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POETRY.

For the Journal.

LOVE.

MARK IV. 31, 32.

What is Love like? 'T is like a mustard seed
Sown in congenial soil, which springing forth,
Expands the greatest herb the earth may feed;
Beneath whose wide-spread, fair, umbrageous growth
The pretty fowls of air and innocent,
Mating with songs and artless blandishment,
A shelter find from storms, and wind, and rain.
Such love mankind may bask in and enjoy,
If they but cast away base Passion's stain,
And make a Saviour's word their thoughts employ—
A love Divine! which grows as fed on, still,
Till the whole heart may melt in sweet Immanuel!

BI.

GOD HELP THE POOR!

God help the Poor!
Stern winter comes with his chilly train,
Sending forth deep-tongued o'er his wide domain,
Unto thy door;
His piercing voice filling thine ear with pain,
Oh! would he ne'er could visit us again;
God help the Poor!
God help the Poor!
Upon the barren heath Æolus whistles loud,
Through shattered casements, and with dusky cloud
From far off moor,
Covers the shivering inmates, who are bowed
Mournfully to the earth, and cry forth aloud,
"God help the Poor!"
God help the Poor!
Tempest-tost mariners on life's troubled deep,
Whose pilgrimage is o'er where cold winds sweep;
They're no safe shore
But Thee alone! and in death's lingering sweep,
To Thee they call who let's not mourners weep;
God help the Poor!

MISCELLANY.

THE TWO UNCLES.

BY MRS. C. LEE HENTZ.

[CONCLUDED]

Mr. Clements had another silent admirer. It was no other than Mr. Manners. He had been watching his daughter's countenance, and following the direction of her eyes, he could not help sympathizing with her enthusiastic emotions. The freshness and sensibility of life's earlier days when her mother hung upon his arm a young and confiding bride, came back upon him. He forgot the hardening lessons the world had taught him, his pusillanimous submission to his sister's arbitrary sway—he was once more a man and a father. Drawing near her, he was about to tell her that he had discovered her secret and that she need not fear his anger, when he saw Charles anticipate him. The young man bent down and talked to her in a low voice, and she answered him in the same tone. Moreover, there was expression in the young man's eye's very different from what cousins are wont to wear, and Lelia's color deepened and flitted, and resolved at last into that roseate hue, which is said to be emblematic of something more than a cousin's love.

"I must look to this," thought Mr. Manners, "he is a fine young fellow—but he is too poor to think of marrying. I wish he were Mr. Banks' son for Lelia's sake."

The father was once more merged in the man of the world. Nature yielded to Gold. Aunt Phillis was too much excited that night to close her eyes in sleep. Mr. Banks had done every thing, but made a downright offer of himself. He had invited her and Elmira to accompany them home, telling her that he wanted her to see his house and grounds—to show her in what style he lived. She was to select a building spot for his son, who was to have an establishment equal to Aladdin's palace, and over that establishment, Elmira was destined to preside. The grey wavering light of dawn saw Aunt Phillis still absorbed in the contemplation of her future grandeur. She then sank into a kind of extatic doze, in which she beheld Mr. Banks' gold knee-buckles glittering at her feet, where he had prostrated himself, in the act of surrendering to her his heart, his hand, and his fortune.

The time drew near for the departure of

the two Uncles. Aunt Phillis and Elmira were so much occupied in arranging their apparel for the anticipated visit, they had no leisure to notice the evident dejection of Lelia, or if they had, they would have attributed it to envy at their superior good fortune.

"Sorry for Lelia," said Mr. Banks, patting her on the head. "Good girl—pretty girl—wish I had room in the carriage for you—why not go with Uncle Clements?—Ashamed to ask you? Charles going away.—Be so lonely—what say you brother—hey?"

"That my poor home would be transformed into an Eden bower, with such a gentle, ministering spirit there. But what says my dear niece? Would she consent to such a sacrifice? Charles has received a commission, which will take him immediately to a foreign land. I shall indeed be most solitary."

"Oh! willingly, gladly will I accompany you," cried Lelia, "if my father will consent."

That consent was not easily obtained; but when he considered that Charles was to be absent and the danger he feared would be thus averted, his greatest objection was removed. Another very strong one remained, the want of female companionship. This was obviated by Mr. Clements' description of his house-keeper—a most motherly and estimable woman; and who would prove a sufficient guardian for his young niece.

"There are a very few poor men," said Mr. Clements, "in the possession of such a blessing, as this faithful and attached friend. She has remained with me during all my fortunes, serving me from attachment, that looks for no reward beyond the exercise of its allotted duties."

Mr. Manners at length consented that Lelia should accompany him upon condition of a speedy return. The departure of the travelers was deferred for some days, in consequence of an unexpected movement on the part of cousin Joe. He insisted that he could not and would not start until his union was consummated with Elmira, with whom he seemed every moment more enamored.

Elmira, notwithstanding the chilling influence of aunt Phillis' worldly maxims and example, had some feelings true to nature lingering in the depth of her heart. She thought she would not feel reluctant to this marriage, for reluctant she unaffectedly was, though she had used all the arts of her sex to allure him—if Charles were not present.—Aunt Phillis thought upon the whole that it would be the height of gentility to have the wedding take place on the morning of the journey, and then on their return, celebrate the nuptials by a large wedding party. Mr. Manners was well pleased with the match, and as all the higher powers were propitious, Elmira thought it best to smile and be propitious too.

Just before the wedding, Aunt Phillis took her aside, and after a long preamble about the importance of commencing the married life with grace and propriety, said, "Remember, my dear, that there is a great deal in the name you will bear; that is, there is a fashionable and unfashionable style of addressing a married woman. You must not allow any one to call you Mrs. Elmira Banks, or young Mrs. Banks—but Mrs. Joseph Banks. That will be a sufficient distinction. When the senior Mr. Banks—when I am married (there is no use in speaking in innuendoes) I intend to be called simply Mrs. Banks.—Remember, my dear, Mrs. Joseph Banks."

Poor Aunt Phillis, she was already trembling at the idea of being styled old Mrs. Banks, and seeking to avert the impending calamity. Lelia beheld, with unspeakable agitation, the preparations for her sister's nuptials. She knew she did not love her future bridegroom, and that the gold for which she was about to sacrifice the truthfulness of nature, and the bloom of youth—would not fill the aching void felt by the craving heart, too late made sensible of its capacities for happiness.

"God has no blessing for such unhallowed vows," she said to herself, as she stood pale and fearful by her sister's side, during the nuptial ceremony. When the benediction was pronounced and the bride ready to receive the congratulations of her friends, Lelia could not speak—she could only lean her head on Elmira's shoulder and weep.

"Don't cry, Lelia," whispered Elmira; "when you and Charles live in your log cabin, in the wild woods, you'll forget all about me."

"Let me be the first to congratulate Mrs. Joseph Banks on her new name," said Aunt Phillis, advancing and saluting the bride with inimitable grace.

"Mrs. Joseph Banks!" repeated Mr. Banks. "Very good, young Mrs. Banks! By and by there will be old Mrs. Banks—will there not, hey?" pinching Aunt Phillis' arm, who thought proper to resent the familiarity, by drawing away her arm and tossing up her head with unexpected disdain. The next moment, fearing she might offend him by her too manifest resentment of the odious cognomen, she looked back upon him, with a coquettish smile, and said something about his being a privileged wit.

The carriage rolled up to the door with a magnificent sweep. The bride and bride-

groom were seated first—then Mr. Banks, who seemed completely cured of the gout, helped Aunt Phillis to ascend, who sprang up like a fawn, threw back her veil and kissed her hand to those she was leaving behind. It was a long time before Mr. Banks was arranged to his own satisfaction and it was not till Aunt Phillis had squeezed herself into the smallest possible compass, he declared himself comfortably seated.

"Fine horses these, brother," said he, putting his head out of the window; "sweep like the wind. Ride like a king! Poor Lelia don't cry—wish there was room. Take you next time—by and by."

The noble horses, which had been pawing the ground, impatient of their long restraint bounded forward, at the first touch of the whip and the carriage was soon out of sight. But as long as it was seen, the white handkerchief of aunt Phillis, waived from the window, like an oriflamb of victory. The stage which brought Mr. Clements and his son was soon at the door.

"I do not think I can part with you, after all said Mr. Manners, retaining Lelia in a parting embrace—I shall be too lonely."

"Then come with us, said Mr. Clements, "and let me reciprocate, as far as I am able, the hospitality I have received under your roof."

"That cuts rather close," thought Mr. Manners.

"Come with us," said Charles, "then Lelia will not carry a divided heart."

Lelia echoed these invitations most earnestly, and to his own astonishment, he found himself in a few minutes seated in the stage coach, at his daughter's side, about to make an extempore visit to his poor relations.

As aunt Phillis, in reality the heroine of this tale, we feel a tribute of respect, to follow her course, in preference to the unambitious Lelia. It is not our intention to follow the minutiae of a journey which required many days to accomplish, for we are anxious, as she was to reach the home which had so long been looming on the restless sea of her maiden fancy. The last day, their road lay through a rough, hilly country, which gave many a jolt to their weary sides and aching limbs. They rode through leafless forests, which seemed stretching into a boundless continuity of space, through which the wintry winds whistled, making the most melancholy music. Long and anxiously did the bride real, and the bride apparent, gaze from the carriage windows, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the distant spire of Banks-ville, where they were to enjoy the realization of their golden dreams. It was a grey, misty, dreary looking day, and towards evening, the mist condensed into clouds, and the clouds descended in a drizzling rain, which completely obscured the country, and made the travelers fold their cloaks more closely around them, and draw towards each other with more affectionate familiarity.

"Oh, I am so tired!" exclaimed aunt Phillis, leaning her head against Mr. Banks' ample shoulder; "shall we never reach home? You told me three hours ago it was only ten miles to Banks-ville."

"Don't be impatient," replied he, "soon be there. Charming place; get a fine supper; rest like princes."

It was a late, dark hour, when the travelers reached the termination of their journey. Aunt Phillis and Elmira had both fallen back into a deep slumber, from which they were scarcely aroused by the sudden cessation of the motion of the carriage, and the voice of uncle Banks bidding them to wake up, for they had got home at last. With stiffened limbs and bewildered capacities, the film of sleep still lingering on their eye-lids, they were assisted from the carriage, and led stumbling along, over a rough pathway towards a low dwelling entrenched in a cluster of forest trees, whose branches made coarse net-work over the roof.

"Where are we going?" cried out Phillis.—"What sort of a place is this? Oh! dear, I can scarcely see my hand before me."

"Never mind," said uncle Banks; "see soon enough. Hallo there!—giving a thundering rap at the door—bring a light here. Ho—quick!—a light for the ladies!"

A heavy step was heard lumbering near the door, which being swung open wide, displayed a large, clumsy formed girl, dressed in linsy wooley garments, with sleeves rolled up to her elbows, holding a candle in one hand, and shading her eyes with the other.

"La, Mr. Banks, if it isn't you! bless my stars! here are ladies sure enough!"

"Open the parlor directly." Run and make up a fire—good fire—blazing fire!"—cried Mr. Banks, taking the candle, and leading the way for his shivering guests.

"What are you stopping for, at this ugly old place, when we are so near home?" asked aunt Phillis, mechanically following him, while cold fearful drops began to gather on her darkened brow.

"Joseph, I thought you said we were to get home to-night," said Elmira, in a trembling reproachful voice, sinking down into the first chair she saw, half dead with fatigue and indefinite apprehension.

"Home!" repeated uncle Banks, rubbing his hands exultingly together; and what should

this be but home! New place to be sure—going to be a palace by and by—not quite finished yet. Welcome to Banks-ville, my dear—fine place, isn't it, hey?"

"Home," screamed Aunt Phillis, lifting up both hands, almost as high as the ceiling, rolling her eyes round the unpapered, unpainted walls, up to the unlathed rafters, then into the huge chimney, where the girl was piling pine knots higher than her head, and whose broad glare soon illuminated the whole apartment—"Home! home! did you say?"

"Yes, home!" shouted Uncle Banks, from the top of his lungs. "Deaf all at once, hey? Good home as ever was—plenty of wood—plenty of things to eat. What more do you want? Come, take off your cloak—sit down by the fire—no ceremony here."

Aunt Phillis looked steadily in his face without winking—her eyes dilated to their utmost dimensions, for more than a minute, and he looked steadily at her, smiling and winking all the time. The girl in the chimney stopped blowing the fire, and looked from one to the other, grinning and coughing, displaying two full length rows of unbroken ivory.

"Oh! my stars," shrieked Aunt Phillis, clapping both hands tightly on her head, and throwing herself back in a chair. "Oh! my head—it will burst—I can't breathe—I shall suffocate—I shall die. Here," said she to the grinning girl, "loosen my cloak—untie my bonnet—give me a glass of water."

The last words were uttered in a calmer voice. The idea, that notwithstanding the awful delusions respecting the splendor of Banks-ville, under which she had been laboring, she could induce him to build a house to her own taste, out of his hoarded treasures, came like a good angel and checked the outpouring of her anger. "It is very strange," said she with a hysterical giggle, "that a gentleman of your fortune should be willing to live so simply."

"My fortune!" repeated Mr. Banks, "fortune enough. Own this house and farm—plenty for me—all the rest a false report.—No matter—thought I'd try my friends—make a frolic of it. No sham here," striking his hand on his expansive chest.

"But your carriage?" gasped Aunt Phillis.

"Borrowed."

"Your fine clothes?"

"All borrowed."

Aunt Phillis started up on her feet, quivering with passion. "You wretch—you monster—you deceiver—you jack-daw in peacock's plumes! I'll have you put in a penitentiary—set in the pillory—transported to Botany Bay. To entrain in this vile way my unsuspecting innocence! To lure me on to the brink of matrimony—to make me the laughing stock for the whole world!"

Uncle Banks put his hands in his pockets and began one of his silent laughs.

"To think of my waiting upon you as if you were the grand Sultan himself," continued she, after taking a fresh inspiration. "Of my tending your old gouty feet—yea, holding them in my very lap!"

"Hey diddle, diddle, diddle, the cat's in the fiddle," cried he, getting up and frisking a little to show the soundness of his limbs.—"Good feet as any body's. No more gout than you have. Ready for a reel this minute."

"Take us home directly, unfeeling wretch," cried the unhappy spinster. "I'll never sleep in this miserable hovel—I'll perish in the woods first."

Uncle Banks, who had enjoyed sufficiently the rage and mortification of Aunt Phillis, seemed to feel real compassion for the distress of the weeping Elmira. "Poor girl," said he, kindly patting her on the shoulder, "don't take on so—Joe loves you—he's young and strong—he's a rich man yet. Every tree of the West has a treasury of gold in its trunk. I'm getting old—tired of the seas—lost my money—wanted a home—wanted rest—folks heard I'd got a great fortune—it was not my fault—didn't mean to make you unhappy—thought you loved Joe, good boy—make you a good husband."

Elmira, who weary and half stunned, seemed in a passive state, and did not answer; but when Joe, encouraged by his father, ventured to sit down by her and take her hand, and she did not take it away, Uncle Banks thought it a propitious omen, and relapsed into silence.

Aunt Phillis, completely exhausted, leaned against the wall, her bonnet partly untied, rested on the back of her head; her turban, disarranged by the jolting of the carriage and her own wrathful gestures, was poked on one side, revealing one or two stiff grey locks—while her long dark ringlets, uncured by the rain, clung to her cheeks and chin with mournful adhesiveness. The corners of her mouth were drawn down into acute angles; the corners of her eyebrows lifted up in corresponding angles in an opposite direction; her nose looked sharpened into a severer point. Shakespeare knew nothing of melancholy madness. He had never seen Aunt Phillis Manners!

Notwithstanding the appearance of this lodge in the wilderness of the boundless West, where the storm-wrecked and eccentric mariner had found a sheltered haven of rest it was comfortable and looked even cheer-

ful, illumined as it now was by the blazing pine knots, which crackled and coruscated in the vast chimney and filled every nook and crevice with the brightness of noon-day. A good substantial supper was soon spread before them by the 'maid of all work,' but no one but Mr. Banks tasted a morsel. He seemed to have lost entirely the fastidiousness of his appetite, and ate of every dish with the keenest relish.

Aunt Phillis did not prowl in the woods as she had threatened, but threw herself down on her humble bed in a state resembling despair. The cup of her wrath had been foaming over, and she was drinking in silence the bitter dregs; the veriest tees of the wine of life. She felt as we may suppose, as the aeronaut feels, who, after rising majestically into the blue convexity of heaven, leaving far below the grossness and opacity of earth, breathing the elasticity of a rarer, purer atmosphere, almost hearing the music of the empyrean, and catching glimpses of the palace of the Sun, when suddenly the gas explodes, the airy chariot falls, and he comes tumbling headlong from his glorious height, into some muddy pool, with bruised frame, broken bones and shaking brains.

For hours she lay, planning schemes of unexampled vengeance, which for variety and originality, might have shaped the torments of the fabled Tartarus, till an appalling consciousness of her impotence, and the ridiculousness of her wrongs checked the ingenuity of her revenge. She resolved at length, to get home as speedily and quietly as possible, to say nothing to her brother, or any of her friends, of her disappointment, and thus screen herself from derision which she knew would be her portion. Elmira's feelings were not deep, nor her passion strong. Her character had been moulded by circumstances, and it was easily remoulded. After the first ebullition of sorrow and chagrin, convinced that her destiny was fixed, she submitted with comparative good grace—determining in her own mind, that her father should build her a fine house, and that the world should never know how she had been. Besides, Joe was really so affectionate and kind, that she could not continue sullen and resentful—and ill humor looked so unlovely and forbidden in her Aunt, that she struggled for its mastery.

"Carry you home again," said Mr. Banks, "in the same carriage that brought you—don't want to keep folks against their will—ought to be glad of such a fine ride. Daughter may go too, till we get a house built. Be happy as a queen yet—mustn't be angry at Uncle—all for the best—married Joe—not his purse. Fine boy—hey?"

With what different emotions did Aunt Phillis and herself, seated in the same carriage with the same party, the day but one after her arrival. She wouldn't condescend to sit on the same seat with Mr. Banks, but making Elmira occupy the post of honor, to the great displeasure of cousin Joe, placed herself opposite, and if the lightning of her eyes could have withered, Mr. Banks would have been nothing but a shriveled scroll. He seemed in imperturbable good humor, singing and laughing so merrily, that Elmira caught the infection, and smiled and even laughed. The third day after their journey, the aspect of the country changed. It was no longer the same road they had traveled before—Aunt Phillis noticed the change, and peevishly asked to what new cities they were going.

"Going to stop to-night at a friend's," answered Uncle Banks. "Good friend—loaned me this carriage—lent me my velvet suit and jewels—capital fellow—rich as a Jew—lives like a prince—catch him perhaps—hey?"

Aunt Phillis disdained to answer, supposing he was going to take her to another log cabin and some companion of congenial coarseness. Night came on, a clear cool moonlight night, when the atmosphere itself looked all white and silvery, and the pebble ground sparkled like diamonds. The horses went faster and faster, and stuck fire from their resounding hoofs.

Uncle Bank's spirits rose at every turning of the wheels. He sang every verse of "Cease rude Boreas," "Black eyed Susan, and Jolly Tar" keeping time with his feet and hands while Aunt Phillis kept dodging her head this way and that, and drawing her feet under her clothes to avoid coming in contact with him. At length the carriage rolled over a smoother road—regular rows of lofty trees skirted the way side—the illumined windows of a large white dwelling, with columns supporting a piazza, that surrounded the whole building, over which perennial vines were clustering.

"This is a fine house to be sure," said aunt Phillis in a more gracious tone, as the carriage stopped at the door. "It is pleasant to see a Christian looking habitation once more. No need of knocking," said Uncle Banks leading the way up the flight of marble steps to the entrance—old acquaintance—no ceremony."

He entered the hall, then [throwing] back the folding doors, displayed to the astonished eyes of Aunt Phillis, a scene which she thought some wizard wand had conjured.—Seated at a table in the centre of the apartment, beneath the soft lustre of an astral lamp sat her brother, reading a newspaper, as much at ease, as if he had been domesticated there

all his life, and directly opposite was Mr. Clements, so intently engaged with a book that he did not notice the opening of the door. And on a sofa a little in the back ground of the picture, Charles and Lelia were sitting side by side, engaged in such earnest and interesting conversation, it is doubtful whether the entrance of Xerxes and his army would have diverted their attention from each other.

"Well done kinsfolk!" exclaimed Uncle Banks, giving his brother a rousing slap on the shoulder. "Can't you see a body, hey? Brought cousin Phillis to make you a visit. Wasn't pleased with Banks-ville—may be she'll like Clements-ville better. Ha—little sweet-heart playing puss in the corner there. Come kiss your Uncle."

"Welcome, cousin Phillis," said Mr. Clements, shaking her cordially by the hand "many thanks for this unexpected honor. I shall be most happy to repay you, according to my poor ability, some of the obligations I owe you."

"So you've all been making a fool of me," cried she unable to suppress the overflowing of her passions. "Pretending to be poor, when you're rich, and rich when you're poor, just to make a gull of me—and that little hypocrite knew it all the time," shaking her fore-finger at Lelia, with a familiar gesture, she knew it all. She acted her part as well as the rest of you. You've every one—not excepting my own brother."

"Here she threw herself back on the sofa and covering her face with her handkerchief, rocked to and fro in hysterical agony."

There is no use in recrimination now, sister, said Mr. Manners. We have both been taught a good lesson, by which I shall profit as long as I live. You must not accuse Lelia. She was the only one of us, who loved her Uncle and Cousin for themselves alone, and verily, she hath found her reward," added he giving Charles a look, that might have made any young man proud.

"Come Cousin Phillis," said Mr. Clements, "let us forget and forgive. We have all been playing a little farce, which has made us somewhat better acquainted with human nature, and with the mysteries of our own hearts. Having received a splendid accession to my fortunes, while still a resident in a foreign land, which rumor by mistake gave to my sailor brother here, I yielded to his whim, and allowed myself thought poor and himself rich as had been previously reported to you. I had some misgivings as to the propriety of the deception; but since I have discovered such a treasure of disinterested affection, in this beloved child," drawing Lelia to his bosom as he spoke—"this child, who is as much lifted above hypocrisy as the heavens are above the earth, and since I have secured the happiness of my son, by a promised union with so much loveliness and virtue, I cannot regret the masquerade we wore. Yes, Lelia—I would not exchange this coat, this dress given to your poor Uncle, for the ermine of royalty. Its history shall be recorded in the family archives and handed down even to your children's children. Elmir, your husband is not a poor man, for he shall share of my inheritance, and yet make himself a name and fame in the growing West."

"Come, Cousin Phillis," cried Uncle Banks. "Rub out old scores. Kiss and be friends. Don't spoil your eyes." Catch a sweet heart yet—may be. Haint got the chink—can't help it—don't want it—clear head—sound limbs, stout heart—good conscience—wealth enough for me. Isn't that enough—hey?"

FURTHER EXTRACTS

From papers received by the Steamship CALEDONIA

THE BREVET IN THE ARMY.—The military brevet, in honor of the birth-day of H.R. H. the Prince of Wales, was in Tuesday night week's Gazette. The three oldest generals in the army have received the highest military title (that of Field Marshal) in the power of the sovereign to bestow, though at far advanced periods of their lives. The name that first catches the eye of the reader is Sir George Nugent, a gallant veteran, who has reached the advanced age of eighty-nine, and who has been connected with the service of his country for no less than seventy-three years. He was engaged in the first American war from 1777, until its termination in 1783, Field Marshal Grosvenor entered the army in 1779. The Marquis of Anglesey's services are well known. Sir George Cockburn is now the senior general in the army, having entered in 1779, and been promoted to the rank in question in 1819. Fourteen Lieut. Generals have been made Generals, so that the latter list now is a strong one. Sir Colin Halkett, Colonel of the 31st Foot, which suffered so severely in the late war in India; Sir F. Adam and Sir Peregrine Maitland three old Waterloo veterans, are in the batch promoted. By the further changes, several staff appointments will, according to usage, become vacant. Two of the eminent family of Napier have been promoted. Amongst those advanced from the rank of colonel to that of major-general, are some officers whose names are somewhat familiar to the reader, viz. Sir H. Smith, the hero of Alival, Sir de Lacy Evans, Sir Joseph Thackwell, and the Hon. Colonel Cavendish, of the 1st Life Guards, the lieutenant-colonelcy of which is now vacant. The summary is as follows:—

Generals to be field marshals	3
Lieut.-generals to be generals	13
Major-generals to be lieut.-generals	44
Colonels to be major-generals	107
Lieut.-colonels to be colonels	92
Majors to be lieut.-colonels	50
Captains to be Majors	181

Total number of officers promoted 490

Death of Mr. P. M. Stewart, M. P.—

The melancholy intelligence of the death of the above highly esteemed gentleman was received in town on Monday morning. The hon. gentleman expired at the residence of his mother, Lady Stewart Carnock, Falkirk, N. B., on Friday night, at eight o'clock, after a painful and protracted illness, which was borne by the amiable sufferer with truly Christian piety and resignation. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset and large circle of the aristocracy are placed in mourning by the death of the hon. gentleman.

Sir R. Peel has had an attack of gout; he is at Drayton Manor.

Sir T. Wilde and Mr. Strutt, M. P., have been appointed members of the Privy Council.

COLONIAL POST-OFFICE REFORM.

If it be denied by circumstances to the legislative assemblies of our various Colonies to be the originators of important social reforms, yet the merit cannot be withheld from them that they actively follow up whatever path in that direction is opened by the Mother Country. The alacrity and good spirit with which this is always done, is indeed a great argument for the further extension of legislative privileges in those Colonies already possessing any share of that freeman's right, and for their immediate introduction to those that ask and have not.

Of all the social reforms of the present century, the one whose benefits have been most widely diffused—the one, that with all its advantages for the wealthy, is yet, *par excellence*, the poor man's blessing—the one whose deprivation would be most universally and clamorously opposed, is Mr. Rowland Hill's Penny Postage. It cannot therefore, be surprising, that in various of the dependencies of Britain, a movement should have been made to share the comforts of this innovation in the manner best adapted to the local circumstances of each.

On the Mexican war the *Times* observes; "The Mexican war, therefore, presents the strange picture of a victorious army in a foreign country which is more nearly reduced to the necessity of effecting a peace that the state which it has conquered and subdued. The declaration of hostilities disturbed and insecure condition of Mexico. In a populous, industrious, community, war is an interruption of all the pursuits and pleasures of life; in such a country as Mexico, the presence of a hostile army like that of General Taylor, is scarcely felt beyond the lines of his camp. When, therefore, the respective Legislatures of the two Republics meet, early in December, we expect to learn that the Americans loudly demand the conclusion of a treaty of peace, while the Mexicans will vote the continuance of the war. The war has, indeed been no more than an armed appropriation of territory. It was begun without a pretext by the precipitate occupation of a neutral district, and this occupation has now extended over an immense tract of the whole breadth of the continent. When we have said this we have said all; no hostile army has been really beaten, no conditions have been imposed, no Government has been coerced. The value of military operations lies after all in their political effect. A mere march across a wilderness, or the occupation of a town of log-huts, is an exploit followed by no results. We have yet to learn that the Americans have done anything to compel the Mexicans to accept such terms of peace as they may think fit to impose; and the Mexicans have the satisfaction of knowing, that the ineffective operations directed against themselves impose most inconvenient, onerous and unpopular burdens on their antagonists."

The incidents of this war, and the consideration of the political consequences of American aggrandizement, have convinced us, that however we may abhor the lawless and unjust spirit of these proceedings of the United States towards their weaker neighbors there are nothing in these conquests which ought seriously to excite our jealousy or our apprehensions. In our own time they can only prove a source of embarrassment and a severe incumbrance to the American Government,—hereafter we may hope that the extension of our language and our race over the American continent will conduce, upon the whole, to the civilization and improvement of the world. Certainly, the conduct of the Mexicans towards England, since they were emancipated from the control of the mother country, has given us no cause to value their independence, or to respect their power of self-defence.

A FACT FOR THE FARMER.—Butter.—Mr. John Holbert, of the town of Chemung in this county, manufactured on his own farm in the year 1845, 7140 pounds of butter, which brought him in market, at 21 cents per pound, the comfortable little sum of \$1,499 40. In addition to this, a tenant on the same farm, made in the same year, 2,500 pounds, which was sold in market at 19 cts. per pound, making in all \$1,978 90 for butter in one year.

During the present year, 1846, he has made 7,227 pounds, and sold the same at 20 cents, amounting to \$1,445 40. His tenant on the same farm has also made 1,911 lbs., which sold in market at 18 cents, amounting in all to \$1,789 38. We will put this against any one farm in the State. Speak out ye butter makers, or own up "caved in!"

Elmira (N. Y.) Republican.

HOW TO CURE THE CROUP.—Mr. Editor, This being the season in which children are most liable to that alarming disease, the croup, you may probably subserve the cause of humanity by publishing the following simple remedy for the same:

As soon as the first symptoms develop

themselves, apply a towel dipped in cold water, to the upper portion of the chest and throat; change as often as the towel becomes warm—say once in ten minutes—and relief will be pretty certain and permanent. I have tried it often, and never knew it to fail.

PHILANTHROPOS.

THE JOURNAL.

STANSTEAD, DEC. 17, 1846.

The U. S. Congress assembled at Washington on the 7th inst. The President's Message was received and read on the 8th. This document is mainly taken up with a statement of the causes which led to the war with Mexico, and an outline of the operations of the American forces since the commencement of hostilities. After speaking of the "distinguished skill and courage" of the army under command of Gen. Taylor, and of the "volunteer citizen soldiers who so promptly responded to their country's call," he proceeds to say, that "While the war was in a course of vigorous and successful operation, being still anxious to arrest its evils, and considering that, after the brilliant victories of our arms on the 8th and 9th of May last, the national honor could not be compromised by it, another overture was made to Mexico, by my direction, on the 27th of July last, to terminate hostilities by a peace just and honorable to both countries. On the 31st of August following, the Mexican Government declined to accept this friendly overture, but referred it to the decision of a Mexican Congress, to be assembled in the early part of the present month. The war will continue to be prosecuted with vigor, as the best means of securing peace. It is hoped that the decision of the Mexican Congress, to which our last overture has been referred, may result in a speedy and honorable peace. With our experience, however, of the unreasonable course of the Mexican authorities, it is the part of wisdom not to relax in the energy of our military operations until the result is made known. In this view, it is deemed important to hold military possession of all the provinces which have been taken, until a definitive treaty of peace shall have been concluded and ratified by the two countries."

He says that the war has not been waged with a view to conquest; but that hostilities having been commenced by Mexico, the war will be vigorously prosecuted with a view to obtain peace, and also to obtain indemnity for the expenses of the war, as well as sums due citizens of the United States for Mexican spoils. In defence of this course, he cites the usage of civilized nations, establishing the government of the conqueror during military occupation, or until he shall voluntarily withdraw from it. In other words, if Mexico is beaten and forced to an adjustment of existing difficulties, she must defray the expenses of the war waged against herself.

Mr. Polk recommends to Congress, to provide by law—in cases where certificates of naturalization have been granted to citizens of other countries by Mexico, for the purpose of privateering—for granting letters of marque and reprisal against vessels under the Mexican flag, and also to provide for the punishment as pirates of Spanish subjects who shall be found guilty of privateering against the United States.

The expenses of the Government up to the 30th of June last, have been about twenty-eight millions and thirty-one thousand dollars. The income has been about twenty-nine millions five hundred dollars, leaving in the Treasury on the 1st of July last, a balance of about nine millions and one hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars.

The public debt due on the 1st of July, 1846, was twenty-four millions three hundred thousand, of which there was due on March 4, 1845, seventeen millions seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Amount of debt contracted since 4th of March, 1846, six millions one hundred seventy thousand dollars.

For the purpose of prosecuting the war with Mexico, he calls for a new loan to meet the expenditures of the present and next fiscal years of twenty-three millions of dollars, based upon the supposition that the war will be continued until the 30th of June, 1848.

The President recommends some modification of the Sub-Treasury Act, which does not work well in some of its details.

In speaking of the tariff law passed at the last session of Congress, he cites the example of Great Britain, who, after ages of experience of a high protective system, has been constrained to abandon it. He says:

"It would be strange if, in the face of the example of Great Britain, our principal foreign customer, and of the evils of a system rendered manifest in that country by long and painful experience, and in the face of the immense advantages which, under a liberal commercial policy, we are already deriving, and must continue to derive, by sup-

plying her starving population with food, and the United States should restore a policy which she has been compelled to abandon, and thus diminish her ability to purchase from us the food and other articles which she so much needs and we so much desire to sell. By the simultaneous abandonment of the protective policy by Great Britain and the United States, new and important markets have already been opened for our agricultural and other products: commerce and navigation have received a new impulse; labor and trade have been released from the artificial trammels which have so long fettered them; and to a great extent reciprocity, in the exchange of commodities, has been introduced at the same time by both countries, and greatly for the benefit of both."

He recommends that the tariff of 1846 be maintained as it is with the exception of new duties on sundry free articles, in the belief that it will yield a larger revenue than the tariff of 1842.

Mr. Polk recommends an increase of the rank and file of the army, and the enlistment of men to serve during the war with Mexico.

The President speaks favorably of the present Post Office System, and thinks that by a slight modification of the law, without altering the rates of postage, the revenues of the Department will meet its expenditures.

TRAVELING SKETCHES, No. 1.

LETTER FROM ST. JOHNS, C. E.

St Johns is grown to be a place of considerable importance. Its natural resources are so far developed, that numerous evidences strike us of the city it is destined one day to be. Its regularly laid out streets are fast filling up with dwellings and stores—shops, &c., some of them beautiful and tasty in their arrangement, and all of them substantially built. The solemn bells, pealing from more than one steeple, awake you from your morning slumbers; you hear the whistle of the Iron horse, and the rumbling of wheels that follow him—heavily but swiftly over his one unchanging track; you see the black smoke rolling in volumes from a conical-shaped building, alive with intensest fires, where that useful article is manufactured that gives light, and airiness, and beauty to our dwellings; you see glooming over the shores of the river, the mound-encircled erections where War nestles himself, in quiet ease, recruiting his energies for reaping his harvest of glory on fields of blood and carnage, his hollow eyes looking you in the face, from which, in an angry moment, he can emit such deadly flashes, and his numerous arms glistening as they move about with a measured tread, and his voice sounding in the shrill bugle—and now and then, in a roaring cannon; you see, daily entering and departing from its harbor, the best constructed, and as well managed steamboats as ever ploughed a water; you see no small speck of commerce in the sloops that arrive and unload their cargoes on the wharves; and, last, if you but take the pains to go down to it, you see a Canal, leaving its lower part, and stretching away to Chambly. All these are the natural concomitants of a place of consequence, which, in fact, St. Johns has already become; though but the vigorous shoot, as yet, of the wide spreading tree it is destined to attain to.

The freight and passage transactions across the little bit of railway connecting St. Johns with Montreal, is very great, indeed; rendering this a profitable road. But woe to the canal; at least for the present.

There are several very fine brick stores in this place. One of the best is owned, in part, by a gentleman from your township, formerly, a self-made man; and, depend on it, none the worse in consequence. He commenced business here with very small means; and is now, by force of character and business talents, become the possessor of much valuable real estate and other wealth. He is Post-Master of St. Johns.

Mott's Hotel is too well known to need praising—it usually praises itself; though, for one, I miss its former worthy and gentlemanly manager, Mr. James Mott, now deceased; a fine young man, who directed this large establishment with the precision and regularity of clock-work, wherein justice was done to all.

As in all places undergoing a transition from commonality to a state of refinement, one discovers at the public table, here, much assumption of fashionable manners and politeness, where the parties are ill able to support it; much gilded brass, attempted to be passed off for pure gold. Nothing is so easy of detection as this kind of counterfeit coin; and nothing to a sensible person, appears so silly and foolish. I was much amused at the jactance of a pair at my elbow, apparently the moving lights of some country-village; and could hardly determine, in my own mind, which appeared the most ridiculous, the gaudy dress of the lady and the ruffled bosom

and magnificently ringed fingers of her partner, or their mawkish attempts at *recherche* politeness. Fortunately, a real specimen of gentility, in the person of a middle-aged gentleman in blue coat and gold buttons, and wearing a single, chaste, rich, diamond-set ring, and his noble looking lady sat opposite, on whom I could rest my eyes with pleasure; and, in listening to their conversation, and observing their manners, refresh my mind after witnessing the nonsense of these rank hypocrites in high life. Here was the unaffected speech, the ease and grace of manner, and the affable bearing of good breeding, and which made one at home, and comfortable, at once.

A nice bit of "romance in real life" transpired here recently. A young couple from the land of sunshine and tears, whilom called the Emerald Isle, had long been in love, but fortune smiled not on their prospects of matrimony. The girl's father happened to be one degree higher in the possession of what the world considers as the standard of worth and respectability—property—than that of the young man, and he, therefore, deemed it his duty to withhold his assent to the union of his daughter with her enamoured, though a steady, promising swain. The lover, in despair, and actuated by a determination to accumulate what would place him in a situation to claim the fair one's hand on even ground, gathered up his little effects, and shipped aboard the first vessel for Quebec, intending to go to Upper Canada to work on the public works. But the fair one, having exchanged with the disheartened youth the vow of unalterable love and fidelity, was determined to share his fortunes, at all hazards. Secretly providing herself with money and other necessities, she stole from her home, which was near a sea-port town, and came by steam to New-York, hoping, by this rapid conveyance, to be enabled to reach Montreal as soon as her lover. It so happened that, one fine morning, the youth stood leisurely watching the Champlain boat near the wharf at St. Johns, much fatigued, and worn, in mind and body, from his long voyage and anxiety of mind; and, as he stared round, vacantly, he was, all at once, electrified by beholding his beloved trip from the boat, bearing her small bundle in her hand, and eagerly making her way through the crowd. An exclamation broke from his lips, as he darted forward; which, reaching the ears of the girl, the well known voice caused her to look round; and she, in turn, partook of the agreeable surprise. A warm embrace, and a plentiful flow of true Irish endearing epithets, from their gladdened tongues, was the result.—Happy souls! may they ever be the favorites of Fortune.

COSMO.

Rev. A. H. Stowell, of Hinesburg, Vt. will preach at St. John's Church next Sabbath.

The Sherbrooke Gazette announces, that the Engineers employed to survey the route of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad from that town to the boundary line, have completed their labors, having reported in favor of the Moe's stream route.

The Scientific American says that the wonderful gun cotton, about which so much is now said in the newspapers, is very liable to explode spontaneously after having been kept a few days, and no means of preserving it in safety has been discovered.

A writer in the Boston Courier, estimates the rise in value on the agricultural productions of the United States, since September 1, 1846, as follows: On the crop of Indian Corn, (estimated at 480,000,000 bushels) the advance (estimated at 25 cents per bushel,) is \$120,000,000; on the crop of wheat the advance is estimated at \$56,000,000; on the crop of oats, \$16,000,000; rye \$36,000,000; on the crop of hay the advance (in consequence of the increased use of corn and other grains for bread stuffs) is estimated at \$45,000,000. Showing a total rise in value of \$273,000,000.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot says:—

"Commodore Stewart returns to Philadelphia without any orders to proceed to the Gulf to take command of the squadron there. It appears that, in the interview he had with the President on the subject, the latter wished to shift the responsibility of an attack upon the castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa from his own shoulders, to those of the veteran Commodore, by leaving it to his discretion to assault the castle, or not, as he might decide! But Commodore Stewart said, No! if you order me to go and take that fortress, I will obey your orders, and do my best to take it; but I cannot assume the responsibility of the enterprise." The Government would not give the order, under these circumstances; and so Commodore Stewart has gone back to Philadelphia."

LOSS OF THE U. S. SLOOP OF WAR BOSTON.—By the arrival at this port of the schooner Volant, Capt. Matthias, from Ragged Island, we are put in possession of the following particulars of the loss of the U. S. Sloop of war Boston, Com. George F. Pearson, from New-York, bound to Gulf of Mexico.

The Boston left New-York on the 8th of November, and had very pleasant weather until the morning of the 15th, when, during a heavy black squall, accompanied with thick rain, and going then at the rate of nine knots per hour, she struck on an outer reef, on the Northern Point of the Island of Eleuthera, (one of the Bahamas) and drove within fifty yards of the shore, broadside on. Immediately cut away the masts, and began throwing over shot. When daylight appeared, it brought clear weather. During the squall, the quarter boat was swept away and swamped.

All the officers and crew succeeded in reaching the shore in safety, where they had been living in tents for two weeks, when the Volant took off two officers and ten men, whom she has brought to this port. The officers are Passed Midshipman W. G. Temple and Midshipman J. B. Smith. The remainder of the officers and crew were left on the Island, and expected to embark in a few days, for Nassau, (N. P.) from whence they will take passage for this port.

They had already sent two schooners, loaded with stores, &c., to Nassau, and expected to ship the balance by the vessel that was to carry them to that place.

The Boston now lies high and dry, and bilged, within fifty yards of the shore, stripped of every thing except the guns and water tanks, which it was impossible to get out.

FROM JAMAICA.—By the brig Thames, we have files of Kingston papers to the 27th of November. Great fears are entertained for the safety of her Majesty's schooner Pickle, which left Port Royal more than a month ago for the Isle of Pines, having on board Col. Brice, the brother of the Governor, Lord Elgin. The Jamaica House of Assembly had been prorogued to the 10th November, in consequence of the uncertainty attending the arrival of Sir Charles Grey, the Governor. The Jamaica press is assailing the system of Coolie emigration, as demoralizing, productive of loss, and leading to the most criminal and disgusting practices.—N. O. Bee Dec. 1.

We regret to learn that there have been some losses at sea, consequent on the late gale. The ship Mersey, and the ship Reliance, both went ashore on the 24th ult. at Grand Aube, three miles above Matane. The Empire, it is said, experienced a similar fate at little Matane, and the Harland in the same situation at l'Islet. Fears are also entertained for the whole fleet of 23 or 24 vessels, that were in company when the gale came on.—Montreal Economist.

A PROPER DISTINCTION.—Gov. Chittenden, Chief Magistrate of Vermont, was of humble birth and rose by the force of talent to his exalted station. Yet while Governor of the green mountain empire, he still continued to keep the same tavern upon the steep hill side that he kept for many years before. One evening a wagoner drove up and accosted him thus: "Governor Chittenden, as chief magistrate of Vermont, I render you all due homage; but as landlord Chittenden, I'll thank you to turn out my horses."

"I weeded my friends," said an old eccentric friend, "by hanging a piece of stair carpet out of my first floor window, with a broker's announcement affixed. Gad! it had the desired effect. I soon saw who were my friends. It was like firing a gun near a pigeon house: they all forsook the building at the first report, and I have not had occasion to use the extra flaps of my dining table ever since."

All Yankeeedom was represented in the cargo of the Packet Ship Petersburg, which sailed from Boston for England on Saturday, with 20,500 bushels Indian Corn, 300 hhds. Tallow, 1,500 bbls Flour, 1,200 do. Naval Stores, 500 do. Apples, 400 do. Spermo Oil, 200 do. Lard, 100 do. Grease, 30 do. Shoe Pegs, 100 do. Onions, 60 cases Clocks, 150 Rocking Chairs, 1,500 lbs of Wool, besides sundry small lots of Yankee Notions, and 50 steerage passengers.

A gentleman of excellent character but moderate circumstances, hearing that an immensely rich man was very much bothered with the care of his estate, has generously offered to take it off his hands, relieving him of all care and anxiety, and paying him as much as he now spends for his support as long as he lives.

"Get up, husband," said a lady to her liege lord, the other morning, "daylight is breaking." "Let it break," said he, "it don't owe me anything."

BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.—The Norfolk Herald says:—

We understand that the Ordnance Department at Fort Monroe, under Captain Benjamin Huger, are busily engaged in preparing howitzer batteries, bombs, rockets, &c. to be sent to Mexico, upon a requisition of Major General Scott, and that a company of 100 men specially qualified for that service, are to go with them, in charge of Capt Huger.—They are expected to be in readiness to leave Fort Monroe about the first of January, direct for Tampico. The inference (for we know nothing certain as to their ultimate destination) is that they will join the army under General Scott at Tampico, and proceed with it to Vera Cruz, to bombard the Castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa.

The Boston Courier says—Recruits for 100 men, to compose the howitzer company, are advertised for in various states, including Massachusetts. The men are to be of good qualifications, and are informed that they will share largely in the danger and honor of the campaign.

Latest from Mexico.—Advices were received at New Orleans from Monterey on the 4th inst. It is probable that Gen. Wool has ere this joined Gen. Taylor with his force.

The town of Tampico has been put into a state of defence, and reinforcements were arriving daily. The state of Mexico is represented to be in a worse condition than ever. Santa Anna lately addressed his troops, apparently with a view to extract from them an invitation to assume the government. It is stated that to his great disappointment, the army received his address with great coolness. He immediately afterwards started with all his cavalry, it was stated, on a scouting expedition. Some supposed it was to cut off one of the divisions of the American Army, but the better opinion seemed to be that he had gone to the city of Mexico to watch and direct the new Congress, which was to convene about the 1st of December.

The late elections had resulted in the promotion of Herrera to the Presidency.

The army at San Luis numbers about 16,000, and reported to be badly armed and provisioned, while the country is distracted by factions.

The U. S. steamer Neptune, was blown on to the bar off Tampico on the 25th ult., and completely wrecked. Her crew were taken off by the Spitfire.

MONTREAL RAILROAD.—The Railroad Commissioners have closed their labors, in laying out and appraising the land damages of this Railroad as far as Sanborn Bridge. The Concord Railroad has tendered to the Montreal Road the free use of their passenger depot in Concord for all purposes connected with that part of the business of the Road.

"What's the matter, uncle Jerry," said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah K. was passing by growing most furiously. "Matter?" said the old man, "why, I've been luggin' water all the mornin' for Dr. C's wife to wash with; and what do you suppose I got for it? May-be nippence. 'Nippence!'—she told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me sometime!"

MR. EDITOR,
Your kindness to those fond of riddling and unriddling, has induced me to ask farther indulgence of giving room to the following Enigma, composed of nine letters.—My 1 2 3 4 9, is what most people are obliged to do where
My 5 7 8 6 is not at hand. There is not a letter written in town, either by man of business, pleasure, or lover, but would be incomplete, were not my whole as a prominent part enclosed.

To those fond of puzzling with figures I would say—please place the numbers from 1 to 49 inclusive in the form of a multiplication table, (i. e. numbering 7 squares each way,) in such a manner that all the lines when added, whether up and down, right and left, or diagonally, may make 175 each.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.			
[Corrected for the Transcript.]			
	Nov. 27, 1846.		
Wheat, - - - per minot	5 0 a	5 6	
Oats, - - - - -	1 10 a	2 0	
Barley, - - - - -	2 9 a	3 1 1/2	
Peas, - - - - -	4 0 a	4 6	
Buckwheat, - - -	2 0 a	2 6	
Flaxseed, - - - -	4 0 a	5 0	
Potatoes, - per bushel	3 0 a	3 4	
Beans, - - - - -	3 9 a	4 0	
Honey, - - - per lb.	0 5 a	0 6	
Beef, - - - per lb.	0 3 a	0 6 1/2	
Mutton, - - per qr.	2 6 a	5 0	
Lamb, - - - - -	1 8 a	3 9	
Veal, - - - - -	3 0 a	10 0	
Pork, - - - per lb.	0 3 a	0 6	
Butter, Fresh, - - -	0 10 a	1 0	
Butter, Salt, - - -	0 7 a	0 8	
Cheese, - - - - -	0 6 a	0 7 1/2	
Lard, - - - - -	0 6 a	0 7	
Maple Sugar, - - -	0 4 a	0 5	
Eggs, - - - per dozen	0 10 a	1 0	
Turkeys, (old) per couple	6 0 a	7 6	
Turkeys, (young) - -	5 0 a	6 3	
Geese, - - - - -	4 9 a	5 0	
Chickens, - - - -	1 6 a	2 6	
Onions, per barrel,	7 6 a	8 0	
Oatmeal, per quintal,	10 0 a	14 0	
Beef, - - - per 100 lbs	25 0 a	30 0	
Fresh Pork, per 100 lbs	25 0 a	30 0	
Onions, per bushel	2 6 a	2 9	

BRIGHTON MARKET.—MONDAY, Dec. 7th, 48 1/2
At market, 1000 head of Beef Cattle, 950 stores, 14 yokes working oxen, 36 cows and calves, 5000 sheep and lambs, and about 700 swine.
Prices—Beef Cattle.—Extra at \$5.75—First quality, \$5.50—second \$4.50 a 4.75—third 3.50 a \$4. Store Cattle.—Sales were not noticed.
Working Oxen.—Sales were made at \$62, \$67, \$70 and \$72.
Cows and Calves.—Sales at \$17, 18, 20, 21, 26, 28, 31, and \$42.
Sheep.—At 75c, \$1, 12, and 1.03 \$2.25.
Swine.—Sales at wholesale, at 4 1-4 c. for sows, and 5 1-4 for barrows. at retail, 5 1-2 to 6 c.

HOPE NEVER DIES.—The extraordinary virtues of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, in the cure of pulmonary complaints, have been attested by so many persons, that he who doubts its efficacy must be in truth a very sceptic. A remarkable cure of consumption has recently been effected by this medicine in the town of Chatham, in this county, and which was related to us by Dr. Herrick, an eminent physician of that town.—A young lady who had long labored under an affection of the lungs, and experiencing any relief was considered by her friends as beyond the reach of medicine, and as she has been informed by her medical attendant that she must die. All her own premonitions also, pointed to the grave. Fortunately she was induced to try a bottle of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry before its contents were exhausted, the young lady experienced great relief, and two more bottles were successively procured and administered. She is now happy in the restoration of health, and blesses the day when she first resorted to the use of this healing Balsam Kinderhook N. Y. Sentinel dated July 31st, 1845.
For sale by T. C. Butler, and by dealers in medicines throughout the United States and Canada. 32 1y

MARRIED.
In this town, by License, on the 9th instant, by Rev. E. S. Ingalls, Mr. John TAYLOR to Miss ESTHER MILLER, both of Stanstead.

DIED.
In this town, on the 8th ult., Mr. THOMAS HAYNES, aged 77 years. Printers in N. Hampshire are requested, &c.
In this town, on the 8th instant, Mr. REUBEN MOORE, aged about 84 years. Printers in N. Hampshire are requested, &c.

At Salem, Vt., on the 27th ult., Mrs. SALLY CHASE, relict of the late Francis Chase, aged 68 years.
A son of the deceased is supposed to be living somewhere in the United States, by profession a sailor, who is one of the heirs. Publishers of papers will confer a favor by noticing.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.
The St. FRANCIS ASSOCIATION will meet in this Town on the 22d inst. A Sermon will be delivered by one of the Ministers of the Association, on Tuesday evening, at 6 1/2 o'clock, in the Congregational Meeting House on Stanstead Plain.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.
Providence permitting, the Rev. C. P. Malory will preach at Griffin's Corner the 3d Sabbath in December, and at the Cass school house in the evening of the same day.
At the Hipwell school house in Hatley, the 4th Sabbath. 59w2
To the Officers and Committee of Management of the Agricultural Society for the County of Stanstead:
YOU are requested to meet at the Inn of JOHN CHAMBERLIN, Stanstead Plain on Monday, the 4th day of January, 1847, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements preparatory to the Winter Show.
By order, JOSEPH C. CHASE, Secretary's Office, } 59w3
Stanstead Plain, Dec. 15. }

Auction Sale.
WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Tuesday the 22d day of December instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the residence of the late Joseph Rogers in Stanstead:
1 Mare, 1 Wagon,
2 Cows, 1 Horse Cart,
1 Colt, 2 Harnesses,
1 Yearling, 1 Cooking Stove,
1 Calf, 1 Harrow,
3 Beds & Bedding, 3 Bedsteads,
and a variety of articles of Household Furniture and Farming Utensils, the above property belonging to the Estate of the said late Joseph Rogers.
TERMS—Cash at the time of sale.
Stanstead, Dec. 8, 1846. 58 2w

THE SUBSCRIBER
WOULD respectfully announce to his friends and the patrons of TRADE and TRAFFIC, that having recently purchased the entire Stock in Trade of Mr. Hugh H. McCaw, and leased the premises occupied as a Store; and having lately replenished the same by additions from Montreal and elsewhere of a choice selection of seasonable GOODS,
adapted to the comfort and convenience of both sexes, which he is prepared to exchange for all kinds of country Produce, Cash or short approved credit, at prices which cannot fail to please the most fastidious. He would also beg to intimate that he has leased the shop and tools for the manufacture of
Sheet Iron Stoves, Stove Pipe and Tin Ware,
in all its varieties, and will furnish at short notice any article that may be required. A large assortment of Tin Ware and Stove Pipe constantly on hand, which he will sell as low as any other establishment in this section of the country.
In short, he flatters himself that by strict attention to the wants of his patrons, and a desire to please, he will merit the reward of a generous public.
JOSEPH ROGERS.
Stanstead Plain, Dec. 1, 1846. 57w

ORLEANS COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
Rev. A. L. TWILIGHT, Preceptor.
Miss HARRIET N. VERBACK, Preceptress.
Winter and Spring Terms of eleven weeks each, commencing Dec. 8th. At the expiration of which Terms will be Teachers' Institute.
Terms as usual.
Brownington, Nov. 25, 1846.
E. G. STONG, WILLIAM JOSLYN, J. P. SKINNER, L. H. STONE, Prudential Committee.
57-3m

LOST between Rock Island and Stanstead Plain, a new Fur Glove. The finder will confer a favor by leaving it at this office. Dec. 1, 1846.

J. B. TORRY,
No. 3, St. ELOI St.
MONTREAL.
HAS constantly on hand a large supply of LIQUORS & WINES, of the best quality.
GROCERIES, " " " " " "
FISH, (all kinds) " " " " " "
OILS, " " " " " "
Which will be sold on the most reasonable terms.
N. B. The Liquors & Wines are guaranteed as represented.
Nov. 17, 1846.

S. W. SNOW,
UPPER STORY OF THE "BAZAAR,"
HAS constantly on hand good Hame Harnesses for sale, at from \$10 to \$12.—Oter work proportionately low.
Stanstead Plain, Nov. 24, 1846. 56 6m

Cheapest in the World!
IS as easily printed as any of the numerous puffs now so plentiful in the public journals; we, however, of the Stanstead Bazaar, would only respectfully remind the public, that we are
SELLING OFF
THE WHOLE STOCK ON HAND
at a slight advance over cost, to pay charges; and furthermore, will not be undersold by any merchant in the country, be they who or what they may. The stock consists, principally, of new Winter Goods of the latest styles, Dry Groceries, Crockery, and the usual variety of a general dealer. In Broad Cloths, our stock, for variety and quality, is second to none in this section of the country. The whole to be sold at greatly reduced prices for Cash or Produce paid down, as W. Brooks decidedly closes up his business in Stanstead during the present winter.

ALL THOSE
Indebted to W. BROOKS, of the Bazaar, are again solicited to pay up as soon as possible.
N. B. The Goods will be shown freely and the lowest price for cash at once named.
Stanstead Plain, Nov. 24, 1846. 56w

CHEAP GOODS.
NEW GOODS. The best Bargains GOING may be —OBTAINED AT— Knight & Kilborn's. ON THE PLAIN. GOOD GOODS.
K. & K. having received full supplies of Fall and Winter Goods, are prepared to offer at Great Bargains their entire stock, which comprises an unusual great variety of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Crockery, Groceries & Hardware.
K. & K.'s stock having been selected with the greatest care and attention as to style, quality, &c., and no pains having been spared to secure the best bargains CASH IN HAND could procure, both at PRIVATE SALE and at AUCTION, they feel confident all who favor them with a call will be fully satisfied that they have a choice selection, and that they REALLY are giving Great Bargains.
N. B.—While we invite the attention of the Public to our supply of Fall and Winter Goods, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without returning our warmest thanks for the very liberal share of patronage we have received, and intimating to our customers that we intend to merit a continuation of their favors.
We remain the Public's old humble servants,
OCT. 29, 1846. KNIGHT & KILBORN.

LIST OF LETTERS
REMAINING in the Post Office, Stanstead, Dec. 5, 1846.
Ayer Frederick Magoon Sarah
Bailey Abigail Mogah George
Bangs Chancey Morrill Francis
Boyington Thomas N. Magoon Stewart
Bickford Tristram McAlkin Wm.
Bryant Bartlett 2 Miles Samuel
Brown Benjamin Mory Benjamin
Brown Maria C Merrill Peter
Boody Daniel Moore Robert
Church Squire Moulton Abiel
Coburn Clarissa Munro George
Clefford John S Newton W H
Colby Harrison Perkins Nathan
Cox Joseph Pendergrast John
Cullings Mary Reed M T
Davis William Reece James
Davis Caleb Roney Peter
Dewey John Ritchie Elizabeth
Drew Ruth Rix William P
Driscoll Mary Rogers Joseph
Glidden Noah jr Rogers Harriet
Griffin Wilder B Savage Patrick
Glass Robert Sabins J
Goodwin Asa Smith Austin
Groves Dorcas M Smith Stephen II
Harvey Burton Southmade Ebenezer
Harford Amos Shory James H
Hinman Lucy P Stewart Peter
Huckins George Sweet Mary
Huggins Electa Tasey Wm.
House George Tucker Alice
Hartwell Catherine Varnum Benjamin
Hubbard Henry Wardrobe Daniel
King Edward Walker Nancy
Lindsay Nancy Woodward William
Lock Jane M Wilson James
Manoe Mary 2 Wilcox Lydia
May Willard Webb Henry
B. F. HUBBARD, Acting P. M.

DR. MONSELL,
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, (London).
BEEBE PLAIN.
Terms according to the customs of the country. 57w1
December 1, 1846.

J. A. & G. PIERCE,
Have just received a large assortment of FALL & WINTER GOODS, being the richest and most fashionable stock they have ever had the pleasure of offering their friends and customers. It is unnecessary to particularize the many different patterns of new and beautiful styles of
Cloak and Dress Goods, SHAWLS, &c.

but the ladies may be assured that the latest styles may be found at our establishment.—For particulars they will please call and examine.

A well selected stock of Fancy Goods of all kinds. Also, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, BROADCLOTHS, of various qualities and prices:

Overcoat Cloths,
an excellent assortment; Cassimeres, Vestings, Cravats, Gloves, and a variety of woolen Goods for winter use.

FURS.
Muffs, Boas, Tippets, Caps, Gloves, &c. A large stock of English, French and American PRINTS.

DOMESTIC GOODS
Of every description. Brown Sheetings, Ticking, Flannels, Drilling, Carpetings, Cotton Yarn, Wicking, Batting and Wadding.—Also, a complete assortment of

CROCKERY, GLASS AND HARDWARE.
A choice selection of

GROCERIES,
Teas, Coffee, Sugar, Spices, Tobacco, &c. &c., all of which will be sold upon as reasonable terms as at any establishment in the country.
Stanstead Plain, Oct. 20, 1846.

BAXTER, FRENCH & CO.,
—HAVE JUST RECEIVED THEIR—
Fall and Winter Stock of Goods!

WHICH they say, without fear of contradiction, is the largest and best selected stock they have had for three years; and what is still better, were bought entirely for Cash, and at such bargains as will sell them to those wishing to purchase and are in want of GOOD BARGAINS, without looking further.
Baxter, French & Co., are determined to sell low for cash, (we mean as we say) very low for cash, and will not be undersold by ANY ONE.
For the five year's patronage so liberally bestowed upon us, we tender our thanks; and we say to all, that our endeavors to give perfect satisfaction to those who may favor us with a call, shall not be wanting.
REMEMBER!
The Old Yellow Store.
Rock Island, Oct. 1846.

NEW GOODS.
J. G. GILMAN & CO.
BEG to announce to their customers and the public, that they are now receiving their FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF GOODS—which comprises a complete and general assortment of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery & Hardware.
Also, Paints, Oils, Liquors, &c. &c. All of which they are disposed to sell at their usual low prices, for CASH, Produce, or approved Credit. (Remember our motto—We prefer the nimble sixpence to the slow shilling.)
Rock Island, Oct. 22, 1846.

CAPS, FURS, &c.
The undersigned, grateful for past favors, would respectfully intimate to the inhabitants of Stanstead and vicinity, that he is now manufacturing at his shop on Stanstead Plain, in the newest style and exceedingly cheap for cash or produce, Otter, Sable, Mink, Nutra, Fitch, Mock Fitch, and Winter

CLOTH CAPS.
And a great variety of MUFFS, BOAS and rich TIES including superior Russian Grey Squirrel of different patterns. All kinds of Skins dressed and made to order. Furs of every kind made over on the most reasonable terms. Also, the highest price paid for House Cat and all kinds of SHIPPING FURS.
Good wages will be given to a good steady female to work at the above business, if application is made immediately.
ONIAS HASELTINE.
Stanstead, Oct. 21, 1846. 52w

SPALDING, FOSTER & CO.
BEG to inform their customers and the public, that they have now received and opened a large and well selected stock of
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
bought entirely with CASH, which they are prepared to sell at the lowest possible prices for cash or produce.

Our stock is large, and comprises most descriptions of Goods usually called for in this section.
We shall in a short time receive our BUFFALO ROBES, and can then offer Buffalo Robes, Muffs, Boas; Fur, Fur Band and Cloth CAPS, in great variety, and as cheap for cash as the cheapest.
We respectfully invite those wishing to purchase to give us a call.
Rock Island, Oct. 1846.

IMPORTANT!
I will be highly important for all those who are indebted to SPALDING, FOSTER & Co., either by Note or Book account, (that has been due over 12 months) to call at their store and settle the same before the 1st day of April next.

Stanstead, Nov. 28, 1846.

