THE Weekly Chronicle.

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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.

NOVEMBER.		H.	SUN. S.	MOON.	H.	W.
23	Saturday,	7	6 4 27	6 51	0	55
24	Sunday,	7	7 4 26	8 7	1	45
25	Monday,	7	8 4 25	9 23	2	31
26	Tuesday,	7	10 4 25	10 35	3	18
27	Wednesday,	7	11 4 24	11 42	4	18
28	Thursday,	7	12 4 24	morn.	5	9
29	Friday,	7	14 4 23	0 46	6	15

Last Quarter, 27th. 5h. 47m. 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: F. A. Wiggins, 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: John Kerr, 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: John Robertson, Esq.

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

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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.

JOHN SMITH'S LETTERS TO UNCLE JOSHUA DOWNING.

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

LETTER III.

Containing, among other matters and things, a Chapter on animal magnetism.

Smithville, Down East, in the state of Main, March 1st, 1839.

Dear Gineral Morris—I got your very perlite letter last night. The same post brought it that brought your last Mirror, that had cousin Debby's letter in it. About Cousin Debby's letter, where she hinges so hard against me in it, I shouldn't troubled you to take any notice on't for I don't think she's worth a minding, hadn't it been for the very perlite request in your letter to me, that I should write some more letters to you and let you print 'em in your Mirror. But I feel it my duty now to clear up my character to you a little in respect of truth and verassity, because some parts of Debby's letter seems to go almost headforemost right against some parts of mine. So to set this matter to rights in short meter, Gineral, I must say that cousin Debby, although she's in the main a very good sort of a gal, yet when any thing nettles her considerable, she will stretch the stockin' a little, that's a fact. And that isn't her worst failin': for a few years past she's been a good deal given to break up matches. So that the young folks, when they take a notion to have any courting goin' on, jest about as lives die as to have Debby get hold on't for they know she won't rest day or night till she's turned the whole business topsyturvy, and poured all the fat in the fire.

But that's neither here nor there. I ain't agoin' to talk to you about Debby, nor no sich nonsense, but come right down to matters of more importance, that you spoke about in your letter.

I was a good deal struck up to find that you and the New-York folks didn't know any more about Smithville; and couldn't even tell what state it was in. It is a very noted place, and has been a good many years. It turned out more soldiers to go down to Portland in the last war, than any town of its size in the state. And didn't you never hear how high politix ran in our town when Adams and Crawford was up for president, and I and Ichabod Smith was run for the legislater, and how we voted till ten o'clock at night, tie and tie, and no choice, and then had a knock down and put the candles out, and adjourned till next day? You must have heard about it, and had it in the papers there to, for it was all the talk about here for months. Not know any thing about Smithville! Seems to me'tain't possible. Why, we've been represented in the legislater ever since our state was separated from old Massachusetts. I've been there two winters myself; I suppose I held as good a rank as most any of 'em there, unless it was a few that was called leading members. I was appointed on the committee on accounts and on the committee on dividing towns, and the speaker used to most always stop and speak to me as he was going out of the house after we was adjourned. I can't see how it is possible that New-York shouldn't know a good deal about Smithville; more especially as it jines Downingville, and Downingville is known by every body in New-York and all over the country. And moreover, Downingville is only a child, as it were, of Smithville; for they was both one town'at first, and Smithville was the mother town, and Downingville was set off from Smithville in the year 1811, the year before the last war broke out. I don't mean this new war that's going on down here to the north-eastern boundary, but what's always been called the *last* war.

It seems strange that Downingville should be known more than Smithville—that the child should get ahead of the mother—though I know it seems to be a kind of a law of nater, that children should out-do their parents, and make more noise in the world than their parents ever did. I'm considerable ahead of what my father ever was; he never held a squire's commission, nor never was a representative to the legislater. And then here's our state of Maine—you know she's the daughter of old Massachusetts—well, she's getting up in the world faster than ever her mother did, and is running ahead of her like smoke. She's got so big she won't take an insult from the biggest nation in the world. If Great Britain plagues her a little about cutting down some of her pine logs, by the gracious! she don't stop to ask no questions, but flies right in her face, tooth and nail, and tells Great Britain if she wants to fight, she's the boy for her. Now old Massachusetts never would a dared to done that in the world. She would a looked over her shoulder and hollered to Uncle Sam to come and help her, as hard as she could scream, before she would strick a blow. But somehow or other I believe children do have more spunk than their parents after all. Their dander seems to start quicker. There's my son John—you let any body insult him or me or any of the family, and he's into 'em in a minute. A regiment wouldn't stop him. I should like to give you an account of some of his tantrums if I had time, although he isn't seventeen years old till the fifth of next May.

I was glad to find you and the New-York folks thought so much of my 'tother letter, and wants me to write again; though I feel a little kind of streaked about writin' letters for you to print in your Mirror, along side of them are fine pieces that you have from men of great learning. Though I don't know that I have any need to be ashamed of my larning, for all Debby hinges as though it wasn't as good as hern. She may know more than I do about needle-work and grammar and these fine arts; but when you come down to the solid branches, sich as ciphering, suing folks, doing town business, and working politix, she's no more than a baby to me; I can wind her round my finger in every one of 'em in two minutes.

You say you want me to tell you all about Smithville and Smithville folks, where our ancestors come from, and how long they've lived here, and how we've got along and built our town up and made sich a smart place of it, and give you my views about matters and things in general. Now that, according to my notion, Gineral, is pretty considerable of a broad question, especially the matters and things in general; for I find there is a good many things in this world; and I guess there's some that your New-Yorkers hain't thought of yet. But I'm kind of puzzled to know whereabouts I better begin. I don't know whether I better begin at the root of the matter and trace it all out in rotation, as grandmother does when she goes over the Smith tree, that Debby told you about in her letter, or whether I better begin at the top and so work down along, as they say the freemasons do when they build their chimblies. Sometimes I've a good mind to begin right in amongst the matters and things in general, which, I take it, means *animal magnetism*. But I see Mr. John Neal is writing for you on that subject, and has got along as far as the "Notch of the White Hills" and "the gloves." But I don't know as there would be any harm in having two hands at the same job, and as there's matters and things enough in the world to last two of us considerable time, I don't know but I might as well, and I believe I will, write a little about animal magnetism tu. I think I should like to write along side of John Neal, he goes ahead so much like a steam-engine.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Smithfield Burying-ground.—The Apparition.

It was a bright moonshiny night, as you will see one in a hundred—twas in the latter part of September, and the weather was jest about warm enough to be comfortable. 'Twas a Sunday night—I had my go-to-meeting clothes on, and had been over to see Sally Newbegin, she that's now my dear wife, at this very blessed moment. I didn't marry a Smith, but a Newbegin. I took a fancy to that name, because grandmother used to say, when one got married, they always had to begin the world *anew*; and I thought if I could marry a Newbegin, my world would be already pretty well begun. And Sally was a fine gal, though I say it. And I had to get up pretty early, and set up pretty late tu, to get her, for most all the young fellers in Smithville, and near about a score from Downingville was after her one while. But Sally never staid with any of 'em but me, for she always took a liking to me ever since we went to school together.

Well, this night we sot talking in the fore room, till the old brass clock struck twelve, and then I told Sally that I *must* go. She said she didn't believe but what the clock was too fast. So I set down again a minute, or I didn't think it was a bit more than ten minutes, when the plaguy old clock struck one. I sprung and catched my hat, and bid Sally good night, and started for home as fast as I could go. I had to go nearly two miles; and about half a mile before I got home, I had to go by the burying-ground, that was close by the road. 'Twas a very lonesome sort of a place. There was thick woods on 'tother side of the road, and 'twas nearly half a mile to any house. When I got along in sight of the burying-ground, I naturally begun to think over who was buried there; and about one that was always supposed to be murdered—for a good many folks have always thought there's been one murdor committed in Smithville; and then I thought how aunt Jane was once frightened most out of her senses coming along by the burying-ground, between daylight and dark, and always stood to it she see an apparition. I always used to laugh at her about it, and have made her as mad as fire a hundred times, whenever she sot out to tell the story; for I didn't believe nothin' about ghosts and apparitions; and aunt Jane would always turn around to me when she got through the story, and say, "well there, John, I hope if you live you'll see an apparition."

I felt as if I'd done wrong in hurting aunt Jane's feelings so many times, for she's a clever creatur as ever lived; and then the thought come over me, as I got along within about twenty rods of the corner of the burying-ground, "what if aunt Jane's wish should come true?" My flesh kind of crawled a little, but I wouldn't mind it—apparitions wasn't nothin' but old women's whims—I clinched my hands a little tighter and walked along, and begun to whistle a little; not very loud, but a low tune, jest to show that I wasn't afraid. The dark shadows of the woods begun to fall across the road, for the moon had got down some ways behind the trees. It seemed as if the place was dreadful still; and I felt my flesh crawl again. I stopped whistling—the place was so still I couldn't whistle—when all at once I heard a most *terrible groan*. My hair rise right up, and I thought my heart would a jumped out of my mouth. It wasn't so loud a groan as some, but a low, distressed, awful sound, sich as I never heard before in my life. I stopped short, for I couldn't move a step one way nor 'tother; my feet seemed to grow to the ground. The groan come agin, and the shudders run over me like a streak of lightening. The sound seemed to be a little ways ahead of me, and as I looked along, about a half dozen rods, I see a white thing, about as long as a coffin, laying across the road. I couldn't feel no skeerder than I was before, but the sweat begun to pour off of me like rain. The groan come agin, and I was sure it come from the white thing across the road. It looked about as large as a man, and white enough to be a winding sheet wrapped round it.

I begun to feel it was possible there might be sich things as apparitions, and I felt like death to think I had hurt aunt Jane's feelings so much about it. It didn't move any, but laid still and groaned. I thought at first I would speak to it, but I couldn't muster courage enough. What could I do? My courage never failed before. I went back a few steps, keeping my face all the time towards the apparition; for I couldn't help feeling convinced now that 'twas an apparition. I could go home another way, by going round nearly three miles, but what good would that do? apparitions could go faster than I could. I went back a few steps farther, without taking my eyes off of it; it didn't follow me, but laid still in the same place. I begun to feel my courage come a little—I never was a coward; but I didn't know what to do—I couldn't go forward, and I wouldn't go back. I picked up a little round stone, about as large as a hen's egg, and threw it towards the apparition—not hard, but rolled it along the ground, jest far enough to hit it easy. In a moment it sprung up on end and fell down again twice; and groaned louder than ever. But I minded, both times it fell it didn't fall towards me, but from me. After a minute or two, I thought I'd try that motion again. I threw another stone. The apparition sprung up on its feet jest as it did before, and fell down again, with its head from me. At this my courage begun to come a little more, and I ventured to go along a few steps nearer, once in a while throwing a stone. The apparition seemed to be afraid of me, and every time I threw a stone it would seem to jump about its length from me. At last it got along to a place where the moonshine come down between the trees on to it, and I got up to within about two rods of it, and all at once my heart was as light as a feather. It was nothing but uncle John Smith's old hog, that had got his forefeet both up through his yoke, and was half choked to death, and could only spring up on his hind feet and groan. A fiddle-stick take your apparitions, said I, and I went whistling half the way home, determined to hecter aunt Jane about her apparitions harder than ever.

In respect of your invitation, Gineral, for me to come to New-York and make a visit, there's nothing would suit me better; for I've always wanted to see that are place, and if I can bring my business about so as to make it convenient, I think I shall do it. I remain your sincere friend,

THE AGES.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

A thousand years—a thousand years!
So long a time has worn away,
And o'er the hardening earth appears
Green pasture mix'd with rocks of gray;
And there huge monsters roll and feed,
Each frame a mass of sullen life;
Through slimy wastes and woods of reed
They crawl, and tramp, and blend in strife,

A thousand years—a thousand years!
And o'er the wide and grassy plain,
A human form the prospect cheers.
The new-sprung Lord of earth's domain.
Half clad in skins he builds a cell,
Where wife and child create a home;
He looks to heaven with thoughts that swell,
And owns a Might beyond the dome.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
And lo! a city and a realm:
Its weighty pile a temple rears,
And walls are bright with sword and helm:
Each man is lost amid a crowd;
Each power unknown now bears a name;
And laws and rites, and songs are loud;
And myriads hail their monarch's fame.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
And now beside the rolling sea,
Where many a sailor nimbly steers,
The eager tribes are bold and free.
The graceful shrine adorns the hill;
The square of council spreads below;
Their theatres a people fill,
And list to thought's divinest flow.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
We live amid a sterner land,
Where laws ordain'd by ancient seers
Have train'd the spirit of command:
Their pride and policy and war,
With haughty fronts are gazing slow,
And bound at their triumphal car,
O'remaster'd kings to darkness go.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
And chivalry and faith are strong;
And through devotion's sorrowing tears
Is seen high help for earthly wrong.
Fair gleams the cross with sunny light.
Beneath a dim cathedral arch;
'Tis raised, the burgher Staff of Right,
And heads the stately feudal march.

A thousand years!—How swift the chain,
That drags along our slight to day!
Before that sound returns again,
The present will have stream'd away,
And all our world of busy strength
Will dwell in calmer halls of time,
And then with joy, will own, at length
Its course is fix'd, its end sublime.

INDIAN ROBBERS.—Once during the pursuit of the Pindarries, a considerable amount of money was sent to our camp to pay a large division of the army. Our tents were pitched in a wild, hilly and jungly country, and as it was known that the treasure was coveted by several of the plundering gangs, a havildar's or sergeant's guard was posted to watch the four tumbrils in which the money was contained. Suddenly in the middle of the night a gang of these robbers, who seemed to have risen out of the earth, attacked the sepoys sword in hand, while others attempted to break open the tumbrils. The sepoys made a desperate resistance at the point of the bayonet and successfully protected their charge until the arrival of reinforcements compelled the plunderers to make a hasty retreat. Several of the robbers were killed, but not before some of the sepoys had received many severe sabre wounds. It would be impossible to give an adequate notion of the craft and perseverance displayed by these robbers in ascertaining the amount and the exact position of any property they may covet; and the almost incredible deceptions they practise on the possessors. Precautions are almost useless for the contrivances employed. Horses ever so securely picketed and guarded, have been stolen from the midst of the camp; the whole property in a room or tent has been swept away without awakening the sleeping owner; nay, the very mattress has been removed by a skilful thief, without disturbing the slumbers of the officer by whom it was occupied. I witnessed the performance of this last-named feat when in the camp at Trichinopoly by one of the Colliries, a class of persons noted for their expertness and adroitness as thieves. It was then performed for a wager, to convince an incredulous officer of the surprising dexterity of Indian thieves. When the officer's breathing gave proof of his being in a sound sleep, the Colliry entered the room stealthily as a cat, taking with him a small chafing-dish on which he burned some intoxicating herbs, especially the seeds of the bang or hemp-plant, which is nearly as powerful a soporific as opium. He allowed the officer to inhale some of the stupifying fumes, and then gently tickled him with a feather; as he mechanically shrunk from the tickling, the thief adroitly pulled away the mattress, until he succeeded in removing it altogether, when he went off in the room without being detected.—*Major Bean's Thirty Years in India.*

CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH PEASANTRY.—Hodge is now growing up into a tall, long, smock-frocked, straw-netted, ankle-booted fellow, with a gate as graceful as one of his own plough-bullocks. He has grown up and gone to service; and there he is, as simple, as ignorant, and as laborious a creature as one of the waggon-horses that he drives. The mechanic sees his weekly newspaper over his pipe and pot; but the clodhopper, the chopstick, the hawbuck, the hind, the johnney-raw, or by whatever name in whatever district he may be called, is everywhere the same. He sees no newspaper; and, if he did, he could not read it—and if he hears his master reading it, ten to one but he drops asleep over it. In fact, he has no interest in it. He knows there is such a place as the next town, for he goes there to the statutes and to the fair; and he has heard of Lunnon and the French, and Bonaparte, and of late years of America, and he has some dreaming notion that he should like to go there, if he could raise the *wind*, and thought he could find the way; and that is all he knows of the globe and its concerns, beyond his own fields. The mechanic has his library, and he reads, and finds that he has a mind, and a hundred tastes and pleasures that he never dreamed of before. The clodhopper has no library; and if he had books, in his present state they would be to him only so many things set on end upon shelves. He is as much an animal as air and exercise, strong living, and sound sleeping, can make him; and he is nothing more.—*Howitt's Sketches.* [Books are not the only means of knowledge, and nature teaches some lessons.]

AMERICAN INGENUITY IN EVADING THE LAW.—The very first object of the Americans, after a law has been passed, is to find out how they can evade it. This exercises their ingenuity; and it is very amusing to observe how cleverly they sometimes manage it. At Baltimore, in consequence of the prevalence of hydrophobia, the civic authorities passed a law, that all dogs should be muzzled, or rather the terms were, "that all dogs should wear a muzzle," or the owner of a dog not wearing a muzzle should be brought up and fined; and the regulation further stated, that anybody convicted of having "removed the muzzle from off a dog should also be severely fined." A man, therefore, tied a muzzle to his dog's tail (the Act not stating where the muzzle was to be placed). One of the city officers, perceiving this dog with the muzzle at the wrong end, took possession of the dog and brought it to the town hall. Its master, being well known, was summoned and appeared. He proved that he had complied with the act, in having a muzzle on the dog; and further, the city officer having taken the MUZZLE OFF the dog's tail, he insisted that he should be fined five dollars for so doing.—*Capt. Marryatt.*

DEFINITION OF THE WORD "GENT."—A *gent*, is an individual of that genus for whose particular eyes cheap stocks, and flash garments at alarmingly low prices, are ticketed all round Charing cross—as shooting jackets for parties who don't know one end of a gun from the other, pilot coats for street-going *swells* who *would* indeed be pleasant people in a gale of wind, &c. A *gent*. is he to whom the assiduous *Boots* proffers a pair of dirty slippers, and in which, nothing revolted, the party sits at ease at his tea or brandy and water, exchanging facetiousness with, or extracting conversation from, the waiter. A *gent*. is the person whom the coachman does not even turn to look at, as he says "Chuck *down* that *gent.'s* carpet bag, *Bill*: come now, be alive!"—imparting an added dose of the principle of vitality to the galvanised *William* in a very surprising manner—the person whose offered cigar the discerning candidate of the four bag probably *declines*, while he accepts the pinch from a gentleman's civility. There is a *tournure* about a *gent*. which there is no mistaking—the superior ease of a gentleman is not the criterion, for a *gent. is consummately* at *his ease* in all *positions*, though some of them are not happily chosen.—*Blackwood for May.*

BEAUTY OF PRUSSIAN WOMEN.—Berlin is considered one of the cities of Germany most celebrated for female beauty. The ladies are, literally speaking, fair, and peculiarly happy in the elegance of their figures. They walk with much feminine grace, and are, above all, esteemed the most literary, talented, and high-bred of the German women.

I had one day the accidental good fortune to see one of those belles standing opposite to the most faultless and beautiful creation of art which adorns the picture gallery; and so equal were the rival claims to admiration of the animate and the inanimate beauty, that it would have been difficult to decide on which to bestow the palm, had not the former, jesibly imagining the comparison that would not fail to be made, been piqued into assuming her prettiest smile, and the victory was then no longer doubtful.—Letters from Germany.

SELFISHNESS OF LOVE.—Is selfishness a necessary ingredient in the composition of that passion called love, or does it deserve all the fine things which poets, in the exercise of their undoubted vocation, have said of it? There are no doubt authenticated instances of gentlemen having given up ladies, and ladies having given up gentlemen to meritorious rivals, under circumstances of great high-mindedness; but is it quite established that the majority of such ladies and gentlemen have not made a virtue of necessity, and nobly resigned what was beyond their reach; as a private soldier might register a vow never to accept the order of the Garter, or a poor curate, of great piety and learning, but of no family—save a very large family of children—might renounce a bishopric.—*Nobleby for May.*

EFFECTS OF ENGLISH ALE.—I have never seen happier faces or plumper forms than in my rambles of to-day; the servants of the establishment (Holkham Hall), particularly, are in admirable condition—really one feels healthier in merely looking at them; but of all the jovial expressions there, what one can match the visage of the old butler? It is a prodigy of good humor. You cannot calculate intensely red—it is rather a brilliant copper. It images "the shadowy livery of the burnish'd sun." With the round body beneath, it proclaims a life passed among mugs, bottles, and tankards. It is indeed irresistible. You actually feel warmed in its presence. You know not how to decribe it. In despair you pronounce it the word *jolly* melted down, and are ready to burst forth in admiration of that ale which can work such marvellous results. —*Bentley's Miscellany for May; art. A Visit to Holkham Hall.*

FOR SALE.

THE schr. INTREPID, 50 tons burthen—old measure—will be sold low on application.

JAMES T. HANFORD.

Nov. 2.

Iron, Soap, Pork, &c.

The Subscriber has now landing, ex ship Atlantic:—

90 TONS No. 1 PIG IRON; 1425 Bars and 120 Bundles English Iron, ass'd.; 500 bars refined Iron, ass'd; 10 boxes DC Pontpool TIN; 20 cwt. Sock Plates;
60 bbls. and 20 half bbls. Irish Prime Mess Pork; 400 boxes Yellow SOAP; 80 do. White do;
20 ditto Dipped Candles;
Which he offers for sale at low prices.

sept. 13. WILLIAM CARVILL.

POLLOCK, HERRINGS, &c.—250 cwt. prime Pollock; 50 barrels pickled Haddock, 50 bbls. No. 1 Fat Herrings—gibbed.

For sale by

27th sept. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

SUGAR, MOLASSES, &c.

NOW LANDING—17 Hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR; 10 Puns. Prime Retailing Molasses; 50 bags Java Coffee; 2800 Pure Havana Cigars. *In store*—32,000 Cigars. For sale by

Oct. 4. JAMES MALCOLM.

BUTTER.

27 FIRKINS prime CUMBERLAND BUTTER, just received and for sale by the subscriber. J. FAIRWEATHER.

Sept. 20.

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 SPIKES.—5 tons ass'd sizes—received per *Chester*, from Liverpool. For sale low while landing, by

August 30. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

Canada Prime Mess Pork.

50 BARRELS Canada prime Mess PORK, received per schooner *Prudent* from Quebec, for sale low if applied for immediately.

Oct. 4. JOHN ROBERTSON.

THE SUBSCRIBER

Has just received by the schr. "Prudent" Capt. Billingsby, from Quebec:

50 BBLS. MESS PORK; and 200 barrels Prime Mess PORK;

Which will be sold at moderate prices by

Oct. 4. JAS. T. HANFORD.

TIMBER.

FOR SALE.—300 tons White Pine TIMBER, average 14 inches, for sale on reasonable terms. Apply to CROOKSHANK & WALKER.

August 30, 1839.

CORDAGE.

Per *Coronation*, from London, the subscriber has received the following consignment:

100 Coils Cordage, assorted sizes,
30 Coils Ratline, Worming and Spunyarn,
4 Hawsers, 7, 6, 5 and 4 inch,
10 Coils White MANILLA,
4 Bales Twines, Lines, Deep sea Lines, Log Lines, Houslines, Marline and Hambro' Line.

The above will be sold low at cost and charges, if applied for while landing.

sept. 20. W. P. RANNEY.

New Brig For sale.

A substantially built and fast sailing Brig of 153 tons old mea't. now lying at Fetungell's wharf, will be ready for sea in a few days, and if applied for immediately, will be sold on moderate terms, on application to

24th sept. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

TO LET,

THAT commodious and well finished HOUSE, lately occupied by Major Richardson of the 11th Regiment situated in Lower Cove, opposite the Ordnance Office. For further particulars apply to MR. JAMES M'CONNELL, on the premises.

☞A large quantity of Fish Barrels and other Cooperage, on hand and for sale on reasonable terms. June 14.

TEA WAREHOUSE.

JAMES MALCOLM, offers for sale at his Establishment in Prince William street:

175 Chests fine Congo TEA; 35 ditto Blackish Leaf ditto; 15 do. souchong ditto; 15 do Hyson; 10 do. Twankay and Young Hyson; 35 do. Bohea in Congo Packages; with an extensive assortment of Raw and Refined Sugars, Mocha and Java Coffee, Fruit, Spices, &c.

The quality of the above Goods are all warranted to be what they are represented.

The very superior quality of J. M's ground Coffee is now generally admitted, and all or any of the above may be had wholesale or retail at his usual low prices. sept 20.

Witney Blankets.

JOSEPH SUMMERS & CO. have just received a large assortment of very superior 8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4 and 12-4 Witney Blankets; 5-4 super Crib ditto, which are now ready for inspection.

Oct. 4, 1839.

BAR KEEPER wanted—Enquire at the *Saint John Hotel.* August 9, 1839.

JACKSON'S HOTEL,

Fredericton, New-Brunswick.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and patrons of Fredericton and its vicinity, as well the inhabitants of the Province generally, that he has greatly enlarged his former establishment by additional buildings, has built a large and handsome Dining room, capable of accommodating any parties at public festivals, &c., with additional anti-rooms, bed rooms, &c. &c. He has always on hand a good supply of the choicest Wines and Liquors imported into the Province, a constant supply of good ice throughout the summer season, and can give good accommodations to any families wishing to visit Fredericton for the space of a few weeks or otherwise. To travellers from Nova-Scotia or the United States, the subscriber would fain recommend his establishment to their particular notice as being inferior to none in the Province of New-Brunswick. Horses, Carriages and other vehicles are furnished from the Hotel.

August 30. H. JACKSON.

SHOE STORE.

Corner of King and Germain Streets.

The subscriber has just received per *Eagle* from London and *Magnificent* from Liverpool:

31 PACKAGES containing part of his Fall and Winter supply of Ladies, Gentlemen's, Girls', Boys' and Children's

BOOTS & SHOES,

of every description, from the cheapest to the very best imported; and an elegant assortment of Children's SOCKS of every description; which will be sold Wholesale and Retail.

Sept. 20. S. K. FOSTER.

NEW VESSEL FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a superior New Vessel, of about 200 tons old measurement. Her length of keel 81 feet; on deck, about 90 feet; beam 23 feet; hold 13 feet; copper fastened—her materials are the best the country affords, and her workmanship and model are very superior:—she will be ready to launch about the last of next month. For further particulars apply to Messrs. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS, St. John, or to the subscriber, at Pugwash.

☞A cargo of DEALS can be furnished on the spot, if required.

THOMAS W. DEWOLFE.

Pugwash, N. S. 26th July, 1839.

SHEET & BAR LEAD, &c.

25 ROLLS Sheet LEAD, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½ 5 and 6 lbs to a foot;
2 Casks BAR LEAD;
2 Casks Composition BUTT BOLTS, 8 9, 10 and 12 inches;
3 ANCHORS, 19, 21, and 24 cwt.

Apply to JOHN ROBERTSON,

At his Counting House, City Bank Building, or at his Warehouse, North Slip.

St. John, August 30.

ON CONSIGNMENT,

Ex "HEBE," from LONDON:

25 HHDS. BRANDY—from 6 to 12 per cent. over proof—will be sold for delivery from the ship at a low price.

October 18. W. H. STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBER

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

27 CHESTS Congo TEA; 8 do. souchong Tea; 40 barrels superfine FLOUR;
20 Bbls. Corn Meal, 30 do Watson's navy Bread,
65 " Irish Prime Mess PORK;
86 half do. Planters do.
250 Boxes Dipt Candles, all sizes;
300 Boxes SOAP—60 and 36lbs 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.

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 Hamstead, 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.

COTTON BATTING.—10 bales of a very superior quality, just received per schr. *Teazer*, from New-York. For sale cheap by

September 13. S. K. FOSTER.

SUGAR.

PER schooner *Jane*, just arrived:—20 Hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR, which will be sold low from the Wharf, by

Oct. 18. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

JAMAICA RUM & TEA.

10 PUNS. Extra strong and fine flavoured Jamaica RUM, 52 per cent. over proof,
20 Puncheons ditto ditto 29 ditto.
10 Chests E. I. Company's Bohea TEA.

Also—A set of standing and running Rigging, and Blocks complete, for a vessel of about 250 tons. Received per schooner *Only Son*, lying at Peters' Wharf, and for sale low before being stored, by

Oct. 17. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

Clear and Refuse Lumber.

30 M. FEET well seasoned St. Stephens Clear and Merchantable PINE BOARDS, of very superior quality;
150 M. Feet Refuse Pine Lumber, from a wharf or in rafts, very low if taken away immediately.

sept. 13. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

Wine, Gin, Sugar, Tea, &c.

The subscribers offer for sale the following articles in the Queen's Warehouse, viz:

A FEW Hhds. and Quarter casks L. P. Madeira WINE, from the well-known house of *Duff, Gordon & Co.* of Madeira.
Pipes, Hhds. and Qr. Casks Fine Teneriffe, &c.
Pipes superior Antwerp GENEVA,
50 bags PIMENTO,
90 hhds. Porto Rico SUGARS—some very superior.

IN STORE—300 packages "Clifton" TEAS, comprising best Congo, Souchong, Hyson, & Gun powder; together with a quantity of CANVAS, Chain Cables, Anchors, Composition Spikes, Bar and Bolt Iron, &c. &c.

August 30. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.