

The Head Quarters, ¹/₂ [Series.]

LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND COMMERCIAL JOURNAL.

WILLIAM GRIGOR, Editor.

"CHERISH RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT, AND BRITISH CONNEXION."—LORD METCALFE.

JAMES P. A. PHILLIPS, Proprietor

VOLUME III.]

FREDERICTON, N. E., OCTOBER 29, 1845.

[WHOLE NO. 119]

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Bank of British North America.
FREDERICTON BRANCH.
GEORGE TAYLOR, Esq.—MANAGER.
DISCOUNT DAYS, Wednesday and Saturday.
Bills intended for Discount must be left at the Office on Tuesday and Friday.

N.B.—The Notes of this Branch are redeemed at par, at all the Branches and Agencies of the Bank of British North America in CANADA.

Central Bank of New Brunswick.
W. J. BOWELL, President.
SAM. W. BARRIE, Cashier.
DISCOUNT DAYS, Tuesday and Friday.
Bills or Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank on Monday and Thursday.

The Notes of this Bank are redeemed at the CITY BANK, Quebec, at par.

Central Fire Insurance Company of N. Brunswick.
MONTHLY COMMITTEES.
DIRECTORS FOR OCTOBER, 1845.—John S. Coy and Thomas Stewart.

Protection Insurance Company.
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
F. W. HATHEWAY, AGENT, Fredericton.

Provisions, &c.

PORK, RICE, SALERATUS.
Ex Dolphin, from Boston—on Consignment
100 B AGS Yellow Corn; 50 Bbls. Clear Pork; 9 Tierces Rice;
14 Kgs Saleratus;
60 Barrels Fitch;
10 half Bbls. Family Meal Beef;
10 Barrels Fine Cider Vinegar;
10 Reams Wrapping Paper;
1 Bbl. Copal Varnish;
20 Boxes fine Scotch Tea;
For sale low from the Wharf by
St. John, October 4, 1845.

SOLE LEATHER, CORN & FLOUR.
Now Landing, ex the Dolphin, from Boston.
200 S IDES SOLE LEATHER—an excellent article—made from the best Buenos Ayres "Wadded" Hide.
Received per Royal, from Philadelphia:
500 barrels ROUND YELLOW CORN.

Per Ferdinand, from New York:
75 barrels extra Genesee Superfine FLOUR.
To arrive in a few days, from Philadelphia:
600 barrels FLOUR, RYE FLOUR, and CORN MEAL.
Daily receiving, from the Phoenix Mills:
Superfine and Fine FLOUR, in Barrels and Bags, ground from Alexandria wheat, for sale low from
St. John, Oct. 4—4w. GEORGE F. GOVE, No. 5, North Wharf.

PORK, BEANS, &c.
Ex Abigail, from Boston, on Consignment.
75 B RLS. heavy mess Pork; 30 do White Beans, 35 bags Geese FEATHERS; 85 bbls Superfine FLOUR.—Will be sold low from the wharf before storing, by
THOMAS HANFORD & Co. St. John, Oct. 14.

WHEAT FLOUR.
116 B RLS. Fine FLOUR, ex the Ida from New York, now landing and for sale by
ADAMS & KETCHUM. Saint John, Sept. 9th, 1845.

RYE FLOUR.
200 B RLS. Superfine RYE FLOUR, ex the Napoleon from New York.
ADAMS & KETCHUM. St. John, Sept. 30.

FLOUR, MEAL &c.
THE Subscriber would remind the public of Fredericton and its vicinity, that he still continues to sell: FLOUR, CORN and OAT MEAL.
Of the best quality and at the lowest prices.
Of Dry Goods and Groceries he has rather a greater variety than usual.
For HATS of modern shape and of all sizes can be procured Cheap, and of good quality at his store; also, a few dozen Looking Glasses.
THOS. PICKARD.

Groceries.

RAISINS, COTTON BATTING, &c.
NOW Landing, ex Matilda, from Halifax—100 boxes Fresh Muscatel RAISINS.
Ex scho. Robert Ramsay and Eliza Jane, from Boston:
10 barrels White Beans; 5 bales Cotton Battering; 500 Ground Ginger; 50 bags Nutts; 50 pairs large sized Ox Bones; 45 sets Wood Measures; with a variety of other articles. For sale low by
JOHN T. SMITH, No. 5, North Wharf, St. John, Oct. 1.

GROCERIES.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the public that he keeps on hand a constant supply of
GROCERIES, FRUITS, LIQUORS, AND CONFECTIONARY,
which he will sell cheap for cash, at his STORE in Queen Street.
THOMAS WILLIAMS. Fredericton, October 1, 1845.

BRIGHT SUGAR.
HDS. of Bright SUGAR, to arrive from Halifax, which will be sold low, while lasting by
JOHN T. SMITH, Saint John, Oct. 5th. No. 5, North Wharf.

COFFEE AND TOBACCO.
Received this day per scho. Eliza Jane, from Boston.
10 B AGS old Java COFFEE;
10 Kgs Cavendish TOBACCO, 16s.
For sale by
J. R. CRANE. Saint John, Sept. 30.

PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c.
THE subscriber respectfully solicits the attention of purchasers to his stock of PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c., imported direct from the best markets, which will be found of good quality and low prices. Orders from Retailers, or for Family supplies, will be promptly attended to, and goods forwarded with care.
JOHN T. SMITH, No. 5, North Wharf. Saint John, September 22, 1845.

ARMY CONTRACTS, 1846.

COMMISSARIAT, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Fredericton, 7th October, 1845.

SEALED Tenders in Duplicate, the rates to be expressed in Sterling, will be received by the Assistant Commissary General INGLIS, at the Commissariat Office, in King-street, Fredericton, until 12 o'clock at noon, on Saturday the 1st. November next, for the undermentioned Commissariat supplies, viz:—

FRESH BEEF.

Such quantities of Ox or Heifer Beef of the best marketable quality, as may be required for the Land Forces at Fredericton and Woodstock, during the 12 months commencing the 1st January, 1846. The deliveries to be made from the Contractor's shop or stall, and to consist of *Head and Fore Quarters*, and no other, subject to the inspection and approval of the Commissary, and to be conveyed to the Barracks at the expense of the Contractor. The issues to the Staff and Departments to be made in suitable pieces from the shop or stall as aforesaid.

BAKING BREAD.

For one year from the 1st of January, 1846, for the Troops and Departments at Fredericton, in such quantities as may be required, and to be delivered from the Bake house or shop of the Contractor, but conveyed for the troops to the Barracks at his expense. The bread to be baked at least twelve hours previous to delivery. The tenders to state the number of pounds of well baked bread that will be delivered for one hundred pounds of Flour provided by the Commissariat. The Flour to be taken from the Commissariat Stores, at the Contractors expense, for which he will be allowed the empty barrels.

FORAGE.

For one year from the 1st of January, 1846, for the Officers' Mess at the Garrison at Fredericton. The Tenders to state the rates at which the ration consisting of 10lbs. Oats, 14lbs. Hay and 6lbs. Straw of the quality, will be delivered in full by the Contractor, from his own store, which is to be in the vicinity of the Barracks. The hay in bundles of 50lbs. each, the straw in bundles of 25lbs. each.

WOOD.

At Fredericton, 750 cords (English measure) of hard Wood for fuel, to be of the best in the proportion of black and yellow Birch, Beech, Ash, and Rock Maple, without any crooked or rotten; to be piled, measured, and delivered in her Majesty's Fuel Yard at Fredericton, at the Contractor's expense, in the following quantities, viz:—250 cords on or before the 15th January; 50 cords on or before the 15th February; and 500 cords on or before the 15th of March, 1846.

At Woodstock and Grand Falls, in such quantities as may be required for one year from January, 1846.

PORPOISE OIL, AND COTTON WICK.

For one year from the 1st of January, 1846, for the Garrison at Fredericton. The Tenders to express the rate per imperial gallon of Oil, and per pound for Wick.

TRUCKAGE.

At Fredericton for one year from the 1st January, 1846. Tenders to state the deduction per cent on the gross amount, the same charges being one shilling and sixpence currency for each load within the town paid of Fredericton, and one shilling and sixpence per cord for carting Fuel to the camp, and also the rate per cord of not less than half a cord, for the truckage of fuel wood from the Commissariat magazine, to the stone and Park Barracks, &c.

All further particulars, touching the reserve of Cattle to be kept on hand; the description and quality of the Forage; the quantity to be reserved in depot; and the penalties annexed to each contract, will be furnished on application at the Commissariat Office in Fredericton.

Payment will be made in Bills of Exchange on her Majesty's Treasury, at 30 days sight, at Par, or in silver money, at the army rates.

Each Tender to be accompanied by a letter signed by two persons of competent responsibility, engaging to become bound with the party, in good and sufficient security for the due performance of the contract.

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES.

COMMISSARIAT, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Fredericton, 7th October, 1845.

SEALED Tenders in Duplicate, the rates at each article to be expressed in Sterling, will be received by the Assistant Commissary General INGLIS, at the Commissariat Office in Fredericton, until 12 o'clock at noon, on Saturday, the 1st. November next, for the supply of the undermentioned articles, for the use of the Regt. mental Hospital, Fredericton, for twelve months, from the 1st day of January, 1846:

Meat (Beef)	per lb.
Bread (Wheaten) 2lb loaves,	per bushel.
Potatoes	per quart.
Milk	per lb.
Tea, (Congoo)	ditto.
Sugar, (Muscovado)	ditto.
Rice	ditto.
Oatmeal	ditto.
Barley (Pearl)	ditto.
Salt, fine, (not bagged)	per quart.
Flour, (Wheaten)	per lb.
Arrow Root	per lb.
Vinegar, (common)	per gallon.
Mustard, (flour)	per lb.
Port Wine	per gallon.
Brandy	ditto.
Gin	ditto.
Rum	ditto.
Porter, (English bottle)	per bottle.
Whisky, (Irish draught)	per lb.
Soap, (yellow)	per bushel.
Sand, (searing)	each.
Bricks, (Bath)	per lb.
Whiting	ditto.
Black Lead	ditto.
Nutson or Venetian	ditto.

The meat to be delivered in good boiling pieces, with but little Bone, for Soup.

The Bread and Milk to be delivered daily at the Hospital, at the expense of the Contractor, at such hours as may be named by the Medical Officer in charge.

All of the articles to be of the best quality of their kind. Those in daily use to be supplied on the daily requisitions of the Medical Officer in charge of the respective Hospital, and the others in such quantities as may from time to time be required.

Payment will be made monthly, in silver money, at the rate upon the production of the usual vouchers supported by proper Certificates of delivery.

The Tenders to be accompanied by a Letter signed by two persons of competent responsibility, engaging to become bound with the party in good and sufficient security for his performance of the contract.

Any further information will be given on application at the Commissariat Office in Fredericton.

G. B. JAMIESON,

WHOLESALE DEALER,

IN

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF DRY GOODS.

HAS received per ships "Sea Nymph," and "Queen Pomare," part of his Fall and Winter supply of GOODS, at the Store of JOHN V. THURCAR, Esq., South Market Wharf, St. John, October 15, 1845.

CHEAP! CHEAP!!

STRONG BOOTS.

300 Pairs Men's Strong Boots, of first rate quality, for sale at FORTER'S Cheap Boot and Shoe Store, Queen Street, Fredericton, September 30, 1845.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his customers, and the public in general, that he is prepared to furnish, on order, all kinds of Team and Sleigh HARNESS, at his old stand, Queen Street, for cash or approved notes. Fredericton, Oct. 15. JAMES WILLOX.

LITERATURE.

THE THREE HOMES.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

"Where is thy home," I asked a child.
Within the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild,
In garlands for her hair.

"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side,
Where soft winds wander free."

Ah! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every world is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent, with flashing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone,
To the wild woods secret place.

She spoke not but her varying cheek,
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.

Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth with fondly clinging,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing!

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim grey,
Who came with furrowed brow and wan,
Musing on his way.

He paused and with a solemn mien,
Upturned his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou'lt ne'er have seen,
My home is in the skies!"

O! blest—thrice blest! the heart must be
To whom such thoughts are given;
That walks from worldly fetters free;
His only home is heaven!

HAMILTON ROWAN AND THE WATCH.

Hamilton Rowan, on his way to Holyhead, stopped to dine at a little inn at Capel Curing.

There was nothing in the house but a shoulder of mutton, which Rowan ordered to be roasted. Presently the master of a neighbouring inn, with two boys, Nimrod, rushed into an adjoining room and swearing they were half starved, clamorously demanded what they could have for dinner.

"The landlord, with many apologies, told them he had nothing but bread and cheese to offer them."

"I'm extremely sorry, gentlemen," said the landlord, much embarrassed, "but—"

"How d'ye mean, sir?" interrupted the master of the inn, imperiously. "By— I don't understand this, I'm sure! Nothing but bread and cheese to offer us! Why, I smell something roasting in your kitchen at this very moment, sir."

"They all swore they smelt it."

"Why, that's very true, gentlemen," said the landlord, still more embarrassed. "There certainly is a shoulder of mutton at the fire, and I wish with all my heart I could let your honours have it; but, unfortunately, it's bespoken by an Irish gentleman in the next room here, and—"

"A what? An Irish gentleman, did you say, Gwilliam?" roared out the master with a sneer.

"Yes sir, and—"

Here the landlord was interrupted by a perfect mounth-quake of laughter, in which the whole trio joined.

"Now, what's this Irish gentleman like?" demanded the Squire, as soon as he could speak.

"Has he been long caught? Has he lost his tail yet? Oh! for heaven's sake! do tell us—has he lost his tail yet, Gwilliam?"

"Ay, he has lost his tail yet, Gwilliam!" echoed the others; and again they all laughed most outrageously.

"Indeed, gentlemen—," continued the landlord.

"No more of this," said the Squire, cutting him short, "unless you mean to make us sick, sir. Go! send the mutton into us, and let the Irish gentleman have a Welsh rabbit. And d'ye hear?" continued he, pulling out a fine old family pepper, and sending it into the landlord's hands. "Take this into him with my compliments, and ask him if he can tell what time of day it is by it. Go!—go, sir! do as I order you, or I shall be the worse for you!"

The landlord, who durst not disobey, after many apologies, delivered the watch with this message:—"The Squire, who had overheard all that had passed, perhaps the Squire could not have selected a worse subject for his gratuitous insult than Hamilton Rowan, who, seizing one of his travelling pistols which lay on the window, immediately joined the trio, who were laughing heartily at the joke.

"Gentlemen," said Rowan, with great suavity, "I'm sorry to interrupt your mirth. I delight in a joke myself—especially when it's a good one. But the fact is, our landlord here, who must be either drunk or dreaming, or both, has just brought me this watch, with a most impertinent message, which he affirms he was ordered to deliver to me by some gentleman in this room. Now, though I cannot for an instant suppose any person present, continued Rowan, fixing his eye on the Squire, "guilty of so blackguard an act, I must request, as a mere matter of form, to know, whether any gentleman here did send me this watch, with any such message. I'll thank you for an immediate answer, gentlemen," added Rowan, examining the priming of his pistols, "for there's a delicious little shoulder of Welsh mutton just roasted, that I'm anxious to pay my respects to."

Perceiving them all dumfounded, Rowan demanded of each in succession whether he was the owner of the watch.

"They all replied in the negative."

"Most extraordinary!" said Rowan: then calling in the landlord, he asked the landlord if the watch belonged to him.

"To me, sir," No, sir!" replied the man in great astonishment.

"Do you know any person, then, out of this room, to whom this watch belongs?" demanded Rowan.

"Ay!—out of this room! Have the goodness to look this way, and speak to the point, sir."

"No, sir—certainly, sir—I don't know any person out of this room, sir, to whom that watch belongs."

"Very well, sir; now go and serve the mutton up.—Well, on my honour now! this is mighty comical!" continued Rowan, as soon as the landlord had left the room. "Here's a watch which belongs to nobody out of the room—not even to the person from whose hands I received it. Well, I must keep it I suppose, until a claimant starts up. I have no other course to pursue. In case you should hear of any such person, gentlemen, there's my card (throwing it on the table). Upon my word, a mighty handsome watch, and a repeater too! Let me see—eye, just fourteen minutes forty-five seconds past five, the very time to attack a shoulder of Welsh mutton—ha, ha, ha! Good day, gentlemen, good day. You see I know what time of day it is!" And with this Rowan left them. "The watch," says my informant, "still remains in possession of the Rowan family."

ANECDOTE OF A PHYSICIAN.—One of the most amusing works which has fallen into our hands for perusal for a long while of time has been the republication of an English work entitled "*Physic and Physicians*," being a medical sketch book of the lives of the most celebrated Medical men of former days in London, with memoirs of eminent living physicians of that metropolis. It is a work both instructive and entertaining, and it sets the risibles going frequently with an impulse as hard to check as is the racer who runs away with his burthen, and gallops the harder the more he is pursued. A facetious story is told among others, of a celebrated physician of London who flourished during the meridian of the eighteenth century—Dr. Mounsey of Chelsea Hospital, the intimate friend of Sir Robert Walpole, and the companion of Garrick and the inimitable wits of his day. The Doctor was always of a nervous and sensitive nature, and the insecurity of the public funds, and was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartments, for a place of safety in which to deposit his cash and notes. Going on a journey in the coach, he took with him a small box, and placed bank notes and cash to a considerable amount in one corner under the cushions and shavings. On his return to Chelsea after a month's absence, he found his housekeeper preparing to treat some friends with a cup of tea, and by way of showing respect for her guests, the parlor fire-place was chosen to make the kettle boil, and the fire had not been long lighted when the Doctor arrived. When he entered the room, the company had scarcely begun, Mounsey ran across the room like a madman, saying, "Hang it, you have ruined me forever; you have burned all my bank notes." First went the contents of the slop basin, then the tea-pot; then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen and brought a pail of water which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who, in the utmost consternation got out of the way as speedily as possible. His housekeeper cried out, "What's the matter, sir, or you will spoil the steel stove and fire irons." "D—n the irons," replied the Doctor; "you have ruined me—you have burned my bank notes." "L, sir," said the half-dressed woman, "who'd think of putting bank notes in a kitchen stove where the fire is ready laid?" "And, returned he, who would think of making a fire in the summer time, where there has not been one for several months?" He then pulled out the coals and cinders, and, at one corner, found the remains of his bank notes, and one quarter of them entire and legible. Next day, Dr. Mounsey called upon Lord Godolphin, the high Treasurer and told him the story. His Lordship said "that he would go with him to the bank the next day, and get the cash in his hand through his influence." He accordingly ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet Mounsey at the room in the bank, where some of the members daily attended. The Doctor, being obliged to go to the House Guards on business, took later at Whitehall for the city. In going down the river, he pulled out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his notes were safe, when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river. "Put back your account-dreel," said the Doctor, "my bank notes are overboard." He was instantly obeyed, the Doctor took his hat and dipped it into the river, enclosing the notes and a hat full of water. In this state, he put it under his arm and desired to be set ashore immediately. On landing, he walked to the bank and was shown into the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived. "What have you under your arm?" said his Lordship. "The d—d notes," replied the Doctor, throwing down the hat with the contents on the table with such force as to scatter the water into the faces of all who were standing near it. "There," said the Doctor "take the remainder of your notes for neither fire nor water will consume them."

Dr. Mounsey lived to an advanced age, and as the termination of his life began to be a thing naturally to expect, the Minister was besieged with applications to become the doctor's successor. The Court of Chelsea Hospital consequently became a favorite walk with medical candidates for the lucrative situation. One day the humorous doctor saw from his observatory a physician surveying the spot and evidently in contemplation of the advantages of the residence. As Mounsey was fond of teasing, he immediately descended. A few words served for his introduction, when, turning to the physician, he said, "So sir, I find you are one of the candidates to succeed me?" The physician bowed and he proceeded.

"But you will be confoundedly disappointed."

"Disappointed!" said the physician with quivering lips.

"Yes, returned Mounsey, you expect to out-live me; but I discern from your countenance, and other circumstances that you are deceiving yourself—you will certainly die first, though as I have nothing to expect from that event, I shall not rejoice at your death, as I am persuaded you would at mine."

This was actually the case; the candidate lived but a short time, and Dr. Mounsey was so diverted with checking the supping hopes of his brethren on the faculty, that whenever he saw a physician on the look out, he used to go down and comfort them in the same manner. He did so to several, and what is singularly extraordinary, his prognostications were in every instance verified. The medical speculators shrunk aghast from Chelsea, so that at the death of the doctor, the ministry was not engaged by a single promise, nor had he for some time a single application for the place of physician to the College.

What is money? D'ye give it up? It is dew in the morning and mist at night.