

The Chronicle.

Published every Friday afternoon, by Lewis W. Fryer & Co. at their Office in MASONIC HALL, back of King-street.

Weekly Almanach. Table with columns for Month, Day, and various astronomical or calendar data.

Public Entertainments. Bank of New-Brunswick—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.

Commercial Bank—Charles Ward, Esq. President—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company—John M. Willmot, Esq. President—Office open every day.

Marine Insurance—J. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock.

Lost and Found. A pair of spectacles, a watch, a pocket-book, &c.

Continued. Until this evening, Mr. Westbury had scarcely seen Miss E.

He raised her eyes to his face, and in an instant he forgot every thing but her beauty. Her happiness was sacrificed as well as his own, thought he, and leaving his head against the wall of the room, he gave himself up, for the time, to love and melancholy.

Why not marry men as well as bachelors? asked Mr. Westbury. Because they relinquish real happiness and comfort, for a fainting pleasure—if pleasure it can be called, answered Cunningham.

Oh, it is strange, said Mr. Cunningham, that any one can willingly exchange them for crowded rooms and pestilential vapours, such as we are now enjoying. There is nothing so common as to see a man who has been in the habit of being surrounded by the elite of the party, who has been in the habit of being surrounded by the elite of the party.

You have been delightfully attentive to your wife, this evening, said Mrs. Cunningham. I certainly was not, said Mr. Cunningham. No, I suppose not, nor of having been very attentive to anybody.

Je le servirais mieux, si je l'eusse sime moins. The first thing to disturb the kind of quiet that Julia enjoyed, was the prospect of another party.

Just as you think best—but for my own part, I should seldom attend a party for the sake of enjoyment. Mrs. Westbury thinks it proper to immerse herself in a convent, she said, said Mr. Westbury.

For myself, I feel that society has claims upon me that I wish to discharge. I will go if you think there would be the least impropriety in my staying away, said Julia.

Blasphemy as you are, I think there would, said Mr. Westbury. Sometimes I am, thought Julia; what does it mean? Does he refer to my station in society?

Yes, he refers to my station in society, and does he fear that the world will think me an unhappy wife, that wishes to exclude herself from observation? In the course of the morning, Julia called on Mrs. Cunningham, and found that lady and her husband discussing the point, whether or not they should attend Mrs. Parker's party.

Are you going, Mrs. Westbury? asked Mrs. Cunningham. Yes, I am, said Mrs. Westbury. I think we had better do so, said Mrs. Cunningham.

What makes you think so? asked Mrs. Cunningham. I have only been trying to convince you how much more comfortable he would be to our friends, than in such a crowd as this, she said.

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attention engrossed by any particular individual? You surely cannot mean that I was particularly attentive to Miss Edon, Lucy? Oh, how could you say so? said Mrs. Cunningham.

And seriously, my dear Lucy, said Mr. Cunningham, taking the hand of his wife, which she reluctantly permitted him to take. Seriously, it was merely accidental that I spoke to Miss Edon.

It is not possible that you really regret your husband's attachment to her? asked Mrs. Westbury. I am not to be deceived, said Mrs. Cunningham, by the looks of your husband, who is not so well as he looks.

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led with profound melancholy. But when passing from solitude, to solitude, boundless space opens before you, this feeling wears off by degrees, and you experience a secret awe, which, so far from depressing the soul, imparts life, and elevates the genius.

Extraordinary appearances everywhere proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig-tree, all the poets, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery, every grove announces a prediction, every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet.

God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the grave. The desert still appears unto us, and you would imagine that it had never resumed to interrupt the silence, since it heard the awful voice of the Eternal.

John closed the volume, and Mr. Westbury looking just proud in the extract she had read, took up the work and proposed to read if she would like. She thanked him and an hour was very pleasantly spent in this manner.

I am happy to hear you say so, said Mr. Westbury. I am not so much interested in her favour, and greatly doubt whether any intimacy with her would be salutary.

Nothing more was added on the subject, and Julia wondered, though she did not ask, what had given her husband so unfavorable an impression of Mrs. Cunningham's character.

It would have you set your pleasure with regard to accepting this invitation? It will be my pleasure, said Julia hesitating and colouring a little—it will be my pleasure to consult you.

I have little choice about it, said Mr. Westbury. I will be your obedient servant, said Mr. Westbury. I will be your obedient servant, said Mr. Westbury.

Then, said Julia, if it is quite as agreeable to you, I had a thousand times rather spend it at home alone with you, than to go to a party where I should be sure to be uninteresting.

The morning after the leave, Mrs. Westbury was favored with another call from Mrs. Cunningham. With you, my dear Mrs. Westbury, I have not a single thing to say, but I have a great deal to say to you.

How better—though rather languid, as it is usual after an attack. But I came in on an errand this morning, and must dispatch business, as I am somewhat in haste. My wife is going to give a card yet.

Never have I—both we both said. I want to propose to Mrs. Westbury, and came in to look at the one you wore at Mrs. Parker's, as I think of having something like it.

See what a beautiful little affair that dear Mrs. Westbury has given me, she said. How long has she had it? I have not seen it since I saw it at Mrs. Parker's.

Oh, I see you are not so well as you look, said Mrs. Westbury. I am not so well as I look, said Mrs. Westbury. I am not so well as I look, said Mrs. Westbury.

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show his love to his wife, is by gratifying her dress, furniture, company, and so forth. He must ruin himself, then, to show his love? Mrs. Cunningham, throwing his head back on the easy chair, with a mingled expression of mental and bodily pain on his features.

Never knew a man who was too stingy to dress his wife decently, but to excuse himself on the ground of necessity, I do detest to hear a man utter in reply to his remark.

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Great! He carried his arms and his conquest dress, furniture, company, and so forth. He must ruin himself, then, to show his love? Mrs. Cunningham, throwing his head back on the easy chair, with a mingled expression of mental and bodily pain on his features.

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THE ASSEMBLY'S VENGEANCE AGAINST WILFUL CONTEMPT.

A MARVELOUS DITTY. Telling how the House of Assembly was wickedly contemned by Chips the Carpenter, Blunt Jerry, Daring Lancer, Stoney Tipstaff, Jenny Gleaser, and Naughty George, and how the contemners were treated thereof.

All through the town of Fredericton (Extinguish great alarm) At eleven last night, the Assembly's man at Arns.

He puff'd and blow'd, and scarce could speak, But look'd all around, At last "I search for Chips" quoth he "Where is he to be found?"

An old dame standing near cried out "Here's Chips, as usual, hard at work "But not yet done his job!"

"What do you want of him?" "Have you not heard me demand?" "I treated with contempt!"

"Chips took a Repetitor's Box, And took away the key;" "Because he could not pay his pay—" "So he must go with me!"

"Here following him off to jail!" "The villain shall be seen, The House will harshly deal with those, Who scorn its dignity."

Next morn the Sergeant search'd again, Despoil'd of shoes or rain, And driver, whip, and horse, and sleigh, Were gone night and main.

The old dame, he had met before, Stared with uplifted eyes, "What's now the matter Square," quoth she "Unto the man at Arns!"

"What's now the matter horrible!" "Have you not heard me demand?" "I treated with contempt!"

"Blunt Jerry's stage, Jack Straw declared, "He'd vote should be hired, "Blunt found and swore, Jack broke his word, "So he must go with me!"

"I can't tell all them on Squire's head, And every one he pass'd, Cried out against—"Good heaven and air!" "Why do you go so fast?"

"Why do you go so fast?" "Have you not heard me demand?" "I treated with contempt!"

"The Daring Lancer challeng'd Tom, "So I must ride all night—" "Among the House of H. J. & Co." "The members never fight!"

"And as the Squire gallop'd on, The dogs all bark'd aloud, "What is the news? what is the news?" "Cried out the wondering crowd."

"What is the news? what is the news?" "Have you not heard me demand?" "I treated with contempt!"

"The House where deeds are made and sold "Is treated with contempt?" "Ask yonder dame—I can't deny—" "I must go on to my bed."

"For Tipstaff's sake be not afraid, "For summoning our Clerk!" "The clerk by order, had repairs "Upon the Chambers placed."

"And because the House is laid, "The House is thus disgraced!" "Moreover Jenny Gleaser, who "Was formerly Reporter,"

"Has written bits of truth of Parson, "As her excuse she has made, "And Patten the constant advocate, "For vile incarceration,"

"Sweets Jenny shall be cram'd in goal—" "They'll take no explanation!" "Besides I've heard it whisper'd round, "That cursed little dog."

"Styl'd "Naughty George," has lost his care "And given the House a sloop!" "The House has granted York a sum "To build a larger prison."

"All marry a member if you'll try—" "Thought right would make it his." "And when the British Power's overthrow, "Which many hope soon will."

"They'll build a larger prison still, "And weo bend the Squatters." End of part the first.

An American paper argues that it takes all sorts of people to make a war, so by a party of reasoning, it must take "all sorts of a fellow" to make a newspaper.

A rascally old bachelor, on the wrong side of fifty, and who had just got married, wrote to his friend as follows:—"If you love the Creator, you ought to marry, to raise more worshippers; if you love the ladies, you ought to marry, to make them happy; if you love mankind, you ought to marry, to perpetuate the glorious race; if you love your country, you ought to marry, to raise up soldiers to defend it; in fine, if you wish well of earth or heaven, you ought to marry, to give good citizens to one, and glorious angels to the other."

THE CONQUEROR.—Is the conqueror happy? Ask the conqueror who has risen to the summit of his ambition—who has triumphed over slaughtered thousands—wrapped cities in flames—and buried empires into ruins—ask him if he is happy? Let the charter of the greatest heroes of ancient or modern times be consulted. What was Alexander the Great? He carried his arms and his conquest wherever he thought there was an object worth his notice, and wept because he could not find another world to conquer. He was tossed by every tempest of passion, and died in the midst of his days, and his end was among fools.—What was Pompey? One of the greatest generals that ever directed the Roman legions. He rose to power and fame by a success of battles, and sank by the very means of his former aggrandizement; he became a fugitive from the sword—was associated by those on whom he had thrown himself for safety—and finally, his body lay unburied on the sand—was burnt by an old fisherman on a pile of rubbish. And what better was Caesar, who overthrew him? He became a great man (of power can make him great) at the expense of millions of human lives. He rioted awhile in the sunshine of prosperity, if prosperity it might be called, and died by the hands of his friends.—Bates on War.

Death of Mr. Davidson, the African Traveller.—At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, lately, the melancholy intelligence of the death of Mr. Davidson, on his way to Timbuctoo, was confirmed by letters of the 15th of Feb. received at the Foreign Office, from the British Vice-Consul at Mogadore, Mr. Willshire. His informant stated eight or ten days afterwards a marauding party of the tribe of El Harbi, who were returning from plundering a place called Boushagah, met Mr. Davidson's party a little to the south of Egedua, whom they immediately robbed, and shot Mr. Davidson. At Egedua there is a town distant six days from Tatta, where his informant was living, he was in the possession of the Arabs and Jews various articles which had belonged to Mr. Davidson, which he described, and left no doubt as to his fate. Amongst the articles he named a silver watch, a pocket-compass, a sword, three books, a box of medicine, a paper for candy, beads and cyrines, all of which he must have seen, or he could not describe them so correctly. His informant could not give a certain account of the fate of Abo Bole, the companion of Mr. Davidson, but understood he had gone on with the caravan in which opinion he was borne rat by the letter received from Zueck Bey-Tonch.

The lamented decease of this celebrated traveller, at least the seventh in African discovery, was very feelingly alluded to by the chairman, R. J. Murchison, Esq. Mr. Davidson has long been known to the public from the account of his travels in Mexico, Egypt, and the Holy Land, and from having delivered lectures on these subjects at several institutions. His loss will be sincerely deplored by a large circle of friends, to whom he was no less endear'd for his scientific information than his amiable conduct.

IMPROVED STEAM ENGINE.—An improvement, said to be one of the greatest of the age, has been lately made in England, in the steam engine for propelling boats. The plan of the cylinder is attached to the crank of the shaft of the paddle wheel, and there is a contrivance within the cylinder for the piston to accommodate itself to the motion of the crank. The motion of the piston is effected, and performed without the slightest defect. The boat to which it is attached goes from London to Gravesend. "A saving of considerable power is effected, and the cost of the engine is reduced to nearly or quite half."

LONDON, March 13.—We understand that the King, when informed of the present distress experienced by the silk manufacturers in Southampton, was pleased to direct that a sufficient quantity of silk for fourteen dresses should be immediately completed and forwarded to his Majesty at Windsor Castle.

A numerous meeting of Conservative members was held at Sir Robert Peel's yesterday afternoon, when we understand it was unanimously resolved to offer every legitimate opposition to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's plan for the abolition of Church rates.—Standard.

We have reason to believe that a very great change is contemplated in the Post Office department, and that the Whig Post Master General has fallen at last under the con- siderations of the "Wallace weight." It is also said that the charges for postage are to be much reduced, and that we shall hear more of the matter in the ensuing budget.—Correspondent of the Standard.

A somewhat curious circumstance took place at Keighly Church on Sunday last, during the solemnization of marriage between a lovely couple. On coming to the part in which he says, "until death do part," the bridegroom refused to proceed until the clergyman would answer whether marriage could continue binding till death, since Parliament had put it in the power of the Commissioners, under the new Poor Law Act, to separate man and wife long before that period, and he considered that the marriage service should be amended by inserting "until death, or the Poor Law Commissioners do us part." The minister wished to evade answering by saying he would satisfy him in the vestry afterwards; but all would not do; he persisted in his determination to have the important question decided at the time, and would have gone home as unshackled as he came, if the clergyman had not thought to the contrary, marriage continued now until death.—West Riding Herald.

A ROYAL JOKE.—"Why," says His Majesty (God bless him!) to Bishop Curran, "are the Bishops like too many of our merchant vessels?" The Bishop after pondering some time, gave it up, observing, "that he knew more of the Church service than he did of merchant vessels;" when the King replied, "Be content, many of them are sent forth that are not seaworthy."—Satirist.

The European population of the Russian Empire amounts to 65,000,000.