

POETRY.

The following beautiful lines to the Arctic Dove, are from a volume lately published in London, by the Rev. William L. Bowdler. For its neatness of diction and loveliness and beauty of sentiment, we think they have seldom been surpassed.

THE ARCTIC DOVE.

Ride on;—the ark majestic and alone On the wide waste of the careering deep, Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds, Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk: The ark, on its terrific voyage, forth— On Ararat. The raven is seen, far off Send out the Dove, that streaks the ev'ning clouds, Shine in the light, and greet her with a song— Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song—

Go beautiful and gentle dove, But whither wilt thou go? For though the clouds ride high above, How sad and waste is all below!

The wings of Shem, a moment to her breast Held the poor bird and kissed it. Many a night When she was listening to the hollow wind She press'd it to her bosom, with a tear; Or when it murmured in her hand, forgot The long loud tumult of the storm without— She kisses it, and, at her father's word, Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on! In lonely flight She flies from dawn till dark; And now, amid the gloom of night, Comes weary to the ark.

Oh! let me in, she seems to say, For long and lone hath been my way; Oh! once more, gentle mistress let me rest, And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherish'd it, She sent it forth again out of the ark; Again it came at evening-fall, and lo, An olive leaf plucked off in its bill. And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill, And kissed its wings again, and smilingly Dropp'd it on its neck one silent tear of joy. She sent it forth once more; and watch'd its flight, Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven; Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost, Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell:

Go beautiful and gentle dove, And greet the morning ray; For lo! the sun shines bright above And night and storms are pass'd away. No longer drooping here confined, In this cold prison dwell; Go, free to sunshine and to wind, Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

Oh! beautiful and gentle dove, Thy welcome sad will be, When thou shalt hear no voice of love In murmurs from the leafy tree. Yet freedom, freedom shall thou find, From this cold prison cell; Go, then, to sunshine, and the wind, Sweet bird, go forth and fare thee well.

[From the American Traveller.] THEY SAY THAT SHE REMEMBER'D ME. They say that she remember'd me, And then her looks were alter'd then, Her heart was still the same; Her pride forbade her to express Her bosom's struggling well, Nor did she ever dare to breathe The thoughts her lips would tell.

Oh, she was fainter of the fair, The kind of the kind; Her safety was innocence, Her accents soft and mild— The drooping willow waves above The grave who now she sleep, And o'er her humble, wavy bed The tender ivy creeps.

They told me that another youth Had gain'd the heart I priz'd, And many, many other things, They only had surmised— But why did I believe them true? Too soon her faith was tried— Thus, thus I broke the heart of one Who knew me, lov'd, and died.

MISCELLANY. LADY OF GOLLERUS. (From the Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.)

On the shore of Smerrwick Harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at day-break, stood Dick Fitzgerald, "stopping the duddens," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mist clearing away out of the valleys, went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth. "Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "tis lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or may be the misfortune," said Dick, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the world is a man without a wife? He's no more, surely, than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissor, or a fishing line without a hook, or any other matter that is no way complete. Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm, and looked as bold, as ever Kerry witness'd did. But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage. Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cochulen druth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water; so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing his noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian. When the Merrow saw her little diving cap was gone, she salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, as determined to keep the *cochulen druth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever a tender heart, like most of his countrymen, a mightyly tender heart of his own. "Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow like any hold child, only cried the more for that Dick said himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand, by way of comforting her. "Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot; but it was as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell. 'What's your name, my darling?' says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him; so he therefore, squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language, as there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it. The Merrow did not seem much displeas'd at this mode of conversation; and, making an end of her whimning all at once, Man, says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, Man, will you eat me up? By all the red petticoats check aprons between Dingle and Tralee, cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, 'I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet!—Now, 'twas some ugly

ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so clearly combed out this morning? Man, said the Merrow, what will you do with me, if you won't eat me? Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw at the first glimpse that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the next way she scalded him man that settled the matter entirely. 'Fieh,' says Dick trying to speak to her after her own short dialect: 'fish,' says she, 'here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this morn'g morning, that'll make you mistress Fitzgerald before all the world; and that's what I'll do.' 'Never say the word twice,' says she, 'I'm ready and willing to be yours, Mister Fitzgerald; but stop, if you please, till I twist up my hair.' It was some time before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at.

When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock. Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along; and, says he, in the greatest wonder, 'Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?' 'It is nothing else,' says she, quite carelessly: 'I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind.' 'And who's your father, my duck?' says Dick. 'What!' said the Merrow, 'did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure, and you yourself, then, is a real king's daughter.' 'And you, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be, 'Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father!—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!—' Money,' repeated the Merrow, 'what's money?' 'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it,' replied Dick; 'and may be now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?' 'Oh! yes,' said the Merrow, 'they bring me what I want.' 'To speak the truth, then, said Dick, 'tis a straw bed I have at home before you; and that, I'm thinking, is no way fitting for a king's daughter; so if I could not be displeasing to you, just to mention, a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets; but what am I talking about? may be you have not such things as beds down under the water?' 'By all means,' said she, 'Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones.' 'You have,' says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. 'Tis a leather bed I was speaking of; but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one, need never ask for the other.' However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given consent. Away they went, therefore, across the Strand, from Gollerus to Ballinruning, where Father Fitzgerald happened to be that morning. 'There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald,' said his reverence, looking mighty glum. 'And is it a fishy woman, you'd marry?' 'The Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from.' Dick had the *cochulen druth* in his hand, and was about to give it up to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then, says he, 'Pleas your reverence, she's a king's daughter.' 'If she was the daughter of fifty kings,' said Father Fitzgerald, 'I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish.' 'Pleas your reverence,' said Dick again, in an under tone, 'she is as mild and as beautiful as the moon.' 'If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald,' said the priest, stamping his right foot, 'you can't marry her, she being a fish!' 'But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her; and,' said Dick, looking up ely, 'I can make it worth any one's while to do the job.' 'Oh! it's why there's some reason in what you say, why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means if she was ten times a fish. Money you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hams of it as another, that may be would not take the pains in counselling you that I have.' So Father Fitzgerald married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus well pleased with each other. Every thing prospered with Dick, he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment. It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for at the end of three years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl. In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take care of what he had got; many another man, however, besides Dick, has not had wit enough to do that. One day, when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left his wife, and the children at home after him, and thinking he had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle, Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing net, which she should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but she looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt longing to go back to them. She sat down on a little stool, and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the wretchedness of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. 'But,' says she, 'he won't lose me entirely; for I'll come back to him again; and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?' She got up, and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it she trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rocky cheek. She wiped away the tear; and turning to the eldest girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand. The sea was rising calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas came flooding over her mind; Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and, placing the *cochulen druth* on her head, she plunged in. Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathalin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange-looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cochulen druth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him. Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would, sooner or later, return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by magic force; for, says Dick, 'she surely would not of herself go to her husband and her children.' While she was with him, she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country as the pattern for one, under the name of the *LADY OF GOLLERUS*.

METAPHYSICS.—Is twa men talkin' together? He that's listenin' does na ken what he that's talkin' means, and he that's talkin' does na ken what he means himself.

The truly valiant dare do any thing, but doing any other body an injury.

An eminent writer observes:—'Women are so careful and tender, and such excellent nurses, and so anxious to amuse their patient, as well as capable of doing it, that one of them is worth a host of male creaturs.'

SATURDAY'S MONITOR.

(FOR THE COURIER.)

No. 1.

MR. EDITOR.—It is not from any desire to appear as an author, that I have assumed the above title, and marked it No. 1. My object is merely to occupy a few lines of your valuable work, which may have the tendency to excite the minds of your readers to reflections of a serious nature. And as SATURDAY NIGHT is the closing period of one of the most interesting and profitable series of articles, it seems to be a night more appropriate than any other for the object I have in view. The consideration, likewise, that it is the anniversary of the death of the illustrious Dr. Johnson, for the propriety of my measure.

The selection I present to your readers this Evening is, from a Sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Andrews, of Walsworth, on the occasion of the fall of the Brunswick Theatre in London—an event which was brought to our recollection in your last Courier, as having happened on the 28th February, 1829. The Text is Prov. 21c. 16v.—'The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding, shall return into the Congregation of the dead.' Among other preface remarks is this, in which I fully concur—'It would be quite monstrous to say, that the falling of a recent building were a judgment upon them, (the Professors of the Theatre) who were engaged in the building, and prohibited all such remarks. "Suppose," says the author, "those eighteen upon whom the Tower in Silson fell, and slew them, they'd say that they were sinners above all men living, and that they were the cause of the building, and that they should all likewise perish."

In the illustration of his Text, Dr. Andrews observes four particulars—the Character—the Way—the Image—the Cause. In describing, very eloquently each of these, he closes with the Remarks, which I now present to your readers—'Having thus attempted to explain the words of the text, I will offer a few remarks on theatrical exhibitions in general; and this the more readily, as I presume not only that it will be expected; but as the peculiarity of the circumstances under which we are assembled, will justify some remarks which at any other time might have required an apology. I will briefly state what I considered to be a few of the insurmountable objections which must exist against the drama;—at least in every well-tutored mind. These objections regard, 1. Glor.—It gives an unnatural glare to the scenery of human life, and renders the plain adorned career of domestic duty, in comparison dull and insipid; we do not in real life find lords and ladies every where; our young folks are not all entangled in sentimental adventures, and then set at liberty by some strange catastrophe—a duel, an heirloom, an alliance. All these things are too intense; and they bring the mind into a mock sensibility, and a mawkish love of the romantic and extravagant, which eventually unfit it for whatever is truly noble, rational, and manly.

2. Palliation.—I mean the palliation of vices, and the comparative recommendation of vicious characters; the very essence of the play proceeds on excitation, and the more prominent points of character must be used, to produce this effect; hence we have the hero, the murderer, the seducer, the gamster, and the unhappy woman—I mean her of whom it is said, "She forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God." And these characters are shown off to such advantage, that even where the play neither applauds nor palliates them, yet the speeches they are made to deliver, the elegance of their apparel, the interesting crisis in which they are placed, and the bursts of genius they display—render it impossible to be completely satisfied with the proper feelings; admiration will insinuate itself, when the most destructive vices are portrayed by the greatest performers; for these generally fall to their part;—and the darkness of sin is covered and illumined by sparkles of talent, by the unnatural mixture of occasional virtues, and by sudden and overwhelming flashes of magnanimity.

3. Passion.—In addition to all this, the play greatly inflames the passions: such is the theme, such are the figures and dresses of the performers, and such is the sentimental inebriation of an audience, so worked on and utterly given up to impressions which need no stimulation, that he must be either grossly insincere, or an absolute block who can profess to frequent these exhibitions without an influence which the sanctuary forbids. O! not the weakness of our nature be cherished, but rather forgotten or removed; and let not the flames of hell, whose spiral curl has already reached the globe, and our own hearts, let them not be nurtured by music, poetry, and painting, and fanned by the breath of eloquence!

4. Company.—This, at the Theatres, is awful. The admission there of persons of professionally evil life, is a source of great gain, and accounts for the mystery of so shameless a toleration: but it is an indelible disgrace. How can the honourable and the chaste, the revered parent and the un- sullied matron, who can they dare to take seat in such places for a moment, and stand in a question like that in scripture, though with more magnificent intent? "What dost thou here, Elijah?" It is in vain to argue what the theatres might be; we speak of what they are; and it is well known that such places have their doors open to persons of unholy reputation, persons who defy the charities of social life, and live upon the wreck of virtue. These are deep spots of sin, which no artifice of sophistry can dilute to a milder shade.

5. Hours.—Late hours: and how are our youth exposed, by being disgorged into the streets from the doors of the play-house, at midnight; when piety and decorum withdraw to the quiet domestic pavilion, and when most of what remains visible is given up to the sons of Belial!

6. Perility.—the common-places that are urged in favour of the drama, viz. music, poetry, painting, and eloquence, might all alike be enjoyed without it. Painting, without going to the play, and poetry and music too, without immoral associations: then as to graceful and affecting elocution, this may be given by a fine reader, and genuine eloquence in action, by capital geni of the senate, the bar, and the pulpit.

It shows a weak taste to require fantastical dresses, and the foppery of childish decorations, to give point to whatever is sentimentally worth notice. And the whole reminds us of little children amusing themselves with fancied realities: dressing themselves out in the parlour, and parading up and down with tattered papers and ragged silks, and splendid fragments of crockery append- ed, to adorn their kingly and queenly exhibitions. Can these things be necessary to recommend, even to the man of more taste, the finer productions of the muse? Whatever is good in the sentiment, we can take from the sickle, to the globe, and beyond it. The foppery, the tinsel, and the plume we must leave behind.

A mind whose ideas are feeble and few, requires these external and literal illustrations to assist its infirmity, in the same way as a sceptic wants mathematical demonstration of divine truth, or a papist the assistance of a visible crucifix. In truth, through all nature, in proportion as there is any defect, either in the mind or the body solicits some strong incentive. The common people require some absolute gew-gaw; the corrupt palate calls for fiery spiritual libations; and a poor corrupted mental taste, jaded and exhausted, demands for its gratification the splendour of theatrical pomp, to inflame it with ideas, and embody on it those wonders which the powerless imagination can no longer produce.

On the whole, Providence has always opposed the Theatre; and pious parents dread it for their children: the dying prodigals has often cursed the day he ever entered it; and it may be said of the Thespian harlot, as of the false Church, "to the votary of either—'He knoweth not that the dead are there, and her guests are in the depths of hell.'"

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 TIPSETS; Sable Trim- mings; Cloaks and Nap Cloaking; Satins; Gros de Naples Silks; Black Lace and Green Gauze Veils; Bobnet Caps; Kid and Beaver Gloves, &c. &c.—Which will be disposed of on most reasonable terms for cash. S. FARLEY. 14th Feb. 1829.

HAIR SEAL CAPS, GLOVES, &c. THE Subscriber has just received from New- York, an assortment of FUR CAPS, GLOVES, COLLARS, &c. which will be Sold very low for CASH. SAMUEL STEPHEN. St. John, Nov. 8, 1828.

N. M'GLINCHY, Has just received per Brig William Penn, from New-York:— A FEW Bales Cotton Warp, assorted—from No. 6 to No. 10.—Also, 50 dozen very superior Hair Combs; 50 do. side Combs; 1 trunk Buttons, assorted colours; besides which he has on hand a great variety of Haberdashery, &c. —Consisting of:— Ladies and Gentlemen's Gloves—assorted; Bonnet, Waste, and Cap Ribbons; Laces and Bob- nets; silk Handkerchiefs; Broad and Forest CLOTHS; white and brown Calicos of various breadth and qualities; Printed do.; green Baize; red and white Flannels; lambs wool Stockings; coloured silks; Jaconet, Leno, and Book Mus- lins; Earthenware—assorted; worsted and cotton Balls and Rools; 30 pieces of the newest patterns Ghinze Muslin; just received from Lon- don, via St. Andrews; Leghorn Bonnets; Slops, assorted; Hats and Caps; Checks, Stripes, and Homespuns; Sugar by the barrel; Candles and Soap by the box; Hyson and Souching Tea of the best quality; ten hundred weight best Quality Annapolis Cheese; best quality of upper Leather.

The advertiser begs to assure the public that he will sell for the smallest profit for cash or approved credit, at his store in Water-street, opposite the Auction Room of Mr. JOHN COX. March 7th, 1829.

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 Muscat Raisins, 10 Kegs Raisins, and 6 Bags Hazel Nuts. JOHN V. THURGAR. February 14.

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

THE SUBSCRIBERS Have received per late arrivals: 400 B ARRELS CORN MEAL; 0 Hogheads SUGAR; 50 Ditto MOLASSES; Which will be Sold very low. CROOKSHANK & WALKER. March 21, 1829.

VESSEL WANTED, FOR a Port in IRELAND—a vessel of 120 to 200 Tons, for which a fair Charter will be given.—Apply to Feb. 14. KERR & RATCHFORD.

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.

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

AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS. THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform his friends and the Public, that he intends to transact business as Commission Merchant and Auctioneer, after the first proximo, at his premises on the North Market Wharf. JOHN ROBERTSON. April 30, 1828.

RUM. The Subscriber offers for sale— 70 PUNS High Proof and Good Flavored Jamaica RUM, Just received by the brig Lerwick from Annatto Bay. ALSO— A Ten Gallon LIQUOR STILL with Worm and Worm Tub complete. WILLIAM BOWMAN. 27th Sept. 1828.

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

SAIL LOFT, To Let from the 1st of May next. THAT commodious SAIL LOFT, at present occupied by Mr. G. T. RAY, is Apply to GEORGE A. NAGEL. St. John, 14th February, 1829.

A CARD. EAGLES & CO. TAILORS, respectfully beg leave to inform the Gentleman of St. John, that they have commenced business in the North-east corner of the Market-square, (on the flat immediately above Mr. Yates, Saddler)—where they only solicit a trial in the above line, to insure custom. As they intend giving their Journeymen the highest wages paid in the City, they will employ none but the best Workmen;—those Gentle- men, honouring them with their Work, may rest assured that it will be finished in a tasteful and superior style. Gentlemen's Fancy Braces and Stays, made. St. John, May 3d, 1828.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACT.

Assistant Commissary General's Office, St. John, N. B. 7th March, 1829.

SEALED Tenders will be received at this Office until THURSDAY the 23rd day of April next, at noon, from such persons as may be disposed to enter into a Contract to supply His MAJESTY'S Troops in this Province—with

1100 BARRELS FLOUR, to be delivered into the King's Magazines at this place, at the following periods—viz. 200 Barrels on or before the 24th of May, 1829, 200 Ditto Ditto 24th of June, " 200 Ditto Ditto 24th of August, " 200 Ditto Ditto 24th of Sept. " 200 Ditto Ditto 24th of October, "

The whole to be of the quality termed Scratched Superfine, free from grit or any bad taste whatever, and to be warranted to keep good and sweet for one year from the day of delivery. The Tenders must specify the price (per Barrel of 196 pounds) in British Sterling, in words at length; and payment will be made at the respective periods of delivery, in British Silver Money, with a reservation on the part of the Commissary, to pay in Bills, at the rate of a Bill for £100 for every £100; 10s. due upon the Contract.

No Tender will be noticed unless accompanied by a Letter addressed to the Senior Commissary Officer at Saint John, signed by two respectable persons, offering to become bound with the party tendering, for the faithful performance of the Contract. The Tenders to be written on the back, "Tenders for Flour;" and persons tendering, or some person on their behalf, are requested to attend at this Office on the 23rd day of April, at twelve o'clock, to receive their answers.

Forms of the Contract and Bond of Warranty may be seen, and any further information obtained on application at this Office. B. E. F. 40 BARRELS PRIME BEEF, for sale by G. D. ROBINSON. March 14th, 1829.

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

SUGAR. 13 HOGHEADS SUGAR, of good Quality. Just received and for Sale by JOHN ROBERTSON, 28th Feb. North Wharf.

RUM, SUGAR, & MOLASSES. 2 PUNS DEMARARY RUM, 5 Do. do. best retailing Molasses; A few barrels very superior Sugar, Just received and for sale at the lowest rates in the Market, by KERR & RATCHFORD. —ALSO, ON HAND— 3 Puncheons PALE SEAL OIL. March 7th, 1829.

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

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; 30 Hawsers from 4 to 5 1/2 ins.; 1 Bolt Rope; 90 bolts No. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5, half bleached Canvas; 15 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 gentian root, and 4 common Hats; 1 ditto boys' common ditto; 1 bale Shoo Thread; 1 ditto Mattresses; 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.

ON CONSIGNMENT. The Subscriber has received per the Forth from Greenock, James & Henry Cumming and barque Ann from Liverpool—a quantity of GOODS, among which are the following articles:— 100 B OXES best brown Soap, containing 36 to 60 lbs. in a box. Bales of Wrapping Paper, Cases Superfine Laid Foolscap, Cases of Post Paper, Yellow wove, Cases Gilt Edged and Plain, Quills, Superfine Double Large Cards, Cambooses for vessels of 120 to 300 tons, Bunting, Ensigns, Union Jacks, Compasses, Bales of 2 and 3 thread Herring Twine, Bales of Russia Duck, Bales of Osnaburg, Brown Black, Whiting, Bales of Woollens, Brown & White Cottons. All of which will be sold on reasonable terms Nov. 8. JOHN ROBERTSON.

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

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c. The Subscriber has received part of his Spring Supply of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. &c. TOGETHER WITH A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF GENUINE GARDEN SEEDS. IN BOXES; Which are offered for sale at his Drug and Medicine Store, Market-square. May 31. S. G. HAMILTON.

REMOVAL. THE CITY BOOT and SHOE STORE, is removed to the Store adjoining that of N. Disbrow, Esq. Market-square. 3d May, 1828. S. WATTS.

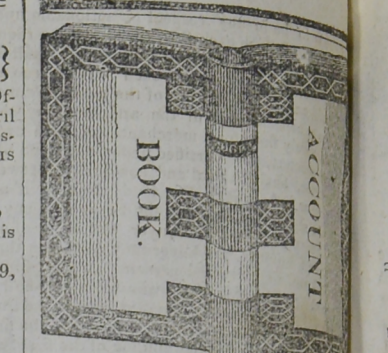
JUST RECEIVED, FIRKINS first quality BUTTER, Bbls. Prime Mackerel and Herrings, Ditto Lamp Oil, Dry Fish, Pearl Ash and Cotton Warp, For Sale by H. BLAKSLLEE. St. John, January 3, 1829.

TO BE SOLD, On TUESDAY the 23rd day of June next, SO MUCH OF THE REAL ESTATE OF WILLIAM PARLOW, (situate at the Lower Corner of this City) as will satisfy two several Executions issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of David Hatfield and Peter Hatfield, and Robert Jarvis, against the said Matthew Parlow, &c. —Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, at the Coffee-House corner. JAMES WHITE, Sheriff. St. John, December 20th, 1828.

TO BE SOLD, On TUESDAY the 23rd day of June next, SO MUCH OF THE REAL ESTATE OF WILLIAM PARLOW, (situate at the Lower Corner of this City) as will satisfy two several Executions issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of David Hatfield and Peter Hatfield, and Robert Jarvis, against the said Matthew Parlow, &c. —Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, at the Coffee-House corner. JAMES WHITE, Sheriff. St. John, December 20th, 1828.

To be sold on Friday the 21st day of August next, at the Corner of the Exchange Coffee-House Market-square, ALL THE Right, Title and Interest of J. A. CONACHER, in and to Two certain Lots of Tracts of Land, situated at Black River, in the Parish of Portland, (in rear of the Bay Street Lots) and containing each 300 acres, more or less. Taken by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court at the suit of William O'Connell against the said Donald Conacher.—Sale to commence at 12 o'clock. J. WHITE, Sheriff. St. John, 21st Feb. 1829.

BLANKS of various kinds may be had at the Courier Office.



ON SALE, COPIES OF THE NEW SYSTEM OF DRILL AND MANOEUVRES FOR PROVINCIAL MILITIA, with a Preface by His Excellency the Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces, dated Dec. 1st, 1828. WILLIAM REYNOLDS.

For Sale, P. W. No. 95 in the West Aisle of St. John's Church.—Apply to 28th March. BARNES TRAITER, Stationer.

B. E. F. 25 BARRELS PRIME BEEF, for sale by G. D. ROBINSON. 28th March. THOMAS S. WARD.

Butter and Barley. A FEW firkins of excellent BUTTER, may be had at the Subscriber's Grocery Duke street, if applied for soon. SOLOMON BRICE. 14th March, 1829.

DEMARARA RUM. 10 PUNS DEMARARA RUM, For Sale by G. D. ROBINSON. March 21.

Sugar for Sale. A FEW firkins of superior SUGAR, Part of which is entitled to a long Drawing from JOHN HAMMOND, Jamaica. March 21st, 1829.