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Weekly Almanack.

NOVEMBER.	R. SUN.	S. SUN.	MOONS R.	H. W.
30 Saturday,	7 15	4 23	1 51	7 10
1 Sunday,	7 16	4 23	2 51	8 20
2 Monday,	7 17	4 23	3 53	9 11
3 Tuesday,	7 18	4 23	4 58	9 53
4 Wednesday,	7 19	4 23	6	10 34
5 Thursday,	7 20	4 22	Sets.	11 9
6 Friday,	7 21	4 22	4 31	11 44

New Moon, 5th. 10h. 21m. 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.

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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 IV.

The war in our disputed territory.—The drafting at Smithville.

Smithville, Down East, in the state of Maine, March 8, 1839.

Dear General Morris—I was going to give you a kind of a history of our folks and our town—going away back to the beginning, and so coming down along in course, but we have been in such a thistration here about the war for a week past, that I can't think of any thing else, nor write about any thing else, till the flurry is over. My son John has gone down to the boundary war, along with the rest of 'em, and we feel bad enough about it, I can tell you. He's too young to go, I know; he's a mere stripling r. a boy yet, as I told you in my 'other letter; he won't be seventeen years old till the fifth day of next May, if he should live to see it. But the poor boy may never live to see that day now, for he's taken his life in his hands, and gone to fight for his country like a man and a hero, live or die. It was a tryin' time to us, Gineral; it was a tryin' time—but I may as well tell you the story, and then you'll know.

After we heard the British had taken our Land Agent, and carried him off to New-Brunzick, we began to look out for a squall. It was about dark when the post brought the papers that had the account of it; so, arter supper, we all went into grandfather's to talk the matter over; for grandfather knows more about sich matters than any body else in Smithville,—he was out three years in the revolution, and was in the battle of Lexington before he listed, and had the fore-finger of his right hand shot off in the battle of Bunker-hill, jest as he was pulling trigger, and aiming at a British officer that was hurrying up the hill, and driving his soldiers up like a fury. But grandfather always says he didn't lose his shot by it; for when he found that finger was gone, and wouldn't pull, he tried the next finger, and the old gun went without losing his aim, and the British officer fell; and he always believed 'twas his shot brought him down. Though grandfather is eighty-five years old now, and is so lame that he cant walk about much, yet his mind holds out remarkably, and he can talk about these things as smart as ever he could. His house stands right aside of mine, only far enough apart for a long shed between 'em, and he used to live in the same house with me, or rather I lived in the same house with him, till I had so many children, and my family got so large, 'twas rather worrisome to the old gentleman, and we was rather scant of room, so I built another house, and moved into it, and got cousin Debby to live with the old folks, and take care of them.

So, as I said afore, arter supper we took the papers and went into grandfather's, and I sot down and read it all over to him, how a parcel of the British come over into our disputed territory, and went to cutting down our timber like smoke, so as to steal it, and carry it off in the spring, when the rivers open, away down to New-Brunzick; and how our new governor, Mr. Fairfield, as soon as he heard about it, sent Mr. McIntire, the land agent, and a hundred and fifty men to put a stop to that stealin' business, and ketch the fellers if he could, and burn 'em off; and how Mr. McIntire took his men, and marched away off down there into the woods, ever so far, into our disputed territory, and got all ready, and was jest a going to ketch the fellers, and bring 'em off up to Augusta, when the thieving chaps turned about, and *ketched him*, and put him on a sled, and handed him off away down to Frederickton, in New-Brunzick, and put him in jail.

When I got along so far, grandfather couldn't hold still no longer—he struck his staff down on the floor, jest as if it had been a training-gun, and says he:

"John there 'll be trouble; you may depend upon 't there 'll be trouble. If our people will stand that, they ain't made of sich kind of stuff as the old revolution folks was made of, nor nothing like it. In them days, if the British had a took one of our men, and hauled him off to Frederickton, and put him in jail, every man in the old Bay State, and every boy, too, that was big enough to carry a gun, would a shouldered it, and marched to New-Brunzick, and Fredericton jail would a been stripped down in no time, and Mr. McIntire brought home agin."

Says I, "father, you mistake"—I most always call the old gentleman father, since my father died, and he's always been a sort of father to all of us, and to every body in Smithville, from oldest to youngest—says I, "father, you mistake; your revolution folks couldn't a brought Mr. McIntire home again, for he was not there in them days—it's Mr. McIntire that's in jail now."

"Yes they would," said he old gentleman, rising out of his chair, and striking his staff down on the floor harder than he did afore; "they'd a gone after Mr. McIntire, or any other man living, that had American blood in his veins, and they'd a brought him back, if they'd had to fit their way through forty New-Brunzicks for him. Ain't the people waking up about it no where? ain't they going down to give them New-Brunzicks a thrashing?"

I looked at my son John, and I see his face was all of a blaze; and he looked as if he was jest a going to burst out.

Says I, "John, my boy, what's the matter?"

His face grew redder, and the tears come into his eyes, and he struck his fists together, hard enough to crack a walnut.

"By king," says he "father, I wish I was old enough to train: I want to go down there and help to give them are British what they deserve."

"By the memory of George Washington!" said my grandfather, "I wish I was young enough to train; I should like to shoulder my gun agin, and go and teach them New-Brunzickers better manners. But what are they doing at Augusta? Ain't there no stir about it yet?"

Says I, "we'll read on and see." So I looked over the papers a little more, and found the governor had ordered ten thousand of the militia to be drafted to go down and keep the British out of our disputed territory, and prevent their stealing our pine timber.

"That looks something like it," said my grandfather; "that's a little like the spunk of old seventy-six. The British 'll have to let our disputed territory alone now, or else they 'll have to come to the scratch for it. I wish I was twenty years younger I'd go down as a volunteer."

"I wish I was only two years older," said my son John, "then I should stan' a chance to be drafted; and if I wasn't drafted, I'd go whether or no."

At that my wife and grandmother both fetched a heavy sigh. Grandmother said, she thought father had been through wars enough in his day to rest in his old age, and let sich things alone. My wife, she wiped her eyes, for they was full of tears, and begged John not to talk so, for he was too young ever to think of sich things. And then she turned to grandfather, and asked him if he really thought there was going to be any war.

"Yes," said grandfather, "jest as true as the sun will rise to-morrow, there 'll be a war, and that pretty soon, too, unless the New-Brunzickers back out, and give up Mr. McIntire, and let the timber on our disputed territory alone. The orders will be up here, to draft the militia within two days, and I shouldn't be surprised if they should be called out before to-morrow morning."

At that my wife and the gals had a pretty considerable of a crying spell.

After we'd talked the matter all over, we went home and went to bed; but we didn't any of us rest very well. My wife she signed herself to sleep arter a while; and I heard my son John, arter he got to sleep, muttering about guns and the British, and declaring he would go. I had jest got into a drowse about midnight, when I heard a heavy knock at the door. I sprung out of bed, and went and looked out of the window, and asked who was there.

"Sargent Johnson," was the reply. "We've got to stan' a draft to-night. The governor's orders got here about an hour ago. We're sending round to warn our company to meet up here to Mr. Wilson's tavern, at two o'clock this morning; it's near about one now, and the captain wants Squire Smith to come over and help see about making the draft. He wants to get through with it as soon as he can, so them that's drafted may be getting ready, for they've got to set out to Bangor at eight o'clock this morning.

I told him I would come right over; and so I lit a candle and dressed myself as quick as I could, and come out into the kitchen to put on my boots, and who should I find there but my son John, all dressed, and his cap on, ready for a start. He had heard what had been said, and it put the fidgets right into him.

Says he, "father, I want to go over and see 'em draft." I told him he better be abed and asleep, by half. But he said he couldn't sleep; and I found the boy was so arnest to go, that I finally told him he might.

We hadn't more than got dressed, before we heard the drum beat, over to Mr. Wilson's tavern; so we started off and went over. When we got there, they had a fire in the large hall, and the company was most all there. The captain had got a bowl and some black beans and white beans all ready, and he wanted me to draw for them, so they might all feel satisfied there was no partiality. There was one sargent to be drafted, and we drew him first; and it fell to Sargent Johnson. He stood it like a man; I didn't see as he trembled or turned pale a bit. He looked a little redder, if any thing, and kind of bit his lip as he took his gun and marched into the middle of the floor, and turned round and looked at the company, and says he;

"I'm ready to go and fight for our country to the last drop of my blood, but what we'll make the British back out of our disputed territory, and stop their thieving."

The company gave three cheers for Sargent Johnson, and then we went to drafting the privates. There was sixty in the company, and ten was to be drafted. So they took fifty white beans and ten black ones, and put 'em into the bowl, and held it up, so nobody couldn't look into it, and I was to draw 'em out as the orderly sargent called out the names. So when we got ready to begin, the sargent sung out—

"William Jones——

I put my hand into the bowl and drawed, and sung out—

"White bean."

"Peter Livermore," cried the sargent.

Peter Livermore started, as if he'd had a shock from an electrical machine, his legs shook a little, and he looked in the face as if he felt rather bad. I put my hand in and drawed, and sung out—

"White bean."

Peter looked better in a minute. He's a great tall six foot chap, and looks as if he could almost whip a regiment of common sojers himself; and, although he's something of a brag, it's generally thought, when you come right up to the pinch of the gauve, he's a little cowardly. Peter stretched his head back, and straddled his legs a little wider, and looked round on the company, and says he—

"I swow, I thought I should a been drafted, and I almost wish I had. It would a been fun alive to a gone down there, and had a brush long with them are New-Brunzickers. My old fowling-piece would a made day-light shine through fifty of 'em in half an hour's fighting. I swow I'm disappinted—I was in hopes I should been drafted."

The company knew Peter too well to mind much what he said; they only laughed a little, and the sargent went on, and called out—

"John Smith, the third."

I drawed to it, and says I.

"White bean."

The sargent called out again,

"John Smith, the seventh."

That was the oldest son of uncle John Smith, the blacksmith; a smart boy, about twenty-three years old. Somehow, as soon as I heard his name, I kind of felt as if he was going to be drafted; and I put in my hand and drawed, and sure enough, I sung out—

"Black bean."

John shouldered his gun in a minute, and marched out into the middle of the floor, and took his stand beside Sargent Johnson. He looked so resolute, and marched so quick, that the company at once give three cheers for John Smith, the seventh.

"John Sanborn," cried the sargent.

"White bean," said I.

"Ichabod Dowjing," said the sargent.

I drawed, and answered the same as before,

"White bean."

"Jeremiah Cole," called out the sargent.

"Black bean," said I: "black bean for Jerry."

After waiting a minute, the captain called out, "where's Jerry Cole? Isn't Jerry here?"

"Yes, setting down behind here on a bench," answered a half a dozen at once.

"Come, Jerry, come forward," said the captain, "let us see your spunk."

By-and-by, Jerry cofne creeping out from behind the company, and tried to get across the floor; but his face was as white as a cloth, and he shook and trembled so he couldn't scarcely walk. He let his gun fall on the floor, and sot down in a chair that stood by the side of the room, and boo-hoo'd out a crying like a baby. "Well done," said the captain, "there's spunk for you." "What's the matter, Jerry? can't you go?"

"Boo-hoo," said Jerry, "I ain't well at all—I'm very sick, captain; I don't think I could go any way in the world."

"Well, well," said the captain, "leave your gun, and you may run home as fast as you can go and see your mother, and we'll get somebody else to go in your room."

At that Jerry darted out of the door, and pulled foot for home, like a streak of lightning.

"Where's Peter Livermore," said the captain, "he may take Jerry's place, bein' he was disappinted at not bein' drafted." And he called Peter, and told him to take Jerry's gun, and stand upon the floor with the drafts. Peter changed as white as you ever see, and begun to sweat. At last, says he,

"Captain, I don't see how I can go any way in the world, my family's out of wood and meal, and a good many other things, and I couldn't leave home."

"Oh," says the captain, "we'll take care of your family while you are gone, Peter. Come, take the gun: don't stop to parley."

"But, captain," said Peter, the sweat beginning to roll off of his face, "if I'd been drafted, captain, I'd a gone with the greatest pleasure in the world, and shouldn't wanted no better fun. But somehow or other, it seems to me like presumption, to go to throwing myself into danger, when it wasn't my lot to go. I shouldn't like to go, captain, without I was drafted."

"Well, well," said the captain, "you needn't go; we want no cowards to go. But who is there here, among the spectators, or among the men whose names have been called, that isn't afraid to take Jerry's gun and fill Jerry's place. If there's any one here that's willing to go, let him come forward."

At that my son John sprung like a young tiger, and seized Jerry's gun, and jumped into the middle of the floor and stood up by the side of Sargent Johnson, and shouldered his gun with so much eagerness, and looked so fierce and determined, although nothing but a striplin' of a boy, that the whole company burst out in three tremendous cheers for John Smith, the tenth—that's what he's numbered; we go accordin' to numbers in the village. The captain asked me if I was willing he should go. I never was so tried in my life. For my own part, bein' the boy was so brave and wanted to go so much, I should a said yes. But then I knew it would almost kill his mother. So, what to do I didn't know. But I found the boy had got his mind so fixed upon going, that if he didn't go it would about kill him. So, on the whole, I told the captain yes, he might put his name down.

Then we went on with the drafting again and got all through without any more trouble, and got ready to go home about three o'clock. The captain told them that was drafted, that they must all be ready to march at eight o'clock in the morning, and they must be in front of the tavern at that hour, and start together for Bangor. My son John and I then went home, and made up a fire and routed the folks all out, and told 'em John was listed, and got to start at eight o'clock, to fight for our disputed territory. Sich an outcry as there was for about half an hour, I guess you never heard. My wife couldn't a cried harder if John had been shot dead there before her feet, though she didn't make much noise about it; for she always cries to herself. The older gals, they cried considerable louder; and some of the younger children, that didn't hardly understand what the trouble was about, sot in and screamed as loud as they could bawl.

At last, says I, "there's no use in this noise and fuss; the boy's got to go, and he's got to be off at eight o'clock to, and the sooner we set ourselves to work to get him ready, the better. That seemed to wake 'em up a little. My wife went to work and picked up his clothes, and she and the gals set down and mended his shirts and stockins, and fried up a parcel of dough-nuts for him to put in his knapsack, and got him all fixed up and breakfast ready about six o'clock. We hadn't waked up old grandfather in the night, bein' he's so old: but in the morning we let him know about it, and he wanted my son John to come in and see him before he went; so we went into the old gentleman's room.

"Now John, my boy," said the old gentleman, "I feel proud to hear sich a good report of you. You'd a made a good soldier in the days of the revolution. 'Twas such boys as you that drove the British from Lexington, and mowed 'em down on Barker-hill. You'll feel a little queer at first when you see the enemy coming up to you with their guns pointed right at you; and, brave as you are, you'll feel a little startled. But you mustn't mind it; as soon as they've fired once, you won't feel any more of it, and won't keer no more about 'em than you would about a flock of sheep. But don't be in a hurry to fire—mind that—don't be in a hurry to fire—they told out at Bunker-hill not to fire till they could get up so near we could see the whites of their eyes. And 'twas a good rule; for by that means we let 'em get up so near, that when we did fire, we mowed 'em down like a field of clover, I can tell you. Be a good boy, John, and don't quit our disputed territory as long as there is any dispute about it."

By this time we see 'em begin to gather in the road up by the tavern, and I told John it was time to be off; so he took his gun, and his knapsack, which was pretty well stuffed, for each of the children had put in a dough-nut or an apple, or a piece of cake, after their mother had crammed in as much as she thought he could carry, and then he marched away like a soldier up to the tavern. When they started, they had to come down again by our house and go up over a rise of land 'other way about half a mile, before they got out of sight. So we all stood out in a row along by the side of the road to see 'em as they went by. Grandfather got out as far as the door-step and stood leaning on his staff, and grandmother stood behind him with her specs on, looking over his shoulder; and the rest of us, with the children and cousin Debby and all, went clear out to the side of the road. Pretty soon they come along by. Sargent Johnson at the head, and the rest marching two and two. When they got along against us, little Ned run up and tucked another great apple into John's pocket, and my wife called out to him, "Now do pray be careful, Johnny, and not get shot."

Then grandfather raised his trembling voice, and says he,

"Now, John, my boy, remember and don't be in a hurry to fire."

And the children called out all together, "good-by, John, good—by John," each repeating it over three or four times. John looked round and nodded once, when his mother called out to him, but the rest of the time he held his head up straight and marched like a soldier. We stood and watched 'em till they got clear to the top of the hill and was jest a going out of sight, when all to once John stepped out one side, where we could see him, and let his old gun blaze away into the air, and in a minute more they were out of sight.

"Ah," said old grandfather, "that sounds like Bunker-hill that boy'll do the business for them New-Brunzickers, if they don't let our disputed territory alone."

We feel dreadful lonesome, Gineral, since John went away. It seems as if our family is most all gone, now he's gone. If you should hear any thing about his fighting down there to our disputed territory, I wish you would put it in your paper, for we shall feel dreadful anxious till we hear from him. So I remain your friend and subscriber,

JOHN SMITH.

NATIONAL SONGS.—No. 1.—BY MRS. GORE.

Lo! the dread cannon's opening bray—
Lo! the startled archers yield!—
The Black Prince wins his spurs to-day,
But King Edward wins the field.
'Twas at CRESSY, boys! Did ye never hear
That name of old renown?
'Tis one of the jewels bright and clear
That gem our English crown!
Then on!—for home and freedom, on!
Up for the Isles of Britain!
Each man of us is Old England's son,
And our cry is "LIBERTY!"

Lo! horse to horse, and lance to lance,
The serried ranks appear,
To fight the proudest hosts of France
With Harry Lancaster.
'Twas at AGINCOURT! Did ye never hear
That name of old renown?
'Tis one of the jewels bright and clear
That gem our British crown!
Then on!—for home, &c.

The Bourbon proud with his yelping pack
Swept the earth from north to south,
Till old Marlborough came and drove them back,
With their boastings in their mouth
'Twas at BLENHEIM, boys! Did ye never hear
That name of old renown?
'Tis one of the jewels, bright and clear,
That gem our English crown!
Then on!—for home, &c.

Proud, proud the day, when the Victory bore
On the fleets of France and Spain!
Yet our laurels droop'd, for a hero's gore
Tinged them with withering stain.
'Twas at TRAFALGAR! Did ye never hear
That name of bright renown?
'Tis one of the jewels, bright and clear,
That gem our British crown!
Then on!—for home, &c.

With wavering fate, now won, now lost,
Our fight of fights sped on;
But 'twas our's at last, for our gallant host
Was led by Wellington;
'Twas at WATERLOO! Did ye never hear
That name of fresh renown?
'Tis one of the jewels, bright and clear,
That gem our British crown!
Then on!—for home, &c.

MARRIAGE OF THE HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE OF RUSSIA.—The marriage of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia with the Princess Mary of Hesse Darmstadt seems to be decided on. The following is an interesting anecdote on this subject:—"There sprung up some years since, it is not known how, some doubts as to the birth of the Princess Mary of Hesse Darmstadt—doubts which had effect even on the mind of her father, and alienated some what from his affections his lovely daughter, now not more than fifteen. Hence when the heir to the Russian throne undertook his pilgrimage in search of a wife through Germany, to review the young Princesses of the numerous Sovereign families, the name of the Princess of Hesse Darmstadt was omitted on his list. After having travelled from principality to principality in search of beauty—dark and fair—the Hereditary Prince reached Hesse Darmstadt, pleased to repose in a court which continued, as it appeared from his list, no marriageable Princess. At a court circle, after the presentations over, the Grand Duke suddenly remarked in the corner of the saloon a young lady clothed in simple white, and like *Cinderella*, unnoticed. The Russian Prince inquired of the Grand Duke who she was, and his Royal Highness replied, with some embarrassment, that it was his daughter, the Princess Mary. The Russian Prince, struck with the beauty and simplicity of the Princess, instantly went up and accosted her, and in a few hours became enamored enough to despatch a courier to St. Petersburg, to say that his choice was irrevocably made."

The Vampire Bat at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.—The vampire bat, which has lately been received at the Surrey Gardens, from Sumatra, is a young male. Its body is covered with an integument resembling black kid leather, and the position in which it usually places itself is that of being suspended from the bars of the cage, with the head downwards. Its wings are capable of being extended about two feet. Its tongue is long and pointed, and that is the only external peculiarity which would prompt the belief that it possessed the sanguinary attributes. As to the fact, whether or not it possesses those attributes, authorities differ. Cuvier says, "The truth appears to be, that the vampire only inflicts small wounds, which may, probably, become inflammatory and gangrenous, from the influence of the climate." On the other hand, Captain Stedman, who travelled in Surinam, relates, that he himself lost about fourteen ounces of blood from the bites of a vampire in one night; and he further says of the animal, "It is said to perform the operation by inserting its aculeated tongue into the vein of a sleeping person with so much dexterity as not to be felt; at the same time fanning the air with its large wings, and thus producing a sensation so delightfully cool that the sleep is rendered still more profound, and the unfortunate person reduced almost to death before he awakes." Bishop Heber again says, "The vampire bat of India is a very harmless creature, of habits entirely different from ideas entertained of it in England. It only eats fruits and vegetables, and, indeed, its teeth are not inoculative of carnivorous habits, and from blood it turns away when offered to it." The vampire of South America appears to be of a more sanguinary nature than that of India, to which country the vampire of the Surrey Gardens belongs. Mr. Waterton, a living traveller, says of the South American vampire, "The vampire is a species of bat which sucks the blood of man and every other unprotected animal. There are two species in Demerara, both of which suck living animals. One is rather larger than the common bat. The other measures about two feet from wing to wing extended. So gently does this nocturnal surgeon draw the blood that, instead of being roused, the patient is lulled into a still profounder sleep." Mr. Waterton relates an instance of the destructive habits of the South American vampire:—"A gentleman, by name Walcott, lived high up the river Demerara. While I was passing a day or two at his house the vampire sucked his son, a boy about ten or eleven years old, some of his fowls, and his jackass.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—One branch of the Egyptian and Babylonian magic, and one upon which great stress was laid, was oneiromancy, or the interpretation of dreams. That the visions of the night were the means by which the gods conversed with men, instructed them as to the divine will, and informed them of their own fate, was a doctrine as ancient as the creation. It was handed down by tradition from the very earliest ages; and when we find it prevailing in Memphis and Babylon, we see it in a corrupt form, and made the foundation of an absurd species of divination; we treat of it here as a part of the magic practised in those countries, founded, indeed, upon that tradition of which we have spoken, but arranged into a system by speculations on the nature of the soul and the properties of the body. On reading the accounts preserved in the sacred writings we are struck with a circumstance which at once does away with all suspicion of imposture on the part of the

They were sent for by Pharaoh (Gen. xli. 8), who related to them his dreams and demanded an interpretation. This was an office which they were evidently in the habit of performing, for dreams were then of as common occurence as now, and every dream was supposed to have its particular meaning.—*Fraser's Magazine for May.*

A MODERN ENGLISH HEATHEN.—An English gentleman and a scholar of the 19 century professing Heathenism might be considered a burlesque; but there is every reason to believe that the religious profession of Mr. Thomas Taylor was much rather a conceit, worked up into a belief, than an affectation of singularity. Some friends of ours found him one day at his orisons, uttering his *Erces* and classical exclamations before some silver statues; and in a note to Julian's oration he writes thus—"The construction of the statues of the gods was the result of the most consummate theological science, and from their apt resemblance to divine natures they became participants of divine illumination. Statues resemble life, and on this account they are similar to animals. Statues, through their habitude or fitness, conjoin the souls of those who pray to them with the gods themselves. Let not the reader, however, confound this scientific worship of the ancient with the *filthy piety* of the Catholics, as Proclus justly calls it."—*Note to an article in Blackwood.*

NURSING IN RUSSIA.—The traveller seldom sees infants in a Russian village. In no part of the country did we ever meet a woman with a child in her arms; but there may be seen near all the houses a small hand carriage, in which the youngest of the family is dragged about. It is not unusual to meet a woman returning from the distant field pulling one of these behind her, with a brat perched in it, swaddled up like a mummied cat.—*Bremners' Russia.*

"I'll cut your acquaintance," as the sword said to the gentleman ven he vos a goin' to fight his friend.

"That's a thumper," as the mortar said to the pestle.

"Excuse my haste," as the locomotive said to the cow on the rail road.

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—cobbed. *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.

New Brig For sale.

A substantially built and fast sailing Brig of 153 tons old mean't, now lying at Pettingell'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.

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 antirooms, 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 30lbs 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, do.
Pipes superior Antwerp GENEVA,
50 bags PIMENTO,
90 hhds. Porto Rico SUGARS—some very superior.

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

August 30. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

POOR COPY