SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK. THE FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1848.

Weekly Chronicle.

"The Queen, the Constitution, and Liberty for ever!"

Number 16.

THE STAGE

NOTICE

NOW preparing for the Press, by Thomas Watt, and will be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained a new work entitled,

"The History and Defence of Oranges."

This work will be found embellished with all possible [illegible] it will be of nearly [illegible] and contain about [illegible] pages. It will contain a sketch of the History of [illegible] from the Massacre of 1641, down to the [illegible] year; also copious extracts relative to the [illegible] of 1798—it will contain another [illegible] of the rise and progress of Orangeism, [illegible] sketches of the character of [illegible] Orangemen, [illegible] 1795 to 1845—thoroughly [illegible] the history of the Parliamentary majority connected with this Institution, in 1839. The slanderous [illegible] of Mr. Brown will be [illegible] and [illegible] and the conduct of its members, upon all occasions whenever their country required their services; especially in the years 1798 and 1845.—The history of the rise and progress of the Association in the British North American Colonies will also be given, and the malignant attack made upon the Institution in March last, in the New Brunswick House of Assembly, by James Brown, Esquire refuted. In fact this work is intended as a book of reference, which every true Protestant would do well to possess himself of.

Subscriptions received by Thomas Hill & John Bowes, St. John; George Anderson, Fredericton; Joseph Connell, Woodstock; and Joseph L. Mallin, Gagetown.

Terms: 100 copies for £15; 50 copies for £8 15s; 20 copies for £3 15s; 5 copies for £1; and single copies 3s. each. Dec. 1.

MUSIC STAGE.

PASSAGE to ST. ANDREWS.

THE subscriber being under contract to convey one of Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St. Andrews informs his friends and the public that he leaves the former place every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, and leaves saint Andrews on each succeeding day.

Stage books kept at the Saint John Hotel in this City, and at Rood Hotel, Saint Andrews.

Passengers travelling on this route will receive every attention from the Proprietor and to ensure comfort, will be driven in COVERED COACHES, with five changes of horses on the road.

Aug. 18. W. H. WILLIAMS.

Chains, Anchors, and Iron.

Now landing ex ship *Queen*, from Liverpool:

TWO 60 fathoms each ¾ inch Proved Studd CHAIN CABLES;

2 60 fms each	¾ inch	do.	ditto;
2 60 do.	¾ inch	do.	ditto;
1 75 do.	1 inch	do.	Close Link, do;
1 60 do.	¾ inch	do.	ditto, do;
1 60 do.	¾ inch	do.	ditto, do;
2 60 do.	¾ inch	do.	ditto, do;
2 60 do.	¾ inch	do.	ditto, do;
2 75 do.	7-16 inch	do.	ditto, do;
2 75 do.	¾ inch	do.	ditto, do;
2 75 do.	5-16 inch	do.	ditto, do;

5 Wood-stock ANCHORS, fm 6 to 10 cwt. ea.;
10 Iron-stock ditto from 1¼ to 5 cwt;
837 bars and 25 bundles best Refined IRON, well assorted.—For sale by

THOS. F. RAYMOND,
224 sept. Nelson street.

ANCHORS, CHAINS, &c.

Now landing ex ship *Unicorn*, from Liverpool:—

3 BEST Proved Short Link CHAINS, 7-16, 5-8, and 3-4 inch;
7 best proved Stud Chain CABLES, 20 fathoms each, ass'd. 15-16, 11-16, 13, 11, 15, 13, and 1¼, in.
1 best Wood stock ANCHOR, 34cwt. 3qrs. 1 lb.
6 best Blacksmith's ANVILS.

Ex ship *Thomas* from Liverpool—
20 Tons Bolt IRON, well assorted; for sale cheap for approved payment WM. CARVILL.
July 27.

Shirting Cottons.

220 PIECES Shirting COTTONS, ex *Queen*, for sale cheap
29th sept. VAUGHANS & LOCKHART

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His Grace the Duke of Portland to Mrs. Ann Merrish, *one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a Present 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 £2 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 close 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.

The Afflicted need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the Mighty Powers of the astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

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

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthma,	Inflammation,
Bilious Complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the Skin,	Liver Complaints,
Bowel Complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	The Dropsy,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c., &c.
Headache.	

These truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King St., St. John, N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; J. Baird, Woodstock; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

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

Miscellany.

APOLOGY.—There has been in Paris a sale of autographs, belonging to M. Antoine Vandyck, who emigrated as Bishop of Adras, *in partibus*. The sale was under the management of M. Bonnefonds, most celebrated auctioneers of Paris. Among a vast quantity of historical papers was the autograph of Mandrin, the famous robber of last century, which was knocked down for 205 francs (£10) to [illegible] members of the National Assembly who had [illegible] courage to give his vote for M. Pe[illegible]tion—namely, M. Greppo. The following are the circumstances that gave rise to the [illegible]graph, and which are sufficiently curious [illegible] to be laid before your readers:—In the year 1758, Mandrin made his appearance at the gates of Montbrison, and being numerously escorted, no one ever thought of offering the least resistance. He then took up his quarters in the town, and levied no contributions on the inhabitants, and maintained the strictest discipline among his troops, even ordering one of his companions to be shot for having stolen an object of trifling value. After laying his plans for the safety of himself and his band, Louis Mandrin, having dressed himself elegantly, in a richly embroidered court suit, repaired to the house of M. de Palmaroux, the receiver of the gable excise, accompanied by two men in livery. "*Monsieur le Receveur*, I have come to sup with you, if you will allow me," said Mandrin, bowing profoundly, and placing his hat and feathers under his left arm, with all the ease of one who has graduated at court. "May I know, sir, whom I have the honour of welcoming?" stammered forth M. de Palmaroux, half surprised and half frightened, though he did not know the name of his terrible guest. "Certainly, sir; my name is Louis Mandrin."—The *Receveur* was thunderstruck, but his visitor proceeded with great coolness. "Do not be precipitate in your exclamations, my dear sir; we cannot judge those whom we only know from afar, and that is why I have come personally to visit you, and to settle our affairs at your social board." "I protest I do not know what affairs we can have to settle," replied the man of taxes, trembling from head to foot. "Oh," said Mandrin, "we shall have to discuss the matter at any length, and you will only have to sign. But, first of all, let us sup. Where are the ladies? Hidden, I suppose—as if I were not a man of the world! I have heard that Madame de Palmaroux is very musical, and I should be delighted to hear her; for one of the drawbacks of my profession is to be deprived of music." "Certainly, sir, only I am afraid ... ... I believe that madame is indisposed." "Indisposed—for my company, perhaps. ... ... This comes of my reputation. I am doubly desirous of personally convincing her there is no cause for fear." The lady, however, was not so frightened but that curiosity got the better of her fears; nor did the alarming anticipation of meeting so renowned a brigand face to face make her forget the cares of the toilet. Louis Mandrin presented a snow white hand, ornamented with a diamond ring to conduct Madame de Palmaroux into the supper room, where his two pretended lacqueys placed themselves behind his chair, and attended upon the host and his wife most officiously. During supper the conversation turned upon the court, the theatres, the last new novel; in short, on every topic except the motive of Mandrin's visit. At the end of the meal, after emptying his glass for the last time, and having vainly requested the lady to retire, as they were going to talk on business matters, Mandrin requested the *Receiver* to tell him what were the contents of his coffer. "Very little, Monsieur Mandrin, very little indeed," said his host; "the collecting has scarce yielded anything this month. The tax payers resist, and even go the length of beating overseers." "That's right," cried Mandrin, "I see that I shall finish teaching them their duty, and when they are properly trained, I can retire from business; but to return to the subject on hand: how much cash have you on hand?" "Seven or eight thousand livres at most." "Mind what you are saying, my dear sir," quoth Mandrin, "as your accounts may give your the lie.—Do not imagine I mean to act like a vulgar robber; I shall give you a receipt for your cash. So tell us candidly, granny Palmaroux, what is the amount of the balance in the general ledger?" "6000 livres, upon my conscience." "Louis Mandrin then drew forth a small paper, and said, "6790 livres you mean—but 790 is a trifle in the conscience of a financier?" Then, turning to his accomplices, he added, "Accompany this gentleman to his strong box, and get him to give you 6790 livres; but recollect that I only touch gold, as silver would dirty my fingers. Meanwhile, I'll write my receipt here, not to leave madame alone. I have always stamped receipts about me, for I like to transact business regularly." Then, lifting up a corner of the tablecloth, not to soil it, Mandrin wrote as follows:—"I, the undersigned, Louis Mandrin, merchant, acknowledge having levied the sum of 6790 livres (wrested violently from the taxpayers) upon the strong box of M. Palmaroux, the receiver of gable excise; at the same time, I declare the said receiver exempt from being called upon to pay the said sum by either the Farmers of public revenues or their agents, in testimony whereof I have left the present receipt, in be used by the said accountable party as a valid discharge." Mandrin then took leave of his hosts, who, though little flattered by his visit, could not but do justice to the exquisite politeness of the far-famed robber. —*Galignani.*

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

From the earliest ages Lanka Diva, or Ceylon has been renowned for the wealth of its marine, vegetable, and mineral productions: the sea yielding costly pears, and a plentiful supply of various and delicious fish, fit for the sustenance of man.—The vegetable kingdom teems with riches of another nature, equally valuable—the coffee bush, from the berry of which the fragrant decoction is made; the cinnamon laurel, the bark of which furnishes delicious spice, and from whose leaves a pure oil is obtained; the nutmeg tree, with its aromatic spice; the clover tree with its fragrant blossoms; the sugar-cane with juicy pulp and spiral slender leaves; and the tobacco plant. The graceful cocoa-nut tree, which will spring into existence where there is scarcely soil sufficient to cover the root; the green fruit furnishes a cooling and delicious beverage, the ripened nut food, the shell fuel, the fibres are woven into coir or rope, and from the old nut a pure oil is extracted; the leaves when plaited form a shelter from the elements; the [illegible] yields a juice from which, [illegible] fermented, a spirit is distilled; [illegible] sugar extracted, and the [illegible] past bearing fruit is [illegible] Beautifully variegated timber is made into articles of furniture. The Jack tree, with its enormous fruit of an oval shape, measuring more than eighteen inches in diameter, affording nourishment; while its yellow trunk when hewn, is made into articles for domestic use.—The magnificent bread-fruit-tree, with its splendid foliage and fruit; the orange pomegranate, lime, shaddock, and fennel-inds, with their luxuriant verdure, flowers and delicious fruit; added to these, we find the Malay apple, cashew-nut, fig, papaw, jambo, almond, guava, custard apple, rambutam, and mangoe trees, and all distinguished for their size and umbrageous foliage.—Amongst the minor denizens of vegetation, we find the elegant banana or plaintain tree, with its broad young leaves, folded trumpetwise one within the other; the superb amethyst, bell shaped flower, with yellow petals, and the pendant clusters of yellow, ripened, and luscious fruit; the amber ananas, or pine-apple, with its green crest, and the grenadilla melon with its mottled rind. Amongst culinary vegetables are bringals, yams, sweet potatoes, accus, a species of cucumber, pumpkins, and rice; whilst European vegetables and fruit, such as strawberries, peas, beans, potatoes, and cabbages, have been introduced into Kandy and Newera-Ellia since 1823. In the forests, the noble talipat, ebony, calamander, bayman, arekanut, surlya, and many other trees, whose names are totally unknown to Europeans; but were we to attempt to give an account of all the riches of the botanical produce of Ceylon, it would occupy volumes.

The fruitfulness of the earth is here developed in the production of the ruby, emerald, sapphire, onyx, amethyst, opal, moon stone, cat's-eye, jacynth, and topaz. The precious gems here enumerated are found at the present day, and gold was formerly found on the island.

NICOLAS'S DREAM OF ROME.

There was once a village lad whose name was Nicolas, and whose dream was Rome. This was no idle dream with him, for he had painted from his childhood.—He would paint—he could not help it; and at Paris, to which he found his way, that he might look at better pictures than he could see at home, he copied some engravings from Raphael, which gave a still firmer bent to his genius. A gentleman who admired the arts took him with him to Poitou, from which he returned moneyless, painting his way as he went along, to Paris. He became unwell, and went home to his native place—the village of Andeli on the Seine—and dreamed of Rome as he lay on his sick-bed. When he got better, he actually set out for Rome, and painted his way as far as Florence; but not a step could he get beyond that, and he returned almost in despair to Paris. Here at length he accidentally found a patron, who encouraged him to turn his face once more towards Italy; and in 1624 he did arrive at Rome. The result is thus told:—Here Nicolas lived for a long time, miserably poor, but supremely happy; starving his body, and banqueting his mind. He fell in with a sculptor called Francois Flamand, whose circumstances were similar to his own, and these two lived and laboured in a corner together, surrounded by the dreams and monuments of genius, and stealing out every now and then to sell their works for any pittance that ignorance or avarice would afford. But the pictures of Nicolas at length began to attract attention; and the humble artist was drawn from his solitude. This change of fortune went on; for although poverty or envy may retard the rise of genius for a time, when once risen, any attempt to repress it, however powerful, is like opposing a tempest with a fan.—Every tongue was now busy with the new painter's name, every eye was fixed upon his face or his works; all Rome was shaken with his fame. This was soon told at Paris; and he who on former occasions had travelled thither a lonely, friendless, half-starving youth, was led to the capital of France in triumph, and overwhelmed by Cardinal Richelieu and the King with honours and distinctions.—After the minister's death he returned to Rome, and died there in the 71st year of his age, leaving the illustrious name of Nicolas Poussin a rich and glorious legacy to his country.—*Chamber's Journal.*

The Queen has presented to two brothers, named Thomas and Francis Bullock, working men, at Cheadle, Staffordshire, a sum of £10, to enable them to publish a work which they have jointly written, and which they have entitled, "Popular Education; an antidote to juvenile delinquency, and a great security of national virtue."

The refined young ladies of a fashionable boarding school in Massachusetts, have discarded the vulgar term *Dictionary*, and adopted *Richardionary* instead of it.

CHRISTMAS TALES.

FOR NEW MARRIED PEOPLE.

Our story begins—as most other stories terminate—with a wedding. And yet how often is marriage the entrance gate of life, when the romance of life most inevitably merges into the thinking and acting woman, and she who has hitherto lived within herself, and for herself, must learn to live for another. She steps from the alter into a new existence, acquiring new energies and new feelings; she enters on a path as yet untrod, in which there is much to be overcome, and in which she has need of all help from her own heart and from Heaven.

Mr. Stratford, the rich banker, gave away at the marriage altar, on the one hand, his only daughter and his friend. The fortunate bridegroom who won the former was Sir Francis Lester, a baronet of ancient and honourable family. The husband of the latter was of lower standing in society—plain Henry Wolferstan, being a gentleman whose worldly wealth consisted in that often visionary income, a [illegible] added to an office under government which yielded a few hundreds per annum. These were the two who carried away in triumph the beautiful heiress and the grand-niece of Mr. Stratford.

With the usual April tears, the two young brides departed. A stately carriage and four conveyed Sir Francis and Lady Lester to the Hall of a noble relative; while the humbler railway whirled Henry and Eunice Wolferstan to an antique country mansion, where a new mother and sisters awaited the bridegroom. And thus passed the honeymoon of both couples, different, and yet the same; for in the lordly abode, and in the comfortable dwelling of the English squire, was alike the sunshine of first, young, happy love.

In a few weeks the two couples came home. How sweet the word sounded 'Our Home.'—What a sunny vista of coming years does it open to the view, of joys to be shared together and cares divided—that seem when thus lightened, no burthen at all. Sir Francis Lester forgot his dignity in his happiness as he lifted his young wife from her downy cushioned equipage, and led her through a train of smiling, bowing, white ribboned domestics, up the noble staircase of his splendid house in ——— Square. Hand in hand the happy pair wandered through the magnificent rooms, in which taste refined and increased the luxuries of wealth. Emily was never weary of admiring, and her husband only looked in her eyes for his delight and reward. At last, exhausted with pleasure, Lady Lester threw herself on a damask couch. 'I can do no more to-day; I am quite wearied.'

'Wearied of home—of me—of what?' said Sir Francis smiling.

'No no,' answered the bride, looking proudly at her husband, and playing with his jeweled fingers, 'only with being so happy.'

'I hope you may always have that excuse, dearest. But now we must not give way to laziness, my mother is coming to night, you know; and I want my Emily to be brilliant and beutiful. More than usual, if possible.'

'Indeed I do not care; all the mothers in the world would not induce me to rise and have the fatigue of dressing and dining in state to-night.'

Sir Francis looked annoyed; but he had been married too short a time to do more than look.—'As you will Emily,' he said. 'But I wished ——'

There was someting in his tones that made the wife look up. She saw the expression and repented. 'You wished—and I will do anything you wish, now and always,' whispered her beautiful lips in his ear, and shadow was swept away from between the two—swept away by the touch of love.

Half a mile from the abode of Sir Francis Lester was the home of Mr and Mrs Wolferstan. It was one of those pleasant houses that a generation now past used to erect in the suburbs of London. White, modern-built terraces and formal squares have risen up around, but the old houses still remain here and there, with their barrier of trees, or low privet hedges, against the dusty road; their little gardens and brown walls covered with ivy, or woodbine, or thick-leaved vines. To one of these pretty dwellings Henry Wolferstan brought home his bride.

It was an evening in September, chilly enough to make a fire welcome, when Henry and Eunice sat for the first time by their own hearth together. The ruddy firelight gleamed on their young wife's face as she presided at the tea-table; while her husband, resting at his ease in an arm-chair, watched with his affectionate eyes every movement of the delicate little hand that flitted about in matronly dignity. How happy they were! After the trials of love when years had been often ruffled by worldly cares and hindrances, to find themselves at last in a still haven—a happy, wedded home! Eunice looked round the cheerful room the books, the well chosen prints, silent beautiful companions, which they both loved so much; and the open pianoforte—all seemed to speak of future happiness. And then she saw beside her the face that had been for years the sunshine of her life, and knew that he was her husband; that they would never be parted more; that the love between them would be as an ever-living fountain, daily springing up anew to freshen and brighten their united life. All this came upon the full heart of the young wife, and she fairly burst into tears—Happy, blessed they were, quickly kissed away, and changed into smiles.

Many and many a time in after-years did the young couple call to mind that first happy evening in their own home—how they looked over their treasures, their household gods; and Eunice touched her new piano, and sang; but her voice trembled; so at last they came and sat by the fire-side—like John Anderson and his spouse, as Henry laughingly said—and built castles in the air; the jests always ended in seriousness, for they were too happy to be very merry.

Time glides away fast enough with every one; and most of all with those whose life is untroubled. Eunice had been married six month s before she began to think how long it was since she had resigned her hand into Henry's loving keeping.—Yet short as the time seemed, it was sufficient to make the former life of both appear like a dream. They had already settled down into a calm, sedate married pair. Sometimes people jested with them upon restricted freedom and marriage fetters; but Henry Wolferstan only laughed—he was ever in a merry mood—and asked it any man or woman, single or not, could ever truly say they had their liberty. And in good truth it is well it should be so; for such liberty would be a sore burden sometimes.

Mrs Wolferstan still kept up her intercourse with her cousin, for Emily was of too generous a disposition to make the difference in station a bar to such old friendship. Still there was in the world's eyes a distinction between the wife of a rich baronet and of a gentleman of limited income;

POOR COPY
MUTILATED ISSUE