

# Chronicle

Terms—15 shillings per annum.]

Vol. II.

Published every Friday, at the Office of Lewis W. Dumas & Co., at their Office in Mr. D. Maitland's building, Prince William Street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 3s. 6d. extra.

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Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental), Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, executed with neatness and dispatch.

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Weekly Almanac.

July.	8. Sun. 8. Moon. 11. W.
14 Saturday.	4 29 7 44 11 36 4 11
15 Sunday.	4 29 7 45 11 56 5 11
16 Monday.	4 30 7 46 12 16 6 36
17 Tuesday.	4 31 7 47 12 36 7 57
18 Wednesday.	4 32 7 48 1 11 9 16
19 Thursday.	4 33 7 49 1 31 10 36
20 Friday.	4 34 7 50 1 51 11 57

New Moon, 21st. 9h. 33m.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Robt. F. Hazen, Esq. President—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be lodged before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Wm. Scott.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Ward, Esq. President—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: J. M. Wilton.

City Bank.—Thomas Lewis, Esq. President—Discount Days, Monday and Thursday.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: Robt. Summers.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch).—R. H. Linton, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesday and Saturday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be lodged before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: E. DeW. Rutherford.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilton, Esq. President—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. All communications by mail, must be post paid.

Savoy Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bodell, Broker. The Committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted).

May the Queen live for ever.

From the pen of the veteran Tom D'Alin.

When William the sailor, belov'd by us all, Was brought to his end, 'twas a sad day, The ensigns of Britain were struck one and all, And a nation sigh'd o'er his last breath.

But he's gone, and Providence, still so kind, For the good of our England is seen, And Victoria reigns Albin's Queen.

Then Huzza! huzza! The glory, the pride of our land!

When Elizabeth guardian of Britain was hail'd, Her name was a name, and her name was a name, But her reign and that of her spirit prevail'd, Over thrones which but call'd up a smile; And our Sovereign Victoria will equally prove That no foe can that name withstand.

Which is form'd and form'd round by her people's firm love, Who'd defend her with heart and hand.

Then Huzza! huzza! The glory, the pride of our land!

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## SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1838.

"Nec Rese, Nec Populo, sed utroque."

13s. 6d. if paid in advance.

No. 45.

right, and the equally beautiful but more modern domain of Cantium on the left, we were at length deposited on the bustling quay de Boileau at Rouen.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of all my wanderings, more particularly since that part of Normandy, of which I now speak has, of late years, been overrun by Englishmen, to the great profit and increased extortion of innkeepers, conductors, and the like persons; otherwise the fine old city of Rouen, with its unequalled cathedral, might justly claim a large portion of my notice; but to which of my readers it is not familiar, either by personal inspection or in the writings of others, I shall proceed, therefore, to lay before my friends a story somewhat of a marvellous nature, the relation of which has been my chief inducement to take up my pen. Previously, however, to commencing my narrative, it will be necessary to inform my readers in what way I became acquainted with the persons concerned in the events recorded by the narrative.

The desire to inspect some of the abodes of ancient greatness, to which I have before alluded, as visible on our passage up the river, having induced me in the choice of Normandy as the scene of my present travel, I lost no time in executing the plans I had previously formed; and having engaged a fiacre, speedily found myself mounting the steep but beautiful road leading back to Havre, with the intention of paying a visit to the late Mons. Le Febvre at Cantium, to whom I had received letters of introduction. That gentleman was fortunately at home; and having delivered my credentials, I was received in the most polite and friendly manner to be found in the French noblesse of the French school alone. My host, being a man of considerable taste, had furnished the interior of his beautiful abode, which, externally, was far from possessing in appearance, with much elegance, added to a large share of those comforts which, so necessary to English residents, are but rarely to be found in the country residence of a French proprietor, how abundant and how well the more gaily and attractive meddler of a Parisian drawing-room. Here and there some beautiful specimens, by the hands of Murillo and Raphael, graced the walls of the withdrawing-room, while the ancient wainscot of the salon a range was adorned with some exquisite clusters of fruit and flowers in fresco; but that part of the chateau which attracted my eye was the extensive and judiciously-selected library, which, in addition to its well filled shelves, possessed some most comfortable lounging chairs of London make, and a richly-carpeted floor. This room, said Mons. Le Febvre, I have fitted up for an Englishman, as I pass a considerable portion of every winter at Cantium, I find that what your countrymen denominate very comfortable, is to the highest gratification, however, as yet to come; on opening the heavy door which opened to me, we found ourselves on a kind of terrace, or parterre, arranged with the utmost care and neatness, the view from which bulled all description, and level gravelled walk, extending the whole length of the mansion, and at about a hundred paces from it, was protected by a stone parapet, decorated with various containing, orange-trees and other choice exotics. From above the precipitous and thickly-wooded bank descended to the brink of the Seine; while the beautiful little island, which, in the evening, studded its surface, and the level gravelled walk, extending country around, united in giving to the scene a varied and finished landscape, rarely, if ever equalled, to which the numerous passages, laden with wood and merchandise, from Havre and other mediæta villages, gliding swiftly through the water added an appearance of life and activity greatly interesting and effect.

But it is time to quit this digression. Having made my acknowledgments to my host for his hospitality, I solemnly bade farewell to his delightful residence. After leaving which, I rode to the ferry of La Mailleterie, and taking boat, crossed the river, and landed at the walls of Havre, at the hotel chateau. This extensive but unimpressive mass of building belongs, in the present day, to the family of Mortemar; the late noble duke of that name was compelled to recede to the events which took place at Paris in July, 1830. His son, the present possessor, being a keen sportsman and the adjacent country abounding in game, it has become a favourite residence with him. Unfortunately, he occupied the time of my visit; consequently, having no introduction, I was unable to do so much of this ancient fabric as I desired; but a large portion I did see, sufficient, indeed, to satisfy my curiosity as to its antiquity and historical interest. The date of its erection is to be referred to the reign of William the Conqueror; the building, like many old houses in our island, forms a square, the front facing the river within fifty yards of which, it stands. The most remarkable feature, the entrance being at the back of the chateau, through a handsome arched gateway. The dimensions of the house are certainly not imposing; but it labours under some disadvantage as regards its situation, being placed, as it were in an angle at the end of the village of La Mailleterie instead of occupying a conspicuous site in the extensive park, which, in the present day, is a luxuriously-wooded scenery. The park, already referred to in extensive and trimly-cut shrubberies, through which I wandered for hours, retracing in jaggedness the footsteps of the beautiful La Villiere, who once graced them with her presence; and admiring not a little the majestic avenues of beech trees which, notwithstanding the lavish use of the pruning knife, present to the eye of the sylvan admirer beauties rarely equalled on the continent. Wearing at length, though gratified by the day's excursion, I turned to seek a path leading to the village of Havre, when in passing up one of the before-mentioned hilly avenues, converging towards the hamlet of La Mailleterie, I observed two persons approaching from the opposite extremity. "Whoever they may be," thought I, in my increasing fatigue, "I will request the civility of information as to the best means of reaching my destination, since there appears to be no end to the succession of these labyrinthine trim-cut shrubberies." With this intention I hastened towards the strangers, and had commenced my address in French, when the gentleman (for such was one of the pair, the other being a young lady of most interesting appearance) interrupted me, by saying in English—

"It is my habit, Sir, to intrude myself on the acquaintance of any man; to indeed, thoroughly as I love my dear country, England. I generally avoid the notice or recognition of her sons, who, in great numbers, are to be seen in this part of the coast, and seem to be a stranger here; if, therefore, you are not unpleasant to me, nor an interference with your private arrangements, let me entreat you to accompany me to our home." At the same time turning to the lady, whom I before judged to be his wife, he said, in the most pleasing manner, "Agnes, my dear, my countryman, I feel sure you will make him welcome to the Hermitage, believe me, he is continued, addressing himself to me, "you will, I trust, find better accommodation than the village apothecary can offer."

The lady testified her approbation of her husband's proposal by a sweet smile, and a few words of courteous entreaty in a voice of the most melodious tone. Such an invitation, so given, was not to be declined. Accordingly, proceeded with me to the Hermitage; the strangers being, to all appearance, as much pleased by my acceptance of their hospitable offer, as was I by the frank and cordial manner in which they made it. Previous, however, to introducing my readers to the mansion, it will be necessary to render them somewhat familiar with the strangers. The gentleman, who appeared to have the advantage of his fair companion, by at least fifteen years, was tall and gracefully formed; his lofty, erect, and noble carriage, open front, brilliant and daring, yet benevolent eye, proclaimed him one whose youth had been spent in war's hot, more perhaps from care and hardship than from time, was partially grey; in age, he might have been about forty-five or fifty years; he was dressed in deep mourning, the attire of the slight yet graceful and symmetrically formed female, who leaned upon his arm, was of the same somber cast; her face was not, strictly speaking, beautiful; but the eye and brow might have graced a Madonna, while an indescribable sweetness of expression gave to her countenance a loveliness far surpassing the most statue-like regularity of feature. She could not have been more than eight-and-twenty summers; her hair, which was parted and curled around her temples (for such she was), gave her an appearance of extreme youth. Such were my new acquaintances, who, to this hour, continue my esteemed and highly-valued friends.

A short walk of twenty minutes, through the most delightful scenery, the path forming a detour from the park in the rear of the village, brought us to the Hermitage. Having passed through a small court, the walls of which were covered with well trained fruit-trees, we stood before the door of the mansion, which, although not extensive, was evidently designed by a skillful hand. A large vine overreaching the whole front of the building, and which we entered with its refreshing leaves, through the already tinged elms pressed in tempting abundance, added not a little to the beauty of the entrance—scarcely having introduced us into the structure, save the well-painted parlour, distinguished in all Norman chateaux. On entering I found the internal arrangements fully equal to the external appearance; a air of comfort and elegance pervaded every part, plainly showing it to be the residence of a gentleman, who, by his taste and refinement, was to be ranked with the higher classes of society, attainable only by those whose birth and education have placed in the same sphere, and which still influence and adorn their lives by their ties when circumstances have withdrawn them from immediate association with the class to which they belong—as was the case with both of those acquaintances I had just introduced to me.

The withdrawing-room, to which my fair hostess led the way, was a well-furnished apartment, opening by two large French windows, to a balcony, from whence, at least level gravelled walk, extending the whole length of the mansion, and at about a hundred paces from it, was protected by a stone parapet, decorated with various containing, orange-trees and other choice exotics. From above the precipitous and thickly-wooded bank descended to the brink of the Seine; while the beautiful little island, which, in the evening, studded its surface, and the level gravelled walk, extending country around, united in giving to the scene a varied and finished landscape, rarely, if ever equalled, to which the numerous passages, laden with wood and merchandise, from Havre and other mediæta villages, gliding swiftly through the water added an appearance of life and activity greatly interesting and effect.

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A short walk of twenty minutes, through the most delightful scenery, the path forming a detour from the park in the rear of the village, brought us to the Hermitage. Having passed through a small court, the walls of which were covered with well trained fruit-trees, we stood before the door of the mansion, which, although not extensive, was evidently designed by a skillful hand. A large vine overreaching the whole front of the building, and which we entered with its refreshing leaves, through the already tinged elms pressed in tempting abundance, added not a little to the beauty of the entrance—scarcely having introduced us into the structure, save the well-painted parlour, distinguished in all Norman chateaux. On entering I found the internal arrangements fully equal to the external appearance; a air of comfort and elegance pervaded every part, plainly showing it to be the residence of a gentleman, who, by his taste and refinement, was to be ranked with the higher classes of society, attainable only by those whose birth and education have placed in the same sphere, and which still influence and adorn their lives by their ties when circumstances have withdrawn them from immediate association with the class to which they belong—as was the case with both of those acquaintances I had just introduced to me.

The withdrawing-room, to which my fair hostess led the way, was a well-furnished apartment, opening by two large French windows, to a balcony, from whence, at least level gravelled walk, extending the whole length of the mansion, and at about a hundred paces from it, was protected by a stone parapet, decorated with various containing, orange-trees and other choice exotics. From above the precipitous and thickly-wooded bank descended to the brink of the Seine; while the beautiful little island, which, in the evening, studded its surface, and the level gravelled walk, extending country around, united in giving to the scene a varied and finished landscape, rarely, if ever equalled, to which the numerous passages, laden with wood and merchandise, from Havre and other mediæta villages, gliding swiftly through the water added an appearance of life and activity greatly interesting and effect.

But it is time to quit this digression. Having made my acknowledgments to my host for his hospitality, I solemnly bade farewell to his delightful residence. After leaving which, I rode to the ferry of La Mailleterie, and taking boat, crossed the river, and landed at the walls of Havre, at the hotel chateau. This extensive but unimpressive mass of building belongs, in the present day, to the family of Mortemar; the late noble duke of that name was compelled to recede to the events which took place at Paris in July, 1830. His son, the present possessor, being a keen sportsman and the adjacent country abounding in game, it has become a favourite residence with him. Unfortunately, he occupied the time of my visit; consequently, having no introduction, I was unable to do so much of this ancient fabric as I desired; but a large portion I did see, sufficient, indeed, to satisfy my curiosity as to its antiquity and historical interest. The date of its erection is to be referred to the reign of William the Conqueror; the building, like many old houses in our island, forms a square, the front facing the river within fifty yards of which, it stands. The most remarkable feature, the entrance being at the back of the chateau, through a handsome arched gateway. The dimensions of the house are certainly not imposing; but it labours under some disadvantage as regards its situation, being placed, as it were in an angle at the end of the village of La Mailleterie instead of occupying a conspicuous site in the extensive park, which, in the present day, is a luxuriously-wooded scenery. The park, already referred to in extensive and trimly-cut shrubberies, through which I wandered for hours, retracing in jaggedness the footsteps of the beautiful La Villiere, who once graced them with her presence; and admiring not a little the majestic avenues of beech trees which, notwithstanding the lavish use of the pruning knife, present to the eye of the sylvan admirer beauties rarely equalled on the continent. Wearing at length, though gratified by the day's excursion, I turned to seek a path leading to the village of Havre, when in passing up one of the before-mentioned hilly avenues, converging towards the hamlet of La Mailleterie, I observed two persons approaching from the opposite extremity. "Whoever they may be," thought I, in my increasing fatigue, "I will request the civility of information as to the best means of reaching my destination, since there appears to be no end to the succession of these labyrinthine trim-cut shrubberies." With this intention I hastened towards the strangers, and had commenced my address in French, when the gentleman (for such was one of the pair, the other being a young lady of most interesting appearance) interrupted me, by saying in English—

"It is my habit, Sir, to intrude myself on the acquaintance of any man; to indeed, thoroughly as I love my dear country, England. I generally avoid the notice or recognition of her sons, who, in great numbers, are to be seen in this part of the coast, and seem to be a stranger here; if, therefore, you are not unpleasant to me, nor an interference with your private arrangements, let me entreat you to accompany me to our home." At the same time turning to the lady, whom I before judged to be his wife, he said, in the most pleasing manner, "Agnes, my dear, my countryman, I feel sure you will make him welcome to the Hermitage, believe me, he is continued, addressing himself to me, "you will, I trust, find better accommodation than the village apothecary can offer."

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