POETRY.

[From an American Paper.]

FORGETFULNESS.

—o—

We parted—friendship's dream had cast
Deep interest o'er the brief farewell,
And left upon the shadowy past
Full many a thought on which to dwell.
Such thoughts as come in early youth,
And live in fellowship with hope;
Robed in the brilliant hues of truth,
Unfitted with the world to cope.

We parted—he went o'er the sea,
And deeper solitude was mine;
Yet there remained in memory,
For feeling, still a sacred shrine:
And thought and hope were offered up
Till their etherial essence fled,
And disappointment, from the cup,
In dark libations, poured instead.

We parted—'twas an idle dream,
That *thus* we e'er should meet again;
For who, that knew man's heart, would deem
That it could long unchanged remain?
He sought a foreign clime, and learned
Another language, which expressed
To strangers the rich thought that burned,
With unquenched power, within his breast.

And soon he better loved to speak
In those new accents than his own;
His native tongue seemed cold and weak,
To breathe the wakened passion's tone.
He wandered far, and lingered long,
And drank so deep of Lethe's stream,
That each new feeling grew more strong,
And all the past was like a dream.

We met—a few glad words were spoken,
A few kind glances were exchanged;
But friendship's first romance was broken,
For he had been from me estranged.
I felt it all—we met no more—
My heart was true, but it was proud;
Life's early confidence was o'er,
And hope had set beneath a cloud.

We met no more—for neither sought
To reunite the sever'd chain
Of social intercourse; for naught
Could join its parted links again.
Too much of the wide world had been
Between us for too long a time:
And he had look'd on many a scene,
The beautiful and the sublime.

And he had themes on which to dwell,
And memories that were not mine,
Which formed a separating spell,
And drew a mystic boundary line.
His thoughts were wanderers—and the things
Which brought back friendship's joys to me,
To him were but the spirit's wings,
Which bore him o'er the distant sea.

For he had seen the evening star,
Glancing its rays o'er ocean's waves,
And marked the moonbeams from afar,
Lighting the Grecian heroes' graves.
And he had gazed on trees and flowers
Beneath Italia's sunny skies,
And listened, in fair ladies' bowers,
To genius' words and beauty's sighs.

His steps had echoed through the halls
Of grandeur, long left desolate;
And he had climbed the crumbling walls,
Or op'd perforce the hingeless gate;
And mus'd o'er many an ancient pile,
In ruin still magnificent.
Whose histories could the hours beguile
With dreams, before to fancy lent.

Such recollections came to him,
With moon, and stars, and summer flowers;
To me they bring the shadows dim
Of early and of happier hours—
I would those shadows darker fell—
For life, with its best powers to bless,
Has but few memories loved as well,
Or welcome as *Forgetfulness*.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'Twas early day—and sunlight stream'd
Soft through a quiet room,
That hush'd, but not forsaken seem'd—
Still, but with nought of gloom;
For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his grey holy hair,
And touched the book with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were *there*;
But oh! that Patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life ev'n then had met
His calm benignant eye;
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of immortality;
Some heart's deep language, where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said—"I know
That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death;
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt?
Oh! blest be those fair girls—and blest
That home where God is felt!

MISCELLANY.

THE DIAMOND RING.

In a populous town, in one of the midland counties of England, a stranger of agreeable manners and fashionable exterior frequently made his appearance. He gradually obtained the acquaintance of some of the most respectable inhabitants; among the rest, of a jeweller, a man of considerable wealth, and reputed to be very knowing in his profession.

One day while sitting after dinner over a bottle of wine, our friend of the precious stone department, whose eyes were never idle in the way of business, espied, on the little finger of his new acquaintance, a richly chased gold ring, set (apparently) with a brilliant of great size, and of the first water. He begged to be permitted a nearer view, which was accorded with much politeness by the stranger.

"A magnificent stone, sir," said the jeweller, returning the ring: "it is but seldom we see a brilliant of that size so perfectly free from flaw or blemish."

"You mistake, Sir," said the stranger, smiling. "It is but an imitation stone; yet so excellent a one, that the best judges have been deceived by its appearance."

"How!" returned the other; "a false brilliant?" It cannot be. I have followed my profession for thirty years, and I never yet have been deceived. Permit me a second inspection."

But this only served to confirm his first impression. "It cannot be," he repeated to himself:—"I know a good stone, when I see it, as well as any man in England; and if that be not one, may I never sell diamond or watch again!" Then aloud to the stranger.—"May I ask if you are inclined to dispose of this ring?"

"No. It was the gift of a valued friend to me on his death bed. I esteem it almost as highly as if it were, as you suppose, a genuine brilliant. And in truth," he added, with a smile, "as such articles obtain their artificial value merely from their appearance, this ring, being so admirable an imitation as to deceive even a connoisseur, answers the same purpose as the purest diamond ring in the world."

"Admirable indeed!" echoed he of the silver trade. "It is a treasure. Why, Rundell himself might swear to its being a true stone."

"The best judges," said the stranger, "are at times deceived. I can have no possible motive to mislead you in this matter; and I assure you, on my word of honor, that this is a false brilliant."

The jeweller knew not what to make of it.—There seemed, indeed, no possible motive to deceive him. He looked first at the stranger and then at his ring; but the former only smiled good temperedly at the jeweller's incredulity; and, as for the ring, it still gave the lie to its owner's words.

"I will stake my life on it," thought the the merchant of precious stones—"I will stake my life on it, that he is himself deceived as to the value of the stone, or else that, for some reason or other, he does not wish others to know it."

Some days past, and the stranger did not recur to the subject. But the lapidary's thoughts ran continually on the brilliant, and every time they met the temptation became stronger. At last he summoned courage, and asked him of the ring, if he were willing to entrust it to his care for a single day, that he might test its purity to his own satisfaction. To this request the stranger at once assented, and the ring was placed in the jeweller's hands.

But all the usual tests only strengthened his original opinion. He showed it to several of his brother lapidaries, and they were in ecstacies at the sight; declaring it one of the most perfect brilliants they had ever seen.

"Well," thought he at last, "even if it be not a diamond, the best judges think it is; and it is the same to me as if it were. I can sell it as a diamond, and that's enough."

In returning it, therefore, next day, he asked its owner what sum would tempt him to part with it.

"I have told you," he replied, "that I value the ring much above its real value. I do not wish to part with it."

"I will give much more than its value as a false brilliant;" said the jeweller. "I will give you two thousand five hundred pounds for it."

"That is ten times its value," said the other, "but I cannot part with it. I cannot sell the gift of a departed friend."

"I may venture another offer," thought the merchant: "I can sell it for five thousand;" then aloud: "I will give three thousand pounds for it, and that is my last offer."

"I will tell you, candidly," rejoined the other, after a long pause, playing with the ring and drawing it several times off and on his finger; "I do not think it right to sell it; but you seem so very anxious to possess it, that I know not how to refuse you. And yet—to take three thousand pounds for what is not worth three hundred, I can hardly reconcile it to my conscience. Will you give me," he added at last, "a certificate from under your hand that you purchase this stone from me, not as a diamond, but (as in truth it is) as a false brilliant?"

"With pleasure," said the other, eager to close the bargain.

"Then the ring is yours."

The merchant immediately wrote out the certificate and a check on his banker for three thousand pounds; and the stranger, drawing his ring from his finger, presented it and received the papers.

The same evening the jeweller took out his treasure from one of the innermost drawers of his secret cabinet to admire its lustre at his leisure.—It seemed to him less bright than before. He rubbed first the stone and then his eyes. Could he have been deceived? It certainly was less bright. He held it in a stronger light—his suspicions increased—he applied his highest magnifier—alas! alas! the fraud was too evident. The stranger had adroitly substituted another at the moment the bargain was closed; and the lapidary had given three thousand pounds for a bit of paste.

But remedy there was none. There were witnesses enough to prove the stranger's repeated assertion that the diamond was a false one, and even his own certificate would testify to the same effect.

So he smothered his bitter disappointment as well as he might, tossed the treacherous bauble in a corner and never again, boasted to his brother lapidaries of his bargain in purchasing the diamond ring.

"WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT."

By Mrs. C. Hall.

"We'll see about it!"—from that simple sentence has arisen more evil to Ireland, than any person, ignorant of the strange union of impetuosity and procrastination my countrymen exhibit, could well believe. They are sufficiently prompt and energetic where their feelings are concerned, but, in matters of business, they almost invariably prefer *seeing about* to doing.

I shall not find it difficult to illustrate this observation; from the many examples of its truth, in high and low life, I select Philip Garraty.

Philip, and Philip's wife, and Philip's children, and all of the house of Garraty, are employed from morning till night in *seeing about* every thing, and, consequently, in *doing* nothing. There is Philip—a tall, handsome, good-humored fellow, of about five and thirty, with broad, lazy-looking shoulders, and a smile perpetually lurking about his mouth, or in his bright hazel eyes—the picture of indolence and kindly feeling. There he is, leaning over what was once a five-barred gate, and leads to the haggart; his blue worsted stockings full of holes, which the suggan, twisted half way up the well-formed leg, fails to conceal: while his brogues (to use his own words) if they do let the water in, let it out again. With what unstudied elegance does he roll that knotted twine and then unroll it; varying his occupation, at times, by kicking the stones that once formed a wall, into the stagnant pool, scarcely large enough for full-grown ducks to sail in.

But let us first take a survey of the premises.

The dwelling-house is a long rambling abode, much larger than the generality of those that fall to the lot of small Irish farmers; but the fact is, that Philip rents one of the most extensive farms in the neighbourhood, and ought to be "well to do in the world." The dwelling looks very comfortless, notwithstanding: part of the thatch is much decayed, and the rank weeds and damp moss nearly cover it; the door-posts are only united to the wall by a few scattered portions of clay and stone, and the door itself is hanging but by one hinge; the window-frames shake in the passing wind, and some of the compartments are stuffed with the crown of a hat, or a "lock of straw"—very unsightly objects. At the opposite side of the swamp is a haggart-gate, where a broken line of alternate palings and wall exhibit proof that it had once been fenced in; the commodious barn is almost roofless, and the other sheds pretty much in the same condition; the pig-stye is deserted by the grunting lady and her grubbing progeny, who are too fond of an occasional repast in the once-cultivated garden to remain in their proper abode; the listless turkeys and contented, half-fatted geese, live at large and on the public; but the turkeys, with all their shyness and modesty, have the best of it—for they mount the ill-built stacks, and select the grain, *a plaisir*.

"Give you good morrow, Mr. Philip; we have had showery weather lately."

"Och, all manner o' joy to ye, my lady and sure ye'll walk in, and sit down; my woman will be proud to see ye. I'm sartin we'll have the rain soon agin, for it's every where, like bad luck, and my throat's sore wid hurishing thim pigs o' the garden—sorra' a thing can I do all day for watching thim."

"Why do you not mend the door of the stye?"

"True for ye, Ma'm dear, so I would—if I had the nails; and I've been threat'ning to step down to Mickey Bow, the smith, to ask him to *see about it*."

"I hear you've had a fine crop of wheat, Philip."

"Thank God for all things! You may say that; we had, my lady, a fine crop—but I have always the height of ill-luck somehow; upon my sowkins (and that's the hardest oath I swear) the turkeys have had the most of it; but I mean to *see about* setting it up safe to-morrow."

"But, Philip, I thought you sold the wheat, standing, to the steward, at the big house."

"It was all as one as sould, only it's a bad world, Madam dear, and I've no luck.—Says the Stewart to me, says he, I like to do things like a man of business, so, Mister Garraty, just draw up a bit of an agreement that you may deliver over the wheatfield to me, on sich a day, standing as it is, for such a sum, and I'll sign it for ye, and thin there can be no mistake, only let me have it by this day week.—Well, to be sure, I came home full o' my good luck, and tould my wife; and on the strength of it she must have a new gown. And sure, says she, Miss Hennessy is just come from Dublin, wid a shop full o' goods, and on account that she's my brother's sister-in-law's first cousin, she'll let me have the first sight o' the things, and I can take my pick—and ye'll have plinty of time to *see about* the agreement to-morrow. Well, I don't know how it was, but the next day we had no paper, nor ink, nor pens in the house; I mean to send the gossoon to Miss Hennessy's for all—but forgot the pens. So, when I was *seeing about* the 'greement, I bethought of the ould gander, and while I was pulling as beautiful a pen as ever ye laid ye'r two eyes upon, out of his wing, he tattered my hand with his bill in such a manner, that sorra' a pen I could hould for three days. Well, one thing or another put it off for ever so long, and at last I wrote it out like print, and takes it myself to the stewart.—Good evening to you, Mr. Garraty, says he; good evening kindly, sir, says I, and hope the woman that owns ye, and all ye'r good family's well; all well, thank ye, Mr. Garraty, says he; I'v got the 'greement here, sir, says I, pulling it out as I thought—but behold ye—I only cotcht the paper it was wrapt in, to keep it from the dirt of the tobacco that was loose in my pocket for want of a box (saving your presence;) so I turned what little bits o' things I had in it out, and there was a grate hole that you might drive all the parish rats through, at the bottom—which the wife promised to *see about* mending, as good as six months before. Well, I saw the sneer on his ugly mouth (for he's an Englishman,) and I turned it off with a laugh, and said air holes were comfortable in hot weather, and such like jokes—and that I'd go home and make another 'greement. 'Greement for what? says he, laying down his grate outlandish pipe. Whew! may be ye don't know, says I. Not I, says he. The wheatfield, says I. Why, says he, din'nt I tell you then, that you must bring the 'greemont to me by that day week; and that was, by the same token—(pulling a red memorandum-book out of his pocket)—let me see—exactly this day three weeks. Do you think, Mister Garraty, he goes on, that when ye did'nt care to look after ye'r own interests, and I offering so fair for the field, I was going to wait upon you? I don't lose my papers in the Irish fashion. Well that last set me up—and so I axed him if it was the pattern of his English breeding, and one word brought on another; and all the blood in my body rushed into my fist—and I had the ill luck to knock him down—and, the coward, what does he do but he takes the law o' me—and I was cast—and lost the sale of the wheat—and was ordered to pay over ever so much money: well, I did'nt care to pay it then, but gave an engagement; and I meant to *see about it*—but forgot: and all in a jiffy, came a thing they call an execution—and to stop the cant, I was forced to borrow money from that tame negur, the exciseman, who'd sell the sowl out of his grandmother for six pence (if indeed there ever was a sowl in the family,) and it's a terrible case to be paying *interest* for it *still*."

"But, Philip, you might give up or dispose of part of your farm. I know you could get a good sum of money for that rich meadow by the river."

"True for ye, ma'am dear—and I've been *seeing about it* for a long time—but somehow *I have no luck*. Jist as ye came up, I was thinking to myself, that the gale day is passed, and all one as before, yara a pin's worth have I for the rint, and the landlord wants it as bad as I do, though its a shame to say that of a gintleman; for jist as he was *seeing about* some ould custodium, or something of the sort, that had been hanging over the estate since he came to it, the sheriff's officers put *executioners* in the house; and its very sorrowful for both of us, if I may make bold to say so; for I'm sartin he'll be racking me for the money—and indeed the ould huntsman tould me as much—but I must *see about it*; not indeed that its much good—for I've no luck."

"Let me beg of you, Philip, not to take such an idea into your head; do *not lose* a moment; you will be utterly ruined if you do; why not apply to your father-in-law, he is able to assist you, for at present you only suffer from temporary embarrassment."

"True for ye—that's good advice, my lady; and by the blessing of God I'll *see about it*."

"Then go directly, Philip."

"Directly; I can't, ma'm dear, on account of the pigs; and sorra a one I have but myself to keep them out of the cabbages; for I let the woman and the grawls go to the pattern at Killaun; it's little pleasure they see, the craturs."

"But your wife did not hear the huntsman's story?"

"Och, aye did she—but unless she could give me a sheaf o' bank notes, where would be the good of her staying—but I'll *see about it*."

"Immediately then, Philip; think upon the ruin that may come—nay, that *must* come, if you *neglect* this matter; your wife too; your family, reduced from comfort to starvation—your home desolate"—

"Asy, my lady—don't be after breaking my heart intirely; thank God I have seven as fine flahulugh children as ever peeled pratee, and all under twelve years ould; and sure I'd lay down my life tin times over for every one o' them; and to-morrow for sartin—no—not to-morrow—the hurling; I can't to-morrow; but the day after, if I'm a living man, *I'll see about it*."

Poor Philip! his kindly feelings were valueless because of his unfortunate habit. Would that this were the only example I could produce of the ill effects of that dangerous little sentence—"*I'll see about it.*" Oh that the sons and daughters of the fairest island that ever heaved its green bosom above the suface of the ocean would arise and *be doing* what is to be done, and never again rest contented with "SEEING ABOUT IT."

THE BLIND BEAUTY OF THE MOOR.

(A Fragment.)

To thee—O palest phantom—clothed in white raiment, not like unto a ghost risen with its grave-clothes to appal, but like a seraph descending from the skies to bless—unto thee will we dare to speak, as through the mist of years back comes thy yet unfaded beauty, charming us, while we cannot choose but weep, with the self-same vision that often glided before us long, long ago in the wilderness, and at the sound of our voice would pause for a little while, and then pass by, like a white bird from the sea, floating unscared close by the shepherd's head, or alighting to trim its plumes on a knoll far up an inland glen! Death seems not to have touched that face, pale though it be—life-like is the waving of those gentle hands—and the soft, sweet, low music which now we hear, steals not sure from lips hushed by the burial-mould! Restored by the power of love; she stands before us as she stood of yore. Not one of all the hairs of her golden head was singed by lightning that shivered the tree under which the child had run for shelter from the flashing sky. But in a moment the blue light in her dewy eyes was dimned—and never again did she behold either flower or star. Yet the images of all the things she had loved remained in her memory, clear and distinct as the things themselves before unextinguished eyes—and ere three summers had flown over head, which, like the blossom of some fair perennial flower, in heaven's gracious dew and sunshine each season lifted its loveliness higher and higher in the light—she could trip her singing way through the wide wilderness, all by her joyful self, led, as all believed, nor erred they in so believing, by an angel's hand! When the primroses peeped through the reviving grass upon the vernal braes, they seemed to give themselves into her hand; and 'twas thought they hung longer unfaded round her neck or forehead than if they had been left to drink the dew on their native bed. The linnets ceased not their lays, though her garment touched the broomstalk on which they sung. The cushat, as she thrid her way through the wood, continued to croon in her darksome tree—and the lark, although just dropped from the cloud, was cheered by her presence into a new pssion of song, and mounted over her head, as if it were his first matin hymn. All the creatures of earth and air manifestly loved the Wanderer of the Wilderness—and as for human beings, she was named, in their pity, their wonder, and their delight, the Blind Beauty of the Moor!

She was an only child, and her mother had died in giving her birth. And now her father, stricken by one of the many cruel diseases that shorten the lives of shepherds on the hills, was bed ridden—and he was poor. Of all words every syllable by human lips, the most blessed is—Charity. No manna now in the wilderness is rained from heaven—for the mouths of the hungry need it not in this our Christian land. A few goats feeding among the rocks gave them milk, and there was bread for them in each neighbour's house—neigh-bour though miles afar—as the sacred duty came round—and the unrepining poor sent the grateful child away with their prayers.

One evening, returning to the hut with her usual song, she danced up to her father's face on his rushy bed, and it was cold in death. If she shrieked—if she fainted—there was but one ear that heard, one eye that saw her in her swoon. Not now floating light like a small moving cloud unwilling to leave the flowery braes, but driven along like a shroud of flying mist before the tempest, she came upon us in the midst of that dreary moss; and at the sound of our quaking voice, fell down with clasped hands at our feet—"My father's dead!" Had the hut put already on the strange, dim desolate look of mortality? For the people came walking fast down the braes, and in a little while there was a group round us, and we bore her back again to her dwelling in our arms. As for us, we had been on our way to bid the fair creature and her father farewell. How could she have lived—an utter orphan—in such a world! The holy power that is in Innocence would for ever have remained with her; but Innocence longs to be away, when her sister Joy has departed; and 'tis sorrowful to see the one on earth, when the other has gone to heaven! This sorrow none of us had long to see; for though a flower when withered at the root, and doomed ere eve to perish, may yet look to the careless eye the same as when it blossomed in its pride,—its leaves, still green, are not as once they were,—its bloom, though fair, is faded—and at set of sun, the dews shall find it in decay, and fall unfelt on all its petals. Ere Sabbath came the orphan child was dead. Methinks we see now her little funeral. Her birth had been the humblest of the humble; and though all in life had loved her, it was thought best that none should be asked to the funeral of her and her father, but two or three friends; the old clergyman himself walked at the head of the father's coffin—we at the head of the daughter's—for this was granted unto our exceeding love;—and thus passed away for ever the Blind Beauty of the Moor!—*Blackwood's Mag.*

Peculiarities.—There are three subjects upon which the vulgar part of the world has always been very much divided, more perhaps from want of judging for themselves, and being under the influence of early prejudice, than from a real solid inquiry into the sinfulness or harmlessness of the thing itself—and these are, shaving and reading newspapers on Sunday, and the conversation fit to be observed upon that day. The opinions and practices of a worthy clergyman in Perthshire, now deceased, may not be inaptly stated here. An elder of his parish had called rather early for him upon the day of public worship, before he had got himself adjusted for public appearance, and as he was aware of the sanctity of his visitor, and his extreme fondness for cavilling, he was determined to put his *penchant* for parlation to the test. After the usual morning salutations, Andrew sat down, and the minister, beginning to think he had slept an hour too long, when his brother of session had walked at least two miles, he, without seeming to mind the presence of his coadjutor, rang the bell for the maid. The minister was at the time a widower. "Jenny, get me some hot water, I want to shave." The minister paced the room and Andrew mused, (Mr. Scott was a man of an uncommon flow of spirits, and ready recollection.) "D'ye shave on the Sabbath day, Sir?" said Andrew, with a face almost lengthened to his distance from home, "shure ye might hae doon that yestreen." "O yes, Andrew, I like always to appear clean in the pulpit." Another interrogatory, served up immediately, convinced Andrew that he had never known his minister save in the pulpit and session. "By the by, Andrew, are you gaun to ken me youe horse the morn to plow yon corner of the glebe?" "O fie! Mr. Scott, ye might har sent your man the morn's morning about that—its no Sabbath day's talk." "Perhaps it is not, Andrew, but I thought I would mention it before I forgot, upon that subject I will not, however, dispute with you just now." Andrew took breakfast with the minister, during which the Newspaper was handed in. Mr. Scott gave a momentary rest to his jaws, opened up the folio, and began to read in silence.—"Dear me, Sir, d'ye read the news on the Sabbath day?" "O yes, Andrew, I like always to know the state of affairs before I enter the pulpit, that I may know how to conform my prayers." All this happened during the late war with France.

HARDWARE.

The Subscriber has just received per Briton and Augusta from Liverpool—

HIS SPRING SUPPLY OF

GOODS,

viz—

34 HHDS. and Cases HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c.
8 Tons rose, clasp and horse Nails, ass'd.;
10 do. Flat and round English Iron, do.;
1 do. Swedish Iron, ass'd.;
3½ do. double refined Axe Iron, 3 to 3½ inches,
3 do. Pots and Bake Pans, assorted;
1 do. German, Blistered, and Cast Steel,
2½ do. Double & single Plough-share Moulds,
1 do. Plough-plate Iron assorted;
1 do. Shot and Sheet Lead,
2 Hhds. Tea Kettles and Griddles,
10 Doz. Frying Pans, 12 Boxes Tin ass'd.;
1 Cask Putty, 1 do Blue, 1 do Lamp-Black,
1 Ditto Red and Yellow Ochre, 1 do. Allum,
1 Ton White Lead, 12 Doz. Scythes, ass'd;
12 Dozen Shovels and Spades,
1 Box Looking Glasses, assorted;
1 Bale Hair Cloth and Curled Hair,
1 Hhds. Shoe Thread assorted; 2 cases Hats;
10 Crates Earthenware, ass'd;
800 Stone Jugs assorted;
1 Cask each boiled and unboiled Linseed Oil;
1 Bale Cod Lines, assorted, &c. &c.

ALSO—2 Barrels White Mustard SEED of the very best quality. ☞All of which will be Sold very cheap for Cash.

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

GEORGE THOMSON,

Has received per Ship Brothers, from Liverpool, and Brig Thomson's Packet, from Dumfries and Whitehaven:

PART OF HIS SPRING SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

—ALSO—

BRANDY, Geneva, Jamaica Spirits, Whiskey, Port, Sherry, and Madeira WINES,
Linseed, and Pale Seal Oil, Paints,
Soap, Window Glass,
Mould & Dipt Candles, Cheshire Cheese,
Raisins, Currants, Loaf Sugar,
Shelled Barley, Oatmeal,
English and Swedes Iron,
Tin Plate and Iron Wire, Nails and Spikes,
Chain Cables, Cordage, &c. &c.

☞Which will be Sold very low for Cash, or other approved payment.

—LIKEWISE—

150 Chalds. best Orrel COAL.

St John, May 23, 1829.

Lumber, Fish, &c.

The Subscriber offers for sale:—

150,000 FEET merchantable Pine BOARDS;
20,000 Feet Refuse ditto;
4000 Red Oak Hhds. STAVES, (dressed.)
150 Quintals COD FISH;
75 Ditto Scale ditto;
20 Barrels MACKEREL.

—ALSO ON HAND—

50 Tons round, square, and flat English IRON, assorted sizes.
5 Ditto square and flat Swedish ditto;
2 Ditto genuine Hoop I. Blistered STEEL;
1 Ditto German and Cast STEEL—assorted.
3 Ditto SHEET IRON;
Double and single Canada STOVES;
10 Chain Cables ass. from ½ inc. to 13-16 inc.
12 Boxes TIN PLATE, IC. and IX.
3 Tons Cordage—assorted from 6thd. to 5 in.
5, 5½ and 6½ inch HAWSERS;
2000 Bushels LIVERPOOL SALT.

WILLIAM JARVIS.

19th December, 1829.

GOODS—On Consignment.

The Subscriber has received per ship William Pitt, *from Liverpool:—*

30 CRATES well assorted Crockery;
5 Hampers double Gloucester Cheese;
5 do. do. Cheshire do.;
100 Coils Cordage—assorted sizes;
20 Ditto Bolt Rope:
2 Pipes and 2 half pipes Brandy;
2 Pieces best Hollands;
50 Bolts of Canvass, from No. 1 to 6;
4 Chain Cables, ⅞, 4-8, and ¾;
6 Anchors; 6 barrels Coal Tar;
20 Ships Compasses—assorted sizes;
50 Dozen Cod Lines; 10 do. Pollock do.;
10 Do. Long Lines; 10 do. Bed Cords;
6 Do. Deep Sea Lead Lines;
6 Do. Hand do.; 6 Casks Nails;
6 Casks Spikes; 50 M. Pump Tacks;
200 Lbs. Scupper Nails,
2 Sides Pump Leather;
100 Lbs. Shoe Thread; 100 Do. Sail Twine;
100 Do. Salmon do.; 100 do. Herring do.;
100 Pairs Gentlemen's strong Shoes;
50 Ditto Lady's ditto;
50 Ditto Children's ditto;

—Also—on hand:—

200 Kits of Salmon; 10 Quintals Codfish;
100 Ditto scale ditto;
200 Boxes Quoddy Herrings;
50 Ditto Digby ditto.

☞All of which will be sold at reduced prices.

W. P. SCOTT.

November 14th, 1829.

JOHN WISHART,

Has received per Brig CERES, from Liverpool, and other late arrivals from Great Britain, and which he is now opening at his store in Prince William Street, a very General assortment of

BRITISH MERCHANDISE,

—comprising—

DRY GOODS, Hardware, Groceries, &c. &c. *Amongst which are:*—16 Pipes and hhds. GIN and BRANDY; Hhds. and Half hhds. LOAF SUGAR; and 25 Crates well assorted EARTHENWARE;—All of which being of good quality, and purchased by himself at the best terms, he can afford to sell at the lowest rates for cash, or other prompt payment. July 11.

On Consignment,

And for Sale *at the Subscriber's Auction room.*

A FEW Puns. high proof Jamaica RUM;
Tierces Coffee; bags Pimento; Pipes and Qr. Casks Sicily Madeira Wine; barrels Pork, Tierces Rice, Teas, Soap, Candles, &c. &c.

21st November. JOHN V. THURGAR.

JANUARY 9TH, 1830.

LOWE & GROOCOCK,

Have received per WOODMAN, from Liverpool—

AN ASSORTMENT OF

BLACK and Colored BOMBAZETTS;
Red, White, and Salisbury Flannel;
Ribbons; Gloves; Black Crape;
Plaids; Broad Cloths, &c. &c.

Which with their Stock on hand, they offer cheap for Cash, at their well known Store, North Side of the Market-square.

SUGAR.

25 HOGSHEADS Jamaica SUGAR, of an excellent quality for sale by

Oct. 10. I. L. BEDELL.

Blanks of various kinds for sale at the Courier Office.

2d JANUARY, 1830.

The Subscribers offer for sale (in Bond,)

200 BARRELS of different Brands Superfine Flour; 40 do. Middlings do.; 450 bags best Northern Yellow Corn; 100 bags, kegs and baskets Crackers; 80 bags Bran.—IN STORE,—20 half barrels superfine Flour; 100 barrels Onions; 50 do. Apples; 10 Tierces of Rice; 100 Barrels Pilot and Navy Bread; 15 kegs first quality Tobacco; 5 boxes Wool Cards; 3 bales American grey Cottons; 25 pair American Boots; 100 bbls. Irish Mess Pork; 100 boxes mould and 50 do. dipt Candles; 6 hhds. and 20 bbls. best Jamaica Sugar; 20 chests Tea; 5 puncheons Jamaica Rum; 5 do. Demerara do.; 5 pipes Cognac Brandy; Port and Sherry Wines; 1 hhd. Loaf Sugar; 100 boxes & half boxes Muscatel Raisins; 20 bbls. Liquid and 3 bbls. Paste Blacking; 100 boxes English and Campo Bello Soap; 50 casks 6d, 8d, 10d, 12d, and 20d. fine Rose Nails; 20 kitts soused Salmon; 100 coils different quality Cordage; 100 bolts bleached and unbleached Canvas; 20 pieces Hessians; 25 do. Dowlas; 25 do. Duck; 50 do. Homespuns; 25 Pieces superfine Cloths; 20 crates (of different importations) Earthenware; 50 pieces low priced Red and White Flannels; 40 doz. Spades and Shovels; 20 doz. Frying Pans; an assortment of Salmon, Herring, Sewing, and wrapping Twines; Cod Lines and Bed Cords; Hardware; 6 dozen assorted Chairs; 10d. and 20d. Cut Nails; Counterpanes and Comfortables; 50 pieces fine Manchester Prints; 50 pieces Lining Cottons and Sarsnett; 50 pieces White Fents; White Steam Loom Cottons; 25 Pieces Irish Prints; 12 bales Batting; 300 Boxes assorted Window Glass; Bombazeens and Bombazetts, with numerous other Goods suited to this Market.

J. & H. KINNEAR.

December 26, 1829.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:—

20 BARRELS Demerara SUGAR;
12 Hhds. Ditto MOLASSES;
50 Barrels Inspected HERRINGS;
Crates of EARTHENWARE;
With an extensive & newly selected assortment of BRITISH DRY GOODS!

All of which they offer cheap for cash.

LOWE & GROOCOCK,
North side of the Market-square

JOHN KERR

Offers for Sale at low prices:—

18 TIERCES RICE, 20 bags of Pot and 10 ditto Pearl Barley,
5 Casks of Currants,
12 Crates well assorted Earthenware,
Barrels Beef, Bbls. and half Bbls. Pork,
Tongues, and Rounds,
Bags Fresh Nova-Scotia OATMEAL,
Puns. Jam. Antigua, & Demerara Rum,
Barrels Coffee, Barrels Sugar,
Hhds. Molasses;
Kegs Cut Nails, assorted sizes;
Quarter Casks Madeira Wine;
Bags soft-shell Almonds;
Mould and Dipt Candles;
English and Campo-Bello Soaps;
Double Refined Loaf SUGAR;
Twankey Tea, Blankets,
Broad and Narrow Cloths, and
A variety of Dry Goods.

January 9, 1830.

FINE FLOUR.

100 BARRELS Superfine Scratched FLOUR,—just received per Hasford, and for sale low by

Nov. 28. E. D. W. RATCHFORD.

JUST RECEIVED

Ex Schooner TROPIC:—

500 BBLS. CANSO FALL MACKEREL, which will be sold low for Cash or approved payment—on application to

SMITH & IRISH.

South Market Wharf, Dec. 5, 1829.

The Subscriber has received per ship Augusta from Liverpool:—

7 BALES very well assorted SLOPS, suitable for the season,
30 Boxes of very superior Mould CANDLES,

—IN STORE—

50 Barrels prime Quebec PORK,
100 Half barrels Prime Mess ditto.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

3d October, 1829.

Rum and Coffee.

By the Harriet, from Port Maria, (Jamaica,) the Subscribers have received:—

90 PUNS. of RUM of superior strength and flavour,
6 Tierces and 16 barrels COFFEE.

—IN STORE—

Their Fall Supply of DRY GOODS;

Among which are

Gentlemens' superfine and second CLOTHS, an assortment of Ladies Pelisse Cloths, Flannels Blankets, Slops, &c. &c.

THOS. MILLIDGE, & Co.

Saint John, 28th November, 1829.

JANUARY 9TH, 1830.

700 BARRELS RYE FLOUR,
200 ditto CORN MEAL,
100 Ditto Superfine FLOUR.

Now Landing from brig Albert, from New-York.

8w. B. TILTON.

FRUIT, &c.—on Consignment.

Received per brig WOODMAN, from Liverpool,—

20 BOXES LEMONS,
40 Boxes, } Fresh Bunch Muscatel
40 Half Boxes, } RAISINS,
60 Quarter Boxes,
5 Bags fresh soft shell ALMONDS,
5 Jars Malaga Green GRAPES,
Also,—just received from New-York.
200 Barrels Superfine FLOUR,
100 Ditto Scratched ditto,
10 Tierces of RICE,—For sale low by

JOHN V. THURGAR.

January 9th, 1830

Franklin Stoves, &c.

THE Subscriber has a few Parlour and Bed Room FRANKLINS, with and without Doors; and Coal STOVES, which he will sell at reduced prices in order to close sales.

HENRY BLAKSLEE.

N. B. *Live* Geese Feathers, also for sale.

19th December, 1829.

FLOUR.

156 BARRELS Scratched FLOUR, in Bond,—For sale by

W. & T. LEAVITT.

19th Dec. *North Market Wharf.*

RUM & SUGAR.

Now landing ex Brig Timandra from Falmouth Jamaica:—

25 PUNS. RUM.
3 Tierces and } SUGAR.
10 Barrels }

For sale by *WILLIAM BOWMAN.*

St. John, N. B. December 12, 1829.

JUST RECEIVED,

Ex Schooner SARAH, this day, from New-York, and for sale by the subscribers,

BARRELS and Half ditto Genessee Family FLOUR; Bbls. Fine Middlings; bags corn; Half barrels Pilot Bread, do. Butter Biscuit; Kegs water and Sugar Biscuit;
Bbls. winter Pippin APPLES;
Kegs Tobacco and cut Nails; Cotton Wool;
1 Barrel of SNUFF, in bladders.

DANIEL & LEWIS SMITH.

December 12, 1829.