POETRY.

[From the American Traveller.]

My father said, "God bless thee, boy!"
And I could see the silent tear
Flow down that cheek, so ag'd and sear;
It seem'd to say, in bliss, in pain,
On earth we ne'er shall meet again:
He press'd my hand; the smile of joy
Fled as he cried, "God bless thee, boy!"

My father said, "God bless thee, child,
And from his lips a fervent prayer,
Was whisper'd to the midnight air;
It seem'd as tho' the hand of death
Had wafted on his holy breath:
He wept and said,—"God bless thee, child!"

My father said, "Farewell, farewell!"
And when we parted on the shore,
I thought I ne'er should see him more;
One parting look from him to take,
I felt as though my heart 'twould break:
From his proud bosom's struggling swell
Burst forth these words—"my child—farewell!"

[From the Recorder and Telegraph.]

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

I do not hate—but I have felt,
Indifferent to woman long—
I bow not where I once have knelt—
I lisp not what I pour'd in song,
They are too beautifully made
For their tame earthliness of thought—
Aye, their immortal minds degrade
The meaner work his hand hath wrought,
The sparkling eye—the trifling tongue—
The glowing lip—the icy heart—
Heaven and earth together flung!
O! I must hate—or these must part!

I wandered on a glorious night
With a fair creature I had met—
One of our things of "love and light,"
Made of bright cheek and curls of jet,
Her brow was like a fresh snow flake,
Or like the page of sins forgiven—
Or, you'd have look'd to see her break
Away like a bird to Heaven
Well 'twas a glorious night—the sky
Seem'd like Mahomet's sapphire wall—
And the blue, star gem'd canopy
Seem'd lighting earth for festival.
Twas beautiful indeed—and she—
(Pray Heaven I never meet again."
Such hollow, painted pagentry!)
She said—"their chimney smok'd again."
Oh! Milton, Dante, Spencer, Pope—
Ye of the lyre and corded shell—
Rise and lament how earth's best hope,
How woman—woman—woman—fell.

MISCELLANY.

[From the American Traveller.]

A TALE OF THE ORKNEYS.

It was in the midst of winter, when a violent storm swept the bold and rocky coasts of the Orkney Islands. The seamen, as the day drew to a close, sought among the numerous fissures of the rocks a retreat from the action of the warring elements,—while the mournful tinkling of a distant bell warned the weary mariner of his near approach to the Pentland Skerries. The light scud was seen approaching the cliffs with a velocity equalling the flight of the northern eagle; and the hoarse roar of Hoy Head, as the surf broke over its rocky barrier, struck a chill upon the hearts of all within the little hamlet of Stormness, whose white washed cottages reared their modest heads upon a little patch of land at the head of a beautiful cove, from which the hamlet derived its name. Many an anxious look was cast from their latticed windows at this time, towards the open sea, upon whose foaming bosom a small speck was seen to dance, which at first resembled a floating cork, but as it drew nearer, the sharp bows and white lug-sail proved it to be a boat; but the eyes of the practised fisherman on shore told them, at a single glance, it was none of their neighbors, altho' they were momentarily expected to return from the "Deep Sea Fishery." It however made for the hamlet; and in weathering a small point at the entrance of the cove, went too near the shore, and the venturous steersman paid dear for his temerity; the keel struck upon a rock as a mighty sea broke over it—and naught was seen after it had retired, save a few small fragments of shattered plank. The inmates of the hamlet rushed to the shore; but the waves run too high for a boat to reach the spot in safety from that place—they therefore remained inactive spectators of the scene upon the beach, in hopes that something valuable might float from the wreck. A few moments had transpired, when a boat, worked by a single man, was seen to approach the rock, and as he came alongside, he tossed a cord with a noose towards it, which, by good luck, caught around the top; then with a sudden jerk of the oar, the boatman brought his frail bark under the lee in safety. No one from on shore could perceive the object of his search, which eventually proved to be the recovery of the body of an unknown female, and a willow basket, rendered impervious to the water by a thick covering of pitch. He had observed the boat for a long time, and as it struck, saw the body float towards the rock; after raising the unconscious form in his arms and placing it gently in the bows of the boat, he prepared to shove off; but he perceived that she slowly opened her eyes, and merely beckoning him to take the basket, sunk into her former languid state. He did as she desired, and with a master stroke threw the boat into the current, which in the course of a few moments, carried it high and dry upon the beach, at the head of the cove. The villagers crowded around him to learn the result of his search; but the gossips, upon looking into the basket and finding it to contain nothing except a naked infant, shook their heads. The superstitious crowd, obedient to their potent will, shrunk from offering the least assistance, and soon he was, as he thought, alone with the body. A young sailor, however, whom he had not before perceived, came up and cheerfully offered his aid; saying at the same time, that although the body was a poor prize for one to risk his life for, yet it seemed more like showing a decent respect for the dead to give it a Christian burial, than to leave it a prey to the relentless sharks.

"I have done as I would wish to be done by," said the stranger; "and now, with your generous aid, I shall be able to place this unfortunate being in a situation where some means can be procured to bring her back to life."

They set to work and in a little time she was placed in an empty hut, which had been constructed as a shelter for shipwrecked mariners. After kindling a fire in the rude chimney, and stopping the crevices of the hut with sea-weed, the stranger drew from his pouch a small bottle, and applied it to the female's lips; after swallowing a small portion of its contents, which was real Holland's, she opened her eyes, and grasping his hand, thanked him, while the tears of gratitude trickled down her pallid cheeks for saving herself and her child from a watery grave. On casting her eyes upon the ring which encircled his finger, she started—scrutinized it more closely,—then cried in the bitterness of despair, "That was William's ring!" and immediately fell senseless upon the cold floor. The stranger gazed upon the form which lay before him with intense interest, and at length, perceived some traces of the once beautiful Catharine Seymour. He started wildly, and raved for a few moments; but after the first burst of feeling had subsided, he caught her to his breast, and pulling off his disguise, began to whisper in her ear the well known tones of her dear William. She gradually recovered from her fainting fit, and looking up, saw not the stranger—but in his place—"Oh, God!" cried she, "can it be possible?—it is! it is! my beloved William!" and threw herself upon his bosom.

The young sailor who had till now remained a silent spectator of this affecting scene, stepped up to the stranger, and said, while a tear glistened in his large blue eyes, 'Mayhap your honor would like to have a change of rigging for yourself, and for that little craft also, which now lies so snugly moored in your bosom, after weathering a rough cruise and a hard thump from the 'Devil's Back'—the shoals, I mean, your honor.'

"Pshaw," said William, whilst wiping his eyes with his sleeve.

"Shiver my timbers," said the honest tar, 'if both of my pumps ar'nt agoing as though I had four feet of water in my hold; but the cold wind, your honor knows, is apt to start tears—and as I was saying before, should your honor be in want of any thing, call upon Joe Maintop for it; and split my sails for a cursed land lubber, if it shan't be forthcoming in the turning of a handspike."

"William thanked him for his kindness, and handing him his purse, desired that he would remunerate himself for his trouble; requesting him, at the same time, to send them a few articles, such as food, dry clothing, &c. until the storm should sufficiently abate to allow them to reach his own cottage in safety.

Joe returned the purse, saying—"There may be those without who would murder you for your gold; but, thank God, Joe Maintop can do a good action without having his pocket ballasted with shiners."

William entreated, but Joe peremptorily refused; and immediately departed, saying, he would be eat up alive by land sharks before he would touch a stiver of it.

We will now carry the reader back to the coast of England, and fix the period at a year before the occurrence of the events just narrated.

Near Falmouth Roads, stands a beautiful village, whose tapering spire is seen rising from amidst the blooming hawthorn, while the blue smoke gracefully ascends in spiral columns from the white washed houses that surround it. William Vernon the hero of my tale, was a noble looking youth: Having powerful friends at Court, he rose from a humble student of Christ's College, to the vicarage of Yarmouth; soon after his arrival in the village, he became acquainted with Catharine Seymour. She was an only daughter of the Squire, who lavished upon her person every indulgence which her heart could wish. It is needless to say, she was the Village Belle. William and Catharine soon became attached to each other; and after spending many a pleasant hour in walking upon the snow-white beach, the vicar called upon the Squire for his consent to their union; which was rudely refused.

He left the house in an agony of mind which no tongue can express, save those who have experienced a like blow upon their rising hopes; and in his path to the vicarage house, he met the lovely Catharine. He told her the cruel mandate of her father, and at length urged her to a private marriage. She, in the agitation of the moment, consented; and they were soon joined, at a neighbouring village, in the holy bands of wedlock. After the first impulse of passion had subsided, they began to repent of their rashness; but it was now too late to recall the past, and the weeping girl turned to her father's house sick at heart but determined to kneel at his feet and ask forgiveness. She met him at the door. As she entered she was saluted with 'How now Kate, where have you been so long? Would you believe it?—that fool of a parson has been here fishing for your hand. 'Gad what a pity it was you were not here to hear the poor fellow sigh and take on about hi-heart—just as though he had a heart.—Whew! whew! girl, what has happened? Are you unwell?"

'Nothing,' said she 'is the matter; but I am tired of taking so long a walk,' and immediately retired to her chamber.

A few weeks passed on. But one evening, after she had returned from a long ramble with her beloved husband, she fell at her father's feet, and declared herself to be the wife of William Vernon.

'Death and destruction!' cried he—'*you*, the wife of that whining hypocrite!—you, who I had designed to be the wife of a nobleman, to marry a beggar! Out of my house, you baggage"—and turning upon his heel, locked the door. A few minutes after, his anger subsided, and his proud heart began to relent at his cruel treatment. He slowly opened the door, and found her lying, like one dead, upon the turf, with her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. The sight was too much for the indulgent father. He burst into tears; and taking her in his arms, laid her upon the couch. After using every possible means for her recovery, she revived a little, but her incoherent language proved that reason had forsaken her. He fell upon his face in agony. At length, her reason returned; and she promised her father, if it would add to his happiness, not to see William more. William was informed of her rash promise, and sought in the Western Islands a rest from the effects of unrequited love. Catharine in the course of a year became a mother. Her father had, by the promise of a large portion, prevailed upon a nobleman to marry her; but she rejected his suit with contempt. He then endeavored to force her to a connexion with him.

One evening, after all had retired to rest, she determined upon quitting the roof of her father—and putting her infant in a basket, she bribed a boatman to put her on board a sloop bound to the Orkneys. Not meeting with any vessels destined to those islands, and having a heavy breeze from off shore, the boatman for a reasonable compensation, offered to land her there himself. This she agreed to; and we now take leave of our female voyager, dancing in a frail bark over the blue waves of the North sea, until the boat struck upon the rock as before stated.

Joe Maintop, true to his promise, returned with a fresh supply of clothing and food for them. The next day they arrived safe at William's cottage. We now pass over a space of two years. Catharine had blessed her beloved husband with a second pledge of affection, and all was cheerfulness beneath their humble roof.

One morning while William and Catharine were engaged at breakfast, a post-man entered.—After the usual salutations, he was requested to take a seat at the table also. Having finished his repast, the post-man handed William an English paper, who, upon reading it, found to his astonishment, among the deaths, the name of Catharine's father; appended to which, was a paragraph, stating that he had left his estate and titles to William Vernon.

William, overjoyed at his good fortune, communicated the information to Catharine, who, altho' she dropped the tear of filial affection to the memory of her father, considered it as a mark of favor from Divine Providence, in thus assisting the unfortunate. Upon their arrival in England, William sent for the generous young sailor, and bought for him a situation in the Honorable the East India Company's service, where he continued for many years; and finally by his industry and attention, became a director.

William and Catharine returned to Seymour Place—and loud were the notes of mirth which were raised by the peasantry upon the ascension of William Vernon to the title of Lord of the Manor. D. J. E.

A LEGEND OF THE ANDES.

In the morning of 1826, I determined to cross the Andes to the shores of the Pacific. Accordingly I purchased two mules at Carthagena, and on the morn of the 26th of May, was ready for undertaking my perilous journey. We set out—that is myself and guide, which I hired to ride my sumpter mule, at 3 pistoles per week—well armed. Thus we journed on for two days without any thing remarkable occurring; when, on the third, at noon we entered the pass of Elsantos, and soon came to a precipice, from whose dark brink I shrunk back with horror; but what was my astonishment upon hearing my guide request me to follow as soon as he should reach the bottom. He then stretched himself at full length upon the back of the mule, which placing his fore feet together glided down swifter than thought to the vale below. After seeing him in safety at the foot, I prepared to follow; but the sudden report of a musket made me hesitate, and upon looking towards my guide, saw both him and mule plunge headlong down a rocky precipice upon the crags below, and were seen no more. Their exit was soon followed by the appearance of a little band of robbers, who stood upon its terrific brink with silent awe.

Finding myself bereft of my guide, and being entirely ignorant of the country, I determined to throw myself upon their protection, rather than run the chance of perishing among the wilds of Grenada. Accordingly I fixing myself as firmly as I could in my stirrupt, I closed my eyes—said three *Aves* and two *Marias*, and started. Never shall I forget my descent—mountains and lofty pines were below me, while the path was as smooth as the surface of the polished mirror. The faithful animal bore me onward in safety, and soon I found myself in the midst of the savage band. They, upon perceiving my intrusion, surrounded me, and after having taken every thing valuable, bade me follow them. I sullenly prepared, and obeying the head chief quietly mounted behind him. He then blew a shrill whistle, to call together the stragglers of his band, who were soon in their place; and after cautioning me to do whatever I saw him do, we set forward. The descending sun was shining brightly upon the highest peak of the Andes, as we drew near a ravine, whose rugged bounds we began carefully to descend. The low growl of the spotted Jaquar was heard at short intervals, accompanied with the ceaseless chatterings of the different classes of monkies, as they skipped lightly across our path, amusing us with their frantic tricks. Some were hanging from the extended branches of the firs, by their tails, while others held by one foot above them, and reaching down exerted themselves to their utmost to shake their neighbours off. Numerous birds were seen flying in every direction—the patridge's drum was now and then heard from the thick covert, like the hoarse bubbling of a distant waterfall—and loud

"All nature spoke at every step,
A God omnipotent."

We at length reached a deserted hut in the centre of the vale, whose wooden crucifix and holy inscriptions proved its former tenant to have been a Hermit. After dismounting and feeding our beasts, we washed our hands in the bowl of holy water and began our evening meal.

The repast being finished, the band, after passing an hour in the recital of past events, sung a catch or two, and then crossing their foreheads, stretched themselves out upon the rude benches, and were soon lost in deep sleep—while I watched with fevered imagination the half burnt brands, whose flickering blaze barely lighted the corner of the hut nearest to it. Three hours had rolled along—it was now midnight. I started as I heard whispered in my ear—"You can save yourself by marrying your preserver." Upon a nearer inspection, I saw a female figure muffled close in a cloak, holding in her hand a dark lantern and a huge purse.

The urgency of the moment determined my resolution, and I plighted my truth to the unknown female. We left the hut in silence—she requested me to cast loose all the mules, except two of the fiercest, and drive them down a steep precipice, from whose extremity it would be very hard for their owners to recover them. This service I performed with a hearty good will; and after assisting my fair guide to mount, followed slowly in her track. The way appeared perfectly familiar to her.—Thus we journied on. My curiosity became sharp with the rising dawn, and by the time the morning-sun shone in glorious splendour over the snow-clad tops of Cotopaxi, I began to repent my rash and foolish vow—but it was now too late. After ascending that high peak, I looked and saw far in the distance, the blue waves of the western Pacific, as they rolled in their majesty upon the sandy shores. My guide then dismounted, and beckoning me to follow her example, she threw the bridle over the neck of the mule, and let him browse upon the tender boughs of the larch—I obeyed implicitly. After finding a suitable place to rest ourselves, she desired me to bring forth from the sumpter mule our morning repast. Gods! what an idea to an Englishman—to be made sensible of the presence of substantial food with a generous portion of mountain dew. After having lived upon cheese parings and herrings for three days, I vowed then, as I lived, to adore my guide for that repast alone. Our appetites being at length satiated, I gathered the fragments, and having replaced them in the panniers, the lady spoke as follows:—

"Seignor, you are no doubt at a loss for my taking such an interest in your welfare; but your appearance and abstinence from the vices of those vile bandits whom we left behind, gained for you my esteem and respect—and the desire to save you from their bloody daggers, gave fresh impulse to my attempt."

After having raised her veil and displayed one of the most lovely faces I ever saw, she went on with her narrative.

"My father was a prince of Castile; but gaining the illwill of King Ferdinand, he was obliged to seek a resting place amid these wilds. My mother died with grief on the passage, and myself and father arrived broken hearted with misfortune. We dwelt in the hut which we a short time since left. Some weeks ago my father was taken sick, and died. The chief of the robbers, although he visited him for confession, knew nothing of my being an inmate of the dwelling; and therefore offered no violence or search to the deserted cell. After closing my lamented father's eyes, and shedding the parting tear of affection, I hid myself and jewels in a small vault from which I ventured daily to the Capalo, and viewed the country far and near, in hope of seeing some chance for escape—when last evening, as my eyes grew weary with watching, I saw the band approached with a prisoner, who proved to be yourself. I then formed the plan, which by your aid has so far been successful. Think not, Seignor, that I mean to hold you to your oath; for the daughter of Don Solos does not throw herself upon hands without your consent.

My joy at this was complete; and throwing myself at her feet, besought her to take pity upon my love, by becoming the wife of my bosom. She consented—and upon reaching a village at the foot of the mountains, we were married. From thence we embarked in a small vessel for the United States, having accomplished more in those few days which were spent on the mountains, than I ever dreamt of, viz:—making a fortune by marrying an unknown female after a courtship of three hours. My wife and myself entertain the same love and affection towards each other that we felt at first; and often do we cheer each other's down cast minds with the circumstance of our singular meeting upon the summit of the Andes. D. J. E.

SATURDAY'S MONITOR.

(FOR THE COURIER.)

No. III.

MR. EDITOR,—The piece selected for this day's Monitor, is from the Essays of the Rev. Mr. Mann. The subject is one which calls for the attention of all your readers. It is incalculable what evil has been done, what fraud has been committed, what envy has been cherished, what property has been invaded, what just rights have been trampled upon, what poor have been deceived, what widows' hearts have been made to ache, and what orphans have been deprived of their natural inheritance, under the sanctimonious visage, and the specious garb of Religion. Hypocrites are the cause, why the ways of God are blasphemed. Let each then, who would wish to advance the cause of God and Truth, guard against hypocrisy in his own character, and endeavour to detect it in others.—Let people be truly religious or abandon the semblance and imitation of it.

"The joy of the Hypocrite is but for a moment."—*Job* xx. 5.

Sincerity and integrity are indispensably necessary in the character of a good man. In civil society, these estimable traits of a mind alive to what is right are of great consideration. The deceiver who flatters with his tongue, but whose heart is not right, betrays the confidence of bosom friends.—He involves all in discord who may be so unhappy as to form any connection with him. The man who is not of an upright heart, has an almost infinite number of doublings, ambiguities, reservations, and equivocal expressions, which, while they entangle the unwary, and entrap the unsuspecting, leave still a method of escape to the deceiver, and an appearance of truth in his character. Such persons in appearance speak the truth; in design, the quintessence of falsehood.—Deceit and hypocrisy in religion is, if possible, still more detestable. I shall endeavour to trace the principal feature of this enormous vice; only remarking by the by, that in the description of some of the most distinguished personages of antiquity, sincerity is a very prominent feature.—"Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations." "Job was a perfect man and upright." And, on the other hand, hypocrisy is branded with the most odious stigma—"Hypocrites and vipers"—"hypocrites and unbelievers" are classed together, and are asked with infinite indignation, "How they can escape the damnation of hell?"

Hypocrisy courts observation.—In giving alms the Pharisee wished a trumpet to be sounded before him. His chief desire was, that men might know what he was doing, and repay him by attributing to him openness of heart, generosity, and great benevolence. The same class of men also wore phylacteries, or broad pieces of parchment sewed to their upper garments, with such sentences as—"Holiness to the Lord." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," &c. written upon them in large letters, that men might extoll their piety. "They also prayed in public places, with much tautology, to inspire the idea of their extraordinary zeal, and devotional temper. "They loved the praise of men, more than the praise of God."—"Sea and land were compassed to make one proselite;" and no effort spared which could exhibit their regard for religion to the attentive admiration of men. It is pitiful in the extreme, when the leading and animating motive in religion is display.—To hear a man in prayers who labours for fine expressions, who affects "great swelling words of vanity," is truly disgusting, who, when in the presence of "the heart-searching and reintrying God," is offering blasphemy to Jehovah, under the appearance of divine worship.

The hypocrite regards only the externals in Religion.—The outside of the cup and platter was cleansed by the Pharisees, but within it was full of cursing and bitterness. Like the painted sepulchre, the deceiver has a fair exterior, but the inwards parts are full of corruption. He prays when he is heard, but he has no communion with God in his closet. There he has no pleasure. To pray is a burden, where God and his own heart are the only witnesses. Here, he feels no excitement. Here, rather would his guilt flash in his face, and forbid him proceeding. Conscience, which in company might be asleep, is aroused in secresy, and, as a swift witness, speaks the language of condemnation, and tells a *tale* which the hypocrite hates to hear. But if he attend to religious duties in private, it is only as an actor, that he may appear to more advantage in public. Among the serious he is serious; but at home, where detection is not apprehended, the mask is laid aside. Here he is imperious, froward, passionate, dogmatical, and irreligious in his general behaviour. He pays tithes of all he possesses; but the weightier matters of the law, judgement, mercy and faith, are totally disregarded. While out of sight, covetousness reins and triumphs in his soul. He has the image of God in his face, and the image of the devil on his heart.

Hypocrisy can live only in the sunshine of prosperity.—When, by sanctity of manners, the hypocrite can devour widows' houses—when a good name is attached to the Christian character—when worldly advantage or honour can be obtained by a profession of Religion, many will avow their cordial attachment to the ways of piety. But if afflictions arise for the word's sake, they are offended; they leave religion behind, and flee from the paths of righteousness. The chill winds of persecution shrivel up a hypocrite's religion, it is soon frozen to death. The views of such a person are at the disposal of the best bidder, and he is of that denomination where he hopes to find the best patron. A Roman Catholic at Rome—a Protestant in England—now of the Establishment—then a Dissenter. Among Dissenters, changing to every shade of opinion which may appear to most temporal advantage. Honour and emolument are the shrine before which the hypocrite pays all his devotions.

The hypocrite is the man of all Companies.—With the serious professor, he dwells with rapture on the excellencies of true religion, talks of prayer, relates his experience, discusses doctrinal truth, and insists on a life of genuine piety. But he is equally fluent at an ale-bench. Here, when warmed with liquor, he talks freely of preachers and preaching. Tells of the society which at other times he enjoys, cites passages of Scripture, or, with surprising facility, turns round to subjects of levity, which border on obscenity and profaneness. Any topic is pleasant to him, on which he can draw attention, excite admiration, and be deemed a man of importance. Vertumnus like, he assumes all forms; he swims on the wave, or walks on the plain; with the saint, he is a saint, or a friend with friends. Yet detestable as is his character.

A hypocrite is not without his joys.—He rejoices when he obtains honour. He wishes to be esteemed a good man, a man of reading, of wisdom and of judgment. By appearing zealous in the ways of religion, by giving his support to works of benevolence and mercy, and by taking the lead in public worship, the hypocrite is noticed, and is looked up to as a man of importance. His vanity is gratified, the incense of base adulation exhilirates his soul. He who has no regard in his heart to divine truth, will head a party, and, under the infuence of party feeling & hypocrisy, spend much time, money, and labour, merely, because it is "his own concern." Christ, souls, and eternity, have no place in his consideration; but what people will think, what they will say, and how such a thing will look, form the whole of his anxieties; and if his works succeed, so as to procure the praise of men, his heart is filled with joy, and dilated with pleasure.

He rejoices also when he increases his wealth.—Is the hypocrite a servant, and his master a professor? By professing to be religious, he hopes to secure a good situation, and obtain patronage and support. Or, he is a tradesman? Under the garb of a professor of religion, he obtains credit, passes as a man of integrity, and is relied upon in the concerns of trade and merchandize, not unfrequently to the ruin of many. Thus he imposes upon the unwary, sells articles with faults which he carefully conceals, accumulates property by these means, which he has no right to possess; while he is ever looking out for new chapmen, on whom fresh acts of imposition may be practised with success. It is almost unnecessary to add, that such persons become bankrupts, and flourish more after they have ruined many of their creditors, than ever they did in the days of their first credit. Such persons are the bane and curse of religion. If they touch it, it is the touch of the torpedo, which benumbs it to the very soul.—While the infidel has his eye upon them, and with an injustice only equalled by his ignorance, he charges the whole to the account of religion.—These are the sources from which spring the morbid joys of the hypocrite. However,

The joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment,—God in mercy, has so ordered the affairs of men, that a man cannot seldom succeed long in religious artifice and fraud. You come upon the hypocrite in a moment when he does not expect you. He drops a sentence, or is overtaken in some immoral act, which betrays the man and discovers his true character. In such a discovery you murder the joy of the hypocrite. His credit is lost among the friends of true piety, who look upon him when unmasked, with horror. In addition to this, he is compelled to hear the taunts and scoffs of the openly prophane, who say to him, "Art thou also become as one of us?" Not unfrequently some adverse providence, some personal or family affliction brings his sin to remembrance, awakens the conscience that had been asleep, and leads to an awful disclosure of what had been going on in the dark, and the hypocrite is compelled to pronounce the sentence of his own condemnation.—At such seasons anguish and bitter despair is often the portion of his cup, and the wrath of God harrows up his soul even in this world. But if he could wear his mask even till death, and enter eternity undetected, his exposure would immediately follow, and would be consummated in everlasting woe. Whilst he was alive, and appeared the friend of religion, his very acts of seeming piety emitted a *Luciferian stench*, odious to God—but now he is driven from his presence as insufferably detestable. When our Lord would describe the extreme misery some would endure in eternity who were sinners above the common class, he assigns them a portion with hypocrites and unbelievers, plainly intimating that such experienced aggravated damnation!

RUM, SUGAR & MOLASSES,
ON CONSIGNMENT.

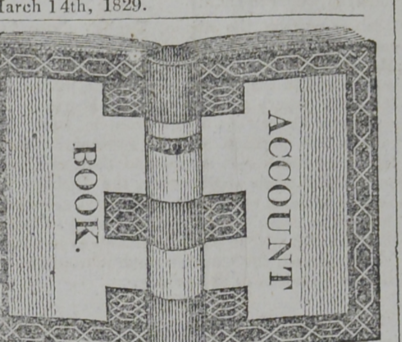
Just received, and for sale by the Subscriber:

50 PUNCHEONS choice retailing MOLASSES,
5 Do. W. I. Rum, 10 Bbls. Sugar.
Also, 50 Boxes Bunch Muscatel Raisins, 10 Kegs Raisins, and 6 Bags Hazel Nuts.
JOHN V. THURGAR.
February 14.

JUST RECEIVED,
FIRKINS first quality BUTTER,
Bbls. Prime Mackerel and Herrings,
Ditto Lamp Oil, Dry Fish,
Pearl Ash and Cotton Warp,
For Sale by H. BLAKSLEE.
St. John, January 3, 1829.

Rum, Sugar, and Molasses.

Just received per Harriet, and for sale by the Subscriber:—
28 PUNCHEONS JAMAICA RUM,
30 Hogsheads do Sugar,
10 Hogsheads do Molasses.
GEORGE D. ROBINSON.
March 14th, 1829.



On Sale,
COPIES OF THE NEW SYSTEM OF DRILL AND MANŒUVRES FOR THE PROVINCIAL MILITIA, with which every Officer of Militia is expected to furnish himself, agreeably to His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief's General Order, dated Dec. 1, 1828.
March 28. WILLIAM REYNOLDS.

BEEF.
25 BARRELS PRIME BEEF, for Sale cheap for Cash.
28th March THOMAS S. WARNE.

50 PIECES RED FLANNELS, assorted qualities, for Sale by
CROOKSHANK & WALKER.
St. John, January 10, 1829.

THE SUBSCRIBERS
Have received per late arrivals:
400 BARRELS CORN MEAL;
20 Puns. Grenada RUM;
0 Hogsheads SUGAR;
50 Ditto MOLASSES;
Which will be Sold very low.
CROOKSHANK & WALKER.
March 21, 1829.

JUST RECEIVED,
A FEW Hhds. London Porter, Boxes Soap and Candles; *In Store:*
PUNS. Jamaica Rum, superior flavor,
Barrels and Tierces do. Sugar:
Do. Fine Green Coffee;
Do. Quebec Prime and Cargo Pork;
Do. do. do. & do. Beef.
Also.—25 Chaldrons Best Liverpool Coals;
All which will be sold at lowest rates in the Market. KERR & RATCHFORD.
January 24, 1829.

M'KENZIE & TISDALE,
Have received per Brigs Ceres and Woodman, from Liverpool, their Spring Supply *of*
BRITISH MERCHANDIZE,
—comprising—
3 TONS Cordage, from 6 thread to 5 inches; Hawsers from 4 to 5½ ins.; Bolt Rope;
90 bolts Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5, half bleached Canvas;
10 tons assorted Iron; 1 ton Swedes do.;
18 crates Earthenware, suitable for retailing;
1 ton Paints—white, red and yellow;
casks boiled and unboiled Linseed Oil;
30 jars boiled ditto, 2 and 3 gallons each;
2 cases gentlemens' fine and common Hats;
1 ditto boys' common ditto;
1 bale shoe Thread; 1 ditto Mattrasses;
18 kegs Nails, from 6-penny to 20-penny;
20 ditto Spikes, from 4 to 9 inches;
3 ditto sheathing Nails;
2 ditto copper Spikes and sheathing Nails;
10 cwt. Shot, from No. BB to 8;
1 ton iron Pots, from 2 quarts to 16 gallons;
5 dozen Camp Ovens, from 10 to 14 inches, and extra covers;
10 ditto Griffin's Scythes; 12 ditto Sickles;
Miner' and other Shovels; Spades;
Cutlery, and a large assortment of Hardware.
—ALSO, IN STORE—
80 bbls. superfine Flour, 30 half bbls. ditto,
40 ditto Rye ditto, 50 half ditto ditto,
40 ditto Corn Meal, bbls. Tar and Pitch,
14 ditto best green Coffee, 15 boxes Soap;
With their usual supply of Dry Goods & Groceries
☞ *All of which they offer for sale cheap for cash or approved credit, at their store, No. 1 south Market Wharf.* July 5, 1828.

Hats and Slops.
Just received, on Consignment:—
A FEW Bales winter SLOPS; and One Cask Mens' HATS.
CROOKSHANK & WALKER.
December 20, 1828

Rum, Sugar, and Molasses.
The Subscribers have received per Brig ELIZA from Jamasca:—
11 PUNCHEONS RUM,
10 Hogsheads SUGAR,
100 SALTED HIDES.
Also, in Store—
120 Hogsheads Molasses, 40 Puncheons Demerara RUM, and 80 chests first quality congo TEA.—All of which they offer low for cash.
E. BARLOW & SONS.
7th February, 1829.

PORK.
25 BARRELS PRIME MESS PORK, For Sale by
March 21. GEO. D. ROBINSON

NEW STORE,
To be opened on TUESDAY NEXT.

JUST IMPORTED,
By the Manufacturer, and for sale
EXTRAORDINARY CHEAP.
THE Subscriber would inform the Inhabitants of ST. JOHN, that he has taken that SHOP in the Market-Square, lately occupied by Miss Wingfield, and next adjoining Mr. W. Emslie's Shoe Store; where he offers for Sale, an extensive assortment of LOOKING GLASSES, SUSPENDERS, and a variety of other articles—the whole of which he will Sell at the lowest possible rates for CASH ONLY.
CHARLES HOWSON.
N. B.—A handsome allowance will be made to Retailers. *February 7, 1829.*

Fancy Goods.
The Subscriber has received from London, per Volant, a select assortment of—
FANCY GOODS,
consisting of:
SABLE MUFFS and TIPPETS; Sable Trimmings; Cloaks and Nap Cloaking; Satins; Gros de Naple Silks; Black Lace and Green Gauze Veils; Bobbinet Caps; Kid and Beaver Gloves, &c. &c.—Which will be disposed of on most reasonable terms for cash.
S. FARLEY.
14th Feb. 1829.

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.

(From the Royal Gazette.)

NOTICE is hereby given, that We, the Subscribers have been duly appointed Trustees for all the Creditors of *Thomas Abell* and *Thomas Waite*, late of the City of Saint John, Absconding Debtors, and have been duly sworn to the faithful execution of the said trust pursuant to the direction of the Act of Assembly, in that case made and provided; and we do hereby require all persons indebted to the said Thomas Abell and Thomas Waite, or either of them, on or before the fifteenth day of September next, ensuing the date hereof, to pay to us or some or one of us, all such sum or sums of money or other debt duty or thing which they owe to the said Thomas Abell and Thos. Waite, or either of them, and to deliver the effects of the said Thomas Abell and Thomas Waite, or either of them, which they, or any, or either of them may have in his, her or their hands, power or custody, to us or some or one of us, as aforesaid: And we do also desire all the creditors of the said Thomas Abell and Thomas Waite, or either of them, on or before the said fifteenth day of September next, to deliver to us, or some or one of us, as aforesaid, their respective accounts and documents against the said Thomas Abell and Thomas Waite, or either of them, in order that right and justice may be done agreeably to the form of the said Act of Assembly, in such case made and provided.

Given under our hands at the said city of Saint John, the 7th day of March, Anno Domini 1829.
JOHN HAMMOND,
JAMES T. HANFORD,
JOHN MOYES.

NEW-BRUNSWICK AGRICULTURAL AND EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

AT a General Meeting of the New-Brunswick Agricultural and Emigrant Society, holden at the Province Hall, on the 31st day of January, 1829, it was

Resolved—That a premium of Five Shillings per Chaldron, to the extent of Ten Pounds, shall be awarded for such quantity of good Coal, (the produce of the Province) fit for Household use, as shall be delivered at Fredericton during the ensuing summer; such premium not to be allowed to any quantity less than Twenty Chaldrons.
WILLIAM TAYLOR, Secretary.
Fredericton, 28th March, 1829. 8||.

I. & G. Woodward,
Offer for Sale at their Store, South Market Wharf—
150 BBLS. Superfine FLOUR, of the most approved Richmond Brands, for Bakers; 20 Half Bbls. Do. Do.;
250 Barrels CORN MEAL;
Half Pipes and Quarter Casks M. Wine,
3000 Bushels Turk's Island SALT;
1000 Ditto St. Ube's Ditto;
Barrels Prime BEEF;
Cases Florence Oil, Boxes Cas. Soap,
Superior HOLLANDS GIN, in cases of 1 Dozen Bottles each.
40 Reams WRAPPING PAPER.
4th April. §4

Wheat and Rye Flour.
Received per schr. Josephine from Philadelphia:
100 BARRELS and 100 half barrels Superfine Wheat FLOUR,
400 Barrels RYE ditto,
For sale at very low prices, if taken from the vessel.
—ALSO—
Rum, Sugar, Shrub, Coffee, Hides, and Logwood.
Now landing ex brig La Plata, from Jamaica.
Crookshank & Walker.
11th April.

SHIP TIMBER, WANTED.
DELIVERABLE early next Spring, for a Vessel proposed to be built, to Register 600 Tons.—Sufficient quantities of Hardwood, Spruce Crooks, Hackmatack, &c. &c. Persons desirous to enter into Contracts for the same, are requested to make early application to
ROBERT RANKIN & Co.
October 25, 1828.

FOR SALE,
Very low for Cash, at the store of
C. CROOKSHANK,
1 ANCHOR, for a chain Cable of 8 cwt
1 ditto. ditto. 4
1 Chain Cable, 1 inch 70 fathom,
1 Ditto. ditto. 7-8 60 ditto,
12 Tons well ass. Round & Flat Iron,
Small Cordage, Spunyarn & Marling, sheet Lead,
Ploughshare Mould, and Plates.
St. John, Sept. 6.

SAW LOGS WANTED.
THE best encouragement will be given to Persons disposed to furnish Spruce and Pine SAW LOGS this Fall, or next Spring and Summer for the Carleton Mills.
WILLIAM BLACK.
Sept. 20th, 1828.

SUGAR.
13 HOGSHEADS brown SUGAR, of good quality, for sale by
JOHN ROBERTSON
March 7. North Market Wharf.

Red Oak Staves.
A SMALL lot New-York Inspection Red Oak STAVES; (in Bond) for sale by
KERR & RATCHFORD.
March 14.

Private Tuition.
MR. LOCKWOOD respectfully informs the Public of Saint John and its vicinity that he proposes, (should encouragement be offered,) to commence on 1st of May, and to continue through the summer a course of Instruction, for a select number of young Ladies or Gentlemen, in Writing, Arithmetic, Geography or French; at his residence on the North side of King's-square, next door to the Asylum Chapel.
TERMS, 20s. per quarter: Hours, half past 6 to half-past 8. April 4.

RUM, SUGAR, &c.
Just received—and for sale:
FIRST Quality Demerary RUM;
SUGAR and MOLASSES;
Now Landing from on board the *Two Sons*, from West Indies.
—ALSO, FOR SALE:—
A few Trusses of Manchester Prints of the newest Patterns.
J. & H. KINNEAR.
St. John, March 7.

FOR SALE,
30 M. RED OAK Hogshead STAVES. Apply to
Jan. 8. WILLIAM BOWMAN.

COTTON WARP, &c.
Just received, and for Sale:—
5 BALES COTTON WARP;
1 Ditto American manufactured ditto;
White and Grey COTTONS.
ALSO:—
20 Barrels New-Brunswick OATMEAL
10 Firkins Cumberland Butter; [fresh ground
AND,
4 Pipes Cognac BRANDY;
A Cooking STOVE.
April 11. J. & H. KINNEAR.

Painting, Glazing, Gilding, &c.
THE Subscriber returns his sincere and hearty thanks to his friends and the public, for the very liberal encouragement he has hitherto received in the line of his profession, and he hopes by a strict attention to business to have their favors continued. The business is carried on at the old stand in Dock street, where Painting, Glazing, Gilding and Paper Hanging can be done at the shortest notice.
He keeps on hand, an extensive assortment of *Fancy, Rush Bottom, and Windsor CHAIRS* which he warrants to be of the best materials and workmanship, and he will sell them much lower for Cash than his former prices.
☞ Old Chairs bottomed and repaired.
THOMAS HAY.
Saint John, 11th August, 1827.