SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1850.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

"Nec Regis, Nec Populi, sed utroque."

Volume 14. Number 44.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their Office in the Brick Building of L. W. Dovoher & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

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Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

[The time of high water here given is for P. M.]

June		d.	Sun. s	Moon s.	w.	
22	Saturday,	4	20 7	45 10	54	1 36
30	Sunday	4	20 7	46 11	15	2 16
1	Monday,	4	21 7	46 11	47	3 7
2	Tuesday,	4	22 7	46 —	—	4 8
3	Wednesday,	4	22 7	46 0	17	5 25
4	Thursday,	4	23 7	45 0	43	6 44
5	Friday.	4	24 7	44 1	14	7 49

Last Quarter 24 July. 1h 33m aft.

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84, *King William street, Mansion house, London*

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Four fifths of the profits given every *five* years to the Assured by the participation scale.

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LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
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Capital, £500,000 sterling.

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April 2, 1850.—6ins. fi's.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE
BETWEEN
St. John and St. Andrews,
DAILY.

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St. Andrews, hereby gives notice that his carriages will leave each of the places, every morning, (Sundays excepted,) going through on the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names, or at the St. John Hotel, where Stage Books will be kept. GEORGE CHRISTY.

Fresh Seeds.

Received from the "Boston Agricultural Seed Establishment."

A FULL supply of Fresh GARDEN and FLOWER SEEDS, warranted the growth of 1849.

ALSO—

5 bsls. RED CLOVER;
10 do. Grass SEED, growth of New-Brunswick.
For sale at No. 1, North side Market Square.
April 13. WM. O. SMITH.

THE ACCOMMODATION BILL.

SUCH of the incidents of the following narrative as did not fall within my own personal observation, were communicated to me by the late Ralph Symonds, and are the dying confession of James Hornby, one of the persons killed by the falling of the iron roof of the Brunswick Theatre. A conversation the other day with a son of Mr. Symonds, who has been long settled in London, recalled the entire chain of circumstances to my memory with all the vivid distinctness of a first impression.

One evening towards the close of the year 1806, the Leeds coach brought Mr. James Hornby to the village of Pool, on the Wharf, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. A small but respectable house on the confines of the place had been prepared for his reception, and a few minutes after his descent from the top of the coach, the pale, withered looking man disappeared within it. Except for occasional trips to Otley, a small market town distant about three miles from Pool, he rarely afterwards emerged from its seclusion. It was not *Time*, we shall presently see—he was indeed but four-and-forty years of age—that had bowed his figure, thinned his whitening hair, and banished from his countenance all signs of healthy, cheerful life. This, too, appeared to be the opinion of the gossips of the village, who, congregated, as usual to witness the arrival and departure of the coach, indulged, through Mr. Symonds, who was an inside passenger proceeding to Otley, in remarkably free and easy commentaries upon the past, present, and future of the new comer.

'I mind him well,' quavered an old white-haired man. 'It's just three and-twenty years ago last Michaelmas, I remember it because of the hard frost two years before, that young Jim Hornby left Otley to go to Lunnon; just the place, I'm told, to give the finishing polish to such a miscreant as he seemed likely to be. He was just out of his time to old Horoby, his uncle, the grocer.'

'He that's left him such heaps of money?'

'Ay, boy, the very same, though he wouldn't have given him or any one else a cheese-paring while he lived. This one is a true chip of the old block, I'll warrant. You notice that he rode outside, bitter cold as it is?'

'Surely, Gaffer Hicks. But do you mind what it was he went off in such a skurry for. Tom Harris was saying last night at the Horse-Shoe it was something concerning a horse-race or a young woman; he wasn't quite sen-ible which.'

'I can't say,' rejoined the more ancient oracle, 'that I quite mind all the ups and downs of it.—Henry Burton horse-whipped him on the Doncaster race course, *that* I know; but whether it had been about Cinderella that had, they said, been tampered with the night before the race, or Miss Eliza Gainsford, whom Burton married a few weeks afterwards, I can't, as Tom Harris says, quite clearly remember.'

'Old Hornby had a heavy grip of Button's farm for a long time before he died, they were saying yesterday, at Otley. The sheepskins will now no doubt be in the nephew's strong box.?'

'True, lad; and let's hope Master Burton will be regular with his payments; for if not, there's jail and ruin for him written in large capital letters on yon fellow's cast iron phiz, I can see.'

The random hits of these village gossips, which were here interrupted by the departure of the coach, were not very wide of the mark. James Hornby, it was quite true, had been publicly horse-whipped twenty-three years before by Henry Burton on the Doncaster race-course, ostensibly on account of the sudden withdrawal of a horse, that should have started, a transaction with which young Hornby was in some measure mixed up; but especially and really for having dared, upon the strength of presumptive heirship to his uncle's wealth, to advance pretentions to the fair hand of Elizabeth Gainsford, the eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Gainsford, surgeon, of Otley,—pretensions indirectly favoured, it was said, by the father, but contemptuously repudiated by the lady. Be this as it may, three weeks after the races, Eliza Gainsford became Mrs Burton, and James Hornby hurried off to London, grudgingly furnished for the journey by his uncle. He obtained a situation as shopman in one of the large grocery establishments of the metropolis, and twenty-three years afterwards, the attorney's letter informing him that he had succeeded to all his deceased uncle's property found him in the same place and in the same capacity.

A perfect yell of delight broke from the lips of the taciturn man as his glance devoured the welcome intelligence. 'At last,' he shouted with maniacal glee; and fiercely crumpling the letter in his hand, as if he held a living foe in his grasp, whilst a laugh of fiendish passion broke from the deep cavern of his sunken eyes—'at last I have thee on the hip! Ah, mine enemy! it is the dead—the dead alone—that never return to hurl back on the head of the wrong doer the shame, the misery, the ruin he inflicted in his hour of triumph.'

It seemed, by his after-confessions, that he had really loved Eliza Gainsford with all the energy of his violent, moody nature, and that her image, fresh, lustrous, radiant, as in the dawn of life, unceasingly haunted his imagination, with visions of tenderness and beauty, lost to him, as he believed, through the wiles, the calumnies, and violence of his detested and successful rival.

The matronly person who, a few days after the Christmas following Hornby's arrival at Pool, was conversing with her husband in the parlour of Grange farm-house, scarcely realised the air-drawn image which dwelt in the memory of the unforgiving, unforgetful man. Mrs. Burton was at the time a comely dame, whose *embonpoint* contour, however indicative of florid health and serenity of temper, exhibited little of the airy elegance and grace, said to have distinguished the girlhood of Eliza Gainsford. Three of her children—the eldest, Elizabeth, a resuscitation of her own youth—were by her side, and opposite sat her husband, whose frank, healthy countenance seemed to sparkle with careless mirth.

'Hornby will be here presently, Elizabeth,' said he. 'What a disappointment awaits the rascally curmudgeon! His uncle was a prince compared to him.'

'Disappointment, Henry! to receive four hundred pounds he did not expect?'

'Ay, truly, dame. Lawyer Symonds' son Frank, a fine, good-hearted young fellow as ever stepped in shoe leather——Lizzy, girl, if that candle were a little nearer your face it would light without a match.'——

'Nonsense, father!'

'Very likely. Frank Symonds, I was saying, believes, and so does his father, that Hornby would rejoice at an opportunity of returning with interest the smart score I marked upon his back three-and-twenty years ago.'

'It was a thoughtless, cruel act, Henry,' rejoined his wife, 'and the less said of it the better. I hope the fright we have had will induce you to practise a better economy than heretofore; so that instead of allowing two year's interest to accumulate, we may gradually reduce the mortgage.'

'That we will, dear, depend upon it. We shall be pushed a little at first: Kirkshaw, who lent me the two hundred and fifty, can only spare it for a month; but no doubt the bank will do a bill for part of it by that time. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Here is the money for Hornby at all events; and here at last comes the shrivelled atomy; I hear his horse. Fanny, light the candles.'

If Mrs. Burton had consciously or unconsciously entertained the self-flattering notion that the still unwedded bachelor who had unsuccessfully wooed her nearly a quarter of a century before, still retained a regretful tenderness for her, she must have been grievously surprised by the cold, unrecognising glance which Hornby threw on her as he entered, and coldly replied to her civil greeting. *That* was not the image stamped on his heart and brain! But when her eldest daughter approached the light to place paper and pens upon the table, the flushing glance and white quivering lip of the grave visiter revealed the tempest of emotion which for an instant struck him. He quickly suppressed any outward manifestation of feeling, and in a dry business tone demanded if Mr. Burton was able to pay the interest of the mortgage.

'Yes, thank God,' replied Burton, 'I am; here is the money in notes of Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Count them.'

'They are quite right,' he said, rising from his chair; 'and here is your receipt.'

'Very good! And now, Hornby, let us have a glass of wine together, for the sake of old times. Well, well, you need not look so fierce about it. Let bygones be bygones, I say. On, if you *will* go—go in God's name. Good night!'

'Good night!'

'Baffled—foiled!' muttered Hornby as he rode homeward. 'Where could he get the money!—Borrowed it, doubtless; but of whom? Well, patience—patience! I shall grip you yet, Henry Burton!' and the possessed man turned round in his saddle, and shook his clenched hand in the direction of the house he had just quitted. He then steadily pursued his way, and soon regained his hermitage.

The month for which Burton had borrowed the two hundred and fifty pounds passed rapidly—as months always do to borrowers—and expedient after expedient for raising the money was tried in vain. 'This money must be repaid, Kirkshaw had emphatically told him, on the day stipulated Burton applied to the bank at Leeds, with which he usually did business, to discount an acceptance, guaranteed by one or two persons whose names he mentioned. The answer was the usual civil refusal to accept the proffered security for repayment—'the bank was just then full of discounts.' Burton ventured, as a last resource, to call on Hornby, with a request that, as the rapid advance of the market-value of land, consequent on the high war prices obtained for its produce, had greatly increased the value of Grange Farm, he would add the required sum to the already existing mortgage. He was met by a prompt refusal. Mr. Hornby intended to foreclose as speedy as possible the mortgage he had already held, and invest his capital in more profitable securities. 'Well, then, would he lend the amount at any interest he chose?'

'The usury laws,' replied Hornby, with his usual saturnine sneer, 'would prevent my acceptance of your obliging offer, even if I had the present means, which I have not. My spare cash happens to be just now temporarily locked up.'

Burton, half-crazed with anxiety, went the following day to the Leeds bank with the proffer of a fresh name agreed to be lend him by its owner,—Useless. 'They did not know the party.' The applicant mused a few moments, and then said, 'Would you discount the note of Mr. James Hornby, of Pool?'

'Certainly; with a great deal of pleasure. Burton hurried away, had his horse saddled, and galloped off to Pool. Hornby was at home.

'You hinted the other day,' said Burton, 'that if you had not been short of present means you might have obliged me by the loan I required.'

'Did I?'

'At least I so understood you. I am of course not ignorant, Mr. Hornby, that there is no good blood between us two; but I know also that you are fond of money, and that you are fully aware that I am quite safe for a few hundred pounds. I come, therefore, to offer you ten pounds, *bonus*, for your acceptance of a bill at one month for two hundred and fifty pounds.'

'What?' exclaimed Hornby, with a strange vehemence, 'what?'

Burton repeated his offer, and Hornby turned away towards the window without speaking.

When he again faced Burton his countenance wore its usual colour; but the expression of his eyes, the applicant afterwards remembered, was wild and exulting.

'Have you a bill stamp?'

'Yes.'

'Then draw the bill at once, and I will accept it.'

Burton did not require to be told twice. The bill was quickly drawn, Hornby took it to another table at the further end of the apartment, slowly wrote his name across it, folded and returned it to Burton, who tendered the ten pounds he had offered, and a written acknowledgement that the bill had been drawn and accepted for his (Burton's) accommodation.

'I don't want your money, Henry Burton,' said Hornby, putting back the note and the memorandum. 'I am not afraid to be the loser by this transaction, You do not know me yet.'

'A queer stick,' thought Burton, as he gained the street; 'but Old Nick is seldom so black as he's painted. He was a plaguy while, I thought, signing his name, but I wish I could sign my name to such good purpose.'

Burton laid the accepted bill, face downwards, on the bank counter, took a pen, indorsed, and passed it to the managing clerk. The greyheaded man glanced sharply at the signature, and then at Burton. 'Why, surely this is not Mr. Hornby's signature. It does not at all resemble it.'

'Reynolds, look here,' continued the clerk, addressing another of the *employes*. Reynolds looked, and his immediate glance of surprise and horror at Burton revealed the impression he had formed.

'Please step this way, Mr. Burton, to a private apartment,' said the manager.

'No—no, I won't,' stammered the unfortunate man, over whose mind a dreadful suspicion had glanced with the suddenness of lightning. 'I will go back to Hornby;' and he made a desperate but vain effort to snatch the fatal instrument. Then, pale and staggering with confused terror and bewilderment, he attempted to rush into the street.—He was stopped, with the help of the bystanders, by one of the clerks, who had jumped over the counter for the purpose.

The messenger despatched by the bankers to Hornby, returned with the answer that the alleged acceptance was a forgery. It was stated on the part of Mr. Hornby, that Mr. Burton had indeed requested him to *lend* two hundred and fifty pounds, but he had refused. The frantic asseverations of poor Burton were of course disregarded, and he was conveyed to jail. An examination took place the next day before the magistrates, and the result was, that the prisoner was fully committed on the then capital charge, for trial at the ensuing assizes.

(To be concluded next week.)

ATTEMPT OF A CANON OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH TO CONVERT THE POPE.—A letter from Rome, dated May 2 says:—"One of the most interesting occurrences of last week was the interview of the Rev. Dr. Townsend, canon of Durham, with the Pope. I mentioned in a previous letter that the Rev. doctor's object was to induce his holiness to do away with the bickerings, animosities, and polemical discords which keep the various denominations of Christians separate and at enmity; and, by calling a general council, to establish the basis of a universal creed. It was certainly a bold attempt for a Protestant clergyman to convert the Pope himself, but the doctor was resolved to beard the lion in his den, and on Friday last he went to encounter, in full dress canonicals. After having knelt to kiss the Pope's hand, Dr. Townsend was invited by his holiness to take a chair, and an animated conversation commenced in Latin, a fit language for controversy, and one in which the disputants might be presumed to be a match for each other. The Pope was upon the whole very tolerant, as may be imagined for his having not only listened with calmness to Dr. Townsend's arguments in favour of releasing the Catholic clergy from their vow of celibacy, but also assured him that he entertained serious ideas of adopting such a plan in the early part of his reign, especially after having received pressing letters upon the subject from Germany, but that in the present state of Italy, and indeed, of the whole continent, any innovation on his part would be dangerous, even if he had the power to act freely, which he had not, being by no means the free-agent that he was on his first accession to the throne. The same objection would prevent him from calling a general council, or attempting to unite the great and divided family of Christians, although he fully admitted the grandeur of the scheme, protested his own desire for peace and harmony, and wept at Dr. Townsend's enthusiastic picture of England recognising in Pio Nono the head of a universal church. After three quarters of an hour's discussion the reverend canon took his leave, placing in the hands of his holiness a document containing the principal heads of his argument, which appears to have made some impression on the pontiff's mind, judging from the fact of his having sent to the doctor's residence on Sunday last, only two days after the interview, requesting to be made acquainted with the period of Dr. Townsend's return, (he had just gone to Naples,) as he should then like to have some more conversation with him."

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.—Listen to the inscription on a gravestone that was stumbled upon in—no matter where:—

"John Smith,
Born May 14, 1806,
Died August 18, 1848.
"He is not dead, but sleepeth."
"Susan, wife of John Smith,
Born March 26, 1818.
She is not dead."

"But wide awake," ought to have been added to this unique monumental P. S., which is not a bad idea for a widow of 30, and is certainly a fair advertisement.

A woman complaining of her hardships to her husband, who was sometimes in the habit of flagellating her. He endeavoured to pursuade her that her complaints were groundless; and among other arguments, remarked that she had always had "a plenty of wood and water in the house. "An ye may well say that," she keenly retorted, "I'll always have plenty of that while I'm wid you, for I'll niver be without a stick to my back or a tear to my eye."

A lawyer in one of our southern cities having a very red face, which it was understood was not the effect of living on skim med milk, was told he was not much of a lawyer. "Why, sir," said he, "I have been called the DEEPEST RE(A)D lawyer in the city."

An editor away Down East, and who served four days on a jury, says he is so full of law that it is hard work for him to keep from cheating somebody.—[Boston Liberator.

The settlements are in preparation for the marriage of the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Bernard Granville, Esq., of Wellsburne Hall, and heiress to his Warwickshire estates, with the Rev. Lord Charles Paulet, brother to Marquis of Winchester.

PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.

The annual great meeting of this society was held on Wednesday 5th instant at Exeter Hall, the Right Hon. the Earl of Roden in the chair.

The Rev. A. S. TREVALL invoked the blessing of Divine Providence upon the efforts of this association, and especially on the proceedings of the day.

The noble chairman said, he regretted that a severe affection of his throat prevented him from addressing the meeting at any length or in those high terms which the sincerity of his heart, and the anxiety he felt for the cause he was engaged in, would have induced him most anxiously to do. But he could not help assuring the meeting that there was no individual then present, or, he would venture to say, in the country at large, who took a deeper interest than he did in the important objects which occupied the attention of this society. (Applause.) It was, indeed most gratifying to be engaged in an object essentially Protestant.—This was not only a Protestant political society, founded and guided by party motives and party objects, but it was essentially a Protestant society, which had the immutable and unerring Word of God for its foundation; and to be engaged in such a society was an honour to any one (Applause.) He trusted that those who were present would feel it to be so, and would use every exertion to promote the great cause in which they were embarked. He need hardly tell the meeting that they lived in times of great interest and difficulty—that they lived in times in which the glorious Protestant cause was surrounded and attacked by enemies of the worst description. They lived in times when they found those enemies were not confined to the community of the Church of Rome, but were to be found in the midst of the community of the Church of England. Therefore, was it, he said, surprising that an individual like himself, who had now passed upwards of sixty years in this world, and who had watched the public and private circumstances of the country, and all that occurred during that period—was it, he asked, to be wondered at that such a person should not see the dangers by which the great Protestant cause was surrounded, with some anxiety at all events, but with no doubt as to the result of the straightforward course taken by those who were not afraid to acknowledge themselves Protestants, both in principle and in heart? (Cheers.) He need hardly tell this meeting that the blessed word "Protestant" (which was one near and dear to his heart) was almost excluded, or looked upon as a byeword, amongst many of those who once regarded and prized it! He would only ask to whom was the glory due but to the blessed Lord and Saviour—(Applause)—who watched over his people and kept them firm, and who promised that what he had begun he would accomplish. (Applause.) He feared that he had taken up the time of those who would follow him in a most uninteresting manner—(No, no)—but he begged to say, that we did live in times which were most awful. He believed that there were circumstances before the country which few people dared to look at; but it was the duty of Christian men to grapple with them, remembering that their strength was from on high, and that they themselves were perfectly helpless, and but as worms in the accomplishment of anything; but that the God was on their side. His word was the foundation of Protestant principle, and should accomplish what it pleased, and should prosper their efforts. It was on those principles and those were the words upon which they were called upon to rely; and he would now conclude by adding the memorable passage, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Applause.)

The elaborate report was read by the Secretary. After some preliminary remarks, it proceeded to regret that, on the late occasion of her Majesty's visit to Ireland, the titles of Romish archbishops and bishops were recognised, and precedence given to the nominees of the pope of Rome &c.—It then adverted to "the removal of a nobleman from a commission of the peace for having taken part in a legal and loyal procession—a nobleman distinguished for his loyalty and attachment to the Crown, no less than for his love to all classes of his fellow-countrymen—a nobleman too, highly esteemed, too extensively known respected and beloved, to be disgraced by the arbitrary proceedings of any party, whether suggested from the Vatican, from the Castle or from Downing street." Allusion was made to the oath taken by the Roman Catholic members of parliament, and to the fact that they had seen the same hon. members "plotting the Established Church—now voting for the suppression of her bishoprics, and now for the alienation of her revenues." They had observed the omission of the words "Fid Def. Dei gratia Brit. Regina," and they found "that a Roman Catholic is Master of the Mint." The report went on to comment on the fact that poor exiles of the popular party in Rome in the late revolt had been refused protection at Malta, and they were told that the Governor of Malta is a Roman Catholic." The Bishop of Gibraltar had taken the initiative in protesting against the Popish efforts made at Malta, and the committee congratulated their subscribers that but one bill had been introduced this session directly in favour of Popery. The financial statement showed the receipts for the past year to have been 1,253l. 4s; those for the preceding year have been 928. 6s. 4d. The receipts, 1,253l. 4s. expenses 1,244l. 11s. 5d., leaving a balance of 8l. 12s. 7d. The committee desire that it may specially be borne in mind that the income of this association is by no means to be taken as a criterion of the tone of Protestant feeling throughout England." A further remittance of 10l. 5s. had been received from New Zealand. Three legacies had been received; one of 22l. 10s. another of 100l. duty free, and another of 100l. Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents. The remainder of the report had reference to the publications of the society, and included much interesting correspondence, showing the progress of Protestantism.

Mr. PLUMPTRE, M.P., moved that the report, an abstract of which had now been read, be adopted, printed, and circulated under the direction of the committee, and that the following clergymen and gentlemen be the committee for the ensuing year, with power to add to their number (here followed the names.) He took that opportunity of saying that he did not know whether the displacement of the noble earl emanated from the *ex fiatum* of the Vatican, from Saint James, or the castle; but it was an act which never would operate injuriously upon the noble earl at whom the shaft had been levelled, whose life was not of very short duration—a life, he did say—and the noble lord knew that he (Mr. Plumptre) had no wish to flatter him—a life of sincere uprightness, a life of loyalty and fidelity, which was not to be affected, not to be run down by the occurrence of a day—(Applause)—an occurrence, too, which in his humble judgement, carried on the face of it its own defence and justification. (Hear.) He need not ask that Protestant assembly whether the noble