THE Weekly Chronicle.

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

VOL. IV. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1840. No. 37.

The Chronicle,

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Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

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

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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.

MAY.		R. SUN. S.	MOON.	H. W.
16	Saturday,	4 32 7 21	rises.	11 25
17	Sunday,	4 30 7 22	9 9	morn
18	Monday,	4 27 7 23	10 4	0 1
19	Tuesday,	4 26 7 24	10 50	0 36
20	Wednesday,	4 25 7 25	11 27	1 15
21	Thursday,	4 24 7 26	11 58	1 53
22	Friday,	4 25 7 27	morn.	2 35

Full Moon, 16th, 6h. 51m. 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. F. Hazen, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, 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 nex week: Hugh Mackay, 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: W. H. Street, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, 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.

☞NOTICE.

THE Public are hereby informed, that the Partnership heretofore existing between GEORGE EAGLES and the subscriber, as the firm of GEORGE & EDWARD EAGLES is this day dissolved.

EDWARD EAGLES.

Indian Town, 16th March, 1840.—3m.

Notice.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of JAMES DORIE, late of this city, deceased, are hereby requested to present their claims for adjustment; and those indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment.

JOHN ROBERTSON, *Administrator.*

Saint John, 5th February, 1840.

NOTICE.

THE accounts of all Persons remaining indebted to the late Firm of W. H. STREET & RANEY, and which have not been adjusted by the parties giving Promissory Notes or other accepted security, will be forthwith put in suit.

W. H. STREET.

St. John, 6th Feb. 1840.

☞NOTICE.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of the late Mrs. MARGARET A. HANFORD, will please render the same for adjustment; and those indebted to said Estate are requested to pay the same forthwith to the subscriber.

JAMES T. HANFORD.

St. John, Jan. 14, 1840. *Administrator.*

J. M'LARDY'S
New Baking Establishment, near the Post-Office, Princess-st.

WHEAT and Rye BREAD of superior quality being manufactured on the most improved plan and warranted free from souring.

Victoria Tea BISCUIT fresh every day. Breakfast ROLLS every morning at 8 o'clock.

Ship Bread made to order, in the best Greenock style.

15th November.

Dr. Peett's Eradictor.

THE celebrity of this Medicine, in curing recent cases of Gonnorrhea, generally in 24 hours, and when the disease is of longer standing, there is no medicine so efficacious. There is no case of Gleet, Seminal Weakness, Fluor, Albus, &c. &c. wherein any preparation has been so uniformly successful in eradicating every vestige from the constitution. Warranted to contain no mineral substance. It is as pleasant as it is certain, and retains its virtues in any climate. For sale by appointment, at the Circulating Library, by

Feb. 21, 1840. A. R. TRURO.

NEW-BRUNSWICK

Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

THE above Company having been duly organized, is prepared to effect Insurances on Houses and against loss or damage by Fire. Persons wishing to avail themselves of the advantages to be derived from Insuring in becoming Members of the said Company will please make application at the office of CHARLES GALLAGHER, Esq., corner of Market Square and Prince Wm. street, where the articles of association, bye-laws, rules and regulations may be seen, and the rate of Premium for Insurance ascertained. The Company will attend every day (Sundays excepted) from ten to three o'clock, for the purpose of deciding upon any applications which may be made.

☞ A box for the reception of applications will be kept at the office.

St. John, Feb. 21, 1840.

Bright Porto Rico Sugar.

33 HHDS of the above (a prime article) Received this day per Schooner *Star.*

April 24. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

Miscellany.

THE CORALLINES.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c.

(Continued.)

The Catastrophe.

Affairs had remained in this state nearly four months, when a vessel was spoken with that had been met and plundered by the armed and revolted transport, not only of all that was valuable, but also all her water and provisions had been taken from her. The Amelia having hastily supplied her with all that was absolutely necessary to enable her to reach the nearest port, made all sail, being now certain of the track of the convicts, and in all probability would, in a few days, overtake them. The excitement on board had become great, for the object of the Amelia's cruise had transpired, and was well known fore and aft. Sir Hugh's distress of mind was now pitiable, whilst his daughter though more serious, was collected and calm, and seemed almost happy in the foreboding, that if everything did not happen for the welfare of the parties so deeply interested, the event would redound to the glory of God. The sweet enthusiast, strong in her faith, and unshaken in her duty, had no misgivings.

We have before stated that Frank Flylightly had become her pupil in spiritual matters, and she was much pained to see that his health evidently declined daily; and the pain was more acute to her, from the conviction that he made but little progress in genuine religious matters. "My good Frank," said she to him one day, when they were together in the after-cabin, and he had just given her some very dark answers concerning the new light, "I begin to think that your religion must be of the heart, and not of the head; that you must not attempt to reason upon these divine things. Henceforward, instead of instruction we will have prayer. Let me teach you to pray; kneel before me, hold your hands thus, and say after me."

Poor fellow! and he repeated after her, with his supplicatory and joined hands between hers, whilst she stood like a young prophet before him; but the words he uttered had not meaning to his senses—his heart did not rise beyond her divine countenance, nor his gaze higher than her lustrous and beautiful eyes. His brain was turned, his health was shattered, his very identity was changed. The well-meant praying completed his ruin.

Frank was now so tortured by his inexpressible feelings, that actual fever had supervened. His actions were scarcely under his controul—he became miserably restless, and careless of giving offence.—He was disturbed by an unconquerable desire of ascertaining whether Sir Hugh were as well acquainted as himself with the sex of Florence. Mad with this anxiety, he disobeyed his orders, and the next time that the father and daughter were alone together, he dared to listen, and he dared to look. The guilty curiosity was fatal to him. He beheld, through the keyhole of the door, Florence sitting contentedly and fondly on the knee of Sir Hugh; he saw him kiss her white forehead, and there was that air of security and abandonment between them—that little regard to the disguise of her dress, that convinced the unfortunate sailor that her sex was well known to the captain.—Indeed, when Florence was alone with her father, and she fancied herself secure from interruption, she wished rather to appear like what she really was, than to be studious about a disguise that was really hateful to her.

Flylightly could not long witness what he conceived to be a guilty dalliance.—His acts afterwards partook of the nature of insanity. He no longer regarded the new order of things, but cursed and swore most abominably. Religion, and all those who professed, and all those who had any respect for it, he execrated bitterly. His imprecations were horrible, and the first object of his wrath was the idol of his loving worship. We dare not repeat his ravings, mingled as they were with oaths. He immediately concluded that she was a wanton, and had smuggled herself on board the frigate, in all probability with the connivance of the captain. But this conviction lasted not long, and then his concentrated hate fell upon Sir Hugh.—The huge hypocrite! How deeply Frank despised piety! He fell into the error of throwing upon it the odium due to the unjust professors of it. His ignorance was his excuse. How many of us have not his excuse to plead!

This placid, fat young man, in whose blood, a few months back, not an acrid drop could be found, now circulated thro' his veins currents of liquid fire. The heart of him who was so lately in loving-kindness with all mankind, was now one vast receptacle of hate. When the wildness of passion had given way to its bitterness, he went and provided himself with arms, secreting them about his person. They consisted of two ship's pistols, and a small dirk, that he hesitated not to steal from one of the young gentlemen.—Though he had not decided how he sho'd use his advantage, he felt a stern consolation in being thus armed.

Shortly after this violent access of all base suspicions and bad feelings, Captain Sir Hugh Eustace summoned him into the cabin, to give him some customary order. He entered trembling, with his eyes rolling and his once plump and florid cheeks hanging down, pale and haggard, from either jaw, like two pouches. He glared savagely on the captain, and with a demoniac expression of desire, mingled with exasperation, upon Florence.

'May God in his goodness watch over and preserve you, Frank,' said Florence gently and kindly; 'what has happened to you, my friend?'

'Sweet words!—O, let us pray!—da——n pleasant, however!'

'You rascal! what do you mean?' said the captain, hastily rising.

'O my father!—O Sir Eustace!—be slow to wrath. Remember!—peradventure he aileth.'

'Very true, very true; but, sick or well, we must preserve discipline in his majesty's service. What is the meaning of this insubordinate conduct, Flylightly, in persevering to swear in my presence?'

'Please your honour—hypocrite!—your honour's honour—psalm-spinning—I arn't my own self, Sir Hugh—had a drop—now I lie like a hypocrite—like a d—d hypocrite, Sir Hugh—hav'n't wet my whistle—but I arn't myself, however; and for the matter of that, begging your honour's pardon, you arn't yourself—nor this here young gentleman neither.'

'This is astonishing! What can the man mean?' said Sir Hugh, starting up very angry, but a little alarmed also.

'I am a poor fat fo'castle-man, that was, and have just larned by heart all Doctor Watts's first cat-he-kiss'm, and a goodish taste of the church's, and I've left off swearing; but still I've a great mind to mutiny—I have—for 'tain't fair to break a poor fellow's heart in this way, under false colours, d'ye see.'

'My dear Sir Hugh,' said Florence, 'our poor Frank is evidently in a fever—perhaps some epidemic of the climate; we had better send for the good doctor, and then commit him to the care of his shipmates.'

'As to the doctor, I am of your opinion,' said Sir Hugh, moodily; 'but the less communication that he has with his messmates, or with any of the ship's company, the better. After M'Quillet has bled and blistered him into tranquillity and obedience, he shall be put in irons under the half-deck, with a sentry over him.'

In this speech all the anger of the captain of a man-of-war broke forth, and the Christian was momentarily forgotten.—Florence felt the flush of shame for her father burning upon her cheek, and, after her manner, was going to lift up her voice in reproof, for, like the martyrs of old, no earthly considerations could ever divert her from her duty. The captain saw the coming storm, and dreaded it. He therefore interposed, and said, 'Do not yet speak, there's a good child; I will listen to you attentively when alone. We must, in the first place, deal with this man; for whether his insubordination proceed from bad health or from a bad spirit, it must be immediately checked, and with the strong hand of discipline.'

'No, no,' interposed the fair enthusiast; 'leave the poor man to me—I will reason and pray with him—he will see the error of his ways, repent, and amend them.'

'Praying!—pleasant, but all sham!' said Frank, doggedly—'like it, however—hypocrites always tyrants—don't mean your honour, no ways—you may bleed, and blister, and flog me, just as much as your honour likes—I'll bear it all for the love of one as shall be nameless—I'll take it like a man, though I arn't got my girl aboard—I'll drop at the gangway sooner than preach, but it's all for the sake of one—but if she'd only say the word'—and he looked fiercely at Florence, and convulsively snatched at his concealed dagger, 'blood and fury—hill, ull, loo! but fat Frank will die like a man.'

Whilst Florence was trembling exceedingly at this outbreak of violence and jealousy, Sir Hugh was lost in astonishment for a moment, but it was for a moment only; when he seized Frank by the collar of his jacket, and well shaking his emaciated frame, that was, however, still ponderous with the relics of his obesity, he exclaimed, "And is it so, you treacherous villain? after all my kindness to you, you have been listening and playing the spy! Reptile!—but baseness is the birthgift of the low-born—I am a fool to be discomposed by him. Here, steward, send me the master-at-arms directly.—Irons and the gag for the scoundrel!"

Florence knew that this was not the moment to interfere. The irons were brought, and whilst they were putting Frank's leg into them, he continued to talk disjointedly until the gag was placed in his mouth, which gag consisted of a marling-spike, placed between the jaws, exactly in the manner in which a horse is bitted, and being thrust as far back as the mouth will admit of, it is secured with lashings of spun-yarn, passed across and and across behind the head—a very amiable practice of silencing a man, that prevaileth in the navy. Frank Flylightly, being thus made taciturn, was placed between two guns in the fore-cabin, in order that he might ruminate on his unfortunate love, and feed his heart with the secret that he was unable to disclose.

Florence had led her father into the other cabin, and had just begun a startling and energetic remonstrance, when the first lieutenant called him out, and he went immediately upon deck. An unusual bustle struck the ears of the young devotee; she heard the tramp of feet, the rattling of blocks, and the swinging of the massive yards. This was followed by the shrill call of the fife and the rolling of the drum, and then, all was unusually silent.

The long-pursued chase was, at last, in view. The Amelia was now in the midst of a cluster of small islands, a few degrees to the northward of the east end of New-Holland. They were at that time called the Corallines, and most aptly so, though by what name they may now be known is of no consequence to our veracious narrative. The sea was so transparent, that the immense forest of red and white coral, some fathoms beneath the bottom of the ship, was distinctly visible. The lead was continually going, and the ship's way checked in such a manner by trimming the sails that she scarcely made progress, though, with the exception of the steadying-sails, all her canvass was set. Soon, all around, so far as the eye could reach, the ocean was seen studded with islands of all dimensions, whilst in various parts the ground-swell of the sea broke over some long reef, with an eternal moan, and, with its white foam, showed on the green main, like the vast plume of some giant warrior, lying broken upon the battle-field.

Florence could observe from the cabin-windows the groups of the islands as the ship passed them. Some were merely small planes of white sand, some a little larger, covered with a white mantle of green herbage. On this, there was no other vegetation than a solitary cocoa-nut tree, teeming with untouched fruit—on that, a small grove of the same trees, intermingled with some few bushes, glowing with the colours of, to herself, unknown flowers. Many of the islands were of considerable extent and of refreshing verdure, but they all appeared not only to be uninhabited, but also, till then, unvisited either by civilised man or untutored Indian.

No scene could be more bright, and but few more lovely. If the unshrinking eye of the sun looked down with intolerable ardour, all beneath him seemed verdant, fresh and cool. Men's sight seemed gifted with supernatural powers of vision, so clear was the atmosphere, and so distinctly marked out every thing around them.

At length the hands were turned up to bring ship to anchor, for the soundings had so much shoaled, and the navigation between the small and large islands and the reefs had become too intricate.

(To be concluded next week.)

The *Brighton Gazette* has the following:—What is Socialism? There seems something bland in the term and friendly. It might be supposed to be an Association for good and kindly purposes. But Satan can transform himself into an Angel of Light. Under this name of Socialism are cloaked infidelity, profaneness, and every description of vice. Some particulars of the death of one of these miserable persons called Socialists, may serve to show the condition of those who embrace the opinions of Robert Owen. The individual in question was visited by a Clergyman in Manchester, who began to speak to him about the truths of Christianity and its Divine Founder, and the necessity of looking unto Him for pardon and peace. The poor man, in anguish of spirit, exclaimed, "I cannot, for I have burned my Bible." The Clergyman added, "But there is mercy for the chief of sinners, who will turn with true repentance to his Redeemer." Again the Socialist cried out in a tone of deep despair, "I have burned my Bible." At this time three of his companions entered. The dying man, fixing his eyes upon them, ejaculated, "May God Almighty curse, curse, curse you!" He then fell back, and expired.

CONSEQUENCES OF WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES.

(From the Brockville Statesman, 4th April.)

We believe the British Government is fully determined to maintain possession of the (so called) "disputed territory;" because she has ascertained that it belongs to her of *right*; and however magnanimous may be the British character; however pressing may be her necessities, and peaceful her disposition; she will never yield her rights to foreign braggadocia; or sacrifice one acre of her Colonial possessions, to gratify the cupidity, or allay the demon of mobocratic maniacs, which assail her frontier—Colonel Goldie has taken possession of the disputed territory, by special instructions, recently received from home, and he will KEEP IT.

It may be true, and indeed we hope it is, that the President of the United States, and the American people generally, do not desire war; but whether they do, or not; one thing is very certain, that they are in a poor plight to commence one.—Their *regular army* is very small, badly organized and worse disciplined—their Navy is in a still worse condition—and as to their Fortifications and other military defences, (with few exceptions) they are in such a state, as to leave their whole country in an exposed condition. If a war should ensue, every scientific mind, not warped by prejudice, or overworked by national or party zeal, must at once perceive, that instead of being a war of agression and conquest on their part it would speedily be turned into one of defence.

It is said that 'every cock will fight well on his own dunghill," and on this principle it is contended that the American people would *defend* their country to the last extremity. Be it so. We have no desire to dispute the assertion; but let it be considered, that in the event of the seat of war being carried into their own disputed territory (as it undoubtedly would) the American people would find many troublesome customers to deal with, besides the British bayonet! Let the English once take possession of the Island of Cuba, (which they could readily do by treaty with Spain,) and from thence send up some armed Steamers, to occupy the Mississippi and Missouri, and to distribute arms and munitions of war, to the Indians; and we should then see, what assistance the local militia of Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan, and the other Western States and Territories could spare, to meet the British! Again let their sea board be swept by the British Navy, from Boston to Charleston, and supplies of arms furnished, not only to the Southern Slaves, but to the whole negro population; and then it might easily be "guessed," the *number and efficiency* of the southern force, that could safely be marched for the defence of her northern frontier!

In 1811, the Americans declared war against Great Britain, and their Secretary at war, Doctor Eustis, then said:

"We can take the Canadas without soldiers; we have only to send officers into the provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own government, will rally round our standard."

To this boastful declaration of the War Secretary, might be added, the following memorable passage from the lips of their great senator, the Honorable Henry Clay:

"It is quite absurd to suppose we shall not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy's provinces. We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean; and the way to conquer her on the ocean, is to drive her from the land. I am not for stopping at Quebec, or any where else; but I would take the whole continent from them, and ask them no favours. Her fleet cannot rendezvouz at Halifax as now; and having no place of resort in the north, cannot infest our coast as they have lately done. It is as easy to conquer them on land, as her whole navy would conquer ours on the ocean. We must take the whole continent from them; I wish never to see a peace till we do. God has given us the power and the means—we are criminal if we do not use them. If we get the continent she must allow us the freedom of the sea."

Every energy of England cramped at that moment; every nerve of the Empire strained to its utmost extent; every power put forth to battle against a world in arms: even then, the Americans found, after a short experience, that "the Canadas were not quite as much under their command, as Great Britain had the ocean," under her's; and instead of unfurling their stars and stripes on the Diamond Cape of Quebec, they had to 'stop short' at CHRYSLER'S FARM!

If then the United States were so easily frustrated, when she was backed by the whole force of the European powers, and with an overflowing treasury; what in the name of common sense, would be her chance against England *single handed?* A mere school boy can answer the question. Nor is this all; in the event of a vigorous war being pushed on by Great Britain, (and she will never engage in a little one,) where would the United States find the 'sinews? Her own treasury is wholly exhausted, her foreign credit wholly destroyed, and her public debt almost intolerable. Mr. VanBuren and his Cabinet, know well, that it would be worse than madness for them to plunge their country into war with Great Britain—they know well if they did, that the North Eastern boundary would quickly be settled—that Fort Fairfield and Lake Temiscaouta, would witness but little of the contest; and that the *Hudson*, instead of the *St. Johns* would be most likely to be their future boundary.

THE BIBLE THE POLE-STAR OF THE REFORMATION.

BY MISS M. A. STODART.

(From the Church of England Magazine.)

A stern proud king, with searching eye,
Bent o'er God's blessed word;
And men of prayer were standing nigh,
With eye towards the Lord:
A kingdom's weal, a kingdom's woe,
Seem'd on that moment hung,
They pray'd the streams of life might flow
To slake the thirsting tongue.

And popish priests were also nigh,
With bitter scornful look;
They liked not that their sovereign's eye
Should rest upon that book;
Yet, all unwittingly, they paid
Their tribute to its worth;
"Then, in God's name," King Henry said,
"Through England send it forth."

And in God's name that holy book
Was sent throughout the land;
For eagerly these men of prayer
Caught up their king's command;
On village-desk, with binding chain,
That precious book they rear;
Men, women, children, circle round,
The way of life to hear.

King Henry's deed was mark'd on earth,
'Twas mark'd by angel-eye;
There rose a movement in the land,
For truth an earnest cry;
And gallantly and steadily
Went forth our noble sires—
The truths first heard in village-church
They seal'd in martyrs' fires.

We hear the tale! I glance around,
And grieve o'er what I know;
Yet bend we not to mournful sound,
But onward let us go!
It is no time for empty sighs;
Children of martyr'd men;
Our fathers' blood upon us cries,
And shall it cry in vain?

They bid us prize the blessed book
They dearly priz'd and lov'd:
They bid us bind it to our breast,
By might of unn unmov'd:
They bid us stand right steadfastly,
Nor yield an inch of ground:
Then "forward," let the watchword be,
And firm and loud the sound!

(From the United Service Gazette.)

The proverb of "save me from my friends" was never more strikingly illustrated than by the conduct of her Majesty's Ministers towards their Royal Mistress. In order to relieve themselves from the odium of having put a gross insult on the Duke of Wellington, their journals have endeavoured to have it believed that the insult which has excited so universal a feeling of indignation, was the spontaneous act of her Majesty; who, we are told, might be supposed to feel some resentment towards the Duke, in consequence of his interference with the precedence clause smuggled into Prince Albert's Naturalization Bill. It has been affirmed, moreover, that when Lord Melbourne communicated to her Majesty his opinion of the policy of inviting the Duke to her marriage, she declared that "THE OLD REBEL should never approach the palace again." And this grateful, delicate, and lady-like mode of expression, is justified at considerable length in O'Connell's newspaper, the *Pilot*. Whether the "first personage in the realm did really call the Duke an old rebel," we know not; "but if her Majesty did, she only called things by the right name." And we have elsewhere, in the same decent publication, the following sanguinary howl of exultation over the illness of the Duke.

"THE OLD REBEL."

"The Iron Duke was the last prop of a tottering faction; but iron rusts, and adamant becomes earth. That light already flickers which dazzled and deluded the unreflecting multitude. The blood with which the great blood-letter cemented the edifice of tyranny and corruption, loses its adhesive quality with his decay, and the last scene of the tragedy of Torvism appears about to close with the approaching fall of its hero."

We stated with confidence in our last *Gazette*, our belief that the insult to the Duke, which had created so strong a sensation, and which was clearly premeditated, was the work of her Majesty's ministers. The *Morning Chronicle* and *Globe*, in the loyal and dutcous spirit in which they are accustomed to do the biddings of their masters, have laboured hard to convince their readers, that so far from such being the fact, Lord Melbourne did everything in his power to restrain her Majesty's indignation, and induce her to behave with common courtesy and respect to the illustrious soldier, to whom she owes so much; but that his efforts were wholly unsuccessful. Such are the people who boast of their peculiar loyalty and devotion to the Sovereign: such the clique for whom she more than endangers her popularity with her subjects.

More NEW GOODS.

VICTORIA HOUSE.

THE Subscriber has this day received, ex Ship *British Queen*, from Liverpool, a variety of new and Fashionable GOODS, among which are the following:

Plain and Figured SILKS in all colours;
Plain and figured Bonnet SATINS;
Bristol and Turc SATINS;
French and English RIBBONS;
French worked COLLARS & CAPES;
48 Rich Velvet SHAWLS & CAPES;
140 Pieces printed SAXONY CLOTHS;
250 Challie & Muslin Delaine DRESSES;
75 Rich figured Mantua DRESES, new styles;
30 Taglioni WATERPROOF COATS;
20 do. do. CAPES.

☞ *Cash only—No second price.*

WILLIAM DOHERTY, JUN.

Dec. 13, 1839.

Storage.

STORAGE to a moderate extent may be had in the subscriber's Brick Warehouse, which being fitted with Iron Doors and Window shutters, may safely be considered as FIRE PROOF. Entrence from Prince William street.

Feb. 7. JAMES T. HANFORD.

Orrel Coals, and Salt.

Per ship Mersey.

200 TONS best Orrel COALS, equal to those last imported by this Vessel; 200 Tons Liverpool SALT, for sale ex ship on early application to

April 3. MACKAY, BROTHERS & Co.

For Sale,

The Cargo of the schooner *Jasper*, just arrived from Maryland, consisting of—

135 PIECES White OAK TIMBER, suitable for ships' stems, stern posts, aprons, &c. &c.
20 Do. 3 feet long, for Treenails,
8M White Oak Treenails, from 12 to 30 inches,
2260 Locust ditto ditto ditto.

March 6. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

NEW FANCY GOODS,
Per Eagle, from London:

THE subscriber has just received from the Warehouse in London, a good assortment of English and Foreign TOYS; China Toys and foreign Shells for chimney piece Ornaments; Clapshaw's warranted Cricket Bats, Balls & Wickets; Fancy Baskets, Ladies Work Boxes, Perfumery, Victoria and Adelaide Perfumes, Rowland's Warranted Macassar OIL; Hair, tooth, Nail, Shaving, Cloth and Flesh Brushes; English and German Flutes, Fifes, Octaves and Violins and Violin Strings. WM. MAJOR,

10*th April.* *Prince William street.*

Also.—A few splendid Accordians with instructors. Naples soap, &c.

☞NOTICE.

THE Proprietors of an extensive and valuable Establishment in Nova-Scotia, about 80 miles from St. John, comprising a large saw-mill, Store, Blacksmith shop, Dwelling Houses, and other Buildings, with a ship-yard complete and commodious in every respect—also a valuable Herring Fishery, are desirous of associating with themselves, some person or persons who would make a certain advance of Capital and take the personal superintendence of the concern, becoming interested to a certain extent.—The Buildings have been erected within the last three years, and are, together with the whole Establishment, in a most efficient state, and adapted, from the peculiar advantages of situation and construction, to carry on an extensive business in ship building, lumbering, and other departments. For further particulars apply to

JAMES T. HANFORD.

St. John, April 3d, 1840.

KIRSOP & SONS,
Architects, Stonecutters, and Builders, from England:

BEG respectfully to acquaint the Gentlemen of this City and Province, that they have commenced business as above in Saint John. Their experience in some of the best Buildings in the North of England, enables them to furnish plans and specifications on the most improved and approved principles, and are now prepared to contract or otherwise engage to erect buildings of any magnitude or fashion. Persons wishing their services can find them at Mrs. Brook's Boarding house, Church street. April 3.