SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1837.

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The Chronicle,

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EMBER. R Sun s Noos | 0. w | 19, - 7 8 4 25 4 25 9 38 | - 7 10 4 25 5 25 10 19 | - 7 11 4 24 5 4 11 1 52 | - 7 12 4 24 4 31 11 52 | - 7 14 4 23 5 24 0 9 | - 7 15 4 23 6 32 0 50 | - 7 16 4 23 7 49 1 36

New Moon, 27th, 9h, 6m. a.

Public Enstitutions.

BANK OF New-BRUSSWICK.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Houts of busidess, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Thos. Bailow, Esq.

on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Thos. Barlow, Esq. Connercial Barr.—Charles Simonds, Esq. Piesident.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours.of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount guist be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: A. S. Perkins, Esq.

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New-Brusswick Fire Issunance Confart.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

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

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

(From Blackwood's Magazine for August.) The following is versified from an anecdote of George III., inserted, from a publication of the Rev. Mr. Crabbe's, in the Church of England Magazine:-THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

Oncome that beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade
A dying woman lay:
Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the greenwood
A woful wait that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,
"O mother, mother! do not die
And leave us all alone."—
"My blessed babes! she tried to say,
But the faint a scents died away
In a low sobbing moan.

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And then, life struggled hard with death, And fast and strong she drew her breath, And up she raised her head; And peering through the deep wood maze With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze, "Will be not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting houghs between, A little maid's light form was seen. All breathless with her speed; And, following close, A man came on, (A portly man to look upon.) Who led a panting steed.

" Mother !" the little maiden cried, Or e'er she reached the woman's side. And kissed her clay-cold cheek,
"I have not idled in the town.
But long went wandering up and down
The minister to seek.

"They told me here—they told me there!
I think they mocked me every where;
And when I found his home,
And begg'd him, on my bended knee,
To bring his book, and come with-me,
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,—
And could not go in peace away
Without the minister:
I begg d him, for dear Christ, his sake,
But oh!—my heart was fit to break—
Mother! he would not stir.

" So, though my tears were blinding me, I ran back, fast as first could be, To come again to you; And here, close by, this Squire I met, Who asked (so, tnild) what made me fret; And when I told him true,

"I will go with you, child," he said,
'God rends me to this dying bed,
Mother, he 's here, hard by.
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Look'd-on with glistening eye.

The bride, on his neck thing free.
With quivering dank and trembling knee.
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man—a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced, I rede.
Than those stood there that day.

while the little maiden spoke, man, his back against an oak, booked on with glistening eye I folded arms: and in his look, mething that, like a sermon-book Presched—" All is vanity,"

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