

## Poetry.

### NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(NEW WORDS.)

God bless our native land!  
May Heaven's protecting hand  
Still guard our shore.  
May Peace her power extend;  
For be transformed to friend,  
And Britain's rights depend  
On war no more.

Through every changing scene,  
O Lord! preserve our Queen:  
Long may she reign!  
Her heart inspire and move  
With wisdom from above,  
And in a Nation's love  
Her throne maintain.

May just and righteous laws  
Uphold the public cause,  
And bless our Isle.  
Home of the brave and free—  
The land of liberty—  
We pray, that still on thee  
Kind Heaven may smile.

And not this land alone;  
But be thy mercies known  
From shore to shore,  
Lord! make the nations see,  
That men should brothers be,  
And form one family,  
The wide world o'er.

### THE PRESIDENT.

(By the author of "Ecclesia.")

SPEAK! for thou hast a voice, perpetual Sea!  
Lift up thy surges with some signal word,  
Show where the pilgrims of the waters be,  
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stirred.

Down to thy waves they went in joyous pride,  
They trod with steadfast feet thy billowy way:  
The eyes of wondering men behold them glide,  
Swift in the arrowy distance—where are they?

Didst thou arise upon that mighty frame, [strive,  
Mad that the strength of man with thee should  
And, proud thy rival element to tame,  
Didst swallow them in conscious depths alive!

Or, shorn and powerless, hast thou bade them lie,  
Their stately ship a carcass of the foam?  
Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,  
And fondly dream that they have yet a home!

Doth hope still sooth their souls, or gladness thrill?  
Is peace amid those wanderers of the foam?  
Say, is the old affection yearning still  
With all the blessed memories of home!

Or is it over? Life, and breath, and thought,  
The living feature and the breathing form?  
Is the strong man become a thing of nought,  
And the rich blood of rank no longer warm?

Thou answerest not,—thou stern and haughty Sea,  
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air,  
Roll on, ye tears! Oh, what can comfort be  
To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair?

Nay, mourner, there is sunlight on the deep,  
A gentle rainbow o'er the darkling cloud,  
A voice, more mighty than the floods, will sweep  
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud?

What, though they woke the whirlwinds of the West,  
Or roused the tempest from his Eastern lair,  
Or drove the cloud with thunder in its breast,  
—Lord of the awful waters, thou wert there?

All merciful! The fate—the day—were thine;  
Thou didst receive them from the seething sea,  
Thy love too deep, Thy mercy too divine,  
To quench them in an hour unworthy Thee.

If storms were mighty, Thou wert in the gale!  
If their feet failed them, in Thy paths they trod!  
Man cannot urge the bark, or guide the sail,  
Or force the quivering helm, away from God?

### Miscellaneous.

#### OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT.

AN EASTERN STORY.

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravan early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hill gradually arising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of Paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills, and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove, that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, find that whether he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which seemed to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumlocutions. In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not

towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overcast with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He was now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whether he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or destruction. At length, not fear, but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled: he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced toward the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the powers of ease, repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another: we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business; immerse ourselves in luxury; and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, and with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair; but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, yet there remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless; nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now my son to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

#### REVERIE ON SPRING.

The mind of man is so constituted, that from the contemplation of the material world, he is led to the contemplation of that Being by whose power it was created,—of him by whom all things were made, "whether they be things in Heaven, or things in earth. And there are uses too, of no small importance to happiness, to virtue, and to piety, which meditations of this kind are fitted to serve; and there is no way by which man at every period of life, can better learn the sentiments of devotion, than by cultivating those habits of thought and observation which convert nature into the temple of God, and render all its different scenes expressive of the various attributes of the Almighty Mind.

The period of the year at which we have now arrived, is one which all the admirers of nature hail with delight. The lovely spring, with all its charms, has arrived; it has again unlocked all the annual promises of nature, and the earth is everywhere covered with pleteous beauty. "The winter is now over and gone; the flowers appear on earth, the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

living being, diffusing happiness, and rejoicing in the happiness which it diffuses?

"By swift degrees, the love of nature works,  
And warms the bosom, till, at last, sublimed  
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,  
We tell the present Deity and taste  
The joy of God, to see a happy world."

To a truly contemplative mind, no season of the year can be more delightful than the return of Spring, when nature, weary and exhausted by her own efforts, clothes every object in renovated gladness; when every breeze that blows appears to call some new species of being from the dark womb of nature, and every returning sun seems to glory with increasing splendour over that progressive beauty which his rays have awakened.

This season, even upon the most uncultivated mind, has its influence, and on whatever part of our earth, Spring is now returning with its charms, the inhabitants—even of those parts of the globe which as yet have not been cheered by the Sun of Righteousness,—are preparing some rude solemnity to express the renewal of their joy, and the return of their praise.

At this season we behold the most beautiful and astonishing spectacle that nature can ever present to our view. The earth, by an annual miracle rises again, as from her grave, into life and beauty. A new creation "rushes into life" and peoples the wintry desert. The trees begin to put forth their leaves, the flowers to present their beautiful forms, tinged with every variation of colour, and diffuse a fragrance all around. The voice of joy and gladness is heard among those scenes which but so lately lay in silence and desolation, and every hill and every thicket ring with the varied and joyous modulation of the feathered tribe.

We cannot rightly contemplate the delightful season of the year, without being constrained to adore that God, by whose agency it is produced, and whose wisdom, power, and goodness are so deeply stamped upon every object of the creation.

"Far as creation's bounds extend,  
Thy mercies heavenly Lord, descend;  
One chorus of perpetual praise,  
To Thee thy various works shall raise;  
Thy saints to Thee in hymns impart,  
The transports of a grateful heart."

May the return of this season, may the mighty scene which now presents itself to our view, exalt our minds to legitimate conceptions of that God "who inhabiteth eternity," and yet "humble himself to behold the things that are upon earth." And while Heaven is pouring forth its bounty, and Nature rejoicing around us, may we lift up our hands in humble adoration to the Parent of Existence, and feel with the grateful transport of Job, "I have heard of thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee."—*Bury Post.*

#### SINGULAR ADVENTURES OF AN INFANT.

One would think, that in a country like England, so famed for its civilization, Christianity, and "reformed" institutions, it were impossible for such circumstances to transpire as we which we are about to relate, without at least calling forth the interposition of authority on behalf of suffering and outraged humanity. But true it is, that in a country which is annually expending millions for the abolition of slavery, and the conversion of the Heathen of foreign lands to the principles of Christianity, a child is sold and consigned to infamous bondage; the fact is made public, it is heard of with indifference, and passed over as if it were a thing of every-day occurrence.

Some few months ago it was stated in the public papers, that as a farmer was passing by the railway train from Manchester to Liverpool, he was observed to enter into familiar converse with a young woman who had, at the time, an infant in her arms. The farmer, to carry on his jocularity, offered the mother a sovereign for her child. The mother consented, received the sovereign, and handed over the infant to the farmer, who still treated the matter purely as a joke. It turned out, however, to be "no joke," for, though the farmer was in jest, the woman was in earnest. She soon contrived to be non est, the farmer, still expecting her, was left behind by the train, and he found that in exchange for his sovereign he had got his hands full. Two or three days elapsed, and to his astonishment the mother never came. He now returned to Manchester, to solicit the aid of the police, they, however, refused to become sponsors for the child, and referred the unlucky farmer to the overseers. With the latter he was equally unsuccessful, for the only consolation they gave him was an assurance that he had made a bad bargain, and must abide by it. Puzzled, now, as to the next step he should take, the offer of a policeman fortunately relieved him. The policeman expressed his confidence that the mother would be found, and added that if the farmer would give him a sovereign, he, the policeman, would take charge of the child for a month. The bargain was struck, and the child and a sovereign again changed hands. The month stipulated for, expired, the mother did not appear, and the farmer refused to receive the child back. The policeman was now as much puzzled as the farmer had been, and the overseers still refused to take cognisance of the matter; while, however, engaged in inquiry after the mother in Brakely Street, Manchester, he entered a house, the female occupant of which appearing to compassionate the infant, expressed her willingness to receive and take charge of it. The policeman willingly accepted the offer, and gave up the child. It is now discovered that the poor child is hawked about and exposed in the streets by the female vagrant, who received it from the policeman for the purpose of begging, a practice carried on to a most iniquitous extent in Manchester, for here every beggar carries out with him, how or wherever obtained, one, two, three or more famished children, to excite sympathy, and the colder the weather the more these little sufferers are exposed. Relative, however, to the infant forming the subject of this article, a letter has been received from the police of Ashton, in Macclesfield, within the last few days, stating that about the period alluded to, a young woman, (a prostitute,) left that place in company with the 79th regiment, having at the time a female child about 13 or 14 months old, and that a few weeks subsequent to that time she returned without the child. This circumstance attracted the notice of her neighbours, who in-

formed the police, and the suspected woman was taken into custody. Upon further inquiry it was discovered that this woman had disposed of some of the child's clothing to a woman in the same place, which led the police to suppose that the child had not been fairly dealt with. Upon being questioned as to what had become of the child, she first stated that she had left it with her aunt at Liverpool, and that it was doing well. She subsequently admitted this statement to be false, and said that she had sold the child to a farmer at the Manchester Railway station, for four sovereigns and a half. For some unaccountable reason, however, the woman has been allowed to escape, and is gone, it is supposed, to Warrington or St. Helen's. Sir Charles Shaw is about to bring the matter under the notice of the magistrates at Manchester.

The affair from beginning to end is shamefully discreditable, and calls for investigation. Is there in this land, so exuberant in benevolence and charity, no asylum for an infant thus cruelly deserted.

#### EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

—The *Hermine* of Nantes gives a detailed account of the effects produced at the church of Pluvigner, in Morbihan, by a violent storm on the morning of the 11th January, during divine service. The weather in the early part of the day was rainy, but mild. At the time above mentioned, a violent shower of hail, driven by a hurricane of wind, came suddenly on, and a meteoric body, of a dull red colour, was seen rushing along the beams of the roof, and passing from window to window, breaking the panes and mingling a hissing sound with the crash. A violent clap of thunder followed. Many of the congregation fell fainting on the floor and one of the priests at the altar was knocked down. When the first surprise had ceased, a curious spectacle presented itself. Some were senseless on the ground; some were partially paralysed; and others had their limbs burnt. One woman was dreadfully scorched and another was wounded on the head. Two persons were lying on the ground with large stones, believed to have fallen from the tower on their backs. The stones were removed, and the persons recovered from a sort of lethargy, but they had not the least recollection of what had happened. Ten or twelve persons were seriously injured, and the bell-ringer, who was at the moment holding the bell-rope, was killed. A mark on his left cheek was the only apparent trace of the electric shock. A son in the pocket of a woman was rendered so bright and smooth, that not the slightest trace of the effigy was left, and yet her person had not sustained the least injury. A censor was dashed to a considerable distance from the hand of the choir-boy who held it. Upwards of twenty women who had nails in their sabots were left barefoot. The tower was so much damaged that its fall is expected, and the body of the church is also in a threatening state. The mischief was not confined to the church, but extended to the street, damaged several of the houses. The lightning in its course not only threw down and stunned a horse, but tore the shoes from his feet. The tower of Pluvigner was one of the finest in the department, and had not been finished more than sixty years.—*Globe.*

LOSS OF LIFE IN NAVAL ACTIONS.—The Naval actions of the English have always been remarkable for the comparative small loss of life with which they have been gained; and, in the estimation of the country, this has always formed a principal feature of the public triumph. The loss at Acre was the smallest ever known in an affair of such magnitude; and, decisive as the victory was, we should regard it with increased congratulation, from its offering a hope, that war, if such must come, may yet be carried on with diminished sacrifices to humanity.—On this important subject we shall give a glance at the losses in the great principal actions since the beginning of the great war of the French Revolution.—In Lord Howe's action, of the 1st of June, 1793, there were twenty-six sail of the line engaged, with 17,000 men. The total of the killed and wounded amounted to 1,078. In Lord Bridport's action, of the 23rd June, 1795, there were fourteen sail of the line, with 10,000 men. The killed and wounded were 141. In Lord St. Vincent's action there were fifteen sail of the line, with 10,000 men. The killed and wounded were 300. In Lord Duncan's action, October, 1799, there were sixteen sail, (including two 50's) with 8,000 men. The killed and wounded were 751. In Lord Nelson's battle of the Nile, 1st of August, 1798, there were fourteen sail, with 8,000 men. The killed and wounded were 895.—In Lord Nelson's attack upon Copenhagen, 2nd April, 1801, there were eleven sail of the line and five frigates, with 17,000 men. The killed and wounded were 1,524. In Lord Nelson's battle of Trafalgar, 21st October, 1805, there were twenty-seven sail, with 17,000 men. The killed and wounded were 1,524. In Lord Exmouth's attack on Algiers, there were five sail of the line and five frigates, with 5,000 men.—The killed were 818.—The differences of losses in those engagements is to be accounted for in general, by the circumstances of the conflicts. But the attack on the Algerine batteries inflicted the severest loss of the whole, in proportion to the number of men engaged: it was little less than a fifth.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON EDUCATION.—The following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington was last week related by the Bishop of Exeter, at the Annual Meeting of the Exeter Diocesan Board of Education:—"About thirty years since, on the noble Duke's return from India, he found the whole country running mad on the question of education, the plan of Lancaster having just been promulgated here. Dining one day, soon after his arrival in England, at the table of a noble friend, education and the plan of Lancaster became the topic of conversation. The Duke listened awhile, and having heard the arguments, *pro* and *con*, at length addressed the company in a most emphatic manner, saying, 'take care what you are about, for unless the education you give is based upon religion, you are only making so many more clever devils.'—*Falmouth Packet.*

In Napier's Military Life is the following illustration of the terrible consequences that may result from intemperance:—"The whole French army was drunk the night after the battle of Wagram. It lay in vineyards; and in Austria the cellars are situated in the grounds upon which the wine is grown. The vintage was good, the quantity abundant—the soldiers drank immoderately; and the Austrians, had they but known we were overcome with liquor and sleep, and made a sudden attack upon us in the night, might have put us completely to the rout. It would have been impossible to make one-tenth of the soldiers betake themselves to arms. On what threads hang the destinies of empires! All might that day have been changed—the fifth act of the great drama which had been so long performing in Europe might have had a wine cellar for its denouement."

DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—The sea was recently sounded by lead and line, in latitude 57 deg. south, and 85 deg. 7 min. west longitude from Paris, by the officers of the French ship *Venus*, during a voyage of discovery; at a depth of 3,470 yards, or nearly two miles, no bottom was found; the weather was very serene; and it is said that hauling in the lead took 60 sailors upwards of two hours. In another place in the Pacific Ocean, no bottom was found at the depth of 4,140 yards.—*American Paper.*

## POST OFFICE.

Frederickton, June 5, 1841.

List of Letters remaining in Office at this date.

A  
E. N. Akerley, James Alexander, Jacob Allan, Harvey Adams.

B  
A. Blade, Miss Mary Ann Barter, Mary Braddy, Wm. Brown, James Bresland, John Barrett, Robert Buskirk, Neil Bradley, Sanford Boice, John Brewer, Sannel Bird, Miss M. Banerman, Thomas P. Bloom, Margaret Boynton, (2.) George Balentine, James W. Beasley, Wm. Buben, Bernard Bouchard, Wm. Barker, Mrs. Grace Brown.

C  
David Carson, Orin Combest, James Carney, George Cox, Richard Carman, (3.) William Cambel, John Clary, Samuel Casey, Obder M. Carman, Wm. Craister, James S. Chase, Hamilton Coughlan, James Clayton, Oliver Gunmart, Miss Theodore E. Close, James Cunningham, Thomas Coughlan, Peter Corbet, Nathaniel Cousins, Michael Coulter, John Corcoran, Caleb Carpenter.

D  
Daniel Donely, Michael Donovan, Jean Daly, Edmund Dunn, Richard Dunn, Robert Duncan, John E. Dow, G. Droughton, James Dutcher.

E  
David Ebbitt, Jas. Evans, Margt. Elbary, John Elkin, Ward Esterbrook.

F  
Frances Flanagan, Pat. Flanagan, Barny Feeny, Robt. Wm. Felton, Elizabeth Ferguson, Augustus H. Flng, Michl. Fisher, (2.) Mrs. Elizabeth Finnimore, Edwd. Farrell, Jas. Farguson.

G  
Jos. Gibson, (2.) Thos. Gilbert, Mary Goin, (2.) Thos. Gill, (2.) Andrew Gregg, Thos. Gavern, Henry Gill.

H  
Jonathan S. Hill, Thos. Hartin, Jas. Hays, Geo. H. Milton, Benjamin Hughes, Aaron Hart, Christopher Henderson, Thos. Horton, Geo. Hisson, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Hartt, Mrs. Howtin, Mrs. Rody Horper, Richard Henderson, Frances Harvey.

J  
John Johnston, Samuel Jones, Mr. E. Jones, Miss M. Johnson.

K  
Thos. Kay, Patience Kenneday, Mrs. L. Kinlaws, Danl. Kane, Mr. Kelley, Wm. Kirk.

L  
D. Latta, Jas. Leeper, Michl. Loughmane, (2.) Andrew Lata, Jas. Loyus, Rev. Wm. Leggett, (2.) Andrew Lawrence, Bridget Loyus, John Lanagan, John Landy, Wm. Lawford.

M & Mc.  
John Molley, J. M'Gorick, Alex. M'Kenzie, (2.) Joel Munson, Anne M'Koen, Ann M'Shee, Margt. M'Grath, Mr. M'Burney, Cornels. M'Geehan, J. Morehouse, Jas. Mills, Andrew Murray, Thos. Morehouse, P. M'Gowan, Jane Mealy, Jos. Meredith, Col. Mackay, Thos. Miller, Shence M'Brade, Rev. J. Magee, Pat. Magovern, Jos. Mars, Wm. M'Neil, A. M'Kenney, Thos. Maclean, J. M'Keen, J. L. Marsh, (2.) D. Marchbank, Mr. Montgomery, Robt. M'Callagh, Timothy Murphy, Saml. M'Auley, Messrs. Miles and Smith, (9).

N  
Capt. J. Nutter, L. Neville, Jas. Neville, P. Nugent, Ebenezer Nicholson.

O  
J. O'Brien, Miss E. O'Conner, J. Ogilvie (2).

P  
Saml. Pickard, Wm. Porter, Margt. Patten, H. A. Palmer, Jas. Petty, Rev. J. E. Perry, Michael Power, Robt. Polleys, Messrs. J. & J. Pickard.

R  
Isaac Rodgers, Bridget Rush, Mrs. Rutter, Wm. Rossborough, John Rowan.

S  
Susan Scamber, Mr. J. Stubbient, Moses Stirral, Chs. Segee, John Stairs, Geo. Shepherd, Thos. Sinnett, Daniel Sanford, James Scott, Pat. Smalls, Stephen Smith, E. Shepherd, Miss Sullivan, Matthew Stevenson.

T  
Daniel Teed, Wm. Turner, John Topham.

V  
Jacob Vaent.

W  
Michael Watt, George Walker, S. White, Dr. Woodforde, James Woodwath, Robert Wills, Wook Webb, Edward West, Margaret Williamson, Ralph Wilson.

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

## NOTICE.

MR. JAMES MITCHELL, of Lincoln, having entered into Bonds, agreeably to Law, is appointed by me Deputy Sheriff.  
J. HAZEN, Sheriff of Sunbury.  
Burton, July 5, 1841.