THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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The 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.

DECEMBER.	R. SUN.	S. SUN.	MOON.	H. W.
14 Saturday,	7 29	4 22	0 11	5 36
15 Sunday,	7 30	4 23	1 25	6 55
16 Monday,	7 30	4 23	2 38	8 9
17 Tuesday,	7 31	4 23	4 4	9 15
18 Wednesday,	7 32	4 23	5 23	10 10
19 Thursday,	7 33	4 24	6 38	11 6
20 Friday,	7 33	4 24	rises.	11 59

Full Moon, 20th. 8h. 5m. morn.

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: R. W. Crookshank.

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: G. T. Ray, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week James Kirk, Esq.

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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 VI.

Wherein young John Smith decribeth the desperate seige of the logging camp, and the memorable capture of the loggers.

Smithville, Down East, in the state of Maine, March 24, 1839.

Dear Gineral—I've jest got another letter from my son John, down in our disputed territory, and as I know you feel anxious to hear how they get along down there, I hasten to send you a copy of it. It is as follers:

Our Disputed Territory pretty near the Line, March, 20, 1839.

Dear Father—Tell mother I ain't shot yet, though we've had one pretty considerable of a brush, and expect every day to have some more. Colonel Jarvis has took quite a liking to our little Smithville detachment. He says we are the smartest troops he's got, and as long as we stick by him, it isn't Sir John Harvey, nor all New Brunzick, nor even Queen Victory herself can ever drive him off of Fitzherbert's farm. Perhaps you mayn't remember much about this Fitzherbert's farm, where we are. It is the very place where the British nabbed our Land Agent, Mr. McIntire, when he was abed, and asleep, and couldn't help himself, and carried him off to Fredericton jail. Let 'em come and try to nab us, if they dare; if they wouldn't wish their cake was dough again, I'm mistaken. We've got up pretty considerable of a little kind of a fort here, and we keep it manned day and night—we don't more than half of us sleep to once, and are determined the British shall never ketch us with both eyes shet.

But I 'spose mother's in dreadful fidgets to know about the brush, that I mentioned in the first part of my letter, so I must make haste and get along to it. It wasn't exactly a scratch with the British soldiers, but something jest about as bad, and I don't know but a little worse, for it was along with them thieving trespassers, that's been cutting down our trees, and stealin' our logs. And I think I should as lives run my chance among soldiers as among thieves.

That night arter we got here, when the sentries was all placed round the fort, and the things all put up for the night, Colonel Jarvis asked us to go in and set down and have a chat. So we did; and he asked us all about our march down here to our disputed territory, and what the news was to home, and if we see the governor as we come along, and if he sent any word to him, and so on. Sargent Johnson told him all about it, and told him the governor was terrible arnest for him to *hold on to the logs*; and said he mustn't never flinch a hair, nor give up an inch of our disputed territory, let what would come, and he must put a stop to their cutting down our timber.

Colonel Jarvis said, the governor might let him alone for that; if Sir John Harvey got hold of any of them logs, he would have to get up arlier in the morning than ever he did yet.

"Now, Sargent Johnson," said the Colonel, "you are a smart officer, and you've got a smart little company here; and bein' you've jest come into the service, it wouldn't be no more than fair that you should have a chance to take hold of some kind of a job that should be an honour to you and your company, and show to the people of the state what sort of grit you are made of. I think it's very likely there's some of them are thieving chaps about here in the woods yet, cutting down our timber; and you may take your men in the morning, and load up your guns and go off on a cruise, and see if you can ketch any of the rascals, and bring 'em and their teams off here prisoners of war; and the rest of us'll stay here and guard the fort while you are gone. If the rascals set out to fight, don't show 'em no quarter, but take 'em, dead or alive, and bring 'em off to the fort."

Sargent Johnson told him, "that was jest sich a job as we should like, and we'd be out in the morning bright and airly and go at it."

Accordingly, as soon as it was daylight in the morning, I turned out and gave Sargent Johnson a touch, and told him 'twas time to be starting. He was on his feet as quick as a wink, and told me to call the men and tell them to get ready. In a few minutes we got our breakfasts, and put some dinner in our knapsacks, and see that our guns was all well loaded; and after the Colonel told us which way we better go, we marched off, and struck right into the woods.

We had rather tough getting about, pretty much all the forenoon, scratching about through the bushes, and climbing over logs and stones, and working our way through the swamps; but towards noon we begun to come along into the timber land. And, my stars! sich great whapping pine trees, as straight as a candle, and tall as a liberty-pole, and standing all round as thick as the bean-poles in our garden, I guess you never see.

"Ah," says Sargent Johnson, "this is the place where them thieving chaps picks their huckleberries. We shall get upon the track of some of 'em bime-by!"

At last we come to a pretty considerable of a kind of a little river. Sargent Johnson told us to keep a sharp look out now, for they hauled the logs into these small rivers and brooks, and in the spring, when the ice broke up, they would shoot 'em along out into the Aroostook river, and then scoot 'em away off down the St. John's river, and carry 'em off to England, and nobody knows where. We followed the river up a mile or two, and I was away a little ways ahead of the rest, and at last I heard a sharp kind of a click, like the sound of an axe chopping wood. I listened a spell, and then I heard it again; and I told Sargent Johnson we was close upon 'em, for I could hear 'em chop. At that we all stopped and listened, and we could hear 'em as plain as day. Sargent Johnson then told us to see that the primin' in our guns was all right, and to foller him as still as mice. So we crept along as careful as if we was going on eggs. Bime-by we got on to a little piece of rising ground, where we could look down towards the bend of the river, and there we see 'em as busy at work as a thief in a mill. They had a little log cabin for themselves, and another one for their oxen; and one chap was jest driving the oxen in, to give 'em some hay, and the rest was going in to dinner; all but the one that we heard chopping; and he was digging his axe into the side of a great large pine tree, as big round as a hogset. Bime-by one of 'em come to the door and hollered to him and told him to come into dinner, for the beans was all biled out, and growin' cold. But he said the beans might go to pot for what he keered, for he wouldn't come in till he got his tree down, any how. So he kept his axe a going, click, click, and we kept still and looked on. We see the tree was pretty nigh off; and bime-by we heard a crack, and then a little louder crack; and we looked up, and see the top begun to lean and tremble a little—it was a monstrous great big tree—and then the cracks come quicker and louder; crack, crack, double crack, and the old tree begun to whisk through among the tops of the other trees with a roaring sound like a harrycane, and then, in two winks of a hum-bird's eye, it went crash on to the ground like a clap of thunder, and made all smoke was to stand to one window and Billy Wiggins to 'tother. As soon as we was all ready, Sargent Johnson give a little, easy whistle, and we all sprung to our places; but before Sargent Johnson had time to begin to speak, Billy Wiggin's gun—I guess there must be something the matter with Billy's forefinger, for his gun blazed away like lightning into the cabin window, and his ball went splush right into a log on 'tother side. And all in the same breath the rest of our guns was all pokin' in on every side, and Sargent Johnson was bawling out to 'em with his roaring voice and calling of 'em "stealin' rascals." Oh, father! I wish you'd been there. If you ever see a flock of mice in the buttery nibbling round a pan of meal, and see the old cat jump right into the window and land right down in the middle on 'em, and see how them mice *went it*, you might guess a little how them prisoners of ourn jumped and sprung round and screamed. As I was looking right in over Sargent Johnson's shoulder, I could see the whole on't. There was six of 'em, and they was all setting round the table eating their dinners. They had a great large milk-pan in the middle of the table full of baked beans and three or four pounds of fat pork on the top of it; and a kettle of soup on one end of the table, and bread and potatoes and so on, all over the table. And when the thunder-clap broke upon 'em all to once, they all sprung right up as if they'd gone out of their skins; and the table went like a lock of hay in a whirlwind. It bounced up in the first place almost to the roof of the cabin; and when it came down, the beans flew from one side of the room to the other, like shot in a pepper-box; and the soup kettle and the bread and the dishes and the potatoes I couldn't keep the run of.

After the first scream was over, and they see they wasn't killed, one of 'em sprung and ketched a handspike that they had to stir the fire with, and another ketched up a stool that they had to set on, and another run behind the door and brought out an old gun. But when they see our guns pokin' in round so thick, they sprung into the corners and squat down behind the barrels, and begun to holler "don't fire! don't fire!" At last after they begun to get still a little, so he could be heard, Sargent Johnson told 'em to lay down their arms. At that, one laid down his handspike, 'tother one his gun, and things begun to get considerable quiet.

Then Sargent Johnson asked 'em if they was willing to surrender themselves prisoners of war. At that, one of 'em that seemed to be the head man among 'em, a short, thick, fat man, with a red face and a blueish nose, stepped forward and asked Sargent Johnson what he wanted. The sargent told him they must deliver themselves up as prisoners of war and be carried to the American camp.

"And then what is to be done with us?" said he.

"Well, then, you'll have to be sent to Bangor, to be tried for stealing the logs on our disputed territory," said Sargent Johnson.

"Well, then, we'll die first," said he, and he sprang back and ketched up the gun. But when he looked round and see the rest of his men was as white as a cloth and quivering behind the barrels, and see our guns all pinted right at him, he see 'twas no use. And says he, "Captain don't fire, I'll give up." And he brought his gun and give it to Sargent Johnson. Then Sargent Johnson ordered 'em to come out two by two, and we took and tied them together by twos, so we could guard 'em easy; and then we went to the hovel and took out the oxen. There was two yoke of oxen and a hoss; and we yoked 'em up and loaded all the provisions they had in the camp and started off for our fort. Jonathan Downing drove the oxen; and Billy Wiggins—Sargent Johnson said Billy was sich an unlucky kind of a feller he had no patience with him; but after all, he said he didn't know but what his gun goin' off so, did about as much good as any thing—so on the whole, bein' he had sich short legs, he said Billy Wiggins should ride the hoss.

So when we all got ready, we marched off towards our fort, and got back jest about sunset. And as we was coming up the hill towards the fort, they all come out to meet us and give us a salute. I guess you never see a man more tickled than Colonel Jarvis was. He hopped up and down and slapped Sargent Johnson on the shoulder more than forty times; and declared if the oxen wgs only fat enough, we'd have one of 'em roasted whole the next day for dinner.

But I can't say any more to day; so give my love to the folks, and I remain your loving son,

JOHN.

Dear Gineral, so much for my son John's second grist. Don't you think he grinds it out pretty well for a boy that isn't seventeen years old yet?

CRAMP.—A physician in France recommends as a preventive to cramp, the placing of a bar of iron about an inch square, under the mattrass upon which they sleep, crosswise of the bed, as high up as the calves of the leg. This may be a preventive, but we will class it with one which we find in an eastern paper. The Bostonian says, that an old gentleman in that city who is subject to the cramp, lays his boots crosswise every night when he pulls them off. We give for this troublesome complaint a receipt equally as effective as either of the above, and quite as reasonable in its philosophy:—Tie a ribbon or a garter about an inch broad, just above the calf of the leg on going to bed, and we will warrant a quiet sleep. The cause of the cramp is the relaxation of the chords or tendons of the limb by active exercise, and the sudden contraction of the same while in a dormant posture. A fillet or garter, tied smoothly and but moderately tight just below the knee joint, prevents the muscles from contracting too suddenly, and consequently prevents cramp.

LEAD AND FEATHERS.—It is often asked, in jest, which is the heaviest—a pound of lead, or a pound of feathers? A person who had not his wits about him might be guilty of the *hibernicism* of answering, "a pound of lead, to be sure?" A nother a little more shrewd would say they weighed just alike. Yet, under certain circumstances they would both bewrong. Weigh a pound of feathers while they are in an uncompressed state, and then weigh them after being compressed, and in the latter case they would weigh more than in the former, because, when any substance has a large quantity of surface exposed to the atmosphere, in proportion to its bulk, it weighs less than the same bulk when compressed. Hence may be asserted with truth the seeming paradox, that a pound of feathers is heavier than a pound of lead. This principle is well understood by some of the wool merchants who compress their wool as much as convenient, that the same quantity may make more weight. It is said, moreover, that a wool merchant often gains the interest of his money, in the additional weight which the wool will acquire by remaining stored during a season, and thereby becoming compressed. Gold, the heaviest of all metals, by being made into gold leaf, which has infinitely a larger surface in proportion to its bulk than the solid gold, may be made to float in the air. According to the same principle are the clouds suspended in the atmosphere.

A NEW SPARK DESTROYER.—The great *desideratum* in travelling by steam, is probably obtained. A Frenchman has invented a plan, which effects a rotary motion in the furnace where the sparks and smoke revolve continually till they are consumed, and never pass off. Thus one-third of the caloric is saved and all the inconveniences avoided.

Air is the medium of sound. This arises from its elasticity, for, if the air was not elastic, there would be no sound. If there was no air, the earth would be dark as night, cold as winter, and silent as the grave. By means of a musical snuff box this latter proposition may be readily shown; for, upon putting it under the receiver of an air pump, the sound will gradually die away as we exhaust the vessel, and return as we readmit the air. The action of the lungs depends upon the pressure and the elasticity of the air.

We cordially endorse the following:—The first and most important female quality is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to the female sex insinuation and persuasion, in order to be surly; it did not make them weak in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice in order to be employed in scolding; nor did it provide them with delicate features, in order to be disfigured with anger.

DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.—The Newspaper credit system ceased in Mississippi on the first of the present month, by agreement among all the Printers of that State. No name is now added to the list of the papers there, unless a year's advance forwarded.

Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

HOW SWEET 'TIS TO RETURN.

BY S. LOVER.

How sweet 'tis to return
Where once we've happy been,
Tho' paler now life's lamp may burn,
And years have rolled between.

And if those eyes beam welcome yet,
That wept our parting then,
Oh, in the smiles of friends thus met
We live whole years again!

They tell us of a fount that flow'd
In happier days of yore,
Whose waters bright fresh youth bestow'd;
Alas, the fount's no more!

But smiling Mem'ry still appears,
Presents her cup, and when
We sip the sweets of vanish'd years,
We live those years again.

PRESENT AND PAST.—ENGLAND.

Peace resteth on our changed land, and holy Faith is there,
And Freedom breathes in every breeze, that stirs her island air;
And safety dwells beside our hearths, and round our calm church towers.—
A blessing on the sainted heads, that died to leave them ours!
But, Oh! the pleasant festal rites, the feasts and customs old,
The rich and joyous pageantry, the loyalty unsold,
The grace of ancient courtesy, the worth and honour gray,
The reverend love of reverend things,—that all have passed away,
Oh! broken is the yew tree bow, the wandering harper fled,
And the best things of parted years, are with the parted dead!

SNUFFS AND SNUFF TAKERS

What a moment! what a doubt!
All my nose turned inside out,
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid Rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,
Now says "Sneeze, you fool; get through it."
Shee—shee—oh! 'tis most del*ishi*,
Ishi—ishi—most del*ishi*.
(Hang it I shall sneeze till spring.)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

THE ATONEMENT OUR ONLY REFUGE.

If a tree be sound at the root, there is hope that it will sprout forth notwithstanding it should be lopped and shred over so much. But now, if it be rotten at the root, then fare it well. In like manner, if the soul be safe; if it live by faith in the Son of God; if it fight the good fight of faith, and win the field; all other losses are not to be reckoned of; we are more than gainers, more than conquerors. But if the soul perish, (and it will perish, except it be fed with the word of the Gospel; and it will make shipwreck, if Christ sit not at the stern; and it will be overcome in the day of battle, if Christ be not its Captain, its Saviour, its Deliverer,) then all the world is gone with us; it had been better for us if we had never been born. Our sins do threaten God's vengeance upon us; our consciences do accuse us; the law contains matter of indictment against us; the devil follows the suit; all the creatures of God which we have abused; all the callings of God which we have neglected; all the threatenings of God which we have despised do witness against us. In a word, the Lord sitteth on his throne as an angry Judge—hell openeth her mouth wide, being ready to swallow us up—the world forsaketh us—our friends have no power to help us. What is to be done in this case? What shift shall we make? what place of refuge shall we flee to? Only this is our comfort, that the Son of God became the Son of man, to make us the sons of God: vile he became to exalt us, poor to enrich us, a slave to enfranchise us, dead to quicken us, miserable to bless us, lost in the eyes of the world to save us; lastly, partaker of our nature, of our infirmity, of our habitation, to advance us to his kingdom and glory: that is, to be unto us, according to his name, EMANUEL, "God with us:" God to enlighten us; God to help us; God to deliver us; God to save us.—*Miles Smith, Bishop of Gloucester.*

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

If you recollect what hath been said upon this subject, and lay it so together, that we may take a full view of the whole method observed in the church, for the making us holy here, and happy for ever, we cannot but easily see, both what necessity there is of our being added to the church in general, and what infinite cause we have to give our most humble and hearty thanks to God, both for his setting and restoring such a church as this is to us. A church, wherein all the means of grace and salvation are so duly and effectually administered to us, that if we be not failing to ourselves in the use of them, we cannot but be saved. A church, so exactly conformable to the catholic in all things, that none can separate from her without making a schism in Christ's mystical body, and consequently endangering the salvation of his own soul. A church so far exceeding those of Rome and Geneva, that, would either papists or sectaries lay aside their prejudices, and impartially consider what our church is, and compare it with their own, they would need no other arguments to persuade them to return unto her, and to live and die in constant communion with her. A church, to say no more, as orthodox in its doctrine, as regular in its discipline, as grave and solemn in its worship, as agreeable to Scripture rules, as well accommodated to the whole design of the Gospel for the bringing of souls to heaven, as any church in the whole world. And that such a church as this should be at first planted amongst us, and after it had been destroyed by the malice of the devil and his agents, should be again restored to us by the immediate hand of God, who can think of it without adoring the hand that did it?—*Bishop Beveridge.*

☞ *A composition for coloring and preserving Gates, Poles, Birds, Roofs, and Timber generally from the weather.*—Melt 12 ozs. rosin in an iron pot or kettle, add 3 gallons of train oil and three or four rolls of brimstone; when they are melted and become thin, add as much Spanish brown, or red or yellow ochre, or any other colour you like, ground as fine as usual with oil, as will give the whole the shade wanted. Then lay it on with a brush as hot and thin as you can. Some days after the first coat is dried, lay on a second.

It is well attested that this will preserve plank for years, and prevent the weather from driving through a brick wall.—*Domestic Encyclopedia.*

CURE FOR THE STING OF A WASP OR BEE.—A Liverpool paper says that an onion applied to the part affected by the sting of an insect, will invariably give relief. This important but simple remedy should be generally known.

TO REMOVE SPOTS OR STAINS FROM LINEN.—The fumes of brimstone are useful in removing spots or stains in linen, &c; thus if a red rose be held in the fumes of a brimstone match, the color will soon begin to change, and at length the flower will become white. By the same process, fruit-stains of iron-mould may be removed from linen or cotton cloths, if the spots be previously moistened with water.

'A man can't help what happens behind his back,' as the loafer said when he was kicked out of doors.

At a late assizes at Lancaster, (Eng.) a very old man, an Irishman, was found guilty of an offence for which he was sentenced to fourteen years transportation. On receiving the sentence he bowed profoundly to the Court, and thanked his lordship, "for indeed," says he, "I did not think I had so long to live till your lordship told me."

ALEXANDER'S WEEKLY MESSENGER.

A DOUBLE SHEET! With splendid Engravings! *Only $1 a year*, when subscribed for in clubs of ten or more! Commencement of the year! New inducements for Clubbing!

ALEXANDER'S WEEKLY MESSENGER has, during the three years since it was first commenced, obtained a celebrity among the patrons of the press which has no precedent in the annals of Literature in this country! Its circulation has been, and continues to be, far and wide, extending over every portion of this continent, and not less than 100,000 copies have been distributed to different individuals. The reputation of this Journal is at the present moment as firmly established as at any former period—and its increase of patronage, notwithstanding the fluctuations of the times, probably has no parallel on record. The publisher is about to begin another Volume, materially improved and enlarged and with renewed efforts to deserve the liberal feeling which has been excited in behalf of his Popular Journal, and a sincere determination so to continue to conduct the Messenger, that the cause of virtue, truth, and morality may be best promoted by its extensive circulation.

ALEXANDER'S WEEKLY MESSENGER is universally acknowledged to be the cheapest and most interesting Family Newspaper in the world, and most deserving the patronage of a discriminating public.

This Journal is published every Wednesday, on a beautiful white paper, of the largest class. Single copies will be forwarded to subscribers every week during the year for *Two Dollars* in advance—or ten persons, clubbing together, can have it for the same period by forwarding the publisher a *Ten Dollar Note*, free of postage, which is one third less than any paper of the same size can be published by any other Office in the United States.

This Journal embraces in its columns every variety of subjects, and affords the earliest and most authentic articles of news! As a proof of which we instance the fact that since the commencement of Steam Navigation between this country and England, we have been always several days in advance of all our New York and Philadelphia weekly contemporaries, in furnishing our patrons with the intelligence which has been brought by the different steamboats—the Great Western, the Liverpool, and the British Queen. In this respect the Messenger has paramount claims upon the attention of persons who live remote from the Atlantic cities, as it conveys to them sooner than it can be received through any other channel, the latest European news. In the existing state of our relations to England, both as regards our Financial, Commercial, and Agricultural position, the importance of a vehicle through which information on these important subjects is disseminated at the earliest period after the arrival of the British steamers, cannot be over estimated.

☞ A general prices current, affording an authentic guide to the country merchant, and other mercantile classes out of the city, is carefully compiled every week, and inserted at length in our columns. ☞ A Bank note register and other matters connected with the Stock Market, with regular notices of broken Banks and counterfeits will be most scrupulously noticed, and such necessary information regarding them carefully collected as will satisfy the most scrupulous that the interests of the whole community are properly attended to.

In order to render our Paper more acceptable to our numerous City subscribers, we shall in future give a regular summary of all the Marriages and Deaths.

This Journal is constantly supplied with original articles, by American writers, which adds much to its interest as a Literary Work. A succession of Biographies are from time to time given of the most distinguished American Statesmen and Patriots, together with original and selected Tales, Essays, and Poetry, of the most piquant and entertaining character. The Publisher will begin the coming year by enlarging the Messenger, and the issue of a *Double Sheet*, of twice the dimensions of the present size of his paper, filled with original contributions and selections from the best Periodicals of the day, including the popular annuals for 1840, and he is solicitous that new Patrons may send their names on immediately that he may have the gratification of furnishing every one of them with this rare and extraordinary specimen of the art of Printing on the first of the year. At the commencement of the New Volume a variety of BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS, will be given in regular succession, which will be accompanied by appropriate Sketches, of such a description as to render them particularly deserving the attention of the public.

The terms of Alexander's Weekly Messenger are as follows—☞ We wish to be understood also by Agents that we do not receive remittances under *Five Dollars* for club subscribers. By adhering to our regulations in this respect they will be certain that no mistakes can occur in transmitting the Paper to every one for whom they may order it. A Ten Dollar Bill, in advance, will pay for ten copies of the Messenger for one year! A Five Dollar Bill will pay for four copies for one year! Two Dollars, in advance, is the price of an individual subscription for one year! One Dollar, will pay for a single subscription for six months only!

LIBERAL OFFERS.—The Publisher respectfully calls the attention of his friends and the public to the following list of Premiums—which are offered as a small token of respect to those gentlemen acting as Agents, who use their influence to promote the circulation of the Weekly Messenger.

For every Twenty Subscribers.—One Volume of the SILK GROWER, a Manual intended to afford the community every information connected with the growing of silk in this country.—Or a volume of EVERY BODY'S ALBUM, a humorous work, filled with engravings. Or either of the following Volumes, neatly bound:—The MOURNER'S BOOK, by a Lady. This work is admirably adopted to soothe the afflictions and trials which are encountered through life.—A MANUAL OF POLITENESS, including the Principles of Etiquette, and rules of behavior in genteel society, for persons of both sexes.—The SOUVENIR MINSTREL, a choice collection of the most admired Songs, Duetts, Glees, Choruses, &c.—The HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK, containing advice on the conduct of Household affairs, with a complete collection of Receipts for Economical Domestic Cookery.—The SOUTHERN and WESTERN SONGSTER, being a collection of all the fashionable songs, many of which are original.—THE MAN ABOUT TOWN, a novel, by Cornelius Webbs, author of Glances at Life, &c., in 2 vols.—A DIARY IN AMERICA, by Captain Marryatt, author of Peter Simple, &c., in 2 vols.—THE CABINET MINISTER, a novel, by Mrs. Gore, author of the Heir of Selwood, in 2 vols.—THE PHANTOM SHIP, a Tale of the Sea, by Captain Morryatt, in 2 vols.—CHARCOAL SKETCHES, OR SCENES IN THE METROPOLIS, by Joseph C. Neal, Esq., with illustrations by D. C. Johnson.—BURTON'S COMIC SONGSTER, being entirely a new collection of original and popular songs, with engraving.

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During the present year the publisher has disposed of nearly five hundred Bibles as Premiums, and the whole of the edition which he published for that purpose has been for some time exhausted—he has now in press a very superior edition of one thousand copies, that will be finished about the first of December, and which he will have bound in a very handsome style, and embellished by a number of new and beautiful engravings. For every forty subscribers any Agent may obtain for the Messenger he will be entitled to a copy of this excellent work, as will be seen by referring to our list of premiums above, which will be delivered to his order immediately.

☞ At the expiration of the term subscribed for, by Clubs, the Paper is invariably discontinued, unless the subscriptions are renewed.

CHARLES ALEXANDER,
Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place,
Philadelphia, Nov. 20, 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;
2 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.