THE Weekly Chronicle

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Weekly Almanack.

Jan.		R. Sun.	s. moon.	H. W.	
6	Saturday,	7 21	4 26	5 55	morn
7	Sunday,	7 23	4 36	7 4	0 2
8	Monday,	7 22	4 28	8 13	0 28
9	Tuesday,	7 22	4 28	9 23	1 14
10	Wednesday,	7 21	4 29	10 38	1 51
11	Thursday,	7 20	4 40	11 50	2 35
12	Friday,	7 20	4 40	morn.	3 23

Last Quarter 12th, 4h. 52m. even.

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: L. H. Dayton.

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The NEWS-BOY'S ADDRESS

Respectfully presented to the Patrons of the CHRONICLE.

TIME on his never-tiring wing
Has down a twelve month's flight—
Since last I took a poet's pen
(My old goose quill) to write.

Not when the Muse inspires, do I
Attune my well-known lyre,
But merely to effect my ends—
That's my poetic fire.

To please the world one poet writes—
And one to please himself;
To win applause some waste good ink,
But *I* to raise some pelf.

I'm quite poetical just now—
I feel my genius oozing
Out at my fingers' ends almost
While other folks are snoozing.

'Tis now past midnight—and the morn
Of Eighteen Forty Four;
Ding dong, ding dong, re-echoes loud,
From Trinity's old tower.

Farewell departed Forty Three!
Fare-well, a long farewell—
I've lived, old friend, to see thy death,
I've listened to thy knell.

I've lived to see this New Year's dawn,
And welcome its *entree*;
And may the day to one and all,
A day of gladness be.

Sadness, avaunt—thy haggard form
Is loathesome to our eyes;
Her touch contaminates,—so friends,
Be merry, but be wise.

With Wisdom, *rightful* mirth can dwell—
Despite all crabbed cant;
Long-visaged gloom shall never find
In me a suppliant.

Cheer up your heads, ye weeping crew,
The times can be no harder;
But still you've something in the pouch,
And something in the larder.

Commercial gloom is "clearing off,"
Bankrupts are "clearing out"—
And all our grievous ills shall soon
Turn round "right about."

Away, ye ever-grumbling tribes—
Our markets furnish plenty;
Sirloins are cheaper than they were
In Eighteen Five and Twenty.

Cash, to be sure, is rather scarce
And "holders" rather "tight";
But commerce shall unlock their "chests"
And bring the "brads" to light.

Now for a dash across the seas,
How fares our lovely Queen?
Since hand in hand with Gallia's King
"A visiting" she's been?

Our ancient foes have gazed upon
Our Sovereign with delight—
And watch no more with jealous eye
The "little island tight."

We'll leave the "LION" and in turn
The "Shamrock" hold to view;
A "DANIEL" come to judgment—and
Before "good men and true!"

Howe'er the '*case*' may terminate
Whate'er may be his crime;
Guilty or not I dare not say,
But leave it all to Time.

But time *alone* can ne'er allay
The national ferment;
The weal or woe depend upon
The British Parliament.

Oh for the wisdom that is pure
To banish all complaint;
To drive henceforth from Erin's isle
All cause of discontent.

Forth from the regions of the East
Comes welcome wondrous news—
O'er SCINDE waves the British flag
And CHINA wears our Shoes!

From pole to pole Britannia's arms
Have proved her matchless power;
And in the zenith of her might
No clouds portentous lower.

Wonder of wonders!—Mandarins
Bedeck'd in silks from Spitalfields;
And "using up" the various wares
Which Britain's mighty market yields.

So much for British tact—so much
For our unmatch'd, all-conq'ring arms!
Our English nabobs by and by
Will have their Chinese 'seats & farms.'

Adieu to *Europe* and the *East*—
To *England's* joys & *Ireland's* troubles;
Welcome *America*, with all
Thy Yankee notions and thy bubbles.

Who but admires thy complaisance
Friend Jonathan! thy gratitude—
Thy Tariff courtesy, well known,
Can be by none misunderstood

JOHN BULL appreciates thy worth—
And worthy art thou of his love;
John dounts upon a generous soul,
On *thee* all other souls above.

Ye stars! how didst thou meet his views!
Ye stripes! how didst thou strive to vie
With honest John in every work
Of national utility!

Reflect, reflect, strange Jonathan—
Strange Jonathan reflect, reflect;
And *howsoe'er* you treat your friends,
Strange Jonathan, *yourself* respect.

Who but a madman thus would act,
Or one devoid of all good manners?
Such *grinding* policy's a blot
Upon thy star-bespangled banners.

O! WASHINGTON! departed shade!
Where is *thy* spirit now-a-days?
Where are thy sons!—I see thee frown
On their disreputable ways.

Oh for thy genius to preside
O'er the great *disunited union*;
Oh for that wisdom and that worth
With which we love to hold communion.

Departed Spirit! deign t'infuse
Some portion of thy sterling worth
Into the hearts of all thy sons,
The strangest creatures upon earth.

Hail Canada! New-Brunswick hail!
Hail, too, our sister "o'er the bay"—
Eschew all tricks republican—
Maintain your British dignity!

All wily treachery disavow—
All ingrate caitiffs send to "quod"—
Our o'er indulgent parent still
Can wield at will, the "pickled rod,"

Can wield at will her arm of power,
Whene'er her sons abuse her kindness,
Or fall, misled, into a state
Of restiveness and moral blindness.

Save us ye powers of common sense
From all attempts at self-destruction;
Save us from all contagious woes
Of rebel, traitorous seduction.

True to our country and our Queen
Our matchless laws and constitution,
Stand firm ye favoured colonists
And cleanse yourselves from all pollution.

Oh for a heart to prize and love
The blessings of the British throne!
A throne all earthly thrones above,
Which Britons love to call their own.

Ye powers above, grant common sense
To our Provincial Parliament!
And aid them to remove each cause
Of so much grievous discontent.

"*Nos nobis*" let their motto be—
"*Not for ourselves*," their guide—
In clearing off provincial ills
Whatever may betide.

Restore our credit and our pence,
By wholesome legislation
Ye Senators, and cease henceforth
All vain confabulation.

Save us from speeches over long;
Consult the people's wishes
And keep your eyes, if keep you can,
From off the "loaves and fishes."

Alas! alas! the "shelves are bare"
The cupboards empty quite;
The cholic's in the treasury,
The Treasurer in a fright.

The people all are in a "fix,"
And time alone can help them;
Whoe'er henceforth shall trammel us
May public censure skelp them.

Now tell me, madam Muse, pray tell
What "small talk" fills the town;
What Balls, Routs, Parties and so forth
Are past, or going on.

'Tis said the "earth-worm" Doctor G—
'That is the coal-hold miner,
Has been non-suited by his friend
His "faithful' interliner.

And justly, too—for who would waste
Lamp oil, and ink and brains,
Without some compensation just
For all his "puffing pains.'

Or who would make *his* rough roads smooth,
Or his reports revise?
Let all expect for "puffs" to pay
Who palm off quackeries.

Lectures and concerts now abound
In every-day profusion;
To *some* of which I scarcely dare
To make the least allusion.

Strange doctrines have been preach'd by *some*,
Which justly have brought down,
Among the wise, the just and good
A universal frown.

I spare the poor benighted elf
Who chatters nonsense *gratis*;
Enough of this affair—or as,
Old Horace says "*jam satis!*"

Oh what a concourse at the Hall!
What a gregarious jaunting!!
Such "social" *soirees*, and such glee
And suffocating cramming!

Tea drinks etcetera, are the rage,
A fashion new, but handy;
Teetotallers are gaining ground,
Tho' some still stick to Brandy.

A perfect *nuptalops* is he
Who cannot see we're thriving;
For a more snug community
Is not among the living.

So prosper all our civic works,
Our commerce and our trade;
May art and science as they rise
Receive our fostering aid.

And now respected patrons all,
May Heaven above befriend you!
And for another twelve month round
I'll cheerfully attend you.

Heaven bless her Majesty the Queen!
And the young heir apparent;
The other little sprigs, as well
As their illustrious parent.

Speed on, speed on young Forty Four,
Shine forth prosperity!
Dispel the murky clouds that lower
And let us happy be.

My PEGASUS I now rein in—
Adieu! I cease my song;
And if I have been over *dull*,
I've not been over *long*.

Miscellany.

REVENGE OF LEONARD ROSIER.

IT was late on a summer afternoon that Leonard Rosier, a student of the most famous school of surgery in Paris, was returning to his home in the Rue St. Honore. The merry population thronged the street, and many acquaintances accosted him; but he stopped not to converse with any one, nor turned aside with the crowd to follow any splendid equipage. His face was handsome, but pale, apparently with study; and it was singular that in one so young, and especially a Frenchman, the expression should have been so uniformly melancholy. He went up the steps of a small house and knocked gently. The door was opened by an elderly woman, whose face beamed with surprise on seeing him.

'I am so happy—so glad you are come—M. Rosier. I would have gone myself for you, had I known where to find you. Mademoiselle Eulalie—'

'What of her, is she worse? demanded the youth impatiently; but without waiting the old woman's reply he pushed past her, and went hastily up stairs. The woman looked after him and shook her head sadly.

Leonard entered a small front chamber just then lighted with the last crimson rays of the setting sun. On a couch near the window reclined the pale and emaciated figure to almost etherial thinness, had not destroyed the exquisite symmetry of her features. They were still perfect in their delicate outline; and the beautifully chiselled lips wore a tinge of rose which like the faint spot of colour on each cheek in contrast with her otherwise dazzling paleness, was evidently the effect of disease. Her eyes were large, dark, and supernaturally bright. She held in her almost transparent fingers a rose partly faded.

Leonard came softly to her bedside, and, bending over her, said in a low tone of deep and anxious love, 'Eulalie!'

The lovely invalid turned quickly, and her eyes beamed with joy as they rested on him. 'Oh, brother,' she murmered, 'you are come at last!'

The young man turned away his face, and wept for a minute in silence. At length, looking up, and addressing the nurse, who had followed him into the room, he asked, 'Whom did this fearful change take place?'

'About two hours since,' replied the woman. 'Mademoiselle, while sitting on the fauteuil at the window, was siezed with a violent fit of coughing, and ruptured a blood vessel. The bleeding was inconsiderable, yet it reduced her to this weakness.

'Brother!' said the invalid faintly, and clasping his hand, she looked up imploringly in his face.

'Do not suffer her to speak,' said the nurse.

'I must,' replied the young girl; and by the slight pressure of her fingers Leonard knew that she had something on her mind. He motioned the old woman to withdraw; she objected that it would be dangerous to allow her patient to talk.—But a glance at Leonard's face of despair convinced her that he thought his sister beyond hope, and that even the chance of prolonging her feeble life was scarce sufficient to justify them in withstanding her wishes. The nurse left the apartment.

'Beloved Eulalie,' repeated Leonard, again bending over his sister.

'Brother,' exclaimed she, with an energy that started him; 'brother, I have seen him!'

'Him! whom!—Oh, heaven!' sobbed the youth. Eulalie motioned for some drops that stood on the table. Leonard poured some from the phial, and administered them; they seemed to revive her.—She spoke in a stronger voice, and less interruptedly.

'I saw him—the Marquis de Verneuil.'

'The villian,' groaned her brother.

'Yes—he is so, Leonard, or he could not have acted as he has done,' said Eulalie, with strange calmness. 'To deceive a young girl like me by a false marriage, and then desert her—'

'His life shall pay for it,' said Leonard, in a voice of agony.

'Not so!' cried Eulalie. 'Would such a revenge profit me? Hear me, Leonard. The hand of death is upon me, and, ere I die, I have a boon to ask. But, before I name it, you must promise—promise me solemnly, on your knees, Leonard, and before God, that you will never attempt his life—Leave to the Almighty Judge the punishment of my wrong.—Leonard promise me. It is Eulalie's last prayer but one.'

Leonard hesitated, but, adjured again and again, he knelt down and took the required oath.

'Now hear me,' said his sister, 'for my strength is failing, and the moments are numbered in which I can speak at all. I saw the Marquis de Verneuil from you window. He drove past in his chariot, and beside him was seated a beautious lady, whom I judged, from the fond look with which he regarded her, he means to make his bride. Leonard, I do not envy her, but is it wrong to wish that I could leave the world as the wife, not as the outcast mistress of him who once loved me? Of the rights of a wife I have been cruelly defrauded—would he not give them to me for a few moments? I should not live to delay his second nuptials. Oh, brother would he not?'

The emotion that accompanied these words showed how near her heart lay the request. Leonard answered not till she had again urged it, and besought him to make her death happy by bearing her petition to the marquis. The shades of evening were falling—there was no time to be lost.

'Speed, brother,' said the low pleading voice of Eulalie, 'for sure to-morrow's sun will not behold me living. Bring him to my bedside, that I may forgive him—and be for the closing moment of my life—his bride. Go Leonard; but, whatever may happen, remember your oath!'

And summoning the nurse to watch by the couch of the dying girl, the young man left his sister on his strange errand to the Chateau de Verneuil, some miles distant from Paris. To the burning impatience of his spirit, the fleet horse he rode went slowly; and though yet early in the evening, it seemed to him that hours passed before he reached the chateau. His horse was wet with foam as he dismounted at the gates. Those gates were not as Starry a group of gallant steeds were led to and fro by gaily dressed menials, and one or two lately arrived guests, with rustling plumes and broidered mantles were admitted as he approached. Light streamed from the diamond shaded panes of the castle, and rich music floated on the air. The young Marquis held a very sumptuous feast, and entertained the aristocracy of Paris. For an instant there was a pause in the music; some toast was proposed; then there was a burst of applause, presently drowned in the rejoicing clamour of symbol, and bugle and kettle-drum.

It was a splendid banquet, in truth, not only in the viands and the choice wines, but in the wit of the courtly gaiety of that festive company. The soul of their mirth the inspirer and presiding genius of their revelry, was the Marquis himself. The humour of his jests was the most exquisite part of the entertainment. There was not a shade on his face to show that anything of sadness had ever marred the flash of his laughing eye; it was not in natures like his to feel any portion of the wo which his recklessness inflicted upon others.

The revelry was at its height, and the gay host about to challenge fresh admiration by some new and brilliant speech, when a servant whispered in his ear, and informed him that a very young man had arrived express from Paris and demanded to see him instantly. On this the Marquis sent his valet to question the stranger, and finding that his business was not of a political but a private nature, and probably such as did not particularly concern De Verneuil's interests—this was an inference of the valet's on observing the humble exterior of the young student—the marquis returned answer that he could not now be disturbed, and directed the stranger to communicate his errand to the confidential servant.

Leonard bit his lip till the blood came, as the man delivered his reply; then taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, he wrote a few hurried lines to the marquis—informing him of the prayer of Eulalie Rosier, and imploring him [for his sister's sake Leonard stooped to entreaty] to lose not a moment, as she could not survive the night, in doing justice to his victim. No man could resist such an appeal! thought Leonard, as he gave his note to the valet. The valet at first refused to disturb his master again; but moved by the youth's evident distress, he at last consented once more to fulfil his request.

'By St. Denys! but the modesty of this transcends belief!' cried De Verneuil, as he read the billet; and after giving orders to his servant to conduct the young stanger without the gates, and inform him that he might consider himself fortunate that he received no chastisement for his daring folly, the marquis laughingly asked his guests 'what they thought of the *sang froid* of a surgeon's apprentice, who had the impudence to demand that he should on the instant leave his courtly guests, to ride post haste to Paris, and marry his sick sister!' The shout of merriment that followed this question fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of Leonard as he quitted the gates of the Chateau de Verneuil.

The young student returned to his sister's deathbed—with what tidings! To tell her that her last prayer had been mocked—that her name had been scoffed at by the author of her sufferings—had served to point a jest for his heartless companions! Leonard *rejoiced* that when he again saw Eulalie, she was beyond the consciousness of wrong or of woe. She did not even know her brother as he knelt beside her, weeping bitter tears; and long before sunrise she had sunk into the arms of death.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

MUSICAL MEMORY.—A remarkable instance of powers of memory in music was exhibited by a young pianist, Miss C. Weller, at a concert lately given at Beaumaris. There being no conductor to be found in the town, the duties of that office were undertaken by Miss Weller, in addition to the pianoforte solos she had engaged to perform; and, although the vocal pieces were only submitted to her two or three days before the concert, she accompanied the whole of them in a beautiful style, took part in a vocal trio, and executed three grand pieces for the piano and a *capriccio* composed by herself for the occasion, *all without the aid of a single bar of printed music.*

A GIFTED BLIND MUSICIAN.—Some extraordinary feats in music have just been performed in Poole by Mr. Watson, an artist from Edinburgh, who has given some evening concerts at the Guildhall. This gentleman, who has been blind from his infancy, performed on five instruments at one and the same time, viz. two harmonicons, two fine violins, and a violoncello, using his mouth, hands, and feet, Mr. W. also introduced other instruments in the course of the evening—the angelica, or musical glasses, psaltery, and Victoria guitar. The music, which was principally Scotch, and selected with much good taste and discrimination, was executed in a very superior manner, much to the satisfaction of respectable audiences. Mr. W. is also the constructor of his own instruments, and has fitted additional sounding boards and steel bar to the violin, violoncello, &c., which addition not only adapts them to his peculiar mode of performing, but materially increases the power of the instruments.

LINES ON A BROTHER'S DEATH.

No more we think upon, with restless dread,
The pendential cry of the dead;
But, mighty seek in spirit, the damp glade,
That contains thy lov'd head, within it laid
To weep,—and hover o'er, our "dearest—best,"—
To guard the stranger's grave—the pilgrim's rest.
Alas! that we should all unconscious be,
In thy last hour, of nature's agony;
That when thy dying eye, a mother sought,
To hand a drink—what tender strong or sought,
And the chill dews were gathering on thy brow,
(Now seen by us,—by them forgotten now.)
No sisters stood in love, to ease away
The dread contagion from thy struggling clay,
Or hung in anguish, on thy latest breath,
Heedless,—tho' they inhaled, that moment—death.
And, if my sufferings could a pang atone,
For them (and it, far well does know it)
And send an arrow in thy cleaver one,
Preparing, for that absent group,—and me,
That chamber, destined for thy final close,
Where thou didst lie, in lone and deep repose,
Where, while they seal'd thee, for the foreign wave,
No mourners, wrapt in speechless sorrow gave,
The lingering look,—the dear, but dread farewell,
In which we glance when [illegible]—but, dark, not dwell
Ah! the sad picture, painted on the mind,
By death foiled, and by mortal designed!
Whose impress, marks us now, a [illegible] throng,
With human sufferers link'd to weep along
In our appointed wilderness of woe,
Seeking the rock, whence living waters flow
But, if one drop, may from the cup [illegible]
That we are doom'd to drink, [illegible]
It is the thought, that tho' we linger here,
Thou art rescued from sorrow, guilt, and fear:
Yet, would my selfish grief [illegible]
Thy spirit, if it could, look down, [illegible]
I mourn, that I may never more [illegible]
To me, on earth, what I now think, and feel,
Where are thy virtues, written? Those may tend,
Who rear the monument, within the mind:
Upon the tablet of my soul, I'll trace
Thy words—until I reach thy resting place.

New Orleans.

A GIANT.—Some disagreement having arisen between the agent of the lord of the manor and another party respecting the mode of placing the caravans at Wakefield fair, the Norfolk giant establishment was ordered to fix directly in front of Mr. Wombwell's stage, which was done, and Wombwell's men, to the number of 16 or 17, turned out, for the purpose of removing it by force. Mr. Hales, the giant, threatened, if they did not desist, he would thrash them all, which he at last proceeded to do, for, brandishing a stick, he rushed out, threatening vengeance. The appearance of the monster struck terror into all Wombwell's force, who rapidly retreated, leaving the giant master of the field of battle. This Mr. Hales, a Norfolk man, is about the largest specimen of the human race we ever saw; he is nearly eight feet high, and weighs upwards of 30 stone. He challenges any man in Europe, for £500, to produce his equal as to magnitude and stature.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

THE WIDOW.—No object presents to the eye of benevolence more claims upon its sympathy than the widow.—If death robs her of the early husband of her love, her young and ardent affections are withered, and a hopeless path of misery opens to her view. The bright anticipations in which her fancy has luxuriated in early life, the virtuous love that hath warmed and animated her young heart, the rapturous glow that springs from requited affection, all fade upon her sight, in the death of the object that inspired them, and despair settles on her desolate bosom the waveless calm of misery. If she seeks in this season of sorrow for the world's sympathy and find it, her sorrows are soothed and allayed; but if she seek and find it not, her stricken heart shrinks back dismayed at the extent of her loss, and she is left to stem the current of an unfeeling world, with no pilot but inexperience, and no compass but despair. However, her fortitude, bear up and cause her to rise superior to misfortune, and if, through the efforts of a well regulated mind, she succeeds in restoring herself to calmness and serenity, there will not be wanting those who will trace it to forgotten affection or desire for new conquests. If subdued in feeling, with a heart smitten too sorely by misfortune, she yields herself an unresisting victim to the stroke, there will be others who will coldly chide her for indulging morbid sensibility and unavailing sorrow.

Then blame her not if in her effort to escape the ills that assail her in her perilous path, she wrecks her bark on the other shore. It is only given to superior intelligence to navigate safely the ocean of life, when no storm shall sweep over the surface; and thrice blessed are they who overwhelmed by sorrows, perplexed by doubt, and dismayed by danger, pursue the even tenor of their way, and at last anchor in a port of sorrow.

POOR COPY