



tonicle.

week: Chas. Simonds.

City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President.
Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Officenoirs, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount
must be loged at the Bank before one o'clock on
Situdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week:

Hard Mackay.

Base of Bretist North August S.—(Saint John Branch).—R H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Basiness, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

Director next week:

Will. Walker.

New-Barkswick Fire Issurance Company.—
John M. Wilmol, Esq. President.—Office open every day. (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail. must be post paid.]

Savinos Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

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

To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Saint John; as prepared expressly for Mrs. Anderson, by Mr. A. Slader, of this city, and spoken by her at the Theatre on the night of her Benefit.

Poor, passing poor, is language to impart The feelings which, at times, enlarge the heart; And were my topque "all elequence" to night.

Which hinds up beaut. I have not power in tell. For those who here, (endowed with Thespian skill,) I tree swayed your minds, and bent them to their will, Who to your hearts in accents stern did speak,. And call down tears o'er many a fair one's cheek, Or wreathed the hip in smlos,—dried up the eye, And bade the brow relax its gravity:—Who, true to Nature's ever-varying mood, I lave changed from "grave to gay," from soft to

Who, true to Nature's ever-carying mood,
Have changed from "grave to gay," from soft to
rude:

Who have surveyed the heart's remotest cell,
And can depict it's varied feekings well;
For those I plead to night—Plead, did I say,
Before such jindges as I now survey!
Let their own merits advocate their cause
In this fair court. Where Reason guides the Laws;
Where Taste and Beauty constantly preside.
And cases of appeal with truth decide!—
Let those around me, who so of thave been
The kind spectators of each passing scene,
And felt the changing influence of the hour,
As grief or joy by turns display'd their power;
Sy if our "facoured ones" have come to fear
The strict cross questions of the critics here?—
Alt no.—The cause is good—the verdict just—
They live in your esteem, as merit always must.

Oft have you seen one tott'ring o'er the stage

Of have you seen one totiving o'er the stage With all the frost and poevishness of age, To eye and ear a very 'true antique.' Nature herself could scarce detect the trick!—Those, too, you've seen, whose action chaste as

That whatsoe'er they played, appear'd to be their And if they've failed before your eyes to shew. The son's comtions—signs of joy or woe—That failure never did from you proceed, Who generously bestow'd the fostering meed Olymais (deprived of jedich the Actor dies)—Olymais (deprived of jedich the Actor dies)—Olymais—that teing which bears him to the skies.

PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS-No 3.

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