

Poetry.

[From the *Britannia*.]

HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE.

PARAPHRASED FROM GOETHE.

Roll on, thou Sun! for ever roll,
Thou giant, rushing through the Heaven
Creation's wonder, nature's soul!
Thy golden wheels by angels driven;
The planets die without thy blaze,
And cherubim with star-dropt wing
Float in thy diamond-sparkling rays,
Thou brightest emblem of their King!

Roll, lovely Earth! and still roll on,
With ocean's azure beauty bound;
While one sweet star, the pearly moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound;
And angels with delighted eyes
Behold thy tints of mount and stream,
From the high walls of paradise;
Swift whirling like a glorious dream.

Roll, Planets! on your dazzling road,
For ever sweeping round the sun;
What eye beheld when first ye glowed;
What eye shall see your courses done?
Roll in your solemn majesty,
Ye deathless splendours of the skies!
High altars from which angels see
The incense of creation rise.

Roll, Comets! and ye million Stars!
Ye that through boundless nature roam;
Ye monarchs on your flame-winged cars!
Tell us in what more glorious dome,
What orb to which your pomp are dim,
What kingdom but by angels trod—
Tell us where swells the eternal hymn
Around His throne—where dwells your God?

Miscellaneous.

PALESTINE.

At a meeting lately held at Bedford Park the residence of Sir C. E. Smith, some interesting statements were made respecting the Church of Scotland's Mission to the Jews in Syria, Palestine, and Germany, by the Rev. A. Bonar, one of the four travelling Deputies. The following is an abridgment of the leading points in his narrative:—

We travelled rapidly through France and the great Mediterranean, and landed in Egypt! which to this day is a house of bondage, as though God had not forgotten the iron yoke it inflicted on His chosen people for 400 years. We reached the Holy Land, travelling from Egypt, sometimes on asses, sometimes on camels, just as the patriarchs of old—always, like them too, pitching our tents at evening, and at mid-day we entered the land of "the tribe of Simeon;" and we felt great delight in singing the Psalms of David—there, in the land he ruled over—though in our own tongue. The first morning after we entered the land, we sang together the Psalm which begins,

"In Judah is God known."

And as we looked round upon the hills and vales, we sang with peculiar feeling—

"There arrows of the bow be broke,
The sword, the shield, the war;
More glorious than the hills of prey,
More excellent art far."

And you can imagine our sensations, when we saw rising before us the hills of Judea, and all the sacred recollections that are associated with that land came rushing upon our minds. We noticed that the stars at night were much more brilliant and numerous to the naked eye than in this part of the world; and we were reminded of the sublime simile used by the Almighty to Abraham, when promising that his seed should be as the stars of heaven. We observed, too, the "olives"—we remarked that they were far more picturesque and pleasing when clustered together—the voice of the sweet turtle doves heard on their branches—sweet emblem of the blessings of the promised gatherings of the faithful! One thing struck us very soon,—that the land was emphatically "a house left desolate"—empty—the few Jews inhabitants of it, not above 13,000,—melancholy and unhappy looking—no sound of music heard—no mirth—no rejoicings—just as Isaiah foretold that it should be; because they have neglected the Saviour who came to give them life. We found, also, the land stripped of its external beauties; no vines did we see in the once fertile "valley of Eschol,"—the prophet Hosea had predicted that the vines should be taken away;—and this will be, until, having received the Saviour they now reject, the Jews return to their own land, and have "their vineyard restored unto them." Now let me, as the spies sent out by Joshua brought the people clusters of grapes from Eschol, give you a specimen or two of what we saw in the Holy Land. We were ten days at Jerusalem—staying with the excellent missionary there, Mr. Nicolayson—we went one day to Hebron—another to the valleys in the neighbourhood and so on. We noticed the hills "set round about Jerusalem;" we particularly examined the "Mount of Olives;" we visited the pool at the head of which Isaiah stood when he prophesied of the coming of Emmanuel—we worshipped two Sab-baths, and received the Lord's Supper in a room, the windows of which overhang a pool supplied from Gihon. We saw at one time a shepherd, with his sheep and goats—and it brought to our mind the solemn parable which tells of the approaching separation of those of different characters, so designated by our Saviour—and now apparently mixed together, and we observed that just as the Saviour represents himself in regard to His people—the shepherd walked at the head of the sheep—and they "know his voice" when he calls. We went to the valley of Tophet where the people inhumanly sacrificed their children in the fire; we saw also the field of blood, "Aceldama;"—where Judas hanged himself—we passed likewise through the valley of Jehoshaphat, where Jews resort in great numbers wishing to be buried there, and thinking (alas! how deceived!) that they thus secure their salvation. We saw the pool Siloam, flowing with an almost imperceptible current from Mount Moriah—despised as it was for its gently flowing stream by them of old. We noticed the steps leading down to the fountain Siloam, and which the blind man descended whose eyes Jesus opened;—one of our number moved by the emotions that inspired him, composed a few lines upon the spot—

"Beneath Moriah's rocky side
A gentle streamlet springs,
Silent and soft its waters glide,
As the peace the spirit brings."

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Its pure and placid wave;
And thus the blessed Saviour's name
Of him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name,
It means, 'one sent of God';
And thus the blessed Saviour's name
It sweetly spreads abroad.

O grant that I, like that sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full his mercies are."

We went through the gate from which St. Stephen was hurried to martyrdom—we went over the brook Kedron—we went to Gethsemane!—and we thought of what the feelings of our Saviour must have been when he saw the crowd, with torches and weapons, rushing down the hill to seize him. At one spot there is a mark put up by some one to show that there Judas kissed his Master and betrayed him. We went moreover to Bethany, whence he ascended to Heaven! Imagine, if you can, our feelings on that sacred spot!.... But now a few words as to the people themselves—hitherto we have spoken only of their land. The Jews we saw in Jerusalem were miserable and unhappy—disunited even among themselves—and persecuted by people of all countries. An instance occurred lately, in which a poor Jew was tortured so horribly that in a few minutes his beard, through excess of agony, became white! They declare that they would rather, however, take refuge with a Turk than a Christian. The so-called Christians there—of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches, being their most bitter foes. Yet they are there exceedingly devout—and their sincerity is an additional ground for pity and regard—for the fate of the utterly careless we feel not so much interest, as for those who are evidently sincerely and deeply anxious in their pursuit of a fatal error. The earnestness with which we saw them engaged in what they evidently believed the true worship of God—and the ardent energy with which we saw one old man particularly call upon God—repeating the sacred name over, and over, and over again, in tones rising higher and higher of the most impassioned devotion, as though desirous by the increased loudness of his cry to arrest the Divine attention—were most affecting. Most of them when they knew our object, kept aloof from us. One came to us by night—as Nicodemus of old did to the Saviour—for fear of his brethren who watched him, and he brought a copy of the Scriptures with the New Testament in it—which he had kept in secret—till being discovered by some of them, they seized it and proceeded to tear out the New Testament till he prevented them. This was at Tiberias near the lake, the spot best calculated for the selection of any missionary the Church of Scotland may send out—other parts being occupied by missionaries from the London Society, with which we desire not to interfere. At this spot, however, there seems to be an opening—as indeed there are many in different places, especially Moldavia, where the people are disposed to enquire, but have never known a missionary for more than a merely passing visit.

ONE WHO HAS DIED WITHOUT HAVING LIVED.—Mr. Paul Legrand died a few weeks ago at Dijon, in Burgundy, at the age of 71, leaving the following memoir, whereby he proves that he had not lived:—"All that is suffering, sorrow, ennu, despair, desire, regret, should be deducted from life, because we ourselves should have deducted it had Heaven permitted. When three years old I was weaned; at six I could speak, but badly; at seven I split my skull; at nine I was cured. I must, therefore, deduct nine years of my existence; for surely to drink a nurse's sour milk, not to speak, or speak badly, and split one's skull, is not living. At the age of nine I began my studies. Owing to my cracked skull, my head was a hard one, and I proved stubborn to tuition. I required two years' labour to spell the alphabet. I was indebted to the letter Z only for about fourscore hundred lashes; the other 23 letters made a complete martyr of me. At the age of twelve I could read, my body was mangled with the alphabet scars. An attempt was made to teach me Latin, and I lost my French in the experiment. At 15 I knew nothing at all, and a forced diet of bread and water had reduced me to the condition of a skeleton. Six years more, therefore, are to be deducted. At 15 my father made me a notary's clerk. There commenced a new species of martyrdom. I got up at six, swept the office, lighted the stove, was drubbed by the taller clerks, and my father, overwhelmed with complaints about me, deprived me of my dinner. This sort of life I led for five years, and from my life I will positively deduct them. At 20, my father, quite disgusted with his son, put me on board a ship at Cherbourg. I washed the deck, crept up the topmast, mended the sails, and received 30 lashes a day upon my bare back. This I endured four years. At 24 my father made me a haberdasher. I married Mademoiselle Ursule Desvoisins a turner's only daughter; her marriage portion consisted of 30,000 livres, mortgaged upon a sugar estate at St. Domingo. The day after my wedding I found out that my wife had a wooden leg, made by my father-in-law, the turner. The poor woman offered a thousand apologies for her infirmity, and I pardoned her out of regard for her marriage portion. The St. Domingo blacks rose against the whites, burned the said marriage portion, and the wooden leg was all that was left me. At 30 I lost my wife, in consequence of a scrofulous disease in her real leg. I spent six years of marriage, repenting every minute. What folly I committed in taking that leg! I therefore deduct those six years from my life. Having, as every body else, slept a third part of my life, I deduct 24 years of sleep; and I am below the right reckoning, for I was a great sleeper. A year lost, adding minute to minute, in search for the key of my desk, which I was continually mislaying. Does one live when one looks for a key? Three years lost in having myself shaved, powdered, &c. Five years lost in suffering from tooth-ache, two inflammations of the chest, with relapses and convalescence. Three years in saying, 'What's o'clock?' 'We have had bad weather to-day.' 'How do you do?' 'How is your lady?' 'I have a bad cold.' 'Mal-broug s'en va la guerre—what mud in the streets—what a winter this year!' Six months

lost in having the mud brushed off one, and six in brushing one's hat. One year's endurance of the entr'actes at the theatre. One year lost in listening to the modern dreams, the *chefs d'œuvre* of genius not understood. One year lost in complaining of salt and tasteless soups, of cutlets too much or underdone, of indigestions or hard eggs. Total, *seventy one years*. I beg leave to declare, that in giving up the ghost I do not give up anything worth keeping."

THE PERSECUTED JEWS OF DAMASCUS.—A very numerous meeting of the congregations of the Jews in London was held on Tuesday last at the Great Synagogue, to take into consideration the means to be adopted to afford protection to their brethren of Damascus, who at the last dates from that place, were suffering persecution and great violence. The evening service having been performed, Sir Moses Montefiore took the chair, and explained the objects of the meeting. Mr. S. Samuel read the report, Mr. Mayer Anselm de Rothschild, Mr. Bernard Van Oven, Mr. Salomons, Mr. Isaac Cohen, and Caron Lionel de Rothschild moved the resolutions, and the chairman took leave, readily embracing the office laid upon him, to represent the Jews of England at the Court of the Pasha. "We are going," he said, "to assert the claims of outraged humanity, and uplift the dark veil which hangs over the diabolical accusations against our brethren, and to bring their accusers to shame and contempt—to remove the stain cast upon the name of our nation by the bigotry, intolerance, fraud, and rapacity of their unprincipled oppressors. More than this, we go to induce a more liberal policy among the governors of the East, to prevail on them to abolish the use of torture, and to make justice henceforth triumph over uncurbed power." He had a confident hope that the mission would be attended with success, and that they would be enabled to show that there was not a heart but beat in their cause. He bade them all farewell, and prayed the God of their fathers to direct his conduct and defend his person. If, by His providence, he were permitted once more to meet them, he trusted that it would be to show how the Judge of all the earth had made kings and rulers bow to his Almighty will. Finally, he joined with them in the prayer of peace and rest for Jerusalem. Thanks were then voted to Sir Moses, and the meeting broke up.

Upwards of £7,000 have been subscribed by wealthy Hebrews towards defraying the expense of the mission, which Sir Moses Montefiore has undertaken, to Alexandria, for the purpose of aiding and protecting the persecuted Jews of Damascus.

A requisition, most numerous and respectfully signed, by bankers, merchants, traders, and others, has been presented to the Lord Mayor, requesting him to call a public meeting, to express the sympathy entertained in the sufferings of the Jews at Damascus, their hope that the offenders may be brought to justice, their abhorrence at the use of torture, and their anxiety for its abolition. His Lordship has appointed Friday for the day of meeting.

THE REV. W. JAY ON INTemperance.—What has this accursed evil (intemperance) done? Why, it has produced—all acknowledge this, no individual can deny it—it has produced a thousand times more sin and misery than a thousand other causes in the aggregate, while it baffles all efforts to do good of every kind. Yet what has been done to stop, or even to check it, till, at length, a simple expedient has been devised, and successfully employed, in countless instances, in America, and in our own land, and especially in Ireland. I never reclaimed a drunkard in my life; perhaps no minister in the Church or among the Dissenters ever reclaimed one, unless by the efficacy of that gospel which delivers men from the power and love of every sin. But now we have thousands reclaimed from their infamous and wretched course, to habits of labour, and decency, and comfort; without religion, immediately. Ah! this furnishes some of you with an objection. But consider what advantages arise from such a reformation, with regard to wives, and children, and neighbours, and families, and the country. And then observe, as to the individuals themselves, they are now in the way of becoming religious. They were like madmen before; but to use the expression of my friend, Dr. Morgan, who has so nobly laboured in the cause, these now, by this lunatic hospital, (for it professes to be nothing more,) are restored to reason: and now that they are accessible to motives; and means may be advantageously employed. People may smile; but let them take heed how they oppose, if their sins and appetites will not allow of their aiding in such a cause. I speak after much reflection, as in the presence of God, I am fully persuaded that these institutions will be found one of the grand regenerators of society, and will verify the language of Scripture, with regard to Ireland,—"A nation shall be born in a day."—(From a *Thanksgiving Sermon, preached on Sunday Morning, June 21, 1840.*)

BONAPARTE'S WOUNDS.—Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds—one a very cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded it was always kept a secret in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmuhl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress." "Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing

themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Acre, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuran, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed 'Vive l'Empereur!'—From *"A Voice from St. Helena."*

AN IRISH CANOE.—One of those relics of ancient times, an Irish canoe, has been recently found in the river opposite our quays. As the ballast lighter was crossing from the quay, her warp rope came foul of something below, and in extricating it, an old Irish canoe was brought to the surface of the water. It was hollowed out of a single piece of oak, twenty-two feet long and twenty inches wide. A gentle and elegant curvature upwards forms the fore part, and the stern is oval, with a hollow moulding outside. Four spaces, similar to that to what are called floorings at present, are left in the solid, and the entire symmetry is rather pleasing.—To the lover of Irish antiquities it affords a fine specimen of the works of days of yore, and shows him that the Irish oak, like that we fondly boast of, Irish hearts, is not to be surpassed in durability under the most untoward circumstances. The Manupia of Ptolemy was situated on the same place as the modern Wexford; and who can look on this Irish relic without being carried back through time as remote as when that celebrated geographer flourished.—We understand it will be sent to the Dublin Society, by Mr. Allen, in whose timber-yard it now lies.—*Wexford Independent.*

THE ASHANTEES AT OXFORD.—Amongst the numerous visitors to our University during the present month have been Prince William Quantomissah and Prince John Anshah, of Ashantee, under guidance of the Rev. Thomas Pyne, M. A. They stayed at the Angel Hotel nearly a week, during which time they were most hospitably received by the Vice-Chancellor, the Registrar of the University, and the heads of colleges; and by many of whom they were entertained after visiting their respective colleges. Both expressed themselves exceedingly gratified by the attention shown them; and pleased with the grandeur of the different buildings. The princes are cousins, and nephews of the present sovereign, and one of them the son of the late king, at whose funeral (said to be the grandest that has ever taken place) no less than 3,000 persons were immolated, including his wives and many of the nobility. This barbarous custom arises from the superstitious belief that it will be necessary for their sovereigns to attend by similar retinues when they appear before the Great Spirit, as when they walked on earth. The princes were hostages for ten years at Cape Coast, for the preservation of peace between their country and our Government. They have since been baptized and become Christians, and have prayers regularly every morning and evening with their chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Pyne.—*Oxford Herald.*

SAD REVERSE OF FORTUNES.—In the small town of Maxweldown, on the banks of the Nith, Kirkcubrightshire, may be seen a poor feeble old woman, destitute and distressed, who picks up a scanty subsistence by washing clothes. This was one of Burn's loveliest heroines, the daughter of a highly respectable gentleman in Nithsdale. Of her the poet sang—

O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There is not a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blows, it fades, and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will give to Polly Stewart.

Poor Polly Stewart forgot her "worth and truth," and has sunk from the highest circles of fashion to her present abject state. Such reverses feelingly remind us of the sad vicissitudes of life. The fine gold has become dim, and the colours of poetry, romance, and beauty have faded into darkness and dissolution!—*Liverpool Courier.*

A REPROOF.—A few days ago the steward of an opulent family, who was about to quit Paris for their country residence, took the amount of a bill for milk and eggs to the milk-woman of the family, Marguerite Driolland, at her usual station in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Having given the money he was going away, when she called him back, and told him that the money was not right. "So much the worse for you," said the steward, you should have counted it before me. I am certain that it is correct—if I had given you more instead of less, you would not have called me back." "You are wrong," replied the milk-woman, "a Napoleon has slipped among the silver, but as you say your money is right, it cannot belong to you—I shall therefore give it to that poor blind man who is standing near to us, and who will not say that I wished to cheat him." She immediately placed a Napoleon in the hand of the blind man, in presence of the steward.

BENDABLE STONE.—In the Museum of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, one object of curiosity is a bending or elastic stone. This stone is apparently of granite—is about two and a half feet by six inches in length and breadth, and about an inch thick. This stone, being lifted at one end yields to the pressure, and from the half begins to bend as it is lifted, and as the lifted end is raised the bend approaches nearer to the further extremity. On the lifting power becoming relaxed, the stone reverts to its former level.—*Calcutta Paper.*

NOTICE.

ALL Persons indebted to the Subscriber are respectfully requested to call and make an early settlement of their accounts, or liquidate their notes. He further notifies them and all other persons who may become indebted to him that he shall in future in all cases make up and charge interest on the amount of his outstanding debts, computing the time, three months from the purchase of the Goods.

F. W. HATHWAY.

Fredericton, August 17, 1840.

POST OFFICE.

Fredericton, Sept. 5, 1840.

List of Letters remaining in Office at this date.

A
Mr. Samuel A. Akerly, James Adams, Geo. Anderson, Peter Ackerman, Mrs. Mary Allen.

B
Duncan Barber, Gravill Barr, Mrs. Grace Brown, Mr. Breen, J. Brewer, G. F. Berton, Lewis Bloodworth, James Bresland, Thomas Boulter, William Bell, John D. Bradley, John Burns, Thomas Brown, Samuel Bird, Miss Bleain.

C
William Crowe, William Camron, Jerry Connor, Mary Crowsbey, Richard Carman, (2,) John Cambridge, James R. Cliff, William Copeland, James Craig, Mrs. Ruth Clark, Miss P. Close, Isaac Comsay, Edmund P. Cliff, Patrick Cunningham, Patrick Canott, George Carehne, John Carmichael, Michael, Crowley, Mr. Clirans, John Clayton, Robert Combs, Pierce Cote, (2,) Daniel Cleugh, Andrew Crookshank, Isaac Cote, Mary Cambell, (2,) Bridget Cluney, Joshua Currie, John S. Coy, O. Currier, David Carson, Thomas Casady, (2,) Nathaniel Cameron, John Crawford, Bridget Cooney, John Campbell.

D
Justus Dunham, Henry Dougherty, E. R. Doherty, James Dixon, Mr. Nathaniel Doyen, Mrs. S. M. Duff, Patrick Dolan, Catharine Dolten, William Delaney, Asa Dow, (2,) Miss E. Dugan, (2,) Mr. Davis, Matthew Duffy.

E
John Evans, James Edments, Samuel B. Estey, Thomas Edgar, Robert Elliott, Miss Ann Evans, John Ernstront, Miss M. Ewing, R. J. Edgill, John Elliott, Daniel Egan, John Elkin.

F
Patrick Fenham, Miss E. Ford, James Fry A. H. Fling.

G
Joseph Gamble, Thomas Gray, John Graham, John Gaudley, Patrick Golden, F. M. Gorden, (2,) Mr. Graham, Catharine Gallagher, Mr. Gibson, Charles Good, Thomas Gibson, Mr. Gabel, Gilbert Graham, W. Golober.

H
James Hennessy, Thomas Heney, George Hamilton, James Hodge, James Henderson, (2,) John Holman, Mr. Hunnat, Aaron Hart, Thomas Herbert, Lawrence Hughes, Mrs. Barbara Hallett, James Harrison.

I & J
John Johnston, (2,) Xenophon Jouett, (3,) J. William Johnson.

K
Charles Kewer, Isaac and Mr. Kilbern, Bernard Kuey, (2,) Mrs. Keating.

L
Moses Laurence, Thomas Leary, (2,) Mr. Lane, John Lindsay, E. H. Lambard, Ruth Long, John Lint, William Late, (2,) William Leane, W. M. Leggett, Thomas Longstaff.

M & Mc
John Maher, David Monteith, Messrs. Miles & Smith, (2,) Rev. John Magee, (2,) Master Charles M-Albure, John M'Donald, Mr. Many, John F. Moeller, Hugh S. Millar, Elizabeth Mulhollin, Nancy M-Laughlin, Jas. Macalroy, John M'Donald, James Miles, Mrs. Sarah M-Kay, Hugh Montgomery, John Melton, Anthony M'Mahon, Mr. Mackintosh, John L. Marsh, (2,) Patrick Monaghan, (2,) Richard B. M-Nele, Adam M-Farlin, Alex. M-Lauchlin, William Monaghan, Frances Miller, Thomas M-Cafferty, Charles Moor, James Miles, Robert M-Lean, Edward M-Ginley, Mary Mintian, John Melony, Alex. Mackintosh, William Moor, Edward M-Gibson, Jas. More, Alexander Mitchell, James A. Miles, P. M-Sorley, Charles Marsh.

N
Mrs. Nash, Mr. North, Jr. Morgan Nason, David Nason, Mary Nealy, Thomas Nowman, Thomas Neven, Charles Nevers.

O
Mr. O'Nale, Hugh O'Callaghan, Honora O'Leary, John O'Connors.

P
William Parel, Cyrus Perkins, William Porley, Mrs. C. Phillips, Thomas Poppers, Captain J. H. Pilsbury, William Perley, Jas. Payne, David Pickard, (3.)

R
Andrew Rice, John Rowen, (2,) Samuel Reynolds, (2,) Daniel Reed, Miss Mary Ann Rigby.

S
Michael Sick, Mrs. Solven, John Scott, Mr. Sansouy, Hugh Sands, Eleanor Simnot, Mr. Smith, Ezekiel Sloat, John G. Schlund, Wm. Smith, Ezra Slack, Thomas Sunnons, D. Shay, Catherine Scallen, Adam Stein, Mrs. M. Seanson, William Scallon.

T
Alexander Truscott, John Thomlinson, John Topham, (2,) Robert Tait, R. Tulhey, (2,) Michael Tuley, Benjamin Tibbitts, Stephen Tracy, Augustin Tanguare, H. Topham, J. Tomlinson.

U & V
Charles Upham, Thomas V. Vance.

W
Nicholas Wheeler, Sr. John B. Whalen, Samuel Walker, Nehemiah Wright, Mr. Woodforde, (2,) John Walker, Wm. Weade, Thomas Wilson, Bridget Walsh, Geo. Woods, (2,) Stephen White, John Wood, Thomas Watkins, Thomas Walsh, J. Wright, Mrs. Ann Wake, Mrs. Wivell, Rev. J. Wivell, Miss Wildman.

N. B. Persons asking for any of the above Letters, will please say they are advertised.

W. B. PHAIR, Post Master.

NOTICE.

IF this should meet the eyes of SETH GRISWOLD and JOHN GRISWOLD, sons of JOHN GRISWOLD, late of Litchfield, in the State of Connecticut, and Grand Nephews of SETH GRISWOLD of Queensbury, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, deceased, and if they will come to this Province of New Brunswick, and apply to DAVID M. ROBERTS, IRA INGRAHAM or LEWIS HURST, of the said Parish of Queensbury, Executors of the last Will and Testament of the said SETH GRISWOLD, deceased, they will hear of something to their advantage.

Queensbury, October 29 1839.