

STANZAS.

It is not when the parting breath,
We watch with anxious heart,
It is not in the hour of death,
When those we love depart,
Nor yet when stretched upon the bier
We follow slow the course,
Which leads us to their dwelling low
That we most feel their loss.

When past the last sad solemn rite
And dust to dust is gone,
And in its wonted channel'd course
The tide of life flows on,
Oh who can tell how drear the place
Once fill'd by those most dear,
When well known scenes and local things,
And all but they are here!

This deep, this heart-felt loneliness,
This quietness of grief,
Falls heavier on our souls of joy
Than tempests strong but brief;
The whirlwinds tear the blossoms fair,
Yet still the stem may thrive,
While a cold season withering blight,
Scarce bears the root alive.

But as our earthly pleasure's fade,
If plants of heavenly peace,
Spring in our bosom's wilderness,
And nurtur'd, there increase,
In humble hopes and holy fear,
Our hearts will daily prove,
That sweeter friends are angels sent
On errands full of love.

Then seek not hours of solemn grief,
Nor sorrowing thoughts to shun,
Until our hearts are brought in truth,
To say, "Thy will be done,"
And grateful love for strokes like these,
Our hearts to God may warm,
Perhaps he saw the gathering cloud,
And hush'd them from the storm.

If in his own good time and way,
He shelters them from ill,
And in his mercy bless the blow;
To those remaining still,
May we not hope to join in heaven,
The song the Angels raise,
Almighty Lord and King of Saints,
How just and true thy ways!

(From the United States Gazette.)

CHAMOMILE TEA.

Let doctors or quacks, prescribe as they may,
Yet none of their nostrums for me;
For I firmly believe—what the old women say,
That there's nothing like chamomile tea.

It strengthens the mind, it enlivens the brain,
It converts all our sorrow to glee,
It heightens our pleasures, it banishes pain—
Then what is like chamomile tea?

In health it is harmless—and say what you please,
One thing is still certain with me,
It suits equally well with every disease:
O' there's nothing like chamomile tea.

In colds or consumptions, I pledge you my word,
In chills, or in fevers d'y see,
There's nothing such speedy relief will afford,
As a dose of good chamomile tea.

Your famed panacea, spice rhubarb, and stuff,
Which daily and hourly we see
Cracked up for all cures, in some newspaper puff,
Can't be puffed into chamomile tea.

The cancer and cholick, the scurvy and gout,
The blues, and all evils d'esprit,
When once fairly lodged, can be only forced out
By forcing in chamomile tea.

You all know the story how Thetis's son
Was dipped to his heel in the sea;
The sea's all a farce—for the way it was done,
He was hardened by chamomile tea.

Or it dipped in the Styx, as others avow,
Which I also deny by the powers—
The Styx, it is plain, must in some way or how,
Have been banked up with chamomile flowers.

When sentenced to die, foolish Clarence, they say
Met his fate in a bit of Malmsey, (this day
He'd have foiled the crooked tyrant, and lived to
Had he plunged into chamomile tea.

Let misses and maidens in tea table chat,
Sip their hyson or sprightly bohea;
It may fit them to scandal, or such things as that,
But its nothing like chamomile tea.

Let tipplers and spendthrifts to taverns resort,
And be soaked in their cups cap-a-pie;
Their champagne and tokay, their claret and port,
Are poison, to chamomile tea.

Why the rector the gods and their goddesses quaff
In potations convivial and free, (laugh,
Though Homer mistakes it—nay, pray do not
I suspect it was chamomile tea.

Then fill up your goblets, and round let them pass,
While the moments and hours they flee;
And let each gallant youth pledge his favourite
In a bumper—of chamomile tea.

SONG,

WRITTEN BY THOMAS BAYLEY, ESQ.

"It is not on the battle field."

It is not on the battle field,
That I would wish to die;
It is not on a broken shield,
I'd breathe my latest sigh.
And tho' a soldier knows not how
To dread a soldier's doom,
I ask no laurel for my brow,
No trophy for my tomb.

It is not that I scorn the wreath,
A soldier proudly wears,
It is not that I fear the death,
A soldier proudly dares,
When slaughter'd comrades round me lie,
I'd be the last to yield,
But yet I would not wish to die,
Upon the battle's field.

When faint and bleeding in the fray,
Oh! let me still retain,
Enough of life to crawl away,
To this sweet vale again;
For like the wounded weary dove,
That flutters in its nest,
I fain would reach my own dear love,
And die upon her breast.

MISCELLANY.

[THE MICROSCOPE.—It must be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers, that this instrument was exhibited in this City only a few months since. And we have, therefore, copied from a late number of the 'New-York Observer,' an interesting article in allusion thereto, which, no doubt, will be somewhat interesting, if not instructing.—It is now exhibiting in Peale's Museum, New-York.]—E. C.

It is the purpose of this communication, to suggest to the readers of the Observer, the value of this wonderful instrument of vision. On a recent visit to Peale's Museum, (where it is exhibited daily, when the sun shines in a cloudless sky, at 12 o'clock, A. M.) I enjoyed, with many others, the gratification of its full exhibition. Things

quite too minute to be detected in their existence by the unassisted sight, are there demonstrated to exist, organized, complete in all their functions, seen to breathe and palpitate and organize and die, by being magnified. I know not how many millions of times beyond their own proper minuteness of size, in which they are every way impalpable to the simple senses. A mere mite that no mere eye can see, an infinitesimal of existence, hath there his full portrait taken, and his picture painted with light and shade disposed according to the living imitable fact itself, on a large screen, projected to the dimensions of some ten or fifteen feet, like a huge *Magalherium* or *mammoth* beast alive. Our good old cheese appears to be quite populous, and thus perhaps nutritious and pleasant to epicures, when of first rate, age and taste! The dust of figs is shown to be inhabited by whole republics of free personage, who seem to do just as they please. A drop of choice proof vinegar discloses a whole commonwealth of snakes, of beautiful exterior, and very graceful but rapid motions, as they seemed furiously and even mortally to dislike the action of the solar rays, piercing the fluid globe of their retirement. Rain water from the cistern exhibits divers wonders of its own; and the process of crystallization of various sorts is perfectly superb. A lady, observing the natives of the vinegar, remarked that henceforth she would use no more without first straining it. Mr. Peale, presenting a piece of superfine cambric muslin, asked if she would use a finer piece in her sieve than that? "Oh no!" was her reply, "there can be none finer than that." Well then, said Mr. P. we will insert this and show it to you. Instantly, like the cross grates of a prison-door, the squares appeared, with apertures sufficiently large to let through hundreds of such animalcula! Whether the lady will stop using vinegar, and breathing atmospheric air or not, we are uninformed.

It is a remark of CHALMERS, that the almost simultaneous invention or perfection of the telescope and the microscope, has given to the eye of science the faculty of exploring two worlds, each infinitely grand—the world of the vast and the world of the minute; and that, if in the former we have not mastered the wonders that are there, so in the latter the range is not to be arrested with the discovered goal, beyond which there is no more of organized existence. How wonderful the immensity of God! "The works of the Lord are exceeding great; sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. While gazing at the magnificence of creative might, as pictured to the senses at the museum of Peale, I could not but praise the moral influence of so great and so excellent a curiosity. Who could doubt the existence of the Creator, who there contemplate some few specimens of his manifold wisdom! What ignorance to say nothing of wickedness, enters into the composition of an atheist! "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are all thy ways thou King of Saints! Who shall not fear thee, oh Lord, and glorify thy name."

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A very interesting work, in three volumes, called *Stories of Waterloo*, has just been published, from which we extract the following correct and effective description of the evening after the dreadful battle which gave liberty to the Continent.

"I wander o'er this bloody field,
To seek our dead, and then to bury them;
To seek our nobles from our common men;
For many,
Lie down'd and soak'd in mercenary blood.
Shakespeare's Henry V.
The last gleam of fading sunshine fell upon the rout of Waterloo. The finest army, for its numbers, that France had ever embattled in a field, was utterly defeated; and the dynasty of that proud spirit for whom Europe was too little, was over.

Night came, but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon; and the moon rose upon the "broken host," to light the victors to their prey. The British forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of the flying enemy; and the roads, covered with the dead and the dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives, and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was frightful. But, wearied with blood (for the French, throwing away their arms to expedite their flight offered no resistance), and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British pursued relaxed gradually, and at Genappe ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farm houses of Cailion and Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry, some miles further on, halted, and abandoned the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary allies. Nothing, indeed, could surpass the desperate and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were forgotten to revenge. The memory of the former defeat, insult, and oppression, bore prodigious and dreadful retaliation, and empowered every feeling of humanity. The *ex tunc* was pronounced, and thousands besides those who perished in the field felt that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre. In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blucher forced the passage with his cannon; and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit and destroyed the discipline of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror.

But, although the French army had ceased to exist as such, and now (to use the phrase of a Prussian officer) exhibited rather the flight of a scattered horde of barbarians, than the retreat of a disciplined body—never had it, in the proudest days of its glory, shown greater devotion to its leader, or displayed more desperate and unyielding bravery than during the long and sanguinary battle of the 18th. The plan of Bonaparte's attack was worthy of his martial renown: it was unsuccessful; but let this be ascribed to the true cause—the heroic and enduring courage of the troops and the man to whom he was opposed. Wellington without that army, or that army without Wellington, must have fallen beneath the splendid efforts of Napoleon.

While a mean attempt has been often made to lower the military character of that great warrior, who is now no more, those who would libel Napoleon root Wellington of half his glory. It may be the proud boast of England's hero, that the subjugator of Europe fell before him, not in the wane of his genius, but in the full possession of those martial talents which placed him foremost in the list of conquerors—leading that very army which had overthrown every power that had hitherto opposed to it, now perfect in its discipline, flushed with recent success, and confident of approaching victory.

At Genappe, and not, as generally believed, at La Belle Alliance, Wellington and Blucher met for the interview of conquerors. To Blucher's fresher troops the task of an unobtrusive pursuit was entrusted; and Wellington, at midnight, returned to Waterloo across the crimson field which that day had consummated his military glory. "Twas said that he was deeply affected, as, 'by the pale moonlight,' he unwisely surveyed the terrible scene of slaughter he passed by, and that he bitterly lamented a victory, which had been

achieved at the expense of many personal friends and thousands of his gallant soldiery.
When the next sun arose, the field of battle presented a tremendous spectacle of carnage. Humanity shuddered at the view, for mortal suffering in all its terrible variety was fearfully exhibited. The dead lay there in thousands—with their human pain and agony over; but with them a multitude of maimed wretches were intermingled, mutilated by wounds, and tortured by thirst and hunger. A few short hours had elapsed, and those who had yesterday had crept upon the plain of Waterloo, in the full pride of life and manhood, were stretched upon the earth; and many who had led the way to victory, who with exulting hearts had cheered their colder comrades when they quailed, were laid upon the field in helpless wretchedness.

Nor was war's misery confined to man. Thousands of wounded horses were strewn over the scene of slaughter. Some lay quietly on the ground cropping the ground within their reach; some with deep moaning expressed their sufferings; while others maddened with pain,

"Yer'd out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice."
When day came, and it was possible to send relief to the wounded, many circumstances tended to retard the welcome succour. The great road to Brussels, from heavy rains, and the incessant passage of Artillery, and war equipages, was so much cut up, as to materially retard the carriages employed to bring the wounded from the field. Dead horses and abandoned baggage choked the causeway, and rendered the efforts of Belgian humanity both slow and difficult. Up to the very gates of Brussels: "war's worst results" were visible. The struggles of expiring nature had enabled some to reach the City. "Many, however, had perished in the attempt; and dying on the road side, covered the causeway with their bodies. Piteously, dog, and scarcely moulded over, received the corpses, which daily became more offensive from the heat; and the same sod at the verge of the forest, covered 'the horse and his rider.'"

When such evidence of destruction was apparent at a distance from the field, what a display of devastation the narrow theatre of yesterday's conflict must have presented! Fancy may conceive it; but description must necessarily be scanty and imperfect. On the small surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that 50,000 men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain, which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by cannon wheels, was strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; lance caps and Highland bonnets, uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon, musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles;—but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a "foughten field?"—each and every ruinous display bore a mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of a field of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living amidst its desolation for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lance and cuirassier were scattered thickly on every side. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and the tirailleur lay, side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with "green Erin's" badge upon his helmet, was grappled in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground lay cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock-deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where the last effort of Napoleon had been defeated.—Here, in column, lay the corps, on whom his last chance rested, and had been annihilated. The advance and repulse of the guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made. The old guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet had closed the contest.

It was at the first light of morning that a solitary party were employed in the place we have described, examining the dead who there lay thickly. There were no plunderers; one, wrapped in a cloak, directed the researches of the rest, who found produced under the stranger's control, and from their dress seemed to be Belgian. Suddenly, the muffled person uttered a wild cry, and rushing over a pile of corpses, hurried to a spot where a soldier was seated beside a fallen officer. Feeble as his own strength was he had exerted it to protect the wounded man. His musket was placed beside him for defence, and his own sufferings seemed forgotten in his solicitude for the person he was watching. The noise occasioned by the hasty approach of the muffled stranger roused the wounded officer; he feebly raised his head, "It is himself!" he faintly muttered; and next moment sank in the arms of Lucy Davidson.

THE TIME FOR WRITING.

NIGHT is the best time for study, but morning is the best time for committing the fruits of our studies to paper. In the early dawn, while the sly slumber yet turns upon his bed, and yawns for another nap, the industrious student, or author, should be up, with pen in hand, and committing his thoughts to paper, for his own future use, if not for the press, and for the good of mankind. It is in the morning, if ever, that we find ourselves fitted for the labour of composition. The stillness of the season—the general calm serenity and salubrity of the atmosphere—the renovated vigour of our physical, and the cheerful state of our intellectual powers—all combine to promote the flow of our ideas and facilitate their correct and vivid expression. Our spirits seem to rise with the sun, and our imagination to soar with the eagle, who wings his flight with that brilliant orb. The perplexities of the day, the various call to which we are subjected, according to the nature of our occupations, have not come upon us; and we are left to those calm reflections, and delightful reveries, which improve the judgment, exalt the imagination, and meliorate the heart. When we hear the birds begin to sing, or perceive the first ray of light thro' the lattice, then is the time to rise; then is the time to sit down to the labours of the desk. The rising luminary of the day, reminds us of the great luminary of the universe, and conveys our thoughts to HIM as the source of all light, of all wisdom. In such a state of mind, under such benign influences, our genius is quickened, our judgment is strengthened, our humane affections are expanded, and our labours cannot fail to benefit ourselves, if they do not redound to the good of our country and mankind.—Rise, then, with the lark, and anticipate the sun, if you wish to enjoy health of body, and vigour and elasticity of mind, and to combine these in laborious and useful efforts to promote human happiness and prosperity.—AMERICAN PAPER.

A DISCOVERY.—Within these few weeks, a farmer residing in this vicinity, has discovered a simple, but as we are informed, an efficacious plan for improving potatoes.—The agriculturist keeps an ass for the lighter jobs of cartage, and one day, when other food was not just at hand, a servant was ordered to cut a quantity of the green shaws from a particular drill, and, at the same time, the farmer added that the operation could do little injury, as he intended to dig the potatoes next day for the use of the house. The order was promptly obeyed, and Martin swallowed the shaws with the gush of an epicure. Though the field lay low, the farmer was astonished next day at finding the soil on both sides of the drill, where the roots had been denuded of the shaws, much wetter than the others, and, on a close inspection, he discovered that the extra moisture had oozed out of the shaws that remained in the ground. The potatoes that had been previously raised had been so wet, soft, and unsavoury, that they were unfit for the market, but it appeared that hewing away the foliage, had had the effect of draining off the extra moisture, and rendered them as dry, mealy, and nutritious as the most enthusiastic admirer of murphies could desire. The experiment, we hear, has been since almost daily repeated, uniformly with the same success, and if it be not already done, the farmer has it in contemplation to send a full detail of the discovery to Sir John Sinclair.—Scotsman.

BEER DUTY, 9s 10d. per BARREL.—By a most bare-faced preference of the interest of the rich to those of the poor, the beer duty is made to affect that only which is brewed for sale, all home-brewed beer being exempted from the tax. Now, as rich people generally use only beer manufactured in their own houses, and as the poor from their inability to brew at home, are obliged to buy their beer entirely from public houses, the object of the tax is, to impose heavy burden on the working classes, from which the nobility and gentry of the country are wholly exempted. The hard working labourer cannot get a glass of ale to invigorate his constitution, without paying a duty upon it, at the rate of 9s 10d per barrel; while the nobleman, merchant, and banker, in the receipt of probably ten or twenty thousand a year, may consume any quantity he pleases, either at his own table or that of his servants, without having to pay one farthing of the duty. That a tax so scandalously partial should ever have been imposed, or that it should still be continued, and so little outcry raised against it, is indeed extraordinary.

THE LOST DRAGON.—It is not generally known that underneath the walls of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a range of gloomy vaults in which are entombed many of the illustrious dead of the Irish capital. This cemetery has been for many years shut up, and about the time when it began to be disused, the melancholy and affecting circumstance happened which I am now going to relate. An officer of the 4th Dragoons who had enjoyed the affections of a fair Hiibernian maid, and whilst every preparation was making for that consummation most devoutly to be wished for by an attached and youthful pair, chanced to be on guard at the Castle. Lounging about in his uniform and exhibiting to the admiring eyes of many a love-sick damsel his handsome person set off with all

"The pomp and panoply of glorious war," a funeral procession passed him; and seeing that the remains of some person of consequence were about to be consigned to their parent earth in a private and unostentatious manner, curiosity prompted him to follow in the melancholy train. The procession took the direction of the College, and passing under the archway, arrived at the entrance of the vaults. Here was seen the last of the gallant soldier. He was missed from his guard; his place at the mess-table (which he used to enliven with his hilarity and good humour) remained empty that evening. In the following morning his mistress, in the figurative language of the East, "dropped the anchor of hope in the harbour of anxiety," and conjecture was at a stand still to account for his protracted absence. Months, a year rolled past, still no tidings of the absentee. At last another funeral winded its way towards the Trinity vaults. The mourners descended into their dark recesses. In passing along one of the sepulchral galleries, their feet crushed the mouldering bones of a skeleton. Imagine their astonishment, when they observed beside it a steel casque and rusted sabre. On examining the bones, the flesh seemed to have been eaten off them by voracious rats. The sword belt and pouch were also nearly devoured; and after a great deal of speculation as to the identity of the unfortunate individual, who evidently had strayed into the vaults on a former occasion, had lost himself in their gloom, had been starved to death, and finally devoured, it was eventually found out to be the young and ill-fated dragoon.—U. S. Journal.

A hint to e-perimentalizing Surgeons.—Sir A. Cooper in his 'Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Surgery,' says, "If patients come to you for advice, they place themselves under your care, and confide in your skill; therefore it is the duty of every surgeon to adopt the most certain and effectual means for their relief. If you wish to see the effect of any new project, or try any experiment, this is all well, but you should try them on yourselves."

Singular Discovery.—A few days ago, while some paviors were making an excavation in the High-street Manchester, one of them found three feet beneath the surface, a large silver box, the weight of which is five ounces. It is an oval shape, and the lid is highly ornamented, a lion-rampant being spirally represented within a circle. On the under part of the box are engraved three initials, and the date 1745, the year, it will be recollected, in which Prince Charles Edward, the pretender's son, entered that town from Scotland.

At a tea party, a young gentleman, being at a loss for conversation, said, Pray Miss, does your mother keep a cow? No, replied the young lady, but your mother keeps a calf.

Clean castors and a clean table cloth, are essential ingredients to domestic happiness.

HARDWARE.
The Subscriber has just received per Briton and Augusta
from Liverpool—
**HIS SPRING SUPPLY OF
GOODS,**
34 H HDS. and Cases HARDWARE,
10 Doz. 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.;
3 do. double fluted Axe Iron, 3 to 3½ inches;
3 do. Pots and Bake Pans, assorted;
1 do. German, Blistered, and Cast Steel;
2 do. Double & single Plough-share Moulds;
1 do. Plough-plate Iron assorted;
1 do. Shot and Sheet Lead;
2 Hds. Tea Kettles and Griddles;
10 Doz. Fryng Pans, 12 Boxes Tin ass'd.;
1 Cask Putty, 1 do. Blue, 1 do. Lamp-Black;
1 Dito Red and Yellow Ochre, 1 do. Alum,
1 Ton White Lead, 12 Doz. Scythes, ass'd;
12 Dozen Shovels and Spades;
1 Box Looking Glasses, assorted;
1 Bald Hair Cloth and Curled Hair,
1 Hds. 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.
A L S O—2 Barrels 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 Wharf
May 16.

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 B Muscatel RAISINS,
3 Pipes very superior Brandy, 6 hds. do.
150 Boxes Crown Glass—assorted sizes,
10 Bales Ducks and Osnaburghs,
30 Dozen blue ackerled 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, [Felt],
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.

Chain Cables and Anchorstomach.
Just received per Ann, from Liverpool:—
80 CHAIN CABLES from ½ inch to 1 inch and from 40 to 75 fathoms long—with Anchors to match; 4 cases Hardware, containing Cutlery, &c.
Per Barbadoes from Cork:—
4 Tons Cordage assorted up to 6 inches; 1 bale Lines; 1 do. Sewing Twines; 60 pieces Canvas, half bleached; 15 casks Glass.
JOHN ROBERTSON.
100 Dozen Kiln Spar Bricks, apply as above. 7th November, 1829.

Hickory Handspikes.
A FEW dozen Hickory Handspikes, just received per schooner *Sarah*, from New-York, for sale low if applied for immediately, to Nov. 14.
JOHN ROBERTSON.
The Subscriber has received per ship Augusta, from Liverpool:—
7 B ALES very well assorted SLOPS, suitable for the season,
30 Boxes of very superior Mould CANDLES,
—IN STORE—
50 Barrels prime Quebec PORK,
100 Half barrels Prime Mess Jitto.
JOHN ROBERTSON.
3d October, 1829.

THE SUBSCRIBER,
HEREBY informs the Citizens of Saint John, that he has commenced business in the Store next adjoining that occupied by SAMUEL STREZER, 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.

W. O. SMITH, DRUGGIST,
North West Corner of the Market-square:
Has received per Pyrenees from London: **GENUINE** Drugs and Medicines; Patent Medicines; Surgeons Instruments; Spices; Perfumery; Dye Stuffs, &c. &c.
Also,
Copal and Carriage Varnish; kegs London white Lead; ditto yellow and black; Linseed Oil, raw and boiled; Japan and Bright Varnish; Spirits Turpentine; Whiting; Glue; Gold, Silver and Brass Leaf; Gold and Brass; Bronze; Paint Brushes; Sash Tools; Prussian Blue; Chrome, Yellow, Canary and Hemp Seed; Isinglass; Macaroni; Vermicelli; Salad Oil; Almonds; Barley Sugar; Brown Candy, with every other article in his line at the lowest rates for Cash.
October 17th, 1829. 8*

NEW GOODS.
Per Brig *Pyrenees* from London:—
120 K EGS coarse and fine Gunpowder; 4 hds. Whiting; Forty kegs of White Lead; Twenty bags B B and Buck Shot; One hoghead Putty in 14 pound bladders; Four hogheads Day & Martin's Blacking; one cask Pipeclay; one hoghead basket Table Salt; one box superior Annatto or Cheese Colouring; twenty bushels split Pease; bags best Pearl Barley; Curraway Seeds, &c.; one hoghead Green Corn; one bag Cloves; one ditto Cinnamon; one do. Cassia & Nutmegs; 60 reams pot Paper, and twenty ditto Foolscap ditto; thirty dozen Dillworth's and Universal Spelling Books; twelve dozen Highland Playing Cards; five hundred pair Ladies and Childrens sealskin and cloth Boots, Shoes, &c.; four bales Slops, &c.
Also—per the *Tweed* from Liverpool:
Three hogheads, containing gentlemen's Beaver Hats; Ladies and Childrens Beaver Bonnets, &c.; twelve Bales soft shell Almonds; four Casks Currants.—The whole of which will be sold low for Cash.
W. HAMMOND.
October 17th, 1829.

THE SUBSCRIBERS
Have Received Per Sarah Ann from St. Kitts, **60 H** OG SHEADS MOLASSES;
18 Puncheons RUM;
Per Schr. *Elizabeth* from Halifax:
4 Hogheads; Choice Old L. P. Madeira;
4 Qr. Casks Choice Old L. P. Madeira;
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.

On Consignment,
And for Sale at the Subscriber's Auction room,
A FEW Puns. high proof Jamaica RUM;
4 Tiers Coffee; bags Pimento; Pipes and Qr. Casks Sicily Madeira Wine; barrels Pork, Tierces Rice, Teas, Soap, Candles, &c. &c.
21st November. JOHN V. THURGAR.

November 21, 1829.
The Subscriber Offers for Sale, now landing,
210 B BLS. New Superior FLOUR;
200 Barrels Fresh Ground CORN MEAL;
200 Dito ditto ditto RYE FLOUR;
500 Bushels YELLOW CORN;
14 Tiers New RICE;
100 Barrels NAVY and SHIP BREAD.
—IN STORE—
10 Hds. Molasses; 20 Barrels SUGAR;
1000 Lbs. Annappolis CHEESE;
250 Bundles Cotton Warp; 20 Firkins Butter;
300 Quintals Cod Fish; 20 Bbls Pitch & Tar;
100 Barrels Herring and Alewives;
50 Barrels No. 1 and No. 2 MACKEREL;
20 Quintals Seal Fish;
800 Gallons Pale and Brown Seal & Whale Oil;
200 Dito Cod OIL;
50 Bags Table Salt;
100 Boxes Spanish Float INDIGO;
50 Bbls Spanish Herring; Stoves for Coal and Wood; with an assortment of Groceries, 15s., will be sold cheap for approved payments.
B. TILTON,
South Market Wharf

THE SUBSCRIBER
Has Received Per ship WILLIAM BOOTH, from Belfast, and ANN, from Liverpool:—
10 C ASSES BRITISH MERCHANDISE;
100 Cwt. Cotton WARP—of a quality superior to any in this Market, and better adapted for the Country than any yet imported.
Also, in Store:
50 Firkins Cumberland BUTTER—of a superior quality.
10 Cwt. Annappolis Cheese, Hyson & Souchong TEAS.—With a variety of other articles which he will sell, low for Cash, or short approved credit, at his Store in Water-street.
N. MCLINCHEY.
November 14, 1829.

New Goods.
The Subscriber has received his usual supply of
British Merchandise,
W HICH will be sold cheap for Cash, or short approved credit, at his Store in Water-street, October 10th, 1829. JOHN SMITH.

MORE NEW GOODS,
Per Ann, from Liverpool:
154 B OXES best yellow Soap; 100 barrels; 15 bags first quality mould and dipt Candles; 15 bags black Pepper; 2 pipes Cognac Brandy; 1 chest Indigo—soft kind; 10 kegs Mustard; 1 ton Alum, &c.—The whole of which will be sold low for cash.
WM. HAMMOND.
St. John, 7th November, 1829.

GEORGE THOMSON,
Has received per Ship Brothers, from Liverpool, and Brig Thomson's Packet, from Dundee and Whitehaven:
PART OF HIS SPRING SUPPLY OF DRY GOODS,
—A L S O—
BRANDY, Geneva, Jamaica Spirits, Whisky, Port, Sherry, and Madeira WINE, Linseed, and Pale Seal Oil, Paints, Soap, Window Glass, Mould & Dye 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.

Low & Grocock,
Have received per the Pyrenees, from London, a new and extensive assortment of
BRITISH MERCHANDISE,
—consisting of—
SUPERFINE, Saxony Broad Cloths and Cassimeres; Printed, white and unbleached Cottons; Hosiery of all descriptions; Mulls; Tippets and Flouncings; Ribbons; Laces; Black Bombazeens; Plaids; Printed Bombazettes; Moreens and Fringes; coloured and black Gros de Naples; Flannels; Checkings; Cloths; Shawls; worsted Comforters; silk Handkerchiefs; Haberdashery; Gentlemen's Superior, Blue, Brown and Drab Waterproof Hats; Ladies Cloaks; Guns and Pistols; writing and wrapping Paper; with many other articles well adapted for the present season, all of which will be sold cheap for Cash.
—ON HAND—
Crates Earthenware; Molasses and Sugar; 2 hogheads of superior old Sherry; Kils of Salmon, Tongues and Souds.
October 24th, 1829.

THE SUBSCRIBERS
Have lately received and offer for sale—
6 C 15 Puns. Windward Island Rum;
6 Hogheads and 20 barrels Jamaica Sugar;
9 Barrels fresh Oat