

Poetry.

[From Colman's Monthly Miscellany for August.]

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY HENRY F. GOSLIN.

Thou mournful bird, when shadows fall
At evening, o'er hill and dell,
I heard thee sing thy sorrowful
And as the dew fell,
Again, amid this twilight gray,
I hear thee pour thy solemn lay,
With only one sad thing to say—
Sill crying "Whip-poor-will!"

O, who has whistled thee, gentle bird,
That now thy wailing note is heard,
And with thy wailing note is heard,
Thou dost sing from thy hill?
How couldst thou start or trouble thee,
To utter from thy native tree,
And send the mourning back to me,
Repeating "Whip-poor-will?"

And wherefore didst thou grieve thus so,
To give thy wailing note of woe,
Which comes so plaintively to show
That thou hast used thee ill?
Didst thou go through the woods alone,
Where heavily laden with thick snow,
When thou wast taught thy pious tone
And story, "Whip-poor-will?"

There have they made thee all the day,
In silence hide thyself away,
To lose the light, the laugh, the play
Of sun, and shout, and merriment,
And didst thou now stand such a friend
Of mourning in the evening shade,
That here thy wailing plaint is made
Again, and "Whip-poor-will?"

The trembling stars and lunar gleam,
That fall in the twilight beam,
Perchance would make poor Whip-poor-will
His law were round him still.
And in the cope-wood dark and deep
A wailing flower, or leaflet's sweep
Might startle thee, in troubled sleep,
To murmur "Whip-poor-will!"

My bird, there's mystery in thy strain—
A power I might read in vain,
With mournful joy—with pleasing pain
My inmost soul to thrill.
'Tis memory sits to wail mine eye,
By wailing shades of days gone by,
When first, a child, I heard the cry
Solemn, "Whip-poor-will!"

I call thee Bird, yet, thou may'st be
A spirit, for I cannot see
I never can catch a glimpse of thee;
And undiscovered still.
The vision form that might appear,
Wert thou to sight reveal'd, is clear
As a day's presence to mine ear
Mysterious Whip-poor-will!

Miscellaneous.

MALTA.

Malta is naturally a barren rock. Circumstances however have often given to it unusual importance. The last great event in its history was the removal there of the Knights of St. John early in the sixteenth century, in whose possession it continued until 1798, when it was captured by the French. In 1800 it surrendered to the English, and was acknowledged as a possession of the British crown by the congress of Vienna. All the stimulants, however, which gave importance to Malta were extrinsic; and when these ceased, the redundant population, left without physical resources, without trade, manufactures, or capital, necessarily sunk down to the poverty and wretchedness so touchingly described by a former correspondent. (Athenaeum, No. 519.) Poverty and ignorance work in a circle, and tend to perpetuate and increase the misery they suffer from. The case with which men's animal life may be sustained in Malta, tends also to encourage early marriages; and according to Mr. Badger's report, this barren rock is more densely peopled than any, the most favoured country in Europe: the same extent of surface, he observes, which in England supports 152 souls, contains in Malta nearly eight times that number. This case is shown in a saying common there, that a man may dine on fish, flesh, and fowl for a halfpenny; and this is not so extravagant as might be imagined. The difficulty is to get the halfpenny. The necessities and even luxuries are so cheap, and money so scarce, that a shopkeeper will not refuse to serve some portion of cooked meat even for a single grain—that is, the sixth part of a halfpenny. What toil and exertion are often gone through to obtain that single grain, is known to every one who has ever chanced to put into the port of Valetta. There are boys, and we believe men, who gain a livelihood by diving for oysters and other shell fish, or articles which may have fallen or been thrown overboard from the ships. No sooner does a vessel arrive than a boat load or two of these naked striplings come under stern, and there they will remain through a summer's day, throwing up their arms and bobbing down their heads, to induce the looker-on to toss over a halfpenny, accompanying their significant gestures with "Heave for a dive, captain, heave for a dive." The moment the miserable coin is thrown into the water, a whole shoal of them instantly plunge headlong after it, and one or other never fails to make prize of it long before it reaches the bottom; and eager struggles may often be seen at considerable depths under the water, as to who shall retain the spoil. This is a sort of sport and pastime at other places, but at Malta it is a trade. From a little luck in this way does many a Maltese boatman date the beginning of his fortune, and at this very time there is in Valetta harbour a well known man, who saved enough from these halfpenny dives to purchase a boat, and in remembrance of the circumstance he has christened her "Heave for a dive," which is blazoned forth in large letters upon her stern.—Athenaeum.

A FEW WORDS ON HANDS.—As different as their moral natures and their personal appearances are the hands of a lady and those of a gentleman—as different as iron from silver—as the branch of the gnarled oak and the tender stock of the most delicate of myrtles. The gentleman's fit to wield the sword—itsself a weapon,—whose beauty is in the firmness of its grasp and in its powerful symmetry. The lady's a daintiness, made to bear only flowers, and such fair and beautiful things as will not harm its delicacy or pollute the perfect chastity of its hue—to fondle the strings of the lute, or the ivory tongues of the pianoforte—to cool with its kind palm the heated forehead of a beloved one—whose pressure bringeth a year's

joy and hope,—over whose fingers love's breath seems to have shed a warm bloom. Hands, we contend, are women's most irresistible charm to persuade us against our most excellent and powerful resolutions, on matters most intimately connected with our interests. Eyes can look a good deal, especially blue ones, (which we pronounce the finest of any)—lips, also, smile us into compliance with considerable ease—but there have been found men with hearts sufficiently strong to resist both. We are not aware of any man whose heart, however, could resist the pressure of his own by the hand of his beloved one—the printing-press has done a great deal, but nothing can press with such certainty as a lady's hand. This assertion admits of no correction whatever; if any person imagine that it does, they are, in all courtesy we inform them, mistaken. The hand also is the most sacred medium of intercourse between lovers—their eyes not only look but are looked at. It is impossible to place them between their shoulders. Smiles, when love awakens them, are apt to be so beautiful, that they are sure to be remarked by more than her or him for whom they are intended; but the hand can bring about a reconciliation or renew affection sensibly, as well as vehemently and sincerely, that while it enables the parties to understand one another better than by any other means, nobody is at all aware that the lady has squeezed the gentleman's, or his hers—a squeeze of the hand being a sort of amatory pistol, very effective in its effects, but all over in an instant. The hand also, it should never be forgotten, bears the sweetest of all bonds—the marriage ring, the sweetest of all bonds—the perfect union of two human beings. To its custody is the treasure given—a treasure which gives it its chief beauty—lovely as it is in itself—which sheds round it the halo of a thousand associations, and makes it the keeper of the heart's regalia.—Court Journal.

PLUNDER AT SERINGAPATAM.—Some conception may perhaps be formed of the magnificent expectations which we were led to entertain, when I state that on the first day on which we were occupied in taking charge of the spoils, we counted not less than 1,200,000 salutaris pagodas; which, at four rupees to the salutaris, was equivalent with forty eight lacs of rupees, or nearly £500,000 sterling. The pagodas being sealed up in bags of 1000 each, it needed only to ascertain the contents of the first bag—for so we were apprized by the shroffs or money-changers—and to take the remainder by weight; in which there never was found the smallest deficiency. The prize agents, seven in number, were therefore perhaps well warranted in congratulating each other on being each £10,000 richer than in the morning of that day. In the meantime, although the whole of the palace had been assigned to the safe-guard of a detachment of Europeans, ever since the evening of the storm, the Towshah Khannah, or baggage depot, in the S.W. angle of the first court, was discovered, in the morning of the 5th, to have been the scene of indiscriminate plunder. What led to this discovery was a train of pagodas, strewn from the door of the depot along the floor of the west verandah, to the entrance of the court, or quadrangle. The question agitated was, whether this unfortunate spoliation had taken place prior to, or after, the period at which the palace had been put under safe-guard. But the loss to the captors in general could never be ascertained: while but little advantage accrued to the soldier. Nevertheless, some conception may be formed on the subject when it is stated, that Dr. Mein, a surgeon in the army, purchased from a soldier of the 74th Regt. for a mere trifle, two pair of solid gold bangles, or bracelets, set with diamonds; the least costly of which was valued by a Hyderabad jeweller, at 50,000 salutaris, or 320,000 rupees, at the lowest exchange equivalent with £32,000 sterling. The other pair he declared to be of such superlative value, that he could not pretend to express any opinion. It was, moreover, notorious, that a quantity of the most valuable pearls was to be bought in the bazaars, from the soldiery, for a bottle of spirits.

On one occasion, Sir David Baird made his appearance at the prize table, exhibiting with anger, ill suppressed, a large ruby ring, which he said had been allotted to him at the value of 1,000 salutaris; but which, on being taken out of the setting, proved to be nothing more than a lump of coloured glass, not worth even as many cowries. Fortunately, on referring to the register, it was found that he had entered in a parenthesis—(if real)—1,000 salutaris. This was not less satisfactory to ourselves than it was to the general, and we rejoiced at the opportunity of doing him justice, by exchanging the allotment, for another of sufficient value. Much about the same time also, we had the mortification of receiving from Major General Popham, a most grievous complaint, that we had valued the allotment which fell to his share at 10,000 salutaris; whereas they appeared to him nothing better than a bunch of chipped glass. When the parcel was handed over to the jeweller, for re-inspection, he declared that the article was fully worth that sum, and that he had not a doubt but the money would be given for it in the bazaar. The general consented to make the trial; and actually received for the article, not less than 1,000 salutaris beyond the valuation. We rejoiced at the circumstance; but I do not recollect that the general felt it expedient to relinquish the surplus. The article consisted of a bulse of table diamonds; which certainly did not appear better than so many chips of tale, or isinglass. They are, however, much used in the formation of native ornaments; and have, therefore, generally a very ready sale.

As it is something in illustration of character, I cannot forbear mentioning that one day, while Major Ogg and myself were turning over the leaves of these multifarious MSS., one of the young princes who had been permitted to look on upon us, was overheard in rather an audible whisper, to observe to his attendants—"Only see how these hogs are allowed to contaminate my father's books."—Major Price's Memoirs.

A RUSSIAN BATH.—Having secured my room, I mounted a drozky, and hurried to a bath. Riding out to the suburbs the drozky boy stopped at a large wooden building, pouring forth steam from every chink and crevice.

At the entrance stood half naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath, but the worst I had known was like the breath of the gentle south wind compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator placed me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed in a bucketful of water, which sent forth volumes of steam like a thick fog into every part of the room; he then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop dipped in soap and hot water; then he raised me up, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tubfuls on my head; then laid me down again, then scrubbed me with soap and water from my head to my heels long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackmoor white; then gave me another soaking with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was hot as an oven when he laid me down on the bench; the vapour which almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and finding no avenue of escape, gathered round my devoted body, fairly scalding and blistering me; and when I had removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end, but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony I cried out to my tormentor to let me up; but he did not understand me, or was loath to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs, until, perfectly desperate, I sprang off the bench, tumbled over him, and descended to the floor. Snow, snow, a region of eternal snow seemed paradise; but my tormentor had not done with me; and as I was hurrying to the door he dashed over me a tub of cold water. I was so hot that it seemed to him as it touched me; he came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, what had always seemed a traveller's story, the high satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian in mid-winter, rushes from his hot bath, and rolls himself in the snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man.—Stephen's Travels.

The following characteristic anecdote of a British sailor will be read with interest. The subject of it was the father of Sir T. Troubridge, now one of the Lords of the Admiralty: "A curious scene occurred on board (Lord Howe's action); Captain Troubridge, who had been recently taken in the Castor, with his convey, by the Sans Paradoxe on the morning of the 1st of June bound to Newfoundland, was a prisoner on board the French ship just named, where Rear Admiral Nicot had his flag flying. After Lord Howe had obtained his position, and had drawn up his fleet in a line parallel to that of the enemy, he brought to, and made the signal to go to breakfast. Troubridge knew the purport of the signal, and telling it to the French Admiral, they took advantage of the time allowed for the same repast. Troubridge (whose appetite never forsook him on these occasions) was helping himself to a slice from the brown loaf, when the French captain observed to him by an interpreter, (for Troubridge would never learn their language,) that the English Admiral showed no disposition to fight, and he was certain did not intend it. 'What!' said the English hero, dropping his loaf, and laying his hand almost too emphatically on the Frenchman's shoulder, while he looked him furiously in the face, 'not fight! stop till they get their breakfast; I know John Bull well, and when his belly is full you will get it.' In a few minutes after this the fleet bore up to engage. Troubridge was sent to the boat-swin's store-room, where for a length of time he leant against the foremast, and amused himself in pouring out every invective against the French, and the man appointed to guard him. Suddenly he felt the vibration of the mast, and heard it fall over the side; when grasping the astonished Frenchman with both his hands, he began to jump and caper with all the gestures of a maniac. The Sans Paradoxe soon after surrendered, and Troubridge assisted in getting her to rights and taking her into port."—Brenton's Naval History.

SLAVERY IN RUSSIA.—The serfs of Russia differ from slaves with us in the important particular that they belong to the soil, and cannot be sold except with the estate; they may change masters, but cannot be torn from their connexions or their birth place. One-sixth of the whole peasantry of Russia, amounting to six or seven millions, belong to the crown, and inhabit the imperial demesne, and pay an annual tax. In particular districts, many have been enfranchised, and become burgers and merchants; and the liberal and enlightened policy of the present emperor is diffusing a more general system of melioration among these subjects of his vast empire. The rest of the serfs belong to the nobles, and are the absolute property, and subject to the absolute control of their masters, as much as the cattle on their estates.—Some of the seigneurs possess from seventy to more than a hundred thousand; and their wealth depends upon the skill and management with which the labour of these serfs is employed. Sometimes the seigneur sends the most intelligent to Petersburg or Moscow to learn some handicraft, and then employs them on his own estates, hires them out, or allows them to exercise their trade on their own account on payment of an annual sum. And sometimes, too, he gives the serf a passport, under which he is protected all over Russia, settles in a city, and engages in trade, and very often accumulates enough to ransom himself and family. Indeed, there are many instances of a serf's acquiring a large property, and even rising to eminence. But he is always subject to the control of his master; and I saw at Moscow an old mongik who had acquired a very large fortune, but was still a slave. His master's price for his freedom had advanced with his growing wealth, and the poor serf,

unable to bring himself to part with his hard earnings, was then rolling in wealth with a collar round his neck; struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, and hesitating whether to die a beggar or a slave.—Stephen's Travels.

The invention of alphabets, or of writing in the modern sense of the word, was the first step towards the overthrow of idolatry; and it is a remarkable fact, that Europe owes her alphabet to the only nation, which, in the remote ages, preserved itself to any considerable extent from the worship of symbols; but still it was only a partial remedy; for books, those sworn foes of all idols,—of all worship of the world of sense,—were but few, and "even the old man eloquently preached his meditations wisdom to a small audience." It is true, that wherever they went, they were fraught with a true vitality; they sped like the knights errant of old, releasing many an oppressed mind from captivity, and here and there lighting the lamp of truth in a land of darkness; yet their influence was very limited: and even after the Christian religion had appeared, causes, which are well known, operating with it, crumbled the old fabric of civilization into minute fragments, and the mind of man was again a worshipping of images and of art. At length came the invention of printing, the most important event, perhaps, in the history of the world. From this time forth, the book was not a solitary hero, a Hercules or a Theseus, striving for the liberation of men from the giants who tyrannized over them. Their name was Legion; in infinite haste they spread themselves over the world, conquering and to conquer. First of all, the idolatry of popery fell before them; then art, as the instrument of idolatry, was overthrown; philology came forth as her handmaid; fidelity and tyranny gave way to their victorious march, and to this day the despots of the world tremble before them. Let us not be deceived: Luther was great, but Gutenberg was still greater. The latter did not kill but gave life, for it was by the letter that the spirit lived again; and it is the aid of the letter, it is philology, in one of its forms, which we must have recourse to whenever we would struggle with these idols of the forum, the realized ideals that ever and anon usurp the throne of reason, and tyrannize over the uneducated free-will of man.—Donaldson's New Criticism.

LORENZO DOW.—Lorenzo Dow was an oddity of the oddest kind. The best anecdote of him is, that being one evening at an hotel, kept by one Bush, in Delhi, New York, the residence of the celebrated General Root, he was importuned by the latter gentleman in presence of the landlord to describe Heaven. "You say a great deal about that place," said the General, "tell us how it looks." Lorenzo turned his grave face, and long, waving beard, towards Messrs. Root and Bush, and then replied, with imperturbable gravity, "Heaven, friends, is a vast extent of smooth and rich territory: there is not a root nor a bush in it, and there never will be."

PUNCTUALITY.—A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with any difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill, up which he cannot ascend.

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To those disposed to adventure, we recommend early application being made to us for tickets—when the prizes are all sold, blanks only remain—the first buyers have the best chance. We therefore, emphasize delay not, but at once remit and transmit to your order, which shall always receive our immediate attention. Letters to be addressed, and application made to

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162 feet on Common Street, 146 feet 6 inches on Camp Street,—Rented at \$25,000, valued at \$500,000

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(Adjoining the Arcade,) No. 16, 24 feet 7 inches, front, on Natchez Street—Rented at \$1,200, valued at \$20,000

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ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.
(Adjoining the Arcade,) No. 20, 23 feet, front, on Natchez Street—Rented at \$1,200, valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.
No. 23, northeast corner of Basin and Custom House street, 40 feet, front on Basin, and 40 feet on Franklin Street, by 127 feet deep in Custom House Street—Rented at \$1,500 valued at \$20,000

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No. 24, south west corner of the Basin and Custom House Street, 32 feet 7 inches on Franklin, 127 feet 10 1/2 inches deep in Custom House Street, Rented at \$1,500, valued at \$20,000

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1 do. 200 do. Commercial do. \$100 20,000

1 do. 150 do. Mech. & Trad. do. do. 15,000

1 do. 100 do. City Bank do. do. 10,000

1 do. 100 do. do do do. 10,000

1 do. 100 do. do do do. 10,000

1 do. 50 Exchange Bank. do. 5,000

1 do. do do do do. 5,000

1 do. 25 do. Gas light do. do. 5,000

1 do. 25 do. do do do. 5,000

1 do. 15 do. Mech. & Tra's do. 1,500

1 do. 15 do. do do do. 1,500

20 prizes, each 10 shares of the Louisiana State Bank, \$100—each prize \$1,000, 20,000

10 prizes, each 2 shares of \$100 each—each prize \$200 of Gas Light Bank. 2,000

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New York, May 7, 1839.

THE MAMMOTH LOTTERY.—We call the attention of our friends to the alteration of the Scheme of this Lottery. It will be seen that a Trust deed has been executed by which all the money received for tickets is deposited in the New Orleans Banks to be properly appropriated; thus giving additional assurance, (if any were wanting,) that the Managers' intention is strictly to fulfill their contract with the public.

TO EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.—Having received newspapers containing the above Scheme, from twenty-five States and Territories besides several of the British Provinces, we are satisfied with the circulation, and therefore request that such papers as have not, up to this time, inserted the advertisement, will be pleased not to do so, and that all other papers will insert it once a week only until the 1st of December, and forward us their accounts.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of PETER M'GUIRE, late of Kingsclear, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts forthwith, and those indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

NANCY M'GUIRE,
Sole Administratrix.

Kingsclear, 11th June, 1839.

REVISED EDITION OF THE PROVINCE LAWS.

The Subscriber having been induced by numerous applications from different sections of the Province, to publish an additional supply of the above valuable work, for the use of those not entitled to copies from Government, such persons as may be desirous of procuring them will have the goodness to leave their names and places of residence, at an early period, to the Royal Gazette Office, or with either of the undermentioned Gentlemen, where Copies of the work may be seen:—

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