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Table with 4 columns: Day, Sun, Mon, Tue. Rows for Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

New Moon, 19th, 11h. 42m.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick—Robt. F. Hazen, Esq. President. Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.

The Old Manor-House.

CHAPTER VII.

Such was his position, when, at a race-hall at Cammerham, he happened to meet Charles Lewis, whom he had not seen since he left school.

Mean, blistering reproach, it is for you to boast of the advantages which look alone has given you!

Mr. Glendover's eyes were fixed on the speaker, and he felt as if he were looking into a mirror.

CHAPTER VIII.

I pass by the discovery of all the circumstances connected with it, of my brother's death, to state that it was attended by a peculiar and singular agency.

And so months rolled on, each day drawing me more closely and closer together, until at length I became a visitor at his cottage.

Mr. Glendover's eyes were fixed on the speaker, and he felt as if he were looking into a mirror.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the water, and the breeze was fresh and cool.

And so months rolled on, each day drawing me more closely and closer together, until at length I became a visitor at his cottage.

Mr. Glendover's eyes were fixed on the speaker, and he felt as if he were looking into a mirror.

CHAPTER X.

It was a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the water, and the breeze was fresh and cool.

And so months rolled on, each day drawing me more closely and closer together, until at length I became a visitor at his cottage.

Mr. Glendover's eyes were fixed on the speaker, and he felt as if he were looking into a mirror.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the water, and the breeze was fresh and cool.

And so months rolled on, each day drawing me more closely and closer together, until at length I became a visitor at his cottage.

Mr. Glendover's eyes were fixed on the speaker, and he felt as if he were looking into a mirror.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the water, and the breeze was fresh and cool.

And so months rolled on, each day drawing me more closely and closer together, until at length I became a visitor at his cottage.

Mr. Glendover's eyes were fixed on the speaker, and he felt as if he were looking into a mirror.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the water, and the breeze was fresh and cool.

THE SEXTON'S REPLY TO THE POET'S REQUEST. Published in the Royal Gazette of the 1st instant. In the rank church yard you shall not rest. Amid the crowd of dead. In the rank church yard you shall not rest.