

POETRY.

RICH AND POOR.

When God built up the dome of blue,
And portion'd earth's prolific floor,
The measure of his wisdom drew
A line that vaulted the Rich and Poor.

We know not why, we know not how,
Mankind are framed for weal or woe—
But to the Eternal Law we bow;
If such things are, they must be so.

Behold our children as they play!
Blest creatures, fresh from Nature's hand;
The peasant boy to gold and land;
As the young heir to gold and land;

They know no better! Would that we
Could keep our knowledge safe from worse;
So Power should find and leave us free:
So Pride be but the owner's curse;

Grant us, O God! but health and heart,
And strength to keep desire at bay,
And ours must be the better part,
Whatever else besets our way.

MR. LOCKE'S MOON STORY.

All our readers probably remember the
diverting hoax which was played off by R. A.
Locke, (then, we believe, the editor of the
New-York Sun) some years ago, purporting
to be a letter from Sir W. Herschell, giving
an account of the wonderful discoveries he
had made in the Moon, by the agency of his
improved telescope. The story was republish-
ed—read with avidity—received as sober fact
by a few—and read by all as a most ingeni-
ous piece of harmless pleasantry. The editor
of the New-York Signal has recently re-
quested of Mr. Locke an authentic copy of
the "Letter," and a statement of the circum-
stances that suggested its composition.

I had long been seriously, and even pain-
fully impressed with the conviction that the
imaginative school of philosophy, so popular at
the present day, particularly in reference to astro-
nomy—the chief glory of which is the absolute
certainty, both in mathematics and experience,
of its many sublime developments—was rapidly
emasculating the minds of our studious youth;
infusing them for those sterner labors in the
field of the exact sciences which yielded such
an immortal harvest in the two preceding cen-
turies, and fostering a prurient and puerile
appetite for the fanciful and the marvellous'
most unfavorable to a healthful desire for those solid
and substantial acquisitions without which sci-
ence evaporates in capricious theories. I was
convinced, moreover, that the theological and
devotional encroachments upon the legitimate
province of science, which have become so ma-
nifest and avowed an object of the school to
which I allude, were calculated, if unchecked
and unreproved, again to bind in the chains of
sectarian faith and conventional dogmatism, in-
quires into matters of fact that should be free as
the mountain air and unchartered as the light
of heaven. I saw the geology of the present age
struggling against the self-same letters that
were riveted upon astronomy in the age of Cop-
ernicus and Galileo, and which so slowly oxidized
away in the succeeding century.

The same impious array of sectarian and illi-
terate interpretation of the "word of God," ag-
ainst the demonstrable evidence of the un-
questionable works of God, that had crushed the
astronomical system of Pythagoras for more than a
thousand years; that long deprived the world
of the precious treatise of Copernicus, in which
that system was rediscovered and more fully re-
vealed; and that consigned Galileo, who had
confirmed it by actual observation, to the dun-
geon and probably to the rack of torture—I saw
conspiring the unprejudiced students of geology
to the excommunication of infidelity, and all its
cruel obloquy. It had occurred within the
sphere of my own social intercourse, that several
intelligent minds which were making valu-
able discoveries in this grand and peculiarly at-
tractive study, were induced to relinquish it,
because they perceived it was leading them to
the awful discovery that the globe on which we
live was not formed in literally six days of twen-
ty-four hours each! It was idle to tell them
that three of those days had elapsed before the
heavenly body which now makes and measures
our day is said to have been created, and, there-
fore, that the Scripture day of creation, and inde-
pendently of all geological evidence upon the question, could not
have been days such as ours. It was in vain to
say that the Scripture statement might be true,
and translators and pastors false; that the primi-
tive text might quadrate very well with the
primitive rocks; and, indeed, that geology fur-
nished conclusive indications of distinct periods
in the formation of our globe, admirably har-
monizing with the several progressive stages in
the creation of organized being, described in the
Mosaic account.

All was useless; the imaginative and devo-
tional philosophy prevailed; the sectarian theo-
logy of the pulpit triumphed over the theologi-
cal sections of the hills. It was with unfeigned
pain that I saw this enrapturing power of narrow-
minded prejudice receiving tribute and homage
from almost every scientific work that issued
from the press; even the most gifted minds of
the day, the Brewsters and the Herschells, to
say nothing of their retinue of mendacious follow-
ers, pusillanimously bending before it, and ad-
ministering to its arrogant pretensions. I, there-
fore, resolved to throw a pebble at this Colos-
sus, not, certainly, with the hope of rivaling the
feat of David, but merely to express my in-
dependent and utter contempt for the imagina-
tive and canting school, by endeavouring to
out-imaginize it, and ape its solemn cant, under
the mask of dignified and plausible science.

One of the most conspicuous of the jingling
heads of this school, is the famous Dr. Dick of
Dundee, who patches together so many books
about the moon and stars, and devoutly helps

the music of the spheres with the nasal twang of
the conventicle. It was this cyphering sage's
"Christian Philosopher," that suggested my
moon-story, and he seems to have suspected as
much, for in his book entitled "Celestial Scenery,"
written in 1837, and which is a considerable
improvement upon mine in the way of astro-
nomical fancy-work, he pays me off in a note,
two days after date.

It will be recollected that, in his "Christian
Philosopher," he spreads his wings in exulting
anticipation of huge discoveries being made in
the moon through telescopes; but without any
rhyme or reason, that any sober-minded body
can perceive, except that he had a new and
mysterious telescope of his own, in secret pre-
paration. I have not this work now at hand, or
I would extract the passage to which I refer
from memory; but railroads, canals, public
buildings, and all such common place matters
were to be discovered in the moon, beyond all
doubt, if people would only look out for them
in different parts of the world, and it was by no
means certain that some of the German astron-
omers had not found them already. In his "Cele-
stial Scenery," now before me, and on the
page (173, Harper's edition,) which he breaks
with a note denouncing "the folly and impor-
tance," of my moon story, and declaring that I
"ought to be ranked in the class of liars and de-
ceivers," he talks about teaching the inhabitants
of the moon the alphabet, in the following man-
ner:

"It has sometimes been a subject of specula-
tion whether it might be possible, by any sym-
bols to correspond with the inhabitants of the
moon. Gruithuisen (see Edinburgh New Philo-
sophical Journal for October 26, p. 399) in a
conversation with a great continental astronomer
Gauss, after describing the regular figures he
had discovered in the moon, spoke of the possi-
bility of correspondence with the lunar inhabi-
tants. He brought to Gauss's recollection the
idea he had communicated many years ago to
Zimmerman. Gauss answered that the plan of
erecting a geometrical figure on the plains of Si-
beria corresponded with his opinion, because,
according to his view, a correspondence with the
inhabitants of the moon could only be begun
by means of such mathematical contemplations
and ideas as we and they must have in common.
Were the inhabitants of the moon to recognize
such a figure, erected on an immense scale, as a
signal of correspondence, they might, perhaps
(?) erect a similar one in reply.

And our Dundee philosopher indicates his re-
gret that "our terrestrial sovereigns are too
much engaged in plunder and warfare to think
of spending their revenues in so costly an experi-
ment." He farther expresses the opinion that
"schemes, far more foolish and preposterous
than the above have been contrived and acted
upon in every age of the world." Among
philosophers, then, we presume, for it is diffi-
cult to conceive any thing half so preposterous
among the practical portion of mankind. Only
think of one of "our terrestrial sovereigns,"
being so amiably moon-struck, under the advice
of his wise men, as to suffer his astronomical
enemies to over-run his sublimity provinces,
and pillage their thoroughly discovered inhabi-
tants, while he is heavily taxing his wondering
subjects to construct "a large triangle or elip-
soid of many miles in extent," as Dr. Dick hits it,
by way of opening an interesting correspondence
and establishing a treaty of peace with hypothet-
ical lunarians!

Just imagine the Secretary of the Treasury
applying to Congress for authority to issue a
magnanimous batch of treasury notes, with
power to re-issue, as the exigencies of the pub-
lic service might require, for the purpose of
erecting somewhere in Michigan, a semi-circle,
fifty miles in diameter, with a line of Martello
towers of proportionable dimensions and altitude,
to dot out a radius, and then a luminous argu-
ment in a new President's inaugural message,
clearly showing that lunarians could make nei-
ther head nor tail of the diagram without a sine
and versed of white marble to indicate two
terms of the proposition! Imagine, too, a warm
and sadly personal debate to arise in consequence
of a numerous signed memorial from Pennsylv-
ania, representing that the arc which had been
constructed at such immense expense, was en-
tirely unknown to the man-bats; and recom-
mending a general suspension of all operations
except upon a singularly angular railroad; and
then the excited patriotism of a radical
member, fresh from Tammany, resolved to go
the entire or nothing; denouncing suspensions
on the principle of the chord, and learnedly con-
tending that the angle of any "unknown," arc
might be found without difficulty, because, as
the chord of half an arc forms an angle with the
chord of the whole, equal to half the angle form-
ed by the tangent and chord of the whole, so is
it only to say that, as half the chord is to radius,
so is the measure of its versed sine to the tan-
gent of the opposite angle, which taken, like
the presidency, twice over, is equal to the angle
measuring the whole arc, which is quite O. K. I
And conceive the debate in the Senate upon the
whole question! Messrs. Benton and Calhoun
contending that it were better to defer the works
until the specie clause of the sub-treasury shall
have driven every shred of rag money out of
circulation, and then to prosecute them only by
direct taxation; and Messrs. Clay and Webster
defending the position that it would be found
impossible, both then and thereafter, to regulate
the exchange of signals without a national bank!

Only sketch to the mind's eye the consterna-
tion in Wall-street among the holders of the
New Civic Section Stock, on its suddenly fall-
ing from a premium of five and a half below
Stonington, in consequence of the arrival of late
dates from the ellipsis in Siberia, announcing
that the lunar mathematicians evidently knew
nothing of trigonometry, as they had failed to
commence any diagram illustrative of their
method of measuring an arc of the meridian! See,
too, a new Common Council, meeting in joint
ballot to appoint moon-surveyors and lens-in-
spectors in every ward; or suddenly called from
their oysters to the roof of the City Hall to learn
the gratifying intelligence that, from some hi-
therto unobserved appearances in the Vale of
Triads, the geometrics of that celebrated re-
gion were probably about to erect, in the course
of the present century, an acute angle; there-
by pointedly indicating that they recognized the
independence of the United States, and were
likely to take sides with Maine on the boundary
question! And oh! what glorious jolly times
for newspapers and magazines!—what hoaxes
and rumors and discussions!—no want of change
when the moon is in the market!—now a pug-
nant on dit for the quid nuncs, to the effect
that "Mr. Tangent, the hitherto respected and
straight-forward treasurer of the Long-Island
Trapezium Company, had set off from the as-
tonished circle of his acquaintance with all the
available funds of the concern, and left nothing
but the letters Q. T. M. in pencil, to solve the
problem of his destination—now an elaborate ar-
ticle in the Dundee Dianna, describing a singu-
lar figure built of some kind of brilliant stone on
the breast of the great mountain Bullialdees, and
proving it to be an exact copy of the limestone
profile of Dr. Dick erected by the subscription
of his numerous disciples at home and abroad;
and now a learned, though sarcastic, way of
Mr. Fowler the Phenologist, in the New
York Crescent, showing that the topography of
this lunar structure, though probably nothing
more than the fanciful outline of a conspicuous
cavity, bears a striking resemblance to vertical
section of a calf's head!

(To be concluded next week.)

THE BRICKLAYER'S LABOURER.

BY MRS. C. HALL.

"Who do you work for now, Larry?"
"A grate gentleman entirely, a grate builder
though one it wasn't much bither off than
myself. I heard tell he come to London with
little to cover him but the care of the Almighty;
and he wasn't altogether a gorsoon (little boy),
but a fine lump of a young man; and he went
to a gentleman, who (the heavens be his bed!)
was mighty good entirely to the poor Irish, and
he axed for work, and there was a big heap of
stones at one corner of the court yard; and the
gentleman said, 'if ye want work, my man, carry
them stones to the opposite corner; and the
poor stranger set to and did as he was bid; and
when he had done, he tould the master, and
axed him what he should do next; and the mas-
ter said 'take every one of the stones back to
where ye found them; and he did so, and
tould the master again what he had done; and
the master was plazed, ye see, because he did
exactly as he was bid, neither more nor less,
and axed no questions; and the master said,
'you'll do for me,' and gave him constant em-
ployment; and from that he riz, like a house afire;
and grate sense, and grate luck he had; he
knew the genius of the English—quiet, hard-
working, aisy going, and no bother nor blarney."
During the latter part of these observations Larry
had been investigating the state of the flue, and,
despite the air, again declared he could
cure it.

"For how long, Larry?"
"Ah, thin, what doctor could answer such a
question as that? we'll get rid of the disease for
the pristin, any how; and then I must go home
where I'm wanting; for ye see I'm rather tired
to-day, and I'll tell ye how it was. When I
quitted the sod (left Ireland) I left no one at
home with my poor mother but my little brother,
Barney, a slip of a boy, and her heart and
soul was in the child; but he turned out wild,
and left the country. It's little I could do for
the poor lone mother; and she so far off, but I
often thought of her, and would send her a thrile
now and again, and a word, telling how I
was treading the ladder of life—now up, now
down, the same as the quality, who, many of
'em, are done up, like the houses, with the
Roman Cement—God bless it—to look like what
they aint; but that's not my business; if there's
nothing like the rale lime and stone, afther
all. Well, my wife says to me one day, or
rather night—it was a Saturday; and I had
earned a power that week, for it was task-work,
and I had slaved over-hours, and felt wake in
myself, and she was making me a sup of punch,
and I had taken out my money, and laid a
couple of shillings together for a throuel for the
neighbor's jobs, and another thrile for a pair of
shoes, besides the rint; and there was a little
over, and Peggy says to me—'Larry, says she,
'our Heavenly Father's very good to us in a
strange country,' says she, (for she was al-
ways a God-fearing woman); and ye'r a good
husband, and a good father, and the quietest
man in or out of Ireland, when the drop's not
in,' she says, (I'd be ashamed to be praising
myself, only them war the words she spoke);
and I often see ye sit solid as a pillar, looking
out of yer eyes, straight forward, saying and
seeing nothing, until yer eyes, avourneen, swim
in tears; and thin, Larry, I know you do be
thinking of your ould mother, and she alone in
her latter days; and here,' she says, taking
out the rimmant of a leather apron, tied in a bag
—here is what will bring her over: what I've
saved out of my washing at the laundry; and
put that thrile to it: I havn't touched a drop of
beer, nor wouldn't, for the last four months;
and ye'll be happy all out then, Larry; and
we'll make the ould woman happy; and
sheure she'll take delight in the grand-childre.
Often, when I've been putting the bread in my
mouth, I've thought that your mother had no
living, may-be, but a wet parrot! And do,
Larry, send for her, in God's name! we'll be
nothing the poorer for it, for a mother's breath
is a blessing in a poor man's house. Well, I
had Peggy in her young days and at first her
two cheeks was like two roses; and now they
are as white as lime; but I thought I never saw
anything look so handsome as she did then; and
while her poor hand, slaving hand trembled in
mine, I couldn't spake, but I hid my face in
her apron, and cried as much tears, as would
make a bed of mortar—the poor craythur! deny-
ing herself—and for my mother!

"Well, the ould woman came, and we would
have been very happy, only the poor mother
could not forget Barney, the boy that left her;
and this very morning, we war mighty busy en-
tirely with the new houses—and the master
gives a hand's turn at many a boy (God bless
him for it)—and I see two or three strangers a-
mong them—the labourers, I mane—and one
poor looking fellow; and I observed him mighty
wake. 'My man,' says I, 'don't fill the hod;
for you'll not be able for it; and keep steady,'
he says, and I'll go behind ye.' With that,
he shoulders it mighty awkward, like a young
soldier with his musket on first drill, and with a
laugh. 'I never could keep steady,' he says—
'Well, the laugh, and the look of his pale,
rolling, but bright eyes, dull and starved looking,
made my flesh creep. Death is bad enough to
look at when it is cold and stiff; but just so much
life left as keeps fire in the eye, while everything
else is all as one dead, is shocking to see; and
somehow, as I followed him up the ladder, I
felt as if I was following a corpse.

"He had not gone up six rungs of the ladder
when he stumbled, but I let my own load go,
and cotched him just as he went over the side.
I carried him down; he was as light as a child of
two years ould—no weight in him. With that,
one of our half-gentlemen, who was passing,
looks at him; 'He's drunk,' he says; 'I couldn't
make him no answer, for I war choked with the
injustice of the world (the boy's breath had been
on my cheek not three minutes before, and was
as innocent of spirits as a new born babe); but
Jerry Clure—a fine tongue has Jerry, when he
lets it go, and fine edication—makes answer,
'He is drunk from the fullness of want: sorra
a bit or sup has passed his lips these twenty-four
hours; and it is a sin and a shame for the likes
of you, who have plenty, to turn such a word
on a stranger. If a poor boy reels with the
weakness of starvation, he is drunk; if a rich
one reels afther a dinner that would satisfy a
wife and five children, he is excited,—them
was his words; and at the same time, just as we
war all gathered about him, one with wather,
another with whiskey—'all according to their
ability'—my poor mother comes up with the bit
of dinner. 'What's the matter?' she says,
and some one tould her; and with that she
makes into the throng; for she's a feeling woman.
'Give him air,' she says; and as they drew back,
she looked in his face; and then—my grief!—
the shriek of her woud pierce a heart of stone.
She just threw up her arm in the air, with one
wild cry, and fell upon the poor stranger.

"I knew who it was then," said Larry, turn-
ing away to conceal the emotion which does
honor to a man, and which, nevertheless, he is
always ashamed of; "I knew the poor boy was
—MY OWN BROTHER!" He paused, and then
added, "I wonder has any of the grate people
made out, in these improving times, what it
is that draws people's hearts together without a
word or a knowledge of each other? I'm too ould to
take much to strangers; but I felt my heart turn to
that boy from the minute I seen him—a some-
thing stir in my breast to him—little thinking
what it was. It's natur', I suppose; turn it
which way they will, it's natur'; they can't go

beyond it, nor get past it, with all their learning;
it will have it's own way—why not?"
I asked how he was; but I hope the end will
be peaceful; he can't live, he's too far gone;
but shure his mother and people are with him—
and the Lord is merciful!"

Lawrence Larkin shouldered his hod—the us-
ual steady expression of his features returned
—he, as I have said, shouldered his hod, and
departed. Few, if any, who pass him in the
street, will vouchsafe a thought upon him.—
During the week, he is a Bricklayer's Labourer;
a creature born to the destiny of carrying a hod
and making mortar—and that is all!—on Sun-
day, he is confounded amid the hosts of "poor
Irish," "disorderly Irish," "laboring Irish;"
"dirty Irish!" hated with a bitter, but most un-
worthy and undeserved hatred by his own class
of English fellow-subjects, while the more re-
fined consider him as a disorderly being, to be
either feared or laughed at.

Does Larry Larkin, the Bricklayer's Laborer,
deserve to be looked upon? Believe me, En-
glish reader—you with whom justice is always
a duty—believe me, amongst the class you
either overlook or despise, Larry is by no means
an uncommon character.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RIVERS.

(By J. Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected
Addresses.")

In England rivers all are males—
For instance, Father Thames;
Whoever in Columbia sails,
Finds them ma'mselles or dames.

Yes, there the softer sex presides,
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And Mrs. Sippy rools her tides,
Responsive to Miss Souri.

"A Female Soldier.—The Glaneur du Haut
Rhin relates:—"There is at Colmar a woman
who is with difficulty able to obtain the
means of existence, but whose extraordi-
nary life should make her an object of interest.
She was born at Colmar in 1783. Her father
was a sergeant, and her mother one of the
suttlers of his regiment. Her father was
killed during the campaign of Calabria, and
her mother's head was carried away by a
cannon-ball, at the battle of Fleurus. In
1802, our heroine married the drum-major
of the 62d demi-brigade, named Girard.—
She became, like her mother, a sutler and
entered Spain with the division of General
Donnadieu. She was present at the taking
of Saragossa, then passed into Portugal, and
returned to Barcelona, at which time she
had eight sons all entered the army.—
From Barcelona she went into Austria, and
was wounded by a lance at the battle of
Wagram. She was present at the taking
of Naples and was subsequently in garrison at
Vienna for several months. She then re-
turned to Spain with her husband, who was
decorated at the taking of Girona, at which she
assisted, carrying on this occasion a musket,
and fighting with the troops.

She next accompanied the expedition to
Russia, and was reckoned among the 25 who
remained after the famous retreat, out of
four battalions of 1000 each. She was pre-
sent at Courbevoie on the re-organization of
her regiment, and was engaged in the affairs
of Chalons, Troyes, Bar-sur-Aube, and Bri-
enne. She followed the Emperor with her
husband to the island of Elba, and was at
the battle of Waterloo. In 1815, her husband
was made adjutant in the artillery. In 1823,
she accompanied him to Spain, and saw him
killed between Barcelona and Gracia. On
her return to France in 1825 she married a
sergeant-major, named Varré, and accom-
panied him on the expedition to Africa, in
which all her sons were engaged. She lost
her husband and two of her sons, one of
whom was drum-major, and the other mas-
ter of a band, during this expedition, and
was twice wounded herself. She returned
to her native town last year, but has hither-
to resisted every attempt to excite sympathy
by making her history known. A subscrip-
tion has been opened for her at Colmar.

How to Spend a Saturday Evening.—The
late Mr. James Bunday, of Bristol, who
from humble poverty raised himself to cir-
cumstances of great affluence, was in the
regular habit on Saturday evenings, of visiting
the markets; not as an idle observer, but to
do good to the poor. If he beheld a poor
person at the butcher's stall inquiring the
price of meat, and then turning away for
want of more money, he would call him
back, saying "What can you afford to give?"
On being told how much, he would produce
the additional sum, and enable the poor man
to make the purchase. He would then go in
quest of other persons of the same descrip-
tion, and assist them in like manner. It was
thus Mr. Bunday spent his Saturday evenings
relieving the wants of the poor, who in re-
turn for his humanity and benevolence, offer-
ed up prayers and poured blessings upon
him. After he had gone round distributing
his bounty, he would then purchase pieces
of meat for his own poor, or those indigent
families whom he visited at their own homes.
When he had finished this work of charity
and labour of love, he would return home
with a glad heart and recount the blessings
he enjoyed above others.

On Judging Unjustly.—A perfect sound,
and just mind is a rare and valuable gift.—
But it is still much more unusual, to see a
mind unbiassed in all its actions. God has
given this soundness of mind to but few; a
very small number of these few escape the
bias of some predilection, perhaps habitually
operating; and none are at all times per-
fectly free. I once saw this subject perfectly
illustrated. A watchmaker told me that a
gentleman had put a watch into his hands
that went irregularly. It was as perfect a
piece of work as was ever made. He took
it to pieces and put it together again twenty
times. No matter of defect was discovered,
and yet the watch went only tolerably. At
last it struck him, that possibly the balance
wheel might have been near a magnet. On
applying a needle to it, he found his suspi-
cions were true. Here was all the mischief.
The steel parts in the other part of the watch
went as well as possible, with a new wheel.
If the soundest mind be magnetized with any
predilection, it must act irregularly.—Cecil.

Send as a Manure.—A committee appoint-
ed to award premiums for the best experi-
ments in reclaiming meadow land in Essex
county Massachusetts, make this remark-
able observation:—"There are meadows within the know-
ledge of the committee, that have produced
good crops of English hay without any other
dressing than sand; others have used gravel
with equal success. Good crops of corn and
potatoes have also been raised without ma-
nure, sand or gravel being put in the hill."

ST. JOHN FOUNDRY.

The Subscribers beg to return thanks to their
friends in Town and Country for the very
liberal encouragement they have had during the
past year, and are now happy to inform them
that they have on hand an extensive assortment
of Franklin, Cooking, Close and Cylinder
STOVES; a variety of Sidelill double Mould
Board; Scotch and American Pattern Ploughs;
six Paterns for different size spiral vent Water
Wheel Buckets; Weighing Machines, and Hoist-
ing Wheels of most improved principle which
they will warrant to work well; Cast Iron Pumps
with led Pipes to fit; Oven Moulds, Barrow
Wheels, Cart Boxes, Griddles, Pots, Bakepans,
Tea Kettles, Saucepans, Stove Pipe, Sheet
Iron Stoves, and Tin Ware of all descriptions,
Axes, Adzes, and other Edged Tools.

In fact they are now prepared to furnish any
article which may be required in the Foundry
and Smith business, at a very short notice, and
hope by a strict attention to merit a continuance
of patronage. It is their intention to sell at the
lowest possible rates, and by that means to dis-
courage the importation of any articles in their
line of business. Country Produce will at all
times be acceptable in exchange. A reasonable
reduction for CASH.

CAMBER, WOOD & CO.
Foot of Duke and Water Streets,
St. John, June 25.

THE FREDERICTON SENTINEL.

The Subscriber is desirous of calling the at-
tention of the Public, throughout the Province
of New Brunswick, to THE SENTINEL,
Newspaper, which is published weekly at
Fredericton; and contains the monthly deci-
sions of the Executive, with reference to Licen-
ces and applications for Land; the Militia Ap-
pointments, and the Debates in the House of
Assembly. In addition to which, those that
take place in the Legislative Council, will in
future be published.

As the Steam Packets after the present month,
will run regularly between England and Hal-
ifax, once every fortnight, by which means a
regular and frequent supply of English papers
may be received; it is intended to make cop-
ious selections from the London papers which
will in this way be obtained.—In fact, it is pro-
posed to make THE SENTINEL a transcript of the
English Periodicals—so far as a due atten-
tion to local affairs and occurrences in this part
of the world will admit.

In conducting THE SENTINEL, the Subscri-
ber has been actuated by no party motive or con-
sideration; and is desirous of promoting the ad-
vancement of the country upon a permanent
and secure basis; but he will always lean to the
liberal side of politics, and will feel it his duty
as a Public Journalist, to be the independent
advocate of popular rights, and will aid in
promoting those wholesome reforms, which cir-
cumstances may require.

The very general, and—for the time during
which the Paper has been in existence,—
the extensive circulation of THE SENTINEL,
demands his warmest acknowledgements. But
to enable him to follow out the plan of use-
fulness that he proposes, it is desirable that that
circulation be increased, as the advertising pa-
tronage in Fredericton is necessarily very limited.
Those individuals therefore, who were
friendly to the establishment of an independent
Paper in the first instance; and others who are
desirous of encouraging its continuance, are re-
quested to use their endeavours to increase the
number of subscribers; and the Public at large
are invited to afford it their encouragement and
support.

Persons wishing THE SENTINEL forwarded
to their address, will receive it, upon making
application to either of the Postmasters in the
Province, except those of St. Andrews and
Dalhousie, where extremes meet; and where
at the former place Mr. McLean, Commission
Merchant, and at the latter Thomas Desbrisay,
Esq. will have the goodness to receive the names
of those who may wish to subscribe.

EDMUND WARD,
Editor of the Sentinel.

TAKEN AWAY.

FROM pasture at Rushagonish, a small
BAY MARE, with a white spot on its
face, and one white foot; the tongue has
been partly cut through, where there is a
large scar. She is about seven years of age,
and neatly built with small limbs.
Whoever may meet with the above Mare,
and will bring her to Mr. Currie's stable at
Fredericton, or to the Subscriber at Rusha-
gonish shall be liberally rewarded.

JOHN SMITH,
Rushagonish, June 25, 1840. 2w. p.

SHOE STORE.

Corner of King's and Germain streets, Saint
John, New Brunswick.

New Boots and Shoes.

The Subscriber has just received per ship CO-
LUMBUS, from Liverpool, a part of his
SPRING SUPPLY
BOOTS and SHOES,
Comprising every description for
Ladies, Misses, and Children,
that can be required for the season.

S. K. FOSTER.
On hand 25 bales very Superior COTTON
BATTING.

SCALES, WEIGHTS, STOVES,
Grates, Griddles, Stoves, &c

The Subscriber is now Landing ex "JOHN
KERR," from Greenock:—

- 60 SCALES WEIGHTS, 56 lb. ea. ad-
justed, 25 ditto do 28 do, do.
10 ditto ditto, 1, 2, 3, 12 7 & ditto, do.
12 CANADA STOVES, 20 to 30 inches.
1 COOKING ditto, complete.
12 very handsome full register GRATES,
104 GRIDDLES, and 265 OIL English Chess.
Also ex "PEARL" and "Wm. BOOTHBY,"
from Norfolk:—
10,000 first quality white oak Barrel STAVES.
All o which will be sold low for good pay-
ment. WILLIAM CARVILL,
St. John, May 27, 1840.

JUST RECEIVED

And will be kept constantly on hand at W. H.
STREET'S Wine Establishment,
Fredericton.

SOUCHONG, Congo and Hyson TEAS, best
Mocha and other COFFEES, Chocolate, D.
and S. Refined Loaf and Raw SUGAR, Rice,
Kegs Soda and Sugar BISCUIT, Wine Crackers
—assorted PICKLES and Sauces—Bottled Must-
ard, Beat Durham Keg and Anchovy PASTE,
TARD, Capers, Anchovies and Anchovy Cheese,
Olives, Baskot SALT, Salad OIL, English Cheese,
Arrow Root, Qr. box RAISINS, Druins Fig,
Imperial French PLUMS, Almonds, and Hick-
ory NUTS.

ALSO—
London Mould, Sperm, and Dipt CANDLES,
London and Liverpool SOAP, First Quality Ha-
vana CIGARS.
The above will be sold with his extensive stock
of WINES, &c. at the St. John Cash Prices,
with only the addition of freight and cartage.
W. H. STREET.
June 26, 1840.
Ex East and West India Preserved Fruit to
arrive.