# THE Weekly Chronicle.

*Terms*—15 shillings per annum :] "*Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque.*" [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Vol. 1. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18 1836. No. 11.


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**The Chronicle,**

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**Weekly Almanack.**

| November. | | S. R. | S. | Moon | H W. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19 | Saturday, | 7 | 4 | 3 | 2 8 55 |
| 20 | Sunday, | 7 | 5 | 4 | 11 9 38 |
| 21 | Monday, | 7 | 6 | 5 | 19 10 16 |
| 22 | Tuesday, | 7 | 8 | 6 | 27 10 52 |
| 23 | Wednesday, | 7 | 9 | 8 | rises. 11 29 |
| 24 | Thursday, | 7 | 61 | 5 | 5 10 morn |
| 25 | Friday, | 7 | 12 | 5 | 5 56 0 5 |

Full moon, 23d, 0h. 51m morn.

**Public Institutions.**

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, 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 : H. Johnston, Esq.

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

City Bank.—John V. Thurgar, Esq. President. Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before three o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week : Thos. Merritt, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.] Committee for October : R. M. Jarvis, Gilbert T. Ray, Mark Dole, Esquires.

Savings Bank.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesdays.—Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.—Acting Trustee for October : T. Millidge, Esq.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Odell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)—Committee for October : William Jarvis, F. A. Wiggins, James Whitney.

**Miscellany.**

*From the Diary of a London Clergyman.*

## THE WIDOW.

[CONTINUED.]

The widow's history.—Her mother's death.—She becomes a nursery governess.—Lady H.—Young Lord ——.—His approaches.—Repulsed.—The father's accusation.—Quits the Earl's mansion.—Accused of theft.—Examined.—Committed to Newgate for trial.—Found guilty.—Condemned to be transported for fourteen years.—Sails for New Holland.

The next day, after the usual formal salutations had passed between us, and I was seated in her little drawing room, she said, "Now my dear sir, I will show you at least that you possess my confidence. After what has passed, I have made up my mind to tell you the somewhat strange history of my life. This is due to you; and when you have heard it, my motive for declining your generous proposal will be sufficiently obvious.

"My father was land-stewart to a nobleman, from whom he received a handsome income; but being a man of extravagant habits, he died when I had reached my fourteenth year, and I was left the eldest of four children. My mother was immediately put into one of the porter's lodges, at the main avenue of the park, I was taken into the house as a sort of nursery companion and lady's-maid to the youngest female children.

"I had been well educated. Being naturally quick, I had availed myself of the advantages which my father's partiality had procured for me, and might really be called an accomplished girl. The change of condition was saddened to my ambitious spirit; and, though I submitted with tolerable acquiescence to such a complete reserve, it became, nevertheless, evident that I was uneasy under the yoke of servitude. I did not sufficiently feel the disparity between myself and those whom I was appointed to serve. This was occasionally hinted to me in a way that made my heart heave. The young ladies often brought to my recollection that I was their servant, and this stung me bitterly. Still I neither practised nor expressed rebellion; but it was perceived that I was not happy in, or resigned to, my present situation. I could not help being conscious of my own natural and acquired superiority over those of whom I was the servile companion,—and had malice enough to show it whenever an opportunity occurred.

"Lady H—— was a weak woman, without energy, either bodily or intellectual; foolish indulgent to her children, and intolerant of those who thwarted them in the slightest particular. But then, her husband was an Irish earl, with an income of forty thousand a year; she was, therefore, privileged to be every thing she pleased; and it was her pleasure to be a trifling, heartless puppet, whose chief delight consisted in hearing her girls called *my lady*, and in seeing herself worshipped, as a something more than woman, in the palpable form of a peer's wife. Her lord was a swearing, swaggering, coarse sort of man;—in intellect below mediocrity; and in manners any thing but a gentleman.

"He had frequently spoken to me in a harsh tone of rebuke, which so deeply offended my pride, that he became my aversion, and his house my purgatory. I at length determined to quit it, but knew not what sort of employment I should address myself for a living.

"About this time Lord H——'s eldest boy returned from Oxford. He was a tall gawky youth, in his twentieth year, with a tawny complexion and thin flaxen hair, protruding teeth, and a tongue so big as sadly to mar his articulation. As this scion of an aristocratic house was frequently with his sisters, I saw a good deal of him, and, to say the truth, he was very civil to me, without being either rude or arrogant. When he made his sisters a present, something was always offered to me, but I invariably declined it.

"After a while, his attentions to me became less equivocal; and began to be disagreeable. My soul spurned at the idea of such a man harbouring a thought hostile to my purity, and I received his advances with expressions of disapprobation not to be misunderstood. He seemed surprised at my warmth, but forbore to repeat what he saw had given me offence.

"My sentiments towards this young man were those of perfect indifference. I considered him a harmless creature, having the inclination, though not the spirit, to be deliberately wicked, and that he was innocuous, therefore, from fear rather than from principle. Still he was harmless, and I tolerated his presence even when it was disagreeable to me. He did not at all resent the manner in which I had put a stop to his growing attentions, but offered me many little civilities in a manner that I could not rebuke, but which I, nevertheless, suffered to pass without acknowledgment.

"I perceived that his sisters relished not the manifest partiality with which he viewed me. Their manner grew colder and more rigid. I was made less their companion than I had been accustomed to be, and was discarded altogether from [illegible] move me, for I neither loved nor respected them; and they did me a kindness, of which they were indeed ignorant, by leaving me so much more to the companionship of my own thoughts. I was still with them every day, and, consequently, saw their brother frequently: he always appeared very happy when I was by, often exercising his huge tongue with an energy, which, if it proved his gift of speech, by no means proved his eloquence.

"I had a little room, adjoining that of the ladies, appropriated exclusively to my own privacy. One morning, while sitting alone in this chamber, I was startled by the entrance of young Lord ——. He apologized for intruding. I rose, as a hint that I did not desire him to be seated, and, observing me redden, he immediately unfolded to me the purpose of his visit—which was no less than to declare his passion for me and make me an offer of his hand. I smiled at the proposal pointed out the impossibility of my becoming legally united to the heir of an earldom, whilst he was a minor, and civilly declined the intended honour. He was evidently chagrined, and made an effort to expostulate, I, however, cut the matter short, by a respectful but premptory refusal.

"Shortly after this, I was accused by the earl of having attempted to seduce the affections of his son. I repelled the charge with indignation, and was desired immediately to quit the house. I must do Lord —— the justice to say, that he came forward in my defence, and exonerated me from any attempt upon his heart; but the father was inexorable, and I prepared to obey, without the slightest reluctance, though I knew not where in the world to look for a home. The family was in London, where I had not a single acquaintance.

"I quitted the earl's mansion, and took a lodging at the house of a green-grocer, who served the family. My boxes were sent for the next morning, when to my surprise, my keys were demanded, in order that the trunks and packages might be searched before the messenger would be permitted to take them. Surprised at such a requisition, I repaired to —— Place, to ascertain the reason of so unusual a demand. Upon inquiry, I found that several of Lady ——'s trinkets had been missed, and, from something that the house maid had said, with whom I had long been upon the worst terms, I was suspected of having taken them. Conscious of my own innocence, I readily produced my keys. I perceived a smile of triumph upon the lip of my accuser as the little instrument was fitted into the lock. The box was opened, and, to my unspeakable amazement, two rings and a broach were found in a corner of one of my trunks, wrapped in a piece of silver paper.

"I stood before the party unable to utter a word. I was stunned by the surprise. An officer was sent for, into whose custody I was committed, and sent to the police office for examination. The evidence against me was not to be denied. The trinkets had been found in my trunk. I could only protest to not having placed them there, but could produce no proof of my innocence. I shrank from the degredation to which I was subjected. To be exhibited as a thief to the gaze of the crowd in a public office,—exposed to the vulgar sarcasms of an unfeeling rabble,—and adjudged guilty of a crime from which my very soul recoiled,—was more than I could bear. My heart sickened. I fainted; and when I recovered, found myself in a hackney-coach between two strange men. The truth was soon told. I had been committed on a charge of felony, and was on my way to Newgate, to take my trial.

"I uttered not a word, but sat silent and confounded. Could it be possible!—I was to be cast among common felons, and brought up before a jury of my country to be tried for an offence that might affect my life. There was no evading the disgrace. When the coach stopped at the prison door, I was given over to the charge of the governor, who put me into a small room, occupied by two women, committed for trial upon accusations of a similar nature. My heart sunk within me at the bare idea of being the companion of criminals; but there was no choice for me.

"I was now in a common prison,—the companion of the most degraded among my fellow beings,—about to be tried for my life;—perhaps hanged; and if I escaped a halter, without doubt to be transported. My feelings, at this terrible moment, cannot be coloured by description up to their true hues of sadness. I felt as if I had a scorpion within my bosom, full of vigorous life, and that I was under one perpetual infliction of its sting. The consciousness of innocence, and my indelible abhorrence of anything in the shape of dishonour, (for this had always been a strong bias of my nature,) made me shrink with horror from the degradation to which I was thus wantonly exposed. I threw willingly have suffered death at the moment, by the hand of Him who looks through man's little life, and directs the hour when he shall yield it up into the hands of the Giver; but to be brought to trial before a public tribunal,—was to me at once a disgust and a loathing. I shrank within myself, and trembled from excess of mental agony. The certainty of conviction stared me in the face, for I had no evidence to bring forward to rebut the odious charge upon which I had been arraigned.

"How my soul sickened! One of my female companions was a young woman, about my own age, respectable in appearance, as far as her condition of life was concerned, but, in every other respect, a living representative of reckless profligacy. She had been committed for shop-lifting, a system of plunder which she had practised for years, with astonishing success. As she had always looked forward to detection, some time or other, when the consummation came, she was prepared for it, and therefore felt no shock. She talked of her guilt with an unseemly flippancy, that rendered her approach to me a positive influence. She laughed and sung as if her present condition were a pastime, and she had nothing to fear in the issue of her trial. Though young, she had the indelible seal of licentiousness upon her.

"My other companion was an elderly woman, who had been sent to prison for pawning some trifling articles of furniture belonging to the landlord of a miserable lodging, in a low street, near St. Giles'. This woman told her tale of guilt with a quivering countenance. The calls of hunger had urged her to the commission of a deed which even starvation cannot palliate in the eye of the law. Some charitable person had paid for the accommodation which she enjoyed in common with myself and the other female criminal. There was a complete contrast between them: the one was old and penitent,—the other young and reckless. I had little conversation with either. My own thoughts were sufficient to engross my own case which appeared so immeasurable harder even than that of my aged companion.

"Day after day passed on, but there was no change in the scene before me, and its horrible monotony almost drove me mad. My brain burned, my throat swelled, my blood leaped through me,—and I was soon laid upon a sick bed. For three weeks my life was despaired of; but I recovered only to the reality of a condition that seared my very soul, and of a disgrace that will cling to me for the rest of my days.

"The trial at length came on. I need not detail it. My crime was stated, and witnesses brought forward to prove that the missing trinkets were discovered concealed in my trunk. I was found guilty, and condemned to be transported for fourteen years. The solemn monotonous voice of the judge, while pronounced sentence upon me, still rings in my ears. Never shall I forget the horrors of that day. There are springs which we wonder we can support and live. A deadly sickness came over me, and the very food I ate seemed to turn to gall. The whole mass of my flesh seared converted into quicksilver, quivering in every fibre, and pressing upon my over-loaded heart with the weight of a mountain. Not a tear trickled from my eyes; their sockets were scorched like a furnace; the moment the relief came, it was dried up, and the fever of my agony remained unassuaged.

"I was shortly put on board ship with a party of convicts. The scene was dreadful. I was mixed with the vilest of my sex, who derided my silence, and mocked at what they called my pretended innocence. There was no shunning the contact of these women, and I felt the pollution like a plague blast. Their ribaldry, their indecency, their execrations disgusted and appalled me. Still there was no escape: I was linked to my destiny by too strong a manacle to be separated by the frail efforts of an inexperienced woman.

"After a short time I became, in some degree reconciled to my condition, dreadful though it was; for there is no draught from the cup of misery so bitter, but it may be swallowed with complacency at least, if not without a fierce recoil of heart. During the passage, I occasionally fell into conversation with one of the female convicts. She was a young creature, seduced by a villain who courted her, to rob her mistress. Her love got the better of her discretion, and she was now paying the penalty of her folly. I found her an artless, rather than a vicious girl; very ignorant, but very tractable. She daily sought my side. She liked my conversation, which I was glad to give her the benefit of, as it withdrew her from the society of her more depraved companions, and to a certain degree, prevented the influence of vicious example upon her extremely unprotected mind.

"My determination I had settled down into a gloomy resignation to my fate. I did not at first resort to religion, which would have kept my spirit buoyant upon the wings of a holy hope, in the sad hour of my need; but I leaned upon the weaker support of my reason, and found it a feeble and insufficient prop. Reflection, however, brought the dove of comfort to my soul. The aspirations of devotion finally breathed from it, and I became a new being. My resignation was at length complete. Though I felt humbled—degraded—I acknowledged the infliction to be merited from God, but not from man; and thenceforward a murmer never escaped my lips."

### DISCOVERIES OF THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

*Ether—Weight and Elasticity of the Air.—Air guns.*

By *ether* the moderns understand a rare fluid, or species of matter, beyond the atmosphere, and penetrating it, infinitely more subtile than the air we respire, of an immense extent, filling all the spaces where he celestial bodies roll yet making no sensible resistance to their motions. Some suppose it to be a sort of air, much purer than that which invests our globe; others, that its nature approaches to that of the celestial fire, which emanates from the sun and other stars; others, again, suppose it to be generically different from all other matter, *sui generis*, and its parts finer than those of light; alleging that the exceeding tenuity of its parts renders it capable of that vast expensive force, which is the source of all that pressure and dilitation hence most of the phenomena in nature rise; for that by the extreme subtility its parts it intimately penetrates all bars, and exerts its energy everywhere This last is the opinion of Newton and Locke. But whatever be the sentiments now entertained on the subject, we find the origin of all of them in the ancient

Thales taught, that there was a subtile and active fire which pervaded the whole universe, that by the energy of this ether substance, to which they give the name ether, all the parts of nature were produced, preserved, and linked together; that by it to celestial bodies performed their revolutions.

Adding to Diogenes Laertius and Hierts, Pythagoras affirmed, that the air which invests our earth is impure and mixed but that the air above it is essentially pure and healthful. He calls it "ether, emancipated from all gross matter celestial substance that fills all space and penetrates at will the pores of all bes."

Aetle, explained Pythagoras's opinion other, ascribes the same also to Anaxras. Aristotle himself, in another, understands by ether, *a fifth element pure and unalterable, of an active and vital nature, but entirely different from air and fire.*

Empedocles, one of the most celebrated disciples of Pythagoras, is quoted by Plutarch, and St. Clemens Alexandrinus, as admitting an ethereal substance, which filled all space, and containing in it all the bodies of the universe, and which he calls by the names of Titan and Jupiter.

Plato distinguishes air into two kinds, the one gross and filled with vapours, which is what we breathe; the other "more refined, called ether, in which the celestial bodies are immerged and where they roll."

The nature of *air* was not less known to the ancients than that of ether. They regarded it as a general "*mustrum*," containing all the volatile parts of every thing in nature, which being variously agitated, and differently combined, produced meteors, tempests, and all the other changes we experience. They also were acquainted with its weight, though the experiments transmitted to us, relative to this are but few. Aristotle speaks of "a vessel filled with air as weighing more than one quite empty." Treting of respiration, he reports the opinion of Empedocles, who ascribes the ease of it "to the weight of the air, which by its pressure insinuates of Asclepiade. He represents him, among other thing, as saying, that "the external air by its weight opens its way with force into the breast." Heron of Alexandria ascribes effects to the elasticity of the air, which show that he perfectly understood that propiety of it.

Seneca also knew its weight, spring, and elasticity. He describes "the constant effort it makes to expend itself when it is compressed;" and he affirms, that "it has the property of condensing itself, and forcing its way through all obstacles that oppose its passage."

It is still more surprising, however, that Ctesibius, "upon principle of the air's elasticity," invented *Wind-guns*, which we look upon as a modern contrivance. Philo of Byzantium gives a very full and exact description of that curious machine, ing capable of condensation, and so constructed as to manage and direct the force of that element, in such a manner as to carry stones with pidity to the greatest distance.

### SCENE AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

—The moment I reached them (a group of women) the sacred building had been converted into a scene of the most unholy quarrel between the Armenians and the Greeks. All feelings of solemnity were choked. The Armenians richly dressed in costume of the Patriarch is magnificent) bearing banners, had just reached the arches that led from the aisle where the "Stone of unction" is placed, to the centre nave; the Greeks met them for the purpose of resisting their approach to the sepulchre. A violent struggle ensued; blows, and, as far as I could understand, oaths, were dealt in plenty about. Turks flew to restore peace, and with the large sticks inflicted most convincing arguments in behalf of quiet upon the backs of each party. People rushing from all parts to the scene of action; the turks ranged themselves on the side of Armenians, and succeeded in beating back the crowd. My old friend of the porteering me in a dilemma—for I was too weak to struggle against the stream—seized me by the coat, and placed me by his side in the procession, exhorting me to use my stick without ceremony. I acted this part of his advice, but could not follow the Armenians in their tour round the sepulchre, which holy office was performed under an escort of Mahomedan Can Christianity ever be respected in the East! I left them as they knelt on the spot where Christ was stripped by soldiers; and continuing along the cloisters, as I may call them, found the tomb of Godfrey of Bouillon and Baldwin, and there, quite alone, sat down to think possible, after all I had witnessed, that it was at the foot of Calvary.—*Major Scott's Journey.*

Spanish Costumes.—I observed (at Barcelona) several peasants in the costumes of their respective provinces. The Catalonian is stout and tall, his gait erect, and he has an independent look. His dress consists of a loose jacket, plentifully ornamented with buttons of various sorts and colours; wide trowsers fastened round his waist with a red sash, with the receptacle for the puchillo, (knife) an article which is as essential an appendage to the men as pins is to the women; and a white cap, which reclines half way down his back. The Andalusian is a complete contrast to the Catalan. The man I also rode a beautiful little grey horse, all life and fire. His dress, consisting of a short jacket, breeches and gaiters, wrought with curious figures, fitted close and displayed his figure, which was slender, but muscular, to the greatest advantage: he wore a high looking pinched hat, and his small dark features and bushy whiskers, reminded you at once of the Eastern origin; I certainly never saw a more picturesque turn-out.—The Valencian is sans culotte: his dress is the simplest imaginable, consisting of a single white garment fastened round his waist, and reaching to his knees. This primitive garb, with a white cap, sandals, and a good stick, will equip a Valencian for a journey of any length. Some of them, indeed, rejoice in white stockings and black garters, but a Valencian dandy is a rara avis. There is a proverb which says—"the men of valencia are women, the women nothing at all;" and when I contrasted their half savage appearance with the smart dress and graceful bearing of the Andalusian, I felt inclined to believe it: the latter clause, however, I utterly deny.—*A Summer in Spain.*

Murder near Stourport.—On Monday, an inquest was held at the village of Areley Kings, near Stourport, on the body of Joseph Hawkins, aged seventy years, who kept a huckster's shop on Areley Common, and whose corpse was found on the previous Friday evening, in his shop, with the head battered and a bullet in the abdomen. Suspicion fell upon Lightburn, a sawyer, who lived about twenty yards from him, and he was taken into custody. Several articles of grocery, and a roll of tobacco wrapped up in a peculiar manner, and which several witnesses recognised as having seen in Hawkin's shop, were found on his premises. A gun-barrel recently forced from the stock, was also found, and it was proved that Lightburn had procured a gun stock a day or two before the murder. He had also purchased percussion caps. His rent had been much in arrear, but the day after the murder he paid the greater part of it. Altogether, the chain of evidence was so complete that Lightburn confessed his guilt. He had deliberately aimed at Hawkins in his shop on Tuesday week, but the gun hung fire. On the Thursday, he went again about nine o'clock in the evening, asked for some sugar, and shot the old man across the counter; he then struck him on the head with a log of wood till he died. He paid two or three visits to the house, which was shut up, and plundered it of various articles, the corpse of his victim lying before him. Before the apprehension he talked coolly with the neighbours about the murder, and examined the dead body. Lightburn's character was previously fair, and he is a man of mild habits and demeanour. He declared he had no accomplices. The verdict of the Coroner's Jury was, of course, "wilful murder against the prisoner."

Murder near Bristol.—On Saturday afternoon week, a most inhuman murder was committed in the village of Stapleton, near Bristol, by a wretch named Bartlett, on a respectable female about the age of forty, named Mary Lewis, resident in Monmouth. It appears that the unfortunate woman was Bartlet's mother-in-law, and that at her death he was to receive fifty pounds, which, it is believed, instigated him to commit the horrid crime. The parties had called at an inn in the village on the day referred to, and had taken some gin and water together. Bartlet was observed to go in and out several times, which attracked the notice of several individuals, and a short time after the body was observed lying in a lane about fifty yards from the spot, the villian having shot his victim with a pistol in the back of the head. He immediately escaped, but was taken on Sunday, having been so infatuated as to return to the neighbourhood. An inquest was held on the body, and the Jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder." The accused is a fine looking young man, but a very dissolute character. Having spent all his money, he was seen with his wife on Friday week acting the part of Macbeth at a show during the fair at Bristol.

Smoking.—If you have contracted the habit of smoking be careful to practice it under certain restrictions, at least so long as you are desirous of being considered fit for civilized society. The first mark of a gentleman is a sensitive regard for the feelings of others. Therefore smoke where it is likely to prove least personally offensive, by making your clothes smell; then wash your mouth and brush your teeth. What man of delicacy could presume to address a lady with his breath smelling of onions? Yet tobacco is equally odious. The tobacco smoker in public is the most selfish animal imaginable. He perseveres in contaminating the pure and fragrant air, careless whom he annoys, and is but the fitting inmate of a tavern. Smoking in the streets or in theatres is only practised by shop-boys, pseudo fashionables and the 'swell mob.'—*Hints of Etiquette*

Wick, Aug. 22.—About mid-day, on Tuesday the 15th instant, a melancholy accident occurred at the Flagstone Quarry of Helmsmanhead in this neighbourhood.—Five workmen in the employment of Mr. David Kelly, tacksman of that quarry, while in the act of disengaging and removing an extensive ledge of surface flag, the bed of the rock suddenly gave way; precipitating the unfortunate men from a height of at least 130 feet into the sea.—Two of the sufferers were speedily got on shore, viz. John Macleod, a native of Falkirk in this county,—who survived but a short time; and Thomas Frazer, from Munlochy in Ross-shire, in whom life was previously extinct. Their bodies, it appears, had been cleared from the rubbish by the violent commotion of the sea attending its fall. Next day the body of Alexander Mackenzie, a native of Sutherlandshire, was picked out of a crevice formed in the rubbish, submersed to the depth of ten feet; the body was much mutilated.

We have for some time been watching the progress of a machine for polishing granite worked by a steam engine—splended pedestals, urns, tablets, columns, and chimney pieces, are to be seen, all polished and glossed in the most beautiful manner.—*Aberdeen Paper.*

By an act of Parliament passed on the 19th of May, in the present year, it is enacted that masters of vessels arriving from foreign parts, at any port in this kingdom, must report to the chief officers of the customs whether they have any and what aliens on board, under a penalty of £20.

R COPY.