

Poetry.

THE BOWER OF PEACE.

[By Delta, in Blackwood's Magazine.]

'Twas in the depth of dawning May
When bland the air and blue the skies;
When groves in blossom'd pride were gay,
And flow'rets of innumerable dyes
Gemm'd Earth's green carpet, that I stray'd,
On a salubrious morning bright,
Out to the champagne, and survey'd,
With thrills of delight,
Landscapes around my path unfurled
That made an Eden of this world.

I stood upon a high green hill,
On an oak stump mine elbow laid,
And, pondering, leant to gaze my fill
Of glade and glen, in pomp array'd.
Beneath me, on a daisied mound,
A peaceful dwelling I espied,
Girt with its orchard branches round,
And bearing on its side
Rich cherry-trees, whose blossoms white
Half robb'd the windows of their light.

There doted the mastiff on the green—
His night-watch finished; and, elate,
The strutting turkey-cock was seen,
Arching his fan-like tail in state.
There was an air of placid rest
Around the spot so blandly spread,
That sure the inmate must be blest,
Unto my soul I said;
Sin, strife, or sorrow, cannot come,
To desolate so sweet a home!

When round this bustling world we look,
What treasures observation there,
Doth it not seem as man mistook
This passing scene of toil and care
For an eternity? As if
This cloudland were his final home;
And that he mock'd the great belief
Of something yet to come?

Rears he not sumptuous palaces,
As if his faith were built in these?
To Power he says—"I trust in thee!"
As if terrestrial strength could turn
The avenging shafts of Destiny,
And disappoint the funeral urn:

To Pride—"Behold, I must, and can!"
To Fame—"Thou art mine idol god!"
To Gold—"Thou art my talisman
And necromantic rod!"
Down Time's far stream he darts his eye,
Nor dreams that he shall ever die.

Oh, fool, fool, fool!—and is it thus
Thou feed'st of vanity the flame?
The great, the good are swept from us,
And only live in deed or name.
From out the myriads of the past,
Two only have been spared by Death;

And deem'st thou that aspest thou hast
To deprecate his wrath?
Or dost thou hope in frenzied pride,
By threats to turn his scythe aside?

Where are the warrior men of old?
Where are the realms on which they trod?
While conquest's blood-red flag unroll'd,
And man proclaim'd himself a god!
Where are the sages, and their saws,
Whence wisdom shone with dazzling beams?

The legislators and their laws,
What are they now but dreams?
The prophets, do they still forebode?
Our fathers, where are they?—with God!

Our fathers! We ourselves have seen
The days when vigour arch'd each brow;
Our fathers!—are they aught, I ween,
But household recollections now?

Our fathers!—nay the very boys,
Who, with our selves, were such at school,
When, nectar-sweet, life's cup of joys
Felt almost over-full.

Although one parish gave them birth,
Their graves are scatter'd o'er the earth!
Alas! with care we sow the wind,
To reap the whirlwind for our pains;
On the dark day of need to find
All proffer'd ransom Time disdains:

All that was once our idle boast,
Weigh'd in the balance, dust shall be;
Death knocks—frail man gives up the ghost—
He dies—and where is he?
Vanish'd for ever and forgot,
The place that knew him knows him not?

Ho! wanderer, ho!—eschew the wrong,
To reason turn, from error cease;
And list the words of wisdom's tongue,
The still small voice that whispers peace:
Withhold the heart from worldly strife—
Do good—love mercy—evil fly;

And know that, from this dream call'd life,
We wake but when we die—
Unto the eager to be pure
The path is straight—the palm is sure!

For ne'er hath prodigal come round,
Subdued in heart, and craving grace,
Whate'er his faults who hath not found
Forgiveness in the Saviour's face;
At tribute hearts He will not scold—
Whoever knocks an entrance wins;

Then let us, at the cross, throw off
The burden of our sins;
And though their dye be black as night,
His blood can make—has made them white!

Miscellaneous.

INJURIOUS INSECTS.—THE COMMON WASP.

[From the Gardener's Gazette.]

This insect is too well known to require any description of its colour and shape. I shall, therefore, confine myself to those matters in its habits and economy with which it is most necessary persons should be well acquainted who may wish to defend their property from its voracity.

Wasps feed upon various kinds of fruit, honey, the sap which exudes from the trunks of deceased elm and pear-trees, and also upon insects. "They are audacious robbers of bee-hives, and one wasp is said to be a match for three bees. This is partly owing to their reckless temerity, or courage; for they will boldly encounter evident danger, and one wasp will fearlessly oppose a whole host of bees, to filch a bellful of honey." Kirby tells us that a tradesman of his acquaintance calculated his loss of sugar in one year, by wasps alone, at £20 sterling. Wasps, besides, are insects of prey; and in France, Reaumur says the butchers are glad to have wasps attend their stalls, for the sake of their services in driving away the blow flies. For a similar purpose, the Americans suspend a hornet's nest in their parlours.

(Reaumur's Insect Miscellany, p. 176.) Mr. A. H. Davis mentions, in the Entomological Magazine (vol. i. p. 90), that some wasps flew in at the window of a house at Snaresbrook, in Essex, and devoured several moths which he had captured, and was preparing to preserve for his cabinet. He also mentions their seizing the common house flies, and biting off their legs and wings. In some years, wasps are extremely abundant; and in others, but few are seen. Gilbert White notices that they were unusually numerous in Hampshire in 1753. In the summer of 1833, they were very abundant in Aberdeenshire, where they devoured nearly the whole of the latest ripe red gooseberries.

"It is seldom or ever that wasps continue in the same spot for two successive years, inasmuch as their societies do not hibernate as the ants do, being always broken up at the close of autumn, and all the population perishing, with the exception of a few females, which survive the winter." (Insect Miscellany, p. 307.)

"Out of three hundred females which may be found in one nest towards the close of autumn, scarcely ten or a dozen survive till the ensuing spring, at which season they awake from their hybernated lethargy, and begin with ardour the labours of colonization." The mother wasp (which is six times the size and weight of one of the workers) is at first alone, is obliged to per-species form every of drudgery herself. Her first care, after being roused to activity by the returning warmth of the season, is to discover a suitable place for her intended colony, and, accordingly in the spring, wasps may be seen prying into every hole of a hedge bank, particularly where field mice have burrowed. Some authors report that she is partial to the forsaken galleries of the mole; but this does not accord with our observations, as we have never met with a single nest in any situation likely to have been frequented by moles. But though we cannot assert the fact, we think it highly probable that the deserted nest of the field mouse, which is not uncommon in hedge banks, may be sometimes appropriated by a mother wasp as an excavation convenient for her purpose. Yet if she does make choice of the burrow of a field mouse, it requires to be afterwards considerably enlarged in the interior chamber, and the entrance gallery very much narrowed. In case of need, the wasp is abundantly furnished with instruments for excavating a burrow out of the solid ground—as she no doubt generally does—digging the earth with her strong mandibles, and carrying it off or pushing it out as she proceeds. The entrance gallery is about an inch or less in diameter, and usually runs in a winding or zig-zag direction, from one to two feet in depth. In the chamber to which this gallery leads, and which, when completed, is from one to two feet in diameter, the mother wasp lays the foundation of her city, beginning with the walls." (Insect Architecture, p. 71, 73.)

Kirby says, the female lays at least 30,000 eggs. As prevention is always better than cure, one of the best means of exterminating wasps is to kill the large females in the spring, when they are searching for a suitable site for their colony. An anonymous writer in the Gardener's Magazine, (ix. p. 123,) says, that so effectually has he known wasps destroyed by killing the females early in the season, that where it has been done, there has not been a single nest near the premises, while other people have had them in abundance; and the Maidstone Journal lately stated that Earl Fitzwilliam gives a shilling for every wasp brought to him, dead or alive, in the months of April or May, and that his lordship pays more than five or six pounds a year in this way, which he considers a very profitable expenditure as regards the protection of his fruit and honey bees.

When a wasp's nest is discovered, the inmates may be either destroyed by pouring gunpowder into the entrance, and then exploding it, or you may pour a small quantity of tar into the entrance, and then surround the mouth of it with tar, so as to entrap any wasps that may try to come out, or to enter the nest; or they may be suffocated by means of powdered brimstone.

It will often be found, in the end, a good plan to entice hurtful insects to some particular place for the purpose of destroying a great number at a time. I would advise gardeners to keep all their dead and rotten fruit suspended on a line, or placed in an open box in some particular corner of their gardens. A few caged birds, thrushes, or other insectivorous birds, with a frog or two, might be placed close by. The decayed fruit, being soft and juicy, would attract many insects, and these, flying about the cages, would become the prey of the birds and frogs. Perhaps they would not very readily seize the wasps, not relishing their sting; these, therefore, should be killed with a blow from a flapper, kept handy for the purpose; or a mixture of sugar and water, with the addition of some pepper, might be put in a saucer close to the banquet of rotten fruit. The pepper will effectually destroy them.

Strings stretched horizontally across a window, about an inch apart from each other, will deter them from flying into a hot house or other room, provided there is no window immediately opposite to the one with the strings thus placed.

When stung by a wasp, suck the wounded part, if practicable, and then rub some drops of hartshorn into it, and the inflammation will be abated, if not prevented.

Scio.—The history of this beautiful little island forms one of the bloodiest pages in the history of the world, and one glance told that dreadful history. Once the most beautiful island in the Archipelago, it is now a mass of ruins. Its fields, which once "budded and blossomed as the rose," have become waste places; its villages are deserted, its towns are in ruins, its inhabitants murdered, in captivity, and in exile. Before the Greek revolution, the Greeks of Scio were engaged in extensive commerce, and ranked among the largest merchants in the Levant. Though living under hard taskmasters, subject to the exactions of a rapacious pacha, their industry and enterprise, and the extraordinary fertility of their island, enabled them to pay a heavy tribute to the Turks, and to become rich themselves. For many years they had enjoyed the advantages of a college, with professors of high literary and scientific attainments, and their library was celebrated throughout all that country; it was, perhaps, the only spot in Greece where taste and learning still held a seat. But the island was far more famed for its extraordinary natural beauty and fertility. Its bold mountains and its soft valleys, the mildness of its climate, and the richness of its productions, bound the Greeks to its soil by a tie even stronger than the chain of their Turkish masters. In the early part of the revolution the Sciotos took no part with their countrymen in the glorious struggle for liberty. Forty of their principal citizens were given up as hostages, and they were suffered to remain in peace. Wrapped in the rich beauties of their island, they forgot the freedom

of their fathers, and their own chains; and, under the precarious tenure of a tyrant's will, gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of all that wealth that taste could purchase. We must not be too hard on human nature; the cause seemed desperate; they had a little paradise at stake; and if there is a spot on earth, the risk of losing which could excuse men in forgetting that they were slaves in a land where their fathers were free, it is the island of Scio. But the sword hung suspended over them by a single hair. In an unexpected hour, without the least note of preparation, they were startled by the thunder of the Turkish cannon; fifty thousand Turks were let loose like bloodhounds upon the devoted island. The affrighted Greeks lay unarmed and helpless at their feet, but they lay at the feet of men who did not know mercy even by name; at the feet of men who hungered and thirsted after blood; of men, in comparison with whom wild beasts are as lambs. The wildest beast of the forest may become gorged with blood; not so with the Turks at Scio. Their appetite "grew with what it fed on," and still longer for blood when there was not a victim left to bleed. Women were ripped open, children dashed against the walls, the heads of whole families stuck on pikes out of the windows of their houses, while their murderers gave themselves up to riot and plunder within. The forty hostages were hung in a row from the walls of the castle; an indiscriminate and universal burning and massacre took place; in a few days the ground was covered with the dead, and one of the loveliest spots on earth was a pile of smoking ruins. Out of a population of one hundred and ten thousand, sixty thousand are supposed to have been murdered, twenty thousand to have escaped, and thirty thousand to have been sold into slavery.

It was late in the afternoon, when I landed, and my landing was under peculiarly interesting circumstances. One of my fellow passengers was a native of the island, and had escaped during the massacre, and now revisited it for the first time. He asked me to accompany him ashore, promising to find some friends at whose house we might sleep; but he soon found himself a stranger in his native island: where he had once known everybody, he now knew nobody. The town was a complete mass of ruins; the walls of many fine buildings were still standing, crumbling to pieces, and still black with the fire of the incendiary Turks. The town that had grown up upon the ruins consisted of a row of miserable shanties, occupied as shops for the sale of the mere necessities of life, where the shopman slept on his window shutter in front. All my companion's efforts to find an acquaintance who would give us a night's lodging were fruitless.

Cold, and thoroughly drenched with rain, we were retracing our way to our boat, when our guide told my companion that a Greek Archbishop had lately taken up his abode among the ruins. We immediately went there, and found him occupying apartments, partially repaired, in what had once been one of the finest houses in Scio. The entrance, through a large stone gateway, was imposing; the house was cracked from top to bottom by fire, nearly one half had fallen down, and the stones lay scattered as they fell; but enough remained to show that, in its better days, it had been almost a palace. We ascended a flight of stone steps to a terrace, from which we entered into a large hall, perhaps thirty feet wide and fifty feet long. On one side of this hall the wall had fallen down the whole length. On the other side, in a small room in one corner, we found the archbishop. He was sick, and in bed with all his clothes on, according to the universal custom here, but received us kindly. The furniture consisted of an iron bedstead, with a mattress, on which he lay with a quilt spread over him, a wooden sofa, three wooden chairs, about twenty books, and two large leather cases containing clothes, napkins, and probably, all his worldly goods. The rain came through the ceiling in several places; the bed of the poor archbishop had evidently been moved from time to time to avoid it, and I was obliged to change my position twice. An air of cheerless poverty reigned through the apartment. I could not help comparing his lot with that of more favoured, and, perhaps, not more worthy servants of the church. It was a style so different from that of the priests at Rome, the pope and his cardinals, with their gaudy equipages and multitudes of footmen rattling to the Vatican; or from the pomp and state of the English prelates, or even from the comforts of our own missionaries in different parts of this country, that I could not help feeling deeply for the poor priest before me. But he seemed contented and cheerful, and even thankful that, for the moment, there were others worse off than himself, and that he had it in his power to befriend them.—Stephen's Incidents of Travel.

A COWARD'S BRAVERY.—At the storming of Morne Fortune, in the West Indies, I knew an Irish officer of the name of W., who had lately joined his corps. He led the forlorn hope, and displayed a cool determination that surprised the oldest soldiers. Bearing the King's colours in one hand, and waving his sword with the other, he was the first to ascend the ladder, and plant our victorious standard in the breach. W. was thanked in public orders by his commanding officer, who congratulated him on his bravery, and informed him that he was recommended for immediate promotion. What was his surprise, when the young soldier answered that all he wished to obtain was leave to return home, and throw up his commission in favour of a younger brother, who ardently wished to embrace the profession of arms. The colonel, surprised at so singular a request, was naturally anxious to know to what he could attribute so strange a resolution in a young man with so bright a career before him. "Is it a wish," he said, "to see your family?" "No, Sir," was the cold reply of W.—"You, perhaps, are in love, and fear the danger of absence?" "No, Sir, if absence could produce any alteration in the affection of one that we might love, it would be proof that her attachment was of a very frail nature." "What then can be your motives?" You have just distinguished yourself before the enemy; you are now a lieutenant, and, in all likelihood, another battle, and you may obtain a company. "This is exactly the reason why I wish to quit

the service." "What, the prospect of rapid promotion?" The colonel thought him mad.—"No, Sir; but the fear of degradation." "You speak in riddles." "Then, Sir, I must be explicit; it is this very expectation of other conflicts, in which you are kind enough to think I may again distinguish myself, that convinces me that the career of arms is not my destiny. Must I confess the painful truth? the sight of the first man that fell near me in the ranks struck me with that sense of danger, that innate feeling of self-preservation, that, to my shame I own it, I was on the point of disgracing myself for ever when the next man was killed, bespattering me with his brains; for a moment I was nearly struck blind, yet I moved on mechanically with my party. I was roused from this apathetic state by the loud cheers of my companions; it seemed to me a dream. I felt inspired with an unknown energy; I knew not where I was when I found myself on the breach, my colours planted in the ruin, surrounded with the dead and dying! What may appear to you, Sir, still more strange, I scarcely knew myself. I gazed on my uniform, wondered at my transformation from the peaceful garb I wore in my father's office, (he was an attorney,) to the trappings of a soldier. In short, all appeared to me a vision. The kind congratulations of my comrades shortly restored me to my senses, which soon convinced me that the closet was more natural to me than the field. This candid confession of what might be called natural feeling, did not deter his commanding officer from urging him to persevere in the profession; his resolution was unalterable. He returned to Ireland, and his brother succeeded him in the regiment.—Stories of Torres Vedras.

PARISH OF DUMFRIES,

COUNTY OF YORK, 2

7th August, 1839.

UNDER the Act of Assembly, 1st Victoria, Cap. 7, Sec. 8, DUNCAN BARBER, & Co. are Deputies for non-payment of Parish Rates, to the amount of £1 11s. 8d.

TURNEY WHITEHEAD,

Collector.

REVISED EDITION

OF THE

PROVINCE LAWS.

THE Subscriber having been induced by numerous applications from different sections of the Province, to publish an additional supply of the above valuable work, for the use of those not entitled to copies from Government, such persons as may be desirous of procuring them will have the goodness to leave their names and places of residence, at an early period, to the Royal Gazette Office, or with either of the undermentioned Gentlemen, where Copies of the work may be seen:—

HON. E. B. CHANDLER,....Dorchester.
THOMAS WYER, Esquire,....St. Andrews.
J. W. WELDON, Esquire,....Richibucto.
GEORGE KERR, Esquire,....Chatham.
W. H. BALDWIN, Esquire,....Bathurst.
J. M. CONNELL, Esquire,....Woodstock.
MR. DAVID McILLAN,....St. John.

J. SIMPSON, QUEEN'S PRINTER.

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Connected, United States.

Incorporated in 1810—with a Capital of \$150,000. This long established Institution has for more than twenty five years transacted its extensive business on the most just and liberal principles—paying its losses with honorable promptness. During this period have settled all their losses, without compelling the insured, in any instance, to resort to a Court of Justice. The present Board of Directors, pledge themselves, in this particular, fully to maintain the high reputation of the Company. It insures on the most favourable terms every description of property against LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE, but takes no marine risks.

Application for insurance may be made either personally or by letter to the Secretary of the Company, or to its Agents, who are appointed to many of the principal Towns and Cities of the United States, and in the British Provinces.

PRESENT BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Eliphalet Terry, Samuel Williams,
James H. Wells, F. J. Huntington,
S. C. Huntington, Elisha Colt,
H. Huntington, Jun., R. B. Ward,
Albert Day.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.
James G. Bolles, Secretary.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent at Fredericton for the above mentioned Company, is now prepared to take risks on every description of Property against loss or damage by Fire.

UNEXAMPLED

Mammoth Scheme!!

THE following detail of a Scheme of a Lottery to be drawn in December next, warrants us in declaring it to be unparalleled in the History of Lotteries. Prizes to the amount have never before been offered to the public. It is true there are many blanks, but on the other hand, the extremely low charge of TWENTY DOLLARS per Ticket—the value and number of the prizes, and the revival of the good old custom of warranting that every prize shall be drawn and sold, will be sure, give universal satisfaction, and especially to the Six Hundred Prize Holders.

To those disposed to adventure, we recommend early application being made to us for tickets—when the prizes are all sold, blanks only remain—the first buyers have the best chance. We therefore, emphatically say—delay not, but at once remit and transmit to us your orders, which shall always receive our immediate attention. Letters to be addressed, and application made to

SYLVESTER & Co.

156 Broadway, N. Y.

Observe the Number, 156.

\$700,000.

\$500,000!! \$20,000!!

Six Prizes of Twenty Thousand Dollars!

Two prizes of Fifteen Thousand Dollars!

Three prizes of Ten Thousand Dollars!

GRAND REAL ESTATE AND BANK STOCK

LOTTERY.

OF PROPERTY SITUATED IN NEW ORLEANS.

The richest and most magnificent scheme ever presented to the public in this or any other country.—Tickets only Twenty Dollars.

Authorised by an Act of the Legislative Assembly of Florida, and under the direction of the commissioners acting under the same. To be drawn at Jacksonville, Florida—Schmidt

and Hamilton, Managers. SYLVESTER & Co., N. Y. sole Agents.

No combination numbers! 100,000 Tickets, from No. 1, upwards in succession.

The deeds of the property and the stock transferred in trust to the commissioners appointed by the said act of the Legislature of Florida, for the security of the Prize Holders.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

ONE PRIZE—THE ARCADE.

286 Feet 5 inches, 4 lines on Magazine Street, 101 feet, 21 do. on Natchez Street, 126 feet, 6 do. on Gravier Street—Rented at about \$37,000 per annum, valued at \$700,000

ONE PRIZE—CITY HOTEL.

162 feet on Common Street, 146 feet 6 inches on Camp Street—Rented at \$25,000, valued at \$500,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.

(Adjoining the Arcade,) No. 16, 24 feet 7 inches, front, on Natchez Street—Rented at \$1,200, valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.

(Adjoining the Arcade,) No. 18, 28 feet, front on Natchez Street—Rented at \$1200, valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.

(Adjoining the Arcade,) No. 20, 23 feet, front, on Natchez Street—Rented at \$1200, valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.

No. 23, northeast corner of Basin and Custom House street, 40 feet, front on Basin, and 40 feet on Franklin Street, by 127 feet deep in Custom House Street—Rented at \$1,500, valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.

No. 24, south west corner of the Basin and Custom House Street, 32 feet 7 inches on Franklin, 127 feet 10 1/2 inches deep in Custom House Street, Rented at \$1500, valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.

No. 339, 24 feet 8 inches on Royal St. by 127 feet 11 inches deep—Rented at \$1000, valued at \$20,000

1 prize, 250 shares Canal Bank stock, \$100 each, 25,000

1 do. 200 do. Commercial do. \$100 20,000

1 do. 150 do. Mech. & Trad. do. do. 15,000

1 do. 100 do. City Bank do. do. 10,000

1 do. 100 do. do. do. do. 10,000

1 do. 100 do. do. do. do. 10,000

1 do. 50 Exchange Bank, do. 5,000

1 do. do. do. do. do. 5,000

1 do. 25 do. Gas Light do. do. 5,000

1 do. 25 do. do. do. do. 5,000

1 do. 15 do. Mech. & Trad's do. 1,500

1 do. 15 do. do. do. do. 1,500

20 prizes, each 10 shares of the Louisiana State Bank, \$100—each prize \$1000, 20,000

10 prizes, each 2 shares of \$100 each—each prize \$200 of Gas Light Bank. 2,000

200 prizes, each one share of \$100 of the Bank of Louisiana. 20,000

200 prizes, each one share of \$100 of the New Orleans Bank. 20,000

150 prizes, each one share of \$100 of the Union Bank of Florida. 15,000

SIX HUNDRED PRIZES. \$1,500,000

TICKETS \$20.—NO SHARES.

The whole of the Tickets with their numbers, as also those containing the prizes, will be examined and sealed by the commissioners appointed under the Act, previously to their being put into the wheels. One wheel will contain the whole of the numbers, the other will contain the Six Hundred Prizes, and the first 600 number that shall be drawn out, will be entitled to such Prize as may be drawn to its number, and the fortunate holders of such prizes will have such property transferred to them immediately after the drawing, unincumbered, and without any deduction.

Editors of every paper in the United States, in the West Indies, in Canada, and British Provinces, are requested to insert the above standing advertisement until the 1st of December next, and to send their accounts to us, together with a paper containing the advertisement.

SYLVESTER & Co.

156 Broadway, N. Y.

New York, May 7, 1839.

THE MAMMOTH LOTTERY.—We call the attention of our friends to the alteration of the scheme of this Lottery. It will be seen that a Trust deed has been executed by which all the money received for tickets is deposited in the New Orleans Banks to be properly appropriated; thus giving additional assurance, (if any were wanting,) that the Managers' intention is strictly to fulfill their contract with the public.

TO EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.—Having received newspapers containing the above Scheme, from twenty-five States and Territories besides several of the British Provinces, we are satisfied with the circulation, and therefore request that such papers as have not, up to this time, inserted the advertisement, will be pleased not to do so, and that all other papers will insert it once a week only until the 1st of December, and forward us their accounts.

LANDS TO LEASE.

A NUMBER of valuable Lots in and adjacent to Town Plat of Fredericton, to be let on Building and other leases upon application to the Subscriber.

W. H. ODELL.

Fredericton, 9th April, 1839.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS.—Sixteen Shillings per annum, exclusive of postage.

Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be inserted for four shillings and sixpence the first, and one shilling and sixpence for each succeeding insertion.

Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

AGENTS.

SAINT JOHN,.....Mr. Peter Duff.
SAINT ANDREW,.....Mr. Wm. McLean.
DORCHESTER,.....E. B. Chandler, Esq.
SAISBURY,.....R. Scott, Esq.

KINGSTON,.....Asa Davidson, Esq.
HAMPTON,.....Mr. Samuel Hallett.
GAGETOWN,.....Mr. Wm. Bonnell.
SCISSE VALE,.....J. C. Felt, Esq.

KENT,.....Mr. Wm. Weldon, Esq.
NEWCASTLE (Miramichi),.....