

Poetry.
[From the London Watchman.]
TO THE INFANT PRINCESS
ROYAL.

Welcome, but beside the rose,
On whose stem our safety grows;
Welcome, little Saxon Guelph;
Welcome, for thine own small self;
Welcome, for thy father, mother;
Prond thy one, and safe the other;
Welcome, three kingdoms; nay,
Such is thy potential day,
Welcome, little, might, birth,
To our human star, the earth.

Some have wished thee boy; and some
Gladly wot till boy shall come,
Counting it a genial sign
When a lady leads the line.
What imports th, girl or boy?
England's welfare is our joy.
We'll might be content to see
Queens alone come after thee;
Twenty visions of thy mother
Following thee, each the other,
Linking with their roses white
Ages of unborn delight.
What imports it who shall lead,
So that the good be sure?
So that love and peace feel sure
Of old hate's discomfiture?
Thee appearing by the rose,
Safety comes, and peril goes:
Thee appearing, earth's new spring
Fears no winter's "grievous king";
Hope anew leaps up, and dances
In the heart of human chances.
France, the brave but too quick-blooded,
Wisely has her threat re-studied;
England now is safe as she,
From the strifes that need not be;
And the realm thus hushed and still,
Earth with fragrant thought may fill,
Growing harvests of all good,
Day by day as planet should,
Till it clasp its hands, and cry,
Hail, matur'd humanity!
Earth has outgrown want and war;
Earth is now no child star.

But, behold, where thou dost lie,
Heeding nought, remote or nigh!
Nought of all the news is king
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
Nought of planet's love, nor people's;
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heav'n had rain'd them wine;
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctors' learned looks,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
Nor, nor far thy rank, a pin.
Even thy father's loving hand
No-ways dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost know thy very mother's
Bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind lips pursue it;
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
Nor the eyes, that while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee.

Mother true and good has she,
Little strong one, been to thee;
Nor with listless in-door ways
Weaken'd thee for future days,
But has done her strenuous duty
To thy brain and to thy beauty,
Till thou cam'st a blossom bright,
Worth the kiss of air and light;
To thyself a healthy pleasure;
To the world, a balm and treasure.

LEIGH HUNT.

Latest Intelligence.

BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF
ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

The *Messenger*, the official evening Journal, of Monday night, received by extraordinary express from Paris, contains the following telegraphic dispatch:—

"Toulon, Nov. 22, Three o'clock.

"The *Phoenix*, English steamer, which reached Malta on the 12th, announces the capture of St. Jean d'Acre.

"The captain of the *Eurotas* brings this news."

The fall of St. Jean d'Acre has left the Pasha of Egypt without a single strong place on the west coast of Syria. If M. Waleski had had the greatest difficulty in the world to prevent Mehmet Ali from yielding to the conditions offered him by the Sultan and his allies, while he believed M. Thiers at the head of the French Ministry, now that the loss of St. Jean d'Acre is added to his other reverses, we may be sure that he will no longer hesitate. The anxiety with the Pasha must now be to know whether he will be suffered to possess Egypt. No unnecessary delay on his part need now be apprehended; and we may, in fact, consider the Turco-Egyptian question as all but arranged.—*Chronicle*.

We give below full particulars of this last brilliant victory achieved by the British forces. Acre, whose strength and resources have been lauded in the French papers for weeks past, has yielded, after a few hours' resistance, to the determined daring and invincible bravery of a small portion of the Mediterranean squadron. This splendid exploit must prove to our French neighbours that the old Egyptian spirit is still alive, and only needs the call to action "to rival victories past." This last achievement may challenge comparison with any that have preceded it; and our regret for the awful sacrifice of human life is lessened by the confident hope that this decisive blow will at once put an end to the war; and, by convincing Mehmet Ali of the inability of further resistance, lead to an arrangement which shall strengthen the throne of the Sultan, and place the peace of the world on a sure foundation.

The British ships were the Princess Charlotte, Powerful, Bellerophon, Thunderer, Benbow, Edinburgh, and Bellerophon, of the line; the Castor, Pique, Carysfort, and Talbot, frigates; the Wasp and Hazard, sloops; the Gorgon, Medusa, Stromboli, and Phoenix, steam frigates; two Austrian frigates, a corvette, and a Turkish ship of the line, with the flag of Admiral Walker. The attack commenced a few minutes before two o'clock, on the 3rd instant. Leaving his flag-ship for the Phoenix, Admiral Sir Robert Stopford himself directed the attack, brought her under the batteries of that formidable fortress, and directed from the deck of that vessel, with the most unshaken coolness, the whole of the operations. In this important duty the gallant veteran was assisted by Sir Charles Felix Smith, of the Royal Engineers, who accompanied him on board the Phoenix, and by other brave and intrepid officers, naval and marine, under his command.

The Egyptians fought bravely, and maintained a well directed fire on the ships of the British squadron; but while the action was at its height, about half-past four, a terrific explosion, occasioned by the ignition of the principal powder magazine of the town, took place, by which an entire regiment, posted in its neighbourhood, was destroyed, consisting of from 1,500 to 1,700 men, besides a great number of cattle. This virtually put an end to the combat, and the next morning the British forces quietly took possession of the city. The victory was complete; the fortress was almost totally destroyed, with a loss to the enemy of upwards of 2,600 killed, 3,000 prisoners, and a large number of wounded, the precise amount of which has not yet been ascertained; besides a large quantity of artillery and munitions of war, among them 300 pieces of field artillery, and £200,000 in specie; Acre having been the grand depot and arsenal of Mehmet Ali. The garrison was supposed to have consisted originally of 6,000 men.

The total number of British killed and wounded scarcely exceed fifty. We imagine this brilliant exploit will have the effect of completely relieving Syria from the presence of Egyptian troops, and of restoring it to the authority of the Sultan. We subjoin the fullest particulars of this signal triumph. The first account is from a Malta paper.

From the Malta Times.

On the 24th of October, Admiral Walker Bey (now we believe a Pasha) left Beyrout, in company with the Talbot, for St. Jean d'Acre, which place they reached at 11, p. m.—They here to until the morning of the 25th of Oct. when they were joined by the Thunderer, Revenge, Pique, Gorgon, and Phoenix; at ten, Admiral Walker hoisted a flag of truce and stood in with the Gorgon, the rest of the ships remaining in the offing to join when called upon by him to do so. On nearing, he embarked on board the Gorgon, steamed close in, and repaired in person to summon town and fortress to surrender; but the boat was ordered away, and the letter containing the demand to surrender was refused to be received. Admiral Walker then proceeded in the Gorgon to consult Sir Robert Stopford on the expediency of storming the town. The Admirals met off Sidon, when Sir Robert Stopford determined upon postponing further operations, and recalled the British force off Acre. Admiral Walker, not altogether pleased at this movement after his summons, gallantly determined upon standing in alone, and braving the enemy. He accordingly ran his flag-ship in right under the fortresses, and fired a broadside; but, notwithstanding some two hundred guns might have opened their fire, not a shot was fired. This unaccountable circumstance somewhat puzzled the gallant Admiral, who, feeling unwilling to fire again unless the enemy returned the compliment, stood off for a while, then in the afternoon stood in again, and even closer than the morning, but still the fortifications remained silent. The Talbot now came to an anchor, and sent in her boats to sound; but although they approached within musket range still not a shot was fired at them, which can only be accounted for by a respect which, even as an enemy, the Egyptians appear disposed to manifest towards the Sultan's flag; for every English vessel which has passed within range, without unaccompanied by, or not close to, an Ottoman ship of war, has been fired at without ceremony.

When it is considered how difficult it is to manoeuvre a ship of the line, manned by Turkish seamen, under such frowning batteries as those of St. Jean d'Acre, which were well calculated to infuse terror in men of stronger nerve and courage, the conduct of Admiral Walker Bey cannot be too much lauded.

On the 2nd of November, late in the afternoon, Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, in the Princess Charlotte, with the Powerful, Bellerophon, Thunderer, Edinburgh, Benbow, Revenge, Gorgon, Phoenix, Stromboli, and Vesuvius, Castor, Carysfort, Hazard, and Wasp; Admiral Walker in his seventy-four gun-ship; and the Austrian Admiral, Bandiera, in the Medea frigate, with the Guerriere, and a corvette of the same nation, arrived off Acre.

On the 3d, the wind being unfavourable, the ships of the Allies remained at anchor in the bay, leaving the steamers only in activity, amussing themselves at throwing shells into the fortifications. Soon after noon a light sea breeze set in, when the fleet got under weigh, and at about one p. m., bore up for the town, in two different directions. Those destined to engage the sea face were the Princess Charlotte, Powerful, Bellerophon, Thunderer, and Pique; the Powerful leading, and immediately following the Princess Charlotte and Bellerophon. On the other angle, the Benbow led in Admiral Walker's flag-ship, but the Castor got ahead of both, the rest of the vessels taking up positions as most convenient, and likely to do the greatest mischief. Shortly after two p. m., the batteries opened their fire upon the Castor, which the Powerful returned, as she stood in, from her bow guns; and as soon as she anchored and got her broadside to bear, the gallant commander set to work in style, and so did the Princess Charlotte and Bellerophon. In a few minutes all the other ships joined, and the action then became general, the steamers lying outside throwing with astonishing rapidity and effect their shells, over the ships, into the fortifications. Such a cannonading was never before heard, and most certainly on no occasion on record were less shots wasted. The firing was truly admirable, the Bellerophon's particularly so; and every shot told. The Princess Charlotte alone fired, during the three hours which the action lasted, 4,508 shots, or one broadside repeated, every two minutes for 86 times!

Sir Robert Stopford remained throughout the greater part of the action on board the Phoenix steamer, which being to windward, enabled him the better to watch and direct the operations of the fleet, which, owing to the dense smoke, he could not well do on board of the flag-ship.

At about four, p. m., a sensation was felt on board the ships similar to that of an earthquake, which was subsequently ascertained to have been a tremendous explosion (no doubt from one of the steamers' shells) of a powder magazine ashore, launching into eternity no

less than 1,200 of the enemy. At a little before five, as the evening drew in, the fire of the batteries began to slacken from (as it has since been ascertained) the inability of the enemy to stand to their guns, many of which were dismounted, and the embrasures and works knocked about the heads of those who manned them. At dark the firing ceased on all sides, and it was generally supposed that the allies would at daylight be landed to storm the town; but it would appear that the Egyptians had had more than enough on the previous day, for at about two a. m., a boat came off to announce that part of the garrison had evacuated the place; and as soon as the sun rose, on the morning of the 4th, the British, Austrian, and Ottoman flags were seen displayed on the citadel.

On landing, the place, known to be strong, was found even still more so than what was conceived, and thanks may be returned to the Almighty that this strong hold of the enemy has not cost the Allies a greater loss of life. The town is one mass of ruins; the batteries and most of the houses literally riddled all over: the killed and wounded lying about in all directions—lifeless trunks cut asunder; some without heads, others without legs and arms; hundreds dying from the blood flowing from their wounds, and no one there to help them. The scene was truly awful! The defence of the place was entrusted to a Pole, who certainly did his utmost; he lost his arm, and is among the prisoners, who are said to amount to 3,500. The slain are estimated at 2,500, and those who have fled are said to exceed 1,000, but these latter were being hourly brought in by the mountaineers.

The return of killed and wounded on the side of the Allies had not yet been collected from the several ships at the date of the last advice, but the sum total is estimated at 23 killed and 50 wounded. Among the former, we regret to announce the loss of Lieutenant Le Mesurier, of the Talbot, lately promoted. Among the wounded Commander Hastings, of the Edinburgh, with the master, assistant surgeon, and two midshipmen of the same vessel, all by one shell. On board the Benbow, Mr. Telfer, captain's clerk, (son of Deputy Commissary General Telfer, of this island,) received a very slight injury from a splinter which had nearly carried away both his legs. In Admiral Walker's ship five were killed, and two wounded. This vessel's mainmast was shot through, and her hull and rigging so injured that she will have to go to Constantinople for repairs. She will convey 1,000 of the prisoners. Admiral Walker has left in a steamer for Constantinople to be himself the bearer of the intelligence of his victory to the Sultan.

The Powerful's main top-mast is crippled, and the Castor has suffered considerably. Only one shot struck the Bellerophon, which went through the fore-castle, doing no material injury, and only slightly wounding one Turkish soldier, of whom they had on board 300 and so had all the other ships. These troops have been landed to garrison Acre, where a vast quantity of stores and materials was found, exceeding what has been expended in the warfare along the coast of Syria, and estimated by some at little short of £1,000,000 value; and among the ordnance, a splendid pair of artillery of 300 guns, in first rate order.

The Bellerophon, Thunder, and Revenge were about conveying the prisoners taken to Beyrout. Among the prisoners are several French and Italian instructors.

From the Correspondent of the Times.

ACRE, Nov. 6.—Since my last, strange events have occurred, of which I will endeavour to give you a sketch. On the 24th ult., the Medea steamer arrived from Malta and England; they same day the Turkish Admiral (Walker) with the Gorgon and Phoenix steamers, sailed for Acre; and the day following, having reached their destination, (where they found the Revenge and Pique,) sent in a flag of truce, summoning the town, which, however, was not received, and he boat threatened to be fired on, if not immediately off. The Gorgon and Phoenix, therefore, returned to Beyrout, but on the latter arrival there found that the Admiral, with Bellerophon and Edinburgh, and the two Austrian frigates, had sailed for Acre, to which place she accordingly returned, and learned tid on the previous evening the Gorgon had fallen in with the Princess Charlotte, and, sange to say, received orders for all the ships excepting the Pique, to return to Beyrout, to which place we all accordingly proceeded. On the 29th the Vesuvius steamer arrived from Malta and England; and the same day an Austrian steamer from Constantinople, having troops and despatches from Lord Ponsonby. On the 30th ult. a general order was issued by command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, thanking the fleet for their zeal at exertions, and on the same day a council of war was held, at which an immediate attack on Acre was decided on. The same evening the numerous Turkish marines were embarked, upon the following day about 3,000 Turkish troops, each ship taking a portion according to her size, General Sir C. F. Smith, R. E., accompanying them. In the afternoon the steamers Gorgon, Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Phoenix started for their destination. On the morning of Sunday, November the 1st, the steam division arrived off Acre, where they found the Pique, and in the forenoon commenced throwing shot and shell into the devoted town, which as briskly returned, but fortunately without effect. This amusements continued at intervals during the day, and must have harassed them very much, as a number of shot and shell were seen to fall and burst in the very centre of the town. In the evening the steamers anchored just out of range, and the Talbot and Wasp joined. At daylight, on the 2nd, the Turkish and Austrian Admirals made their appearance, and at 8 o'clock the steamers weighed and resumed their work, which was continued at intervals throughout the day, the batteries returning the fire as yesterday, and with like harmless effect. In the afternoon what the satisfaction of making out the Admiral and squadron running down before a breeze from the northward; shortly before sunset the whole anchored off the town. The fleet now assembled consisted of the following vessels;

—Princess Charlotte, (flag.) Powerful, (broad pennant.) Thunderer, Bellerophon, Revenge, Edinburgh and Benbow, of the line; Castor, Pique, Carysfort, and Talbot, frigates; Hazard, corvette, Wasp, brig; and the steam frigates, Gorgon, Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Phoenix; the Austrian frigates Guerriere and Medea, and a corvette, and the Turkish Admiral and cutter tender. The night was spent in sounding, laying down buoys, and making the necessary preparations. It was originally intended that the steamers should lash alongside, and tow the liners into their stations; but, finding too much swell on in the morning, that plan was necessarily abandoned, and it was determined to proceed to attack under sail. At half past nine, a. m., all being ready, the signal was made to weigh, with a light wind from the south west. The Admiral and Sir Charles Smith went on board the steam frigate Phoenix, from which vessel they conducted the attack; the flag, however, still remained flying on board the Princess Charlotte. Unfortunately, about noon the wind fell very light, and the ships were obliged to wait for the sea breeze, which happily sprung up sufficiently strong a little before one, p. m., when the signal was made to bear up, and for the steamers to engage (they had in the forenoon thrown a few shot and shell.) At fifty minutes past one the Phoenix opened her fire. The Powerful, closely followed by the Princess Charlotte, Thunderer, Bellerophon, and Pique, stood to the northward, (it would be as well to state here that the town presents two faces to the sea, one to the west and the other to the south.) and then bore up, and anchored off the north west angle of the town in the order named above. The Castor, Carysfort, Talbot, Benbow, Edinburgh, Turkish Admiral, Hazard, Wasp, and Austrians, stood in for the south face; the Revenge was ordered to keep under weigh as a reserve. At a quarter past two o'clock the batteries to the south opened on the Castor, as she most gallantly, and to the admiration of the whole fleet, took up her station within about 700 yards of the batteries, where she and her consorts opened their fire, as had also, by this time, the northern division; the steamers were placed between the two divisions, under weigh, and thus the action became general. It would be impossible to attempt a description of the scene at this moment, but had those who have heretofore doubted the bravery and constancy of the Egyptians then witnessed the animated fire kept up by the batteries, they would no longer be sceptical as to their courage or endurance. At about three o'clock the Revenge was ordered in to support the Powerful's division, and took up an admirable position ahead of that ship. At twenty five minutes past four, the action began at its height, a terrific explosion took place in the town, which for a time wholly concealed it and the southern division from view. Its appearance was truly awful, and I can compare it to nothing but as if a huge yew tree had suddenly been conjured up from the devoted town—it hung for many minutes a mighty pall over those hundreds it had hurled into eternity and then slowly, owing to the lightness of the wind, drifted to the northward.

It proved to be the explosion of the principal magazine of the place, one third of which it has destroyed, and, from a whole regiment having been quartered in a khan immediately adjoining, it is supposed from 1,500 to 1,700 soldiers perished in the ruins, besides a number of camels, horses, bullocks, and donkeys. After this fearful event the fire from the southern batteries nearly ceased, but the western one still kept up with animation, and was answered broadside after broadside with redoubled vigour and tremendous effect. Shortly before five the Admiral made the signal to discontinue the engagement, but from the smoke it could not be seen for some time by the Powerful's division, who continued until half past five to fire at the few guns that still maintained the action, after which not a shot was fired either from the town or fleet. This sudden silence, immediately succeeding such a dinning uproar, had a very peculiar effect. In the early part of the night the Princess Charlotte and Revenge shifted further out, and the Benbow, Edinburgh, and Castor, were hauled further in, for the purpose of breaching the south face in the morning. The steamers anchored as convenient. Admiral Walker made one or two unsuccessful attempts to land some spies; but, happily, about thirty minutes after one, a. m. a small boat came off from the captain of the port, to say that the Egyptians were leaving the town, and that if a party was landed at the water-gate it would be found open. This was, of course, immediately done, and 300 Turks and a party of Austrian marines were landed and quietly marched into the place. Thus has fallen the far-famed fortress of Acre! after a bombardment of only about three hours' duration! Any attempt to describe the awful scene of carnage and destruction that presented itself would be impossible. I shall, therefore, not even attempt the task, but confine myself to giving you the numbers supposed to have perished, and the damage done. From 1,500 to 1,700 are supposed to have perished by the explosion of the magazine, and about 300 were killed in the batteries. 3,000 prisoners were taken; 700 of one regiment, who had evacuated the town on the night, marched down to the beach with drums beating, and quietly laid down their arms. The batteries are awfully knocked about, many guns upset, and several burst. Correct returns of the number of guns mounted have not been received, but I should suppose that there are about 120 on the sea faces, and about 20 mortars, chiefly brass, 13 inch. Vast quantities of munitions of war and provisions, together with specie to the amount of £5,000, were found in the town. Yousouf Aga, (Colonel Schultz, a Pole,) the chief engineer of the army of Syria, was taken prisoner, seriously wounded in the arm—the defence of the place had been entrusted to him. Mahmoud Bey, the Governor, effected his escape, but has since been taken by the mountaineers. It now only remains for me to state the loss sustained by the attacking force, which amounts in all to 14 English and 4 Turks killed, and 43 wounded; the only officers who suffered were Lieut. Le Mesurier, of the Talbot, who received a severe contusion, of which he died the following day, and Commander Hastings,

Mr. Davis, master, an assistant surgeon, and a midshipman, all of the Edinburgh, wounded by the bursting of a shell on the quarter deck before she anchored, which also killed three seamen and one marine. Some of the ships are a good deal cut up about the rigging and spars. The Edinburgh's mizen-mast shot through, the Castor's bowsprit, the Hazard's mizen-mast, and the Wasp's fore-mast all severely struck, are the principal spars that suffered. The Benbow was struck by a fourteen pound shot in the hull, but, strange to say, not a man was touched. The Austrians sustained but little if any injury. The wonderful precision and rapidity of the fire are best appreciated by Yousouf Aga (the Pole) declaring that no men could possibly have stood to their guns in the batteries—the Princess Charlotte alone fired 4,400 shots. Little damage has been sustained by the works on the land side, which are even now very strong, but which a few months more would have rendered almost impregnable. Some hundreds of sick, and a number of dead, were found in the hospitals, many having been killed in their beds during the bombardment, and all appear to have been sadly neglected. Ibrahim Pacha is reported to be, at a place called Zehlé, between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, with a force of from 15,000 to 20,000 men. The prisoners taken at Acre are embarking on board the English ships, which are shortly to proceed to Marmooria for the winter, leaving a squadron of frigates and steamers under Captain Collier, of the Castor, on the coast of Syria. The Phoenix, with the despatches for England will leave this morning. Reinforcements from Constantinople continue to arrive, but the campaign is supposed to have finished for the winter. Mr. Gennys, mate of the Carysfort, is promoted into Talbot, vice Le Mesurier, dead. Admiral Walker is to leave in the Vesuvius with the despatches for Constantinople; he has been made a Pasha.

POST OFFICE.

Frederickton, Dec. 5, 1840.

List of Letters remaining in Office at this date.

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D
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H
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K
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L
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Chas. Nevers, Wm. S. Nevers.

O
Robt. O'Kane.

P
Eber. Porter, Richard Pugh, Jas. Petty, Samuel Peters, David Pickard.

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Robt. Rosborough, Ally Roen, Thos. Reid, Jas. Reed, Mrs. Rogers, Bryan Rody, Wm. Roberts, D. Riordan.

S
Robt. Slowman, P. Smalls, J. W. Smith, John Sulton, J. Sauer, J. W. Scribner, J. W. Smith, Moses Starrit, Mr. Stevens, J. Stone, B. D. Smith.

T
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W
Mary Wilkins, Alex. Wilson, J. Whistler, George Walls, Thos. Welsh, John Whittaker, Alexandria Wilson, Jas. Williams, J. Whittaker, Thos. White.

Y
Thomas Young.

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W. B. PHAIR, Post Master.