THE Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

JANUARY.	H. SUN.	S. SUN.	MOON.	H. W.
18 Saturday,	7 32	4 49	rises.	11 23
19 Sunday,	7 31	4 50	5 40	morn.
20 Monday,	7 31	4 52	6 58	0 2
21 Tuesday,	7 30	4 53	8 11	0 38
22 Wednesday,	7 29	4 55	9 21	1 11
23 Thursday,	7 28	4 56	10 27	1 45
24 Friday,	7 27	4 58	11 33	2 19

Full Moon, 18th 7h. 54m. eve.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, 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: Thos. Barlow, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Henry Gilbert, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Lewis Burns, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, 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: James Kirk, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

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

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Miscellany.

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISREPRESENTATION," AND "JANET."

(Continued.)

'That girl is terribly awkward,' observed Mr. Hamilton, a few days after his arrival; 'she has been suffered to run wild too long. Her education seems to have been quite neglected. No manner, no carriage, no information—it really vexes me to see her. And yet, one can't blame the poor child, after all.'

'Indeed,' replied Mrs. Hamilton, 'I perfectly agree with you; Catherine is unfortunately awkward, and her ignorance is excessive. I confess she has disappointed me entirely.'

'I wish, Sarah, you would take steps to remedy the evil.'

'I scarcely see how we can. My health, I fear, will not admit of my taking the charge of Catherine's education: besides, my many family engagements and duties occupy the greater portion of my time, not to mention Arthur.'

'Can't you get a governess?'

'I consider governesses highly objectionable. Nothing can be more unpleasant than to have a stranger always in your house. Besides, I have always considered persons of this description as little better than spies; and in your position, Mr. Hamilton, the experiment might prove absolutely hazardous. Those sort of underbred people are always full of curiosity—prying into everything, and just as fond of gossip. Now, you must be quite aware, that should any coolness or disagreement happen, so that we were obliged to part with Catherine's governess, there would be great danger of her mentioning circumstances, the secrecy of which is of the greatest consequence to you, to say nothing of the annoyance of having our family concerns blazoned in every direction: and as for maintaining reserve and concealment, where an inquisitive person is concerned, it is absolutely impossible. No—I can't—indeed I can't advise a governess for Catherine.'

'Then look about for a school where she may be brought into some sort of training.'

'A school! a school! Surely, Mr. Hamilton, you are not serious.'

'Upon my life I am. Something must be done for Kate, and since you object to a governess, I see no other alternative.'

'Do you mean to say that you would wish your daughter to be educated in a school? Just consider all the objections against such a mode of bringing up young ladies. For my own part, I must confess I am decidedly averse to public education—I mean, where a girl is in question.'

'Well, well, all I can say is, that some way or other Catherine must be educated. It is impossible to go on neglecting her as we have hitherto done. It would be unjust and unfair; she is just as much my child as Arthur is—besides, Kate will have a fair enough fortune by-and-bye, and—'

'Yes,' interrupted Mrs. Hamilton, testily, 'Catherine will be well provided for indeed, as my poor boy's estate will testify. Mr. Hamilton, that was a most unfortunate settlement you were induced to make on your first wife's children.'

His former marriage settlement was a topic Mr. Hamilton never liked to hear mentioned, and now his lady's opportune allusion to the unwelcome theme produced the intended effect; the discussion concerning Catherine's education dropped. The conversation, however, was not devoid of consequences. Unable to deny the truth of her husband's observations, or to conceal from herself that her neglect of Catherine had been highly culpable, Mrs. Hamilton for a short time debated in her own mind the possibility of placing her step-daughter at an inexpensive seminary without endangering the family respectability; then she thought of a third-rate governess, and finally resolved on taking the charge into her own hands. From that time a certain portion of the morning was spent in the superintendence of Miss Hamilton's studies.

Poor Catherine—a very weary lot was hers!

When she had reached her eighteenth year, a discourse as characteristic as the foregoing took place between her parents.

"When do you mean to bring Kate out?" inquired the father.

"Bring Catherine out?"

"Yes—introduce her to general society. It is quite time she should see something of the world; and as I must be in town from the time the House opens, I suppose it will be as well for you to come too, instead of remaining at Home Tracey as you have done lately. There will be dinner-parties at all events."

"To say the truth, I have no intention of going to town at all this year. The expense of being in London is exorbitant; and really, on dear Arthur's account, we must economise. You know the last year's rents were very badly paid."

"Very true, very true. That rascal, Hodges, declares he can't afford to pay a shilling of his last year's rent; and even Meldrum seems to think a reduction of ten per cent. scarcely worth having. Indeed, my steward tells me that all my tenants talk of twenty-five. But this will all come round again long before Arthur gets the property, and in the mean time my daughter should see something of society; if she does not, how, I should like to know, has she a chance of ever getting married?"

"I don't think Catherine wishes to be married; and with respect to gaiety, I'm well assured she has a positive aversion to the very idea of it."

"That fancy should not be encouraged. Kate must go out like other girls. If she does not, I tell you she has not a chance of getting a husband. And she's a fine girl enough—at least she would be, if she were not such a poor timid fool. However, society will prove the best cure for that. She is a very pretty girl, I say, and might make an extremely advantageous marriage."

"Would it not be rather inconvenient just at present to pay down the fifteen thousand pounds Catherine is entitled to upon her marriage?"

"Fifteen thousand pounds? Why, to say the truth, I might find it rather difficult to raise fifteen thousand pounds just now. At the same time we must not sacrifice her, poor girl!"

"There would be no sacrifice. Catherine is perfectly happy as she is—quite satisfied with her present lot; and really she is so young, it cannot signify whether she is introduced this year or the next. However, I will speak to her on the subject, and if I find she wishes it, of course we will accompany you to London."

Catherine did not wish it; the idea of following her dreaded mother-in-law into general society appeared to her absolutely terrifying; and Mrs. Hamilton spoke the truth, and nothing but the truth, when she assured her husband that his daughter cherished no wish whatever of participating in the amusements of the metropolis. Mr. Hamilton expressed his astonishment, said Kate should not be encouraged in such notions; then, dismissing the subject from his mind, his thoughts were speedily absorbed in the intricacy and excitement of political intrigue,—and Catherine was not introduced.

She was not, however, destined to lead a life of absolute seclusion. One of the maids of honour married, and Miss Hamilton was appointed her successor. No pleasure did this cause the timid being, who was now called upon to exchange quiet and retirement, and the country, for the glitter and the splendour of a court. It is true, Catherine offered no opposition, for her father willed her acquiescence in the appointment; but she sighed when her acceptance of the office was sent in; and she trembled when, for the first time, she engaged in duties, whose right performance she believed entirely beyond her reach. She was so unaccustomed to the presence of strangers, although their station in society might not be better than her own—so shy and awkward, even when associating with the members of her family, that it appeared impossible that she should take her stand in the resplendent circle of beauty, grace, and rank, which immediately surrounds the sovereign, and not betray her incompatibility, for the distinction with which she had been honoured. In this manner Catherine reasoned—but she was mistaken. She found kindness in the sovereign, and courtesy amidst the inmates of the palace; the rules of etiquette rendered her duty plain and easy, and before the allotted period of her residence had expired, she was perfectly at home, and very nearly happy.

"Catherine is amazingly improved—very much improved indeed. She is really growing quite a beautiful young woman; if she would only smile a little oftener, she would be absolutely handsome," said Mr. Hamilton, one afternoon, soon after their return to Home Tracey.

"Yes, Catherine looks very well in that dress; Madame Brionne does wonders, certainly; and so, to be sure, she ought. Her bill is positively frightful; I had no conception she would prove so exorbitant. And I am sorry to say it is not likely to be one expense; I fear, from what Catherine says, that the Queen encourages expensive tastes; I understand, that when her turn comes again, she will be obliged to have an entirely new set of dresses—of course equally extravagant."

"Well, I suppose her salary will pay for them; and, I must say, I think she is very much improved by being better dressed."

"I hope Catherine's salary will pay her expenses; but at present it is quite impossible to say. And, by the way, Mr. Hamilton, what about Slade Court?"

"Slade Court? O, you and Kate will go of course—I can't."

"You are engaged elsewhere?"

"Yes. A party of our friends—that is to say, some of our most stanch supporters—are invited to meet the premier at ——; I am also invited, and must go."

"Then perhaps, we had better all send excuses to the Fieldings. Catherine does not care for gaiety, and I am sure I would rather stay at home a hundred times."

"By no means. Sir Matthew Fielding's support is important to *us*. In the present state of parties his vote is absolutely necessary; and as I am far from feeling satisfied of his stability, we must carefully avoid affronting him. Besides, I've an idea his eldest son has taken a fancy to Catherine. Do you think it likely?"

"I have seen nothing that looks like partiality on his part," Mrs. Hamilton replied; whether with truth or not, it matters little to our story.

They went to Slade Court, however; and notwithstanding Mr. Hamilton's opinion of his daughter's claim to beauty—an opinion which even the envious stepmother had not been able entirely to gainsay—notwithstanding her regularity of features and delicately moulded form, Catherine was scarcely noticed, still less admired. Modesty is, surely, very greatly to be prized, and so are unobtrusive manners; still, in nine cases out of ten, if we wish to meet with admiration, either by look or bearing, we must challenge it. Half the triumphs of a coquetish woman spring from her coquetry alone.

One individual, however, from among those assembled at Slade Court, did discover that Catherine's eyes, when they were lifted from the ground, were soft and dove-like; that her voice, though low, was exquisitely sweet; and that her smile, rare as it was, and even sometimes sad, was *true*. Walter Saville was this discerning individual; and he also observed, that although Miss Hamilton's complexion was usually too colourless, there yet at times would come a gentle hectic, flushing the alabaster cheek, and giving to the eye both light and brilliancy; and these becoming changes were, he suspected, most frequent when he was speaking to her; and the consequence of such discoveries and such suspicion proved, that happening to find himself alone with her shortly before her return to Home Tracey, Mr. Saville gave utterance to those words which so often fix our destiny for life. Catherine, hitherto perfectly unconscious of the impression she had made, listened to him with incredulity and diffidence; in fact, she scarcely seized his meaning. Still, as she did not pronounce an actual negative, Walter gave to her confused silence the interpretation most favourable to his wishes; and timidly inquired whether he might appeal to Mr. Hamilton. Catherine assented, although still doubtful of the exact meaning of his language; and during the drive homeward she occupied her mind in endeavouring to ascertain precisely what had been Mr. Saville's intentions in thus addressing her. Could it really be, that Walter Saville, the owner of Arlington Park, the elegant, accomplished, highly-connected Walter Saville, wished for her his bride? And she lay awake that night thinking it might be true, and doubting her power of becoming all that his wife ought to be; planning her future life, and believing that life would prove far happier at Arlington than it had been beneath her father's roof. Two circumstances only appeared likely to cloud this brightened prospect: Arlington was within a short distance of Home Tracy, and Walter Saville's mother, a determined invalid, resided with him. It were fruitless to deny, that a farther rooval from Mrs. Hamilton's vicinity would have proved acceptable to Catherine; and as she had suffered so materially from the unkindness of a stepmother, she could not but fear the constant presence of a mother-in-law. But whilst ponderingover this last objection, the remembrance of the affectionate and reverential manner in which Walter had expressed himself when speaking of Mrs. Saville, came most opportunely to our heroine's mind, he must be so very amiable to be thus attached to a parent, whose state of health would have rendered her an encumbrance to many young men of his age. So Catherine fell asleep, at length, not absolutely in love, but very well inclined to give her heart to a man who appeared so well deserving of it; and when, on the following morning, she caught a glimpse of a graceful cavalier galloping across the park, she felt no longer inclined to quarrel with the close neighbourhood of Arlington.

To conclude in next No.

SICKNESS—DEATH—THE GRAVE.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

(From the Dublin University Magazine for November.)

In the house a sick man lies,
Wrathing in his agonies;
In his chamber silence keep,
Leaving it a moan and weep;
In his presence strive to smile,
Though your heart be sad the while,
Though a dread unseen, intense,
O'er you hang in dim suspense,
In the hour is noiseless gloom—
Friends with anxious friends confer—
Whisperings are upon the ear—
Active service every where;
Not a window in the night,
But doth show some glancing light;
Fond ones to his door still creeping,
Listening if he yet be sleeping;
Thrilling as the lingering tone
Of his faint and fruitless moan:
Praying with that earnest prayer,
Born so often of despair.

In the house the same man lies—
Pest are now his agonies;
All the anxious stillness over—
Flitting forms are seen no more,
Close the shutters! shun the light!
Come not unto strangers sight!
Veil the steps! be awed! be dumb!
A regal visitant hath come.
With that sick man doth he rest,
An unmoved, mighty guest.
Glide like shadows—hush the breath—
That regal visitant is Death!
In his shroud the dead man lies—
Dreamless slumber seals his eyes:
The shock that had his pulse he still,
Seems around it spread as chill.
On each mourner seem and sense,
With a numbing influence.
Busy labour come not near!
Sorrow keeps her Sabbath here;
Laughter! how discordant grown,
Now would seem thy softest tone;
Even thy children's mirth is mute,
Lightly falls each little foot;
Near each other oft they draw,
With a dim mysterious awe,
Soothing by companionship,
Fears that may not pass the lip:
See them to that chamber thought,
Death's first lesson to be taught—
The first conviction bringing nigh,
Of their own mortality.

In the grave the dead man lies,
Needing not our sympathies:
Once again the house is rife,
With elastic, stirring life;
Gone hath that once precious clay
With its royal guest away.
Ah! that what was once so dear,
Should have grown a thing to fear!
Is it not some cause for grief,
That its departure was relief?
Light again is gaily resting
Where the sable signs of grief
Lately hung in sad array,
Through his memory one is pleased,
Though deep sadness his death-bed blest.
He—power to save and to restore,
Remembrance dwells on him no more.
Without that dim world he dwells in,
That strangest the most believed of all.

One of "the Beautiful Women of Paris."—For some time past a work has been published in numbers, under the rather odd title of *La Belles Femmes de Paris*; a biographical article is annexed to the portrait of the pretty woman who is deemed worthy of shining in the collection. Women of all classes, the queens of the shops especially, are singularly delighted at being introduced into the gallant museum, in company with Italian princesses, Spanish countesses, and the great ladies of our all-powerful financial aristocracy. The other day, in the morning, Madame B——, whose throne stands in one of the most splendid shops in the Rue de la Paix, received the visit of a very polite and good looking young gentleman, whose manners were particularly elegant. He had under his arm a little portfolio of the finest green morocco, which, with his long hair and pointed beard, proclaimed the artist. "Madame," said the youth, "I am a painter, and, in that capacity, commissioned to contribute some portraits to the collection *des Belles Femmes de Paris*.—I am come to ask you, Madame, to favour me with a sitting." Upon this proposal, the lady lowered her eyes and affectedly replied, that the editors were very indulgent to think of her, that she could ascribe their notice of her but to gallantry, that she was not pretty enough to deserve the intended honour, that —— in short, amidst her abundant expressions of modesty and humility shone unbounded delight. After some further negotiation, the handsome shopkeeper went up to her apartment with the young artist, cast a glance at her mirror, set her hair in proper order, put on a necklace, earrings, and bracelets, seated herself, and suffered her drapery to be tastefully adjusted by the painter, who proceeded to his task. Half-an-hour after he rose, and courteously observing that he had, perhaps, tired his lovely model, announced his return next day at the same hour. On Madame B——begging to look at his sketch he politely apologised, urging, that as yet there was no likeness, but that on the following day it would be forthcoming.

A short chat ensued. The artist examined, *en connoisseur*, several pictures ornamenting the bedroom, stopping long before the chimney-piece over which hung, among other pretty things, various miniatures, which he took down, put back, praised, and pronounced charming. His inspection being concluded, he made a most graceful bow, and left the fair lady in one of those ecstacies which the female heart likes so well. At night, when Madame B——, freed from commercial labour so unworthy of one of the *Belles femmes de Paris*, returned to her bed-room to enjoy her triumph, she happened to move to her chimney-piece to wind up her day's watch; but the watch happened to have vanished along with the gold chain which usually connected it with her snow-white neck, and both fugitives were soon followed by the splendid dream, and all the joy occasioned from a woman's brightest victory. As nobody had entered the room, of which she always kept the key about her person, Madame B—— concluded with more shrewdness than she had displayed in the morning, the gallant young gentleman was a thief, the sketch of her portrait a chimera, and, that there was some inconvenience in being one of "The Beautiful Women of Paris."—*Paris paper.*

AVERSION OF THE AMERICANS TO TREES.—The Americans have, indeed, a singular aversion to trees and shrubs of every description; their highest idea of perfection in a landscape being an extended plain sown with grass. They consider trees as a mark of barbarism, and are, in their zeal for civilisation, extirpating them wherever they find them. The hills and islands in the harbour of Boston, when were once studded with the majestic pine and the gnarled oak, are now completely shorn. The city of Albany, about on a gentle declivity once covered with variegated wood, is daily becoming more and more flat and less shady, the fashionable inhabitants paying more for levelling the ground and felling the trees than for the erection of their dwellings. The beautiful trees on the shores Monongahela, the Ohio are, at an enormous expense, destroyed root and branch, to give the inhabitants of Pittsburg the benefit of light and air; and even the "Liberty tree" of Boston, without its historical associations and recollections, stands bare. How singularly this taste of the Americans contrasts with that of the English who, after burning and sacking the colony of New Jersey, placed a sentinel near the tree under which William Penn had concluded the treaty with the Indians.—*Grund's Aristocracy in America.*

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1839.—The traveller who visited Constantinople ten years ago saw the military a mere rabble, without order or discipline, every soldier moving after his own manner, and clad and armed after his own fashion; he now sees them formed into regular regiments, clothed in uniform, exercised in a system of tactics, and as amenable to discipline as a corps of German infantry. He saw the Sultan the model of an oriental despot, exhibit periodically to his subjects with gorgeous display; or to the representatives of his brother sovereigns, gloomy and mysterious, in some dark recess of his seraglio; he now sees him daily, in European costume, in constant and familiar intercourse with all people; abroad driving fair in hand in a gay chariot, like a gentleman of Paris or London; and, at home, receiving foreigners with the courtesies and usages of polished life. He formerly saw his kiosks with wooden projecting balconies, having deeply overshadowed the light, and jealousies closed up from all spectators; he now sees him in a noble palace, on which the arts have been exhausted to render it as beautiful and commodious as that of a European sovereign.—*Dr. Walsh.*

SOCIETY FOR UGLY WOMEN.—"Some years ago," said an eccentric gentleman, "I made the following experiment. I caused two advertisements to be inserted in the papers for a housekeeper; one was for a lady who should not only be competent for such an office, but qualified also for a companion, and be a woman of elegant manners; the other required nothing of this, it only stipulated, as a *sine qua non*, that the applicant should be ugly. In answer to the former advertisement, I was overwhelmed with letters from so many accomplished elegant ladies, that I congratulated both the present age and my own country on possessing so much female excellence. But would you believe it? to the latter, I received not a single reply. And I have since more than once inserted the same advertisement, with exactly the same success."—*Literary Chron.*

IMPORTANT TO BACHELORS.—Without a woman, what is man? A poor, solitary, misanthropic creature; a rough, uncouth, and hard, unfeeling, and almost brutal being. Take from the heart the possession of love, and life is not worth having; you have nothing to enjoy, and age nothing to remember with delight. And without marriage, without selection, without single attachment, what is love? The mere passion is still the same, but leading to woes instead of pleasures; plunging, in short, a whole community into the miseries of debauchery and prostitution, depriving children of the care and protection due from parents, and making a people what a herd of beasts now is.—*Cobbett's Sermons.*

From the Spirit of '76.

TREATMENT OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

We heard the recital on Saturday of a most brutal outrage, which both shocked and confounded us. We were so astonished that although our informant was a gentleman in whose veracity we had the utmost reliance, we could not at first believe him. What! said we, inquired into the matter and found, to our sorrow, that it was too true. The circumstances are these:—

Some of our citizens were walking near the cantonment, among whom was our informant, when they were attracted by a singular noise. On going up to the ground they saw a number of soldiers tied up to the guns and gagged; while a non-commissioned officer was belabouring one of them with the short, heavy sword which is carried by a sergeant. The pain occasioned by the blows caused the soldier to cry out while he was gagged, and produced the noise which from its singularity had attracted the notice of all in the vicinity. A little after the non-commissioned officer got through, the howls and gramaces made by the soldier continuing a subaltern—a lieutenant—and in the presence of many witnesses—struck the tied and gagged soldier many blows with his sword. So brutal was the treatment that the soldier received, that the spectators left the ground in disgust, wondering that, in this free land, such conduct would be allowed. A lady who was in company with her brother (a gentleman from Canada) was so shocked that she almost fainted, and was with difficulty able to walk home.

Sands' Remedy for Salt Rheum.

MESSRS. A. B. & D. SANDS—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that I am entirely cured of the Salt Rheum by the use of your valuable Remedy. I had been afflicted with the disease on my arms, and at times on my head, for six years, which frequently caused much pain and distress, with great burning. I was induced to try your medicine from the fact that I was acquainted with a lady who for many years was afflicted with the salt Rheum and entirely cured by the Remedy in three weeks' time. I can confidently recommend all who are afflicted with this or other similar diseases, to use your medicines, and fully believe they will obtain a perfect cure.

Yours, very respectfully,
JOHN PARKER.

Staten Island, July 22, 1839.

Numerous verbal testimonials of a similar character are daily received, thus proving in the most satisfactory manner the great medicinal virtues of this valuable medicine. It is a certain cure for other diseases of the skin also, such as Ring-Worm, Tetter, Scald Head, barbers or Jacksons Itch, Erzema, &c. this medicine is a perfect cure. Compound syrup of Sarsaparilla is recommended to be used with the Remedy, as it tends to purify and throw out from the blood and system generally all the unhealthy humors connected with the disease, and the application of the Remedy externally at the same time entirely eradicates it from the system. Many cases have come to our knowledge where this course has effected a perfect cure in less than one week's time. Every person afflicted with any of these complaints is invited to make immediate use of this valuable medicine, and get cured without delay.

Prepared and sold wholesale and retail by A. B. and D. SANDS, No. 79 and 100, Fulton street, New York, and in this city by

Oct. 11. A. R. TRURO.

Boot & Shoe Establishment.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the Public, that having lost by the late Fire his old stand in Dock Street, he has removed his Establishment to Prince William street, in those premises next but one to the Bank of New-Brunswick, and solicits a continuance of that liberal patronage he has always enjoyed since his first commencement in business.

Sept. 6. DAVID PATERSON.

VICTORIA COACH.

St. John to Dorchester, via Sussex Vale and the Bend.

Winter Arrangement—4 horse Teams.

THIS Stage will leave the St. John Hotel, every Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 6 o'clock, and return to St. John every Monday and Friday.

Stage Books kept at St. John, at the St. John Hotel; at Hickman's in Dorchester, and Lewis' at the Bend; where any further information may be obtained.

JOHN C. VAIL,
for the Company.

Vaccine Establishment.

MEDICAL Gentlemen throughout the Province will receive a supply of fresh Vaccine LYMPH on application to the subscriber.

Nov. 22. GEORGE P. PETERS, M. D.

N. B. 30 Lancets in a Capsule.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of BENJAMIN GALE, late of the City, deceased, are requested to hand in their claims, duly attested, for adjustment; and all persons indebted, are desired to make payment without delay.

St. John, Nov. 22, 1839. LUCY GALE, *Sole Executrix.*

Tin Ware Manufactory.

WM. WESTLOTORN informs his Friends and the Public, that since the late fire he has taken the Store in Union-street, formerly occupied by Messrs. Irvine & Brothers, and adjoining the shop of Mr. M. Thompson, Painter, and hopes that strict attention to business will ensure him a continuance of public favour.

N. B.—Stoves and Stove Pipe made to order.

October 4, 1839.

Valuable Agricultural Land for Sale, in Lots to suit Purchasers, of 100 Acres or more:

FIVE HUNDRED Acres of very superior Land, for settlement, situated near the main Post Road to Fredericton, and only Twenty five miles from St. John, in the Parish of Hampstead, Queen's County: An excellent Road leads and a fine River runs through the whole Block, whereon there is a luxuriant crop of natural blue-joint Grass and excellent grazing ground.

Particulars known by application to

JAMES MALCOLM.

September 13. Prince Wm. street.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
Germain-Street.

JUST received and for sale, a variety of superior Prints; a Diagonal Glass; Flutes and other Instruments; a choice selection of JEWELLERY, consisting of Ladies' fine gold Ear Rings, fancy Finger Rings, Gold Lockets, Brooches, Cornelian Crosses with real pearls, Real Cornelian and other Necklaces, Mourning Ear Rings, Broaches, &c., Gold Eye Glasses, Mosaic Gold Neck Chains; Gentlemen's fine gold Pins, Shirt Studs, silver guard Chains, Chess Boards and Men, silver Candlesticks, &c., all of superior manufacture, cheap for Cash.

A. R. TRURO.

☞ The JEWELLERY is the most fashionable and highly finished. Also for sale, sets of *ancient silver* and other coins.

November 15, 1839.

Twines.

The subscriber has just received by the *Glide*, in addition to his former stock of NETS & TWINES:

20 BALES, containing Herring, Seine and Salmon Twines.

January 3. JAS. T. HANFORD.

Butter, Tea, &c.

FOR sale by the subscriber; 30 KEGS Prime Cumberland Butter; 20 chests Souchong and Congo Tea, a few Buffalo Robes with a general assortment of Groceries.

Nov. 15. JOS. FAIRWEATHER.