew the crest; that careless, half-provoking smile instantly vanished from her face, and her voice faltered as she said, "Well, father, where is he now?"

"In Paris, dear, on his way to claim his betrothed."

For a moment Katrina's face wore a thoughtful expression. She turned away her eyes, and after a little hesitation said,

"I have made up my mind—that is, I had rather not marry Lord Gilbert."

"Nonsense! not marry Lord Gilbert? Pray what has given rise to this new caprice?"

"Oh, I've a thousand reasons. I dare say he is abominably ugly, and as proud as Lucifer."

"On the contrary, child, he is deemed one of the handsomest men in England; and as to pride, methinks his willingness to take to wife the daughter of a humble Dutch merchant is sufficient proof against that. Nay, start not up and look so proudly, child; I tell thee this same English lord might have his choice among the fairest and highest of his own proud land; and an humble maiden like thee, Kate, should deem it high honor when he casts his thoughts so much beneath his own level."

"But Katrina Schuyler, merchant's daughter though she be, deems it no honor to be bartered off unseen, and certainly unloved, like an article of merchandize. I say again, I will not marry this lord, who thinks to drag me from my own dear home at a moment's warning, and to install me into his proud dwelling, like a Dutch toy, only to be endured for its gilding; for conceal it as you will, father, I know that this coronet is to be purchased by a dowery such as no English noble can count down to his titled daughters."

"Thou hast nothing to do with that, child," said the old man with some degree of confusion, "and if thou hast no better reason to give,"—

"But I have a better reason; I will not wed Lord Gilbert—because—because—I intend to marry somebody else."

"Marry somebody else!" said the astonished merchant, starting up as if a bullet had passed through his heart. "May I be permitted to ask what high personage has been selected for my son-in-law?"

"Certainly, father—it is the music master you have been so good as to allow me."

"A music-master! My daughter marry a poor, beggerly, trumping fiddler! a"—

"Don't get in a passion—don't, father, I entreat you!" exclaimed the malicious girl, trembling all over, and yet half laughing at the storm she had raised.

"A passion; a passion! By my father's soul, if I thought, child, that this were not badinage, mere idle sport, I would turn thee into the street this instant."

Now Katrina Schuyler was a much better general than Napoleon Bonapparte, for she knew just how far to extend her power: so, instead of braving her father's anger, as the haughty imperialist did the Russian Winter, she threw her arm over the guitar and retreated into the garden.

Though Mynheer Schuyler was, as I have said, by no means remarkable for his mildness of temper, he never indulged in the luxury of anger beyond the precincts of his counting-room, and always reserved the highest ebullitions of his wrath for the special edification of his clerks and retainers. It was therefore with no little astonishment that the passers-by saw him issue from his house with a face as red as a peony, and flourishing an open letter in his hand with the most startling ferocity of manner. Had it been a drawn sword, they would have run for their lives; but being only a piece of harmless paper, they stood still, opened their mouths, and wondered what on earth could have come over Mynheer.

Some very wise man has said that habit is second nature. If this be true it had been the merchant's nature for twenty years to descend the steps of his dwelling about ten o'clock each morning, with his dress arranged in the extremity of neatness. After gazing for a moment up and down the street, he would fold his hands under his coat behind, and thus walk leisurely to his warehouse, bowing graciously to the acquaintances he passed on his way, and in every manner deporting himself with the staid dignity befitting a man of trust and substance. But this morning the merchant outraged his habits terribly. His wig was awry, his coat unbrushed, and his shoes, with their broad silver buckles, lacked their usual exquisite polish. Without stopping for a moment on the steps, he clasped his hands under his coat—for it is to be doubted if he could walk with his hands in any other position—and hurried along the pavement as if propelled by a double power locomotive.

Mynheer Schuyler's warehouse stood on one of the numerous canals that carry the commerce of nations into the heart of Amsterdam. He was hurrying along the brink of this canal in the situation we have described, when he came in contact with a porter who was running at the top of his speed to overtake a boat which lay a little ahead. The concussion was fatal to the angry merchant.—He lost his equilibrium, and the next moment found his polished shoes, with their silver buckles, planted three inches deep in the mud at the bottom of the canal. Here was a predicament for the richest merchant in Amsterdam to find himself in. Up to his neck in water, his feet sticking in the bottom of a canal, his bald head just rising above the surface—for his wig and the letter which had given rise to all this mischief were very tranquilly floating down the stream together—his arms extended as if in an effort to swim, and altogether bearing no inapt resemblance to one of those apocryphal heads which one sometimes meets with upon an old-fashioned tomb-stone, with flat noses, big mouths, and wings growing where their ears should be. But Mynheer was no tomb-stone ornament, nor had he the slightest inclination to become the subject of one. So as soon as he had a little recovered from the surprise of his immersion he essayed to call for assistance. But as he opened his mouth to let his voice out, a quantity of muddy water let itself in. Here he began to make wry faces, shake his head, to beat the water with his arms, in a manner which added very much to the delight of some half dozen ragged children and lazy porters, who stood grinning and claping their hands at his struggles on the opposite side of the canal.

The unlucky merchant had nearly exhausted himself in vain struggles, and was sinking deeper and deeper in the mud every instant, when a youth apparently a foreigner, with eagle eyes and hair like the wing of a raven, happened to pass and saw his situation.

"Can I do anything for your assistance friend?" he inquired kindly.

The luckless merchant made one more desperate effort to speak, but lost his footing, and his head suddenly disappeared beneath the turbid water. The youth flung his velvet cap upon the pavement, stripped off his coat, and plunged into the canal. He soon succeeded in fishing up the unfortunate merchant, and supporting his head above the water, called out lustily for assistance. This was soon rendered, and Mynheer Schuyler was safely conveyed to his warehouse.

A servant was despatched for dry clothes and a new wig, and Mynheer Schuyler lay upon the sofa in his counting-room in his dripping garments, completely exhausted by his cold bath, when the foreign youth, who saw that he could be of no further service, was about to retire. The merchant observed the movement, looked up and recognized his daughter's music-master, the very man whom half an hour before he had resolved to kick from his door steps, did he ever presume to ascend them again. The youth stood very quietly with his cap in his hand, while the old man's face changed from a look of astonishment to a haughty frown, which after a moment gave place to an expression of warm-hearted gratitude, such as a kind man would feel towards one who had saved his life.

"Young man he said," grasping the hand of the youth, "this day shall be a fortunate one for you as well as for me, I pledge you the word of a grateful and an honest man."

The youth bowed, and, mattering something about an engagement, hurried from the warehouse. Meantime Katrina had proceed to a fountain in the garden, where, as the season was Summer, and the weather was pleasant, she had been in the habit of receiving her music-lessons. A rustic seat stood at the foot of a drooping elm which shadowed the green sward around the fountain, and a thicket of roses rendered the retreat fragrant and secluded. Kate looked upon the vacant bench and then upon the sun. It was full time, and yet no master had arrived. She busied herself in gathering the roses and scattering their leaves and half-opened buds upon the water in the fountain; then, tiring of this, she seated herself on the brink of the marble basin, and began to dip up the water in her little palm and to shower it on the flowers blushing about her. At length, heartily impatient and half pouting, she flung her guitar on the grass and sauntered away into a more secluded part of the garden, where for the first time in her life she began to reflect seriously about the future. She was standing with her hands clasped under her apron of wrought muslin, and her sweet oval face turned away with an expression of more serious thought than usually visited her beautiful features, when the music of a guitar came tinkling, with a sweet, merry sound, through the rose-bushes which surrounded her.—A smile broke over her face, like the flush of a warm sunshine; her hands unclasped and she darted forward with the graceful eagerness of an uncaged bird. The youth whom we have already introduced to the reader was sitting beneath the elm, with her guitar in his hand.

"And so my lady-bird has learned to come at her master's call," he said with a quiet smile, as the panting girl placed herself on the bench beside him.

"And for a very good reason, because she never expects to obey it again," replied Kate striving to look sullen, and obeying a sudden impulse to make her lover miserable for having kept her waiting.

The youth looked in her face, where a smile was struggling with affected gravity, and said with undisturbed tranquility, "Well, my pretty tergigant, what new quarrel have you picked with me now? was my last visit too short, or my lesson too long?"

Kate shook her head very demurely, and tried her best to look solemn and important. "You will not speak so lightly when I tell you that my father has received a letter from the English lord whom I told you of, and that he is on his way to carry me to England." While she was conveying this startling intelligence, the mischievous girl stole a glance from under her long lashes, to mark its effect upon her lover. A slight color spread up to his high, white forehead, and a very peculiar smile disturbed the repose of his expressive lips; otherwise, his composure remained undisturbed.

Katrina was puzzled, and more than half angry. "I *will* make him feel, she said, in the bottom of her rougish little heart; so she looked as resolute as possible and went on: "Yes my father is determined that I shall fulfil the engagement which he has made for me, and I think I shall obey him"—

"That is right my sweet Kate! It is a daughter's first duty to make her parents happy; and, after all, what is there so terrible in being married to a rich, well-principled man, whom your father has chosen with a reference to your own exaltation and happiness?"

At her lover's interruption, Katrina started and raised her eyes to his with an expression of astonishment which deepened as she spoke into absolute dismay.

"Are you serious?" she inquired, in a tremulous voice.

"Perfectly so; for, notwithstanding all the pleasant nonsense which we have talked together, you cannot suppose that *I*, a wanderer, without country or name, would drag you from an opulent home; cause you to break the heart of a good father, and expose you to all the ills of poverty