

### The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanach. NOVEMBER.  $\begin{array}{c} \textbf{R}, \ \textbf{Sup}, \ \textbf{s}, \textbf{Moose}, \ \textbf{b}, \ \textbf{w}, \\ \hline \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{41}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{47}, \ \textbf{10} \ \ \textbf{3}, \ \textbf{3}, \ \textbf{31} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{42}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{47}, \ \textbf{10} \ \ \textbf{3}, \ \textbf{3}, \ \textbf{31} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{42}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{11}, \ \textbf{21}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{38} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{43}, \ \textbf{46}, \ \textbf{11}, \ \textbf{21}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{38} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{43}, \ \textbf{46}, \ \textbf{11}, \ \textbf{5}, \ \textbf{5}, \ \textbf{6} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{45}, \ \textbf{44}, \ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{21}, \ \textbf{5}, \ \textbf{5}, \ \textbf{6} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{3}, \ \textbf{0}, \ \textbf{40}, \ \textbf{7}, \ \textbf{18} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{3}, \ \textbf{1}, \ \textbf{8}, \ \textbf{7}, \ \textbf{8} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{3}, \ \textbf{1}, \ \textbf{6} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{3}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{9}, \ \textbf{6} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{4}, \ \textbf{3}, \ \textbf{3}, \ \textbf{9}, \ \textbf{5}, \ \textbf{5} \\ \textbf{5}, \ \textbf{5}, \ \textbf{5} \\ \textbf{6}, \ \textbf{$ First Quarter, 5th, 9h. 39m. morn.

but of no cor its are throw and precisior eral machines an upper loft with a feedin t run for hou

Printing

First Garrier, 5th, 9th. 30th. morth. **Durble Englishing**. The Sase of New Brosswick - Solomon Nichols, Eq. (1997) Constrained and Solomon Nichols, Solomon Marst Del fat the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director metty seek: 1: A. Wiggins, Eq. Constrained Bark, -Chanles Simonds, Es., Pre-Morrs of business, from 10 to 3.-Bills or Notes of biscount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.-Director next week: A. S. Perkins, Es. Cry Bass.-Thomas Loavitt, Esq. President. Sociant Days, Mondays and Thursslays.-Office forts, from 10 to 3.-Bills or Notes of Sociant Days, Mondays and Friday.-Office forts, from 10 to 3.-Bills or Notes of Sociant Days, Mondays and Fridays.-Office forts, from 10 to 3.-Bills or Notes of Notes of Wednesdays.-Director next week: Social Moster First Personance Constave.-Morr Mussewick First Personance Constave.-

Doetry.

# [FOR THE CHRONICLE.] A FRAGMENT.

A FRAGMENT. uld recal from things of other days and trace o'er by-going years, the fate of One star I once knew, and firm my memory raise cord-mut of marbled, monumental prise-for huth his saiss these t.—The lettered atoms fas not of him-his death or life t.—The sea I the bleak, barren monthain-shore-where I le, looked on the ocean's undening breast lere alone, and there he sunk to rest:

## His mind

His mind a formed all different from the minds of those in were around—the crowd—nor could he find allowship with ought—he lived (and close) be companionless—and save with one Being tike himselt)—he walked with none And yet his varying check was often flushed the an unnatural glow—as if there rushed ongints—passions.—pride—and daring in his ey d wishes formed—but formed—and raised to high

nds to compass-

Tis in vain om what they might have been or wer or they were of plea-ure or of pain-they lived but for a moment-and the g his eye would sadden and expire lit his mind to its despair.

His was a strange-a stern, and mystic creed compted by man's unkindly word and deed; he high faith which some pre

Affections, glance is seeking love's replies-Or as the streamlets music-which can half The wearied wanderer with its harmonies-For nature is all harmony-go mark The storm portending cloud-how rich with h Awith, but rife with heaty-even the dews Of even, beam, hike pearls of Paradise Or pressions first bright birth in maiden's eyes Speaking with fimid yet extaits frees Born of the soul--yet fed with earth's desires

Our, first fond love--Spring's blos hours Are nature's gardens for the youthful heart, For love and nature, cannot breathe apart For love and nature, cannot breathe apart When once her softness thro' the bosom ponts-The autumn breeze--the starlight--stilly night The fleecy clouds--the genus of evening.--brig with rest theorem of the softness of evening.--brig The fleecy clouds—the gens of evening,—br With rays of heaven's pute gold—the dew-d-—The montains—waters—and the rainbox Are part of mar as they are part of heaven. And there enjoyment to our souls are given.

And He I speak of, gazed upon the wave With these same thoughts-unuttored-but de

With these same thoughts-unuttored-Upon his check and brow-for mature gave Hor pricest language there, -Tris rosces -It speaks more eloquence to me-to sit Upon a wave o eroloking rock with one Whose lips breathe forth no raptures-bu

Epon a wave or eroloxing rock with one Whose hips breache forth no raptures—but whose or an end of the second for the second for the second Deeper and purce than his feebler word— With all his joy—save that deep throb—unkeard I le gazed on ocean—whose wild formy breast Seemed but the mirror of his heart's mirror of And it is strange—link thus the heart should be Prote to such wild ness—and se madly heat Whene ere we look npot the past—and meet In fellowship with things which are more purce than the strange of the past—and meet I n fellowship with things which are more purce that he stern strength of our unyielding thought — For earth's griefs cannot conquer nor destroy Nor damy the transport of this inward joy. And death—and dreams—eternity—and times more deep Than the false Sophists visions—more subling — Than the false Sophists visions—more subling which is our clay to us 7—tis but a weight Which cloge the dawning of a dations false— It holds no link of huppiness—the chain Works round the heart—and madly which the inter Ming that is word of the thing the stange the thing which is our clay to us 7—tis but a weight Which is our clay to us 7—tis but a weight which we are social—free—purc—and maly which the heart and left wing—man should not stoop to be The thing that hows to be ignoby free— Better to bar the ills we have than thats Uncertain waters or an unknown waste. Yet our complaints are idea—fils will be the sourd of and and merging the second

Uncertain waters or an inknown waste. Yet our complaints are idle,--life will be The same wild--fifth and inquice sen And man--the helpless barque he e'erhas been Upon the track of this wide tempost scene---Vainly we seek for change--the senses shirink From what the heart endures--and thus we are Like a hopeless toyager on the brink Of breaker hidden occuts rocks-- no star Ulumining the clouded sky--whereen No paler tint, e'en slows a forrizon !--

Is this all truth ?--speak thou on whom

Is this all truth f—speak thou on whom my thought Dwells in this distant land—and answer me— Hath not these tempests on thy memory wrought A change all clouded—and cannot there be Such thing as madness in some deep disguise Which seems but care to a beholders syss Unsetting all of memory and of mind The first jar of that storm which reads, and, mocks Souls as air—tossing them to the wind Like withered leaves and branches—

-There are such Dues all sliss the I speak of with a soul Once all alive to passion—and the touch Of gentler feelings—withcred now and dead-His last draught had been drunk from the

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN. THE DESTROYER.

Miscellany.

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he kind known, are. hich delivers at straw than the

With the high faith which some pretend as given for that 's arise joarney here beneath the skies." And an unfailing pastport into heaven. Within the world of his imagining to too had formed ideas of deep bliss And all those dreams of fancy which can fling Shades dark, or rays all bright upon the wing Of passing time—To such, there is in this same feeling of trait vision something sweet— And something more than world like, when we in yarm beings of our mind—soft forms of lave a litheir varied bliss—which from above systems full within our sonls—-pure—high—a bright. enses, of varions will find a varie-ea, that render the old ones. Grocers. This n, with two cast he price is how ines, combining fore attempted

n all their varied bins—which from above Seems full within our souls—pure—high—and bright in delothed in roboes all beauty, and all light !— "Those examesent shadows of nur dreaming period our hopes, and all their falsest seeming the beautiful—the loved—and loved perchance became they are so beautiful— The with Phantasms more bright than things of life. And formed for hore—all hoveliness—nor such As much with earth is realities, and strife— The our is chill—we shudder with the touch Of this mere earthliness—the other warms The soul with fancy's far more holy forms And brings their bright array before us— But both are false—both false when youth is past: And then the surge on which our souls are east Londs not its lightning billow to receive (Ad passions or old feelings—bit we drive (Puxards, and ragged!)—or if such hopes are drawn From the deep memory of our first hopes gone. And these are tremblings of the soul, when chill And cold hours—our week of hopes are drawn From the deep memory of our first hopes gone. And these are tremblings of the soul, when chill And cold hours—our week of hopes are drawn from the deep memory of our first hopes gone. More paratizing shrowd around as—and W some blow can torme and bounded. —Whose blow can torme and b

ade to order. F Rights, in his n ies, en liberal nquire of—if by

259 Bowery.

cal OIL, for sa om schr. Sab BERTSON. -

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of the late Fir of this city, h Saweet, J. S true and law nt on any bu sever, for or ( be signed, Robertson; a ser person bo

onicie.

ARR, dEaguire (22., SPANSON, D. WEYLBOR, B. S. BLENOTT, NOWEYEZ, EMP SIGN, EM, SIGNA, EM, AN CONTRACT, AN CONTRACT, DEVENNE, INS. JANDRA

How strange—and yet kow weak—these hearts are est in an universe month—their throb partaless Of earth, and dreamp—of Heaven and hopes— which are As the frail gobiet which the drumkard breaks in the fall height of fremzy and despin: !-This formed—and wixed—thus woulded was this youth With hopes too light for Earth, too fair for truth— Bet vill of fairest shades—and beautiful Aothe first ray of morning to the lark When passions notes invite him to the skies Or woman's eye, when piercingly and dark

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bowl Of hope - of joy - bolding but his despair The bliss was full what waking draam w