POETRY.

From the Token.

NAPOLEON.

"Napoleon, when in Saint Helena, beheld a bust of his son, and wept."

LONG on the Parian bust he gazed,
And his pallid lips moved not;
But when his deep cold eye he raised,
His glory was forgot;
And the heated tears came down like rain,
As the buried years swept back again—
He wept aloud!

He who had fearless rode the storm
Of human agony,
And with ambition wild and warm
Sailed on a bloody sea,
He bent before the infant head,
And wept—as a mother weeps her dead!—
The pale and proud!

The roar of the world had passed—
On a sounding rock alone,
An exile, to the earth he cast
His gathered glories down;
Yet dreamt he of his victor race,
Till, turning to that marble face,
His heart gave way;

And nature saw her time of power—
A conqueror in tears!
The mighty bowed before a flower,
In the chastisement of years!
What can this mystery control!
The father comes, as man's high soul
And hopes decay.

Alone before that chiselled brow,
His proudest victories
Flit by, like hated phantoms now,
And holier visions rise—
The empire of the heart unveils,
And lo! that crownless creature wails
His days of power.

The golden days, whose suns went down,
As at the icy pole,
Lighting with dim, but cold renown,
The kingdom of the soul!
When all life's charities were dead,
And each affection failed or fled
That withering hour!

Oh! had the monarch to the wind
His hope of conquest flung,
And to the victory of the mind
Had his warrior footsteps rung,
What then were desert rocks and seas,
To one whom destiny decrees
Such fadeless fame!

Oh! had the tyrant cast his crown
And jewels all away—
What though the pomp of life had flown,
And left a lowering day!
Then had thy speaking bust, brave boy,
Awoke with memories of joy
Thy fated name!

(From the Atlantic Souvenir.)

AN APPEAL.—BY P. M. WETMORE.

"Oh, could ye taste the mirth ye mar, you conquerors!"

YE worshippers of Glory!
Who bathe the earth in blood,
And launch proud names for an after age
Upon the crimson flood,

Pause in your march of terror!
Wo hovers o'er your path;
Madness, despair and death await
The conflicts gathering wrath!

Think ye a throne will prosper,
A nation's glory rise,
When your bark is borne by a people's tears,
And wafted by their sighs?

Look to the peaceful dwelling
Of the peasant and his race;
There's joy around that lowly hearth,
There's rapture on each face.

That brow with snow is whitened,
Those eyes with age are dim;
But his face is bright at the twilight hour,
As he joins in the evening hymn.

For his children there are smiling;
What a blessed sight it is
To sit in the shades of a pleasant eve,
And gaze on a scene like this!

Two manly youths are standing
Beside their father's chair,
And a maiden's face, all loveliness,
Shines like a sunbeam there.

A mother's placid features
Are in that circle found,
And her bosom warms with a thrill of joy
As she fondly looks around.

On through the paths to glory,
Ye mighty conquerers!
The trumpet's voice has summoned forth
Your legions to the wars!

Rush on through fields of carnage,
And tread to earth the foe!
Where'er your banner floats above,
Let your sabres flash below!

Yet stay your march to greatness,
Your breath has been a fate,
Where is the peaceful cottage now?
Its hearth is desolate!

Upon that door no longer
The twilight shadows fall;
In a shroudless grave the old man sleeps
Beneath the ruined wall.

Ye tore away his strong ones—
On the battle field they lie;
The mother pined in her grief away,
And laid her down to die.

That form of seraph sweetness;
Where the eye enraptured gazed,
Is a piteous wreck in its loveliness,
For the lost one's brain is crazed.

'Twere better she were sleeping
Within the silent tomb:
For never more to her frenzied eye,
The flowers of life shall bloom!

And these are 'mong the trophies
That build you up a name—
With blood and tears, ye conquerers!
Ye purchase empty Fame.

MISCELLANY.

(From the American Traveller.)

THE JUDGES' RETREAT IN 1700.

THE last cry of the fish-hawk that hovered throughout the long autumnal day over the smooth surface of the Connecticut, had ceased, and the weary bird had retired to her nest in the midst of the forest, proclaiming to the lost and weary hunter the close of day, as I took my rifle and left our encampment, accompanied only by my faithful dog, who, from his valor, had received the honorary degree of "*Hero*," of which title he was far more deserving than most of the "A. B.'s" manufactured by our *ancient universities*, at the present enlightened age of our unenlightened world. The shadows of the trees, as I walked along, gradually lengthened, and the dense forest on the opposite bank of the stream grew darker and darker, until the yellow leaves of the chesnut and the crimson tints of the wild rose, were undistinguishable from the evergreen foliage of the wide spreading pines. At length, Hero, who had taken the liberty (that all dogs do at the present day) o_ making me follow him, came crouching and whining up towards me, while his expressive countenance seemed to indicate that something ominous was to be seen in the opposite thicket. I cocked my rifle, and bringing it to a hunter's trail, reconnoitred the thicket, and perceived at a little distance a precipice. Upon reaching its brow I heard several voices, which appeared to proceed from persons concealed in a cave of the ledge. Soon the notes of a maiden came floating upon the bosom of the zephyr from below, equalling in melancholy softness the strains of an Æolian harp. As the tones increased, the shrill cry of the sallow conger was hushed throughout the leafy coverts of the forest, while the whippoorwill, who so oft had poured forth its melting lays, as the shades of evening settled down upon each hill and vale, turned its ear towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded. Now it ceased, and the stillness of nature was unbroken, save by the faint echoes of her notes, as they melted away amid the distant vallies. Led by the voice of the unknown female, I had unconsciously walked along the brow of the abyss, until, from the distinctness of the sound, I concluded that her retreat could not be far distant. At this instant, the growling of Hero again aroused me from a reverie, and just in time to secrete myself amidst a clump of hazels. Immediately, a figure passed by the spot where I had stood, which appeared to be that of a man, not far advanced beyond the meridian of life, yet evidently borne down with suffering; while

"His haggard brow and snow-white hair
Bespoke the *curse* of cankered care."

He approached the verge of the precipice, and, with the assistance of a rope, until then hid beneath some dried leaves, descended the crags, and just as I arrived at the topmost landing, he entered a gloomy fissure of the rock. I then began to thing of my forlorn situation. The sun had hid herself behind the hills of the west, and I far from the camp, and deep in an unknown forest, with no guide to direct my steps. The cries of the wild beasts now began to sound nearer, while, amidst the thick folatrge of the trees, the glaring eyeballs of the savage wild cat and ferocious catamount were perceptible. I then determined to seek the habitation of the unknown persons, rather than remain longer exposed to beasts of prey; and, laying down my rifle, I grasped the cord, and began my perilous descent. The hissing of the speckled adder and the buzzing of the rattlesnake, as I passed their secret dens made me recoil with horror. Continuing my descent, I placed my foot upon a jutting crag, which gave way with a tremenduous crash, and fell to the foot of the precipice, leaving me supporting my whole weight with one hand only, as I swung over the yawning abyss. I recovered my footing, however, and at length stood in safety at the entrance of the fissure. Not a glimpse of an individual could be discovered; but on advancing a considerable distance into the cavern, I heard the sound of voices, and approaching a crevice at the bottom of the cave, a stream of light burst through from the vault below. On examining this opening, I perceived three whites, dressed in woodmen's frocks; the middle one, from his light hair, I recognised as the individual whose figure I had seen before. An Indian Chief and a savage maiden sat in another corner upon a mat. The Chief was employed in fitting his bows and arrows, while a wood fire was brightly blazing in the rude chimney. The Indian, who had several times dropped his half-finished arrows, to listen, at this moment, drew a complete one from his quiver, attaching it to the string, and casting a glance upward, the bow was suddenly sprung. I started back as the winged messenger, accompanied by a loud yell from the savage, passed swiftly by my head, and striking against the ceiling of the cavern, fell harmless by my side. The whole party turned their attention in the direction of the arrow, and on seeing me, the apartment was suddenly darkened. At length it grew lighter, but no one was perceptible, save the Indian. I then addressed the savage in Mohegan, and related my adventures. He took compassion upon me, and bade me open a trap door situated near. On inspecting the place I found an iron ring, and pulling it, a door opened, presenting a flight of stone steps, which I descended. I groped along with some difficulty, and soon found myself in the centre of a cavern. The Indian pointed to a mat, and bidding me seat myself, he threw on the fire a handful of broken wood—then setting a dish of cold venison and succatash, and a bottle of limpid water, before me, he retired to hi mat; and wrapping his person in a blanket, soon lost himself in a deep sleep.

After making a hearty meal, I closed my eyes and slept; how long, I cannot tell; but when I awoke the Indian was gone. I then groped about, after the whites, but could find no trace of them; on turning an angle in the cave, however, I perceived a ladder. I concluded to descend upon its mouldy rounds, and was suddenly introduced to the objects of my search. They turned their eyes towards me in anguish, as the eldest cried in a low tone,

"Young man, what will it profit you to take the lives of three old men, who now totter upon the very brink of the grave? Leave us a little longer to ourselves, and like the ripened grain, we shall be gathered into the garner of our heavenly father. Is it gold, that you seek? Here is enough—take it;" offering, as he said this, a large and heavy bag.

I could restrain my feelings no longer. "Whoever you are, gentlemen, your secret is safe. I ask not for it; but may I not be allowed to offer you some assistance? I am an officer of the king, and until this day have never trod the vistas of this forest. As for your gold, I want it not." I then related the circumstance of my singular visit. The most elderly of the three then advanced, and grasping my hand, while a tear stood in his sunken eye, he thanked me for my kind intentions but remarked that I could afford them no assistance, then leading me towards the steps, we mounted them together, and soon stood at the entrance. He then said, in an under tone, "Young man, beware how you again visit this cave. There is ruin and death in the path; be wise, and may the blessings of Providence ever rest upon you. Farewell."

Before I had time to reply, the speaker had turned back, and was almost out of sight, amid the windings of the cavern. I ascended by the rope, and at length reached the encampment, to allay the fears of my friends who were about starting in pursuit of me. * * * * * *

Three weeks passed away, and my curiosity arose to such a pitch, that, in spite of the admonitions of the aged white, I determined to revisit the cavern. I descended as before, and entered the fissure, but not a soul was to be seen. The hearth showed no signs of a late fire, and the humble furniture was gone. At length I discovered a folded billet, and on opening it, found these words,

"Young man, by discovering our abode, you have caused us much trouble; but as it was unintentional, we freely forgive you. Seek for us no more, for it will be in vain; and do not forget in your daily prayers, the persecuted Judges of Charles the First."

J. E. D.

Interesting account of the Hon. Colonel Ponsonby, who was wounded at the Battle of Waterloo.

Extracted from a Letter addressed to the mother of that gallant Officer.

DEAR LADY B. You have often wished for some written account of the adventures and sufferings of your son, Colonel Ponsonby, in the field of Waterloo; the modesty of his nature is, however, no small obstacle in the way. Will the following imperfect sketch supply its place until it comes? His answers to many of the questions which were put to him are here thrown together, as nearly as I could remember, in the following words:

The weather cleared up at noon, and the sun shone out a little just as the battle began. The armies were within eight hundred yards of each other, the videttes, before they were withdrawn, being so near as to be able to converse. At one moment I imagined I saw Bonaparte, a considerable staff moving rapidly along the front of our line. I was stationed with my regiment (about 300 strong) at the extreme of the left wing, and d. cted to act discretionally; each of the armies were stationed on a gentle declivity, a small village lying between them.

At one o'clock, observing, as I thought, unsteadiness in a column of French infantry (50 by 20-1000, or thereabouts), which were advancing with an irregular fire, I resolved to charge them. As we were descending in an gallop, we received from our own troops a fire much more destructive than theirs, they having begun long before it could take effect, and slakening as we drew nearer; when we were within fifty paces of them, they turned, and much execution was done among them, as we were followed by some Belgians who had remarked our success. But we had no sooner passed through them than we were attacked in our turn, before we could form, by about 300 Polish lancers, who had come down to their relief; the French artillery pouring in among us a heavy fire of grape-shot, which however, for one of our men killed three of their own; in the melee, I was disabled almost instantly in both my arms, and followed by a few of my men, who were presently cut down (no quarter been asked or given), I was carried on by my horse, till, receiving a blow on my head from a sabre, I was thrown senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself a little to look round (being, I believe, at that time in a condition to get up and run away), when a lancer passing by, exclaimed, "*Tu n' est pas mort, coquin!*" (*What you're not dead yet you scoundrel!*) and struck his lance through my back; my head dropped, the blood gushed into my mouth, and I thought all was over.

Not long afterwards (it was then impossible to measure time, but I must have fallen in ten minuntes after the charge), a tirailleur came up to plunder me, threatening to take my life; I told him that he might search me, directing him to a small side-pocket, in which he found three dollars, being all I had; he unloosed my stock and tore open my waistcoat, then leaving me in a very uneasy posture, and was no sooner gone than another came up for the same purpose, but I assured him I had been plundered already, and he left me; when an officer, bringing on some troops (to whom probably the tirailleurs belonged), and halting where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying, he feared I was badly wounded; I replied that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed into the rear. He said it was against the order to remove even their own men, but that if they gained the day, as they probably would (for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that six of our battallions had surrendered), every attention in his power should be shown me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy-bottle to my lips directing one of his men to lay me straight on my side, and place a knapsack under my head; he then passed on into the action, and I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I conceive, for my life; of what rank he was I cannot say, he wore a blue great-coat. By and bye, another tirailleur came and knelt and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with great gayety all the while; at last he ran off, saying, "*you will be glad to hear we are about to retire; good day, my friend.*"

While the battle continued in that part, several of the wounded men and dead bodies near me were hit with the balls, which came very thick in that place. Towards evening, when the Prussians came, the continued roar of the cannon along theirs and the British line growing louder and louder as they drew near, was the finest thing I ever heard. It was dusk, when two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, both of them two deep, passed over me in full trot, lifting me from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly; the clatter of their approach, and the apprehensions it excited, may be easily conceived; had a gun come that way it would have done for me. The battle was then nearly over, or removed to a distance. The cries and groans of the wounded all around me became every instant more audible, succeeding to the shouts, imprecations, and outcries of "Vive l'Empereur!" the discharges of musketry and cannon, and now and then intervals of silence, which were worse than the noise,—I thought the night would never end. Much about this time I found a soldier of the Royals across my legs, who had probably crawled thither in his agony; his weight, convulsive motions, his noises, and the air issuing through a wound in his side, distressed me greatly; the latter circumstance most of all, as the case was my own. It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder, (and the scene in Ferdinand Count Fathom came into my mind, though no women, I believe, were there); several of them came and looked at me, and passed on; at length one stopped to examine me. I told as well as I could (for I could say but little in German,) that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already; he did not desist, however, but pulled me about roughly before he left me. About an hour before midnight, I saw a soldier in an English uniform coming towards me; he was, I suppose, on the same errand. He came and looked on my face; I spoke instantly telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said he belonged to the 40th regiment, but had missed it. He released me from the dying man; being unarmed, he took up a sword from the ground, and stood over me, pacing backwards and forwards. At eight o'clock in the morning some English were seen at a distance; he ran to them, and a messenger was sent off to Hervey. A cart came for me; I was placed in it, and carried to a farm-house about a mile and a half distant, and laid on a bed from which poor Gordon, as I understood afterwards, had been just carried out. The jolting of the cart, and the difficulty of breathing, were very painful. I had received seven wounds; a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by continual bleeding—120 ounces in two days, besides the great loss of blood on the field.

The lances, from their length and weight would have struck down my sword long before I lost it, if it had not been bound to my hand. What become of my horse I know not; it was the best I ever had.

The man from the Royals was still breathing when I was removed in the morning, and was soon after taken to the hospital.

Sir Denis Pack said, the greatest risk he ran the whole day was in stopping his men who were firing on me and my men when we began to charge. The French make a great clamour in the action, the English only shout. Much confusion arose, and many mistakes, from similarity of dress. The Belgians, in particular, suffered greatly from their resemblance to the French, being still in the very same clothes they had served in under Buonaparte.

NEW SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

Last week two of our west country farmers, who had ventured on a slight course of astronomy at one of the mechanics' institutions *foregathered* at market, and after hailing each other with the kindly salutation of "How 'a wi' ye John," and "How's a' wi' yoursell, James," both set tooth and nail to pull the weather to pieces, and to rate the skies for their inclemency. "It's been growing caulder and caulder spring after spring, and simmer after simmer this dizen years," remarked John. "Atweel has it," responded James, "It's aye getting the langer the waur—ilka day's dourer and sneller than its neighbour—its out of a' reason.—How do ye account for it John, on *she-en-ti-fic* principles? "Really, said the rural philosopher, who had sucked deepest at the fount of knowledge, 'I wouldna' lippen mysell perfytely to explain the cause, but ye ken weel aneugh that as this warld rins round on its aixtre, (axletree) its but reasonable to suppose, judging of causes by their effects that the gudgeon at the north end has been o' safter metal than that at the sooth, and has just worn faster awa'—the upshot o'whilk is, that wi' every whirl round the warld takes, it will get a bit jauchle and hitch mair northert, till there's nae saying how soon we may be laired a' thegither in frost and snaw for ever." "Hech man," sighed James, pulling up his corduroys with desperate energy, and shivering to the chin at the thought of such a consummation—"hech man, that will be a cauld clyte to the feck o' us".—*Paisly Adv.*

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, "well honest fellow," said he, "'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."

UNITED STATES.

(From the Gloucester (U. S.) Telegraph)

A general account of the Fisheries of Massachusetts and its neighbouring States, from the year 1780 to 1810, made in 1815, by a gentleman now deceased, who is well acquainted with the business, and who took very considerable pains to make his statement correct, it having been made by particular request, and for a special purpose. A copy of the estimates here follows:

"My calculation is, that there were employed in the Bank Labrador, and Bay Fisheries, in the years above mentioned, 1232 vessels yearly, viz: 584 to the Banks and 648 to the Bay of Chaleur and Labrador. I think that the 584 Bankers may be put down at 36,540 tons, navigated by 4,617 men and boys, each vessel carrying one boy. They take and cure 510,000 quintals of fish; and averaging about three fares a year, and consume annually, 81,170 hogsheads of salt. The average cost of their vessels is about 2000 dollars each—the average price of their fish at foreign markets, is 6 dollars per quintal. These vessels also made from their fish, annually, 17,520 barrels of oil, which commands about 10 dollars per barrel. Their equipments cost about 900 dollars each, annually, exclusive of salt. The 648 vessels that fish at the Labrador and in the Bay, I put down at 41,600 tons, navigated by 585 men and boys. They take and cure annually, 548,000 quintals of fish—they go but one fare a year, and consume annually 97,260 hogsheads of salt. The average cost of the vessels is about 1600 dollars and their equipments, provisions, &c. is 1050 each.—This description of vessels is not so valuable as the Bankers more particularly that class which is from the States of Maine, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, as they are mostly sloops of no very great value. Most of the vessels cure a part of their fish near the place where they catch them, on the beach rocks, &c. and the rest after their return home. Several cargoes of dry fish are shipped yearly from Labrador, directly for Europe. The usual markets for these fish are in the Mediterranean—say, Alicant, Leghorn, Naples, Marseilles, &c. as small fish are preferred at those markets, and the greater part of the fish caught up the Bay, and the Labrador, are very small. The average price of these fish, at the foreign market, is, 5 dollars per quintal. These vessels also make from their fish about 20,000 barrels of oil, which always meets a ready sale at a handsome price, say from 8 to 12 dollars per barrel. The most of it is consumed in the United States.

Recapitulation.—1232 vessels employed in the Bank, Bay, and Labrador fisheries. measuring, in tons, 85 140; number of men they are navigated by, 10,459; number of hogsheads of salt they consume, 178,370; number of quintals of fish they take, 1,158,700; number of barrels oil made, 37,520 There is also a description of vessels called jiggers, being small schooners of about 30 to 45 tons, which fish in the South Channel, on the shoals, and near Cape Sable—their number is 300, and carry about four or five hands each say, 1200 men, and take about 75 000 quintals of fish annually, and consume 1200 hhds. of salt, and make about 4000 bbls. of oil. Their fish is generally, sold for the West Indies and home consumption.

There is still another description of fishing vessels, commonly called "Chebucco Boats, or pink Sterns;" their number is 600 from 10 to 28 tons, and carry two men and a boy each, say 1800 hands, and consume annually 15,000 hhds of salt—they take and cure 120,000 quintals of fish, which are also used for the home and West India markets, except the very first which they take early in the spring being of an excellent quality, are sent to the Bilboa market, in Spain, where they bring a great price. These vessels measure about 10,800 tons, and make 9000 bbls. of oil. There are about 200 schooners employed in the mackerel fishery, measuring 8000 tons, carrying 1600 men and boys, take 50,000 barrels mackerel annually, and consume 6000 hhds. of salt. The alewive, shad, salmon and herring fisheries are immense, and consume a great quantity of salt.—Total—whole number of fishing vessels of all descriptions, - - - 2,332
Measuring in tons 115,940
Number of men employed in them 15,050
Number of hhds. of salt consumed 255,370
Number of quintals fish taken and cured - - - - - - - 1,353,700
Number of barrels oil 50,520
Number of barrels of mackerel 50,000

There are many persons who assert that in one year, there were at Labrador, and up the Bay, more than 1700 vessels, besides the bankers, but I am confident that they are mistaken.

New Goods.

The Subscribers have received per Brig *Tweed* from London, Ships *Augusta* and *Briton*, from Liverpool, and *Forth*, from Greenock:
Their SPRING SUPPLY *of*
BRITISH MERCHANDIZE,
—*comprising*—

2 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 Wares;
1 Do Ladies Worsted and Cotton Hose; Gentlemen's White & Mix'd Cotton ½ 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 Gentlemens and Boys Beaver & Wool Hats;
1 Bale Salmon and Herring Twine;
2 do Cod, Pollock, Mackerel, and Chalk Lines;
1 do Shoe Thread, 1 do Bed Cords;
5 Tons Cordage assorted, from 6thd. ratline, to 4½ in Hawsers;
1 do 2 and 3 thd. Spunyarn & 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 Cask Cart Boxes; 1 do. Block Bushes;
2 Tons Iron Pots, Bakepans, and Spidors;
20 Do assorted round, square and flat Iron;
3 Bundles best German Steel;
10 Boxes Tin Plate, I c. and I x;
1 Ton Shot assorted, from BB. to No. 8;
32 Boxes Crown Glass;
1 Hhd. Loaf Sugar; 10 Bbls. Raisins;
3 Do SHERRY WINE;
12 Crates Earthenware, assorted;
2 Do common Garden Pots;
20 Boxes Mould Candles, 6's and 8's;
1½ Tons Brown Soap, in ½ and 1 Cwt. boxes,
2 Casks boiled and Raw Linseed Oil;
20 Jars do do do;
3 Tons London White Lead, in ¼ cwt. kegs,
½ 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 Allum, 1 Do Copperas;
Bbls. Coal Tar, & Black & bright Varnish,
1 Chest best quality Indigo; [der;
100 Bags fine stoved Salt, &40 Kegs Gunpow-

☞ 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

GREAT BARGAINS!!!

The Subscriber has received, (in addition to his former supply,) per the brig MARY, from *Liverpool*, and the ship EDWARD DOWNS, from *Belfast*, an extensive assortment of

Goods,

which he will sell cheaper than has been offered in the market, being direct from the Manufactures, and purchased with Cash.—Amongst the selection, are the following:—

175 PIECES Printed Calicos, newest patterns;
100 Do. Jaconet, Mull, Book, Cross-barred, and Hair cord MUSLINS;
200 Do. Shirting and Factory Cottons, various width and qualities;
50 Ditto Checks and Stripes;
Silk, worsted and cotton HOSIERY;
1 Case Irish Dinens and Diapers;
Gentlemen's Leghorn HATS;
Bombazetts and Bombazeens;
An elegant assortment of Bobbinet & Laces
Superfine black, blue and mixed broad Cloths;
200 Pieces Handkerchiefs—various descriptions;
Cotton Balls, Reels, and a variety of other Articles.

ALSO, received this day per the *Hope* and *Susan*, from Philadelphia:—
4 Bales Cotton Warp, assorted, numbers from 6 to 10;
1 Case of Morocco and Denmark Satin Shoes;
1 Do. Childrens Boots of different colours;
30 Boxes Spermaceti CANDLES;
1 Bale Sattinetts—of different colours;
100 Dozen of Hair Combs—of various sizes;
200 Ditto side ditto.

LIKEWISE ON HAND:
A quantity of Hyson and Souchong Teas;
All of which will be sold low for Cash, or short approved credit, at his store in Saint John-street, opposite Mr. J COX'S Auction Room.

N. M'GLINCHEY.
June 27th, 1829.

HARDWARE.

The Subscriber has just received per Briton and Augusta from Liverpool—
HIS SPRING SUPPLY OF
GOODS,
viz—

34 HHDS. and Cases HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c.
8 Tons rose, clasp and horse Nails, ass'd.;
10 do. Flat and round English Iron, do.;
1 do. Swedish Iron, ass'd.;
3½ do. double refined Axe Iron, 3 to 3½ inches,
3 do. Pots and Bake Pans, assorted;
1 do. German, Blistered, and Cast Steel,
2½ 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 Boxes Tin ass'd.;
1 Cask Putty, 1 do Blue, 1 do Lamp-Black,
1 Ditto Red and Yellow Ochre, 1 do. Allum,
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 Hhds. Shoe Thread assorted; 2 cases Hats;
10 Crates Earthenware, ass'd;
800 Stone Jugs assorted;
1 Cask each boiled and unboiled Linseed Oil;
1 Bale Cod Lines, assorted, &c. &c.
ALSO—2 Barrels White Mustard SEED of the very best quality. ☞ All of which will be Sold very Cheap for Cash.

N. SMITH DE MILL,
May 16. *No. 3, S. Market Wharf*

Jamaica Rum.

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

Flannels, Blankets, &c.

Received per brig *Perseverance*, from Liverpool and for sale by the Subscribers:—
BALES Red and white FLANNELS,
Do Rose, Witney and Point Blankets,
Do. Flushing and other Slops,
Do. Superfine and second Cloths.
Per brig Newcastle, *from Sunderland*:—
50 Bolts bleached CANVASS, No. 1 to 8,
50 Coils CORDAGE—assorted,
Hawsers, from 3½ to 6 inches,
3000 Pieces Brown EARTHENWARE.
100 Boxes Yellow SOAP.
ALSO,
100 Chaldrons HOUSE COAL,—afloat, warranted of superior quality.
In Store,—
Jamaica RUM and SUGAR,
Antigua MOLASSES, &c. &c.
CROOKSHANK & WALKER.
29th August, 1829.

GEORGE THOMSON,

Has received per Ship Brothers, from Liverpool, and Brig Thomson's Packet, from Dumfries and Whitehaven:
PART OF HIS SPRING SUPPLY OF
DRY GOODS.
—ALSO—
BRANDY, Geneva, Jamaica Spirits, Whiskey, Port, Sherry, and Madeira WINES,
Linseed, and Pale Seal Oil, Paints,
Soap, Window Glass,
Mould & Dipt Candles, Cheshire Cheese,
Raisins, Currants, Loaf Sugar,
Shelled Barley, Oatmeal,
English and Swedes Iron,
Tin Plate and Iron Wire, Nails and Spikes,
Chain Cables, Cordage, &c. &c.
☞ Which will be Sold very low for Cash, or other approved payment.
—LIKEWISE—
150 Chalds. best Orrel COAL.
St John, May 23, 1829.

TOBACCO, &c.

100 KEGS and Boxes manufactured TOBACCO, principally of superior quality, just received per WANDERER, from New-York, and for Sale at reduced prices, by
E. D. . RATCHFORD.
ALSO:
4 Bales of Cotton Wool, and 10 Tierces Rice—very low for CASH. *Aug.* 15.

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. ALSO,
on consignment per WANDERER, *and for Sale,—Very Cheap:*
25 BARRELS FINE FLOUR;
2 TIERCES WHITE BEANS.
August 22. BRAGG & WARNE.

BY THE PACIFIC.

80 CASKS well assorted NAILS and SPIKES.
300 Bundles Cotton Twist.
For Sale by
J. & H. KINNEAR.
St. John, Sept. 26th 1829.

Just Received by the Subscriber:
A FEW Tons Cordage and Bolt Rope;
A Truss Sail Twine; A few Bales best Bleached Coker and Brown CANVAS;
A Bale of RUSSIA DUCKS;
Two Serrons Spanish Indigo;
Twelve Crates well assorted Earthenware;
And sundry other British Merchandise.
St. John, Sept. 26. JOHN V. THURGAR.

Jamaica Spirits.

Now landing ex Schooner EDWARD:
25 PUNCHEONS JAMAICA SPIRITS, of excellent quality, *entitled to long Drawback.*
For Sale low while landing.
E. DeW. RATCHFORD.
September 26th, 1829.

Raisins, Brandy, &c.

Just received per brig Perseverance from Liverpool, and for sale low, if applied for while landing;—a large assortment of Goods, suitable for the season, among which are the following articles, viz:—
200 BOXES and 100 half Boxes of Muscatel RAISINS,
3 Pipes very superior Brandy, 6 hhds. do.
150 Boxes Crown Glass—assorted sizes,
10 Bales Ducks and Osnaburgs,
30 Dozen blue 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 3½ x ½ best hammered Iron,
5 Bales Slops, assorted,
1 Case Braces,
1 Trunk Cotton Reels, (Tab.)
8 Bales Sheathing Paper. (imitation of
50 Reams Laid and Wove Pot Paper,
4 Casks Hardware, assorted, &c. &c.
JOHN ROBERTSON.
50 Chaldrons of very superior Coals, landing ex brig Moon.—Apply as above.
August 22d, 1829.

Perfumery.

The Subscriber has just received by the FAME, from LONDON—
AN ASSORTMENT OF
PERFUMERY,
SOAPS, BRUSHES, &c.
EDWARD DOUGHERTY.
4th July, 1829.

S. NICHOLS,

Has received per FORTH from Greenock, and TWEED, from London:—
PART OF HIS USUAL SPRING SUPPLY OF
DRY GOODS,
AMONGST WHICH ARE:
IMITATION, Thibet, and Mingrellia Shawls; Ribbons; Gloves; Hosiery; Linens; Shoe Cloths; INDIA GOODS, &c. &c.
ALSO,
Cognac Brandy, in Pipes and Hogsheads;
Best White Wine Vinegar; Paints;
Boiled and Raw Oil; Indigo;
Superior Durham Mustard; Loaf Sugar, &c.
May 30, 1829.

THE SUBSCRIBERS
Have Received Per Sarah Ann *from St. Kitts*
60 HOGSHEADS MOLASSES;
18 Puncheons RUM;
Per Schr. Elizabeth from Halifax:
4 Hogsheads } Choice Old L. P. Madeira;
4 Qr. Casks }
Per Ship PACIFIC *from Liverpool:*
100 Pieces very Superior Bleached CANVAS, Nos. 1 to 8.—Which will be Sold very cheap for approved payment.
Sept. 26. CROOKSHANK & WALKER.

22d August 1829.

E. D. W. RATCHFORD,

Is now receiving per Brig *Perseverance*, from Liverpool, and *Atlantic*, from Belfast,
IMPERIAL and common BARLEY,
Assorted Paints, Boiled and raw Linseed Oil;
Ginger, root and powdered Allum; Saltpetre;
Brimstone; Red Ochre; Earthenware; Stationary, &c. &c. IN STORE;
Liverpool SOAP and CANDLES;
Also:—15 Hhds. SUGAR;—
Which will be Sold low for approved payment.

MANCHESTER GOODS.

Received Per the FORTH, from Liverpool:
and for sale:—
120 PIECES GREY COTTONS;
100 Ditto HOMESPUN;
100 Ditto FANCY PRINTS;
98 Ditto WHITE COTTONS
100 Pieces Bandanna HANDKERCHIEFS, (Silk.) AND
Expected by the PACIFIC:—
10 BALES COTTON WARP.
J. & H. KINNEAR.
September 19. 4t5w