

Poetry.

THE DYING BOY.

BY THE LATE J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT, ESQ.
It must be sweet in childhood to give back.
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
Hath grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And soon to gather up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber to lie down and die.
'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
And on this wise bestowed his last request:

"Mother, I'm dying now!
There's a deep suffocation on my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed,
And on my brow I feel the cold sweat stand.
Say, mother, your hand!
Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head;
And say, sweet mother, say when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?"

"Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down at night and pray,
Nor in the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me.
Oh! at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there!"

"Father, I'm going home!
To that great home you spoke of, that blessed land,
Where there is one bright summer, always bland,
And tortures do not come;
From faintness and from pain,
From troubles, fears you say I shall be free—
That sickness does not enter there, and we
Shall meet again!"

"Brother the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've strayed to watch the coming buds and flowers—
Forget it not!
Plant there some box or pine,
Something to bloom in winter time,
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine."

"Sister, the young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;
And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away—my short course run—
And will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

"Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night; I'm weary, and must sleep;
'Who was it called my name?' Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

Morning spreads o'er earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and weary pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The morning air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The fragrant odors of the lovely spring.
He breathed it not. The laugh of passer-by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful note.
But worried not his slumber. He was dead!

Miscellaneous.

VISIT TO THE SALT MINES AT SALZBURG.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

The passage we had now entered was quite wide, and high enough to admit one person, the roof peaked, and the sides shelving, so that our sphere of action was confined to a narrow space in the centre, where, guarded in front and rear by a body of sturdy mountain gnomes bearing torches, we marched on—an unsocial party—stopping occasionally to admire the glittering veins of red and white salt in the walls of our rocky corridor. At length the foremost guide made a halt, and, flinging the blaze of his torch forward, showed a barrier to our progress in a dark bottomless pit. I was in the rear of the party, and, seeing neither ropes nor buckets visible, awaited further orders. In the mean time the chief of our miners had singled madame from the group. I heard a series of shrill emphatic objections going forward, interspersed with the low growl of the miner's remonstrances; then just such a pause ensued as occurs when the executioner is adjusting the fatal rope. At last a signal was given, and, stepping forward, I just caught the retreating figure, and last pathetic "Grand dieu" of poor Madame, as she vanished from our eyes into the shades below. Thus, one by one, my companions disappeared, till I was left alone with a rough young gnome behind. "Hurrah! the dead can ride space, dost fear to ride with me?" from Burger's Eleonore, was ringing in my ears; but before resigning myself to my fate, I will enlighten the mind of the reader by a brief natural history of this mysterious steed. The machine is simply this—A passage of the same dimensions as the one we had traversed descended almost perpendicularly from where we stood. Down this were fixed two round, smooth beams of timber of about nine inches in diameter, and placed in parallel lines one foot and a half asunder. Over and along the right beam is slung a rope, just affording room between that and the beam to admit the leg. The victim sits down, stretches a leg over each beam, as if astride across both, grasps the rope in his right hand, and leaning back, so as to be in almost a recumbent position, away he slides at a tremendous rate, the steepness of the descent, and his own weight, increasing the impetus to an almost frightful rapidity. All real danger, however, is obviated by the power which the rope passing through his hand gives him; a firm grasp of which serves as an immediate check. Thus a distance of 500 feet was traversed with the speed of lightning! The ascent is performed by means of narrow stairs, sunk deep between the beams. We gentlemen were left to take care of our own necks, but the ladies were mounted in exactly the same position, *en croupe*, behind the trustiest guides, whom they grasped for further surety by the collar.—Again we continued our walk on level ground, and in a few minutes another of those *Rollins*, as they are termed, presented itself. This time I was the first to take the lover's leap, and on reaching the bottom, was not a little amused at the *coup d'œil* before me. Down came my companions, like falling angels; Madame perched on her gnome, like a monkey on a Bruin; their hair whistling in the wind; their torches blown to the shortest span, and a shower of sparks from a thousand diamonds around and above, accompanying their fall, and marking the rapidity of their descent. Thus passenger after passenger was lodged at my feet, and all fear vanished. We began really to enjoy this novel exercise, and each succeeding *Rollie* was the signal for fresh merriment and reciprocal jokes. Again we pursued our apparently interminable path, the

torches flinging a momentary gleam into the mouths of numberless dark avenues with which our path was intersected. Our miners, however, threaded their path through this maze with that confidence which a long intimacy with the secret of the mountain had given them.

Occasionally our path widened into extensive chambers, amongst which we were shown a neater hewn apartment, a species of mineral store-room—the show boudoir of the mine—where various specimens of crystals and fossils in every gradation of colour, from white to the richest rose tint, gleamed from their dark recesses, like jewels from a lady's casket. Here also was an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to the antiquarian in the variety of antediluvian relics, and a rich collection of old bristles, rusty keys, iron rings, spoons, &c. At the entrance to this chamber stood a simple stone slab, commemorating the date of Maria Theresa's visit to these mines with her imperial consort. Proceeding onwards, we executed three brilliant passages more, down our favourite *Rollins*, whereby the advantage of male attire over female drapery was satisfactorily substantiated. A depth of 1074 feet had been thus descended, and still there seemed no end to the rocky defiles and lofty chambers. At length a change in the atmosphere, a colder, fresher breeze, betokened the vicinity of some more spacious region. Our torches burnt straighter, a louder echo responded to our footsteps; and turning a sudden angle, a scene of enchantment, fit only for fairies and gnomes, burst on our view. Before us, in a dark, smooth, unrippled surface, lay stretched an immense lake, the extent of its shadowy shores dimly outlined by a succession of touch-oks, which, placed at intervals, and receding, like the faintest stars, into the intense darkness, gave token of their existence only by their long tapering reflections in the black water. Above us blazed a mighty fretwork of diamonds, flashing as our torches waved to and fro in playful constellations of light across the dark vault, and reflecting mirror of waters. At length, at a signal from our guides, one of the nearest lights moved from its station, and, emerging from the darkness, a boat and boatman became visible. We entered, and took our places in silence, and as the vessel clef the dark element, a thousand mimic fire-dances danced on the sullen ripples, whose low murmurs, alone disturbed the solemn stillness.

All around bespoke another sphere, or vast chaos, where the germ of life still lay slumbering on the waters. An undefinable charm seemed to bind our thoughts in silence, while the remembrance of our own bright sun, and laughing world above, stole on our minds like "a sweet dream of the past," and faded into airy but alluring phantoms, before this scene of unearthly grandeur. To these impressions, the rough wild figures of the cave-nurtured beings around us not a little contributed, while Charon himself could not have desired a truer representative on earth than the uncouth figure who steered us over this modern Styx. We listened with much interest to the history of this lake, which, while it ministers to thoughts wild and dark as its own deep waters, is at the same time subservient to purposes of worldly emolument. A small cavity is hewn in the rock, into which a stream of fresh water is admitted; this, eating away the particles of salt with which the rock is impregnated, surdly, but slowly, extends its domains, till one mighty fragment yielding after another before its dissolving touch, the bowels of the mountain receive a body of water of the magnitude I have described. When the requisite dimensions are attained, the supply of water is stopped, and the further progress of the element checked by banks of clay; then, after standing the requisite period, the water is drawn off by wooden pipes, which, emerging from the side of the mountain, extend to the adjacent town of Hallein, where, by the common process of evaporation, the crystals which glittered in their dark mountain nests reappear in a purer form; Nature thus acting as her own workman. The revenue accruing to the Austrian government from these mines is £100,000 annually.

It may seem almost incredible to state that in this mountain or rather chain of mountains, there are contained no less than thirty-two lakes of this description. Some of the mighty chambers we had traversed were the dried up beds of former lakes. The one I have described is kept up for the purposes of inspection.

On the opposite shore, a means of conveyance awaited us, for to a long rough plank, with rude wheels at each end, and a swinging bar beneath, I can give no more specific term. Upon this the whole party were obliged to mount astride, packed closer than was perhaps quite convenient, and holding on one another for support, with our feet resting on the unsteady bar beneath. Our steed was a nimble youth, who harnessed himself in front, another acting as steersman behind, and as our wheels ran in an iron rail, and the passage lay on a gentle slope, no exertion beyond that of running and guiding the machine was required. The lads seemed to enjoy the fun, and the faster they galloped, the closer were we obliged to cling for safety, the impetus of the moment threatening to dash us against the rocky sides. The length of this passage is 7800 feet, having consumed in its formation the incessant labour of forty-four years. At last a tiny star twinkled in the extreme distance, and in our rapid career seemed to advance to welcome us: the light of day dawned wider and brighter, and in another instant, emerging from the bowels of the mountain, the overpowering radiance of a splendid setting sun fell in showers of gold around us.

THE BUCCANEER.—The grey mist was gradually dispersing from off the point of Cape San Antonio, when a British cruiser was to be seen lying off and on, under easy sail, waiting the sun's doughty force to clear up the fog off this low land. Her intention was evidently to search strictly this den of piracy and murder, as she had been there all night, using every precaution to elude observation, by extinguishing all lights except the binnacle, which was snugly enveloped by a flood of canvas, to prevent its feeble rays from illuminating her position, or betraying themselves to the marauders, they were in search of. "Masthead, there," said the officer of the deck, (who was a mate with a short tin-japped speaking trumpet in his hand, much scratched and decorated with sea emblems, such as foul anchors, &c., the work, no doubt, of an idle hour, so often occurring to a deck officer, in these hot climates.) "Can you see the vessel round the cape?" "Yes, sir, yes," was the reply. "Then how does she bear?" "About three points under our lee!" "Very well, come down from aloft, and lend a hand to work the ship."

The cruiser, I stated, was a British vessel; her rig was that of a cutter, and her name the *Greecian*; her force was four guns, and the crew consisted of forty men and officers—all told. The *Buccaneer* of modern days, or rather pirate, then in sight, and at anchor, was the celebrated *Sarragossina*, a large topsail schooner, mounting one long heavy pivot gun, with a crew of the most cruel and determined murderers that the records of piracy contain any account of. She had long waged a war of extermination on the traders of those seas, and in some cases had even audaciously exchanged shots with cruisers, and put them at defiance by her almost supernatural speed. The *Greecian*, her antagonist, was, on the contrary, rather a dull sailer, and it was only in the continuance of the then existing calm any hope of capturing this formidable freebooter seemed probable. "All hands shorten sail, ahoy!" resounded from the throats of a rough, honest boatswain and his mate—and the sails of the cutter were quickly brailled up and hauled down. "Get out the sweeps, and run in the guns clear for sweeping; hurry and get grummetts on!"—The order was obeyed with alacrity, and ere the land was perceptibly clear of the morning's misty veil, the cutter moved at a rapid rate, propelled by the pipings and cheering efforts of as lively a crew as ever graced the decks of a man-of-war. "Give way, my ballies, and we'll get the fox out of his hole before breakfast—and give Gallows Point each a decoration as it never had!" Give way, and they are ours!" exclaimed the commander, encouraging the exertions of his men. "Mind your helm, and keep her north-east; that will run us clear of the cape's shoals, sir," said the captain to his executive officer. "Aye, aye, sir."

By this time the sun was out, and the fog broke and scattered itself in small columns around the undergrowth of the cape and edge of the horizon, rendering plainly visible the object of their search—the daring *Sarragossina*—then deliberately weighing her anchor, and with part of her men above, casting loose her sails. The spot she chose for her temporary harbour, was a small nook, or bay, so hemmed in by shoals, that the only outlet was through the narrow channel the *Greecian* was then entering by, so that no probability existed of her getting away from them, in the minds of those hardy Britons.

"Unbucklet your grummetts—lay in your sweeps, and run out your guns," cried the officer—and pipe to quarters, Mr. Catharpin!" The order was obeyed, and the men mustered at their respective guns.

"Lay off your aprons and out tompones—ram home a grist of grape extra for these fellows—they like forced meat balls better than cold rolls; prick your catridges—prime—cock your locks; stand by, Second Captain?" "Sir!" Handle your matches; are they lit?" "Yes, sir." "Then mind, when the order to fire, you apply them, I don't like to trust to a flint."

"Aye, aye, sir."

By this time, the vessels were both fast closing, the pirate having got completely under weigh, the foresail hanging in the brails, so as to fight their *Long Tom*. The *Greecian* hoisted her jib, and hauled out mainsail, which brailled up (in the place of lowering, like most sloops) and was lying off and on in the month of the channel, waiting her antagonist, whose intentions bespoke contempt of her and her predatory powers.

"Hoist our colors, sir," said the English commander, "and give her a gun across the fore-foot—she may be a Spanish cruiser!"

"Aye, aye, sir," and the weather bow gun rung a wide reveille on the placid sea, while the shot hissing and tipping the waters, dashed the briny wave, it struck under the *Pirate's* bow, and threw on her deck the glittering spray. The wind from the N. and E. had now commenced; and first favoring the *Pirate*, she luffed, and brought the *Long Tom* to bear on the *Greecian*.

A bright flash, a crash; and the *Pirate's* iron messenger of death, provided the loud report of their thirty-two, for such was their gun's calibre, had cut away the jib stay, and crippled the mast-head of the cutter.

"Ready! ready! all ready, sir."

"Fire!"

And British sailors taught the bold outlaws that they know how to return such marine civilities; a crash was heard, and she fired again, and slew some four poor fellows on the *Greecian's* deck, and wounded several others.

"Load and fire my lads, briskly, give her a mariner's touch of musquetry," exclaimed the captain, and the battle waxed close and warm.

"Mr. Catharpin," said the sailing master, "get a runner on the end of the forestay, and hoist it up for the present; and trimmers haul in the main sheet and drop the peak of the main-sail," which was soon done, and the men ordered to their guns again.

"Give her langridge my lads."

"Aye, aye."

"Bravely done, cheer, hurrah," shouted the British tars, as the foremost of the *Pirate* tottering, fell athwart the bows, and declared they had them at their mercy.

For a moment or so, a deathlike stillness prevailed on the other side, and a crowd of men on the schooner's deck with hatches, cutting away the rigging that held the wreck of the foremost alongside, showed they were getting it clear of their long gun for further hostile purposes.

"A good aim, my harties, among those red shirts; ready, fire!" and the *Greecian's* last broadside carried death to at least twenty of those desperadoes, of whose bodies some in agony were hurled in the water, dyeing it with their blood; and others dropped lifeless across

the head rails, with their heads hanging down like fenders over her bows; this was the home thrust of the *Greecian's* success.

The *Pirate* propelled sideways by the sea breeze, fell alongside of the *Greecian*, and the Britons, headed by their officers and captain boarded this common enemy. The pirates fought, and owing to their still superior numbers, forced the brave tars of old England back to their vessel, leaving some eight or ten wounded and dead of their numbers on the *Pirate's* deck. "Rally, boys, rally; at it again!" And they re-boarded the pirates, who now gave way. "Down, you son of a—kill him," resounded from far to far as they heaved their way through the motley group of their antagonist's crew.

On one side of the deck lay a British sailor with his head cleft by a sabre, struggling with a wounded pirate, whose wrist he held, whilst his belt knife dull, and his strength almost gone, he sawed its blunt edge across the pirate's throat, and the severed arteries gushed their crimson streams in streaks over the sailor's arm. At last victory was to the just, and the surviving twenty-five pirates on banded knees and earnest supplication were granted quarters by their conquerors, whose force was less than their own, having lost fifteen killed and many wounded in this sanguinary encounter. "Where is your captain?"—*Está déspia*, said several, pointing to a thick set man who lay dead across the breech of the long gun.

"*Está déspia*," cried all the pirates; he was no doubt a brave fellow in a bad cause, and on the waistband of his duck trousers was written "Mitchell," but no further could they glean of their prisoners. The crew of the *Greecian* buried the *Buccaneer's* dead as well as their own—secured the forestay and rose fresh gear, took the piratical vessel in tow, proceeded on to Jamaica with the largest pirate prize that had been captured for many years on those seas. The twenty-five prisoners were condemned and executed on Gallows Point, old Port Royal. And never since has the world been troubled with the bloody detail of the *Pirate* or *Buccaneer* Mitchell. The action lasted about an hour and a half—part of the time nearly within pistol shot.

LOCUSTS IN THE CRIMEA.—At Eupatoria I had an opportunity of witnessing the truth of the surprising accounts the natives relate of the locusts, which so often ravage these countries; the whole face of nature seemed covered with them, at one time swarming on the earth and in the houses; then rising to an immense height, absolutely obscuring the light of the sun. When first rising from the earth, or turning upon the wing, I cannot compare their noise to any thing more appropriate than the roaring of the sea when agitated by a storm. The present swarm were of the *Gryllus migratorius* species, or, as the Tartars call them, *Tschizorka*, distinguished for the red colour of their legs and wings; consequently whenever the rays of the sun shot obliquely over them, they appeared like a vast fiery cloud. They did not, however, finally settle on the steppe; for, on clearing the bay of Eupatoria, we observed them, after two or three attempts to alight, not liking, I suppose, the prospect of starvation on the parched deserts of the Crimea, continue their flight towards Odessa; and so did I; but it is scarcely necessary to say that the wings of the locusts are a swifter conveyance than steam. We had a short but pleasant passage, and, on our arrival, found a fearful battle raging between the inhabitants and the reckless enemies of vegetation. Every noisy weapon, from a pistol to a mortar, from a kettle-drum to a tin casseroles, were rattling like thunder in the hands of the horrified citizens for the purpose of defending their little domains, while the locusts fought quite as bravely to obtain possession of the luxuriant meal promised by the gardens and neat little shrubberies. A more comic scene it would be difficult to imagine; and a stranger, unacquainted with their intentions, would suppose the whole population crazy. The uproar, however, had the desired effect; for the insect multitude, terrified at the clamour, bent their course towards some other territory less vigorously defended. In the midst of this noise and confusion, I entered the house of M—, whose garden is celebrated for being the prettiest in Odessa, when I found him and his whole family labouring to scare away the dreadful intruders. My host, a sedate-looking man, was hammering away with all his might upon an old tin kettle, and greeted my arrival with the salutation—"Oh, these locusts! these locusts!" at the same time rattling his clanging instrument ten times louder than before; every other consideration being absorbed in the prospect of his gay flower-beds becoming the prey of the hungry swarm that hovered round.—*Spencer's Circassia, Crime-Tartary, &c. in 1836.*

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.—At the Donegal assizes the following humorous cross examination of a witness occasioned much merriment in court.

Mr. Dougherty.—What business do you follow?

I am a schoolmaster.

Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn off you?

I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions. (Laughter.)

Are you a great favorite with your pupils?

Aye! truth am I; a much greater favorite than you are with the public.

Where were you sir, this night?

This night, said the witness; there is a learned man—this night is not come yet; I suppose you mean that night. (Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye, as if in triumph.)

I presume the "schoolmaster was abroad" that night, doing nothing?

Define nothing, said the witness.

Mr. Dougherty did not comply.

Well, said the learned schoolmaster, I will define it—it is a footless stocking without a leg—(roars of laughter, in which his lordship joined.)

You may go down Sir.

Faith I believe you have had enough of me, but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them.

A DISPUTE BETWEEN MEN OF HONOUR.—"Sawyer," said the scorbitt youth, in a loud voice.—"Well, Noddy," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.—"I should be very sorry, Sawyer," said Mr. Noddy "to create any unpleasantness at my friend's table, and much less at yours, Sawyer—very; but I must take this opportunity of informing Mr. Gunter that he is no gentleman." "And I should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street in which you reside," said Mr. Gunter; "but I am afraid I will be under the necessity of alarming the neighbours by throwing the person who has just spoken out of the window." "What do you mean by that, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"What I say," replied Mr. Gunter. "I should like you to do it, sir," said Mr. Noddy. "You shall feel me do it in half a minute, sir," replied Mr. Gunter. "I request that you'll favour me with your card, sir," said Mr. Noddy. "I'll do nothing of the kind, sir," replied Mr. Gunter. "Why not, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy. "Because you'll stick it up over your chimney-piece, and delude your visitors into the false belief that a gentleman has been to see you, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.—"Sir, a friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning," said Mr. Noddy. "Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servants to look up the spoons. Good evening, Mr. Noddy," replied Mr. Gunter.—Pickwick.

VULGAR PRONUNCIATION.—One of the peculiarities of vulgar English pronunciation is to put the letter *r* at the end of words ending with a vowel. Some of the inhabitants of London, if they had to speak the following sentence, "A fellow broke the window, and hit Isabella on the elbow, as she was playing a sonata on the piano," would give it in the following manner, "A fellow broke the window and hit Isabella on the elbow, as she was playing a sonata on the piano." Others adopt the contrary plan, and leave out the *r* as often as they can: There are magistrates of high pretensions to education, who would say, "The conduct of the prison and his general character render it proper that he should no longer be a member of this community." Equally glaring is the taking away of *h* from places where it is required, and giving it where its absence is desirable. We had occasion the other day to peruse a manuscript of a smart thoroughbred Londoner, written in a fine free off hand, in which we found the following orthographies: "is-ouse. His new, it is -igh. Has a Hook." The same gentleman would certainly never arm a person by a stroke of his arm, and would really take to breakfast the Hegy of a -en. The termination of words ending in *ing* with a *h*, as *something*, is not less incorrect or less disagreeable.

REPRESENTABLE.—The practice of procuring beautiful females to attend stores, for the purpose of attracting custom, is getting very prevalent in this city. It should be scouted by every high-minded father, and virtuous wife and daughter.—Times. We go with you, Mr. Times—only at the other end of the stick. In our view of the case, it is right and desirable that young women be employed to attend behind counters—whether beautiful or not is a matter of taste—instead of great lulling young fellows, who would be much more in place loitering and idling, and ploughing on their fathers' farms.—A young man ought to be ashamed of being seen behind the counter of a retail dry goods shop, except as owner; all the hired assistants, even to the book-keepers, should be women. The only thing dreadful in such case would be, that the proprietor of the shop have a heavy foot and a stout boot, to kick out the puppies who should offer impertinence, either in word, look, or action.—New York Paper.

EIGHT DRAWS TO AN OUNCE.—A Dutchman, who had been a long time in the use of spirituous liquor, was at length persuaded to give it up, and join the temperance society. A few months after, feeling quite unwell, he sent for a physician, who prescribed for him an ounce of spirits. Not understanding what an ounce was, he asked a friend who told him that eight drachms make an ounce. "Ah," exclaimed the old Dutchman, "the Doctor understands my case exactly. I used to take six drams in a day, and I always wanted two more."—Detroit Morning Post.

Home's tragedy of *Douglas* was first rehearsed in the lodgings in the Canongate, Edinburgh, occupied by Mrs. Sarah Ward, one of *Douglas's* company, and in presence of the most distinguished literary characters Scotland then could boast of. The following was the cast on the occasion:—Lord Randolph, Dr. Robertson, the historian; Glenalvon, David Hume, do.; Old Norval, Dr. Carlyle of Musselburgh; Douglas, Home, the author; Lady Randolph, Dr. Adam Ferguson, and Anna the Maid, Dr. Blair.

Miss Landon, in her new novel of the Reign of George II., will, doubtless, bring to the aid of her genius an entire acquaintance with the moral and political, as well as the literary, speculations of the time. One of the leading characters, we are told, is a young poet struggling with all the difficulties of a literary career, sustained throughout by a lofty idea of his art. The fair author has, no doubt, been able to draw this character to the life, from her own experience in the literary world.

FURS! FURS!! FURS!!!
THE Subscriber has received a large supply of Grey, Grey and White Squirrel, Brown and Black MUFFS and BOAS; Black, Brown, and Swansdown RUFFS; Black Astracan LAMB SKINS; Gentlemen's FUR GLOVES, and FUR CAPS, of various descriptions; which together with a large supply of other goods, he offers for sale, at very low prices, for Cash.

LOST, (supposed to have been taken by mistake) from the Oromocto.—Three Boxes Soap, and one Box Oysters, marked H.F. HENRY FISHER, Jew.

Fred. Victoria, Nov. 21, 1837.