

# Weekly



# Chronicle

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"Nec Regi, Nec Populo, sed utroque."

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## The Chronicle,

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## Weekly Almanach.

NOVEMBER.	S. R. M. 1836.	W.
12 Saturday	6 54 6 7 34	1 36
13 Sunday	6 55 6 8 46	2 38
14 Monday	6 57 6 10 0	3 40
15 Tuesday	6 58 6 11 25	4 43
16 Wednesday	6 59 6 12 59	5 46
17 Thursday	6 1 0 1 49	6 50
18 Friday	6 2 51 52 5	7 55

First Quarter, 15th, 11th even.

## 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: L. H. DeVereux, 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 immediately preceding the Discount Days.—Director next week: R. M. Jarvis, Esq.  
**CRY-BANK.**—John V. Thurston, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Monday and Thursday.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before 3 o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: Hugh Mackay, Esq.  
**NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**—John M. Whitson, 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.—Carter and Registrar, D. Jordan.—Acting Trustee for October: T. Milidge, Esq.  
**MARINE INSURANCE.**—L. B. Bedell, Broker. The Committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted).—Committee for October: William Jarvis, F. A. Wiggins, James Whitney.

## Miscellaneous.

From the Diary of a London Clergyman.

## THE WIDOW.

A new acquaintance.—How formed.—Character.—Dress.—Expression.—The Widow's illness.—My first introduction.—Her request.—My feelings.—Visit the Widow.—My reception.—Admission to the apartment.—She goes into Devonshire.—Returns.—I make her an offer.—She declines it.  
 About three years after I had finally settled in London, a pew was taken in the chapel to which I had been appointed as alternate preacher, by a lady, who had become an object of some curiosity in the neighbourhood. She lived in a small elegant house, near the chapel; saw no company, as it was reported, and had lately returned from New South Wales. She always wore black, though not weeds; and her dress was of the simple kind. I should probably never have remarked her, but that I observed on the alternate Sunday mornings, when I did not preach at my church in the city. This attracted my attention, after a while; and, as she was extremely constant in her attendance, I felt an anxiety to know something about her. She was an interesting-looking person; not handsome, but possessing a countenance of great intelligence, though commonly suffused with an expression of melancholy. The graceful simplicity of her dress was striking, and gave me an impression at once of a refined mind. Indeed I have often observed, that in women there is a something positively intellectual in the style of their dress. It is true, that a woman of a highly-gifted mind may be an ungainly slattern; it is no less true, that a woman of a very ordinary measure of understanding may dress herself with great elegance; but, in the case of the slattern, though she possesses a strong and cultivated understanding, she will not have a refined mind; and, in the other case, a good nature, and a better taste of a fashionable milliner, will supply the absence of taste or refinement in the wearer. But you frequently see in woman, as she appears to society, with all the conventional graces of art about her, a certain unity which assimilates her with every thing she wears. The appendages of costume are, as it were, identical with the person. Her dress appears part of herself, harmonizes with her mind, and is a sort of index to it. I grant that such women are a few of the rare exceptions to general rules; but they are occasionally to be met with, and such, as I afterwards found, was the fair widow of whom I have been speaking. Fair, she literally was, for her skin was like snow—and it was brightened by the lustre of a pair of brilliant but soft hazel eyes, that imparted to her features about once a glory and an expression beyond description fascinating. The beauty of her countenance consisted in its expression; for, with the exception of her eyes, she had not a single feature which would be pronounced even good; but it was the magic sympathy by which those features were blended into one harmonious whole, that gave them their peculiar charm.

Every lineament united in that silent eloquence which speaks a language too pure for utterance, and addresses the soul rather than the outward ear. Hers was a beauty so little positive to the vulgar observer, that she passed with most persons as some allowing that she was good-looking, but few that she was pretty.

What I have now said of this interesting widow, I confess, I did not discover until I had become better known to her, which took place about a year after her first attendance at my church. She had, nevertheless, interested me greatly from the moment I beheld her. Her image almost haunted me; yet I forbore intruding upon her retirement, feeling that I could have no right, either positive or prescriptive, to impose my ministrations where they were not sought. At length I missed her for several successive Sundays. It occurred to me immediately that she had left town for a few weeks, to enjoy the benefits of the country air, as it happened to be the particular time of year when London disgorges its masses of population into those different towns upon the sea coast, which have of late years swelled to a prodigious size, in order to be the recipients of those human swarms. I did not choose to make any inquiries at the widow's house, being aware of her extreme reluctance to admit strangers, and fearing lest she should attribute even such a common mark of attention to an officious desire to intrude myself upon her acquaintance.

One evening a note was put into my hand, written on common Bath paper, sealed with a black seal, neatly folded & directed, in a remarkably small, delicate hand. I opened it carelessly, imagining it to be some invitation to a party, for in this way I was in the habit of receiving great attention from different members of my congregation, who were principally persons of wealth and distinction. The contents of the paper were as follows:—  
 "Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ requests her acquaintance, and should take it as a great favour, if he would do her the kindness of administering the sacrament to her, at twelve o'clock, to-morrow morning. She has been confined to her bed several weeks, which has prevented her from receiving it at the usual appointed periods, in the church. She trusts this will be a sufficient apology for the present intrusion.  
 "No. \_\_\_\_\_ street."

I immediately wrote a reply, simply stating, that I should have great pleasure in attending to her request. This, however, was not written merely in accordance with the conventional forms of a well-bred courtesy, but with the greatest sincerity; for I had long felt a desire to become known to this singular woman. I cannot tell why.—I never could explain to myself why.—but certain it is that she had interested me extremely. Many women younger, more beautiful, with the advantages of a higher rank in society, were just as regular at church, and just as earnest in their public devotions; still none had hitherto excited the least interest in my bosom. I could not account for this; yet I felt the fact was so. I was anything but a romantic man; neither was I apt to be roused to strong emotions; still a new feeling seemed to rise within me whenever I thought of this almost mysterious person.  
 I confess I retired to rest with a strong and strange impression on my mind. It haunted my sleep; I could not dismiss it. I rose the next morning early with a fluttering pulse, and a nervous excitement of body. I longed for the appointed hour of twelve to arrive; and yet, when I thought of the interview to which I was summoned, a cold thrill passed through me. I could not at all analyze my feelings; to account for them was utterly out of the question; as I could recall nothing to my mind that should awaken them.  
 The hour of twelve came, and I proceeded to the widow's house. I was ushered up stairs, into a small drawing-room, furnished with a taste which greatly confirmed my preconceived notions of the mistress of the mansion. Not a useless thing was to be seen—and yet every object was ornamental. I am naturally an observing person; I never look at objects in detail, and therefore, if called upon to describe what the room contained, I should scarcely be able to enumerate any thing beyond the chairs and tables. The effect of the whole arrangement, however, could not escape my attention, inasmuch as I generally am to matters of this kind. There was the reflex of manly in every thing my eye fell upon. There was an object evident, though not intended—an intellectual keeping in the whole arrangement.

I had not been in the room above two minutes, when I was requested to walk up stairs, and ushered into the widow's dressing-room. She was reclining upon a sofa, dressed in a white wrapper of common English dimity. On her head was a plain cambric night-cap, with a single frill, that encircled her round, pale face, and added to the soft beaming of her bright but languid eyes, as they were occasionally animated by the excitement of conversation. She apologized for not rising as I entered, being still so weak, though gradually recovering from a severe attack of fever, that it was painful to her to remain long in an upright position. I begged she would make no apology, and expressed my satisfaction at seeing her in a state of convalescence. She moved her head gently, in acknowledgment of my civility, for just so she regarded it, but made no reply.  
 I felt embarrassed. She perceived it, and said, "I am anxious to return thanks to Almighty God, for raising me from a sick bed, and to show my sense of his mercies, by receiving the Sacrament at your hands." This appeal to my professional character gave an impulse to my feelings that instantly turned the current of my thoughts; and I told her how happy I should be to perform a duty on one so sacred and so consoling.  
 The conversation now took that turn which is likely to precede the administration of so solemn a rite. I soon perceived that her knowledge of Scripture was profound, and her reading in theology extensive and varied. Our discourse lasted at least two hours before she received the sacrament.  
 Her manner throughout this visit had been reserved, but not cold. Her voice had a low thrilling sweetness, which realized to my fancy that whispering of angels to children in sleep, so beautifully conceived and preserved among the national superstitions of Ireland. Amid all her elegance of mind and of manners there was an utter absence of art in everything she said or did. I was extremely gratified by the interview.  
 From this time I saw her at certain intervals, and she continued to improve. Just before Christmas, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ returned to her small elegant house in town, completely recruited in health. I called a few days after. She received me in the drawing-room, with her usual reserve, and heard my congratulations with a bow; then diverted the conversation to a different matter. After a short visit, I expressed a hope to be allowed the honour of occasionally calling.

"It has been my habit, since my return from abroad, to live almost entirely alone; in fact, I have long desired to see no more, save the members of my establishment; for mine, sir, is not a mind that seeks its enjoyments in the active recreations of life. As my pastor, I can have no objection to be favoured with your occasional visits, as I trust my soul's interest would be likely to be advanced by such an intercourse with one whom I have now for some time looked up to as my spiritual director."

By any means, confine it to religious topics, though these were frequently the subjects upon which her mind seemed to ponder. Every visit which I paid to Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, only increased my desire to repeat it; and, before I was well aware, it came home to my conviction almost with the shock of some great unexpected conviction, that I loved her. I could not include myself—my heart pleaded guilty to the conviction.  
 Rumours soon began to prevail that I was paying my addresses to the secluded widow. This distress me exceedingly, as I was fearful how it might operate upon a mind so sensitive as hers; but it appeared to produce no impression. The reports must have reached her ear, yet she seemed to disregard them altogether. The unsullied dignity of her feelings kept her above the influence of such vulgar provocatives to annoyance. There was not the slightest alteration in her manner towards me, which had never approached to anything like social familiarity; still she always gave me to suppose that my society was congenial to her. My visits, in this way, continued for several months with little or no variation. I had not yet declared myself, but determined to do so, as the report of my intentions to the widow were becoming daily more and more prevalent. I made my sentiments known to her by letter. Her reply was characteristic.  
 "Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ regrets that she cannot entertain Mr. \_\_\_\_\_'s proposal. She has determined never again to marry; but hopes, nevertheless, this will not deprive her of the occasional pleasure of his society, as usual."  
 I was mortified at this refusal; yet more so as there was so little feeling expressed. There was a mystery in the character of this interesting being which I could not penetrate. In spite of her gentle but cold rejection of me, my soul clung to her image with a fervour which I began to feel to be criminal as it tended to repress the struggle for nearly a fortnight; but by this time my mortification had somewhat subsided, and I renewed my visits.  
 Upon entering the room in which she was seated on a low ottoman, she rose with unusual quickness, her countenance glowing with a tender earnestness. I had never before observed, and extended her hand. I placed mine within it, bowing somewhat distantly at the same time; and she said:—  
 "My dear sir, I hope you have thought me neither cruel nor unkind, in declining the honour of so flattering an alliance as that which you have proposed to honour me. I have a vow in heaven which cannot be broken. Believe me, I esteem you highly; but there are reasons why I cannot marry you."  
 "My dear madam," I replied, with subdued emotion, "if there really are reasons which you judge to be a positive bar to my happiness, I can have no right to urge you further. I must learn to bear my disappointment with patience, though I cannot do so without regret. Still, after what has passed, I feel it necessary for my own peace of mind, that I should cease to visit you."  
 "As you please; but favour me with your company to-morrow at twelve, and I will endeavour to convince you that my rejection was not guided by caprice. I love it to your kind and truly liberal feeling towards me, to disclose why I have declined becoming united to you by the nearest and dearest of all ties."  
 I promised to call on the following morning, and took my leave.  
 [To be continued.]

Nov. 11, N. P., Sept. 10.  
 Obituary.—After the length of time that has elapsed since the sailing of the James Laurie, for Liverpool, and observing that the relatives and many of the friends of the Munnings' family appear to have given up all hope of the safety of that vessel, or any one who was in her, it would be the aspect of apathy to the state of departed worth, longer to delay the melancholy task of giving to the world some small memorial of the prominent subject of this Obituary; for, in taking a retrospective glance at the occurrences of a singular woman, in the presence of that private nature, connected with this colony in long, for a number of years, we cannot bring to mind any one so calculated to call forth the sympathy and regret of the community. The early part of the 20th March last, was somewhat squally and threatening; but Capt. Findlater being anxious to get out of the harbour without delay, as the wind was fast veering to the westward, which might detain the vessel in port for several days, the passengers with their baggage hurried on board, and the vessel was passed only a few minutes before the wind had come round to the north-west. At 1 o'clock it blew a strong gale from the east, and instantly

so far as to allow a course to be shaped out to sea from among the islands, the brig made sail, and was soon out of sight from town. The weather throughout the night was wild and stormy, and in the morning fears were expressed for the safety of the James Laurie; and these fears were some days afterwards increased, by several articles which had been on board, being found on the shores of Abaco. No less than thirteen passengers, besides the master and crew, were hurried into Eternity, it must be presumed, in a very short time after their departure from hence, who, it is reasonable to believe, perished that night, or the day after.  
 The most distinguished individual among the unfortunate beings who were thus doomed to perish, under the dispensations of an inscrutable Providence, was the Honorable William V. Munnings, a native of England, of most respectable connections, but he had resided so long among us that he was considered as one of ourselves; and the mention of his name is associated with familiar and estimable reminiscences of his excellent and useful character. Mr. Munnings, indeed, filled a high station in this community—one of the highest in the Colony. He presided at the Council Board, and in the General Court of these Islands during a period of about thirty years, with honour to himself, and advantage to the public. As a judge he was learned, impartial, attentive, and penetrating; his conceptions were clear, his expressions strong; and his directions to the Jury were generally enlightening and forcible. He was on three several occasions called to the honours of a higher, and perhaps, more responsible situation, in the administration of the Government of the Colony, in the absence of different Governors; the duties of which he discharged in a manner that obtained the approbation of his Sovereign and the respect of the people of these Islands.  
 Mrs. Munnings, who was among the lost, and was taking with her to England two of her grand children, daughters of the present Chief Justice, Mr. Lees; was a lady well known and respected in this colony to assist in the education of the children in any way; and whose elegant hospitalities were always open to the deserving. Mrs. Kitson, another passenger, an English Lady, had recently been a resident in this Island, and was not so generally known. She was a lady of virtue and piety. Her late husband, Capt. Kitson, of the Royal Engineers, was a gentleman and pious man. She had lost him after a comparatively short illness. The afflicted widow had just seemed to rise from the overwhelming blow, when she was summoned, with her three children, to meet her late husband in "another and better world." What worthier expression of sympathy can be given than seriously to turn to the volume of *Tranquillization*, and read what was written for our instruction—"Be still, and know that I am God!" The other unfortunate sufferer the writer was not acquainted with—except Capt. John Findlater, who was an active, attentive and enterprising shipmaster, and had a wife and young children in Liverpool, to lament his early loss.  
 The family of Mr. Lees have a peculiar claim to the spontaneous sympathy of the public. Their affliction is more severe than that of the mournfully pious Young, when he wrote thus:—  
 "Invisible Archer! could not one suffice?  
 "Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;  
 "And thrice, ere thrice you moon had filled her horn."  
 In one fell hour, by one fell stroke of Fate, four of the dearest members of that family were cut off from all hopes and joys of mortal life.  
 "Life's little stage is a small eminence,  
 "In high above the grave: that home of man,  
 "Where dwells the multitude; we sigh, and while  
 "We sigh we sink, and ere what'er we deplor'd  
 "Lamenting o'er lamented, all are lost!"  
 In the island of Ceylon the Jackdaws are extremely impudent and troublesome; and it is found very difficult to exclude them from the houses, which on account of the heat are built open, and much exposed to intruders. In the town of Colombo, where they are in the habit of picking up bones and other things from the streets and yards, and carrying them to the tops of the houses, it is usually taken place for the plumber, to the great annoyance of the people below, on whose heads they shower down the loosened tiles, leaving the roofs exposed to the weather. They frequently snatch bread and meat from the dining-table, even when it is surrounded with guests, always seeming to prefer the company of man, as they are continually seen hopping about near benches, and rarely to be met with in woods or retired places. They are, however, important benefactors to the Indians, making ample compensation for their intrusion and knavery; for they are all voracious devourers of carrion and instantly

consume all sorts of dirt, offal, or dead vermin; they, in fact, carry off those substances, which, if allowed to remain, would, in that hot climate, produce the most obnoxious smells, and probably give rise to putrid disorders. On this account they are much esteemed by the natives; their mischievous tricks and impudence are put up with, and they are never suffered to be shot or otherwise molested.—*Stanley's Familiar History of Birds.*

Gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants. It removes no just right from fear; it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value.—*Blair.*

Affliction is the wisdom of fools, and the folly of many a comparatively wise man. "It is," says Johnson, "an artificial show; an elaborate appearance; a false picture." Surely it must be a most inferior judgment which prefers counterfeit to real; and which employs art, labor, and pretence, to produce that which is spurious and vile, whilst the genuine commodity requires no such effort.  
 Doth not the pleasantness of this place carry in itself sufficient reward for any time lost in it? Do you not see how all things conspire together to make the country a heavenly dwelling? Do you not see the blades of grass, low in colour, but excel the emerald, every one striving to pass his fellow, and yet they are still kept of an equal height! And see you not the rest of those beautiful flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know and his life to express! Do not these stately trees seem to maintain their flourishing old age, with the only happiness of their being clothed with a continued spring, but cease to beautify, less should our hearts? Doth not the air breathe health, which the birds, delightful both to ear and eye, do daily solemnize with the sweet concert of their voices? Is not every echo thereof lightful brooks, how shall fresh and dewy, as both to leave the company of so many things united in perfection, and with how sweet a murmur they lament their forced departure!—*Drake, 1629.*

All information pursued without any wish of becoming wiser or better thereby. I class among the gratifications of mere curiosity, whether it be sought for in a light novel or a grave history.—*Coleridge.*  
 For a young and presumptuous poet (and presumptuousness is but too naturally connected with the consciousness of youthful power) a disposition to write satires is one of the most dangerous he can encourage. It tempts him to personalities, which are not always forgiven after he has repented and become ashamed of them; it ministers to his self-conceit; if he takes the tone of invective, it leads him to be uncharitable; and if he takes that of ridicule, one of the most fatal habits which any one can contract, is that of looking at all things in a ludicrous point of view.—*Southey.*

I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature, which are to be made in a country-life; and as no reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.—*Addison.*

A Friend is one who does not laugh when you are in a ridiculous position.—*Some may deny such a test, saying that if a man have a keen sense of the ridiculous, he cannot help being amused, even though his friend be the subject of ridicule. No! your friend is one who ought to sympathize with you, and not with the multitude.—Thoughts in the Cloister and the Cell.*

On Friday afternoon, R. Simes, J. P., proceeded to St. Thomas, accompanied by Mr. Griffin, Post Office surveyor, and Andrews, Police Constable, for the purpose of examining into the circumstances of the Mail Robbers which lately took place between St. Thomas and Cape St. Leon. The party returned to town on Sunday evening without discovering any thing to criminate any of the persons examined by the Magistrate, although strong suspicions are entertained in the immediate neighbourhood that the robbery was committed by persons in the neighbourhood, and not by strangers.—*Quebec Gazette.*

The citizens of New-York are about to erect a monument in Hanover square, to commemorate the Great Fire.—We should think it might be remembered without a monument.  
*Odenburgh's Times*

# BOOKS BY





