

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
16th January, 1818.

WHEREAS divers Persons have at different Periods had allotments of LAND and have neglected to take out their GRANTS for the same as required by the Royal Instructions, notwithstanding the caution given on this subject in a Proclamation dated 24th January, 1815. Such Persons are therefore hereby notified that the LANDS which may have been so allotted to them, are by the Royal Instructions, forfeited, and are open to any new application, although the LANDS in question may have been cultivated or transferred to other Persons.

List of Persons who have forfeited their LANDS in QUEEN'S COUNTY—2d Edition.

| NAMES OF APPLICANTS. | DISTRICT. |
|------------------------|---|
| CAPT. THOS. CHRISTIAN, | S. E. side Washademoak Lake. |
| John Ramson, | Long Creek Washademoak River. |
| Asher Vail, | do. |
| Elias Secord, | do. |
| Samuel G. Crane, | do. |
| George Keith, | Washademoak River. |
| George Webb Price, | Lot No. 4. do. |
| Joseph Clark, | Lot No. 1. do. |
| James Cromwell, | do. |
| Asa Cromwell, | do. |
| James Thorn, | do. |
| Thomas Watson, | Washademoak. |
| Samuel Tilley, | Gagetown. |
| Bliss Scribner, | do. |
| Alexander Boyne, | Grand Lake. |
| Thomas Boyne, | do. |
| Abraham Gunter, | Washademoak Lake. |
| David Parke, | do. |
| Francis Ellis, | do. |
| Jane Clark, Widow, | Grand Lake. |
| Patriek Horne, | do. |
| John Major, | do. |
| John Marshall, | do. |
| Abraham Young, | do. |
| Archibald M'Lean, | do. |
| William Stilwell, | do. |
| John Hanselpecker, | Maquet Lake. |
| James Hunter, | do. |
| Water Clark, | Washademoak. |
| Isaac Vincent, | do. |
| James Britain, senr. | do. |
| James Britain, junr. | do. |
| John Britain, | do. |
| Robert Stilwell, | No. 26, Cumberland Bay—S. E. side Grand Lake. |
| John M'Lean, | Grand Lake. |
| Geo. M'Lean, | do. |
| John Jennings, | Cumberland Bay—Grand Lake. |
| William Branscomb, | in rear of No. 12 and 13—Grand Lake. |

COUNTY OF SUNBURY.—2d Edition.

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| JOHN M'NEAL, | Rear of Burton. |
| Robert Bartlett, | do. |
| Richard M'Neal, | do. |
| Ammon Hubble, | Lot No. 6—Oromocto. |
| Nicholas Sewel, | do. No. 4, 5, and 6, do. |
| Francis Drake, | Oromocto. |
| Thomas Jones, junr. | do. |
| Putnam Jones, | do. |
| Thomas Jones, senr. | do. |
| Isaac Hubbard, | Burton—Rear Land. |
| Samuel Suckney, | Little River—rear of Sheffield. |
| Samuel Treadwell, | do. |
| John Simmons, | do. |
| Andrew Mercereau, | do. |
| Ebenezer Estabrook, | do. |
| John Tapley, | do. |
| Oliver Bradley, | S. W. Branch Rushagonis. |
| Moses Bradley, | do. |
| Jonas Fitzherbert, | do. |
| Evan Munro, | Rushagonis. |
| Joseph M'Neil, | do. |
| David Tapley, | do. |
| Ebenezer Estabrook, | do. |
| John Foss, | do. |
| Jacob Howe, | do. |
| Benjamin Glazier, Senr. | Little River—Sheffield. |
| Benjamin Glazier, junr. | do. |
| Stephen Glazier, | do. |
| Hammond Estabrook, | do. |
| Jeremiah Fowler, | do. |
| Richard Thomas, | do. |
| Robert Laskey, | do. |
| David Lee, | do. |
| John Dove, | do. |
| Nathan Lark, | do. |
| Philip Williams, | Maugerville—rear land. |
| Amos Perley, | do. |
| George Barker, | do. |
| Charles Durose, | Oromocto. |
| Salomon Murry, | between Morris's Grant and the Rushagonis Settlement. |

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| Wm. Boone, | New Niagara—Oromocto. |
| Edward Carr, | do. |
| James Ackerman, | Little River—Sheffield. |
| John Ackerman, | do. |
| Daniel Smith, junr. | N. W. Branch Oromocto. |
| Theophilus Smith, | do. |
| Azer Smith, | do. |
| David Estabrook, | Little River Sheffield. |
| Caleb Steeves, | Westmorland Road. |
| John Steeves, | do. |
| Asa Steeves, | do. |
| Joshua Steeves, | do. |
| Reubin Goldings, | do. |
| Geo. Davy, | do. |
| Francis Weatherall, | do. |
| Isaac Sampson Guion, | do. |

LONDON.

INTERESTING LETTER.

The following is a literal translation of a Letter, written after the battle of Waterloo, by the Queen of Westphalia, to her Father, the King of Wurtemberg:

"Sire and Father—Your Majesty requested me to descend this morning into your apartment. For the first time in my life I declined the happiness of being in your presence; I knew the subject of the interview; and fearing that my mind might not be sufficiently collected, have dared to take the liberty of developing the motives of my conduct, and making an appeal to your paternal affection.

"Your Majesty knows the whole truth. Yes, Sire, the Prince Jerome, your son-in-law, my husband, and the father of my child, is with me! Yes, Sire! I have withdrawn for an instant from the Palace of my King, to succour the husband to whom my life is attached. My thoughts have accompanied him to the War—my care has preserved him in a long and painful journey, where his existence was often menaced. My arms have embraced him in his misfortune with more tenderness than even in the time of our prosperity!

"The Prince Jerome is not the husband of my own choice. I received him from your hand, when his house reigned over great kingdoms—when his head wore a crown. Soon the sentiments of my heart cherished and confirmed the bonds which your policy had commanded.

"Marriage and nature imposes duties which are not subject to the vicissitudes of fortune: I know their extensive obligations, and I know also how to fulfil them: I was a Queen—I am still a wife and a mother!—The change of policy among Princes, in overthrowing the French empire, has also destroyed the Throne on which your goodness, and the Prince, my husband, had seated me. We were obliged to submit to the force of circumstances! The august Maria Louisa afforded me a great example of resignation; but our situation is dissimilar. Public interest may command sacrifices of permanent duration, or which may cease when the interests of a new policy render other changes inevitable.

"Although chance has elevated us above the generality of mankind, we are much to be pitied. A variable will controul our destiny; but there its power ceases—it is impotent against the obligations Providence imposes on us.

"The husband which God and yourself gave me—the child whom I have borne in my bosom—comprise my existence. I have shared a throne with this husband—I will partake with him exile and misfortune—violence alone shall separate me from him—But, O! my King!—O! my Father!—I know your heart, your justice, and the excellence of your principles. I know what these principles have been at all times on the subject of those domestic duties, which should be respected by the Princes of your House.

"I do not ask your Majesty from affection for me, to make any change in that system of conduct which has been adopted in conformity with the determinations of the most powerful Princes of Europe; but I throw myself at your feet to implore permission that my husband and myself may remain near your person. But, Oh! my Father! if that must not be, let us at least be restored to your favour before we remove to a foreign soil.

"It is only after having received some proof of your paternal love that I can feel strength sufficient to appear before you.—If we must go this very evening, let us depart with the assurance of your affection and protection in a happier time. Our misfortunes must have a period; policy will not always command, in respect to us, that which is humiliating, nor delight in the ruin and degradation of so many Princes, acknowledged in former Treaties, and who have been allied to the most ancient and illustrious Houses of Europe.—Is not their blood mingled with ours?—Pardon me, my Father and my sovereign, for having thus expressed myself; but condescend, by a single word, to let me know that it has not been received with displeasure."

NEW-YORK, Feb. 19.

Self-immolation.—The following account of the sacrifice of a Hindoo woman, on the funeral pile of her husband, may be relied on as authentic. It is an extract of a letter from Mrs. S. F. Newton, a resident in Calcutta, to her friends in this country, one of whom has politely favored us with a copy for publication. Mrs. Newton is a native of Pittsfield, (Mass) where her parents now reside.

"CALCUTTA, June 18, 1817.
"I open my letter, my dearest friends, to tell you I have witnessed one of the most extraordinary and horrid scenes ever performed by human beings: namely, the self-immolation of a woman on the funeral pile of her husband. This

dreadful sacrifice has made an impression on my mind that years will not efface. I thank my God that I was born in a Christian land and instructed in the Christian religion.

This event is so recent, I can hardly compose myself sufficiently to relate it. Last night I could not close my eyes, nor could I drive this martyred woman from my recollection. I am almost sick to day, and I am sure you will not wonder at it. But this ceremony is so much celebrated, and by my countrymen so much doubted, that I was resolved to see if such deeds could be. I have seen: and the universe would not induce me to be present on a similar occasion. I cannot realize what I have seen. It seems like a horrible dream.

Yesterday morning, at 7 o'clock, this woman was brought in a palanquin to the place of sacrifice. It is on the banks of the Ganges two miles only from Calcutta. Her husband had been previously brought to the river to expire. His disorder was hydrophobia—(think of the agony this must have occasioned him.) He had now been dead 24 hours, and no persuasion could prevail on the wife to save herself. She had three children, whom she committed to the care of her mother. A woman, called the undertaker, was preparing the pile. It was composed of bamboo, fire-wood, oils, rosin, and a kind of flax, altogether very combustible. It was elevated above the ground, I should say, 20 inches, and supported by strong stakes. The dead body was laying on a rude couch, very near, covered with a white cloth. The oldest child, a boy of seven years, (who was to light the pile,) was standing near the corpse. The woman sat perfectly unmoved, during all the preparation; apparently at prayer, and counting a string of beads, which she held in her hand. She was just 30 years old; her husband 27 years older.

The government threw every obstacle in the way of this procedure. They are not strong enough to resort to violent measures, to prevent this abominable custom. Nothing but our religion can abolish it; and I do not believe there is a particle of christianity in the breast of a single native in all India.

These obstacles delayed the ceremony until 5 o'clock, when the permit from one of the chief judges arrived.—Police officers were stationed, to prevent any thing like compulsion, and to secure the woman at the last moment, if she should desire it. The corpse was now placed on the ground in an upright posture, and clean linen crossed round the head and about the waist. Holy water was thrown over it by the child, and afterwards oils by the Bramins. It was then placed upon the pile, upon the left side. The woman now left the palanquin, walked into the river, supported by her brothers who were agitated and required support more than herself.—She was divested of all her ornaments, her hair hanging disheveled about her face, which expressed perfect resignation. Her forehead and feet were stained with a deep red.—She bathed in the river, and drank a little water, which was the only nourishment she received after her husband's death. An oath was administered by the attending Bramins, which is done by putting the hand in Holy water, repeating from the shaster a few lines. This oath was given seven times. (I forgot to say the child received an oath before the corpse was moved. The brothers also prayed over the body and sprinkled themselves with consecrated water.) She then adjusted her own dress, which consisted of long cloths wrapped around her form and partly over the head, but not so as to conceal the face. She had in her hand a little box, containing parting gifts, which she presented to her brothers, and to the Bramins, with the greatest composure.—Red strings were then fastened round her wrists—her child now put a little rice in her mouth, which was the last thing she received. She raised her eyes to Heaven several times during the river ceremonies, which occupied ten or twenty minutes. She took no notice of her child; having taken leave of her female friends and children early in the morning.—A little cup of consecrated rice was placed by the child at the head of the corpse. She now walked to the pile and bent with lowly reverence over the feet of her husband; then, unaided, she passed three times around the pile. She now seemed excited by enthusiasm; some said of a religious nature, others by affection for the dead. I do not pretend to say what motive actuated her; but she stepped upon the pile, with apparent delight, unassisted by any one, and threw herself by the side of the body, clasping his neck with her arm. The corpse was in the most horrid putrid state. She put her face close to his; a cord was slightly passed over both; light faggots and straw with some combustible rosin, were then put on the pile, and a strong bamboo pole confined the whole; all this was done by her brothers. The child then applied the fire to the head of the pile, which was to consume both parents. The whole was instantly on fire. The multitude shouted, but not a groan was heard from the pile. I hope and trust this poor victim expired immediately. She undoubtedly died without one struggle. Her feet and arms were not confined, and after the straw and faggots were burnt, we saw them in the same position she had placed them.

This was a voluntary act. She was resigned, self-collected, and perfectly herself. Such fortitude, such magnanimity, such resolution, devoted affection, religious zeal and mad delusion, combined, I had not conceived of, and I hope never to witness again. Hundreds witnessed this scene. Some admired the heroism of the woman—some were ready to tear the Bramins to pieces—for my self I was absolutely stupefied with pity and horror at this dreadful immolation. I am grieved to say, this is not an uncommon instance.

I believe I have given you all the particulars; put them in a better form, and tell this almost incredible story to some of my friends. There was present about fifty Ameri-