

Poetry.

ON SEEING A VIOLET IN BLOOM ON A GRAVE.

IN THE QUAKER'S BURIAL GROUND, NEAR SOUTH-AMPTON.

Little violet! lovely flower!
Blooming in that hallowed spot,
Where, at the appointed hour,
Mortals close their earthly lot.
Say, who rests beneath thy root?
Say, o'er whom thy odour's shed?
Is it one with blood imbued,
Whose spirit in the battle fled?
Ah, no! beneath these peaceful grounds
No warrior proud doth rest,
Below these rude uncultured mounds
Lie relics of the best.
They were not men who Christ profess,
Yet take the sword, and smite
The brother whom with tenderness
They ought to guard and guide.
But peaceful, without war or strife,
Thou call each other friend,
And when in death they close their life,
On Heaven their hopes depend.
No sculptured marble tells their tale—
No tombstone marks their place—
No verses o'er their lot beval,
Their grave no wreath doth grace.
But nature, willing to adorn
Their resting places bare,
Of every human splendour shorn,
The violet planted there.

KEEP THE OLD FAITH.

Firmly ye Sons and ye Daughters of Britain,
Keep the old faith, as in Judah it rose,
Rose and illumined the cloud that had sitted,
Marked as night o'er a people's repose:
Keep the old faith as it was o'er its splendour,
Dashed with delusions, partook of its gloom;
Ere its sweet sky tints, so pure and so tender,
Faded before the dark vapours of Rome.
Keep the old faith, as again, in its glory,
Chasing the night, it arose on our life,
When the brave martyrs (who know not their story?)
Dared to encounter the flames with a smile.
Yes! the belief that I ask you to cherish,
Cost them the dungeon—the torture—the death;
Oh! did they uselessly struggle and perish?
Are ye their offspring? And have ye their faith?

Miscellaneous.

[From Fraser's Magazine for March.] ROMANTIC STORY.

[The Editor of Fraser's Magazine introduces the narrative from which the following incident is extracted in these words:]

"We have been favoured with the following romantic and graphic sketches from the pen of A. Aymer Staunton, Esq., Royal Artillery, who accompanied Colonel Chesney as one of the medical officers attached to the celebrated expedition up the Euphrates. The public doubtless recollects that, in the year 1835, the government resolved to send an expedition, commanded by Col. Chesney, to the Euphrates, for the purpose of exploring that noble river, and ascertaining how far it was practicable to establish a regular steam communication by means of it and the Persian Gulf with India. Accordingly, two steam-vessels of iron were constructed, with every care, at Liverpool, by Laird & Co.; and, in order to facilitate the means of transporting them, they were made so as to be taken asunder and joined together at will. When arrived opposite Bir, on the Euphrates, the workmen, brought from England for the purpose, commenced building, or rather joining together, the various pieces of the steamers, which were intended to be launched there, and brought down the stream to the Persian Gulf. Whilst the work was in progress, the government expressed a wish that a few of Colonel Chesney's officers should be sent to explore the country on the banks of the Euphrates, below the encampment formed by the Colonel at Bir; and to ascertain, also, what was the feeling of the Arab tribes towards the English, and whether they were likely to oppose any very effectual obstacles to the progress of the expedition. It is this journey through a country rarely visited by Europeans, and the adventures encountered amongst the wild children of the desert, which the following pages detail."

I had seated myself on one of the massive fragments which old King Time had buried from a battlement that overhung what I presumed to have been the chief court-yard of the castle, and was preparing to moralise on the fleeting nature of every thing human, and the instability of greatness, when suddenly my meditations were broken in upon by the sound of sobs, and the half-suppressed lamentations of a female. I thought that, mingled with these sounds, I heard the stern tones of a man's voice, as though in anger or reproach. Conjectures were soon ended by my seeing him, towards whom my attention had been drawn in the café, and in whom I had felt from the first such a strong interest, advancing from a passage which I had not before perceived, into the centre of the court-yard, whilst a young female clung passionately to his arm. Never shall I forget the half-stern, half-irresolute expression of his face, as the moonbeams fell, with a sickly play, on those noble features, now black with contending passions that sought a vent for their violence, and anon pale and blanched, as is the marble cheek of death. The moon shone full and clear on the spot where they stood; and I could see with painful distinctness every emotion, and hear every word they uttered. But how shall I describe the vision of beauty that clung to him, how echo the accents of her despair? It seemed as though I had never gazed on woman, or experienced the might and power of beauty before. How I wondered at the heartlessness with which he strove to shake her from him; and, as I drank in the light of those full, dark, uplifted orbs, from which streamed the heart's rain, and glanced at the long raven tresses that floated wildly o'er her shoulders till they almost swept the ground, whilst her disordered garments exposed to the night a heaving bosom that mocked the snow in its whiteness, I thought that he who could harm her must be more than fiend. How I longed to know the history of her who had thus risen, as by enchantment, before me. But their language was sealed to me; though, from the frequent repetition of the word Osman, I gathered that such was the name of him who at once possessed and scorned what at the moment I thought I could have given worlds to cherish

and protect, and, in a similar way, I discovered that so much loveliness and sorrow found "a local habitation and a name" in Zoe.

As they spoke in Arabic, I could only understand a word here and there; but the impassioned gestures of Osman sufficed, in a great measure, to explain the scene. It was evident that he accused Zoe, whilst she seemed to defend herself, and implore forgiveness or mercy. At last I observed him lay his hand on the hilt of his dagger—I felt paralysed. Good Heavens! is he about to murder her? He draws forth the blade, gleaming bright as a toy in the hand of infancy; but the strong arm of him who wields it toys not with it; one hand is twined in her dark locks, the other is raised to strike. "Osman, Osman!" shrieks the terrified Zoe; and his arm falls again powerless to his side; another moment his dagger is in its sheath, and he turns hastily to depart. Zoe throws herself before him and clasps his knees, when, horrible! he strikes her to the earth with his clenched fist. For a moment he appears to gaze on her prostrate form, then, gathering his robe tighter round him, darts through the passage by which he had entered, and disappears.

Why was it that I had not rushed from my concealment, and grappled with the fiend? I know not. Fear? Pshaw! Who would not be brave to madness that had looked for a moment upon Zoe? I never remember, though often begirt with darkest perils, to have lost my presence of mind before. The suddenness of the whole, the unreality of the entire scene, the strangeness of the place, the echoes that seemed like voices of the departed amidst the grim ruins, all conspired to take me by surprise; but when I saw him actually strike—strike with his clenched fist the object that I could have worshipped, the horrid reality of what I witnessed broke upon me; and, with a loud cry, I burst from the place of my concealment, but he was gone.

Long did I bend in that lonely spot over the inanimate form of the lovely Zoe, and exert every effort of my art to recall the fleeting spirit; and when the colour at last revisited her pale cheek, and the sigh, with which her bosom heaved at her soul being recalled to this world of woe, parted her exquisitely chiselled lips, I laughed loud and frantically; and, almost unconscious of what I did, folded her to my breast. Slowly did her eyes open and look wildly round; but, when she breathed the hated name of Osman, I felt as though I could have let her fall back to the earth from my arms.

When she had somewhat recovered, I was surprised that she sought not to draw her veil, and that she expressed no terror at finding herself alone with me; but what was my amazement when, drawing herself up to her full height, she accosted me in pure French. "Génoux," (such were her words,) "they say that in your country, though you believe not in Allah, yet that you worship the holy Virgin; and that if you swear by the blood of her Son, you may be trusted. I, too, am a Christian. Will you swear to do me no injury, and to hearken to my tale?" I exclaimed passionately that she had only to ask, for that I was her slave. "Listen, then, to my story—I trust you." With these words she led the way to the passage by which Osman had departed; and, after a few minutes, we found ourselves outside the ruins at the base of the ramparts, in a spot which overlooked the plain, and from whence might be discerned the Arab tents that I have described. She sat down; and, fixing my eyes on that face whose look I fancied was not of earth, I listened.

"Stranger, I feel that the Panagia,* to whom, from this moment, I consecrate myself, will protect me. Know, then, that the blood of the Mussulman flows not in these veins, nor am I yet a daughter of the race whose dwelling place is the desert, though my home is in your wild tents that dot the plain. My mother was, like yourself, a native of Frangestan,† and often has she spoke to me of the sunny skies and blue seas of her own Italy, and taught me, as we sat by the lonely wells in the desert, or in the retirement of the harem, to sing the wild music and impassioned strains of her native land. Early in life she married a Frenchman, a merchant of Marseilles; and, when accompanying him in a voyage to Seville, had the misfortune to be captured by a privateer from Algiers during a calm. My father perished defending his vessel and cargo, and my mother's beauty fetched a high price from a slave merchant at Algiers, who finally brought her to Cairo, where I was born. Often has she told me of the tears she shed, and the sufferings which her barbarous master made her endure because she had the spirit to resist his odious advances; till at last, to be revenged more fully upon her, he sold her to Mohammed Akbar, a chief of the Anazeh tribe, at that time in Cairo on business from the Pacha of Aleppo; but he was defeated in his object, for Mohammed introduced her to his tribe as his wife, and treated her with a kindness to which she had long been a stranger. I need not dwell upon the wild life of those who pitch their tents, and graze their camels, where choice or fancy directs. Suffice it to say, that from my mother I learned to speak my father's tongue and her own, and from the sons of Islam to fear no danger, but to trust in Allah and the spears of our horsemen. My mother died about two years ago; her dying bequest to me was to preserve unsullied the religion of my fathers; and, at some future period, to escape from the Arabs and fly to her native country. She loved Mohammed, but the memories of her childhood clung to her soul, and she yearned after the home and happiness she had left in Europe; and was afraid, also, that when gone to her final resting place, her husband's face might grow dark towards me; for she knew that his daughter, Fatima, by a former wife, had vowed an eternal enmity against me, through jealousy of my beauty and hatred of the obstinacy with which I clung to the religion of the Holy Mary and her blessed Son. As long as my mother lived, her influence with the Sheikh, her husband, saved me from any gross insult; but since her death, though my father-in-law is still kind, he has not the power to protect me from the enmity of his daughter. But my time is short, and I must speed my tale.

A HINT TO BOOK LENDERS.—A certain lady of rank writes on the head or title page of all her books which are likely to be borrowed by her friends, "Stolen from Lady F. F. B." This has an extraordinary effect. Contrary to all established custom, the books are returned as soon as read, it being obvious that to retain them would be to verify the foregoing mystic words.

COURTEOUS REFUSAL.—A gentleman having prevailed on a young lady, to whom he was engaged, to give him her miniature, promised his in return as soon as he could find a good artist. The lovers meanwhile had quarrelled. The gentleman, desirous of making peace, said, "I have just seen a fine miniature—mine said to be executed next week, if you say so." "It is a matter of equal indifference to me," she replied, "which is executed, or your or my miniature, for I have resolved to accept neither."

DANCING.—The Chinese think dancing useless fatigue; when at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball, a Chinese, who surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

"It is now about a year since a detachment of the great Hadjee caravan, which for many ages has paid a fixed tax for the protection of the Anazeh tribe of the Nedgh in passing that part of the route which leads through the Hedgh's territory, attempted to resist the payment, confiding in the protection of a strong escort furnished to them by the Pacha of Damascus. The consequence was, an attack by night on the caravan, made by the united force of the Anazehs and some other tribes with which you are not acquainted. The attack was successful. The escort given by the Pacha either fled at the first onset, or remained to share in the plunder. There was, however, one who fought gallantly; and with his handjar despatched three of our best and bravest men, one of them a nephew of Mohammed Akbar. Overcome by numbers, and covered with wounds, he at last fell, and would have perished had not our Sheikh, struck by the gallantry he exhibited, caused him to be brought to his tent; and though his life was despaired of, lavished every attention and care on him. I and Fatima had, of course, been left behind at the tent, whilst the warriors sallied forth on their expedition. Their return was the signal for feasting and merriment; and when Mohammed bore back the wounded stranger amidst the other trophies of his victory, I own that, from the first moment I gazed upon his pale and blood-streaked face, I felt a sympathy that afterwards grew, as I watched over him, into intense love. The daughters of other climes would, perhaps, blush at such an avowal, but I gloried in it; and surely to love Osman was an honour."

[To be concluded in next number.]

ANAGRAMS.—An anagram is the dissolution of any word or sentence into letters as its elements, and then making some other word or sentence upon it, applicable to persons or things named in such original word or sentence. There are words of this description, both of ancient and modern application, which exhibit coincidences that are truly surprising, and afford a very peculiar fund of amusement. The following is a selection of some of the best transpositions:—

Astronomers.....Moon starters.
Democratists.....Comical trade.
Encyclopedias.....A nice cold pie.
Gallantries.....All great sins.
Lawyers.....Sly Ware.
Misanthropes.....Spare him not.
Monarchs.....March on.
Old England.....Golden Land.
Presbyterians.....Best in prayer.
Punishment.....Nine Thumbs.
Penitentiary.....Nay I repent it.
Radical Reform.....Rare mad frolic.
Revolution.....To love Ruin.
Telegraphs.....Great Helps.

A PERSIAN ANECDOTE.—A young man having been caught in the act of stealing, was brought before Harun Al Raschid. When the theft was proved against him, Harun ordered his hand to be cut off. The aged mother of the youth came before the Khalif in great distress, and said, "Oh Khalif of the age, cut not off that hand which the ALMIGHTY has formed and gifted." Harun replied, "It is by the order of the ALMIGHTY, who has prescribed this punishment (Koran) that I cut it off." The old woman replied, "Oh Khalif, my strength and support are dependent on that hand which you are cutting off." "Cut it off," said Harun, "for if I let him escape his just punishment I shall be of the number of the transgressors." "Oh Khalif," said the old woman, "you have many sins for which you implore forgiveness night and morning; include this also among them." The Khalif was pleased with her ready wit, and pardoning her son, dismissed her happy and contented.—*Asiatic Journal.*

IRISH WIT.—In a Scotch market town, the following dialogue took place between a farmer and an Irish reaper—the latter considerably under the common stature. Irishman: "Do you want any body for the harvest?" Farmer: "Yes." Irishman: "Will you take me?" Farmer: "No, ye're too wee." Irishman: "Arrah, now, and do you cut your corn at the top?"

A lady once heard a man preach, and was so enraptured with him that she sent him a letter to the following effect:—"Dear Sir,—There's my hand, (my heart you have already) with my fortune, which is very considerable. Will you accept? I am, &c., Anna." The clergyman, unmoved by the entreaties of the lovely fair one, replied in the following terms:—"Madam,—Give your hand to industry, your dowry to the poor, and your heart to God."—The lady must have been sixty at least.

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DANCING.—The Chinese think dancing useless fatigue; when at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball, a Chinese, who surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

DEEDS, LEASES,
Bonds and Mortgages.
For sale at this Office.

VALUABLE ISLAND LOTS FOR SALE.

On Tuesday the 16th February, 1841, at 2 o'clock, p. m., at the Room over Mr. Hatheway's Store, in Fredericton, will be sold to the highest bidder, the following Valuable Island Properties, being part of the Real Estate of the late PETER FRASER, Esquire, viz:—

FOUR LOTS on Sugar Island, containing 10 acres each, opposite the residence of Mrs. Manson. Thirty-eight lots on the Madame Keswick Island, containing 4½ acres each, including the Little Keswick Island.

Also—A College Lot, containing 12 acres, situated on the College Hill, on the South side of the Road leading past the College, subject to a rent of Twelve Shillings per annum. The rent can be redeemed, and the purchaser obtain a title or fee simple on payment of 25 per cent. on the day of Sale; the remainder in 4, 8 and 12 months, upon the purchaser giving unexceptionable security for the payment, with interest.

B. ROBINSON,
Executor.

Fredericton, 19th Sept. 1840.

The following Properties will also be sold at an early period after the above; Persons wishing to purchase any part thereof, are recommended to examine the premises, and make application to the undersigned, at Saint John, or to D. L. ROBINSON, Esquire, Barrister, in Fredericton:—

1300 acres near the Mouth of the Restook.
The Farm at the Woodstock Ferry, containing 850 acres of excellent Land, with Stock, &c.
The Island at Woodstock, known as Griffith's Island, containing 63 acres, with 200 acres on the bank of the River, opposite.
120 acres on Long Island, in the Parish of Prince William, being the principal part of said Island.
The whole of the above may be classed with the richest Land in the Province, and is well worthy the attention of the public.

B. R.

Contract for Wood.

TENDERS will be received at the Store of James Taylor & Co. in Fredericton, until the Tenth day of December next, from persons disposed to Contract for delivering Three Hundred Cords of Hemlock and Spruce Wood at the Lime Kiln below Fredericton, by the 20th of April next. All the Hemlock to be split. The Wood to be four feet four inches high and eight feet long to the Cord. Payment will be made, one half on delivery, and half in three months.

Security will be required for the performance of the Contract.

ARCHIBALD McLEAN.
Fredericton, 17th Nov. 1840.—4w.

EMIGRANT AGENCY OFFICE.

Fredericton, Sept. 26, 1840.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the Office of the Assistant Emigrant Agent will be kept in the lower part of the Phoenix House, immediately opposite the Army Hospital; and that the hours will be the same as at other public offices,—from ten till three o'clock; where Immigrants and others can transact business connected with that Department, and advice and assistance will be afforded to persons, wishing to obtain land for settlement, or who may desire employment in this Province.

Persons having Landed Property to dispose of can have a description of the same entered in a Book to be kept for that purpose; and applications for servants or labourers that may be received at this Office, will be registered in a similar manner.

EDMUND WARD,
Assistant Emigrant Agent.

Letters to be forwarded post paid.

Co-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Subscribers in returning their sincere thanks to their friends and the public for the encouragement and support afforded them since their commencement in business, beg to inform them that they have entered into Co-partnership with Mr. JOHN WALLACE, of Glasgow, and will continue business under the style of

Munro, Wallace & Co.

and hope by punctuality and attention, with the advantage of having their Goods well selected in the British Markets, and offered here at moderate prices, to merit a share of confidence and patronage.

Fail GOODS hourly expected.

G. & J. MUNRO.
Fredericton, 1st October, 1840.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of DAVID CLINDINNIN, late of Horton, County of King's, Nova Scotia, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within three months from this date, at the Office of George J. Dibblee, in Fredericton, and all persons indebted to the said Estate will please make immediate payment to George J. Dibblee, Esq., who is authorized to receive the same.

PEREZ MARTIN,
Sole Executor.

September 30, 1840.—3mp.

TO BE LET.

A very advantageous stand for business, comprising a SHOP with either one or two CELLARS;—apply to the subscriber.

THOMAS GARDINER.
Fredericton 23d September, 1840.

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, at the Royal Gazette Office, or with either of the undersigned 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. J. DAVID McILLAN,....St. John.
J. SIMPSON, QUEEN'S PRINTER.

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 Bloodsworth, 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 Crossbey, 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 Carehroe, John Carmichael, Michae, Crowly, Mr. Clirnaus, John Clayton, Robert Combs, Pierce Cote, (2.) Daniel Cleugh, Andrew Crookshank, Isaac Cote, Mary Campbell, (2.) Bridget Clancy, Joshua Currie, John S. Coy, O. Currier, David Carson, Thomas Cassidy, (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 Ernstroung, Miss M. Ewing, R. J. Edghill, 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 Gunley, Patrick Golden, F. M. Gordon, (2.) Mr. Graham, Catharine Gallagher, Mr. Gibson, Charles Good, Thomas Gibson, Mr. Gabel, Gilbert Graham, W. Goloher.

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

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

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

L
Moses Lawrence, 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'Alhure, 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. McNele, 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 Parell, 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. Sansony, Hugh Sands, Eleanor Simnot, Mr. Smith, Ezekiel Soot, John G. Schlund, Wm. Smith, Ezra Slack, Thomas Sennons, D. Shay, Catherine Scallen, Adam Stein, Mrs. M. Seconson, William Scallan.

T
Alexander Truscott, John Thomlinson, John Topham, (2.) Robert Tait, R. Tulvey, (2.) Michael Tuyley, 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.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late PETER FRASER, ESQUIRE, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested, to D. LUDLOW ROBINSON, Esquire, Barrister; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned at Saint John, or the Cashier of the Central Bank in Fredericton, whose receipt will be valid.

B. ROBINSON, Executor.
Fredericton, 18th September, 1840.