POETRY.

THE BLACK SHIP OF STATHOS.

A stately vessel cleft the tide,
That rolls by steep Kassandra's* side,
Her gloomy sails of raven black,
Flung darkling shadows on her deck,
And at her bending mast there flew
A pennon of cerulean blue.

Far down the stormy bay she met
Athwart her course a swift corvette,
Which, forcing through the swelling flood,
Bore high Mahommed's flag of blood,
And as she drew th' Albanian near,
Her haughty summons meets his ear.

"Down helm ye slaves, swing every sail
To face unmoved the opposing gale."
"We halt not," was the quick reply,
"While yonder breeze careers the sky,
"One swelling sail we will not check,
"While men and swords array our deck.

"And deem'st thou thus affianced girls,
Or maids bedeck'd with bridal pearls,
That we should crouch to empty words,
Or yield to the Albanian swords?
Our chief contemns thy proud Pacha,
'Tis Strathos lord of Agrafa.—

"But hold, my mates, your deck swift clear,
And bear upon the Moslem's rear;
We'll teach the craven crouching slave
How keen is an Albanian glaive,
Till every wave with crimson hue,
Shall tinge its iridescent† blue."

Scarce died the words when quickly now
The fiery chiefs lie prow by prow,
And Stathos bursting on his board,
Rush'd hand to hand, and sword to sword;
The Othman's blood flow'd o'er the side,
Red mingling with the foaming tide,
And slow his last long sigh he drew,
'Midst dying shouts of Alla Hu!

* Kassandra is a promontory of Thessaly, at the entrance of the bay of Salonika.

† Iridescent. On a calm day in the Mediterranean, the rays of the sun deeply refracted in the dark blue waves, gave them all the appearance of the changing and iridescent hues of mother of pearl.

MISCELLANY.

(From the American Traveller.)

THE FISHERMAN.

Perhaps there is not to be found one, who has not, at some period, seen an interesting female bending in agony over the tomb of a departed, though scarce acknowledged loved one; her visions of happiness blighted by disappointment, and anguish, deep-rooted anguish, the guest of her heart. But seldom is MAN, that ambitious, restive being, parched by the heat of affection, or frozen by the winter of disappointment. Like the oak of the forest, he stands firm, the storms of life are unheeded,—while the more delicate and tender poplar, at the first rude gust is levelled to the earth.

It was a cold, wet morning, in the spring of 18—, when a meagre, ghastly form was seen hobbling up the avenue to my father's dwelling. He approached—he entered—I was but a mere child then, but I recollect perfectly his appearance, and it made such an impression on my childish feelings, that I shall ever remember it. His matted locks were almost of a snowy whiteness, having been bleached by many a summer's sun and rain, and fell in straggling parcels on his shoulders, from beneath a rusty quaker hat, the band of which confined

"A wreath of broom and feathers grey,"

which he seemed to preserve with the choicest care. He wore a pale blue skirted coat, such as I had seen my grandfather wear, the pattern of 1776. His frame was bowed down, and his brow deeply furrowed by the toil and weight of years; and he wore an aspect that he had felt heaviness of soul, and weariness of heart; yet he muttered not,—he sighed not. He had probably seen more than seventy winters, and he looked so old that my childish calculation and credulity believed he had never been a boy; but that nature to fill out some curious plan, had born him a man matured. In one hand he held a long fish pole and line; in the other, a cane,—the stalk of some pithy wood, or dried Angelica, with holes made so as to resemble a musical instrument; and, laying them by his side, he seated himself, and stretched his shrivelled limbs to the fire with an air of confidence that seemed to say, *that* was a privilege so small, none would deny it him, though unasked.

'A cold, wet morning,' said my father.

'Ay', replied the fisherman, 'and I have seen many a bitter one."

'Do you catch any fish this morning?"

'I always catch 'em when I put in for 'em,' was his select and stinted reply.

He seemed to possess a heart proudly bent, that scorned to communicate its feelings or its history. In a few moments he silently left us, though in a beggar's attire, yet without even a beggar's blessing. From that hour, young as I was, I learned to admire independence of soul, and a heart that preserves its native dignity and pride, amid the desolation of blighted hope, disappointed ambition and darkening grief. And I learned another lesson too; I learned to preserve sincerity of heart, even though I neglected the common forms and civilities of life in the practice of it,—never to crouch, and fawn, and flatter for my own advancement,—and to admire this character in others, though I should be the very one neglected and scorned by them.

A large and swiftly coursing brook watered my father's grounds, and shortly the traveller was on its banks. Many a spring and summer came and went successively, and the old fisherman was constant as their return. Always was he to be seen, either crossing the hills and vallies from stream to stream, or wandering along their banks in a wildly meditative mood, or seated on some ancient rock, piping with his reeded cane some broken song, or ancient ballad, which he seemed fondly to enjoy, as if it were indeed music; and though it was, in sympathy with his own heart, sadly deranged, it touched many a chord that had vibrated to softer tones in earlier days. Seldom did he enter any dwelling; and when he did, it seemed as if from the compulsion of hunger, or of thirst. Of his family, kindred, or friends, he was never known to speak; he would relate nothing of his youth, and *seemed* to recollect nothing, but that he had borne the name of Cleaveland. If his course lay along the beaten road, he would mark every stone and roll it from his path; or, muttering in strange accents, would stand and watch the flight of birds, as they winged their way "amid high air;" or if he chanced to find a feather that had fallen from the wing of some domestic fowl, it was carefully added to the variegated plume upon his hat. From a female form he would turn instinctively, as though it awakened some bitter recollection, or opened some tender anguish; some ong calloused wound. Many a time, during the ntermission of study hours at school, have I left my gay companions and their childish plays, to follow in the course the old man took, and watch his curious movements; and as I lingered in the path behind him, I have heard him muttering to himself words that seemed to relate to scenes of earlier, happier days, and could often distinctly catch the words, "Eliza"—"forgotten"—"heaven knows"—and then he would start, and look about him with a suspicious air, and discovering me, would hush his accents, and hurry on his way with a quickened step, or turn and clamber over some rude fence, which he supposed I would avoid.

At length the spring of 1820 came, and with its earliest birds was seen the old Fisherman as usual, though so altered by infirmity and decrepitude, that we scarcely recognised him. The man of five feet then appeared scarcely three, he was so bowed and bent; still the same lofty spirit was prisoned in the wandering, suffering, sensitive frame, though grappling with the ravages of time. The next season came with its inviting softness, its delicate, delicious showers, but the Fisherman came not with it. He was gone on the hill, in the valley and by the stream, yet he passed away like the morning mist, silent, unremembered, unnoticed. A few months passed on, and his lifeless and partially decayed form, was conveyed from a deep recess of forest trees, by a murmuring brook, where a traveller found him lying pulseless and still, with his fish pole and cane beside him, and decently interred without a comment. Like the "unlettered kind," he passed away.

His story is short and simple, and a few words will tell it. He was the fair, promising son of a respectable and wealthy man in ——, a town in Massachusetts; but in early life, or at that period when the heart is most awake to soft endearments, it had been his misfortune to—LOVE. Love is not always a misfortune; there is many a heart that feels it the choicest boon of earth; but to Cleaveland it was the source of wretchedness. I know there are those who ridicule the idea of 'broken hearts and the possibility of dying of disappointed love,' but let such at once conclude that they are 'more or *less* than mortal.' Love is no exotic—it is the natural plant of every susceptible and noble heart; and it will have its growth, or if blighted, it leaves its curse upon the soil—barrenness and desolation, or weeds and thorns, spring up in its stead. But we will not stop to dilate on a subject so common. I have said it was Cleaveland's misfortune to love, and his love was not unrequited. Eliza M—— returned his affections, with all the childish, untrammelled fondness of first love. She was gay, beautiful, and interesting, all he could desire,—and they were happy. Cleaveland's profession was fixed upon, the day appointed for their union, but 'disease's busy messengers' were envious of their joy, and one that seemed almost uncommissioned, so much ruin was it to accomplish, fixed itself upon the heart of Eliza, and she sank beneath it.

Little else remains to be told. She "died and was buried;" and from that hour Cleaveland became a wanderer—a poor, disconsolate Fisherman, tho' spared to drag along the tedious length of four-score years. And the recollection of what he once was,—the pleasant, interesting child—the bold, promising youth—the nicely discriminating, noble spirited man, caused his friends to weep afresh, as they buried his remains in the little church yard of S——. ****a.

MARRIAGE.

——"Blankets and pins!
When a man's married, his trouble begins!"

So says the old song—and to the truth of it every day's experience bears testimony. We can scarcely look about among our acquaintances who have commenced "the life of bliss" without seeing by far the greater part of them in trouble.—Not that I would intimate that they were unhappy in their choice of companions:—Such an insinuation would be illiberal and unjust—for I verily believe that the wives are often the "best MEN of the two"—indeed they may be nearly perfect, and still not be able to ward off the impending ruin! Yet there are some persons who have the boldness to aver that woman,—lovely, angelic, soul-inspiring woman—is the cause of all the misfortunes to which our nature is liable. But the dear creatures may rest asured that I do not belong to this unfeeling class. Every one will readily admit that much misery exists in married life, which might easily be avoided,—and it is my intention to point out some of the principal causes.

"Heigho!" said my friend Joe Neverpay as I was passing him the other day in Washington street. I stopped a moment to hear what he had to say, and to look at his countenance, which was in truth the most dejected I ever beheld.—"Heigho!" said he taking hold of my coat button in a manner which put me in mind of former times;—"I am still unfortunate—I have just been sued again, and shall be compelled to leave the city—it is hard, but I cannot avoid it." I found out, that at the time of his marriage he had borrowed some money of his friends. He had hired an elegant house, purchased an extravagant set of furniture, and commenced life in STYLE. He took it into his head that he had a fine taste for selecting a liberary, and accordingly a large bookcase was procured, and well filled, although I venture to assert he was never known to open a volume, except it might be to look at the pictures. Every thing around him was equally extravagant; until, in the course of a few months, payday came round, and he was stripped of all. Well, after waiting some three or four years in vain, the friends from whom he had borrowed money, were compelled to sue him as a last resort. This was the cause of his present difficulty. We parted,—and I soon detected myself reciting the following appropriate lines:—

"There are some people who seem born to sail
Stern foremost ever down the stream of life—
Think to scoop wealth, like lamp oil from a whale,
So run in debt at bank or get a wife,
Or some such cursed thing."

Now, banks and wives are very good things in their places, but when we cannot pay the one, nor support the other, it would be far wiser to let them alone,—for the greatest blessing if not properly taken care of, turn out to be any thing but what they were intended.

Not long since, I happened to meet my old friend Bill Rover, who, by the way, used to be one of your moon-loving, poetry writing sentimentalists. Most of my readers will probably recollect him, for he has been in almost every place, and engaged in nearly every branch of business, from a merchant to a shoe-black. Years had passed, since I last saw him. In reply to my questions where, and how he had been, he enumerated numberless places, in which he had been engaged in a pleasing variety of occupations. The truth is, when he was fortunate, he could not bear prosperity; and when unfortunate, he was ever repining.—He is now borne down with a large family, and ready to turn his hand to any thing that may offer. I really confess that I felt sorry for Rover, for he is possessed of a good heart, and had he been *settled* at the time of his marriage, there is no doubt but at this time he would have been wealthy.

I have just been to visit the grave of my youthful companion, Ned Careless. A few years ago he commenced business for himself. He was industrious, and being engaged in a profitable calling, gained wealth. At length he took it into his head that he must have a wife. He got one; (for it is not a very hard thing for a respectable young man to procure a companion;) and their prospects were then as fair as they could desire. But from that day he neglected his business. He fell into the error by far too common among young men, to suppose that as soon as he had a family to support, it was beneath his dignity to apply himself as strictly as formerly to his trade; and relaxed gradually, until in a few months his affairs were left almost entirely to the management of strangers. His best friends withheld their custom, one after another; and he who might have accumulated a handsome fortune, became a bankrupt.—Cares came—and he has been hurried to a premature grave, leaving a beloved family in want.

By the preceding sketches I wish no one to consider me as opposed to matrimony. They have been drawn in order to bring young persons to reflect upon the course most proper for them to pursue:—for one wrong step at the commencement of active life, is scarcely ever retraced.—*Boston Trav.*

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

Sometime ago, while on a journey to the north, I had occasion to pass through the town of C——, where I spent the night at the house of an aged friend of my father. After tea, the weather being pleasant, the old gentleman invited me to walk; and feeling fatigued from my ride during the day, I readily consented. He led the way to the village churchyard, which we entered, and amused ourselves with reading the inscriptions upon the tomb stones. The old man pointed to a couple of grave stones, side by side, and began the following story.

In those graves lie mouldering the remains of two who were once thought to be the happiest of the happy. Helen Jones was the only daughter of respectable parents, whose only ambition consisted in rendering her an object worthy the affection and esteem of all. She was early taught the high advantages of a religious life, and such other acquirements as peculiarly adorn a female mind. While yet in tender years, she became acquainted with Edward Graham, the son of a neighbour, and the pride of the whole village. He would sit for hours as if rivitted to the spot, listening to the soft piano; or would roam with her in the fields, in search of flowers, regardless of the swiftly flying hours. Time passed on, and Edward engaged in business; and when his fair companion was scarcely sixteen, he offered his hand, which was accepted. They were married, and every tongue pronounced them happy. But alas! it proved otherwise. They had been married but a short time, when he who should have protected her youth, began to neglect her, and to leave her, as it were alone in the world. She would often look at the slow moving hands of the clock, to see if the time had not nearly arrived for her husband's return; and if he staid a few moments later than usual, she would watch at the window to catch the first glimpse of his appearance. At length, that bane of society, that curse upon a community, the gaming table, engrossed his whole time, and blunted every noble feeling of his soul—and, morning after morning, would his wife be seen sitting at the window, having watched with sleepless eyes all night; and when he did return, she was never known to reproach him. If she expressed anxiety at his long absence, he usually answered her with indifference. It was in vain that she tried the thrilling notes of the piano, for which he had formerly professed so much delight. It now afforded him no pleasure, compared with the bottle and the billiard room. He disposed of her piano, which had been a present from her father, to pay a debt of "honor." He even neglected to provide for her the necessaries of life. All this she bore without a murmur. One evening, having finished her work, and sat down to meditate upon her unhappy lot, she heard some one approaching the house. She rose to open the door—it was her Edward—but so intoxicated as to be hardly able to enter the dwelling. He was followed by a constable, who had attended him thither on his way to the county jail. When she saw her dear Edward in this condition, and the officer made known his business, it was so great a shock that she fainted. Her husband immediately departed leaving her in the care of a neighbor. When she had sufficiently recovered, she looked wildly around, and inquired if Edward was at home; but it was evident that reason had left its seat. She soon fell a victim to her madness, by exposing her tender limbs to the midnight air, in gathering, as she expressed it, flowers with her dear Edward. Her husband, soon after entering the prison, contracted a cold from the dampness of the walls, which threw him into a fever, and he soon after died. "I remember to this day," continued the old man, "the awful pangs of conscience which haunted him in his last moments, as he pronounced the name of his once beloved, but much injured Helen." R.N.

From "Sailors and Saints;" by the Author of the "Naval Sketch-Book."

MEN OF WAR'S MEN ON SHORE.

One of our most favourite descriptions is that of the crew of the Flora treated to see *Othello* at Portsmouth theatre. It is rich and capital: we can only give a few traits. When "the Moor arrived at the passage—

"And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
[Kissing the fair Desdemona.
That e'er our hearts shall make!"

I'll bet a week's grog,' said a clamorous top man, 'the young un'ill be a creole.' 'Ay, sink 'em, said another, 'there's the luck of your black fellows—Why, 'twas only 'tother day, I twigs the captain's steward in tow with one o' the freshist, rosy-cheek'd craft you'd see from North-corner to Castle rag.' * * * * * *

"Cassio's silly speech proved an exquisite relish to the audience, where he apostrophies, Heaven, 'Forgive us our sins,' and endeavours to persuade his companion that he is sober. 'Do not think gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now.' 'No, not *you*,' roared a *Jack* who no doubt would have been a willing witness in Cassio's defence, had he been brought to the gangway for inebriety. 'I can stand well enough continued the representative of Cassio. 'Then—d—n it! why don't you walk the *plank* at once, and prove yourself sober,' vociterated a long tailed wag, determined not to slip this opportunity of having a shot on the sly at his first Lieutenant, who had only a night or two before put his perpendicularity to a similar test. In this sort of *saturnalia* of the lower order, those whose lives are spent in dutiful obsequiousness, and obedient awe of their superiors delight to avenge themselves for the privations and taciturnity inflicted on board in this respect, by telling their officers sometimes a little of their minds from some snug corner of the house, or masked battery in the gallery. * * * * * * * * But whatever excitation these honest susceptible souls had previously suffered was merely as dust in the balance compared with the tumult of grief, and paroxysm of rage which filled every beating bosom, when the jealous Moor, now more savage by the remaining effects of liquor, unfolded, in the deep, impressive language of the poet, the deadly purpose with which he approached his sleeping bride. The shouts became alarming; volleys of imprecations were hurled at his head—his limbs—his life. 'What!' said one of the rudest of the crew, 'can the black brute cut her life-lines? She's a reg'lar built angel, and as like my Bet as twopeas.' 'Ay,' said a messmate, 'it all comes of being jealous, and that's all as one as mad: but you know, if he's as good as his word, he's sure to be hanged,—that's one comfort! When the Moor seized her in bed by the throat, Desdemona shrieking for permission to repeat but one short prayer—and he rancorously exclaims, in attempting to strangle her, 'It is too late!—the house, as it is said a French audience had done ere now, could endure no more; and the sailors rose in their places, giving the most alarming indications of angry excitement, and of determination to mingle in the murderous scene below. 'I'm d—d, Dick, if I can stand it any longer,' said the spokesman of the gallery. 'You're *no* man, if you can sit and look on quietly,—hands off you blood-thirsty niggar,' he vociferated, and threw himself over the gallery in a twinkling: clambering down by a pillar into the boxes, and scrambled across the pit, over every person in his way, till he reached the noisy boatswain's mate. Him he 'challenged to the rescue,' and exclaimed, 'Now's you're time, Ned,—Pipe the boarders away—all hands, damme! if you're a man that LOVES a woman. NOW, go it,' said he, and dashed furiously over all obstacles, fiddles, flutes, and fiddlers. Smash went the foot lights—Cæsar had passed the Rubicon.

The contagion of feeling became general; and his trusty legions, fired with the ambition that inspired their leader, followed, sweeping all before them, till the whole male population of the theatre crowded *en masse*, amid shouts of encouragement, or shrieks of terror:—outraging by their mistaken humanity, all the propriety of this touching drama; and for once rescuing the gentle Desdemonia from the deadly grasp of the murderous Moore, who fled in full costume, dagger in hand, from the house, and through the dark streets of dock, until he reached his home in a state of inconceivable affright. The scene of confusion which followed, it would be fruitless to attempt to describe. All was riot and uproar." * * And the captain in the end remarked, "This affray should be a lesson to him hereafter;" adding with a laugh, 'that the *Floras* were too much of amateurs to be trusted in a theatre, lest they should abandon the service, and take to the stage.

VARIETIES.

THE RUSTY NAIL.

When Dr. Denne took possession of his first living, he took a walk into the church yard, where the sexton was digging a grave; and throwing up a skull, the Doctor took it up and found a rusty headless nail sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly and wrapped it up in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave digger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said that it was a man's who kept a brandy shop; an honest, drunken fellow, who one night having taken two quarts, was found dead in his bed next morning. "Had he a wife?"—"Yes." "What character does she bear?"—"A very good one; only the neighbors reflect on her because she married the next day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the Doctor, who, under the pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on her: he asked her several questions, and among others what sickness her husband died of. She giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authorative voice, "woman do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, was tried, and executed.—CURIOSITIES OF NATURE AND ART.

Glory founded upon Fame.—What is it? Words which pass through the mouths of mortals, and vanish into air! What is it, but a wind blown up by their frail breath? How many obstacles are there to an immortal name? Fashion, which changes every day and gives to the moderns the preference over the ancients; envy, which pursues the greatest men after death; the humour of the vulgar, who neither love men of genius, nor truth herself; the ignorance and inconstancy of men's judgment; in fine, the ruin of sepulchres, and monuments, which is called the second death. Can that be glory which depends upon the duration of marble? Even books more durable than monuments, are they not subject to a thousand accidents? They have like as their old age and death, and with this oblivion, are the most celebrated men threatened. In reality the true honor of man is virtue, and glory is only her shadow; it follows her every where, and the less it is sought, the more certainly it is obtained. If the earth is but a speck, and if God fills both space and time; why do vain mortals waste their short moments, in such an empty pursuit?

Singular Will.—The Will of Sir Gilbert East has been proved under £300,000. The deceased has left legacies for his dogs at the rate of 6s. per week. They are to be fed with milk, barley, oat-meal, sea biscuit, and tripes. Also further allowance for kennel furniture, as well as medicine, and a man to look after them. No dog to be killed under pretence of old age, or from a false notion of charity. His horses and mares to have a run for life in his meadows at Fifield, Berks; to be provided a warm shed in winter, with plenty of bran, chaff, and hay; 8s. a week to be allowed for each besides payment for a trusty and honest person to attend them. A parrot he gives to Martha Hack, and for the care of the bird £15 quarterly during the bird's life, and £20 a year as long as she survives it.—*London paper.*

"NEVER NO MORE!"—is a term, the meaning of which is well known among plumbers, and it arose from the following circumstance:—Two plumbers had been working at the house of a gentleman on the Surrey side of the Thames.—On leaving their work at night, and before proceeding home across the river, each of them secreted a large piece of lead over the front of their bodies, and by way of securing it in its place, attached to each corner a nail, the other end of which was stuck into their braces, a mode of stealing *technically*, called, '*breaching a pin*,' so that no casual observer could detect in their appearance any thing to excite suspicion. As, however, they were passing over the water in the boat, it chanced that one of them by some means fell overboard. The waterman, seeing the remaining plumber much terrified said:—"Don't be alarmed, my man, your friend will come up in a minute." "*Never no more!*" replied the disconsolate operative, with most rueful countenance, "for he had half a hundred weight of lead on his breast." Sure enough the lead kept the man snug in the water, as the confession did his companion in gaol. From his trial, the appellation, "*Never no more!*" has become proverbial among plumbers.—*Brighton Gazette.*

Method of ascertaining currents at sea.—Mariners hoist a boat, which proceeds to some distance from the vessel, and then let down a weight attached to a rope, to the depth of 200 fathoms. This weight, being thus at a great depth in calm water, (observation and experience having shewn that currents are not sensible beyond the depth of 10 fathoms,) produces the effect of an anchor which retains the boat. They then throw into the water a very thin board, that the wind may have no hold of it, and according to the motion of this board, if it has any, they discover whether there be a current and determine its direction and velocity. It results from these facts, that the libration of the sea, occasioned by the moon which produces the tides, is owing to its extent, and in no manner to its depth.

Extraordinary Trotting Match.—The London Sun of the 5th Feb. gives the following account of a Trotting Match on Sunbury Common. The horse which performed this wonderful feat is well known among sporting characters in this country, as the celebrated Tom Thumb, which was sent out to England some time since. Bell's Life in London says, that the owner of the horse, Mr. Jackson, of New-York, observed, after the match was concluded, that if it were not for the apparent inhumanity of the act, he would bet that the horse would then perform thirteen miles within the hour!

This match, on which £200 to £100 were bet that a gentleman named Meloy did not find a horse or a mare to trot one hundred miles in ten successive hours and a half in harness—a feat which had never been done in this country, was performed on a five mile piece of ground on Sunbury Common, on Monday last. The horse chosen on this occasion was an American by birth, about fourteen hands high, and twelve years old. The distances were performed thus:—

	H.	M.
First twenty miles,	1	49
Taken out and in stable,	0	8
Second twenty miles,	1	59
Taken out and in stable,	0	8
Third twenty miles,	1	58
Taken out and in stable,	0	11
Fourth twenty miles,	1	42
Taken out and in stable,	0	8
Last ten miles but one,	0	52
Stopped to wash mouth with gruel, which he took with good appetite	0	2
Last ten miles,	1	0
	10	7

Thus performing the task in twenty-eight minutes within the time allotted. On being groomed and furnished with a fresh supply of gruel, the extraordinary animal was as playful, and seemed to go to work on the hay with as good an appetite, as if he had been merely performing an ordinary task.—*Am. Paper.*

Pitcairn's Island.—The most recent accounts received at Valpariso from Pitcairn's Island describe that little colony as existing in great harmony, and in full contentment with its produce. That which is now grown upon it is plantain, bannanas, cocoanuts, bread-fruit, sugar-cane, potatoes ginger, and a plant from which a spirit is distilled. The number of individuals who landed from the Bounty were nine Englishmen and of natives from Otaheite and Tabouis, six men, twelve women, and one child. The population now comprises, of English males and their descendants, thirty-eight twenty-six females descended from the same nation, and five females, natives of Otaheite. It is a remarkable fact, that not one individual who landed with Christian, not numbered now with the living, met with a natural death; each arrived at an untimely end; by assassination or other violence, the fruits of internal broils in this little community. The offspring of Christian are represented to be very Handsome, their Features strongly partaking of the English; the beauty of one of them, a girl named Mary Ann Christian, for which she is termed "The Maid of the South Seas," is said to invite the same admiration which is offered to the most favoured of our own fair country-women. Their habitations, which are thirty feet in depth and twelve feet wide are constructed with boards. It is computed that the island is sufficiently extensive to afford, by culture, maintenance for its inhabitants, allowing for their increase, for at least one hundred years. An American, the only stranger among them, had landed lately and settled there. He is a carpenter, and one likely to be of the greatest utility to them. He had already begun to teach them to build, and to enjoin them to acts of industry, (a work in which he had been very successful,) and had established a school for the children. John Adams was in good health, but rather infirm from age. He expressed a desire to return to his native land.—HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH, U. S.

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 S; 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.

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.

PAPER.
THE SUBSCRIBER has received from the Chamcook Manufactory, a large assortment of WRITING, WRAPPING, PRINTING, and SHEATHING PAPER, which he will sell cheaper than can be imported, at his Store, South Market Wharf.
GEORGE D. ROBINSON.
Saint John, N. B. April 14, 1827.

MR. JOHN THOMAS,
108 *Washington-street; late Editor of the Cheltenham Chronicle, (England.)*
PROPOSES as speedily as possible to issue in the City of Boston, an English Newspaper, to be entitled the "WESTERN EXAMINER;" which shall not be a servile copy of any periodical now in existence, and which shall adapt itself to the taste and furnish information analogous to the intellectual wants of British North America and the West Indies.—The general outline of the Paper will be a continuous and detailed answer to the question so frequently asked by British Emigrants, "How do things go on at home? I want to hear all about it"—Sketches of Characters, Political proceedings, Amusements especially Theatrical, British and American—The "Sayings and doings" of the Master spirits of the day, Anecdote, Pun, Joke and Repartee will all have a place in the mottled contents, confined however to the unity of the professed design. Besides the prominent feature there will be an under current if we may so express ourselves. A careful and persevering insertion of State Documents from Europe and of State Papers originating here, which will be a saving of labour and become a work of reference here and on the European side, to the Merchant, Politician, and Traveller and furnish dat, and events in an authentic form and concentrated shape.
Communications from Canada and the West Indies respecting the social and political state of those colonies will have a careful insertion and thus operate as an inducement to a course of Exchange between the Western branches of the empire and the Home Market.—There will be no intermeddling with the interior and local politics of the United States; but those events which may involve international relations will be noticed and a candid commentary occasionally attempted.
The paper will assume the size and appearance of the *London Examiner*, and will be published at five dollars per annum. The first half yearly payment being collectable on the receipt of the second number.
The Editor will divide the Proprietorship of the concern into ten or more shares of One Hundred Dollars each, three of which are already taken; the Subscribers to which will be called upon for 25 per cent. of the sum subscribed in every three months until the whole be paid. As a bonus each stock subscriber will receive a paper besides interest.
N. B. As the Valencia Steam Packet Company will in all human probability take the Packet Trade from New-York and concentrate it in Boston and Halifax, the establishment of an English Paper in this place besides its close contiguity to British North America seems to be indicated by the course of events. *Boston, March 5th, 1829.*
*** Subscription for the above Paper will be received at the *Courier Office.*

New Goods,
The Subscriber has received per Barque Forth, from Greenock, a consignment of the following Articles, viz:
BALES bleached and unbleached Cottons, do Stripes, Homespuns, and Checks, ditto Fustians, and Moleskin, ditto Carpeting, ditto Bed Ticks, ditto best No. 10 Threads; Trunks Prints, ditto Cotton Shawls and Handkerchiefs, ditto Cambrics and Muslins, ditto Cotton and Worsted Stockings, Cases Gentleman's Beaver Hats; hhds double and single refined Sugar; Boxes 7 × 9, 8 × 10, and 10 × 12, Window Glass, 40 Casks best Alloa Ale, Kegs White Lead, ditto Yellow Paint; Jars boiled and raw linseed Oil, Casks ditto ditto; a few tons Pots, Pans, and Kettles.
All of which he will sell at a moderate advance for Cash, or other approved payment.
April 18. GEO D. ROBINSON.

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.

Rum, Sugar, and Molasses.
Just received per Harriet, and for sale by the Subscriber:—
28 PUNCHEONS JAMAICA RUM,
20 Hogsheads do Sugar,
10 Hogsheads do Molasses.
ALSO,
40 BARRELS PRIME BEEF, for sale by
GEORGE D. ROBINSON.
March 14th, 1829.

Rum, Sugar, and Molasses.
The Subscribers have received per Brig ELIZA from Jamaica:—
11 PUNCHEONS RUM,
10 Hogsheads SUGAR,
100 SALTED HIDES.
Also, in Store—
120 Hogsheads Molasses, 40 Puncheons Demarara 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.

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.

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

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.

TEA,—FOR SALE.
70 CHESTS CONGO,
10 Chests TWANKEY.
Bought at the last Halifax Tea sale, and just received by the schooner *Lady Strange*, will be sold at a moderate advance by
WILLIAM BOWMAN.
4th Oct. 1828.

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.

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.