THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

VOL. IV. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1839. No. 16.

The Chronicle,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by LEWIS W. DURANT & Co. at their Office in *Mr. D. M'Millan's* building, Prince William Street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

DECEMBER.	R. SUN.	S. MOON.	H.	W.
21 Saturday, - -	7 34	4 25	5	33 morn.
22 Sunday, -	7 34	4 25	6	59 0 45
23 Monday, -	7 35	4 26	8	14 1 30
24 Tuesday, -	7 35	4 27	9	26 2 9
25 Wednesday, - -	7 35	4 28	10	33 2 47
26 Thursday, -	7 36	4 28	11	37 3 25
27 Friday, - -	7 36	4 29	morn	1 8

Last quarter, 27th. 0h. 6m. 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: L. H. Deveber, 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: Chas. Ward, 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: E. D. W. Ratchford, 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 [illegible] to be made in writing.

Miscellany.

JOHN SMITH'S LETTERS TO UNCLE JOSHUA DOWNING.

The only authentic history extant of the Late War in our Disputed Territory. NEW YORK.

LETTER VII.

Wherein young John Smith describeth the bravery of the Smithville detachment in "toeing the mark," and also their unparalleled success in capturing the British Lion.

Smithville, Down East, in the state of Maine, March 30, 1839.

Dear Gineral.—I've got another letter from my son John down to the boundary war; and as I 'spose you like to have 'em pretty well by your putting of 'em in your papers, I make haste to send you a coppy of this by the first post. It is as foliers.

Our Disputed Territory pretty near the Line, on Fitzherbert's farm, March 25, 1839.

Dear Father—We stick by here yet, takin' care of our disputed territory and the logs; and while we stay here the British will have to walk as straight as a hair, you may depend. We ain't had much fighting to do since my last letter; and some how or other, things seem to be getting cooler down here a little so that I'm afraid we ain't agoing to have the real scratch, after all, that I wanted to have. A day or two arter we took the logging camp and brought the men and oxen off here prisoners of war, we was setting in the fort after dinner and talking matters over, and Sargent Johnson was a wondering what a plague was the reason the British didn't come up to the scratch as they talked on. He said he guessed they wasn't sich mighty fairce fellers for war as they pretended to be, arter all.

"Well," said Colonel Jarvis, "I got some despatches from Governor Fairfield this morning, that says Sir John Harvey seems to be a little inclined to haul in his horns; and I don't believe they'll try to drive us out of our disputed territory, or come a near us. But still the governor says we must hold on and look out sharp, for he don't know how 'twill turn out yet: and we must keep possession of the territory, and not let any body come into it, nor any logs go out of it, till we have further orders."

"Well," says Sargent Johnson, "I don't like this staing about here doing nothing; I ain't used to it. If them British are any notion of coming here and having a tug with us, I wish they'd come and have it over. Why don't we go clear to the line, colonel? How do we know but what they'll get over this side on't sometimes, if we ain't there to see to it? And besides, I want to see that boundary line, that I've heard so much tell of; and I'm determined to see it before I go home, if I have to march down to it all alone; so I can have it to tell my children of, when I get to be an old man, and can say to 'em, I have seen the boundary line my self, and marched clear down to it and stood on it."

Here I couldn't help putting in a word to: and says I—

"So do I, colonel. I want to see that are boundary line, and go right up to it, and *toe the mark*; I never was dared to toe the mark yet, but what I did it, let who would stand t'other side. And I should like to go right up to this line, and put my toes on to it, and look over on the British side, and stump them to come up to it if they dared."

At that Colonel Jarvis turned round and looked at me, and haw-hawed right out; and, says he—

"Well done, John, you are growing quite wolfy. I like your spunk any how; but you are young and inexperienced, and don't understand all the turns of the game exactly. You hain't seen so much war as your old great grandfather has; you must try to keep cool and foller your officers."

"But, colonel," says I, "do you know grandfather?"

"Yes, I do," says he; "I have heard him tell his war stories many a time. Didn't he give you no good advice when you come away?"

"Nothing," says I; "only he charged me not to be in too much of a hurry to fire."

"Well," says the colonel, "you'd better remember that advice, and foller it. And it's a pity Billy Wiggins hadn't a granfather to advise him."

At that Billy Wiggins rolled up his little gray eyes at the colonel, and fairly looked red: and says Billy, says he."

"Well, colonel, my gun goes too easy, and I can't help it. I've been a squirrel hunting with it so much, it'll almost go off itself, before you think on't."

But this ain't what we was talking about," said Sargent Johnson; "and I don't see as it brings us any nearer the line. As I said afore, colonel, I don't like this staing about here and doing nothing; and if things are getting cooled down a little, so as like as not we shall have to go off home pretty soon I think the sooner we take a peep at that boundary line the better."

The colonel said, the boundary line wasn't but a few miles off, and we was as near to it now as 'twas prudent to have our head-quarters. We'd got a good strong place here on Fitzherbert's farm for a fort, and we must stick by it and keep it well manned and guarded. And he said, bein' Sargent Johnson and his company was so good on a scouting-party, and did so well t'other day when we took the logging camp, he didn't keer if we tried it again the next day. We might go out and scour round awhile, and see if we could find any more trespassers, and go down as far as the line if we'd a mind to; only be careful and not get over on t'other side of the line; for if the British nabb'd us there, we should be lawful game, and it would be hard work to make 'em give us up.

So we was all alive in a minnte, fitting out for a new campaign. We went to work and rubbed up our guns, and put new flints into 'em, and got 'em so they'd go as quick as a stream of lightning. And the next morning we was up by times and got our breakfasts, and filled our knapsacks, and started off. We hunted round most all the forenoon to find some more trespassers, but we couldn't find hide nor hair of a single one. We thought we must be pretty near the line, and sometimes we began to feel a little skittish for fear we might get acrost and not know it, and the British might pop up behind some of the old logs and trees and nab us before we could have time to take aim at 'em. Bime-by Billy Wiggins started on ahead of us and run like a two-year-old, up on to a little hill there was a little ways ahead; and then he begun to climb a slim, tall pine tree, and then he hitched and scrabbled up as fast as a young bear.

"What upon earth," said Sargent Johnson, "is Billy arter now?"

"A squirrel, I guess," said I; "I'll bet a potato Billy has treed a squirrel."

When we got along up a little nearer, Sargent Johnson called out to him to know what he was doing there.

"I'm jest a looking off here to see if *I can see the line*," said Billy, streiching his neck away to the eastward, and looking with all the eyes in his head.

"Well, do you see it?" said Sargent Johnson.

"See it? no," said Billy, "I don't see nothing but woods, as far as I can see."

Sargent Johnson told him he guessed he would see it quicker if he was down on the ground, than he would up there. So Billy come down again, and we jogged along. Bime-by we come to a tree that had some old marks and spots on two sides of it. And we looked along north and south of this tree, for Sargent Johnson said the line runs due north from the monument, and we found some more trees marked and spotted jest like it.

"Ah," says Sargent Johnson, "we've found it. This is the boundary line we've heard so much tell of: we've got it at last. Now look and see if you can see the British on t'other side of it; and let every man hold on to his gun and be ready to fire if I say the word."

We looked across the line, and looked and looked, but we couldn't see nothin' but trees, and bushes, and woods, and swamps. We hollerd across the line as hard as we could holler, to see if we could raise any of the British, for we all felt as if we wanted to have a brush. And we thought at first they answered us; but when we come to holler again, we found it was only the echo of our own voices, that come back from the hills a little ways off. So we marched along on the line two or three miles, but we couldn't *see* nor hear nothin' of nobody. At last we sot down and got the victuals out of our knapsacks and eat our dinners, and rested awhile.

When we got ready to start again to go back to our fort, Sargent Johnson said we should give the British one broadside before we left 'em, jest to let 'em know what the Yankee boys are made of. So he told us to see that our guns was all right; and then he ordered us to stand up all in a row, and *toe the line*, facing to the British side; and then he give us off the word—

"Make ready, take aim— fire."

"There," says Sargent Johnson, "now I can go home contented, war or no war: for we've poured one good grist into there own territory, and they may help themselves if they can."

Then we put on our knapsacks and shouldered our guns and started back towards the fort. We fit our way along through the bushes and swamps two or three miles, till we come out a little more into the upland, and as we was walking along and talking and telling how we guessed the British wouldn't dare to come up and toe the line as we had done, all at once we come across a great track in the snow. We stopped and looked at it awhile, but we couldn't tell what sort of a track it was. Some guessed it was a bear, and some guessed it was an ox, and some guessed it was a hoss, but they all said it didn't look like nary one on 'em. At last Billy Wiggins said, he didn't believe but what it was the *British Lion* got over on to our side of the boundary line. At that we all had a good laugh, and Sargent Johnson said, if that was the case we'd have a hunt for him, for no British lion had a right to set his foot in our disputed territory. So we turned off and followed the track. Bime-by we looked away ahead a little ways amongst the trees, and there we see it. 'Twas a great critter, that looked some like an ox, only 'twas about as tall and long as a hoss; and he had a great mess of horns sprangling out both sides of his head like a great bunch of dry hemlock knots.

"There," says Billy Wiggins, "didn't I tell you it was the British lion? Don't you see his horns?"

"But, tain't the lion that has horns, it's the unicorn that has horns, according to my book," said Jonathan Downing; "and I guess it's a unicorn."

"No," says I, "tain't a unicorn; unicorns don't have but one horn, and this feller's got a dozen."

He stood with his head up, eating the bark off the limbs of the trees. And as soon as Sargent Johnson got up so near he could have a fair sight of him, he sung out, it's a moose—it's a moose; now we'll have some fun; now for a moose chase."

As soon as the moose see us, he jumped his whole length, and started to run. He threw his head back on his shoulders, and tipped it one side, so as to bring one bunch of his horns over his back, while 'tother bunch pinted forward, so he could run between the trees and bushes; and he jumped and run like a young ox, and we arter him, as tight as we could spring. We couldn't fire at first, for we had forgot to load our guns again arter firing our broadside on the line; and Sargent Johnson said it was no matter about stopping to load, for if we could get him in a good stout snow-bank, we could take him alive. So we pulled foot arter him as hard as we could go. Some of the way the snow was pretty deep, and so hard we could run on the top of it. But the moose broke through almost every step, and he had sich hard work jumping and floundering along, he couldn't gain ahead of us hardly a bit. At last he got kind of wedged up between some high rocks on one side, and some old trees that was blowed down on 'tother side, and there he was in as bad a fix as Billy Wiggins was, behind the great pine log that I told you about in my last letter. There was no chance for the poor moose to get away, but to turn right back and make his way right through among us. He looked round at us, and shook his head a few times, and bime-by he turned round and fetched a spring and come right at us, full chisel. We sprung, some one way and some 'tother, and give him a chance to go by, and Jonathan Downing fetched him a lick acrost his nose with his gun, and broke his gun stock. But poor Billy Wiggins could'nt spring out of the way so quick as the rest of us, and the moose run right against him, and knocked him head-over-heels, as much as a rod, and the next jump he stepped on to one of Billy's legs, and broke it off as short as a pipe-stem. We run and helped Billy up, and found he wasn't hurt much, only his leg was broke; so Sargent Johnson told one of the men to stay by him, and we took arter the moose agin. Arter we chased him about half a mile further, he got into sich a deep snow-bank, it stopped him. He jumped and floundered round, but he couldn't get out, and only got deeper and deeper into it, till at last he was all covered in the snow-bank, but his head and horns, and there he stuck, pretty well tired out. We walked right up to him. His eyes looked as wild as if he'd eat us up: but he couldn't help himself. We took some strong lines that we had with us, and tied 'em to his horns, on both sides of his head, and took a slip-nuse round his nose, and trod the snow down, and got him out of the bank. We found, by trying him round a little, that we could manage him so as to lead him and drive him to the fort alive. So we sent two hands back to bring Billy Wiggins up; and they brought him along, and we took and sot him a straddle of the moose, and told him to hold on to the horns. Then Sargent Johnson took command of the ropes on one side, and I on 'tother, and each of us took a hand to help us hold on, and Jonathan Downing took hold of the line that had the slip-nuse round the nose, and went ahead to pick out the best path; and the other five went behind with sticks and whipped up. When we got all fixed, we started off and made pretty good headway. Poor Billy Wiggins begun to cry some, and said he would never get home, now his leg was broke; but Sargent Johnson comforted him up, and told him "to never mind, for if he hadn't his leg broke, he might never have had a chance to ride home to the fort in triumph on the British lion." At that Billy laughed, and seemed to be in pretty good spirits the rest of the way. We'd got out pretty near the fort before we'd ketched the moose, and a little before sunset we got out into the opening, and was marching up the hill towards the fort.

When we got pretty near, Colonel Jarvis come running to meet us, and says he,

"Sargent Johnson, what sort of a prisoner have you got here?"

"Why, this is the British lion," said Sargent Johnson: "we took him this side of the line, and, therefore, he's fairly our prisoner."

"You are the boys for me," said the Colonel; and he went back and told the men, and they give three the loudest cheers for Sargent Johnson's company that ever I heard. The Colonel had supper for us in a few minutes, and took Billy Wiggins into the hospital, and had his wounds dressed, and he bids fair to do well; and took the moose and tied him in the barn. Colonel Jarvis says we must keep him alive, and carry him home as a grand trophy of the war.

P. S.—I want mother to send me down two pair of stockings and a pair of trousers, for we've got 'em torn out terribly down here among the bushes. So I remain your loving son, JOHN.

Dear Gineral—Peter Smith, Esquire, Henry W. Smith, Ensign John Smith, John Smith the fourth, Ichabod Smith the second, Sam Smith the third, John Smith the ninth, and old Mr. Zebedee Smith, and all his children, all wants you to send 'em your paper, beginning with the one that had my first letter in it. Your friend and subscriber,

JOHN SMITH ESQUIRE.

QUEBEC, November 27.

We are happy to learn from the Upper Canada papers that a Petition to the Provincial Parliament is now going the rounds of the several Districts of the Province, for signature, the object of which is to obtain a law for "the protection of Her Majesty's faithful subjects from the machinations of the disaffected portion of the people of Upper Canada, and the lawless inhabitants residing upon the northern frontier of the United States of America." The petition sets forth—and it is but too true—and that there is a great number of traitors in Upper Canada, and prays that it may be made compulsory upon all Candidates for a seat in the House of Assembly, and for all Electors, to take an oath, when required to do so by the Returning Officer or any Freeholder, to the effect that he has not taken up arms against the Sovereign, or been guilty of Treason, or taken the Hunter's Oath, &c. Some law is needed for restricting the political power at present possessed by the Yankee politicians who infest Upper Canada and the suggestions thrown out in this petition may be acted upon with advantage by the Legislature during its next sessions.—The "Responsible Government" presses will no doubt be soon in full cry against such a proposition, for it would grieve them sorely to see a number of their best friends deservedly disfranchised; a law of this nature would effectually quell their insidious designs, and the idea of their obtaining a majority of members to support their views when none but loyal men could vote, would become utterly untenable.

Wednesday the 13th instant, being the Anniversary of the Battle of the Windmill, near Prescott, was celebrated in that place by a general illumination.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Monday night at a quarter before ten, a fire broke out in a wooden two story house in Champlain Street on the river side, three doors from the Mariner's Chapel at Diamond Harbour, and, before an alarm could be given the building was completely enveloped in flames threatening destruction of property to an incalculable extent. The flames speedily extended to the houses opposite, also of wood, and those adjoining on the north side, so that in the course of twenty minutes or half an hour four houses were on fire from top to bottom, and soon after a fifth shared the same fate. By this time a considerable number of persons arrived to render assistance, among them G. Black, Esqr., ship-builder, and a strong party of his men, by whose strenuous exertions, aided by the neighbours, the fine new two story stone houses lately built by Mr. Charles Leek, and adjoining, on the west side, that in which the fire commenced, were saved, although they were frequently in the most imminent danger, and the appearance of one of them on the following morning proved that the exertions must have been almost superhuman.

The most melancholy portion of the above disaster remains to be told. Mr. William Wilkinson an old and well known stevadore, with his two children, Eliza and John, 12 and 13 years of age, occupied the upper part of the house in which the fire originated and were in bed at the time the alarm was given—given too late, however, to save them, for there is but too much reason to believe that all three perished, neither of them having since been seen; and yesterday morning a few calcined remains of some of the internal parts of a human being found among the ashes, proved the dreadful surmise to be a mournful fact. A man, also, whose name we have been unable to ascertain, is also missing since the commencement of the fire, and it is feared he has shared the fate of Wilkinson and his children.

QUEBEC, Nov. 25.—The Upper Canada papers contain accounts of a case of "Swartwonting" that has recently occurred at, or rather from, Niagara. The Messrs. Chrysler, importing merchants, it appears, are absconding debtors and the amount of which they defraud their creditors is said to be the prodigious one of two hundred thousand pounds. They are advertised by the sheriff by virtue of several writs of attachment but it is to be hoped that the amount of their defalcation is exaggerated.—*Transcript.*

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Many years ago two respectable seafaring men arrived late one evening at an inn in Gravesend, with the intention of going aboard their respective vessels as soon as the tide served on the following morning. Although strangers to each other, their similarity of pursuits and intentions induced them to join each other's company. They supped together, partook of a bowl of punch, and agreed to sleep in the same chamber. In the middle of the night the youngest of the two travellers was afflicted with a fit of cholic, which obliged him to go down to the common convenience. On his reaching the door of the place he found the string of the latch broken, and he had no alternative but to return to the chamber to fetch his clasp-knife to lift up the latch. There being no light in the room, and the night very dark, he by mistake took a knife from the waistcoat pocket of the elder man, and returned to the place of convenience, where he was detained a very considerable time in acute pain. Early on the following morning the waiter knocked at the chamber door, and called out that it was time to rise, the tide serving. The younger man got up and dressed himself, somewhat surprised that the elder did not respond to his inquiries, but supposed that he should find him below.

On arriving in the parlour he asked the waiter after his chamber-fellow. The waiter replied that he best knew, having slept in the same room with him. It being usual for travellers to present the waiter with a trifling douceur, the younger man drew from his waistcoat pocket some loose silver, and a knife with a King William's guinea sticking in the haft. The waiter immediately recognized the guinea as having been in the possession of the missing man when the latter discharged his quota of the supper bill on the preceding night. A suspicion then arose that foul play had taken place, and the man was detained and a constable sent for; an examination followed, when the hands of the younger man and the knife found in his possession were discovered to be smeared with blood. He was then accused of having murdered the elder man, and taken before a magistrate, who committed him to Maidstone Gaol, and at the ensuing assizes he was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung and gibbeted.

The morning of the execution was ushered in by all the terrors of a winter's storm. The place of execution (the accustomed heath), far distant from the gaol, was scarcely approached by the procession when the sheriff gave the fatal signal, and left the body stiffened with cold, to the attention of his officers, who following his example, one by one proceeded home, the blacksmith, who had contracted to put the corpse in chains, with his men, alone remaining, who commenced their operations long before the legal term of suspension expired. In the course of the succeeding night some friends of the fellow cut the gibbet down, disencumbered the body from the chains, and took it to a lone public-house, frequented by smugglers, and whilst they were standing around it one of the friends discovered the region of the heart yet warm. Friction and cordials were administered, the man recovered, and by the aid of the smugglers before daybreak was placed on board their sloop in the river, which immediately proceeded to Holland, whence he took a berth in a merchant ship to the Indies, which vessel was taken by pirates, who carried him to their rendezvous on an unfrequented island, where, amongst many other captives, he met with the man for whose supposed murder he had lost his civil rights, and had on his account been hung and gibbeted.

Explanations on both sides followed. The elder man said, that when sleeping in the same chamber at Gravesend with the younger he was awakened by his groans, and apprehensive from his remaining below stairs so long, that he was suffering severely, and that he required assistance, he slightly dressed himself, and proceeded down stairs and through a doorway which opened into a lane. At that moment a pressgang was passing, who, supposing that he was endeavouring to escape from being pressed, took him with them, notwithstanding his representations, and carried him to the receiving-ship, where he was draughted to a frigate, which proceeded to a foreign station, where he found an opportunity to escape, and he then engaged himself on board a merchantman, which was almost immediately taken by the pirates.

The two friends determined to endeavour to effect their escape from the pirates, which, after much difficulty, and experiencing many privations, they effected, and landed in England, where, under legal advice, the younger applied to the Court of King's Bench at Westminster for a reversion of the judgment passed upon him at Maidstone, which was granted, and the records of the court bear witness to his having in this miraculous manner recovered his civil rights and liberties.—*Liverpool Mail.*

ADVANTAGE OF AN EQUIPAGE TO MEDICAL MEN.—A physician who is able to drive his carriage is considered extremely clever in his profession, and is patronised accordingly. A peer, labouring under a severe fit of the gout, had a surgeon warmly recommended by some friends, as possessing a specific for his complaint. In compliance with this recommendation, he sent for him. On the medical man being announced, his lordship demanded of his servant, "Does this famous doctor come on foot or in his carriage?" "On foot," was the reply. "Send the scoundrel about his business.—Did he possess the secret which he pretends to have, he would ride in his coach and six, and I would have been happy to have entreated him to deliver me from this terrible disease."—*Physic and Physicians.*

A POINT IN SHOPKEEPING.—Except in London, and in a few of the larger provincial towns in England, the best modes of constructing and laying out shops attractively are little understood. To the London shop there must be perfect facility of access. A very small obstacle would be considered injurious. A shop approachable by steps would be placed at a serious disadvantage in comparison with one level with the street, and in point of fact few London shops have steps at the door. The entrance ought to be so convenient that the passenger should slide in almost imperceptibly, as if drawn insensibly into a whirlpool. One instant, he is in the street; and the next, before he knows rightly what he is about, he should be alongside the counter. Thus, his half formed notion that he wishes to buy something, must not be impeded by steps. His purpose is not sufficiently strong to encounter the trouble of mounting an elevation; and besides, steps tend very much to cut off his retreat, should he not find what he is in quest of. There is a feeling about him, that, by mounting steps, he would show his determination to buy, and that he should have some difficulty in coming out again with any degree of decency if he did not make a purchase—all of which is most injurious to the interests of the shopkeeper who has heedlessly two or three steps at his door. Reader, if you are about to set up a shop, take care to have no steps!—*Chambers's Journal.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—He that would be happy for a day, let him go to a barber; for a week, marry a wife: for a month, buy him a new house; and for all his lifetime, be an honest man, and pay the printer.

A MADMAN'S ADDRESS TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.—Here you are, a hundred or more able-bodied young fellows, inhabitants of a country where labour and industry, always in greater demand than professional science and dignity, secure the rewards which science does not—the independence and wealth which are the great aims of every American. I he'n you mad, first, because you have deserted the fields you would have passed useful and happy lives in tilling, to enter upon a professional career, in which you will, if you don't starve outright, remain poor unlucky drones for life; secondly, because if you must have a profession, you have chosen the worst of all professions in the world—the poorest in emolument, the lowest in influence, the least in dignity. Had you chosen the law, you might have gabbed and cheated your way to fortune, and to Congress into the bargain; with divinity, you might have married rich wives and preached bad sermons in religious contents to your dying day; whereas, as doctors, supposing you don't prove, from sheer incompetency, public murderers, you will waste your days in works of humanity, for which you are only half paid, and not thanked at all; besides being deprived of all these sure means of making a fortune, which belong to the other professions. Thirdly, and finally, you are mad, because if you *will* be doctors, you yet go to the trouble and expense of studying the art, when the world would have liked you just as well, and indeed a great deal better, if you had begun to slash and physic without any study or preparation whatever. Men must be mad, indeed, who will study physic, when they can make a fortune three times as fast by quackery.—*Dr. Bird.*

CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATION AT MACCLESFIELD.—The Conservative inhabitants of this borough on Monday evening made a demonstration of protestant and constitutional feeling unequalled on any previous occasion of similar kind. It was the anniversary dinner in celebration of the formation of a conservative association. Two years ago the members of the society mustered in the room of an hotel for this purpose, but as conservative principles progressed with time, no hotel apartment in the town could be found capable of holding them, and this year the spacious building used as a national school was had recourse to for their accommodations. The interior was elegantly fitted up, and decorated with flags, banners, evergreens, dahlias, and other emblems of joy. The banners, &c., bore appropriately loyal inscriptions, such as "Protestant ascendancy," "Fear God and honour the Queen," "Queen, Lords, and Commons," &c.—Between four and five hundred respectable individuals sat down to dinner, a more influential number never having before congregated in Macclesfield. Sir F. Burdett, pursuant to an invitation forwarded to him, had intimated his attention to be present at the meeting but owing to some misunderstanding in reference to the day on which it was to take place, he did not arrive, much to the disappointment of the members of the association. From a letter which was read by Mr. Ryle, the banker, at whose house Sir Francis was to sojourn, it appeared that the secretary of the society had made some blunder as to the time fixed for the dinner. The chair was occupied by Mr. H. Wardle and near him at the cross table were—Mr. Egerton, M. P.; Mr. T. Grimshitch, M. P.; T. Trafford (chairman of the quarter sessions); Mr. W. C. Townsend, Recorder of Macclesfield; Captain Hall, Mr. J. S. Daintry, Mr. T. R. Daintry, Mr. R. Wood, Mr. W. B. Dickinson, Mr. E. Hall, Mr. E. Legh, Mr. J. C. Ryle, Mr. G. C. Legh, and Mr. J. Ryle. The toasts and speeches were of a truly loyal and conservative character, and the evening passed with the greatest enthusiasm.

NOTICE.

DR. BOTSFORD, may be found at the house occupied by the late Mr. JAMES OTTY, Charlotte street. Nov. 29.

The Subscriber

HAS the pleasure of announcing to the Inhabitants of Carleton, and its immediate vicinity, that he has completed his Medical Education at the University of Glasgow, and intends practising the various branches of his Profession among them.

THOMAS MURRAY PETERS, M.D. & M.C.
Carleton, 1st Nov. 1839.

N. B.—Dr. T. Peters at present resides with the Rev. F. Coster.

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, Broaches, 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 Board 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.

RUN AWAY.

NOTICE is hereby given that GEORGE DAVIS, an Indented ap, rentice has run away from my employment: I do hereby forbid any persons from harbouring him or trusting him on my account, as I shall not pay any debts or obligations of his contracting, but will prosecute any person who may trust or encourage him. He is supposed to be gone towards St. John, where his friends reside.

JAMES H. BECKWITH.
Buctouche, Nov. 2.—6w.

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.

Iron, Tin, Soap, Pork, Whiskey, &c. &c.

The subscriber is now landing, ex barque *Brothers*, from Newry, the following Goods, which will be sold low from the ship:

4000 BARS Common IRON, assorted—viz: Flat from 1½ to 4 inches by ½; do. 1½ to 3 in. by ⅜; do. from 1½ to 4 inches by ½; Round ⅜ to 2 inches; square ½ to 3 inches.
40 bundles half inch round refined,
40 Do. ⅝ inch ditto; 20 ditto ¾ inch ditto;
1250 Bars Refined Iron, assorted, viz: Flat from 1½ to 8 in. by ½; ditto from 2 to 4 inches by ⅜; ditto from 3 to 4 inches by ¼; ditto from 3 to 4 inches by ⅜; ditto from 3 to 4 inches by ½.
100 Bars Swedish Iron, assorted,
120 boxes Tin Plates, CW; 20 ditto ditto IC;
10 Do. do IC; 5 ditto ditto DX; 5 ditto do. IX
30 Bundles sheet Iron, No. 18; 10 do. No. 20,
60 Ditto ditto No. 22; 60 ditto do. No. 24;
50 Dozen Miners' shovels;
100 Do. Farmers' spades; 50 do. Dalkey ditto,
400 Boxes Liverpool SOAP, 56lbs. each,
30 Ditto Newry Ditto, 224lbs. each,
44 Ditto Dipt Candles, 8's, 10's and 12's,
20 Puncheons very strong Grain Whisky,
10 Ditto ditto Malt ditto,
10 Tons Fire Bricks; 100 Tons Limestone,
100 Barrels Prime Mess Pork; 1 ton OAKUM,
40 Cwt. Spikes, from 5 to 9 inch,
5 Tons HOLLOW WARE, consisting of Pots, Pans, Bake Ovens, &c.
12 Pairs Forge Bellows; 20 tons No. 1 Pig Iron.
Nov. 1. WILLIAM CARVILL.

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 Hanwood, Queen's County: An excellent Road leads and a fine River runs through the whole Block, wherein there is a luxuriant crop of natural bluejoint Grass and excellent grazing ground.

Particulars known by application to
JAMES MALCOLM.
September 13. *Prince Wm. street.*

THE SUBSCRIBER

Offers for sale the following GOODS, at his store 27, *South Market Wharf:*—

27 CHESTS Congo TEA; 8 do. souchong Tea; 30 barrels superfine FLOUR; 20 Bbls. Corn Meal, 30 do Watson's navy Bread, 65 do. Irish Prime Mess PORK; 80 half do. Platters do. 250 Boxes Dipt Candles, all sizes; 300 Boxes SOAP—20 and 40lbs each; 15 Kegs superior Mustard.

The above together with a general assortment of GROCERIES, will be sold on reasonable terms for cash or approved paper.
October 4. H. S. GAULT.

Treacle, Pork, Bacon, &c.

Just received, per *Margaret*, from Clyde, and to be sold low while landing:

15 PUNS. TREACLE; 50 barrels Prime Mess Pork; 20 bales Bacon; 4 hhds. and 10 Tierces Refined Sugar; 8 casks crushed ditto; half ton Pearl Barley; half do. Pot ditto; 1 hogshead Coppers; 20 boxes Tobacco Pipes; 2 Puncheons Islay, 4 do. Campbeltown Malt Aqua.

9 bales Woollen Goods, consisting of Carpetings, assorted patterns; Plaidings, Blankets, Checked Cloakings, &c. &c.; 1 bale TARTANS, containing 20 pieces, all different patterns.

Also on Consignment—4 casks PORT WINE, 82 Kegs Green Paint, 2 bags containing 30 spindles Wheeled Yarn.

ALEXANDERS, BARRY & CO.
Oct. 25. *Sands' Arcade.*

FOR "LIVERPOOL,"

6 CHAIN CABLES, assorted sizes, ⅞ to 1¼ inch; 16 sets Topsail and Top gallant CHAIN SHEETS, *tapered*; 3 KEDGE ANCHORS, 81 to 44¼ cwt.; 6 iron-stocked Anchors, for chain cables, from 1¾ cwt. to 3¼ cwt.; 4 do. do. 8 cwt. 10 cwt. 10¾ cwt. and 12¼ cwt., 3 Anchors for wood stock, 6 cwt. 7¾ cwt. & 10¼ cwt.

JOHN ROBERTSON.
Nov. 22. *City Bank.*

Agents for the Chronicle.

Fredericton, Mr. James F. Gale: Woodstock, John M'Beath, Esq: Andover, (Co. Carleton,) Mr. Jon. P. Taylor: Gagetown, W. F. Bonnell, Esq: St. Andrews, Wm. Kerr, Esq: Chatham, (Miramichi,) Geo. Kerr, Esq: Bathurst, William Napier, Esq: Dalhousie, A. Barberie, Esq: Norton, Mr. John Elliot: Sussex Vale, Major Evanson: Richibucto, William Layton, Esq.; Londonderry, N. S. Mr. James K. Fulton: Amherst, Mr. J. A. Chipman: Canning, (Queen's County,) Dr. Woods: Shediac, Mr. N. H. DeVeber: Wilmot, N. S. Mr. Lawrence Phinney: Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq: Digby, Post Master: Annapolis, Mr. Lawrence Hall.