PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

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New] **The Head Quarters,** 1/2 [Series.

OR

LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND COMMERCIAL JOURNAL.

WILLIAM GRIGOR, Editor.] "CHERISH RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT, AND BRITISH CONNEXION."—*LORD METCALFE.* [JAMES P. A. PHILLIPS, Proprietor

VOLUME III.] FREDERICTON, N. B., OCTOBER 15, 1845. [WHOLE NO. 117

SCOTIA

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Bank of British North America.

FREDERICTON BRANCH.

GEORGE TAYLOR, Esq.—MANAGER.

DISCOUNT DAYS, *Wednesday and Saturday.*

Bills intended for Discount must be left at the Office on Tuesdays and Fridays.

N. B.—The NOTES of this Branch are redeemed *at par*, at all the Branches and Agencies of the *Bank of British North America* in CANADA.

Central Bank of New Brunswick.

W. J. BEDELL, - - - *President.*
SAM. W. BABBIT, - - *Cashier.*

DISCOUNT DAYS, *Tuesdays and Fridays.*

Bills or Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank on Mondays and Thursdays.

☞ The NOTES of this Bank are redeemed at the CITY BANK, Quebec, at par.

Central Fire Insurance Company of N. Brunswick

MONTHLY COMMITTEES.

DIRECTORS FOR OCTOBER, 1845:—*John S. Coy* and *Thomas Stewart.*

Protection Insurance Company,

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

F. W. HATHEWAY, AGENT, *Fredericton.*

Provisions, &c.

Flour, Cheese, etc.

On Consignment—ex Brothers from Boston.

95 BRLS Philadelphia Superfine **FLOUR;** 60 do Ohio do do; 11 do do Fine do; 40 do do Fine middlings; 1 do Copal **Varnish;** 1 box Cheese. 20 reams cheap Postage Letter Paper---will be sold low from the wharf by THOS. HANFORD & CO.

Saint John, Sept. 11th, 1845.

WHEAT FLOUR.

116 BRLS Fine **Flour**, ex the *Ida* from New York, now landing and for sale by ADAMS & KETCHUM.

Saint John, Sept 9th, 1845.

RYE FLOUR.

50BRLS. Superfine RYE FLOUR, ex Argmou from Philadelphia, for sale fow before storing. T. HANFORD & Co.

St John, August 19, 1845.

FLOUR, MEAL &c.

THE Subscriber would remind the public of Fredericton and its vicinity, that he still continues to sell:

FLOUR, CORN and OAT MEAL.

Of the best quality and at the *lowest* prices.

Of Dry GOODS and GROCERIES he has rather a greater variety than usual.

Fur HATS of modern shape and of all sizes can be procured Cheap, and of good quality at his store; also, a few dozen Looking Glasses.

THOS. PICKARD.

SUPERFINE FLOUR.

NOW Landing from schr. *Frances*, from Boston,—90 Barrels Superfine FLOUR, for sale, low. St. John, Sept. 25. T. HANFORD & CO.

RYE FLOUR.

200 BRLS. Superfine RYE FLOUR, ex the *Napoleon* from New York.

St. John, Sept. 30. ADAMS & KETCHUM.

Groceries.

GROCERIES.

THE Subciber begs to inform the public that he keeps on hand a constant supply of

GROCERIES, FRUITS, LIQUORS, AND CONFECTIONARY,

which he will sell cheap for cash, at his STORE in *Queen Street.*

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

Fredericton, October 1, 1845.

MORE RAISINS.

JUST received, per Schooner *Emily* from Halifax, 100 boxes of *fresh* bunch MUSCATAL RAISINS.

Also, in Store:

100 half and quarter boxes ditto, all fresh and of good quality, for sale, *low*, wholesale and retail, by *JOHN T. SMITH, No. 5, North Wharf.*

Saint John, September, 23, 1845.

TEA FOR SALE.

13CHESTS Fine CONGO, a good article at a low price, by ADAMS & KETCHUM.

St. John, August 7, 1845.

SUGAR.

10 HHDS. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR, For sale by T. HANFORD & CO.

St. John, Sept. 13, 1845.

MOLASSES.

250 HHDS. Retailing Molasses ex *Bluenose*, from Havanna, for sale at Market rates, by N. S. DEMILL.

Saint John, July 29, 1845.—2m.

Beans, Pickles, Raisins, &c.

To arrive per Schooner Meridian from Boston:

10 BRLS. White BEANS; boxes Pickles, in one quart and two quart Jugs; boxes fine and superfine MUSTARD, in tins.

Just landed from Schr. Emily from Halifax:

200 boxes, half and quarter boxes, best Muscatal RAISINS; for sale low by JOHN T. SMITH.

St. John, September 1, 1844. *No. 5, North wharf.*

BRIGHT SUGAR.

20 HHDS. of Bright SUGAR, to arrive from Halifax, which will be sold low, while landing by JOHN T. SMITH,

Saint John, Oct. 5th, *No. 5, North Wharf.*

COFFEE and TOBACCO.

Received this day per schr. Eliza Jane, from Boston.

10 BAGS old JAVA COFFEE;
10 Kegs Cavendiah TOBACCO, 16s.
For Sale by J. R. CRANE.

Saint John, Sept. 30.

PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c.

THE subscriber respectfully solicits the attention of purchasers to his stock of PROVISIONS, GROCERIES &c. imported direct from the best markets, which will be found of good quality and low prices. Orders from Retailers, or for Family supplies, will be promptly attended to, and goods forwarded with care.

JOHN T. SMITH, No. 5, North Wharf.

Saint John, September 22, 1845.

LITERATURE.

THE THUNDER STORM.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

O for evening's brownest shade,
Where the breezes play by stealth,
In the forest cinctured glade,
Round the hermitage of Health,
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
Through the dim delirious air,
Agonizing silence reigns,
And the warmness of despair;
Nature faints with fervent heat,
Ah! her pulse hath ceased to beat!

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
Hung o'er Nature's shrinking head:
Lo! the lightning breaks from high,
God is coming!—God is nigh!

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls?
Nature, startled Nature reels,
From the centre to the poles;
Tremble!—Ocean, Earth, and Sky!
Tremble!—God is passing by!

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding place;
Should he, from his ark of storms,
Rend the veil and show his face,
At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain tempestous fall,
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all;
Struggling Nature gasps for breath,
In the agony of death.

God of vegeance, from above
While these awful bolts are hurled,
O remember Thou art Love!
Spare!—O spare a guilty world!
Stay thy flaming wrath a while;
See thy bow of promise smile!

Welcome, in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of mercy still.
Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud
"Peace on Earth, to Man good will!"
Nature! God's repenting Child,
See thy parent reconciled!

Hark! the nightingale afar,
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
In the rosy tinted west:
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high!

Cool and tranquil is the night,
Nature's sore afflictions cease,
For the storm, that spent its might
Was a covenant of peace:
Vengeance drops her harmless rod;
Mercy is the power of God!

PARTING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Yon slender boy his bark hath launched
On life's deceitful tide;
His balmy years of childhood's o'er,
He goes without a guide.
Amid the stir and strife of men
His devious course to run,
The tempter and the snare to hide—
God bless the widow's son.

He turneth from the pleasant door,
And from the garden fair,
Where with his little spade he wrought
Beneath a mother's care—
He bears his head like manhood high,
Yet tears their course will ruh,
When on his stranger bed he rests—
God bless the widow's son.

Ye say he goeth forth alone
To dare the eventful field—
No, no! a spell is round him thrown,
More firm than diamond shield—
A mournful mother's fervent prayer!
So, till his life is done,
Till time, and toil, and change are o'er—
God bless the widow's son.

LADY BARBARA'S WHITE ROSE.

Whitehall was blazing with light and beauty.—Cavaliers, the noblest and handsomest that England could boast, wandered through the gorgeous apartments; and ladies, the fairest the world could show swept along in the graceful Corautee, or listlessly reclined on velvet couches, playing with the jewelled feather fan. It was the most splendid revel of the season. Masque and pageant alike over, the high and mighty James, surrounded by a chosen circle, stood speechifying, in his own inimitable manner, jesuitism, witchcraft, puritanism, and the subject dearer than all, "the right divine of kings to govern wrong;" and his son, with that melancholy brow, which to the Italian astrologer foreshadowed his fate, sat in moody silence, while the royal favorite, Buckingham, passed along—the admired and worshipped of all beholders—nodding to one, laughing with another, or leading some belle of the court a few turns through the mazes of the dance.

Many an eager eye was turned on Buckingham, many an ear anxiously listened to catch his words although they might be mere passing remarks, or mere passing compliments, and when he stopped beside the recess, where an aged man and a delicately fair girl, his daughter, were sitting, every eye was fixed upon the group. The conversation between the favorite and the old man was long; and at length taking the fair girl's passive hand, he led her forth among the circling dancers and gracefully stepped a measure.

The maiden was very beautiful; but her beauty was of that delicate kind which half escapes cursory observation; and as she glided with downcast eyes and mournful brow as though her thoughts were far away, through the mazes of the dance, many wondered that from among so many brilliant beauties, the favorite should have chosen that pale maiden. But while many wondered, and anxiously inquired who that maiden—for she was unknown at court—could be, there was one who followed her, with eyes flashing with rage, and with cheeks as pale with suppressed emotion as her own—the Lady Barbara, who had for the whole winter kept the capricious and wayward favorite at her fort, and who, secure in her matchless beauty and talents had feared not, despite the intrigues of his politic mother, to believe him her own.

The Lady Barbara, with violent effort, assumed a calm air; she began conversing again with the cavaliers, who stood duteously around her, and carelessly inquired the name of tne maiden who had alike attracted their attention. She was, it appeared, the daughter of an old and wealthy Leicestershire knight, one Sir Wilfred Beaumanoir, who had lately come to town on a lawsuit; and it was conjectured that as he came from the same country from whence the family favorite came, he might probably have been known to the favorite's late father, Sir George Villiers.

'A worthy old knight is Sir Wilfred,' said one, 'but given, 'tis said, to astrology, and such like study. Why, his very appearance at court, they say, hath been put off until now, through waiting for a fortunate day.'

The Lady Barbara fixed her dark eyes intently on the speaker. "A fortunate day for *him!*" said she.

'No, for his darling daughter, who he verily believes is to attain high fortune in London,' was the reply.

'What, is he then the country knight who hath purchased the jewel of Battista Croce, for which he asked threescore pounds—the onyx sigil I mean?' said the second speaker.

'I know not,' replied the first; 'but tis like enough, seeing that he is wholly bent on such wild fancies?'

The dance at length ended, Buckingham replaced the timid girl by the side of her father, and joined the circle where his 'dear dad and gossip' was still edifying his admiring auditors with the outpourings of his right-royal wisdom. Still and statue-like stood Lady Babara, heedless—indeed, not even hearing the compliments addressed to her, until conversation of the group beside her again returned to the old Leicestershire knight and his fair daughter.

'She is truly lovely!' said one, 'and methinks the name 'Venczia la Belly,' becomes her well.'

'What said you Venezia?' cried lady Barbara fixing her eyes on the speaker with a wildness that startled the whole company.

That yonder fair maiden's name is Venezia—Venezia Beaumanoir Lady Barbara.'

The lady clasped her hands, and looked wildly upwards.

'Take care of *Venezia*,' said Battista Groce to me O fool that I was to think of Venice. It was of a rival, of this Venezia, I was to beware.'

Her scarcely articulate words were understood by no one, but her deadly paleness and violent agitation were plainly marked by all; and when Lady Barbara was led away, many conjectures were made as to the cause of her sudden illnes, but all were far from the truth

* * * * * * *

It was in vain that James I. fulminated his anathemas in his delectable "Demonologie" against those detestable slaves of the evil one, witches and enchanters, for during his reign, beyond every other period, the thirst for forbidden knowledge pervaded every rank of society, and the fearful profligacy of a court, which, though presided over by one who chose to call himself Heaven's vice regent upon the earth, far more nearly resembled a Pandemonium, encouraged the efforts of the vilest wretches, who although they might possess little skill in reading the secrets of futurity were assuredly adepts in the black art of poisoning. Numerous were the adventurers who at this period took up their residence in the outskirts of the metropolis, prepared to wring a precarious livelihood for themselves from the hopes and fears and superstition of others; and perhaps the place where beyond every other the greatest number had congregated was the Golden Lane.

In a court leading into this disreputable locality where the usurer plied his trade, which led his dupes to eat of the prison basket, or perhaps to end their career at Tyburn, and his fitting associate, the scrivener, sat ready to alter deeds, or forge wills, at the behest of the penniless heir or the desperate gamester,—in this court, fitting abode, and amid fitting companionship—dwelt a woman who had long been celebrated as a dealer in charms. The mystery that hung around her, for even her name was still unknown—had probably increased her fame; for numerous were her customers, and often, when day began to close, the cavalier, wrapt in his wide riding cloak, his rank indicated alone by the white leather boot, soiled and grim from the miry pavement, might be seen cautiously tapping at the closely shut door, or the court lady, shrouded from view by the velvet mask and ample muffler, and followed by one muffled attendant, would steal along the unaccustomed way, fearful of notice, yet sure to obtain it, from the stateliness of bearing which neither disguise nor apprehension could wholly conceal.

Such was the lady, who in the twilight stopped at the door, at which she tapped thrice, and was instantly admitted. The mask was hastily laid aside, and the beautiful but pale and careworn features of Lady Barbara met the view of the dealer in charms.

"You are ill, my lady," said she; "and I wonder not. Last night was enough to drive the roses from your cheek. But fear not; all will be well."

Lady Barbara looked anxiously, almost wonderingly, at the speaker; for though she believed her possessed of supernatural knowledge, she scarcely expected to find her information extending to the particulars of the last night's events.

"How can all be well?" she said.

"Easily, Lady Barbara. This girl is but just come from the country. We must frighten her and send her back again."

"Ah, but is she the dreaded rival against whom I was warned; 'Beware,' said Battista Croce, 'beware of Venezia!' Alas! in his Italian phrase I believed he meant Venice; but it was at *her* he pointed."

"He did so, doubtless; for few have his knowledge. But still, fear not, Lady Barbara; we must counterwork; and to that end I have caused her nurse to be sent to, and ere long she will be here."

"Her nurse!—and coming here?"

"Yes—and to know what the good fortune of last night portended. Sir Wilford is half wild with joy, they say; and so is my lady nurse;—but the poor girl is quite woe-begone; so she thinks, perchance, she is bewitched."

"Woe-begone!—and so highly honored by *him*: bewitched indeed! Would that that bewitchment might continue! But how knew you this?"

"Lady Barbara, what is there I know not? So I caused a letter to be sent, bidding my lady nurse, who hath greater power over Sir Wilfred, to come here, for that by the stars I have discovered great good fortune in store for her. The nurse was inquiring, as I thought she would, after a cunning woman, even when the letter met her, so she will be here ere long."

Meanwhile an elderly personage, in a sober-colored gown of broad cloth, with stiff ruff of lawn, edged with bone lace, and a silk scarf which she wrapped about her, and looked at with no little pride, entered the court and cautiously made her way towards the very house where the dealer in charms and the Lady Barbara were engaged in close colloquy. Her knock was the signal for the the lady to conceal herself while the "cunning woman" advanced, welcomed her new customer, and by skilful questions and suggestions soon obtained all the information Lady Barbara required, at the same time impressing the old woman so forcibly with a belief of her supernatural powers as to send her away absolutely awe-struck.

"A marvellous woman! she knows everything!" said the nurse, as she rejoined her companion, a fellow-servant, who, not without many misgivings had waited at the end of the court; "she knows all about why Sir Wilfred came to London, and my young lady's good fortune last night, too; and she said great things are in store for her if we do but follow her bidding, but one thing she saith that I doubt if my worthy master will agree to, and that is, to bring her the charm that is tied around my young lady's neck, and for which he gave so many pounds."

"Good nurse, surely you did not tell her of that when the outlandish man said it was to be kept quite secret?"

"Nay, she told me;—for she's a marvellous woman, and said it was a charm of great power, but that if it were brought to her she could make it ten times more powerful."

"It is very strange," replied her companion; 'but I fear she dealeth with evil spirits. Truly I would counsel ye to have pought to do with her."

"Nay, 'twere folly to throw away good luck. And if she makes this great match for my young lady, what is it to us how she doth it?"

"Look Lady Barbara," said the dealer in charms as, a few evenings after, the fair court lady sat in the mean room of the unprincipled adventurer, 'the talisman is yours: tie it round your neck, go boldly to the mask to-morrow, and see if your wayward tassel will not again seek his broken chain."

Lady Barbara clutched the precious jewel eagerly,—precious intrinsically, but far, far more precious from the value with which superstition had invested it. That fair and perfect crystal, beautifully engraved, set so richly in purest gold—it was not its beauty, its perfection, its cost, but its power of drawing favor toward the wearer, of attracting those whom she willed to attract, that rendered it so precious in the eyes of Lady Barbara.

"Oh, how greatly am I bound to you," said she to the woman. "Take my purse: but, though filled with gold, it is an inadequate guerdon."

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(To be concluded next week.)

Truth and justice are imutable and eternal principles—always sacred and always applicable. In no circumstances, however urgent, no crisis however awful, can there be an aberration from the one, or a dereliction of the other, without sin. With respect to every thing else, be accommodating; but here, be unyielding and invincible. Rather carry your integrity to the dungeon or to the scaffold, than receive in exchange for it liberty and life. Should you ever be called upon to make your election between these extremes, do not hesitate. It is better prematurely to be sent to heaven in honor, than, having lingered on the earth, at least to sink to hell in infamy. In every situation, a dishonest man is detestable, and a liar is still more so.

Truth is one of the fairest attributes of the Deity. It is the boundary which separates vice from virtue; the line which divides heaven from hell. It is the chain which binds the man of integrity to the throne of God, and, like the God to whose throne it binds him, till this chain is dissolved his word may be relied on. Depend on this; your property, your reputation, your life are safe. But against the malice of a liar there is no security. He can be bound by nothing. His soul is already repulsed to an immeasureable distance from that Divinity, a sense of whose presence is the security of virtue. He has rended the least of those moral ligaments which bind a mortal to his duty. And having done so through the extended region of fraud and falsehood, without a bond to check or a limit to confine him, he ranges—the dreaded enemy of innocence—where the putrid even truth itself as it passes through them, and whose breath blasts, and soils and poisons as it touches.

THE LAWYER AND HIS CLIENT.—An old lawyer of the city of New York, tells a good joke about one of his clients.

A fellow had been arraigned before the police for stealing a set of silver spoons. The stolen articles were found upon the culprit, and there was no use attempting to deny the charge.

Lawyer was applied to by the prisoner as counsel, and seeing no escape for his client, except on the plea, insanity or idiocy, he instructed the fellow to put on as silly a look as possible, and when any question was put to him, to utter in a drawling manner, with an idiotic expression, the word 'spoons!' If successful the fee was to be $20.

The court proceeded to business, the charge was read, and the question put to the prisoner—'Guilty or not Guilty.'

'Spoons!' ejaculated the culprit.

The Court put several questions [illegible]

'Spoons—Spoons' was all [illegible]

'The fellow is a fool!' said the judge—'let him go about his business.'

The prisoner left the room and the lawyer followed close in his wake, and when they had got into the hall, the counsellor tapped his client on the shoulder, saying—

'Now, my good fellow, *that* twenty dollars.'

The rogue, looking the lawyer full in the face, and putting on a grostesque and sly expression, and winking with one eye, exclaimed—

'Spoons!' and made tracks.

A FEMALE SOLDIER.—The Paris Journal des Debats states that a woman lately died at Ghent, named Marie Schellynck, who had been enrolled as a soldier in a regiment of line, she was present at twelve battles, received six wounds at Jenaphes, and was made prisoner in Italy. At the passage of the bridge Arcola she was wounded by a shot in the thigh. Though her sex was known, it did not prevent her being made an under lieutenant by Napoleon. At the battle of Jenna she was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and received a pension of seven hundred francs—on that occasion the Emperor addressed her in the following words: "Receive from my hands the cross of the brave, which you have so nobly deserved." Then turning towards the officers, "Salute this brave lady," said he, "She is a glory to the Empire." The Philanthropic society of Ghent, in honor of the memory of Marie Schellynck, has enrolled her as an honorary member of that society.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—At a public meeting in New York, Rev. J. Spaulding dwelt a few moments on the deathless nature and extent of moral influence. "Away among the Alleghanies," said he, "there is a spring so small that a *single ox on a summer's day could drain it dry.* It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then, joining the Mississippi it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar, till the angel, with one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with *moral influence.* It is a rill, a rivulet, an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity."

IC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA