

Name & Application.	Answers.	Grant Fees.	Remarks.
Joseph Fletcher, In Burton Parish,.....	200 Acres,	£10 11 8	
Daniel Fowler, Hammond River,.....	100 Acres,	12 11 8	
Joseph Gueguen, Junr. } Cocagne River,.....	200 Acres each,	17 14 5	
Samuel Gueguen, Junr. }			
Andrew Miller, Newcastle road, Queens County,.....	200 Acres,	12 11 8	
William Branscomb, Young's Creek,.....	Must state the quantity of Land granted him.	0 0 0	
Gregori Henri, Kouchebouguacsis,.....	100 Acres,	12 11 8	
John M. Richard, Aldouane River,.....	200 Acres,	12 11 8	
William Saunderson, Young's Creek,.....	200 Acres,	12 11 8	
Charles McFarland, } Sussex,.....	200 Acres,	28 0 5	Or singly £12:11:8.
John Johnston, }			
James Robinson, }			
James Williams, }			
Donald Manson, Nashwackis,.....	200 Acres,	12 11 8	
John Buckley, Nashwackis,.....	200 Acres,	12 11 8	
Alexander Smiley, Sussex,.....	200 Acres,	12 11 8	
Francis Allen, Nashwackis,.....	200 Acres,	12 11 8	
Joseph O'Brien, } Salisbury,.....	200 Acres,	22 8 2	Or singly £12:11:8.
Jacob O'Brien, }			
Charles Cane, Junr } Queens County,.....	100 Acres,	12 11 8	
Michael Law, }			
John Simpson, Queens County,.....	100 Acres,	12 11 8	
George Simpson, Queens County,.....	200 Acres,	12 11 8	
Frederick B. St. John, Hanwell,.....	500 Acres,	15 0 2	
Francis Gray, Pollet River,.....	200 Acres,	12 11 8	

LONDON, July 2.

LORD COCHRANE AND THE GREEKS

The levity with which some of our contemporaries continue to treat Lord Cochrane's expedition to the Levant, reminds us strongly of the tone in which his departure for South America was at the time almost universally talked of and written about in this country. Almost the only persons who at that period avowed their expectation of great things being achieved by him in the Spanish Main were the naval officers; and we remark already that among such circles this great business is treated as any thing but a jest. In answer to every jeer they content themselves with simply asking, "What is it that the man who cut out the Esmeralda may not do?" Lord Cochrane is the very reverse of that hair-brained, rash, violent character he is popularly conceived to be. On the contrary, all who have ever come into contact with him are thoroughly convinced that a man of more cool judgment, more anxious foresight, more ample resources of every kind, does not exist in the profession; and it was exactly because Lord Cochrane's coolness of head was so well known among his friends, that his unfortunate Stock Exchange scrape for ever ruined him here. More than all that he did would have been easily pardoned to a mere hot-brained Captain of boarders. But they who knew him, knew that a more sagacious, deliberate reasoner, was not in England. They well knew that his fiery courage in action, is united with as much temperate judgment and calmness in counsel as ever the character of Nelson exhibited. Neither it is to be forgotten that the officers and sailors of our fleet are to a man proud of Cochrane; they still regard him as a comrade, and, although they will do their duty, it is not to be expected that they will be ever eager to have an opportunity of doing any thing that is to injure him—more especially when his cause shall have been identified with that of the Greeks.

It seems to be pretty well known that Lord Cochrane means to make the Egyptian the immediate object of his attack; some say he will instantly blockade, or land at Alexandria; others that he designs to make a descent on Crete. Whatever plan he pursues, we think it extremely probable that the Pasha may find it his best policy to return as quickly as he can to his own country. He can have no real good will to the Porte; and we should not be surprised to hear of his embracing eagerly so fair an opportunity of abandoning an attempt from which whatever loss he might inflict on the Greeks, he could not hope to derive any direct advantage, if a Greek fleet were to keep

possession of the Greek seas under the guidance of such an Admiral as Lord Cochrane. The affairs of Greece will, from this time, assume an importance in the eyes of Europe they have never as yet been able to do. A certain romantic interest will, assuredly attach itself to any adventure in which Cochrane has so great a part.—The lethargy of the Turks is about to be stirred into good earnest; and who shall say that the volatile disposition of the Greeks cannot be controlled by a Cochrane—since as yet it has had to contend against no authority but that of imbecile and every way inadequate charlatans? We understand, by the way, that his Lordship has not embarked in his expedition without having very large funds placed at his own entire and unfettered disposal; and that no doubt is entertained as to his capacity of maintaining the struggle, for at least two seasons, without further supplies than what he may fairly be supposed to count upon, from levying occasional contributions on the coasts of the Turkish provinces. We dare say he will make an early attempt to lay hands on some of the Egyptian Pacha's enormous hoards of corn, cotton, and tobacco.

The raising of the "No Popery" cry in England, has been productive of a singular scene in Ireland, where that which the Catholics denounced as destructive of the interests of their faith—we allude to the right of forty shilling freeholders to vote at County Elections,—has given them the most decided advantages over their religious and political opponents. In the County of Dublin, the two Emancipation Candidates are sure of their election to the exclusion of an Orangeman. In Armagh, where the power of the Church (Protestant) may be said to be at its height, Colonel Verner, a Grand Master of one of the Orange Lodges, has been set up with a view of ousting Mr. Brownlow, whose change of opinion on the subject of Emancipation, in the course of the last Session of Parliament, has never been forgiven by the anti-Catholics; but this has been attended by no prospect of success, Mr. Brownlow and the other Emancipation Candidate beating the Colonel hollow. In the County of Louth, a similar scene is exhibited—but it is in the County of Waterford,—the strong hold of the Orangeists, and the seat of the power of the Berresfords,—that the grand triumph of the Catholics is taking place. This opulent and place holding family have ruled that part of the Sister Kingdom for nearly a century; it is therefore no wonder that the defeat of a Berresford, the defeat of a man of £60,000 a year, with all the Church patronage in his pouch, a Governor of the County and so-

forth, and so forth—the very head and front of the Orange Ascendency—its strong champion, and its bulwark—should be hailed by the Catholics as the very acme of honor and glory. All these triumphs, as we have elsewhere remarked, have been mainly effected by the aid of the forty shilling voters. These were formerly deprecatd by the Catholics on account of their poverty, and consequent subserviency to their anti-Catholic landlords, who used to drive them to the poll as sheep are driven to market. The case is now altered; and it is said, the Catholic Priesthood have been the chief cause of producing the change. These religious, people irritated at the insults they have received at the hands of some of our Saints, and at the attempts at proselytism made amid their flocks seem now to be resolved no longer to refrain from using those weapons in their own defence, which their adversaries are continually making use of in their attacks—namely, the influence with which their sacred character has invested them over the minds and actions of their disciples. We must, in fairness to the Catholic Priests, say that they never attempted to wield this powerful engine for political purposes,—at least in a general point of view, until the present moment; and they have now done it with tremendous effect. In every contested County in Ireland, the poor tenants, of an anti-Catholic Landlord, have despised his threats; and, under the influence of their Priest, have given their votes as the latter had bidden them. The Morning Post, Courier, New Times, &c. are loud in their reprobation of this clerical interference, because it acts not on their side; and fervently hope the Landlords will bear in due recollection the political sins of their tenants. But, after all, what can the Landlords do? If they turn off all those who have voted contrary to their wishes, they must depopulate their estates; for who will dare to take the lands from which these martyrs to their religion may be ejected. The most prudent mode of action for them will be, to refrain from acts of vengeance which will only raise a flame in Ireland, that may be out of their power to stifle. A third combatant has now entered the political arena—namely, the Priest; and his power is ever in proportion to the ignorance of his flock. Were the Catholic Priests instigated only by a religious zeal or bigotry, it would be a mere nothing, or only transient in comparison; but they are actuated by a rude and strong national feeling, and above all, they are, especially the younger, who have been educated at home—in politics entirely democratical.

We subjoin a letter from Waterford, as

in some measure descriptive of the mode of carrying on the election there:—

WATERFORD ELECTION—June 26.

FOURTH DAY

As I am desirous to be and to appear perfectly impartial in the notice of election, I regret that Lord George Beresford's party give me so little opportunity of mentioning them. Literally they do nothing but poll their men. They have a part of the jail, which communicates with the hustings, fitted up for their accommodation, and they bring their votes through it by a back entrance to avoid the unpleasant familiarities with the crowd. They have no orators in their train, and Lord-George himself is either an unpractised or unwilling speaker, for I have not heard him address the electors for ten minutes altogether since I came here. Unfortunately, I had not arrived on the first day, when he and his friends did speak. The Stewart party are carrying every thing more hollow than the most sanguine of them expected, and they are therefore, anxious not to sally the victory by the indiscretions or violence of their men. The poor fellows are quite out of sorts at these peaceable proceedings, and go lazily trudging along the streets, or sit collouging under the hot sun for pastime. The allieve grina boys are particularly in despair. They handle their shillalahs with a sheepish manner, as if they were half ashamed of them, and cast many a wistful look at the Berresfords' heads, with a desire to scrape acquaintance. These tall, strapping fellows are the denizens of a mountain which has been disputed by both parties. Perhaps many of them don't eat flesh meat three times in the year, and yet a more able bodied, active race, I never witnessed. I'm thinking what havoc an irruption of a few hundreds of them would make among some thousands of us roast-beef and plumb-pudding cockneys. When they were asked to vote, every man armed himself with a stick like the branch of a tree, and they then descended in a body; but the poor fellows were wofully disappointed, on their arrival at Waterford, to find that it was not to fight they were wanted.—They fancied that plumper meant thumper, and well did they intend to lay it on; and no mistake.

I went yesterday through the house where the freeholders are stowed away, until they are called on to poll. You must fancy 1,500 peasants marched into a small town like this, and the difficulty of procuring accommodation for them, in places where they can be properly controled and restrained from drink. The committees of the Candidates have fitted up for the purpose, store-houses, where murdered pigs lie in a state preparatory to pickling for the Navy in the provision season. The men are distributed in messes, and a captain from among themselves, appointed to each. He has summary power and a big stick to enforce order. I saw dinner served to 200 yesterday in one room. Beef, mutton, potatoes, and porter galore, (plenty,) and capital use did the independent freeholders of the county of Waterford make of their time. Mr. Abernethy and his four ounces were strictly enforced; but then it was four ounces at a mouthful, not at a meal. Being Sunday they were indulged with the least taste in life of whiskey, but the least taste disqualified a whole barony from appearing at the poll this morning. According as their votes are delivered, they are sent home to the mountains on jaunting cars, as far as jaunting cars can mount, with green boughs in their hands, a pipe playing before them, all showing "Stewart for ever," and "down with the mealmen." How they are to live till next election, Heaven knows; many of them cannot tell. But they breathe fresh air, have no bile, are not cooped up like your