

POETRY.

THE SKIES.

(From the Boston Statesman.)

There is a beauty in the outspread skies;
Glorious to him who framed and fashioned them;
That through all changes fadeless—not dies,
As brilliant now gleams out the twinkling gem,
As lightly heeds the sweet moon of her toil,
As earnestly moves on the yellow sun,
As when to bloom in that luxuriant soil,
The sun, and moon, and countless stars begun.

Timely at morn the unseen winds go on,
With an oblivious away among the shades;
And bluely trembling, makes the purple dawn,
And bright with dew drops gleam the bending blades;
All round the sky is written life's new beam,
On all the hills, upon the wilderness,
And in the vale—on sea, and sluiuey stream,
The holy light comes in—the shade is less.

What depth and distance in the home of clouds!
The solid sun himself is sometime lost;
The day is much time wrapped in slumbering shrouds.

Or in the dimness of the distance tossed;
The stars are feeble—but as drops of snow,
As frail and fleeting—on the summer lake;
The heavens drink them in, and blue air flows
Where they had been, like waves in a vessel's wake.

Almighty God! This handy-work of thine,
These fair, magnificent, enduring skies,
Come not to being with a frail design;
For no light purpose have they veiled our eyes;
Since their creation, from the dwelling place;
Are they not spread in mantle of thy love,
To hide some wrongs from thy indulgent face,
And fit us gently for thy walks above.

(From the Boston Palladium.)

[No one of correct taste can read the lines which follow, without feeling that a charming picture of rustic happiness and humble life, is sketched in a manner which Goldsmith or Burns would have been forward to praise, and proud to imitate.]

BOB FLETCHER.

I once knew a Ploughman, Bob Fletcher his name,
Who was old, and was ugly, and so was his dame,
Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife,
Bob Fletcher the Ploughman, and Judy his wife.

As the morn streaked the east, and the night fled away,
They would rise up for labor, refreshed for the day,
The song of the lark as it rose on the gale,
Found Bob at the Plough, and his wife at the pail.

A neat little cottage in front of a grove, (love,
Where in youth they first gave their hearts up to love,
Was the abode of age, and to them doubly dear,
As it called up the past with a smile or a tear.

Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart,
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart,
The thorn was still there, and the blossoms it bore,
And the song from its top seemed the same as of yore.

When the curtains of night over nature was spread,
And Bob had returned from his plough to his shed,
Like the dove on her nest, he reposed from all care,
If his wife and his youngsters contented were.

I have passed by his door when the evening was gray,
And the hill and the landscape was fading away,
And have heard from the cottage, with grateful surprise,
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense, arise.

And I thought on the proud, who would look down with scorn
On the neat little cottage, the grove & the thorn,
And felt that the riches and follies of life,
Were dross, to contentment like Bob and his wife.

VARIETY.

From the Philadelphia Evening Post.
THE NEWSPAPER.

* This folio of our pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticize;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?"

Of all the publications which teem from the Press, none are so interesting, none so useful as a Newspaper. This book may be useful on a particular subject—that book may be useful on another subject—and another book may be entertaining in its style, its novelty, or from the information it imparts; but the Newspaper is interesting, useful, and entertaining on all subjects. Perhaps you prefer history—the well conducted newspaper always furnishes a standing history of the times. Do you wish religious instruction? the newspaper, to him who "looks through nature up to nature's God," affords it in the positive examples of the good, and the negative examples of the wicked; it tells what the world is doing for the good cause, and cries aloud against the crimes which are a reproach to the people. The newspaper gives you the latest discoveries in Geography and Astronomy; it tells you what improvements are making in the growth of the countries; it gives you the latest inventions and improvements in mechanics, agriculture, and domestic economy. It furnishes an account of the proceedings of governments; and enables people to know and judge of the propriety or impropriety of measures. It is "the tyrant's foe, the people's friend," when managed with integrity.

"When the writer of this article was not more than ten years of age, living in a country town, where there was no mail, and of course where newspapers were procured with difficulty, he recollects the avidity with which he laid hold of a newspaper, even if it were months old; that he could be made to stop for nothing, until he had extracted all the information it contained. To this curiosity he owes all the literary taste he ever possessed—to this curiosity he owes the ability of penning this article—to this curiosity he owes his means of livelihood—to this curiosity alone he owes that he has been able successfully to combat in the "war of words," with men who have made the study of letters the whole business of their lives.

How many families are there that might be furnished with a newspaper at their doors, who neglect taking them because of the trifling sum which they cost! If the heads of such families would reflect, that this trifling sum might be hundreds of dollars advantage to each of their children in after life, none could neglect taking the newspaper.

My INABILITIES.—"I have never been able to understand why some men have ten thousand a-year; others fifty thousand a-year; and some a hundred thousand a-year, while I can't get any thing like the least of these sums. And yet I am quite sure it has not been for want of wishing. The latter, indeed, for to say the truth, I am prone to that which Young calls "the constant hectic of a fool," though at the same time, to do myself equal justice, I am far from being adverse to that which I consider better than wishing, doing. I have been doing something all my life; even when I have had nothing to do, I never did nothing; and I may add, that, like the ostler at the Elephant and Castle, who "never does nothing for nothing," I have always made it a rule to have my *quid pro quo*. Why, then, am I doomed, every time I put on my hat, to clap a ring fence round my whole ex-

istence?" Why are the pockets, the only part of my nether garment, I mean, which are always as good as new? Why, in short, as often as I look in a glass, do I behold, at one view, the whole of my personal property, and find myself forced to confess I have the appearance of a man of substance, though the very confession arises from a sort of personal reflection upon the nature and bulk of my real property? I could ask a dozen more questions, all of them as much to the purpose as those I have asked, and yet have as far to seek as ever for a sufficient answer to my main one. Touching the reasons why I cannot have all the money I could spend, while there are so many in the world who cannot spend all the money they have, and so many more who get all the money they want, I know it may be said, that both these manys put together would not amount to a thousandth part of that huge colossal many who are in the same predicament as myself. Granted. But as it could not be proved, I take it, that if there were a hundred men going to be hung, the disagreeable sensation of that ceremony would be divided between them, instead of each individual of the party having his separate allowance of rope; so, I maintain, it is equally incapable of proof, that the knowledge of there being ten thousand, or ten hundred thousand empty pockets, is or ought to be, sufficient to produce in any one of them the same sensation as a purse would which is never empty. Besides every man is the best judge of his own wrongs; or, at least, of the degree which he feels an injury. I, therefore, knowing exactly to how many excellent purposes I should apply a large fortune, if I had one, am particularly sensible of the injustice, not only to myself, but to others, of keeping me without. It is incalculable the good I should have done to the world, had the world been good to me. If any body thinks this is a mere piece of brag, all I say is, try me! I only wish the Duke of Northumberland, or Lord Grosvenor, or the Marquis of Stafford, or any other man who has more money than a man ought to have, would just let me serve an apprenticeship to ten thousand a year, and if, long before I was out of my time, I did not shew I was fit to carry on the business afterwards upon double that scale, I would consent to have my indentures cancelled. Or I would undertake to spend other people's money upon commission; that is, if fifty or a hundred benevolent persons, sincerely desirous of making their wealth more extensively beneficial than they are able to do of themselves, would club their five hundred or a thousand a-year each, for a time to be specified, but long enough to give the thing a fair trial, and let me use it, I have no more doubt than I have of wanting their money, that I should be able to give them satisfaction. But to return from this digression, I repeat it is incalculable the good I should have done to the world, had the world been good to me. Where I now give only a tear to misery, because I can give nothing else, I should give a guinea; and every body knows how much farther that will go with bakers and butchers.

Where now I can only sigh over misfortune, I should pay misfortune her wages, and send her about her business; and where now I am fain to content myself with simply advising a friend in distress what is the best thing for him to do, if he can, namely to get out of it, I should do it for him, and get him out. I am quite, positively certain, these would be among the consequences of my having only ten thousand a-year; and therefore I do maintain, that besides the injustice which the want of it inflicts upon myself, exhausting every day my stock of sensibility, which is constantly eazing away in tears and sighs, and my store of common sense, which is hourly melted down into good advice to a numerous circle of friends who stand much in need of it, an equal injustice is done to every man, woman and child, to every maid, widow, and wife, who do not get what they might, because I have not got what I ought." [Monthly Magazine.]

Curious Rencontre.—A curious affair occurred, about two years ago, at a small Church in Wales. The person having a tame goat, which followed him to the Church, and sat under the pulpit, the animal was so struck with the nodding of a drowsy Cambrian, who sat opposite to him, that taking the frequent inclinations of his head for a challenge to combat, he made a butt at his supposed antagonist, who, not perceiving from whence the blow proceeded, struck the person next him. The person who was also of the quorum, would have committed the drowsy Cambrian, when brought before him the next day, especially as the latter had been convicted of reading and commenting on the newspapers; but as it was proved by several witnesses that his goat was the first aggressor, he observed, that if the people who, the same service, it would be no wonder if peasants of the fields was to rise upon all the chakopins in the country."

Conquest of Constantinople by the Turks.—Muhammad distributed at the breach his worst troops, the refuse of the host. Constrained by the janizaries, these poor wretches were forced to place ladders, and mount the first to the assault. Not one of them reached the walls; they were destroyed, overturned, or beaten down, and their dead bodies served to fill the ditch. The Janizaries then led on the troops of Asia and of Europe, who fought with the energy of despair, impelled by the more and more redoubtable threats of their force leader. To those whom he saw furious he promised golden mountains; to the cowardly, he pronounced instant death; and executioners were at hand to enforce his vengeance. For two hours and more the Christians withstood every effort of the enemy, and the voice of the Emperor was heard encouraging his followers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their city. Adopting the example of his race, to fatigue and wear out his foes, at this fearful instant, Muhammad, weighing his name, and commanding his drums and warlike instruments to sound, impelled onward by act and gesture, his janizaries, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. Similar to lions in chase of their prey the Turkish writers describe, they ascended the breach, regardless of the storm of arrows, stones, balls, and musket bullets, that showered on them. The dust of the combat darkened the heavens, and a heavy veil filled the azure sky, the cannon thundered on the walls, and the fall of the queen of nations evidently drew on. The immediate loss of Constantinople, however, as Gibbon judiciously states, may be ascribed to the bullet, or arrow, which pierced the gullet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood, and his exquisite pain, appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in search of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable Emperor, "Ye would," exclaimed Justiniani, "is light the danger is pressing! your presence is necessary! and whither will you retire?" "I will retire," said the trembling Genoese, "by the same road which God has opened for the Turks;" and at these words, he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act, he stained the honors of a military life, and the few days which he survived at Chios,

were imbibed by his own and the public reproach.—His example was followed by most of the Auxiliaries—the defence slackened, and the assault was pressed with untold vigour; the adverse balance vibrated so strongly, if the besiegers could penetrate by a single spot the city was irretrievably lost. This fatal spot at length, was the very palace of Constantine. While the Emperor guarded the breach, thus left exposed by the retreat of Justiniani, the Turks perceiving a door of the palace open, by which the Greeks made their sallies with security, (it being under ground) fifty janizaries rushed in, and mounting the walls, cut those who defended them to pieces: after which the enemy found no difficulty. Hassan, a janizary of huge stature, was the first who ascended the walls amid the confusion of this fatal event, he was followed by all the assailants, and the Greeks were driven from them, or buried under the overwhelming multitudes. Amid these multitudes the Emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a General and a soldier, standing in the breach with his sword and buckler in his hand, was heard to utter these mournful words:—"Is there no Christian left alive to strike off my head?" To prevent his falling alive into the hands of his enemies, he laid aside his gilded arms, and fell amid the tumult unknown and unnoticed, his body being buried under a mountain of the slain. Dr. Walsh when viewing the spot, observes: "The breaches, which remain in the wall for a considerable extent, near this gate, and which the Turks have never yet repaired, attest the vigorous resistance made, and the utter loss of any further effort, to stop the torrent of barbarians that poured in through them." The body of Constantine was found in one of them, where he had placed himself as the last, but effectual barrier; and a magnificent tree (the Cypress turpentine) is now growing out of it, to mark, as Clarke says "the sacred spot where the last of the Palæologi fell."—Upham's History of the Roman Empire.

THE JOURNAL OF MAJOR LAING.

[From the London Literary Gazette of Sept. 26.]

[In giving this tragical and disgraceful story to the British public, we may notice that the individual who figures so conspicuously in it, viz. Hassouna d'Ghies, must be well remembered a few years ago in London society. We were acquainted with him during his residence here, and often met him, both at public entertainments, and at private parties, where his Turkish dress made him so conspicuous. He was an intelligent man, and addicted to literary pursuits; in manners more polished than almost any of his countrymen whom we ever knew, and apparently of a gentler disposition than the accusation of having instigated this infamous murder would fix upon him.—Ed. London Globe.]

It was known some days ago that Baron Rousseau, the French Consul-General and charge d'affaires at Tripoli, had taken down his flag, in consequence of very serious disputes between the Pasha and him, respecting the papers of Major Laing. If we may credit the information which we have received, Baron Rousseau is implicated in this affair. As soon as the official documents, which we expect, have reached us, we shall lose no time in laying them before the public.

News received from Tripoli.—It was about three years ago, that Major Laing, son-in-law of Colonel Hammer Warrington, consul-general of England in Tripoli, quitted that city, where he left his young wife, and penetrated into the mysterious continent of Africa, the grave of so many illustrious travellers. After having crossed the chain of Mount Atlas, the country of Fezzan, the desert of Lempta, the Sahara, and the kingdom of Abades, he arrived at the city of Timbuctoo, the discovery of which has been so long desired by the learned world. Major Laing, by entering Timbuctoo, had gained the reward of £3000 sterling, which a learned and generous society in London had promised to the intrepid adventurer, who should first visit the great African city, situated between the Nile of the Negroes and the river Gambaron. But Major Laing attached much less value to the gaining of the reward than to the fame acquired after so many fatigues and dangers. He had collected on his journey valuable information in all branches of science; having fixed his abode at Timbuctoo, he had composed the journal of his travels and was preparing to return to Tripoli, when he was attacked by Africans, who undoubtedly were watching for him in the desert. Laing, who had but a weak escort, defended himself with heroic courage; he had at heart the preservation of his labours and his glory. But in this engagement he lost his right hand, which was struck off by the blow of a yatagan. It is impossible to help being moved with pity at the idea of the unfortunate traveller, stretched upon the sand, writing painfully with his left hand to his young wife, the mournful account of the combat. Nothing can be so affecting as this letter, written in stiff characters, by unsteady fingers, and all soiled with dust and blood.—This misfortune was only the prelude to one far greater. Not long afterwards, some people of Ghadames, who had formed part of the Major's escort, arrived at Tripoli, and informed Colonel Warrington that his relation had been assassinated in the desert. Col. Warrington could not confine himself to giving barren tears to the memory of his son-in-law. The interest of his glory, the honour of England, the affections of a father,—all make it his duty to seek after the authors of the murder, and endeavour to discover what had become of the papers of the victim. An uncertain report was soon spread that the papers of Major Laing had been brought to Tripoli by people of Ghadames; and that a Turk named Hassouna d'Ghies, had mysteriously received them. This is the same d'Ghies whom we have seen at Marseilles, displaying so much luxury and folly, offering to the ladies his perfumes and his shawls—a sort of travelling Usbek, without his philosophy and his wit. From Marseilles he went to London, overwhelmed with debts, projecting new ones, and always accompanied by women and creditors. Col. Warrington was long engaged in persevering researches, and at length succeeded in finding a clue to this horrible mystery. The Pasha, at his request, ordered the people, who had made part of the Major's escort to be brought from Ghadames. The truth was at length on the point of being known; but this truth was too formidable to Hassouna d'Ghies for him to dare to await it, and he therefore took refuge in the abode of Mr. Cox, the consul of the United States. The Pasha sent word to Mr. Cox, that he recognised the involability of the asylum granted to Hassouna; but that the evidence of the latter being necessary in the prosecution of the proceedings relative to the assassination of Major Laing, he begged him not to favour his flight. Col. Warrington wrote to his colleague to the same effect. However, Hassouna d'Ghies left Tripoli on the 9th of

August, in the night, in the disguise, it is said, of an American officer, and took refuge on board the United States' corvette Fairfield, Captain Parker, which was then at anchor in the roads of Tripoli. Doubtless, Captain Parker, was deceived with respect to Hassouna, otherwise the noble flag of the United States would not have covered with its protection a man accused of being an accomplice in an assassination.

It was fully believed that this escape was ardently solicited by a French agent, whom we see, with a profound sentiment of grief, engaged in this affair. It is even said, that the proposal was first made the captain of one of our (French) ships, but that he nobly replied, that one of the King's officers could not favour a suspicious flight,—that he would not receive Hassouna on board his ship, except by virtue of a written order, and, at all events, in open day, and without disguise.

The Fairfield weighed anchor on the 10th of Aug., in the morning.

The Pasha, engaged at the escape of Hassouna, summoned to his palace Mohamed d'Ghies, brother of his fugitive, and there, in the presence of his principal officers commanded him with a stern voice, to declare the truth. Mohamed fell at his master's feet, and declared upon oath, and in writing, that his brother Hassouna had had Major Laing's papers in his possession, but that he had delivered them up to a person, whom we shall refrain from mentioning, for a deduction of forty per cent on the debts which he had contracted in France, and the recovery of which this person was endeavouring to obtain by legal proceedings.

The declaration of Mohamed extends to three pages containing valuable and very numerous details respecting the delivery of the papers of the unfortunate Major, and all the circumstances of this strange transaction. * * * * * The shape and size of the Major's papers are indicated with the most minute exactness: it is stated that these papers were taken from him near Timbuctoo, and subsequently delivered to the person above mentioned entire, and without breaking the seals of red wax.—A circumstance which would demonstrate the participation of Hassouna in the assassination; for how can it be supposed otherwise, that the wretches who murdered the Major would have brought these packages to such a distance without having been tempted by cupidity, or even the curiosity so natural to savages, to break upon their frail covers?

Mohamed, however, after he had left the palace, fearing that the Pasha in his anger would make him answerable for his brother's crime, according to the usual mode of doing justice at Tripoli, hastened to seek refuge in the house of the person of whom we have spoken, and to implore his protection. Soon afterwards the consul-general of the Netherlands, accompanied by his colleagues, the consuls-general of Sweden, Denmark, and Sardinia, proceeded to the residence of the person pointed out as the receiver, and in the name of Col. Warrington, and by virtue of the declaration of Mohamed, called upon him instantly to restore Major Laing's papers. He answered haughtily, that this declaration was only a tissue of calumnies; and Mohamed, on his side, trusting, doubtless, in a pretended inviolability, yielding, perhaps, to falacious promises, retracted his declaration, completely disowning it, and even went so far as to deny his own hand writing.

This recantation deceived nobody; the Pasha, in a transport of rage sent to Mohamed his own son, Sidi Ali; this time influence was of no avail. Mohamed threatened with being seized by the *chianour*, retracted his retraction; and in a new declaration, in the presence of all the consuls, confirmed that which he made in the morning before the Pasha and his officers.

Now the outlines of this affair are clearly laid down, we submit them to the attention of France and of Europe. The reader will easily divine every thing that delicacy renders it our duty to pass over in silence. One consolatory fact results from these afflicting details: the papers of Major Laing exist, and the learned world will rejoice at the intelligence; but in the name of humanity, in the name of science, in the name of the national honor—compromised, perhaps, by disgraceful or criminal bargains,—it must be hoped that justice may fall upon the guilty whoever he may be.—(From the *Semaphore of Marseilles*.)

FRESH TEAS.

Just received from Halifax, per Hannah Smith: 40 CHESTS comprising: Fine Hyson; Real Souchong; and first and second qualities of Congo, which will be sold by the Chest or retail at the very lowest rates in the Market. A. L. S. O. on consignment per WANDERER, and for Sale.—Very Cheap: 25 BARRELS FINE FLOUR; 2 TIERCES WHITE BEANS. August 22. BRAGG & WARNE.

FRESH FRUIT.

Just landing from on board the Ship JANE, from Liverpool: A FEW Bags WALNUTS; Ditto Soft Shell ALMONDS, and HAZEL NUTS; 5 Boxes Prime Muscavels, & a few Kegs Raisins JOHN V. THURGAR. October 3, 1829.

Jamaica Rum.

35 PUNCHEONS and 2 Hogsheads of Jamaica Rum, just received per Schr. Edward, from Jamaica, for sale by WILLIAM BOWMAN. 26th September, 1829.

The Subscriber has received per ship Augusta, from Liverpool:—

7 BALES very well assorted SLOPS, suitable for the season, 20 Boxes of very superior Mould CANDLES, —IN STORE— 50 Barrels prime Quebec PORK, 100 Half barrels Prime Mess ditto. JOHN ROBERTSON. 31 October, 1829.

SOAP.—On Consignment. 100 BOXES each 20lbs. best hard yellow soap, packed expressly for family use. 100 Boxes Mould and Dipe Candies, and a few Tierces Rice, Agila & fine Tierces Rice. For sale by JOHN V. THURGAR. 10th Oct. 1829.

BUTTER. Just received, and for sale by the Subscriber 25 FIRKINS BUTTER, first quality. HENRY BLAKSLEE. 10th October, 1829.

SUGAR. 25 HOGSHEADS JAMAICA SUGAR, of an excellent quality for sale by I. L. BEDELL. Oct. 10.

New Goods.

The Subscribers have received per Brig Tawcen from London, Ships Augusta and Briton, from Liverpool, and Forth, from Greenock: Their SPRING SUPPLY OF

BRITISH MERCHANDIZE,

comprising—

BALES SUPERFINE, Black, and Blue BROAD CLOTHS;
6 Do Bleached and Unbleached Cottons;
2 Do Fashionable Prints and Linings;
2 Do check and striped Cottons;
4 Do Cotton Warp, assorted Nos.;
1 Do Bleached, unbleached and Striped Drill;
1 Case Umbrellas; 1 do, silk Handkerchiefs;
2 Do, Threads and Small Warps;
1 Do Ladies Warsted and Cotton Hose;
Gentlemen's White & Mix'd Cotton 3 do.;
4 Bales Slops assorted; 1 do Ships' Colours;
100 Bolts Bleached and Unbleached Canvass;
50 Do Duck; 14 Do Osnaburgs;
1 Case Irish Linens and Brown Hollands;
1 do Stationary, assorted;
1 do Ladies and childrens Morocco Shoes;
3 Do Gentlemen and Boys Beaver & Wool Hats;
1 Bale Salmon and Herring Twine;
2 do Cod, Pollock, Mackerel, and Chalk Lines;
1 do Sine Thread, 1 do Bed Cords;
5 Tons Cordage assorted, from 6thd. ratline, to 43 in Hawkers;
1 do 2 and 3rd. Spun yarn & White Rope;
15 Casks HARDWARE assorted;
1 Do Cutlery; 1 Case Fowling Pieces;
2 Cases Ship's Compasses and Log Glasses;
16 Bundles long and short handled Spades and Shovels; 4 do, do, Frying Pans;
62 Kegs wrought & cut Nails, from 4d. to 40d.
25 Do Spikes, from 4 to 8 inches;
20 doz. Griffin's Scythes; 25 do. Sickles;
1 Case Cart Boxes; 1 do. Block Bushes;
2 Tons Iron Pots, Bakepans, and Spiders;
20 Do assorted round, square and flat Iron;
3 Bundles best German Steel;
10 Boxes Tin Plate, 1 c. and 1x;
1 Ton Shot assorted, from BB. to No. 8;
30 Boxes Crown Glass;
1 Hind. Leaf Sugar; 10 Bbls. Raisins;
2 Do SHERRY WINE;
12 Crates Earthenware, assorted;
2 Do common Garden Pots;
20 Boxes Mould Candles, 6's and 8's;
13 Tons Brown Soap, in 1 and 1 cwt. boxes,
2 Casks boiled and Raw Linseed Oil;
20 Jars do do do;
3 Tons London White Lead, in 1/2 cwt. kegs, 1/2 do Red and Yellow PAINT;
3 casks blue, green and Black PAINT;
1 do Putty; 1 do Whiting;
1 do each Yellow and Red Ochre;
1 do Alum, 1 Do Coppers;
Bbls. Coal Tar, & Black & bright Varnish;
1 Chest best quality Indigo; [der;
100 Bags fine stove Salt, & 40 Kegs Gunpowder. Which, with their former Stock of DRY GOODS, FLOUR, CORN, & GROCERIES, they offer for Sale Cheap for Cash, at their Store No. 1, South M. Wharf. —IN BOND—

50 M. RED OAK STAVES. M'KENZIE & TISDALE. St. John, May 23, 1829.

OCTOBER 10th, 1829.

E. De W. RATCHFORD, Offers for Sale at his Auction Room, very low for Cash, or approved paper:—

BEST Cognac BRANDY, in pipes and half pipes; Jamaica Sugar; Sugar, in hogheads and barrels; refined Sugar; Coffee; Molasses; Wines; Gin; Ale and Porter, in wood and bottle; Souchong, Congo, and Bohea Teas in chests and boxes; Boston Mould and Dipt Candles; English and Campo-Bello Soap; an extensive variety of manufactured Tobacco—some very superior, 16 hanks to the lb.; ground and root Ginger; Mustard; Pepper; Brimstone; Sulphur; Alum; Crown Blue; imperial and common Bay; Nova-Scotia Oatmeal; Nova-Scotia, Quebec, and United States Pork and Beef; bags of Pease; Arrow Root; Muscatel Raisins; white, yellow and green Paints; boiled and raw Oil, in jars and casks; Spirits Turpentine, in jars; Cordage of all sizes, from 6 inches to Spun yarn; Hawkers; Canvass; Oakum; Lines; a few Anchors, from 2 to 20 cwt.; a small Chain Cable; a set Composition Rudder Braces, suitable for a vessel of 300 tons; a patent Compass; Patent Dock Lights; Coal Tar; Pitch; Tar; Rosin; Turpentine; Lamp Glass; an excellent assortment of Bar and Bolt Iron; Sheet and cut Nails, of all sizes; Spikes; 2 casks well assorted Hardware; ROWLAND'S Philadelphia Mill Saws; Smith's Bellows and Vices; 50 crates Iron; Ploughshare Moulds and Slab Iron; wrought well assorted Earthenware; 15 casks Warren's Blacking; a quantity of Red Wood and Log Wood; 5 tons Lignumvita; Mahogany; Baizes; Flannels; Blankets; Slop Clothing; London Prints and Muslins; a few pieces elegant Furniture Prints; a few pieces assorted Cassimores; bleached and unbleached Cottons; Muslins and Muslin Handkerchiefs; 200 Reams Writing Paper; a quantity of Japan and Cabinet Ink, in bottles of three sizes—and other Stationary; Saddlery. Also, a quantity of OTHER CAPS and FUR COLLARS.

THE SUBSCRIBER,

HERBY informs the Citizens of Saint John, that he has commenced business in the Store next adjoining that occupied by SAMUEL STEPHEN, in Saint John Street, where he intends manufacturing and repairing every description of Tin Goods.—ALSO,

SHEET IRON STOVES AND STOVE PIPES, &c.

As his work will be warranted superior, he hopes for a share of Public patronage, and as it is not his intention to give credit, his charges will be found to correspond. E. STEPHEN. St. John, October 3.

N. B.—Two Journeymen Tinsmiths, and one Apprentice, wanted.

Raisins, Brandy, &c.

Just received per brig Perseverance from Liverpool, and for sale low, if applied for, solid landing.—A large assortment of Goods, suitable for the season, among which are the following articles, viz:—

200 BOXES and 100 half Boxes of

150 Boxes Crown Glass—assorted sizes,
10 Bales Ducks and Osnaburgs,
30 Dozen black Mackerel Lines,
20 Do. black Thread No. 20 to 25,
5 Tons Cordage assorted sizes,
10 Crates Earthenware, well assorted,
18 Tons Iron assorted,
2 Tons 3/4 x 1/2 best hammered Iron,
5 Bales Slops, assorted,
1 Case Braces,
1 Trunk Cotton Reels, (Felt),
8 Bales Sheathing Paper, (imitation of) 50 Reams Laid and Wove Pot Paper,
4 Casks Hardware, assorted, &c. &c. JOHN ROBERTSON. 50 Childrens of very superior Coals, landing ex brig Moon.—Apply as above August 22d, 1829.

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. Saint John, N. B. April 14, 1827.

Blanks for sale at the Courier Office

HARDWARE. The Subscriber has just received per Briton and Augusta from Liverpool: HIS SPRING SUPPLY OF

GOODS,

34 H HDS. and Cases HARDWARE, 8 Tons rose, clasp and horse Nails, ass'd.; 10 do. Flat and round English Iron, ass'd.; 10 do. Swedish Iron, ass'd.; 24 do. double refined Axes Iron, 3 to 24 inches; 3 do. German Bake Pans, assorted; 2 1/2 do. Double & single Plough-share Moulds; 1 do. Plough-plate Iron assorted; 1 do. Shot and Sheet Lead; 2 Hhds. Tea Kettles and Griddles; 10 Doz. Frying Pans, 12 Doz. Tin ass'd.; 1 Case Putty, 1 do. Blue, 1 do. Lamp-Black; 1 Diato Red and Yellow Ochre, 1 do. Alloy; 1 Ton White Lead, 12 Doz. Scythes, ass'd.; 12 Dozen Shovels and Spades; 1 Box Looking Glasses, assorted; 1 Bale Hair Cloth and Curled Hair; 1 Hhd. Shoe Thread assorted; 2 cases Hairs; 10 Crates Earthenware, ass'd.; 600 Stone Jugs, assorted; 1 Case each blade and unbleached Linseed Oil; 1 Bale Cod Lines, assorted, &c. &c. A L S O—2 Tierces White Mustard SEED of the very best quality. All of which will be Sold very Cheap for Cash.

N. SMITH DE MILL, No. 3, S. Market W. for

REMOVAL.

W. STRICKLAND, begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from the Exchange Coffee-House in the Market-square, to the Brick Building lately occupied by Mr. ROBERT T. WILSON, in King-street, where he intends accommodating Gentlemen with BOARD and LODGING, as usual. N. B.—Good STABLES for Horses. Saint John, May 9, 1829.

FURNITURE FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber has now on hand, an assortment of HAIR MATTRESSES, or he will make them to order, of any size that may be wanted.—Also, A great variety of Mahogany and other FURNITURE, which he will sell cheap for approved payment, at his Furniture Warehouse, on the South side of King-street, near Masonic Hall. ALEXANDER LAWRENCE. Aug. 1.

FRESH TEAS.

85 CHESTS Congo, No. 1, 2, 3, and 4, 20 Boxes Gunpowder, Hyson, and Congo. JOHN HAMMOND. October 17th, 1829.

Musical Academy.

THE MUSICAL ACADEMY of the Subscriber will re-open in this City, on the 31 December next. Tuition on the several instruments as formerly. [Oct. 17.] A. CORRY.

SNUFF! SNUFF! &c.

Just received per brig Hanford from New-York a large supply of LORILLARD'S best

MACABOY,

Rappee, High Toast, Scotch and Mixture, American Honey, Lamp Glasses, and Wicks.

A few good Spanish CIGARS.

WILLIAM O. SMITH. October 24th, 1829.

MEDICINES &c.

Just received per Fame, from London, and for sale by the Subscriber:

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