THE Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

December.	R. Sun. S.	Moon.	H. W.
7 Saturday,	7 22 4 21	5 24	0 18
8 Sunday,	7 23 4 21	6 26	0 55
9 Monday,	7 24 4 21	7 32	1 34
10 Tuesday,	7 25 4 21	8 41	2 15
11 Wednesday,	7 26 4 22	9 50	2 54
12 Thursday,	7 27 4 22	11 0	3 39
13 Friday,	7 28 4 22	morn.	4 32

First Quarter, 13th. 5h. 9m. 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: John Boyd, 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: A. S. Perkins, 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 William Walker, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

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

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The Committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

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

Miscellany.

JOHN SMITH'S LETTERS TO UNCLE JOSHUA DOWNING.

The only authentic history extant of the Late War in our Disputed Territory. New York.

LETTER V.

Wherein young John Smith, the tenth, describeth the march of the Smithville detachment, down to our Disputed Territory; and also, relateth the occurrence of a remarkable mistake, that came near putting to flight two belligerent forces.

Smithville, Down East, in the State of Maine, March 19, 1839.

Dear Gineral—I've jest got a letter from our son John, and as I s'pose you hain't heard nothin' from him yet, since he went down to fight for our disputed territory, I thought I would set down and write a line or two, and send you John's letter, all but a few lines he writ to his marm and the children, which don't seem to have much to du about the war.

I 'spose you might get the news from our disputed territory by the way of Smithville, about as quick as any way, for the post from Houlton, on the upper road, comes right by here. I got John's letter last night, jest before bed-time. I went in and read it over to old grandfather; and the old gentleman was so rejoiced about it, he couldn't hardly sleep a wink all night. But I musn't write any more myself; if I do, I shan't have room to give you all of John's letter; and I want to give it to you in his own words; for, accordin' to my notion, although he's but a striplin' of a boy yet, and won't be seventeen years old till the fifth day of next May, yet, accordin' to my notion, he writes remarkable well. He went to school to cousin Debby in his younger days, and since that, I've teached him the solid branches myself. But John writes as follers:

Our Disputed Territory, pretty near the Line, March the 13th, 1839.

Dear Father—I take my pen in hand to let you know that I'm as hearty as a bear, and hope these few lines will find you, and mother, and grandfather, and cousin Debby, and all the children, enjoying the same blessing. We stood our march remarkable well, and are all alive, and safe, and sound as a whistle. And Sargent Johnson makes a most capital officer. He's jest sich a man as is wanted down here—there's no skeering him, I can tell you. He'd fight against bears, and wild-cats, and the British, and thunder and lightnin', and any thing else, that should set out to meddle with our disputed territory. And he's taken a master liking to me, too, and says if he has any hard fighting to do, although I'm the youngest in the company, he shall always choose me first for his right hand man. He says I had more pluck at the drafting than any one in the whole company, and he should rather have me by his side in battle, than any three of the rest of 'em But maybe you'd like to hear something about our march down here, and so on.

For the first four or five hours, we marched rather too fast, and got pretty nigh tuckered out; for we was all so arnest to get down there before the first battle come on, that we almost run half the time. At last, about one o'clock, Billy Wiggins—you know what a short-legged little fat chunk of a thing he is—he begun to lag behind a good deal, and puffed and sweat as bad as our colt when we plough alone with him. At last, as I said afore, about one o'clock, Billy Wiggins, who had got away a good many rods behind us, stopt short in the middle of the road, and called out to Sargent Johnson as loud as he could holler, and says he,

"It's no use; I can't run like a hoss all day, and without a mouthful to eat, tu. I'm half starved now, and as tired as a dog. I say, Sargent Johnson, we must stop and rest a little while, and have something to eat, or I can't keep up with you no longer, and it's no use to try."

At that Sargent Johnson ordered us to halt till Billy come up. So the poor fellow come puffing along up to us, and rubbing his arm across his forehead to wipe the sweat off; and the sargent told him, bein' it was past one o'clock, we'd halt, and have some refreshments. There was a house a little ways ahead of us, and a plenty of wood piled round the door-way, that would make good seats for us to set down on; so we marched along up to it, and halted, and sot down on the wood-pile, and took off our knapsacks, and got out our victuals, and begun to eat our dinner. Presently, the old gentleman of the house looked out of the window and see us, and he opened the door, and come right out to us, without any hat on, and says he,

"My boys, are you going down to fight for our disputed territory?"

Sargent Johnson told him, that was jest exactly what we was up to.

"That's right," said the old gentleman, "and you look like brave fellers, too. Our company started off yesterday, and one of my boys has gone with it. I hope you'll be able to get there about as soon as they do, so that our side may be strong handed before the first fight comes on."

Sargent Johnson told him he was determined to be there before the first battle come on, if possible, and meant to have a hand in't too.

"Ah, you're the boys for me," said the old gentleman; "if I was a few years younger, and was'nt quite so lame, I believe I should go with you. Did you ever here any thing so impudent as 'twas for them British to carry off our land agent as they did? and then to be stealin' logs on our disputed territory—why, it makes my blood bile, when I think of it. But, come, don't set out here on the wood-pile; come, go into the house and eat your dinners, and you shall have as much of my cider as you can drink."

We thanked him, and told him we didn't keer if we did. So we went in, and had a good drink of cider with our victuals, and sot and rested ourselves nearly an hour, and then marched along again. We took it a little slower in the afternoon, so that Billy Wiggins made out to keep up with us pretty well.

We got to Augusta about sunset; and jest as we was marching along by the State-house, which is a very fine building, more than as big again as our barn, and all made of hewed stone, and stands up on a little hill, pretty near the road; so, jest as we got along against the State-house, the Legislater was adjourned, and the folks was all coming out in a heap, right down towards the road.

"Halt," cried Sargent Johnson, all at once. "Left face; front, dress; rear rank close to the front; heads up."

Then he run along and whispered to us, and says he, "Now boys, we'll give 'em a salute; and I want you should do it man-fashion. Now you mind and have your guns well shouldered, and be very careful to mind the word of command, and all shoot at once. You must mind and pint your guns high, so as to go over every body's heads, for you know there's balls in 'em—and these ain't the British folks that we are going to fire at now, remember that. I shall give the word of command, *make ready, take aim, fire*—and when you hear the word fire, you must pull trigger all at once, and blaze away like thunder."

We all told him we would, and he went along and took his stand at the head of the company. We'd all kept our guns well loaded during the day, for fear what might happen, and we shouldered 'em as the Sargent told us, and got all fixed, and stood with stiff upper lips, and all ready to fire. Jest as the main body of the legislater-folks and the people got along down within about two rods of the road where we stood, Sargent Johnson hollered out, with a good loud military voice,

"Make ready——"

Crack! went Billy Wiggins' gun—smoke, powder, wad, and every thing blazing into the air. I never see any body so struck up as Sargent Johnson was—he coloured as red as a blaze, and looked as if he would a bit Billy Wiggins' head off. But when he see the rest of us held on, and didn't pull, he plucked up courage again, and give the rest of the word of command. "Take aim—Fire—"

In a moment we all pulled, pretty near together, tu, and if we didn't give 'em a real stunder, I won't guess again. Some of the people jumped, and some squat like geese going into a barn door. But when they found nobody wasn't killed, they come along down to the road, and inquired of Sargent Johnson what town we come from, and shook hands with us, and seemed to be very glad to see us, and said they was glad we'd got along; for things looked terrible squally down to our disputed territory, and the sooner we could get there the better.

Bime-by Governor Fairfield come out of the State house, and come along down to the road, and says he,

"My brave fellow-soldiers, I'm glad to see you, what town do you come from?"

Sargent Johnson told him we was the Smithville detachment, and was on our way down to our disputed territory, and if he had any commands to send that way, we should be happy to carry 'em. The governor's a little piece of a man to look at; but they say he's got grit enough aboard for two common sized men. He said he had no particular commands to send by us, only he wanted us to get down there as quick as we possibly could, and report ourselves to Colonel Jarvis, and he would take command of us, and tell us what to do. And, says he, "I want you to tell Jarvis to hold on down there like a dog to a root, and not give up an inch to them British chaps; if he wants more men, only send word to me, and he shall have 'em by regiments, as many as he wants. But tell him never to give up an inch; if Sir John Harvey frets—let him fret. But above all, tell Jarvis *to hold onto the logs*, live or die. And now my brave fellers," said the governor, "it's too late for you to go any further to-night; you shall have a chance to sleep in one of the lobbies of the State-house, and I'll see that you have victuals and drink provided for you; and I want you to be under way again by sunrise in the morning, whether I am up or not."

So we bid the governor good night, and he sent a man to show us the way into the State-house, and to bring us what we wanted to eat and drink. And we fared well, too, I can tell you—a plenty of bread and meat, and hot coffee, and a basket of apples. We helped ourselves you may depend, as though we hadn't had any thing to eat for a month. The legislater-folks come back in crowds and flocked round the door, and a great many of 'em come in and talked with us about the war down in our disputed territory. They all said the land was ourn, every inch of it, and we must stick to it, and not give up a single tree; for the legislater was determined to stand by us, and would vote to pay all the expenses. After they'd all cleared out, we laid down and took a nap. And about an hour before sunrise I got up and looked out, and see 'twas all broad daylight; so I went and touched Sargent Johnson, and told him 'twas time to be stirring. He sprung on his feet quicker than if he'd been shot, and says he, "Where? where? where be they? I'm ready for 'em. Give me my gun! give me my sword! Stand by, boys, I'll go ahead! Where be they?"

And then he begun to rub his eyes, and looked round and see me, and says he,

"Oh, John, is it you? I believe I was dreaming. I thought the enemy was jest a breaking into our camp, and I was going to send daylight through 'em about the quickest." And then he looked out of the window, and says he, "By zounds! it's morning; come, John, call 'em up, and let us have a bite of something to eat and be a going."

So I roused them all out, and we got some breakfast, and got all ready to start a little before sunrise. We found out where the governor boarded, and Sargent Johnson said he meant to give him a salute as we went by, if he *wasn't up*. So when we got along against the house, he give the word to fire, and we blazed away like a clap of thunder. In a minute the governor come running to the window in his shirt sleeves, and he opened the window and looked out, and says he—

"That's you my brave fellers, you are the sort for me. I never shall be afraid of the British while I have sich fellow-soldiers as you are. Tell Jarvis to stick to the old line; we'll have the line of '83, come what will. And don't forget to tell Jarvis to mind and *hold on to the logs*."

He wished us a speedy march, and shot down the window, and we jogged along.

It's no use for me to try to tell you all about the everlasting great long road we had to go over to get down here; for there's more mountains, and hills, and woods, and rivers, and ponds, and brooks, and snow-banks, and swamps, than you could shake a stick at for a month. Our disputed territory is a terribly long ways off, and there's no end to it when you get there. We didn't stop to Houlton, for our orders was to go right down into the midst of it and report ourselves to Colonel Jarvis. So we inquired the way along and found Colonel Jarvis and his men was gone on to Fitzherbert's farm, down close to the line, and was building up a fortification. We marched along till we come clear in sight of the farm, and could see the men to work.

"Now," says Sargent Johnson, "now, my boys is the time to show your best. See that your guns are well loaded, and march up to the camp like heroes."

We stopped and examined our guns to see if they was well loaded, and as Billy Wiggins was fumbling over his lock to see if the priming was good, some how or other he let her go; and he had a monstrous heavy charge in, and she roared away through the woods like a harrycane. At that, Sargent Johnson almost swore, and said he wished Billy Wiggins had staid at home. But he told us to shoulder our guns and march up quick-step towards the camp. So we marched along, and in a minute or two we see a terrible mustering round the camp. They come out as thick as bees and begun to form into a line, and went to loading their guns as fast as they could make their hands fly. And a little, small, brisk man seemed to be taking the command, and placing the men this way and that, and making his bright sword fly about like a streak of lightning. Sargent Johnson told us to halt; for we begun to feel a little blue all to once. We didn't know but we had missed our road and got over the line, and that might be a camp of the British. So Sargent Johnson thought it was best to stop and reconnoitre a little.

Bime-by we see one chap from the camp running towards the woods as hard as he could spring.

"'Tis the British," said Sargent Johnson, "'tis the British; and they are afraid of us; see how that feller runs!"

But in a minute we heard the brisk little man, that had the command, bawl out after him to stop, and he swung his sword round as if he'd take his head off. The feller looked over his shoulder, but kept along. At that the commander ketcht up a gun and called again, and says he, "If you don't come right back, I'll put a ball through your heart in a minute." That stopt the feller, and he come back again and took his place in the ranks.

"There's spunk there," said Sargent Johnson, "let 'em belong to which side of the line they will. If I knew they was British, we'd face 'em and give 'em battle at once. But I should hate to fire at 'em till we know, for fear they might belong to our side."

We was a little staggered for a while to know what was best to do. As near as we could see what they was about at the camp, they was busy to work getting ready to fight us. And as there was only eleven of us, and there seemed to be some hundreds of them, we thought it was best to look out, and see that they didn't get the advantage of us. Sargent Johnson said he didn't see how he could have missed the road, and he couldn't hardly believe yet, but what they belonged to our side. So says he—

"If there's any one of you that dares to go up with a flag of truce, I think we better send up and have a fair understanding with 'em before we begin to fight."

None of the rest of 'em started, so I told the sargent I was the boy for him to send on that are arrant. And says he—

"That's you John, I knew before I spoke, you was the man for it. So get ready."

But come to look round we couldn't find any thing to make a flag of truce of; for Sargent Johnson said it must be white, and we hadn't one of us got a white handkerchief or any sich thing; so we seemed to be kind of stuck. At last, says I, "You needn't bother about that. There's more ways to kill a cat than one." So I tore off a good large square piece of my shirt and tied it on to the end of my gun, and says I—

"Sargent, I'm ready."

After he told me what to say, I shouldered my gun and marched up towards the camp with my flag of truce flying. The camp stood up on a rising ground about a quarter of a mile from our company, and their soldiers was all out and formed in a line three or four deep. But I marched right straight up to 'em; and when I got up within a few rods, the commanding officer come along out with his sword in his hand and met me. Says I—

"Who commands these troops?"

"Colonel Jarvis," says he.

"I want to see him," says I.

"I'm the man," says he.

"Well, sir," says I, "you are the very man we've been looking for all day."

"Well, sir," says he, "I'm ready for you, let you want what you will. But is Sir John Harvey any where about here? If he is, you may go back and tell him we don't want any of his flags of truce, and no parleying about it; for we are determined to hold on to the land, every inch of it, and the logs too, if we have to die in the last ditch, and he may help himself if he can."

"But," says I, "my dear sir, you are mistaken; we ain't Sir John Harvey's folks by a jug full. We are the Smithville detachment, under command of Sargent Johnson, and have come down to jine your forces."

"Ah, ha!" says the colonel, "that 'alters the case." So he run back and told his men how, 'twas, and they set up three tremendous cheers that made the woods ring again.

As soon as our company heard that, they come running up the hill like a flock of sheep, and Sargent Johnson and the colonel was so glad to see each other, that they shook hands so hard, I didn't know but they would have pulled one another's hands off. The colonel took us right into the camp and give us some dinner, and said "he was most confounded glad we'd got along, for he'd been expecting a brush with the British a number of days."

We hain't had much chance to look about here yet, but when we do, I'll write again. You needn't be consarned about our giving up any of our disputed territory, for our troops is all as fierce as tigers about it, and Colonel Jarvis, though he's a little small, thin man, he's jest as smart as a steel-trap.

Give my love to all the folks, and I remain your loving son,

JOHN.

Dear Gineral, my son's letter is so long, I haven't got time to add another word.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

Charge me not with partial praise,
Wilfully and wrongfully,
When I strive the veil to raise,
Faithfully, but modestly,
Under which her virtues shine
With a constancy divine.

Woman, true, is not the same,
Any day and every day;
Like the sun she hides her flame,
Properly, effectually,
When she sees that man is blind
To the charms of woman kind.

Why cast pearls before the swine?
Brutishly and beastily,
Why give ragged beggar wine?
Wastefully and foolishly.
Give the wine unto the fair—
Pearls were made to grace her hair.

Woman, too, will have her way,
Coaxingly or threat'ningly;
In her house she'll have the sway,
Wrongfully or rightfully;
When her path is crossed by man,
She will scold, for——that she can!

Woman, true, will sometimes buy,
Heedlessly and needlessly,
Things on which she sets her eye,
Longingly and greedily;
Then all this is but to show
What her husband's purse can do.

Woman, too, will sometimes fret,
Peevishly and wrathfully,
In a trifling——passion get,
Scolding us most awfully;
But soon as the storm is past,
Bright shines out the sun at last.

But when sickness pales the brow,
Wofully and painfully,
She, a minist'ring angel now,
Lovingly and faithfully,
Closely hovers round his bed,
Gently bathes his aching head.

Virtues, still, will have their sway,
Steadily and constantly,
Hid, 'tis true they sometimes may
Be, by old Mortality;
But the truth I speak again
Woman's worth will still remain.

Advice to Young Apprentices.—Little as the experience has been which many of you have had in the world, and few as may be the books which you have perused, you can hardly have failed to learn this one great and impressive truth, that nothing is to be obtained, no comfort procured, no luxury or convenience possessed, without being previously purchased by exertion. Having been nutured upon that point at which you are able to endure the withdrawal of parental support, you must not think it hard to be obliged to begin to do something for yourselves. You are now called upon to exert all your faculties in the noble object of self dependence. You are endowed with a power to think, hands to work, and a frame to endure labor—why, then, depend on any one but yourselves for support? Your parents have fed and clothed you from your infancy; they have given you an education, suited to their means; and have bestowed upon you an infinite degree of attention, in order to fit you for the busy scenes of life: having done all this, nothing more can be expected from them, than to give you the best advice they can for your future welfare. You are now required to make up your minds to enter on some trade or profession, and to follow up your inclinations by a steady attention to whatever calling you may attach yourselves. You may not be able at first, or for a little while, to do much in the way of supporting yourselves, but then you are in a fair way of doing well. And remember there is an exquisite pleasure in knowing that the money we spend has been earned by our own exertions. One dollar gained by our own industry and exertions is worth twenty procured as gifts from friends. What we get for nothing is thought lightly of, but we well know the true value of that which has come to us in the shape of remuneration for our labor. Being fixed as an apprentice in some line of business, your situation is now exceedingly critical. You are the servant of a master, and it is absolutely necessary that you should go through this course of servitude, to fit you for being one day a master yourself. You will perhaps be required to do a good deal of dirty work, and to execute many orders not very agreeable to your pride. But go through all with alacrity and cheerfulness. Show *willingness* to do what you are bid; for next to honesty and steadiness, there is nothing which pleases a master so much as willingness. If you are honest, steady, and willing, there is no fear of your success in life. The fewer acquaintances you have the better, and let those with whom you may cultivate an acquaintance be youths of good moral habits. If you are in the capacity of an outdoor apprentice, make a point of going straight home every evening when your day's labor is over. Do not frequent taverns or any places of low amusement, for it will bring you in contact with individuals of a loose way of thinking, who will induce you to drink and gamble. Take up any biographical dictionary of distinguished characters, and you will not find a single person who attained celebrity by attending places of low grovelling amusement. You will discover that among some hundreds of individuals a very large proportion became eminently rich by private study during the intervals of their daily labor. Private reading, attendance at schools of arts, and lectures on the sciences, should be your main resources in this respect. It is astonishing how much useful knowledge a youth may acquire in the midst of privations and difficulties. It is also surprising how far he may contribute to his own support, although he receives but a small weekly wages provided he is animated with the wish to do well. Read the life of Benjamin Franklin, see what he accomplished,—take his life as a model, and try to follow his rules.

It is possible, that, by attempting to follow the simple rules of conduct here pointed out, you may encounter a little ridicule among thoughtless young persons. But do not allow so insignificant a thing to disturb your arrangements. Neither be discouraged because you see some youths better off with finer clothes, finer friends, and more pocket money, than yourself. We are told on the best authority, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." There is a continual see-saw motion going forward in society by which the poor are sometimes rising and the rich sometimes sinking in the world. Many a young man whose fathers had left them fortunes have been reduced to beggery; while many a poor artisan who has had nothing but his own industry to depend upon has raised himself to oppulence and respectability, and such will in all probability be your reward if you follow these admonitions.

A CRIME AGAINST BEAUTY—ARREST OF THE CRIMINAL.

About two years since, Mr. Hall, Captain of a vessel then in the West Indies, sent to this city, by one James Murphy, a letter containing a check on the Southwark Bank, for the two hundred dollars, to be delivered to his wife, Mrs. Hall. It was never received by her; and it subsequently, appeared that Murphy had called at the Bank and presented the check for payment, but was there told that, as the check was drawn to Mrs. Hall's order, it must be endorsed by her. He then went and forged the endorsement of Mrs. Hall's name, and induced, by plausible pretences and specious promises his wife's sister, a beautiful girl named O'Neill, in the belief that all was right, and ignorant of any previous or intended fraud, to go to the Bank and present the check for payment. On offering the check, she was asked if the endorsement was Mrs. Hall's signature, and replied affirmatively; and there is no doubt but that she so believed it to be at the time. Upon giving her name and residence, the money was paid to her. The brother-in-law on receiving the money, made an excuse of business over in New Jersey, and immediately departed; and the next intelligence received from him was by a letter dated at New York, which required his wife to come on to him immediately, which she did, leaving her sister in this city. A few days after the payment of the check, the forgery of the endorsement was discovered, and Miss O'Neill was arrested on the charge of forgery, and taken before Alderman Badger, where the foregoing facts were elicited. The magistrate was convinced of the truth of the natural and simple story, as to the extent of her unconscious agency, in the consummation of the forgery, and one of the officers, Mr. Wolf, we believe, went to New York to arrest the double distilled villain, who could violate confidence reposed in him, commit a high crime against the laws, and then basely endeavour to place a young, innocent, unprotected female in a situation calculated to ruin her character and draw upon her the punishment due to himself alone. The officer, however did not succeed, but heard that Murphy had embarked on board of a vessel which had sailed for Ireland. Miss O'Neill was finally discharged, and voluntarily made the promise that if her unworthy brother-in-law should ever come to Philadelphia again, she would immediately give information against him. All this, as we stated at the commencement, occurred nearly two years ago.

On Friday morning last, a person or persons called at Alderman Badger's office and stated that Murphy was in town, having arrived the previous evening. But they had not left the office, when Miss O'Neill also came in to give the same information, as she had voluntarily promised to do two years before. A warrant was placed in the hands of officer Moffat, who succeeded in arresting Murphy, at No. 24 Lombard street, and on a hearing before the Alderman, he was committed for trial. Justice is far reaching, and soon or late will overtake the guilty.

It would seem that Murphy subsequent to his first violation of confidence proceeded on, step by step, in crime. Since his return from Ireland he has been convicted in New York for larceny, and sentenced to hard labor on Blackwell's Island, from which he escaped a few weeks since in a most daring manner.—*U. S. Gazette.*

A Battalion of soldiers struck by Lightning.—We do not recollect ever having read of a circumstance so extraordinary as the one related below; we have heard indeed of lambent lightning playing harmless round the helmets and cuirasses of a French Cuirassier Regiment, and about the manes of their horses, on a night march during the Russian Campaign, but the striking down simultaneously of eight companies of men, with the comparatively trifling loss of life, is almost miraculous:—

"On the second of this month, in the morning, a battalion of the 54th Regiment, on its march from Mergieres to Wessemberg, was overtaken between Mouzon and Stenay by so violent a storm, with such torrents of rain, that for some minutes it could not advance a step. Several claps of thunder were heard, and the lightning appears to have struck at the same time all the eight companies of which the battalion was composed. Nearly 200 men were thrown down, and when they rose, the blood issued from the nose, mouth and ears; an insufferable sulphureous stench rendered their situation still more distressing; however, only two men, a grenadier and a voltigeur, fell victims to this horrible tempest—they were killed on the spot. Their comrades succeeded in reaching the nearest village, where they were treated with all the attention that their case required."—*Le Droit.*

Water Wheel.—A young mechanic of Cincinnati, named Southworth, has invented a wheel for using water power, which he names the Tide and Current Water Wheel, and which is designed to be placed in an open stream, and to work by the natural force of the current, without an artificial head of water. This improved wheel, is composed of a drum attached to a perpendicular shaft, and surrounded by swinging buckets connected by sliding bars. These so work as that the current running on one side of the wheel opens the buckets on the other, producing action and reaction, with an accumulation of power sufficient to move flouring mills, and all machinery of that class.

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them into a fever too.

In looking over your ledger, just bear in mind that the sums you appear to owe are as fixed and certain as fate, whilst those that are due to you may one half be lost. In these times the man whose only dependence is upon the thousands owing to him, is in rather "a bad fix."

Necessity of some Trade for Boys.—Of 178 prisoners received at the State Penitentiary at Philadelphia during 1838, 115 had never been bound to any trade.

For a fit of Idleness.—Count the tick of a clock. Do this for an hour, and you'll be glad to throw your coat off and work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance and folly.—Go to the workhouse or jail, and you'll be convinced:

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to be forlorn.

For a fit of ambition.—Go into the church yard, and read the graves-stones. They will point out the end of ambition. The grave must soon be your bedchamber, and the [illegible] your resting place; corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a fit of repining.—Look out for the halt and blind, and visit the bed ridden, and the afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your trifling afflictions.

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 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 32 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's" 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.

POOR COPY