POETRY.

[From the Literary Gazette.]

THE NAVARINO BATTLE CHANT.

(By Allen Cunningham.)

Light royal tower and palace fair,
Bid lordly London shine;
Then lift your silver goblets high,
When they are full of wine;
Hear how the gladdening thousands shout,
Through all the gleaming town!
For England's ocean sword has struck
The haughty Crescent down:
Greece, free in all her hundred isles,
Starts up and cries with me;
A health to George, the Island King,
And sovereign of the sea!

And here's to thee, brave Codrington,
Like powder to the spark,
Thy spirit flashed out bright and strong:
O'er ocean deep and dark,
I see thee wave thy hand, and cry,
"My gallant comrades weigh!"
I see thee, like the thunder bolt,
Red bursting on the bay:
The rushing smoke and volleying flame
Shroud all the heathen ships:
Neath Britain's sun, the Turkish moon
Is suffering an eclipse!

Hot in the midst De Rigny fights,
With his gay sons of France:
And well the stout De Heiden keeps
The battle's bloody stance:
While brave as France, as Russia stout,
Unmatched in might and skill,
The Island sailors make the waves
The vassals of their will;
And leave of all yon stately fleet,
That sailed so lordly by,
But that blood bubble on the waves—
Yon smoke cloud to the sky!

Greece, glorious Greece! thy name's a spell—
An old spell; for none
Of thy old spirit's in the land—
Thy day of glory's gone;
Olympus' hill is dumb, and all
Thy sons are soulless clouds;
The last of mankind—boasting sires
A little less than gods.
In vain doth valour strike the steel
O'er natures dull and cold—
Yet here's to Greece! she shows one spark
Where bright fires flashed of old.

Here's to the Russian, bold and stout—
The Frenchman, frank and brave—
And all heroic hearts who fought
On Navarino's wave;
Again—here's gallant Codrington,
A warrior tried and true!
Name but a braver, better man,
And I shall toast him too.
A health to Royal Clarence,
We owe him three times three:
And here's to George our Island King,
The sovereign of the sea.

MISCELLANY.

THE MARRIED MAN'S STORY.

I had the pleasure, a few days ago, to meet, unexpectedly, a friend from whom I had been many years separated. We had been mostly educated together, having passed our boyhood at the same school, our youth at the same university: but our fortunes were different. He, born to wealth, left college to mix with the world at home and abroad; while I turned to the profession I had long since made choice of, and began to lag my weary way towards independence.

We were both a good deal changed. My friend had lost much of the gay buoyancy of manner—much of the merry, happy, careless flow of spirits, for which he had once been remarkable. I was less grave than I had been reckoned during our former acquaintance: yet I am a man of business and married. We had much to say of the different changes that had occurred to us; and I found, that though altered in manner, in habits, and in character, we met the same to each other as we had parted. It was getting late in the day, and I asked my friend if he would go home to the small house I occupied, and dine quietly with my wife and me. He agreed instantly, shook hands with me in his own lively way, as he thanked me for asking him, and we turned into the street in which I lived. I must own I felt some little uneasiness at the thoughts of introducing my friend to my wife. I had often spoken of him to her, and I dreaded, lest she should not find the portrait faithful. In fact, I mistrusted my own judgment till it should be confirmed by her's: not that in words she would tell me that we differed, but I knew her too well in look and manner to be deceived. I did not feel quite easy either at the idea of presenting my wife to my friend. His admiration would in no degree alter my sentiments towards her. But I felt I should be ill satisfied unless he thought her, in the course of one short evening, all I had found her during the three happy years of our union. My heart beat as I ran up the steps. I coloured as I pulled the bell. The door was opened by our only manservant, and I myself ushered my friend up stairs.

My wife was dressed with extreme neatness, though she expected we were to dine alone; and she was sitting, as usual, at her work table, when the sound of my step upon the stairs made her raise her head. She came forward to meet me; and when I named my friend, she turned to welcome him with a grace and gaiety that made him sure of his reception. She placed him beside her on the sofa, and I was soon at ease as to first impressions. We had not far to go to dinner. The lower part of the house being occupied by chambers of business, our public rooms are confined to a small drawing room on the first floor, and a still smaller library opening out of it. In this small library we dined. The dinner was ordered with neatness and taste, and served without display in an apartment simply furnished. My wife is not one of those who, to make parade upon an occasion, lessen the comforts of every-day life. She has never, since we married, set before me a dinner I might not bring a friend to partake of; nor has she ever appeared before me in a dress she could not have worn on occasions of ceremony. Yet our expenses do not, by any means, come up to our limited income. It is true, our wants are few; but we increase our luxuries as we go on. We do not live in the world, but we live very much in society; society that we like, and that like us, and assimilates with us. All this, and more, in the warmth of my heart I told my friend over a bottle of my best wine, when my wife rose and left us; and we were still upon the same theme when we joined her again at tea-table. He began to rally us upon our way of life, and he tried to persuade her that, in former days, I had played the inconstant among our circle of beauties, being fond to admire, and fickle to change. I saw that in his then mood it were vain for me to dispute his assertions; so, to divert the time, and may be, to prevent my wife from thinking of any other, I pleaded guilty to one serious attachment, and offered to tell my story.

"Some years ago," said I, "when it first became the fashion to take shooting quarters in the Highlands, I formed one of a large party who had engaged an extensive tract of moorland for the season. The game keeper and the dogs were sent off early in July, and it was settled we were all to dine together at the farm-house we rented with the ground, upon the 10th of August. My friends agreed to proceed northwards in a body; but as I dislike exceedingly travelling in that sort of company, I declined forming one of it, and set out by myself some weeks before, on a tour through a range of my native country I had never yet seen."

At this part of my story, my wife laid down her work, and looked up anxiously in my face. I smiled and proceeded.

"After an interesting and somewhat fatiguing journey, I arrived early in the morning of the 10th of August, at one of the principal towns of the north-highlands. It was market-day, and the streets were filled with crowds of well dressed people thronging in every direction. Several handsome equipages were driven along among the crowd, while gentlemen on horseback and foot passengers picked their way carefully through the groups of country people and their wares, who crowded every regular passage. I alighted at a very comfortable inn, and having ordered some refreshments, I sat down very contentedly to look over a newspaper which lay upon the table of the parlour I had been shewn into, when chancing to raise my head, my eyes fell upon a mirror, which hung upon the opposite wall, between the portraits of Gen. Washington and Mr. Pitt. I was struck with horror at my own appearance. Hastily ringing for the waiter, I inquired, whether there were any hair-dressers in the town on whose skill I might rely. I was told I was within a few doors of the first artist in the country. A man dont like to trust his head to a bungler; but the first step I took in Mr. Blank's shop convinced me the waiter had not been wrong in his assertion.—When the operation was over, I surveyed myself with much satisfaction in a small hand-glass, obligingly held to me for that purpose; but not feeling myself at liberty to indulge my contemplations so publicly, I returned as quickly as possible to my hotel to consult at leisure the mirror which hung on the opposite wall, between the portraits of Gen. Washington and Mr. Pitt. I was perfectly enchanted with my good mien. I was cut and curled in the most becoming manner."

Here my wife laughed aloud; my friend, too, smiled, but I took no notice of their interruption.

"The inn stood back from the street, in a large court-yard, the projecting walls of which, on each side, prevented any view beyond. Across this court-yard numbers of people were constantly passing. I sat down at the open window of my parlour to watch the various groups thus flitting before me. One, in particular, at once engaged my attention: it consisted of an elderly lady in grey, a child in a frock and trowsers, a young lady in white, with pink upon her bonnet, and the captain of a recruiting company quartered in the town. He was apparently saying something extremely amusing, for the young lady was laughing violently; and, looking up in her mirth, she threw on me, as I sat perched at my window, a pair of the most beautiful black eyes I had ever then seen. I fancy mine must have told her so, for she had not gone many steps before she raised those eyes again. Again they met mine; and, this time, we both blushed. She withdrew her's quickly, and turned to the recruiting officer; he bowed, as in the act of speaking. The lady in grey appeared to join in the conversation, and they all walked leisurely on towards the projecting wall. Will she look up again? I pushed my well curled head as far as I possibly could out of the window. She held her's, I thought, resolutely down. I followed them with my eyes, as they stepped along across the pavement. They reached the wall. The little child ran quickly out of sight. The lady in grey was half concealed. The young lady turned to reply to some gallantry of the recruiting officer, and once more her eyes were fixed on mine. In another moment she was gone. I drew my head in hastily, flung my hands before my face, to exclude all sight, and again, in fancy, those beautiful eyes beamed brightly upon me. After a few minutes I looked up. Crowds of gay passengers still moved on the pavement below, and talked, and laughed, and looked as they passed me. Will she come again? I took out my watch, it was only three o'clock. Again I glanced at the projecting wall, and I followed eagerly, each succeeding group, as they emerged from behind it. Many a voice deceived me as it approached. Many a party turned the corner to disappoint me. Four o'clock: she will not come. I arose from the window in despair, as I stood, the sound of a voice I had heard before arrested my attention. There was a laugh, and a stamp, and a jingling noise, and the end of a sword scabbard pointed out beyond the wall. It was the recruiting officer. Did he come alone? The little child ran forward; the lady in grey put out a foot; and again the eyes from the pink bonnet sought the window. We blushed crimson. The young lady turned to her never failing resource, the recruiting officer. I darted forward, seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and followed her. They had reached the hair dresser's shop, and they had stopped before it to examine some of his curiosities. The lady in grey took the little child by the hand, and walked on. The young lady prepared to follow her; but as she moved away, she cast one glance towards the window of the Inn, it was quite deserted, I neither stirred nor spoke, but I saw from her high attended color, she was aware who stood beside her. She held a small nosegay in her hand. She began to pull to pieces the flowers which composed it and she scattered the leaves upon the pavement. I stooped to gather them. A carriage was in waiting at the end of the street; it drew up as the party approached.—A footman opened the door and let down the steps, and the recruiting officer handed the ladies into it. He laid his arm on the door, and stood and talked for some minutes. It was an open carriage; the young lady was leaning thoughtfully against one of the cushions. The officer talked longer, at length he bowed, and they drove away. I was standing before a druggist's shop, supporting myself on the brass railing that protected it. As the carriage whirled rapidly past, I ventured one last glance at the pink bonnet. She was still leaning back against the cushions, and the remains of her nosegay were beside her. As she passed she extended the hand, whiter than snow, which held it, over the side of the open carriage, pressed it for an instant to her breast, her lips, and dropped it gently at my feet. I started forward to receive the precious gift——."

"Oh! don't believe him," cried my wife, interrupting me;" it is all a romance, it is indeed, I never looked—I never meant—I ——."

I interrupted her in my turn, and seizing the hand she had extended in the energy of the moment, I pressed it, as she had done the nosegay she gave me.

THE BURIAL.

There was joy on earth—the twittering swallow, as it darted along in sunshine and shade, heeded not the bitter wailing of affliction and distress—the wild bird in its noiseless flight, softly silent as falls the snow flake, seemed unmindful of wo, as it flashed its wing across the vision, like a thought of a dream during the hushed hours of midnight, and vanished as suddenly. To me the sight of their joyous felicity brought no gladness—the sounds of their mirth fell cold upon the heart—it seemed but bitter mockery and spoke of days departed. The bright and laughing skies seemed insensible that they were smiling over ruin and decay; that one of hope's fairest, sweetest flowers, had drooped and died, and that now, even now, was to be laid in the earth's cold bosom.

I had seen the child in its guileless beauty, when it was a thing all glowing with health, innocence and joy—I had seen it folded in the arms of her that bore it, in all the overwhelming fondness of a mother's love. But now her first born blessing—her first, last and only one, slept—not on the soft bosom of a mother's tenderness, but with the quiet dead! Death! death! how lovely canst thou be! Though pale and lifeless, it wore a smile passionless and pure as the cherub of immortality; it had nothing of the corpse about it but its whiteness; nothing of the grave but its stillness.—So beautiful it seemed like the sportive lamb, decked with a flowery garland for the sacrifice. I could fain have lain down by her side in the cold bosom of our common mother, in the dark and silent valley.

Thou weepest, childless mother—ah! well thou mayest; the Son of God wept at the tomb of his friend—and thou mournest thy first-born. Hard is it for thee to lay thy loved one low in the damp earth—beneath the cold clods of the valley—hard is it to reflect that this thy child of peerless beauty, will never more raise its rosy lips to thine, in all the fondness of childhood's warm affection. Ah! these are recollections that weigh upon the soul even to overpowering. Memory tells thee thou art desolate—it tells, too of playful smiles; of a thousand soft and winning ways that twine around the mother's bosom—it tells of the sweet wild throbbings of unspeakable bliss, that were thine when softly soothing it to slumber and repose. Now, the foliage of cyprus will be its shelter; and the narrow house its abiding place; the nursery will no more resound with its gladsome mirth; the cradle in which it had so often reposed in quiet, is now desolate. Thou weepest childless mother.

The last look. The time is come when she may gaze once more upon her sleeping boy, ere the pall is settled upon his lifeless brow. Oh! the bitter agony of that moment—one long burning kiss upon his marble forehead, and he is shut from her view. In the fullness of her grief she says,

No more my babe, shalt thou lie,
With drowsy smile, and half shut eye—
Pillowed upon thy mother's breast,
Serenely sinking into rest.
For God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl beneath the deep!

Look abroad, fond mother upon the ways of sinful men, and repine no more that God hath made thy child an angel in the regions of bliss. Now his song mingles with the thanksgiving of the blest! sanctified, safe, and secure from the stormy blast of inquity, with Him who is from everlasting!

* * * * * * * * *

The long train of weeping friends gathered round the fresh dug grave. The coffin was lowered into its final resting place, in the vale of solitude and silence—the spirit of him who was so lovely here, had, long ere this, crossed the dark waters—and is safely landed upon the flowery coast of a world of fadeless bloom.

SCANDAL.—A FRAGMENT.

'There are people,' continued the corporal, 'who can't even breath without slandering a neighbour.'

You judge to severely,' replied my aunt Prudy, 'no one is slandered who does not deserve it.'

'That may be,' retorted the corporal, 'but I have heard very slight things said of YOU.'

The face of my aunt kindled with anger: 'Me!' she exclaimed, 'Me!—slight things of me!—what can any body say of me?'

'They say,' continued the corporal gravely, and drawling his words to keep her in suspense, 'that you are no better than you ought to be.'

Fury flashed from the eyes of my aunt.

'Who are the wretches?'

'I hope they slander no one who does not deserve it,' remarked the corporal jeeringly, as he left the room.

The feelings of my aunt may well be conceived. She was sensibly injured. True she had her foibles.—She was peevish and fretful. But she was rigidly moral and virtuous. The purest ice was not more chaste. The pope himself could not boast more piety. Conscious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal. Why should her nighbours slander her? She could not conjecture.

Let my aunt be consoled. A person who can live in this world without being slandered, must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention.

Character of the Catalonians.—Catalonia is less a Province of Spain, than a small state, under the sceptre of the Catholic monarchs. It has different manners, a different language, a different social organization from Castile. It differs totally even from Arragon, though, after it ceased to be independent, it was long subject to that kingdom. In no other part of the Peninsula is there so ardent a longing for liberty and independence. No where do fathers transmit to their children a deeper hatred to their neighbours, the French. They reproach them with having, in the seventeenth century led them into perpetual revolts against the Kings of Spain, and with having afterwards abandoned them to the resentment of an insulted master. They cannot forgive them for having at the commencement of the eighteenth century, imposed on them the King, who humbled their pride, and destroyed their privileges. The war of the revolution was carried on in Rouisillon and Catalonia with an animosity and barbarity which were not witnessed on the frontiers of Navarre and Biscay. The peace produced no reconciliation. Catalonia, by its extensive sea-coast and its populous and commercial metropolis, is connected in interest with England. War against France, on the contrary, enlivens its ports, and pours into it an abundance of capital. It is impoverished by an alliance which dries up the sources and the outlets of its industry. The continental system was hateful to it.—*Foy on the Peninsula War.*

MACOA.—The island or nearly the island of Macoa, is about six miles in circumference. The appearance of it is naked and sterile. It is inhabited by 45,000 individuals; of whom 40,000 are Chinese, and live chiefly in the town of Macao; the remaining 5,000 are Portuguese, and English. The climate is very healthy, and the heat very endurable. It contains a great number of Chinese temples; fourteen Catholic churches, to which nearly a hundred priests are attached; and one Protestant chapel belonging to the East-India company.

VARIETY.

I look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice box desperately in his hand, and all that follows in his career from that fatal time is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.—*Cumberland.*

The jews have a proverb, that he "who breeds not up his son to some occupation, makes him a thief,"—and the Arabians say, that an idle person is the devil's play fellow.

On examing the tongue of patients, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the disease of the mind.

HABIT.—Select that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

FLATTERY.—The only benefit it can bestow is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

POLITENESS.—He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation—and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

Old age.—Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years, but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Censure and Applause.—It is harder to avoid censure than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying, or doing one ill or foolish thing; so much for human propensities.

INCONSTANCY.—Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconstancy, especially when it regards religion or party. In either of these cases, though a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

A negative pun.—"I am happy, Ned, to hear the report that you have succeeded to a large *landed* property!" "And I am sorry, Tom, to tell you that it is *groundless.*

A jockey at a fair, who had bargained with a countryman for a horse that happened to have a bald face, observed to the latter, that he *looked pale in the face.* Yes, says the countryman, and if you had looked through *a halter* as long as he has, you would be *pale in the face too.*

Two pedestrian travellers, natives of the north, had taken up their quarters for the night at a Highland hotel; one of them next morning complained to his friend that he had a very indifferent bed, and asked how he slept? "Troth man," replied Donald, "nae very weel neither, but I was muckle better off than the bugs, for de'il one of them closed an e'e the hale night."

Fiddling.—Sitting, looking very composedly over our subscription list, a few days since, in popp'd a good-natured jolly looking fellow, who accosted us with, "I was thinking, I would take your paper." "Very well sir," was the reply, (accompanied with our best bow.) "But as I am a MECHANIC," said he "and it is always the rule to take each other's work in the WAY, I want you to take it out in TRADE." As it is our desire to accommodate and please our friends, we replied "that there was no doubt we could make arrangements, and enquired his trade. "A fiddler!" was the answer.—Ye Gods! take our pay in fiddling! We let him have the paper—glad to receive even that for it!!!

[We had a more horrifying proposition made to us yesterday. A dark looking man wished to take the Courier on the same terms. We were upon the point of agreeing to "take it out in trade," when we discovered that the man was an *undertaker.*]
—*New-York Morning Courier.*

OPTIONAL SLEEP.

"Pray, Jack, are you asleep?" said Ned,
"What makes you ask?" he slowly said,
"Because of you or Sam,
I want to borrow half a crown
For something that I owe in town;"
"Why then," said Jack, "I am."

For Freight or Charter.

THE very superior Schooner *James and William*, about 73 tons burthen, launched in September last at Peticodiac, and was built under the particular inspection of the owner. For terms and further particulars, please apply to
W. P. SCOTT,
December 15. Market-square.

SUPERIOR CONVEYANCE For Passengers from Ireland.

THE Ship *WILLIAM PITT*, will leave St. John in the course of five weeks, direct for Belfast, and will return immediately with Passengers. Persons residing in this Country, and wishing to get their friends out, will please apply at the Stores of WILLIAM P. SCOTT, Market-square, St. John; JEDEDIAH SLASON, Fredericton; or JAMES M. KELLY, Bend of Peticodiac—where every necessary information can be obtained. ☞ *This VESSEL is only now on her third Voyage, is seven feet between decks, and in every respect superiorly adapted to the purpose.* December 8.

TO BE SOLD,

At Public Auction, on Monday the 2d day of June, 1828:

THE VESSEL built by the *St. John Steam Boat Association*, as she now stands on the stocks at Sand Point.

The following are her dimensions:
Tread of Keel, 112 feet.
Length aloft, from the fore part of main stem to the after-part of stern post, 121 feet.
Extreme breadth, outside to outside, 22 ft. 2 in.
Depth of hold, skin to skin, 14 feet.
Height between decks, forward and aft, 7 feet.
Do. do. do. midships, 6 feet 6 inches.
Flush deck.
Length of Engine Room, 46 feet.
Breadth of do. do. 21 feet.
Main transom, stern post, apron, and upper part of stem, New-York white oak.
Paddle beams, African oak.
Top timbers, Hackmatack.
Out-board plank, from the gunwale to the navel timber heads, Red Pine of great length and altogether free from sap.
The Hull is thoroughly copper fastened to the wales, and the deck copper nailed.
Sixty feet in midships is arched with three inch plank, dovetailed into the timbers from the gunwale to the turn of the bilge.
This superior Vessel was intended to be fitted as a Steam Boat to navigate the Bay of Fundy, and will be sold in consequence of the Association being dissolved.
She has been built after an approved draft from England, and is in every respect unrivalled in this Country in her materials and workmanship.
She has been thoroughly caulked and housed over for some months, and can be launched and fitted for receiving machinery, or sent to sea under canvass, at a very small expense.
St. John, N. B. December 1, 1827.

Brandy, Raisins, Nutmegs, &c.

JOHN ROBERTSON,

Has received per brig *Helen*, from London and *Jane*, and *Nithsdale*, from Liverpool,
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
FALL GOODS,
among which are the following, viz:—
12 PIPES best old COGNAC BRANDY, (5 in Bond.) 2 Pipes Gin,
100 Boxes Muscatel Raisins, 2 Bbls. Nutmeg,
100 Half Boxes ditto, 3 Hhds. Loaf Sugar,
2 Hhds. best pure Spermaciti Oil for Lamps,
Bales Slops, do. red Flannel & strip'd Cotton Shirts; Trunks of Book, India and Jaconet Muslins, ditto Cambric and Medium ditto, Ditto Cambric Mourning and Dark Prints, Bales grey cotton Shirtings, do. Balled do. Ditto Apron Checks, do. striped Shirtings, Ditto superfine and second blue broad and narrow Cloths, do. Flannels and Blankets, A case of Gent. superfine Beaver Hats, Trunks of do. strong and dress Shoes,
2½ and 3 yard Union Jacks with Borders,
4 and 5 yard Ensigns,
Buntings, Log Glasses, Deep Sea and Hand Lead Lines, &c. &c. &c.
The above Goods now opening are of the best quality, and will be disposed of very low for prompt payment.
Dec. 14th, 1827. *North Market Wharf.*

PATENT COOKING FURNACES.

The Subscribers have received from Boston:
2 CASKS PATENT COOKING FURNACES—assorted sizes.
*** This article is in general use in the United States, and has lately been introduced into the Canadas and Nova-Scotia, where it is highly approved for its economy, cleanliness and convenience, and its moderate price.
CROOKSHANK & WALKER.
St. John, August 11, 1827.

BOWMAN & WHEELER,

Have received by the ship Amelia, from Falmouth, Jamaica—
A FEW PUNCHEONS FINE FLAVORED
RUM,
And a few Hogsheads excellent SUGAR; and which they offer for sale at fair prices for satisfactory payment. *August 4th,* 1827.

BENJAMIN F. MARSH,

Offers for sale on the most reasonable terms:—
100 BBLS. superfine Flour, } in
100 do. Corn Meal, } bond
IN STORE:
50 Barrels Superfine Flour,
70 ditto Fine Middlings,
50 ditto Corn Deal, 25 ditto Pitch,
3 Tierces and 3 barrels Clover Seed,
3 Tierces Timothy, Hickory Nuts,
Kegs Cut Nails, 400 bushels Salt.
4th August, 1827.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

Have just received per the *Marmion*, from Liverpool, a large quantity of *HARDWARE*,
AMONG WHICH ARE
NAILS and Spikes; Locks and Hinges; Saws; saw Files; white metal Cocks; coal scuttles; tea Kettles; bake Pans; sauce Pans; steel Yards, Beams and Weights; Carpenters' Tools; hoop Iron and Rivets; Brushes, &c.;—which, together with their former stock, comprising a very general assortment, they offer low for prompt pay, at their store in Saint John-street.
JAMES STEWART & CO.
July 7, 1827.

GEORGE D. ROBINSON,

Has received by the Brig Helen, from London:
4 BAGS LONDON BLACK PEPPER;
50 Boxes M. CANDLES—wax wicks;
100 Ditto Dipt Ditto;
20 Cases POLAND STARCH;
10 Cwt. WHITE LEAD;
4 Bales Salempores; 1 Do. Osnaburgs;
1 Case MOURNING CALICOES;
1 Trunk Bandanna HANDKERCHIEFS;
1 Cask 3thd. HERRING TWINE;
1 Ditto fine SEWING Ditto.
He has also in Store—
100 Boxes SCOTCH SOAP;
150 Ditto CAMPO BELLO Ditto;
50 Barrels PRIME MESS PORK;
2 Tierces JAMAICA COFFEE;
20 Puncheons DEMERARY RUM;
30 Ditto Ditto MOLASSES;
20 Hogsheads and 24 Qr. Casks } L. P. MADEIRA—of a superior quality;
3 Pipes PORT WINE:
20 Bbls. VINEGAR; 60 M. CIGARS;
10 Kegs TOBACCO; 10 Bags PIMENTO;
And a variety of British and American DRY GOODS, consisting of:
Superfine, second and Coarse CLOTHS;
Plains; Flushings; Hollands; Calicoes;
Handkerchiefs; Sattinetts; Boots and Shoes;
☞ *All which he will Sell cheap for Cash or approved credit.* December 15.

THE SUBSCRIBER

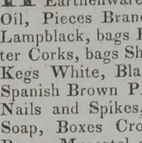
Has received per ship Marchioness of Queensberry, from Liverpool,
PART OF HIS FALL SUPPLY OF
GOODS,
—COMPRISING—
HOGSHEADS LOAF SUGAR, Hogsheads Earthenware, Pipes raw and boiled Linseed Oil, Pieces Brandy, Tierces Glassware, Casks Lampblack, bags E. I. Pepper, bags Wine & Porter Corks, bags Shot Lead and Rolls Milled Lead, Kegs White, Black, Yellow, Green, Red and Spanish Brown PAINTS, Kegs Mustard, Kegs Nails and Spikes, Casks Putty, Boxes Yellow Soap, Boxes Crown Window Glass, assorted, Boxes Muscatel and Sun Raisins and Baskets Dried Raisins, Boxes Refined Liquorice, Boxes Sugar Candy, boxes Candied Lemon, white Pepper, Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon, Isinglass, Cheshire Cheese, Bath Bricks, Crates, Jars and do. Wine Bottles, Barrels Epsom Salts, Flour Sulphur, Cream Tartar, Bbls. Whitewine and Brown Vinegar, Boxes Tobacco Pipes, Bales Slops, Tortoise hell Combs, Pins, Canada Stoves, Camp Ovens, Tea Kettles, Gobblets, Paint Brushes, English Bar and Rod Iron, Swedes Iron, Ploughplate Iron, Boxes Tin Plate, Cordage, Anchors, and Okum Cables.
ALSO,
A few Chaldrons ORREL COAL.
G. THOMSON.
N. B.—*G. T. expects his stock of Dry Goods per* JESSIE, *in a few days.*
Saint John, 6th October, 1827.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

Have received by the *Forth* from Greenock, part of their
FALL SUPPLY OF GOODS,
—among which are—
6 TONS assorted flat Iron, from 1¼ to 3¾ inches wide, ⅜ and ⅝ in. round, ⅜ and 1 in. square.
Axe Iron, sheet Iron, Plough Plate and Ploughshare Moulds; crates Earthenware, well assorted
Jars and Jugs, ½ to 3 gallons; [stone
Window Glass, 7 x 9, 8 x 10, and 10 x 12;
White Lead and Paint Oil; Soap; Starch;
Shot; Gunpowder; common Glassware;
Day and Martin's BLACKING;
White Rope from ½ to 1½ inch; Bed Cords;
6, 9, and 12 thread Ratline; shoe Thread;
Mourning Crape; ladies and gents. Kid Gloves;
Bombazetts; mourning and fancy Prints;
Silk Handkerchiefs, various patterns and colors;
Pieces Osnaburgs and Ravens Duck;
Murray, Dilworth & Fenning's spelling Books;
School Master's Assistant; blank Books;
Quills; Wafers; and slate Pencils;
With various other articles; which, together with their former stock of Goods on hand, they offer for sale cheap for prompt payment.
They have likewise on Hand:
Hhds. Molasses and bags best green Coffee;
and keep a constant supply of
Superfine and Fine Flour; Rye Flour; Corn and Corn Meal; together with
Rum; Brandy; Hollands Gin; Tea and other Groceries.
☞ The remainder of their Goods, they expect daily from London and Liverpool.
M'KENZIE & TISDALE.
Saint John, September 22d, 1827.

FRESH TEAS,

PER LORD AMHERST:



175 CHESTS and Boxes Hyson, Souchong and Congo TEAS, for sale at the lowest Cash prices, at the subscriber's Tea Warehouse—south Market Wharf.
June 30. HIRAM SMITH.

CHEAP & FASHIONABLE GOODS.

Just landing from the Marmion, from Liverpool, a fashionable assortmsnt of
New Goods,
suitable for the season, viz:—
PRINTED Calicoes and Cambrics, of the latest fashion, Homespuns, Bombazeens and Bombazetts, Valparaiso and other Stripes, and a variety of other Goods.
☞ All of which will be sold cheap for Cash, at the store of the subscriber in Water-street. THOMAS M. ABELL.
June 30, 1827.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

Have just received per *Britannia*, on Consignment,—
26 PIPES SHERRY WINE,
5 Pipes Cognac Brandy,
2 Hogsheads Teneriffe WINE,
10 Ton Cordage, from 12 thd. to 2½ inch Rope,
60 Pieces Bleached Canvass,
1 Bale sail Twine, 20 casks Roman Cement,
1 Chain Cable, 1 inch, 90 fathoms,
1 Ditto & inch, 60 fathoms.
Which will be sold very low for Cash, or approved Notes.
BOWMAN & WHEELER.
June 30th, 1827.

New and Cheap Goods.

KEATOR & SANDS,

Have just received from London, per the Aurora; from Liverpool, per the Jane, and J. & H. Cumming; and from Greenock per the Forth—
PART OF THEIR
SPRING SUPPLY,
—consisting of—
A very General Assortment.
☞ They are daily expecting the remainder of their Spring Supply, per the Ward and Woodman. *May* 19, 1827.

ALEXANDER EDMOND & Co.

have received by the late arrivals from Great-Britain:
A FEW PIPES COGNAC BRANDY,
Hogsheads Loaf Sugar.
Barrels Prime Pork,
Gunpowder and Shot,
Window Glass, Paints and Oil,
Nails, 4lb to 24lb,
Copper and Iron, assorted,
Do. do. Spikes, &c. &c.
Which, together with their general assortment of British Dry Goods, they offer for sale on the lowest terms for approved payment. 12th May, 1827.

FALL GOODS.

The Subscriber has received per Marmion and Jane, from Liverpool, part of his
Fall Supply of GOODS.
106 PACKAGES, containing:—Superfine, second and Coarse Cloths; Pelisse Cloths; Cassimeres; 7-4, 8-4, 9-4, 10-4 Rose BLANKETS; red & white FLANNEL; Slops assorted; BOMBAZETTS; PRINTED COTTONS; STEAM LOOM SHIRTINGS; BROWN Ditto; INDIA COTTONS; Checks; Homespuns; BROWN LINENS; Stationary; Ladies Shoes; Ladies Drab and Black BEAVER BONNETS; Gentlemen's superfine HATS; Plated Ditto; 4-4 OIL CLOTHS, with a large assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c.
—ALSO—
5 Tons Rose and Clasp Nails, assorted 4d to 30d.
5 Ditto Flat English IRON, ass'd ½ to 3½ inch;
½ Ditto Blistered STEEL; Canada Stoves;
50 Kegs WHITE LEAD;
☞ Which will be sold very cheap for Cash.
N. S. DE MILL,
December 15. No. 3, *South Market Wharf.*

Just received per HELEN—
A FEW TONS of London Patent YELLOW SOAP, Pipes of BRANDY, Hhds. LOAF SUGAR, Casks MUSTARD, STARCH, White Lead, Bales SLOPS, Red, Blue and White SERGES, Gloves, Stockings, Ribbons, &c. for Sale by
JOHN HAMMOND, Jun.
St. John, December 8, 1827.

LATELY ARRIVED.

THE Subscriber has received per the Helen from London, an excellent assortment of BEAVER and SILK HATS; and per the William Pitt, from Belfast, a large assortment of India Book, Jaconett and Mull Muslins; Printed Cottons;—and has received a Bill of Lading of a large assortment of Red & White FLANNELS, Swansdown, &c. which are hourly expected.
December 15. E. DOUGHERTY.

JUST RECEIVED,

And for Sale low for prompt payment—
COTTON WARP, Cotton Candle Wick, Kegs Ginger, Superfine and fine FLOUR.
—ON HAND—
Corn Meal, Corn, first quality Mackerel, Cod and Pollock Fish, Salt, Lamp Oil, &c.
H. BLAKSLEE.
December 29, 1827.

DIMENSION DEALS.

150 TO 200 M. Superficial feet of Spruce DIMENSION DEALS, principally 12 and 14-9, not 2 months from the saw, can be had by applying to the Subscriber.
WILLIAM FLAHERTY.
December 8, 1827.

BRANDY, GIN, AND PORT WINE.

The Subscriber has just received per Scipio from Whitehaven, via St. Andrews,
6 PIPES old COGNAC BRANDY,
4 Ditto ditto Geneva.
4 Ditto ditto Port Wine.
GEO. THOMSON.
April 14, 1827.

Windward Island Rum.

A SMALL Consignment of W. I. RUM, has been received, and is offered for sale by
Nov. 3. SAMUEL STEPHEN.

BRANDY.

Just received, per Hebe from London:
10 PIPES superior old Cognac BRANDY, on sale very low for Cash.
SOLOMON NICHOLS & CO.
8th September, 1827.

BRANDY, GIN, &c.

The Subscriber has imported per Brig William, and offers for sale at his store, north side of the Market-square:—
4 PIECES COGNAC BRANDY,
1 Piece Hollands GIN,
2 Pipes Port and Madeira WINE,
70 Boxes Soap, 5 cwt. best Poland Starch,
30 Barrels Irish Mess PORK,
15 Small ANCHORS, assorted sizes,
6 Tons assorted bar, bolt, and flat Iron,
5 Casks Spikes, assorted sizes,
40 Kegs White Lead, 2 casks Paint Oil,
4 Hhds. fine Salt, 20 kegs Mustard,
2 Bales Slops, 12 Bundles Oakum.
W. P. SCOTT.
St. John, N. B. 29th September, 1827.

THE SUBSCRIBER

Has just received per Brig Spray from Greenock
COGNAC BRANDY, GENEVA, SICILY and other WINES in Hhds. and Pipes.
200 Pair assorted youth's and men's Shoes.
Also:—A 14 inch Hemp CABLE; which has been only once used, for sale on reasonable terms,—apply to
SAMUEL STEPHEN.
July 27, 1827.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

Have lately received the following articles, which they offer for Sale very low for Cash or approved Notes—
50 PUNS. High Proof Demarara RUM;
20 Ditto JAMAICA Ditto;
50 Barrels Prime Mess Irish PORK;
50 Half Barrels Ditto Ditto;
40 Barrels Deer Island Ditto;
25 Boxes Chocolate; 20 Casks Raisins;
20 Casks tale half pint TUMBLERS;
Pilot, Navy and SHIP BREAD; Crackers; Black-Eyed Peas; White Beans; Bags and Tierces RICE; Port, Madeira, Sicily, Malaga, Claret and Champaigne WINES; Hollands GIN; Cotton WOOL; a few Bales well assorted Superfine and second CLOTHS, &c. &c.
CROOKSHANK & WALKER.
December 8, 1827.

ROBERT CHESTNUT, & Co.

Having commenced Business in that Store in Water-street, lately occupied by J. C. M'PHERSON, *beg leave to inform their Friends, and the Public in general, that they intend keeping on hand*
A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF
FLOUR, CORN, and CORN MEAL;
A choice assortment of GROCERIES,
Liquors, salted Provisions,
CLOTHING, &c. &c.
Which they will dispose of very low for Cash.
☞ They have also on hand a quantity of Smoaked, Soused and Pickled SALMON; Smoaked and Pickled HERRINGS, of a superior quality.
☞ *Ship-Masters supplied with* STORES, *&c. on the most reasonable terms.*
St. John, 6th Oct. 1827.

NAVY BREAD

At a reduced price—to close a Consignment—
For sale by H. BLAKSLEE,
Oct. 13. North Market Wharf.

PAPER.

THE Subscriber has received from the Chamcook Manufactory, a large assortment of WRITING, WRAPPING, PRINTING, and SHEATHING PAPER, which he will sell cheaper than can be imported, at his store, south Market Wharf.
GEORGE D. ROBINSON.
April 14.