

# The Chronicle

Vol. IV. SAINT JOHN, (N. E.) FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1839. No. 6.

**The Chronicle.**  
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All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, as they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

**Weekly Almanac.**

Day	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Friday
13 Saturday	6 10 5 31	7 47 3 1	8 20 8 26	9 2 2 45	10 14 1 38
14 Sunday	6 13 5 18	7 37 3 38	8 14 5 17	10 44 4 38	11 15 5 11
15 Monday	6 16 5 15	11 11 5 4 9	7 12 5 13	8 29 7 29	9 18 5 11
16 Tuesday	6 18 5 11	11 1 7 18 30			

First Quarter, 15th, 1h. 45m. eve.

**Public Institutions.**  
Bank of New-Brunswick.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.—Director next week: Chas. Hizon, Esq.  
Governor's Bank.—Henry Gilbert, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.—Director next week: Stephen Wiggins, Esq.  
Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—H. H. Linton, Esq. Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesday and Saturday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.—Director next week: E. D. W. Hinchford, Esq.

**MARY AMBREE.**  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILLIE LYONS," &c.  
CHAPTER I.  
"She fares the unhappy Lord of Lyons, Till all his gold is gone and spent, And his main sail his lands are brand, His house, and last of all his name." THE HEIR OF LUSSE.  
That devotion in woman which defies all cure for the sake of him she truly loves, and renounces all other ties to follow him wherever he may wander, they are prone, in these cold days, to regard as a mere fiction of our early poets, beautiful but unreal. They were not so faithless to human nature; but human nature was then of a more poetical, if you will of a more exalted character, than it seems to be now. Can we tell a tale of our times so romantic, and yet strictly so true, as the story of Mary Ambree?

In childhood she never knew a wish ungratified, and when increase of age, and the pursuit of an entire library of romances, taught her love might be won, and that a sutor, rich, handsome, gallant and romantic, would render her existence much less monotonous, a lover arose at her beck. Sir John Major, the young master of an adjoining manor, who had satiated himself with the pleasures of London, came down to live quietly at his country seat. He saw and sighed, and then he wooed and won. True, he was no Sir Launcelot or Partenopex, for he wore not armour in common, nor did he ride out on knight-errantry, but he was courteous and well-favoured, could cast off a lady's merlin, and read to her in a meadow under the shade of trees, or serenade beneath her bower by moonlight. Mary first toyed, and then she gave her consent; her happy father approved, the ring of betrothment was slipped tenderly on her finger, the wedding-day appointed, and all her young companions envying her the bridegroom.

"Perchance, my sweet Mary, you may not see me to-morrow," replied her lover gravely, as he drew his arm round her slender waist.  
"I have been another time laying out our marriage-day," she ran on, "and all the bridal procession, it will never suit as we planned it; indeed, I am sure it cannot please you. Bridal laces of silver—I myself clad in a white kirtle—two children who lead me all in white;—why, if they throw lilies before me, it will be a perfect funeral for a virgin before marriage. Now, I would wear a chaplet of red roses, and dress the little girls in green, like fairies. But, gracious Heaven! Sir John, why so silent? Alas, I fear you are not heeding me."  
They were now seated in an arbour at the bottom of the garden, formed of a jasmine and lady's bower intertwined, and here they mingled with roses, which had been trained carefully through it, and gave a richer perfume to the delicate vapour of the faint blossoms among which they were scattered. While she was thus addressing him, Sir John Major, unnoticed by her till she was surprised by his silence, leaned with his arms folded upon the table, and his face buried in them, and only replied to her prattle by sighing bitterly.

"Dream of the future," he murmured; "ay, and of a bridal, poor wronged one, but never of a bridal with me. It must be avowed," he added, raising his head, and conquering the strong emotion which his countenance, "and yet it goes near to break my heart to tell it. For me, can I complain of misery when I have laboured for—yes, wantonly courted—and, wretch that I am, ere I thought it, have earned it? You, Mary, are innocent, and a victim."  
"Sir John!" exclaimed Mary, "these are wild words—what mean they? I know not what to think—do not my ears play me false?"  
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"There you now wrong me, thank Heaven! I am not so base. 'Tis certain I have deceived thee, but 'twas not when I knelt at your feet, and vowed that I loved you the dearest and best upon earth. But I have been guilty of meanness and less than truthfulness, and, like a player, have palmed myself off for the man I was not. You believe me wealthy and honorable; I am a dishonoured man, and a beggar. My fortune has been squandered by blaz-

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Sir—(On my arrival in this city, this day, from Canada, I found that Mr. Hume was reported to have said in a recent debate in the House of Commons, "That, in Canada, Sir John Colborne's conduct was universally considered cruel, tyrannical, and unjust;" that he had treated some of the State prisoners with great severity, especially Mr. Agter; and that he also wished to know whether it was true that some 60 or 50 persons convicted of treason were to be sent to a penal colony. That Mr. Hume should feel extremely sensitive on account of any punishment being inflicted on persons convicted of treasonable offences in Canada is not surprising, seeing that on the 23rd of March, 1834, he wrote to Mr. McKenzie—a man whose murders, burnings, robberies, and crimes have been so justly estimated, even by the New York States, as to be there condemned for disturbing the peace of the commonwealth, to 15 months imprisonment. Well, Mr. Hume thus addressed Mr. McKenzie: "Your triumphant election must hasten that crisis which is fast approaching in the affairs of this Canada, and which will terminate in independence and freedom from the beneficial domination of the mother country;" and again, "the proceedings between 1772 and 1782 in America, ought not to be forgotten, and let the conduct of that people and the result be ever in view." It is further reported that he said that "the people of Lower Canada thought the conduct of Sir John Colborne highly reprehensible for D. severity." With far better opportunities of forming a judgment on the subject than Mr. Hume, I seriously assure that the statement is totally false; that by a majority of the people Sir John Colborne's conduct has been fully approved, and that if there has been a fault in his administration it has been by leniency to mercy's side. During a recent tour through the lower pro-

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