Poetry.

The Thirty Requisites.

Thirty points of perfection each judge understands,
The standard of feminine beauty demands,
Three white:—and, without further prelude, we know
That the skin, hands, and teeth should be pearly as snow.

Three black:—and our standard departure forbids
From dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly-fringed lids.

Three red:—and the lover of comliness seeks
For the hue of the rose in the lips, nails, and cheeks.

Three long—and of this you, no doubt, are aware!
Long the body should be, long the hands, long the hair.

Three short:—and herein nicest beauty appears—
Feet short as a fairy's, short teeth, and short ears.

Three large:—and remember this rule, as to size,
Embraces the shoulders, the forehead, the eyes.

Three narrow:—a maxim to every man's taste—
Circumference small in mouth, ancle, and waist.

Three round:—and in this I see infinite charms—
Rounded fulness apparent in leg, hip, and arms.

Three fine:—and can aught the enchantment eclipse,
Of fine tapering fingers, fine tresses, fine lips?

Three small:—and my thirty essentials are told—
Small head, nose, and bosom compact in its mould.

Now the dame who comprises attractions like these,
Will need not the cestus of Venus to please;
While he who has met with a union so rare,
Has had better luck than has fallen to my share.

"Alla Perdita."

We do not meet as we have met!
The soft and thrilling word
Forbidding Memory to Forget—
Is now unspoke—unheard!

We do not meet as we have met!
Thy vow is broken now!
Which like a gem in radiance set,
Was stolen from thy brow!

We do not meet as we have met!
Wild Ocean's surges roll
Between—and will divide us yet!
Like tempests of the soul!

We do not meet as we have met!
Old days will come to heart—
In dreams those images are set!
To waken—what thou art!

Love and Literature.

From the New York Era.

A pretty little romance, sweet and tender, occurred here recently, which would form quite an incident for a fashionable novel; and shows that there is no necessity for love to have eyes, but that amazingly little souls can become attached *à la distance*, like the Grand Plenipotentiary spoken of by Sheridan, in one of his songs. There is no necessity to quote the passage, as the sentiment and the application could receive no additional strength thereby.

Many histories have been written, and many stories told of the wonderful power of love in the human heart, and how this passion will occupy it to the exclusion of every other feeling! It is scarcely possible to glance over the columns of a newspaper of any country without discovering the consequences of this passion in the melancholy details of poisonings and drownings by disappointed maids, and love-sick youths, the course of whose true love ran not smoothly; and, although grey beards may sneer at a tender passion which they never felt, and prim and precise virgins utter exclamations of disapprobation against those of their own sex who yield to the influence of the lava torrent which shakes the heart, and rushes through the veins—there is no feeling which exercises so potent a sway over the good or evil destiny of the sons and daughters of Adam! Love assumes all shapes and disguises, and lends itself to any position or station to accomplish its purposes. There is nothing so lofty to which it does not aspire; nothing so lowly to which it will not stoop in pursuit of its end. Witness King Cophetua and the beggar's daughter; the daughter of Charlemagne; the nut-brown maid; and the noble lady wedded to the moor! In the lowest and darkest depths of human misery, it holds the cheering torch of hope; and the squalid prisoner is in its eyes a very deity of love and beauty. Love looks not at condition, and in this respect is aptly painted blind.

It has become the fashion in these latter and degenerate days to discountenance the power and influence of love; to talk of it as the dream of youth; as the illusion of hot heads, and warm hearts; the phantom of hope luring onward to disappointment and destruction. Away with such frigid and unimpassioned calculations; under its delightful and heavenly spell "there's nothing in life can sadden us;" and prompted by its almighty inspiration, there is nothing to which we may not aspire. With some one to whom he can turn in his sorrow; and on whose devoted kindness he can rely in his vicissitudes and disappointments, the path of life is strewed with roses whose thorns are plucked off by the tender and anxious hand of love, and its very soul was breathed in those exquisite lines—

"Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same,
Thro' joy and thro' sorrow, thro' glory and shame?
I ask not, I care not, what guilt's in thy heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

If the Pythoness, or the Sybil had been asked to define the passion, they would scarcely have consulted the divinity, but answered to the foregoing effect from the inspiration of their own hearts.

But we are rhapsodizing, when we should be narrating, or, at all events, philosophizing; our fair and gentle readers, however, will excuse us; it is but seldom we have an opportunity of conversing with them, and when their bright eyes, rosy lips, wreathed smiles, and teeth of pearl, flit like a heaven-sent vision across our path, we yield to the soft spell, and our pen moves onward by the promptings of the heart. To our story, which we beg to premise, is a true one.

About eighteen months ago, a very young lady, the daughter of a brave and gallant man, established a literary periodical, graceful and delicate, replete with delicious thoughts, beautiful images, refined sensibilities, and pure, glowing, and exquisite as the flowers of which they were illustrations; the sweet productions of the garden of fancy, and the dreaming reveries of a young, innocent and ardent soul; such as Sappho might have indulged in her tomb, or Ariel whispered, could he have found a kindred soul to this. Such a gem of purest ray serene, was not suffered to shine in obscurity; the press fostered it, and its grim and surly Cerberus softened their tones when speaking of it; but mean than any thing else, its merit soon became known, and its fame spread to the furthest corners of the land; and one susceptible youth, blessed with a warm and romantic heart, and also with a liberal fortune—(which in these days, when love likes the *Bank of America* better than Bank of roses, and the only dower whose notes it delights in are such down, converting Cupid into Cupidity)—felt a glow about the heart, and a flush upon his cheek, whenever the beautiful little 12mo. volume, with its gilt edges, and glistening morocco binding came periodically to his hands. The gentle feeling increased by every successive perusal; and, at length, the partiality for the fair editress of fifteen became so great, that the predilection could not be withstood, and the enamored youth addressed a complimentary letter to the authoress, requesting her to honor him with her correspondence. Here it is evident that love crept in by the heart and imagination, and not by the eyes; and justifies the conceit of the antique authorities in painting Cupidon with a bandage round his eyes and brow. A correspondence ensued between the enamored youth and the fair and youthful New Yorker; letters were reciprocated, feelings mutually interchanged; a congeniality of sentiment was established; the sweet "interchange of soul and soul" took place according to the regularity of Mr. Amos Kendall's post; and every thing was ripe for a personal *dessouement*. It would be idle to attempt to enter on a description of the method of courtship which absent individuals, who have never yet been introduced, practise; the mind and heart must be read by the fingers, much in the same way as the deaf and dumb interchange their tender sentiments, accept that the eloquence of the eye is wanting; but the language of the soul is eloquent. It is an electric spark, lit up by a simultaneous spark, and a communion of feeling sets it in a blaze. When hearts are attuned together in extacy, and when those hearts are young and unsophisticated, the result is facile to comprehend; the correspondence proceeded, from each impassioned to each enamoured period; one generous sentiment provoked the enterchange of another; and at last, eternal declarations of love and fidelity were engaged before the parties had seen each other. Here was the triumph of sensibility! The generous Kentuckian came on to New York to marry the lovely *incognita*! He saw her, renewed the homage to her mind, which had been strengthened by the evidence of her beauty; and those of our readers who remember last week's nuptial announcements, will easily recognize the parties whose history is shadowed forth in this seemingly romantic, but precisely veracious *novelette*.

Gallantry in the Wrong Box.

That ceaseless habit of indiscriminate gallantry, which characterises many men, as it is often productive of pleasing incidents, is also occasionally the cause of others desperately the reverse. This was verified to the letter a few nights ago at a Town not one thousand miles from Hamilton. At a certain stage house, the passengers were told that a lady and child wished a seat. An English gentleman, of the ultra gallant school, instantly made room for her beside himself, and politely took her baby, and retained it after mama had got herself fixed, as the Yankees say. He began handling the little innocent, and fondling it in the most affectionate manner.

"Pray ma'am, have I the pleasure of holding a young lady or gentleman in my arms."

"My child is a girl, sir," said she in a voice sweet and low, (a beautiful thing in women.)

"Ah, so much the better. How I do love such little cherubs," said he fondling and kissing her, "why her little elastic pouting lips actually sue to be kissed," and forthwith he repeated the osculation.

"Pray, madam, how old is you darling."

"Six months, sir."

"Oh! a delightful age—the budding of intellects just beginning to appear. I must teach you to sing misy.—

Tum, tum, tee, baby,
Tum, tum, tee,
It's not in every husband's power
To have a child like thee.

"Is miss like her father, ma'am?"

"Yes sir, especially about the mouth."

"Ah, that little vermillion mouth will play sad havoc on many a heart yet."

"Squeak, squeak, bah, bah," roared the young un."

"Ah, I must restore my little friend to you, —but pray allow me to adjust your shawl; the night is cold, and two precious lives may depend on the temperature of this vile coach."

So saying, Monsieur Anglais arranged most carefully the folds of the "Kilmarnock," with the hope of having a sly peep into the lady's face. At this moment the moon shone brightly, and when by her light he saw locks woolly as a merino ram—eyes flaring like a bitch wolf's—a case of teeth so white and strong as to rival those of Port Royal Tom, while her face shone with a sable lustre as if polished with Warren's blacking—the pencil of Cruikshank alone could depict the ludicrous horror of his countenance, as the involuntary exclamation burst from his lips "She's black by G-d!"

Summary.

Spain.

The intelligence from Spain, coming down to the 1st of November from Madrid, and to the 31 from Bilboa, is more unfavorable to the Queen's cause than any we have received for months. The Carlist General Gomez, instead of being defeated and compelled to fly, was at the head of an increased force, and continuing his triumphant march through the kingdom, unchecked by any of the Queen's Generals. He possessed himself of the town of Almaden, in La Mancha, famous for its mines of quicksilver, on the 24th of October, although it was stoutly defended by a garrison of nearly 2000. Some accounts say that Gomez destroyed the works at the mines; and if this is true, it is a heavy blow to the Government, which derives a large revenue from their products. The news was received at Madrid on the 30th, and produced great alarm.

A secret session of the Cortes was held, at which the Ministers were present, and an exposition of the state of affairs is said to have been made, which not a little astonished and confounded some of the deputies. All the blame is thrown, by the Madrid papers, upon the Generals, especially Rodil and Alaiz, who are openly accused of treachery, like most of those who decemere. The truth of the matter is, that Gomez is popular, and the Queen's Generals are not; the soldiers of the latter desert, and many of them go to swell the ranks of the former; add to those the superior tact and activity of the Carlists, and perhaps the bad state of discipline among the royalist troops, and the inefficiency of the Queen's Generals is amply accounted for. The force under Gomez had increased to about 40,000; when he set out from Navarre, it was 1400.

The Carlists were vigorously besieging Bilboa, and the Queen's general Espartero had not been able, either to raise the siege, or effect an entrance into the place. The efforts of the besieged were relaxed, however, on the approach of Espartero.

The question of the regency was under discussion by the Cortes, but had not been decided at the latest date. It was thought not improbable that a dictator would be appointed, if an efficient and trustworthy person could be found for the occasion.

A despatch was received at Madrid, on the 29th of October, from General Alvarez, announcing that he had overtaken and routed the Carlist General Sanz, in the Asturias, on the 24th.

By orders from Madrid, all the plate and jewels in the churches and chapels in that part of the kingdom, threatened by Gomez, have been seized and sent to the capital for safety.

After his capture of Almaden, Gomez marched in the direction of Truxillo, in Estremadura, on the high road from Madrid to Lisbon.

Switzerland.

The dispute with France seems to have lost all interest and importance, in the eyes of the English and French journalists. It was confidently expected that the result of the discussions in the extraordinary Diet, would be an answer to the Duke de Montebello, which should be perfectly satisfactory to France, and that the *concluaum* would be adopted and enforced. The attempt of Louis Bonaparte, at Strasburg, was supposed to have increased the probability of this result, as it was very well understood that sundry political refugees in Switzerland were concerned in it.

Portugal.

Advices from Lisbon are to the 1st of November; nothing of importance has occurred. The government was embarrassed for want of funds, and a change of ministry was expected. The Portuguese ministers at London, Paris, and Brussels, had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the constitution of 1812, as had also the *chargés* at Copenhagen and Rome. The Cortes is to meet on the 18th of January.

The government has published a decree, proclaiming the terms and conditions upon which foreigners may be naturalized. They are favorable to immigration.

The British squadron, of whose sailing we had advices by the last arrival, had arrived in the Tagus. The force in that river, at the latest date, was seven sail of the line English, and three French.

Russia.

The German papers bring an extract from the *St. Petersburg Journal*, which confirms the report that the Emperor Nicholas has been ill, by announcing a tumultuous joy at his recovery.

Extract of a letter, to the editor of the *New York Express*, dated Liverpool, Nov. 10, 1836.

—"We are indebted to you for your account of the state of the Money Market to 16th October, which possess an influence over our pecuniary affairs here, never so importantly felt as at this period. We regret to see your Exchange on England quoted at former rates—if an improvement were to take place so as to prevent our specie from being a profitable export, the Bank of England would at once relieve our market by relaxing their present prohibitory measures on American commerce. It is generally known that this institution is now purchasing gold to some extent, and at high rates—probably preparing for future drains. We are not a little apprehensive of a few failures among our Banks, who in a great measure are dependant on discounts, from the Bank to meet their daily liabilities to accommodate their customers. We fear your Treasury order will retard the exportation of specie, or prevent it altogether, although your Exchange should rise to 10 or 11 per cent, as it will doubtless be at a premium with your Land Speculators. We look anxiously for your further information on these interesting matters."

LOSS OF THE BRIG GAMBIA, OF NEW YORK.—The brig *Gambia*, which sailed from this port for Lisbon, on the 16th ultimo, was capsized, on the night of the 19th, while lying too in a gale of wind, in the gulf. The Captain, first mate, and a passenger were in the cabin at the time and were drowned. The survivors, seven in number, clustered around the forecastle, the only part out of the water, and lashed themselves to the bitts. Here for three days and nights they were exposed to the pelting of the storm, with nothing to eat but a few raw potatoes, and no water. At this period two of the crew died, and the cabin boy died, raving mad, and to satisfy the cravings of hunger, the boy was cut up for food. On the night of the 22d the remainder of the crew, who had succeeded in reaching the main top, saw a vessel to leeward, which proved to be the ship *New England*, on board of which they were taken and landed in Boston. The names of the survivors are Joseph Guillard second mate, Samuel Presson, Andrew Smith, and A. Smith. Those drowned were Captain French, M. Jordan, mate, and John Dean, passenger. Jacobs, the cook, Andrew Paterson, seaman, and a Portuguese boy, named Alexander, died from fatigue and hunger. The *Gambia* was laden with rice and tobacco.

Mysterious Death in a Private Lunatic Asylum.

Yesterday evening an inquest was held at the White Hart, Earls-court, Kensington, on view of the body of *Martha Challis*, aged 49, late one of the attendants at "Earl's Court-house," a private receptacle for female lunatics of the higher class, whose death occurred under the very peculiar circumstances detailed in the following evidence:—

The inquiry created a very great degree of interest, owing to a prevalent report in the neighbourhood that the deceased had fallen a victim to the violence of a lady confined in the establishment, whom she (deceased) had the charge of, and was an attendant upon. The jury, after being sworn, viewed the body of the deceased, which laid on a bed in a chamber of the asylum; they were very particular in the examination, to ascertain if there were any external marks of violence, but none, however, were apparent; the evidence taken was as follows:—

Ellen Burchell, an attendant of the establishment, knew the deceased, who had held a similar situation. Witness saw her last alive on Tuesday night, when she was in good health and spirits. The deceased not making her appearance on Wednesday morning, as was customary, witness went up stairs to the door of the chamber which was occupied by her (deceased) and the lady who was placed under her charge. The door was locked and the key taken out. Witness looked through the keyhole and saw the lady, of whom she inquired as to the deceased; the reply was that she (deceased) was lying on the bed, and expressing a fear that something was the matter with her. Witness then communicated with Mrs. Bradberry, the mistress of the establishment, who sent for a bricklayer, and the door was forced open. The deceased was then discovered lying on the bed, apparently quite dead. Mr. Merriman, a surgeon, was sent for, who promptly attended, and declared life quite extinct.

By the Coroner—The deceased was a single woman, and during the time witness had known her enjoyed excellent health; she was in good spirits on Tuesday night; had never heard that she was subject to fits.

By the Jury—The lady that the deceased had charge of was perfectly harmless in her malady; she did not appear alarmed when the door was forced open; I found the key of the door under the deceased's pillow; her (deceased's) bed had not been laid in, but the patient's had; a pan with some water in, on a table; towels were beside the deceased's bed; the patient that she had charged her from, and must have been attacked just previous to her retiring to rest.

The above evidence was corroborated by other inmates of the establishment.

The Coroner, in summing up, said that he saw no suspicion, from the nature of the evidence, to imagine that the deceased had met with any violence from any person, but on the contrary, had died a perfectly natural death.

The jury, after a short discussion, returned a verdict of "*Died by the visitation of God.*"

A POETICAL BEGGAR.—On Wednesday a little woman named Francis Brittian who has been a sort of hanger-on upon the inhabitants of Doctor's commons for many years, was brought before Alderman Kelly, charged with having presented a poetical begging petition at a banking-house in Lombard-street.

From the statement of a policeman it appeared that the defendant went into the banking house with her petition, round which was a piece of black crape, and addressed the gentlemen in rhyme, upon the subject of her necessities, which the poor laws, although they professed to assist the destitute, did not at all alleviate. As the parties in the banking-house fancied neither poetry nor mendicancy they directed the police to clear her out, and as she became most annoyingly poetical and could not pronounce the letter "R," she was hurried off to the Mansion-house, from whence many persons have been removed for their inventive powers exercised in another way, to the gaol of Newgate. From the moment she was taken into custody she seemed to be in the very highest degree inspired.

Alderman Kelly.—Was she tipsy, officer.

Witness.—Not in the slightest degree. I have never seen her intoxicated, but she is quite amongst the poets. She'll go on for hours if not interrupted.

Mr. Hobler.—No, she never drinks. If she did she might lose the vibratory power of her tongue, and I think that would be the end other. We have had her here a great many times within the last twenty years, and I fear those who used to contribute to her support are all dead.

Defendant.—I believe, your lordship, you and Mr. Hobler are the only friends I have left. For your sakes I was trying to make a few in Lombard-street, but you see what is the fate of my petition, although I defy any one to say that I am an imposter.

Alderman Kelly.—You know that you are in the wrong in making such applications?

Defendant.—Will you tell me what I am to do? I am honest and still able to work, but in my case these two qualities are of no service What on earth am I to do? Throw poverty to the dogs. It's a physic I have been long used to.

Alderman Kelly.—There are 2s. for you. But you must drop this petition trade.

Defendant (pocketing the money)—I'l never disgrace your money, my lord, by asking for a farthing until this all gone. But appetite returns, and I owe my landlord eleven week's rent.

Alderman Kelly.—I suppose that you cleared very little rent by your poetry?

Defendant.—Nothing at all in my parish. Doctor's Commons is a bad spot for the muses. They have such bad taste there that I think they'd put me in the watchhouse if I spoke a word of rhyme. I'd stand a much better chance in Billingsgate.

Mr. Hobler.—How old are you now—60?

Defendant.—When I am cold and hungry I feel much beyond sixty I assure you, but I don't know my age. I must go on with the old system when my money is out, I am afraid, Mr. Hobler, except you give me something to do.

Alderman Kelly.—Why, what can you do besides writing poetry?

Defendant.—Besides writing poetry!—do you call that nothing? (A laugh.) I can do more. I can teach people to write poetry.

Alderman Kelly—Well, whatever you do, you must not annoy people of business. If you are in necessity, you have a claim upon your parish, whatever people may say to you, and I advise you to act accordingly.

Defendant.—

When beggars apply for parochial relief
The wiseacres they meet in "You rascal, by the!,
Why don't you go work, or beg, borrow, or steal,
Or those that are able to pay for your meal?
Only pass by the parish, the Devil may care
If you find with a bishop or feed with a bear."

Alderman Kelly.—You had better give me back those two shillings for some more deserving person.

Defendant.—I'll willingly do so, but that I think that people would never forgive me for being such a fool. (Laughter)

Mr. Hobler.—I'd have you try the press, now that the stamp is reduced. I've known some people to be paid for worse stuff at the enormous rate of a penny a-line.

Defendant.—God bless you, Mr. Hobler; you always give me good advice as well as something to keep the wolf from the door—

Long life to you, my good old clerk, with your pen stuck in your ear,
May your money increase from day to day, and your children from year to year.

Sappho then retired.

EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF AN INNKEEPER.—*Union-Hall.*—Yesterday *Thomas Pearson*, the proprietor of an inn, was summoned for the disposing of a garment belonging to a customer. The complainant stated that he went to the defendant's house, having come from the country, and intended to have remained there for a few days, but he made no specific agreement on the subject, and left his great-coat and some other articles there. After having taken some refreshment he went out, but did not say that he should return, and when he went there the following day there was a demand of 1s. 6d. made upon him for his bed. He refused to accede to this, not having slept in the house, and when he called a day or two afterwards he was told that his coat had been sold to defray the expenses incurred for his bed. He remonstrated against such a proceeding, but was told to do his best and his worst, and he therefore summoned the party. The defendant said that it kept the bed disengaged for the customer, and, although he did not use it, still he considered he had a right to pay for it, and having refused to do this, defendant told him of his intention to sell his coat: when he intimated his determination, the complainant, having emptied the pockets of the garment, said he might do as he pleased with it, as it was of no use to him. Defendant added that he sold the coat to a Jew for five shillings. The complainant denied that he had authorized the defendant to dispose of his coat, or had said that it was no use to him. Mr. Trail said, that even if the complainant was indebted for the bed, yet that the innkeeper had no right to dispose of the man's coat to a Jew. He (the defendant) should at least have kept the article for some time before he had recourse to such an expedient; and as the Jew had given 5s. for the article there was no doubt it was worth at least four times that sum. The magistrate said, that he was unwilling to put the worst construction on the defendant's conduct in this affair, but advised the parties and give the complainant compensation. This advice was immediately acceded to, and the parties went out for the purpose.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Thursday an inquest was held at the Wheatsheaf, Lower-road, Islington, on a stranger, who came by his death in the following dreadful manner. He was a fine athletic young man, about 21, and had been hopping at Staplehurst. On Tuesday he left his employment, and was walking towards Maidstone, when he fell in with a waggon from Tiecehurst, laden with hops, and the waggoner gave him permission to hang his kettle under the back of the waggon, beside which he walked. On arriving at the Wheatsheaf, the stranger called for a pint of beer, of which the waggoner also partook. On leaving the Wheatsheaf the driver proceeded, leaving deceased, as he suppos d, behind. He had, however, unknown to him, got up on the shaft on the off side of the waggon which was a double team. After they had proceeded some distance, a van, in passing, to avoid some women on the other side of the road, drove so near the off side as to graze the legs of deceased, who, probably, trying to shield himself from the van, fell into the road. The fore wheel of the waggon came in contact with his neck, which, in the words of one of the witnesses, "skidded the wheel for half a rod." It then passed over him; the hind wheel also passed over his face, killing him on the spot. He had on his person two half sovereigns, a half-crown, and six pence half-penny, with a bill of his work as hopper made out in the name of "J. Edmunds." In his left hand waistcoat pocket was found a charm against the ague, which was sealed with three seals, and which the coroner had opened to discover his place of abode. The jury found a verdict of "*accidental death*," with deodands of five shillings each on both the van and the waggon.—*Maidstone Gazette.*

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

FOR SALE, by WILLIAM GREIG, in great variety, consisting of ANNUALS for 1836 and 1837, Books in fancy bindings; Juvenile and Toy Books, Sunday School Library and Reward Books, about 700 different kinds from 4½ per dozen to 2s. 6d. each; Toys, Fancy Articles, &c; a select printed catalogue of which may be had on application at the Book Store, 197, *St. Paul Street.* 232.f.tuths

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New Publications.

ANNUALS, ILLUSTRATED WORKS, LINE ENGRAVINGS.

THE Subscribers have lately received a most valuable and extensive collection of ANNUALS & ILLUSTRATED WORKS adapted for GIFTS at the approaching CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR season

ENGLISH ANNUALS

Flowers of Loveliness, with twelve gems of Female Figures, emblematic of Flowers. Volume for 1836 edited by Countess of Blessington, illustrated by E. T. Parris. Ditto for 1837, edited by T. H. Bayley, illustrated by Miss Corbaux, and other celebrated artists.
Oriental Annual for 1837, edited by the Rev. H. Cauntor, with 22 illustrations by W. Daniel.
Jenning's Tourist in Spain for 1837—Biscay and Castile; ditto for 1836—Andalusia, edited by Thomas Roscoe, illustrations by David Roberts.
Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath for 1837. 11 engravings
Forget-me-Not, for 1837, edited by F. Shoberl. 11 engravings.
Juvenile Forget-me-Not, edited by Mrs S. C. Hall, 10 engravings.
Book of Christmas, with numerous illustrations by R. Seymour.
Angler's Souvenir, edited by P. Fisher, handsomely illustrated.

AMERICAN ANNUALS

The Magnolia for 1837. Edited by H. W. Herbert, 13 engravings.
Parlour Scrap Book for 1837. By W. G. Clark, with 16 illustrations of Eastern scenery 4 v.
The Gift for 1837. Edited by Miss Leslie, 10 engravings.
The Violet for 1837, (Juvenile.) By Miss Leslie, 6 engravings.
The Fair Book for 1837, with numerous wood cuts.

ILLUSTRATED WORKS AND LINE ENGRAVINGS.

A list of these will be found, on reference in the *Gazette*, where they are advertised at length. They will be found unequalled in value and extent by any assortment of these articles, hitherto imported by any house in the trade.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

A great variety of BOOKS, adapted as PRESENTS to YOUTH, during the HOLIDAYS of all prices, from 1d. to 7½d. and from 1s. 3. to 10s.

ARMOUR & RAMSAY.

Dec. 23. 233 *St. François Xavier Street.*

SCHOOL BOOKS, &c.

JUST Received by the Subscriber:—
8 cases Books, consisting of—
Carpenter's Spelling Books,
The French Alphabet,
Pinnock's Catechism,
Lennie's Grammar,
Murray's do.
With 80 dozen Juvenile Books,
1 case Lead Pencils, 1 do. Fancy Sealing Wax, 2 do. Night Lights, 1 do. Lucifers, 1 do. Patent Pen Holders, and 1 do. Steel Pens,—all of a superior quality.

The Subscriber will continue his Evening Sales of miscellaneous articles during the winter, commencing at SEVEN o'clock precisely.

JAMES HEATHER.

Dec. 21. 231

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has made very extensive additions to his LEATHER MANUFACTORIES here, and in New Glasgow, and has fitted up a part of his Establishment in town for the manufacture of MORROCCO in all its branches, which is equal to any imported, and has in Store and his Manufactories, now for Sale:—

12,000 sides Sole Leather
4000 do. Harness do.
200 do. Mill Belt do.
500 do. Brown Bridle and Skirting
2000 do. Large Slaughter Upper do.
1000 do. do. Spanish do.
4000 do. Calcutta Kips
250 dozen Calf Skins
150 do. Dress, Undress, and coloured Morocco Skins
100 do. Split Leather.

—ALSO.—

5000 pairs Men's Peg Boots and Shoes
3000 do. Ladies' Gaiter Boots and Prunella Shoes
2000 do. do. Morocco
3000 do. Youths' and Children's Boots, assorted
2000 do. Women's Stout Boots and Shoes

As the above has been manufactured by him from the raw hides, they will be sold on more favourable terms than any imported.

WILLIAM GALT.

JUST Received per *Robertson*, from Liverpool:—
115 chests Twankay Tea, of a very superior quality.

CUNNINGHAM & BUCHANAN.

Oct. 28. 183

LIVERPOOL SOAP.—Just received and for sale by the Subscribers, 150 boxes.

BURNET & HEWARD.

Nov. 28. 211

SWAIM'S PANACEA.

JUST received and for Sale:—40 doses SWAIM'S CELEBRATED PANACEA.

WM. LYMAN & Co.

June 25. 78

PROPERTY FOR SALE, OR TO LET—The Subscriber offers for Sale the building the corner of *St. Urbain* and *Lagauchetiere Street, St. Lawrence Suburb*, on which there is a Two Story House, occupied as a Boarding house below and a Dwelling above, Outhouses, &c. The lot is 120 feet on St. Urbain and 65 on Lagauchetiere Streets. For terms apply to James Cochran, *St. George Street*, or to

WILLIAM LEISHMAN.

Nov. 8. 194

FOR SALE, in HAMILTON, U. C., a commodious FAMILY HOUSE, two stories high, with convenient Kitchen, &c. adjoining the Post Office, and situated in *Argyle Street* between *James* and *Caroline Streets*. The proximity of the lot to the Post Office and the Railway, renders it an extremely eligible situation, and worthy of the attention of those who are desirous of becoming residents in the flourishing town of Hamilton. Apply to

J. O'REILLY, Esq.
Solicitor, Hamilton.

July 7. 98

FOR SALE, that eligible and convenient Farm RIDEAU BANK, within 2½ miles of Bytown, by an excellent road, situate in the *Gore of Gloucester*, Lot 29 on the *Rideau River*, containing upwards of 300 Acres, about 65 acres of which are cleared, with an excellent FRAME HOUSE and BARN. From its contiguity to Bytown, it possesses the advantage of one of the best Markets in the Province. For particulars enquire of the Proprietor, (if by letter to *J. B., Morning Courier, Office*, or to James Atkinson, Esq., Land Agent, Montreal.

Montreal, Oct 3. 169

Public Record Office Reference C.O. 47/42

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