

THE NEW-BRUNSWICK CHRONICLE.

[Number 11.]

FEAR GOD: HONOR THE KING.

[Saturday, March 17.]

MINIATURE ALMANACK.

MARCH—1804. | Sun Rises & Sets. | High Water.

	H.	M.	H.	H.	M.
17 SATURDAY,	6	5	6	3	0
18 SUNDAY,	6	3	6	4	42
19 MONDAY,	6	2	6	6	10
20 TUESDAY,	6	0	6	7	25
21 WEDNESDAY,	5	58	7	8	28
22 THURSDAY,	5	57	7	9	20
23 FRIDAY,	5	55	7	10	3

First D 18th day, 9h. 17m. Morning.

To be Leased at Public Auction,

AT THE CITY-HALL,

On MONDAY the 19th MARCH, inst. at the hour of 11 o'Clock in the Forenoon,

A Certain number of BUILDING LOTS on the neck of Land in front of Carleton; agreeable to a Plan which may be seen at the Common Clerk's office.—The same Lots to be leased for Twenty-One Years.

By order of the Common Council,
CHARLES I. PETERS, c. c.

St. JOHN, 7th March, 1804.

JOHN & ROBERT ROBERTSON,

HAVING entered into COPARTNERSHIP in the LIME BURNING BUSINESS, Respectfully inform the Public at large that they have purchased the LIME KILN & UTENSILS of the late WM. LORRAIN, deceased, where they purpose carrying on the said Business extensively.—Those persons who will please favor them with their commands, may do so on the most reasonable terms.

They have now on hand, a quantity of good LIME in hogheads, ready for delivery, which will be sent to the Market-Slip, St. John, on the shortest notice.—Please apply to Mr. JOHN McLEOD, Mercht. corner of Market-wharf.

LIME KILN, Parish of PORTLAND, 29th Feb. 1804.

FOR SALE,

ALL the Buildings belonging to the Subscribers, situate in Prince-William and St. John streets, late in the occupation of Mr. SAMUEL WHITNEY—being a Dwelling-house, Store, Blacksmith's Shop and Wharf:—the House consists of three very convenient Rooms on the first floor, with Chambers and Garret above the same:—has an excellent Cellar under the whole, with a well finished Kitchen—the Store is commodious and in good repair—and the Blacksmith's Shop is new.—The Lot measures 26 Feet in front, on Prince-William Street, and extends to Low-Water mark.—Possession will be given on the 1st of May next.—The Premises may be viewed at any time previous to the Sale, to which an indisputable Title will be given.—For further particulars inquire of the Subscribers on the Premises.

GEORGE P. GORDON,
JEREMIAH BRUNDAGE.

Terms of Sale, One-third to be paid in hand—One-third in 18 months; and the remaining One-third in 18 months.

N. B. If the above Property is not Sold at private Sale by the 6th of April next; it will on that day be put up at PUBLIC AUCTION, on the Premises.—Any person wishing to purchase the whole or any part of the above Property, are requested to apply soon.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

The following BLANKS, viz.—

BILLS of Exchange—Half Pay Certificates—Seamen's Articles, new form, agreeable to a late act of Parliament—Bills of Lading—Bonds—Mortgages—Powers of Attorney—Deeds—Ship Builders' Certificates—Indentures for Apprentices, (boys and girls)—&c. &c.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. MORDAUNT.

[WRITTEN BY HERSELF.]

(Continued from our last.)

THE first instant I could retire, I retreated to my chamber, my mind embarrassed with the cruellest sensations: grief and astonishment at his mean situation. I wished, yet durst not go to the garden; unconscious of art, I feared I might betray unguardedly the too fond sentiments of my soul. The next day my maid brought me a beautiful bouquet; she said the gardener had culled it from the choicest of his flowers—a sigh heaved my bosom at this present—I dismissed her—a paper was rolled round, a presentiment struck me it might contain something interesting—I hastily tore it from the flowers, and read the following lines:

“Will the loveliest of her sex pardon the presumption of an unfortunate man, the early victim of calamity?—will she deign to peruse a relation of those woes which have reduced him to the disgraceful station he now fills—an irresistible impulse prompts this request; if 'tis granted, write a line and drop it in the garden—in expectation of such a favour, I will keep in sight, and then by the first opportunity transmit my narrative to you.”

Tears gushed from me on perusing this note, heavens! what anguish rent my breast at my inability to succour him. Without the smallest hesitation, I complied with his request, and instantly wrote the note he desired. The next day, concealed in a basket of fruit which he sent me, I found the ardently desired packet, containing the history of his life.

Prompted by an inclination not to be suppressed, I sit down to relate a tale full of woe to her, whose gentle heart will yield the soft tribute of sensibility.

“Early in life fortune frowned on my parents, and their misfortunes are, I fear, imprinted upon their wretched offspring. My father's name was Harland, he was descended from a noble family, whose possessions though large, could keep no pace with unbounded prodigality; the fortune was so dissipated, that but a residue remained sufficient to purchase him a commission. Courage glowed in his breast, and he distinguished himself by many a gallant action in a tedious war which England undertook against France. At the expiration of it he married a woman, rich only in rectitude and beauty, and retired from a profession which had but ill rewarded his activity. For some time they struggled against adversity—the fell adversary at length overcame. Two children of whom I was the eldest, aggravated the horrors of their condition; he could scarcely support them, as his half-pay afforded but a few of even the necessaries of life. In this situation he was discovered by a friend, possessed of affluence, who was single; as he had always expressed an aversion to matrimony, he inherited pride enough however to wish his name might be continued. Actuated by this wish, he made a proposal to my parents which they gladly embraced—it was adopting me for his heir. I was then five years old, he shortly brought me to his estate, for he had only made an occasional visit to the shire where my father resided; his understanding was rather weak, his chief foible a credulous susceptibility to flattery; he treated me however, with tenderness, and I was considered by every one as his future heir. At a proper age, he sent me to Oxford to complete my studies; I made a proficiency there that pleased him, and he declared I should be indulged in choosing a profession. Every vacation I spent with him. In one, ere I was an hour arrived, he mentioned with peculiar pleasure an acquisition his neighbourhood had lately received from a most agreeable family settling in it. Mr. and Mrs. Wilford with their two sons, he affirmed, I should like; but he was mistaken, a servility ran through the family highly disgusting to a liberal mind; I found them all replete with flattery and meanness. A domestic who had ever evinced the strongest partiality for me, cautioned me against them; he said he was acquainted with their arts, and bid me beware, as they were almost continually with his master, wheedling and indulging his favourite foible. Unskilled in the

treachery of man, I neglected this caution, I judged of them by myself, I imagined them all as free from guile. Fatal experience however, that school of wisdom, undeceived me. I thought also it was impossible any person could be so perfidious, as after promising protection, to withdraw it without cause. Mr. T— convinced me such perfidy existed. By the next vacation my studies were completed, and I returned full of pleasing expectations, that my adopted father would now indulge me in choosing a profession, which of all others I admired a military life, for like Douglas, I longed to follow to the field some warlike lord.

“Mr. T—'s reception surprised me, it was cold and reserved; whenever his eyes met mine, a guilty confusion covered his face. Base, worthless man! no wonder. Two days after my arrival, he sent for me to his library, for some moments he was silent, then in hesitating accents began a long preamble of his generosity to my father, in so long supporting me, and giving me an education suitable to the first man in the kingdom, of which he supposed I must be sensible; an assenting bow was my only reply: and he continued: his relations, he said, began with justice to murmur, at the intention he had conceived of bequeathing me his fortune, to whom no tie connected him, that he had discarded the idle idea of adopting me, and added, my education was such as to inspire me with hopes of a speedy establishment; to forward which, he would give two hundred pounds, and on every occasion I might depend upon his friendly interest. He stopt; amazement harrowed my soul, and indignation tied my tongue. But on repeating his words, and offering me the money, I dashed it from his hand, and in a phrenzy of fury rushed from the house. I guessed full well the authors of my misery, the vile Wilfords, who in my absence by the most ungrateful ingratitude themselves with Mr. T—. He abandoned me for their sons. Hours I continued walking about his demesne almost unconscious of my being; the insult I had received, the disappointment of all my hopes was too much for a natural impetuous temper. When reason a little calmed my passion, I resolved immediately to repair to my parents. I had not seen them since my infancy, though my wishes to behold them were great. Mr. T— always prevented my gratifying them, as they lived at an extreme distance from him. Nothing will intimidate a youthful mind when bent on executing a favorite project; on foot, therefore, without consideration, I began my journey; no pleasing thoughts soothed my breast or beguiled the tedious way. The third day I conjectured I must be pretty near their habitation; filial piety sprung in my breast and quickened my steps at the idea; a pleasing calm diffused itself over my soul in anticipating the rapture of the partial embrace—a dusky hue was beginning to steal along the expanse, and sober evening had taken 'her wonted station in the middle air.’

A Church-yard lay on one side of the road, and the only separation between them was a slight broom hedge. I thought I heard the plaintive voice of woe. I looked and discerned a venerable man, whose figure must have moved even the fullen apathy of the stoic. He was seated on a new-made grave—his grey locks displayed his age, and he appeared bending beneath the pressure of misfortune—his eyes were now watering the grave, now cast up to heaven, with a settled look of despair. I could not pass him unnoticed—I entered this mournful receptacle of death—too much absorbed, he had not heeded me, till a sigh burst from my oppressed heart. Without starting, he raised his head, and cried, who seeks this dreary spot?—One, I replied, pierced by adversity, who is hastening to a parent's bosom, where his wounds may receive the balm of consolation. Struck by your distress, I could not pass you, a secret impulse rose in my soul, I wished to hear your woes. Alas! young man, he answered, my woes are of the severest kind. I indulged hope, I listened to its idle prattle, I thought to have spent the remnant of my days in peace—but the shafts of affliction were let loose against me—they pierced this aged breast—it once had courage, resolution—

ACCESSION No. 660
DONATED } BY Judge A. R. S. L. S.
LOANED }
DATE 15-3-1833