



roniele.

Terms-15 shillings per annum :]

" Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."

[12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Vot. 11.

SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1837.

No. 3.

SEPTEMBER.					Si	iff.	H.	MO	IN.	П.	W.
23	Saturday,		0.40	5	48	5	56	Me	rn	6	42
24	Sunday,			5	49	5	55	0	11	8	2
	Monday				50						
26	Tuesday,	100		5	52	5	51	2	19	9	45
	Wednesday,		94	5	53	5	49	3	24	10	20
	Thursday,	4		5	54	5	47	Se	ts.	10	5:
29	Friday			15	56	5	45	5	48	11	2

days.—Director next week! N. Mefritt, Esq.
Commercial Bank.—Charles Simonds, Esq. President.—Discount Days. Tuesday and Friday.—
Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of
Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the
days preceding the Discount days.—Director next
week: John M. Wilmot, Esq.
City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President.
Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office,
nours, 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:
Charles Hazen, Esq.
New-Brusswick Fire Insurance Company.—

Charles Hazen, Esq.

New-Brusswick Fire Issunance Company.—
John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open
svery day. (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock
[Aff communications by mail, must be post paid.]

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

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

The light unspringing from the ground,
The light of flowers no more is found;
No song of birds, nor stream's glad sound,
May longer flow;
Now winter with dead leaves is crowned,
Where shall we go?

Where shall we go to Where shall we go to Where gleans the fire on Milton's bust, Gold-bronzing Time's insidnous rost:
And in strong Shakspeare's light we must.
Our posance take:
And to the past and present just,
Fresh summer make.

It shall not be a time of gloom!
Gathered from nature's endiess bloom,
With happy light will we illigme
The season sad:

THE QUEEN. Ye gentlemen of England,
(If high and low degree,
(For, now you have a gentle Queen,
All gentle men must be.)
Put on your conreliest bravery
In honour of THE SEX;
Be loving to Regim. as
You loyal were to Rex,

You loyal were to Rex.
God save the Queen—the pretty Queen—
The fair—the good—the young:
And sing—for now you have a thema.
More tright than rev was sting:
Let's teach the Frenchman, who d teach us.
Fair woman's due to pay.
That we not only love her smile,
But else allow her stray.
We've seen, ere now, what woman can—
That man can do no more—
Tin proved one valing Queen is worth
O'ben-peck'd King a score.
Gueen Ben has been till now our boast,
But Royal Vie. I ween.
Will be a better woman far,
And quite as good a Queen.

Howe'er the Rose be call'd, I know to door is the same;
But still, if Vic. were Meg or Kate, I'd better love the nume;
Yet since the traine "Victoria"
In what her grandsire gave,
Lisenore, I'll say, except to pray;
May God Victoria save!—London Paper.

Successe.-We find the following conundrum in

The Chronicle.

The Chronicle of the Chr

which extends the delight of the not be local the control of the property of the control of the