THE Weekly Chronicle

Terms—15 shillings per annum.] "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE

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Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Feb.	R. Sun.	S. Sous.	H. W.		
2 Saturday,	6 25	5 35	5 0	10	2
3 Sunday,	6 23	5 37	5 28	10	43
4 Monday,	6 22	5 38	Rises	11	20
5 Tuesday,	6 21	5 39	7 16	11	58
6 Wednesday,	6 19	5 40	8 35	Morn	
7 Thursday,	6 18	5 41	9 54	0	37
8 Friday,	6 17	5 43	11 9	1	18

Full Moon 4th March, At 23m evening.

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 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the discount days. Director next week: L. H. DeWolf, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days—Director next week: A. S. Parkins, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. (St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Wm. Walker, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esq., President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesdays. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Etna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. Act by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Melick's Brick Building, Market square.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

Dissolution!

THE Business heretofore carried on by the Subscribers under the Firm of SANCTON & CROOKSHANK, is this day Dissolved:—all unsettled accounts they request may be arranged as speedily as possible with GEORGE P. SANCTON, at the *old stand*—York Point, at which place only all applications on business must be made to him.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
A. G. CROOKSHANK.

May 17, 1843.

Blacksmith Business.

THE Subscriber grateful for former favours, has the pleasure of informing his Patrons and the Public, that he has again resumed his labours at the Anvil. His place of business is at the lower end of Peters' Wharf, where every article in his line will be made with despatch and satisfaction to his employers. Orders from an Anchor to a Nail, thankfully received.

HENRY NICHOLLS.

September 29, 1843.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Business at present conducted under the Firm of ROBERTSON & MARSHALL, as Blacksmiths, dissolves by mutual consent on the First day of May next. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm, will be closed by JOHN R. MARSHALL, who is duly authorized to perform the same.

DAVID M. ROBERTSON,
JOHN R. MARSHALL.

St. John, April 27, 1843.

THE Business formerly conducted under the Firm of Robertson & Marshall, as Blacksmiths, &c., will be continued by the subscriber on his own account, at the old stand South side North Slip.

JOHN R. MARSHALL

FOR SALE AS ABOVE—

60 ASSORTED ANCHORS; Edge Tools of all descriptions constantly on hand.

Also, to Let for One or Three Years—The TANNERY establishment in Union street, formerly occupied by George Wetherby, junr., apply as above. April 28.

THE FIRST PRODUCTIONS IN THE WORLD FOR

The Hair! the Skin!! and the Teeth!!

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

is universally acknowledged to be the ONLY ARTICLE that will effectually *produce* and *restore* Hair, (including Whiskers, Moustaches, and Eyebrows,) prevent it from falling off or turning grey, free it from scurf and dandriff, and render it delightfully soft, silky, curly and glossy.

Caution!—Numerous pernicious compounds are universally sold as "MACASSAR OIL." To ensure the real article, see that the bottle is enclosed in a wrapper, (a steel engraving of exquisite workmanship,) on which are engraved "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL," in two lines.

*** To further insure the genuine article, see that the words "*Rowland's Macassar Oil*" are engraved on the back of the envelope nearly 1,500 times, containing 29,028 letters,—WITHOUT THIS NONE ARE GENUINE.

Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small) 10s. 6d., and double that size 21s. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

This elegant and fragrant preparation thoroughly eradicates all *Pimples, Spots, Blotches, Redness, Tan, Freckles*, and other defects of the skin; heals *Sun burns, Stings of Insects*, and reduces inflammation. It imparts a youthful roseate hue to the most bilious complexion, and renders the Arms, Hands, and Neck, transparently fair and delightfully soft and smooth.

It is invaluable as a renovating and refreshing Wash, during travelling, or exposure to the sun, dust, or dry piercing winds, and after the heated atmosphers of crowded assemblies, Gentlemen will find it peculiarly grateful after shaving in allaying the irritation of the skin.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR, PEARL DENTIFRICE,

A FRAGRANT WHITE POWDER of Oriental Herbs. It eradicates Tartar and decayed spots from the Teeth, preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a Pearl like whiteness, and fixes the teeth firmly in the gums. Being an Anti-scorbutic, it eradicates the scurvy from the Gums; strengthens, braces, and renders them of a healthy red. It removes unpleasant tastes from the mouth, which often remain after fevers, taking medicine, &c. and imparts *sweetness* and *perfume* to the breath.

Price 2s. 9d. per box, duty included.

Rowland's

ESSENCE OF TYRE,

Or, IMPERIAL DYE,

Changes Red or Grey Hair, Whiskers, Eyebrows, &c. to a beautiful Brown or Black.

Price 4s.; 7s. 6d.; 10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle.

Rowland's Alsana Extract,

Immediately relieves the most violent *Tooth ache, Gum-biles*, and *Swelled Face*.

Price 2s. 9d.; 4s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

Observe! To protect the public from fraud, the Hon. Commissioners of her Majesty's stamps have authorized the Proprietor's signature to be engraved on the Government stamp, thus—

A. Rowland & Son, 20, *Hatton Garden*,

Which is affixed to the Kalydor, Odonto, and Alsana. None of these are genuine without the stamp.

Beware of Imitations! composed of the most pernicious and trashy ingredients, and which are frequently sold under the unwary as "ROWLAND'S," and under the lure of *being cheap*.

Be sure to ask for "Rowland's Articles."

☞ Sold by Dr. W. LAVISGROVE, *St. John, N. B.*, and by every Perfumer and Chemist throughout the civilized world. *June 9, 1843.*

Pickles, Sauces, Spices, &c.

Just received per Mayflower, from London:—

MIXED Pickles, Girkins, Onions, Cauliflower, Walnuts, French Olives, French Capers, Mushroom Ketchup, Harveys' Sauce, King of Oude do., Mogul Chetna do., Essence of Anchovies, Anchovey Paste; Double S'fine Durham Mustard in ¼lb & 1lb Bottles.

—ALSO—

Candied Citron, Lemon, & Orange Peel, Jordan Almonds, Butter do., Cinnamon, Mace, Cloves, Nutmegs, Ginger, &c.

JOHN G. SHARP,
Chemist, Corner N. Market Wharf.

Dec. 22.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. SCOTT, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

☞ Office in Melick's Brick Building, Market square. September 15, 1843.

Flowering Bulbs.

THE Subscriber has received per steamer from Liverpool via. Halifax, a choice assortment of BULBOUS ROOTS, consisting of fine Double HYACINTH, (to flower in water, or pots) Ranunculus, Anemones, Crocus, Polyanthus, sweet scented Jonquils, Gladeolus, Amaryllis, &c. &c.

☞ The above Roots are in fine order, and will be sold low.

JOHN G. SHARP,
Corner of North M. Wharf.

Dec. 15.

[From the Cork Constitution.]

"STATE COACHES FOR STATE CONSPIRATORS!"

Air—"Bob and Joan."

i.

Hey for Queen and crown!
Hey for judge and jury,
Hey for Dublin town—
Priests! and party fury!
Such a day of fun,
Since Emancipation,
Never shined upon,
This benighted nation!

ii.

Hey for pike and dirk,
Hey for gun and bludgeon!
"Tis "*the year of work!*"
Sit ye there in dungeon?
Up—and mind your eyes!
Get the cap and button,
And your coats of freze;
Don't forget to put on.

iii.

Hey for Tom, the Mayor!
See the coach is ready!
Sit in Mert on square!
Orderly and steady!
See the people's man,
Driving off in state, sir!
In the shandry-*Dan*,
Looking mighty great, Sir!

iv.

Such a bit of sport—
Who would be without it?
Run away to Court,
Tell as all about it!
Look at Ormond-quay
Crowded like a fair, Sir,
See the city *Shy*
Jaysy'd by the Mayor, Sir!

v.

See his livery wig!
Doesn't he look "jemmy?"
See his braided rig!
Go along my "Tiptsy!"
See the city wand
Fastened to a thong, now!
There's a four-in-hand—
Hang it, drive along, now!

vi.

Who is that behind?
Faith it's "Geordy Ros;" boys!
Sure you're not so blind—
Any one might know, boys!
He's as like to that
As a pear, an apple—
Still it's not the hat,
Which he wore at chapel.

vii.

Shout away, my lads!
Cheer the Liberarthur!
There he is, by dads!
Och, the party crathur!
See him peepin' out—
Looking through the window—
Now, another shout—
Screech, and raise a shindy.

viii.

May be better not;
Aisy there's the sodgers;
What, or ye'll be shot,
Then's the "artful dodgers."
Give "the Deke" a growl,
That'll do as well, now,
Here then—here, your'e soul,
Here's "the Deke to H—, now!"

ix.

Cheer the Queen my boys,
Groan for Lord De Grey, now;
Anything for noise,
Just to kill the day now;
Anything provoking
Anything but riot—
Maybe Dan was joking
When he prayed for quiet?

x.

Hould y'rhand my Lord;
Stop the coach-and-four, now;
Here's attorney Forde
Waiting at the door, now.
"Mr. Starrs's at home"
"Just now, ten o'clock, Sir!
"Shall I say you're come?
"This way—here's the dock, Sir!"

xi.

Hand the crathur out—
Aye now, you'll squeeze him—
Boy! another shout!
That's the way to please him.
Now he's gone!—and then,
Slockit as a spaniel
In the lion's den,
There you are my Dasent!

SIGNAT.

"Beggars on a horse
Gallop—to the Devil!"
Though a thing of course,
Tim! very civil!
So, when common rogues
Ride in city chases—
Tear away, ye dogs!
Drive and go—to b—r!

Miscellany.

THE YOUNG PASTOR.

Celia Davidson sat alone in her little room, her head leaning pensively on her snowy hand, while the traces of mental suffering imparted a saddened glow of expression to her beautiful countenance. A few volumes lay scattered on the table before her, and her eye was intently gazing on the leaves of an open Bible. The door opened, and her father entering, seated himself at the table near her. 'Celia,' said he, with some emotion, 'I wish to talk with you concerning a subject that deeply affects both your happiness and my own.' He paused as if for a reply, but receiving none, resumed the conversation in a tender tone. 'It is too evident, my dear child, that the frequent visits of Charles Warner savour of something more than common place friendship. And if I do not judge amiss, all the tenderness he feels towards you is reciprocated on your part. But I cannot but hope your good judgement will sway your affections, that at least you may not bestow your hand on one unworthy.'—And is Charles Warner unworthy?' quickly asked the blushing girl. 'His reputation is unstained I know my daughter, and he has virtue and talent, but his want of property, and the path he has chosen, forbid me to sanction his addresses towards you; and it is my wish that they be henceforth entirely discontinued.' 'I cannot obey your wish, sir,' said Celia in an agitated voice: 'if you love my happiness, dear father, seek not to turn me from the only source where it can be found. I will not deny to you that my future interests are closely identified with that noble youth whom you scorn. Wealth can never secure me happiness'—'Stop! what do I hear, ungrateful girl!' cried the father, rising from his seat in a transport of rage. His anger fell terrified his lovely daughter, who, with tearful eyes exclaimed, 'Dear father be calm and hear me through.' 'I will hear no more,' said he in a voice almost choked with anger. 'I tell you, Miss, Charles Warner shall never enter this house again; nor shall your destinies ever be united. My father cried Celia, imbibing a portion of his proud spirit, 'you may command, you even execute your cruel threats, but know, sir, that my heart is free, and it shall never be trampled: He stopped not to hear more, but seeking his own room, gave vent to the effervescence of his wrath, in fitful mutterings.—'Ungrateful girl, is this then the reward of my anxious care for her? this the reward for my unbounded indulgence? Have I toiled thus in fitting her to be a pride and ornament of society, to see her cast herself away to become the wife of a penniless, despised fellow, dependent on charity for his bread? But she shall, not thus blast my fond and brilliant hopes. I will teach her, proud as she is, that she is yet subject to a father's will, and shall render obedience to his commands. Fool that I have been, to allow that fellow thus to ingratiate his wily self into her favour. But I will conquer her foolish fondness and she shall yet know that her father will be the arbiter of her fortune.' We will leave Mr. Davidson in this excited frame of mind to give to the reader a faint sketch of Charles Warner.

He was a young man of talents above mediocrity and ardent piety. His address was pleasing, and his countenance, though not beautiful, failed, not to interest the beholder. The profession he had chosen was that of the ministry. Nor had he entered on this work without counting the worldly sacrifices he must make, and the arduous toil, the untiring zeal with which a faithful servant of God must ever prosecute his labors, amid the discouragements of ridicule, opposition, and penury. Many a fairer path did the world hold out to view, that would lead him to fame and wealth. Many an enchanting picture of quiet ease did he see among the rural cottages, the independent tillers of their own soil, where free from the turmoil of the bustling world, his life might glide on as calmly as a meadow brook winds its way through blushing flowers. But a voice within was pointing him to the Cross of Christ, and bidding him put forth his hand to spread the treasures of redemption. In vain did he endeavour to put far from him this impression, as an illusion of fancy. His most powerful efforts were unavailing and a settled conviction came over him, that his work henceforth was to do the will of his Father.—No longer did his resolution vacillate. He gave up his whole soul, his powers of body and mind, to the accomplishing that work to which he felt that God had called him.

Celia had listened to his eloquent preaching. At a very tender age she had manifested an unusual interest in religious matters. It was probably from the lips of a Christian mother, that she had received the first impress of early piety, and learned the importance of basing all her actions upon its holy principles. In the midst of what the world calls pleasure, surrounded by wealth and a shining circle of friends, she had learned to bow her heart in homage to her Maker and offer upon the altar of sacrifice the incense of pure love. From the study of science and literature, she often turned to contemplate the great truths of the Bible, and drink from its pure fountain the waters of eternal life. The treasurer of grace and mercy, which it opened to her eager soul, were of inestimable price, in comparison with which, all the glittering scenes the gay world held out to her, were as a bubble to the mighty ocean. To a mind moulded like hers, that of Charles Warner's seemed the exact counterpart. Thrown into each other's society, with dispositions very similar, and tastes that blended in sweet harmony, it was natural that a mutual affection should spring up between them. Charles saw with delight that to a mind richly stored with knowledge, was added the virtue of deep piety, and he felt that she sought to be guided in all things by sovereign counsel. He could but feel that the possession of her heart would be a treasure dearer far than any other earthly good; and he knew, that aided by her judicious counsels, and cheered by the light of her devoted love, he could attain to greater usefulness, and more cheerfully struggle on the thorny path of duty.

Celia, too, admired his character. Religion like a rich vein of golden ore, beamed through every feature, softening the asperities of his nature, and shedding its holiest influence over every action.—Her enthusiastic nature shared the devotion which he evinced in his labours, and she felt, could she but aid them, the world with all its brightness would be but a mean sacrifice. They were no strangers to each other's hearts. Charles had told her of his love, his wishes, and was blessed with the delightful consciousness, that they were tenderly reciprocated. But a difficulty was in the way. Celia wished to be obedient to her father's will. He had ever been very indulgent towards her, but she feared from some omens she had seen in his words and countenance, that he was not pleased with the young pastor. She knew he was very ambitious and thought it more than probable that he would never countenance her union with Charles. She had signified this to her lover and her wish to receive her father's sanction before matters were carried further. Not that she thought of discarding him, should her father object; for she believed she was in the path of duty to giving him her heart, but it would be a sweet satisfaction to both, to know that a parent's blessing rested on their love. It was the fear of her father's displeasure, that had rendered her so pensive and sorrowful when she entered her room. Celia eagerly seized upon the opportunity thus presented, to declare her attachment to Charles, and her determination to brave her father's displeasure. In proportion as his anger increased, the pride of her heart arose; and her independent soul scorned to render that submission which her father claimed. After he had left the room, she remained for some moments in an angry mood. She felt that her father wished to infringe on the rights given her by her Creator—rights sacred to her happiness, and which no obligation required her to surrender. But reason soon succeeded reflection, and the pride, the anger of Celia, gave way to a torrent of tears. She deeply regretted the manner in which she had met her father's anger, and resolved to ask his pardon for her fault. But she knew from the tone in which he uttered his threats that she need no longer hope for a change in his feelings. 'And why not,' she mentally exclaimed—'My father does not know Charles Warner yet. He certainly will learn more of him, and his prejudices must yield before the dawnings of his noble character. Oh, that he loved God as he loves the world, his pride then could take no offence at seeing his daughter in the humble sphere which he now contemplates with so much scorn.—Father in heaven,' she continued, 'thou canst soften his heart, and lead him to honour Thee above all things else.'

Celia remained for a long time agitated by conflicting emotions. Now she would resolve to seek her father, humbly implore his pardon for her rash conduct, and earnestly persuade him to be reconciled to her firm decision; then the swelling burst of anger would submerge her softened feelings and urge her to break loose from every restraint of parental authority, until a silent monitor calmed the tempest in her soul and stilled the subsiding waves of passion and pride. Religion came to her aid, and pointed to a fountain whence flows a healing remedy for every woe. After a long time spent in prayer, which restored her wonted composure, she addressed a note to Charles, informing him of the unfavourable interview. Then, having written a long letter to her father, in which she calmly and earnestly stated the reasons of her procedure and the necessity of her union with Charles to her happiness, she waited with some anxiety his reply.

Let us now return to Mr. Davidson. Celia was his only daughter, his pride. His love for her bordered on idolatry. He spared no pains nor expense in her education, and had reaped a rich reward in her highly cultivated mind. Ever eager to anticipate her wishes, he had not dreamed his gentle girl would thwart them in the main action of her life. Trusting to her superior judgement, he left her free to choose whatever company she pleased, nor ever suspected she would bestow her heart without his knowledge and approval. He had not been so careful an observer of human nature as of dollars and cents. He had not watched the budding and maturity of woman's love, as eagerly as the chances of worldly gain. True, he thought she manifested a little interest in the young Pastor, as he termed him, but he never doubted she would stifle every feeling of affection, if any really existed towards him, as soon as his wishes were made known. But when he heard the announcement, she made; when he felt that his credulity had been deceived, his anger knew no bounds. Had he had the power at that moment, he would have annihilated the beings that had so provoked his wrath, and towards whom he could find no expressions strong enough to vent it. The storm of passion raged in his soul, and the contending elements of disappointed hope, anger and revenge, made fearful havoc of every tender feeling. But he determined that a union between them should never be; and to effect his purpose he gave strict orders that all communications between the lovers should be intercepted,—To his daughter's letter he made no reply, and instead of her former tenderness, substituted a chilling reserve. Painful, indeed, was it for the poor girl to endure this reverse in her father's deportment. Accustomed from infancy to his smiles, how could she bear his continued frown! Confiding in her nature, how could she keep from that father, whom she tenderly loved, all her hopes, fears, and wishes? Could she sacrifice her young heart's love for a reconciliation?—Could she see every hope of earthly happiness and usefulness crushed in the bud? The struggle was painful, but reason, inclination and duty urged her on, and she must leave the event with God. Little did she know what her heart must endure, at thus sacrificing a father's love. Deprived of the company of her lover, and compelled to meet the stern, unbending treatment of her father, her spirits gradually sunk; she lost all relish for society her cheek grew pale, and the lustre of her eye grew dim. To her mother she had a confident and firm friend; but it was too evident that her father's cruel treatment was hurrying her to a premature grave. There were moments when her affection would get the mastery over his unholy feelings, and prompt him to a gentler course. But it was long ere his pride could yield, and not till he saw with evident alarm, that the life of his innocent daughter must fall a victim, did he not relax his unkind treatment. He at length signified to his wife, that Celia was free to receive the visits of Charles, for her health was fast fading away. The devoted lovers heard this announcement with the deepest gratitude. Celia poured a profusion of thanks to her father, and earnestly invoked his blessing on their love.

It was a Sabbath in August. The early lay in gentle beauty, and the long shadows reposed on its bosom as if fearful of disturbing the holy quiet of the scene. The song of the birds was mute, and the zephyrs seemed to hold their breath. The sun had reached the termination of his western course, and laying aside his dazzling brightness, and pouring his veil of crimson, to gaze for a moment on a world radiant with his glory. The light clouds that lay beclimmed in the horizon were tinged with his gorgeous hues, and gently reflected them to every tree and shrub. In the parlor of Mr. Davidson's mansion were seated a group of young and old, whose bright and cheerful countenances told of the joy that pervaded their hearts. It was the nuptials of Charles and Celia—the hour that was to unite, forever, two hearts bound by the holiest ties. She had chosen that hour, she said, because it was a time set apart by them both, through their days of sorrow, to pray for her father. Beautiful indeed was Celia as Charles led her into the room. She was slightly pale, but the crimson of her cheek and lips soon regained its ascendency, contrasting charmingly with the snowy whiteness of her robe, and the sweet expression of a holy trust that lighted her features, made her look like a being of purer mould than earth. She was without ornament, save a simple wreath of wild flowers, half hid amid the rich braids of her flaxen hair. As the ceremony was concluded, ere the fervent prayer had ascended to God, her father advanced, and taking a hand of each, said with a voice all tremulous with emotion, "God bless you, my dear children, and make you as instruments in pointing others the way of life and salvation as you have been to me. May the sorrows I have caused you, heighten your present joy, and with my blessing take the sweet assurance that you have been God's instruments in winning me from the pathway of sin. Yes, my son," he continued, "I cheerfully give this girl, and I commit your noble hearts—your precious lives—the greatest earthly treasure I possess. Go on in your glorious pathway. Give yourselves exclusively to God, and may yours ever be that holy peace which now fills the soul of your rejoicing father."

ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE.—My authority for the following romance of real life (writes the London correspondent of a Cheltenham paper) in the very highest of our circles of *haut ton*, is of so unquestionable a nature that I can scarcely hesitate in communicating it. The second daughter of one of the richest ducal families in England and Scotland, whose possessions in the latter country extend over whole counties and who possesses princely estates in the midland districts of England being attached to the attainment of celestial literature, was sometime ago placed under the tuition of the young curate of the parish in which her father's English mansion is situated to learn the Latin language. I do not know whether Ovid's *ars amandi* formed any portion of the studies to which her attention was directed; but certain it is that she conceived a tender passion for her poor instructor, the existence of which was so far from being concealed by the latter, that he was himself the first who informed her noble parents of the case, he (Mr. B.) determined to provide a suitable match, in rank and otherwise, for the young lady as soon as possible, and accordingly, a young Scotch peer, of high lineage, said to be akin to the ancient royalty of North Britain, is now the happy husband of the lady in her nineteenth year. The ducal father, of the newly married couple has since had the opportunity of providing handsomely for the young clergyman, to whose honorable conduct under circumstances in which human nature would be but too prone to fall a victim, is owing to the fact that the young lady at a time when the human passions required control, did not contract a *mesalliance*. The living of ——, not far from the residence of the duke, having fallen vacant has been presented to him. This looks so like a romance, that I gave you the names of the parties to use your own discretion as to making them public or otherwise.—(Lord Blantyre and the eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland are clearly indicated here, as the noble parties lately married).

Provincial Legislature.

Extracts from the Debate on the Address to the Governor General.

TUESDAY, February 20.

Hon. Mr. Hazen said that he was necessarily absent on the preceding day, and was sorry that he had lost the eloquent speeches he understood had been delivered there. But he did not think any eloquence he might have heard, had he been present, would have altered his opinions on the subject then before the house, and hoped hon. members would do him the justice to suppose that he had not kept away to avoid expressing his opinions. He did not stand there to express the views or opinions of Government; he stood there to express his own views on the subject, which he contended he had a right to do, although a member of the Executive Government of this Province. But neither himself nor either of the hon. members of Government who had spoke yesterday, had a right to state what were, or what were not, the views of the Government to which they belonged; although each had a right to express his personal opinion.—This must be obvious, for it would be highly improper for the Government of this Colony to express an opinion on the conduct of the Governor General.—Having made these premises he would come at once to the subject of debate, which he understood to be this:—whether the Governor General be sustained in holding in his own hands the prerogative of the Crown delegated to him, or whether it should be given up to the Council.—(Cries of "yes," that's it.) He was surprised at the speech which an hon. member had delivered there yesterday. He would not have thought it possible that any hon. member in that house could have called in question the veracity of an highly honorable and distinguished gentleman—one who had always been distinguished for his integrity—who had grown grey in his country's service—and had been elected and approved of by all parties, he (Mr. H.) had not thought it possible that any hon. member on that floor could have said he did not believe him! Could hon. members for a moment believe that he would state what was not true?—("No!" from the supporters of the address.) He (Sir Charles Metcalfe) he resisted the demands of his Council to deliver up Her Majesty's prerogative into their hands, and he (Mr. Hazen) had no doubt but her Majesty's Government would sustain him in the position he had taken—and should be rejected to find it so. Should, however, her Majesty's Government order him to accede to their arrogant demands, he (Mr. H.) should regret it extremely, but—*propriesce*. If therefore honorable members were prepared to say that the patronage of the Crown shall be wrested from the hands of the Queen's Representatives, to be used for the basest purposes—*the very meanest and detestable purposes*—if they wished to see this state of things introduced into all the British North American Colonies, then they would vote against the address. But if they wished to see British Monarchial Institutions upheld, and the Governors of the Provinces not to become mere tools in the hands of the designing men for party purposes, then they must support the address. He (Mr. H.) should feel himself to be a traitor to his country were he to advise the patronage of the Crown to be given up to these immoral partizans, as a reward for their support;—withholding it from good men and scattering it among demagogues! Every officer throughout the country would then be a political demagogue! —This he was aware was strong language, and he would not deny but that he felt warm upon the subject.—If called upon as a member of the Provincial Government to give his advice on the bestowal of an office, he hoped he should always be honest enough to say "select that man who is most fit, and most worthy, to fill the office." He should be ashamed to go back to his constituents and say that he, forsooth, had advised the Lieut. Governor to appoint to an office a person who was either worthless or unfit, simply because he had assisted him (Mr. H.) or that he expected assistance from him, at an election. He said that last year when he accepted a seat in the Executive Government there were hon. members in that House who looked on him with suspicion as though he had deserted his principles; but he claimed the right to judge for himself, and on accepting a seat in the Executive he did it on his own responsibility—he was thrown on his own resources, and thought he could do good to the country by accepting the offer held out to him. But he deserted no principles, neither did he in becoming a member of the Executive recognize it as a party government. It had been asked how would he act if the Council board with those who differed from him in politics? His reply was that he did not believe an exclusive party government necessary in this Province, and he claimed the liberty to judge for himself.—He would now repeat that no member on that floor was authorised to express the opinions of Government, but he (Mr. H.) would never consent to give up the patronage of the Crown for party purposes.

Mr. Barberie said that not having had an opportunity of expressing any opinion on the address before them when in debate yesterday, and being one of the Committee appointed to prepare that address, he was desirous of making a few observations. The draft of the address was prepared and submitted to the committee by an hon. member whose masterly hand may be traced on the Journals of this house for the last fifteen years and upwards (Mr. Partelow) and adopted by the committee unanimously. He (Mr. B.) thought the subject had taken a much wider range than was either called for or could be justified by anything growing out of the address itself. The hon. and learned member for York (Mr. Wilmot) considered it necessary to enter into the history of Canadian politics for a long period back, and had unhesitatingly made some round and bold assertions on the misgovernment of that colony. Further he says that Canadian rebellion was brought on by gross and palpable misgovernment, and quotes the late Lord Durham as an authority—his Lordship had said so in his report. In one sense he (Mr. B.) would agree that no man was better qualified to give that opinion than the late Lord Durham, and had he ascribed it to the true cause, he (Mr. B.) would agree that Canada certainly had been drawn into a rebellion by misgovernment, and by the very system of misgovernment that the late Lord Durham had advocated and acted upon—and what was that? It was the very system that the hon. and learned member himself had denounced yesterday in his place and which he called the conciliatory system:—"That will never do," he says—"conciliate your enemies, and they enemies to the Government—the Government that does so must for ever fall." So he (Mr. B.) thought, and so it has been proved; and if the Government of Canada, under the late Whig Administration, had not commenced that game of conciliating the greatest rebels in Canada, by giving them office and honor, and placing them in power, there never would, in his opinion, have been a rebellion; and the late Lord Durham followed up that policy so fatal to British interests; and so did his successors, by elevating to offices of the highest trust and honor in the colony, persons who had been foremost in the late rebellion, for whose bodies heavy rewards had been offered by the Government—that was conciliation with a vengeance—that was, indeed, rewarding the enemies of the Government, and that too at the expence of those loyal Canadians and those of British origin, who had but a few months before laid down their lives and their all, to save Canada from the grasp of that rebellious faction—but thank Heaven, Sir Charles Metcalfe had made the present noble stand, and which stand he trusted, not only New Brunswick, but every colony in British America, would rally round and support. In that sense of misgovernment he fully and heartily concurred, but when the hon and learned member [Mr. Wilmot] asserted that a line of proscription was drawn, and that the Canadians were not allowed to participate in the distribution of patronage and in the participation of office and honor, equally [provided they were qualified, and were loyal men and true] with those of British origin and birth, then he [Mr. B.] was at issue with the hon. and learned member, and was prepared to show that his premises were false, for it was a notorious fact, that at the time he spoke of, the highest offices in the colony were shared equally alike with the loyal Canadians, from the Judges of the land, down to the lowest offices under government, without reference to origin, so Sir Charles Metcalfe says it shall be under his administration. Was that the course under the late administration? No; the patronage of the crown was used for party purposes, and that to support and bolster up a faction—yes, and a rebellious faction too [for the very name of a man who had been loyal and true to his Queen and country, was sufficient to turn him out of his place, and place some demagogue in his stead, who had been foremost in the late rebellion,]—this, to be sure, was to ameliorate—Esq policy, to hold out a

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