

Miscellaneous.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.] THE TWENTY FOUR HOURS IN LONDON.

The labour of London life is not only carried on by day and all hours of the day, but by night and all hours of the night:—

"Nocturno versatur manu, versatur diurno."
Let us glance, superficially and cursorily, at the industry of a London twenty four hours. Towards midnight, and by the time you have obtained the luxurious oblivion of your first sleep, your breakfast—nay, your dinner and supper, of the coming day are being prepared; two or three hours before, thousands of your fellow creatures have been snatching hours from rest, to cart and pack the vegetables which will form a portion of your principal meal; and, if you are wakeful, the ponderous rumbling of wagon wheels over the rocky pavement, apprise you of this transit to the vast emporium of Covent Garden—than which, no garden of ancient or modern times boasts earlier or riper fruits, or sooner rifles the budding treasures of the spring. From the north, droves of sheep, oxen, and swine, directed by the steady herdsman and the sagacious dog, thread the suburban neighbourhoods, on their way to Smithfield, where, long before dawn, they are safely penned, awaiting the purchase of the salesmen of Leadenhall and Newgate markets.

The river in the dead hour of night, is alive with boats conveying every variety of the finny tribe to Billingsgate; now are the early breakfast houses reaping their harvest, the bustling host, in his shirt sleeves, conveying refreshment to his numerous customers; here the shut out sot, and belated debauchee, are compelled to resort in conversation with the unfortunate and degraded of the other sex, to await the re-opening of their customary haunts of dissipation; now the footstep of the policeman, as he tramps slowly over his beat, awakes the slumbering echoes; every house is shrouded in repose, and the city seems a city of the dead. All, soon again, is noise, bustle, and confusion; the carts of thousands of fishmongers, green-grocers, and victuallers, rattle along the streets, taking up their stands in orderly array, in the immediate vicinity of the respective markets; loud is the noise of bargaining, chaffering, and contention. In a little while, however, they have completed their cargo for the day, and drive off; the waggoners disappear, the markets are swept clean, and no trace remains, save in the books of the salesmen, of the vast business that has been done, as it were, in a moment.

Five o'clock gives some little signs of life in the vicinity of the hotels and coach offices; a two horse stage, or railway "bus," rumbles off to catch the early trains; the street retailers of fish, vegetables, and fruit may be encountered, bearing on their heads their respective stocks in trade, to that quarter of the town where their customers reside; the nocturnal vendors of "saloon" are busy dispensing their penny cups at the corners; and the gilded ball of St. Paul's, lit up like a beacon by the earliest rays of the sun, while all below is yet shrouded in night, indicates approaching day.

Six o'clock announces the beginning of the working day, by the ringing of the bells of various manufactories. Now is the streets crowded with the fustian-coated artisan, his basket of tools in his hand; and the stalwart Irish labourer, his short black pipe, scenting the morning air with odours, far different from those of Araby the blest; the newspaper offices, busy during the night, now "let off" their gas—the sub-editors and compositors go home to bed, leaving the pressmen to complete the labour of the night. Now even the smoky city looks bright and clear, its silvery stream joining, as it were, in the general repose; the morning air is soft and balmy, and the caged thrush, lark, and linnet, captives though they be, carol sweet and melancholy lays.

There is an interregnum until eight; the shopkeeper then begins his day, the porter taking down the shutters, the boy sweeping out the shop, and the slipshod 'prentice lounging about the door; the principal comes in from his country-box about nine; the assistants have then breakfasted and dressed; and at ten the real business of the day begins.

At ten, too, the stream of life begins to set in city-ways; the rich merchant from Hampstead and Camberwell, dashes along in his well appointed curricle; the cashier, managing director, and principal accountant, reaches his place of business comfortably seated in his gig; clerks of all denominations, foot it from Hackney, Islington, and Peckham Rye; the "busses" are filled with a motley crew of all descriptions, from Paddington, Piccadilly, Elephant, and Castle, and Mile-End.

From eleven till two, the tide of population sets in strongly city-ways; then, when the greater part of the business in that quarter has been transacted, the West End tradesmen begin to open their eyes and look about them; although in Regent-street, business is not at its maximum until four or five o'clock, and soon after the city is almost deserted. About two, all over London there is a lull; important business that brooks no delay, must then be transacted—the vital business of dinner; for an hour, little or nothing is done, and no sound man of business expects to do anything; the governor is at dinner, the cashier is at dinner, the book-keeper is at dinner, the senior and junior clerks are at dinner; and behold! perched on a stool, in a dark corner, the office-keeper is also taking a lesson in the "philosophy of living." Dinner over, business re-commences with the energy of giants refreshed; the streets, lanes, and passages are blocked up with vehicles and men, pressing forward as if life and death depended on their making way; now would a foreigner, at the top of Ludgate-hill, imagine that the living mass about him was hastening to some national fête, or important ceremony, instead of going about the ordinary business of every day. About six o'clock the great business of the city is totally at an end; the tide is then a tide of ebb, setting out through all the avenues of town to the westward, and to the suburbs, and the "basses" that came laden to the city, and went empty away, now go out full and return empty. Now eating begins in the West End, and drinking in city taverns; now the coffee-houses fill, and crowds gather round the doors of the theatres, patiently awaiting for

an hour or more, the opening of the doors; Hyde Park is now (if it be in the fashionable season) in its glory; the eye is dazzled with the blaze of opulence, beauty, and fashion, for at this hour is the world of wealth and fashion more prominently abroad. Nine o'clock and the shops begin to close, save those of the cigar-dealers and gin-spinners, whose business is now only about to begin: the streets swarm with young men about town, and loose characters of all descriptions issue from their hiding places, prowling about in search of prey; the shell-fish shops set forth their crustaceous treasures in battle array, fancifully disposing their prawns and lobsters in concentric rows; the supper houses display their niceties in their windows, assailing the pocket through the appetite of the eye.

About midnight the continuous roll of carriages indicates the breaking up of the theatrical auditories, while the streets are crowded with respectable persons hastening to their houses; one o'clock all is shut up, save the watering houses opposite the hackney coach and cabstands, the subterranean singing rooms, the à la mode beef houses, lobster taverns, and ham shops; at two the day may be said to end, and the nocturnal industry with which we commenced, our dairy begins over again.

Such is the routine, varied materially according to the season of the year, of a day of London life; such days, accumulated, number years, and a few such years—we are gone, and are seen no more!

[From the Liverpool Times.] EXPEDITION UP THE EUPHRATES.

Some few of our readers may be aware that a vessel belonging to a leading firm in this town, was sent to sea under sealed instructions, about eighteen months ago, having on board two iron steam-boats, and other cargo of a similar unusual description. The destination of the vessel, it now appears, was the Persian Gulf, the steamers having been constructed by order of the East India Company to act as a flotilla for ascertaining the navigability of the river Euphrates. The expedition has been highly successful, having traversed the course of the stream 1,100 miles from its mouth, an achievement never before accomplished, and fully establishing the superiority of modern skill and science over the ruder resources of the ancients. We have been favoured with the following extracts from a private letter written by Mr. Floyd, the surgeon of the flotilla, to a professional friend, Mr. Samuel Potter, of this town, and brought by the last overland conveyance. They will, we think, be found well worthy of perusal by those who take an interest in scientific operations, and in the remarkable countries to which they relate. The letter is dated Belis, June 6:—

"I have travelled over the greater part of Mesopotamia, got licked and plundered. I have traced the expedition of the 10,000 Greeks under Cyrus the Younger, and identified many of the cities in their route. I am now near Aleppo with the flotilla, having completed the ascent of the river Euphrates, without doubt one of the noblest rivers of Asia; here, at a distance of 1,100 miles from its embouchure in the Persian Gulf, it is about 400 yards broad, and very deep. What a boast for England, upon whose flag the sun never sets, that the British ensign now floats in the breeze in the very centre of the land of the crusades and of the Courtenays, one of whose castles, 'Jiaber,' said to be founded by Alexander the Great, towers majestically over our heads.

"The 31st of May, 1841, was the happy day which crowned our efforts with success, and the distant Taurus soon re-echoed the royal salute which we fired in honour of the occasion.

"In a former letter, I think I gave you a slight description of the Tigris River and the surrounding country. The Euphrates differs little from the Tigris up to Hilla, a Turkish-Arab town, built near the site of ancient Babylon, except that its banks are much better cultivated, and in some places the date tree (the palmas dactyliferus) adds to the picturesque meanderings of the river; while in others a mosque, with its lacquered dome rising from a grove of willows, is a pleasing variety from the monotony of the surrounding district. Winding its way through the ruins of fallen Babylon, the river passes Persimol, then the field of Cunaxa, where Cyrus fell, and the ten thousand commenced their ever memorable retreat. Then come Unbar, once the seat of a Christian Bishop; then Charrand, some ruins opposite the Pylor of Zenophon; and then Hit, the Is of Scripture, and famed for its fountains of bitumen and naphtha, which is in such abundance that it spreads itself over the earth. The river now is enclosed within a valley of high rocks, which extends from its source to below Hit. They are composed of gypsum, sandstones, and conglomerates with mica and felspar. The ancient Anatho, where Julian lost part of his fleet, is the next place of importance; then comes Enri, the river Chabour of Ezekiel, Al Deir, the Thapsac of Scripture, and the ancient part of Palmyra; and lastly, the ruined castles of Raccaba, Tenobia, Racea, and Jiaber, all situated upon isolated rocks, commanding the passes of the river. These fortresses, from their differing entirely from all others of a like nature in this country, and from the Roman arch prevailing, appear to me to have been the frontier posts of that empire against the Parthians. The natives have a tradition that they were built by the English during the Crusades, and it is not improbable but that they were occupied by the enthusiastic followers of Courtenay while he reigned at Orfas.

"Besides the towns which I have enumerated, there are several islands, many of which are well wooded; amongst them I may mention Juba, Haditha, and Aloose, strongly fortified, having each 500 inhabitants, and beautifully situated in the valley of the Euphrates, between Hit and Anna. "This climate is delightful, and produces all the varieties of European fruit, besides many of the tropical ones lower down the river. Here is the only obstacle to the navigation of this river. It consists in the remains of the water-wheels used for irrigation. In the short space of 130 miles we found nearly 300 of these wheels, about one-third of which are in operation at the present day. They consist of large parapet walls built into the stream, directing

the current of the river to the wheels, which are the most clumsy pieces of mechanism, made of branches of trees, and having slung round them 150 clay vessels to raise the water in. The wheels are 40 feet in diameter, placed at the end of an aqueduct raised upon well-built Gothic arches. They are the nearest approach to perpetual motion that I have seen, and it is surprising the quantity of water which they raise to the surface. They cause a current six or seven knots, with a fall of two or three feet where they are, so that this part of the river is difficult, and somewhat dangerous; but as it is, we have surmounted all; I should rather say the genius and skill of Messrs. J. Laird and Macgregor, who furnished the boats and engines, have overcome obstacles which baffled the well-disciplined legions of Trajan and Julian, when they went to besiege Ctesiphon, and failed to drag their fleets against the stream on account of the current.

"The Tigris to Mosul, the site of the ancient Nineveh, and the Euphrates to Basius—I might say to the heart of the Taurus (for we may go higher)—is now proved navigable. May British enterprise drive from this field the barbarians who now occupy it, and may civilisation, flying on the wings of commerce, carry with it the blessings of the Gospel salvation! Yea, here is a fine field for the missionary and the merchant. To the former it opens up the Christians of a thousand hills—the Armenians, the Chaldeans, the Nestorians, the Maronites, the disciples of St. John, the worshippers of the devil (who inhabit the Tinjar Hills), and the Arabs; but the time for the conversion of the latter, I fear, has not yet come. To the merchant it offers a market for the cottons of Manchester, the cutlery of Birmingham, and all sorts of trinketry; in return they might get the splendid wool of Arabia, far superior to anything I ever saw at home; the Cashmere wool which is brought to Bagdad, gall nuts, the gum sandrac, myrrh, the balsams from the south, pearls, diamonds, and turquoises from Persia; all which might be conveyed by steam up the Euphrates to Belis, thence to the Mediterranean, a four days' journey.

"So much for the commercial advantages to be derived from the opening of the Euphrates; let us now look to the political. A communication is kept up with our Indian possessions independent of that of Egypt—a great advantage in our late broil with that power; India is reached in a much shorter time than that by the Red Sea; the mission in Persia is brought much nearer; and the means exist of throwing an Indian army either into the heart of Persia or Syria in the space of a few weeks. Surely these things, taken collectively, reflect credit on the wisdom of those who have designed and supported this expedition throughout, and placed it upon its present prosperous footing."

PRACTICE WITH THE MORTAR APPARATUS AND DENNETT'S ROCKETS IN SCOTLAND.—In consequence of a communication from Captain Richmond, R. N., Inspecting Commander of Coast Guard at Aberdeen, Mr. Bannerman, M. P., the harbour trustees, Baillie Simpson, Doctor Forsyth, the inventor of percussion gun locks, and a large party of other gentlemen, proceeded in the Sea Horse and Paul Jones steamers to the mouth of the Don, where they were landed in the life boat, and were met by Captain Richmond, Lieutenants Sanderson and Phillips, and other gentlemen. The spot chosen was the mouth of the river, about 250 yards wide; on one side of which was erected a triangle, to represent the rigging of a stranded vessel. The mortar was first brought into operation—the first shot fell short; the second reached the beach. The ropes having been secured in the usual manner, a boy was sent backward and forward from the rocket, and the experiment was most successful, although the men had never before used them; the precision with which the first which was fired carried its line in the direction required over the supposed wreck, afforded the greatest satisfaction, and gave the most convincing proofs of the efficiency of the rockets, as compared with the mortar system. As a mere spectacle, the sight of the blazing rocket, roaring through the air, was exceedingly beautiful, independently of the higher considerations with which the invention is invested. At the conclusion of the practice, the whole party sat down to an excellent dinner at the New Bridge Inn, the Provost of Aberdeen in the chair. Many toasts were given, and allusions made to the various schemes and inventions for saving lives from the calamities of shipwreck. Few of our readers in this part of the kingdom are, perhaps, aware that the country is indebted to Mr. J. Dennett, of the Isle of Wight, for the invention and application of the rockets to this purpose; and the fact of their having, even in the early stages of their adoption, saved many valuable lives, in cases where the mortar could not range far enough, or could not be brought to act, proves how well he has succeeded in his humane endeavours; and it is much to be regretted that the prejudiced, the envious, and ignorant, should have taken so much pains as they have done to impede their general adoption. In spite of all difficulties and opposition they are, however, now working their way to the most distant parts of the globe.—Aberdeen Journal.

POST OFFICE ROBBERY THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.—A man named Charles Webb, respectfully connected, was brought before the sitting magistrates at the Birmingham Police Office, on Tuesday week, charged with having, on the 5th of December, 1828, stolen, at Birmingham, a letter containing bank notes and bills, amounting to between £600 and £700. Every effort was at the time directed to secure the person of the prisoner, for which purpose a vigilant search was instituted in the various towns where he was likely to take refuge, both in this country and on the Continent and in this fruitless pursuit, which continued upwards of twelve months, nearly £4,000 were said to have been expended. The warrant taken out for his apprehension was indorsed by the magistrates of almost every county in England, and no exertion or expence appears to have been spared to bring the offender to justice, the sum of 100 guineas having been offered for his apprehension by the Post Office authorities. During the present week, however,

Mr. Redfern, the keeper of the Birmingham prison, received intelligence that Webb had arrived in that neighbourhood, and was residing with some of his friends, and he accordingly took measures for securing his person, which he effected between five and six on Tuesday evening, in a house in Wheeler's lane, Edgbaston, after the lapse of nearly thirteen years from the period of the robbery. It is not expected that the case can be gone into for a week or ten days, in order to afford time for procuring the necessary evidence from France and other quarters. It is supposed that he remained on the Continent until he was satisfied that the principal witnesses against him had been removed by death, after which he proceeded to London, where it is ascertained that he has been lately residing, and was paying a hasty visit to his friends in Birmingham, when he was apprehended by Mr. Redfern.

CHARACTER OF THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—Many are the instances recorded of the royal munificence of the worthy and estimable Queen Dowager; but never has it fallen to our lot to record a more pleasing case than the following, which has lately come to our knowledge, and for the truth and accuracy of which we can vouch. A gentleman of the name of Blake, one of the pages to Her Majesty, was stretched upon a bed of sickness, and was found to be approaching his end. Her Majesty, with that solicitude which she evinces for even the lowest menial in her household, was particular in her inquiries after him day by day, and on learning from his medical attendant, that but faint hopes were entertained of his recovery, she proceeded without delay and unattended to his bed-side, and spoke sweet words of comfort to the dying man, bidding him to rely upon the all sufficient merits of his Saviour for acceptance with his God, when the things of this world, which were fast fading from him, should have closed upon his mortal sight. She begged him to feel quite comfortable as to his wife and family, for that she would provide for them, and to pass the few short hours that remained to him on earth in preparing to meet his God and the coming judgment. Such words of comfort, we may hope, produced their proper effect, and that the spirit of the departed will have reason, through eternity, to praise his Redeemer for sending such a messenger of mercy to comfort him in his dying moments. A few days after his decease, Her Majesty sent for the sorrowing widow, who was left with a family of seven children, and announced to her her intention of allowing her a pension of £100 a year, and a residence in Bushy Park, so long as that continued her property. She desired her to send such of her family as were of sufficient age to school in the neighbourhood, at her expense, and that as they grew up she would provide for them. What Englishman does not feel a real pleasure in becoming acquainted with such princely acts of benevolence in the widow of our late beloved sovereign, and in knowing that this nation has placed it within her power to display, by such instances as these, the kindness and nobleness of her queen-like nature.—Cheltenham Chronicle.

AN AMERICAN'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF LONDON.—Coming to the cities of the old world, as we do, with our national vanities thick upon us, with our scale of measurement graduated by Broadway, the City-hall, the Battery, and the Boston-common, we are confounded by the extent of London, by its magnificent parks, its immense structures, by its docks and warehouses, and by all its details of convenience and comfort, and its aggregate of incalculable wealth. We begin with comforting ourselves with the thought, "Why, these people have been at it these two thousand years, and nobody knows how much longer." By degrees, envy melts into self-complacency, and we say, "They are our relations; our fathers had a hand in it; we are of the same race, as our new-planned cities and unfinished towers shall hereafter prove." Mr. Webster said to me, after we had both been two or three weeks here, "What is your impression now of London? My feelings are yet amazement." The familiar names of the streets, the neutral tint of the houses, the great superiority of the pavement to ours, and, having last seen New York, the superior cleanliness of the streets. I have all my life heard London spoken of as dismal and dark. It may be so in winter; it is not so now. The smoke colour of the houses is soft and healthy to the eye, so unlike our flamed-coloured cities, that seem surely to typify their destiny, which is, you know, to be burned up sooner or later—sooner in most cases.—Miss Sedgewick's Letters.

GOD SAVE THE KING.—A vast deal of ink and paper has been consumed by disputants as to who composed the air of our national anthem. It has been attributed to a great many individuals; but the question was set at rest on Friday evening, the 18th ult., by Mr. Hawes introducing the original composition in the handwriting of the author—namely, Dr. John Bull—at his concert, when it was sung as harmonized by the learned doctor, by a number of voices, like a madrigal, and very beautiful it was. The MS. is in the possession of Mr. R. Clarke, of Westminster Abbey, who published an account of it 20 years ago, which occupied 200 pages in octavo. Mr. Clarke states that it was first sung at an entertainment given by the Merchant Tailors' Company to King James I. in 1607. Instead of commencing with the key note, the air in question begins a fourth below, which is nearly all the difference between it and the tune generally sung, with the exception of the last two bars, which consist of the tonic, or key note, reiterated four times to the words "God save the King," which has a solemn and grand effect. The harmony is quaint, but very rich and masterly.—Cheltenham Looker-on.

THE PRESIDENT STEAMSHIP.—It appears from a report of proceedings in the Consistory Court, published in a London paper, on the 7th ultimo, that there is not in the eye of the law sufficient proof of the decease of the persons who were on board the ill-fated *President*, to obtain probate of a will. On the 6th August,

Dr. Bayford, in the above Court, moved for probate of the will of Mr. Hough, the Steward of the *President*, which was dated 17th of August, 1839, and bequeathed all his property, amounting to about £800, to his widow. The Court—Sir Herbert Jenner—thought the application was made rather too early. He was afraid there was too much reason to believe that the vessel was lost, but it was not in actual proof that the steward was on board. It would be better to let the matter stand over till the caveat day of September.

FOR THE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE.—The *Agram Gazette* gives us the following somewhat astonishing story:—"A short time since a Turk, who was known to have gone to bathe in the Danube, near Belgrade, did not return, and was missing for three days. At the end of this time his body was discovered among the rushes on the bank, and clinging by the arms to the trunk of a tree, while his lower limbs were fast in the throat of an enormous fish, the *silurus glanis*, weighing three quintals (rather more than 500 weight).

POST OFFICE.

Frederickton, Sept. 5, 1841.
List of Letters remaining in Office at this date.

A
Miss C. Armstrong, John Armor, Nicholas Adams, Laurence Allen, (2.)

B
Thomas Brown, John Baird, David Burns, Jos. Burt, John Brewer, Jane Burchill, Wm. Bell, Timothy Buckley, Mrs. Breen, Walter Bisderrick, James Burnett, Wm. Berry, John Bond, James Boyd, J. H. Blake, David Bell.

C
John Carmichael, Pierre Côté, Bamed Campbell, Philip Cassidy, Bernard Carroll, Richard Carman, (2.) Nelson Clift, Patrick Cunningham, Mary Collover, Patrick Conglan, Andrew Crawford, John A. Cliff, Henry C. Currier, Wm. Clark, John Crawford, Larry Cormier, Michael Corkery, Catherine Collins,

D
Andrew Davidson, Samuel Darkess, John Dunn, J. W. Dow, Michael Dixon, Robert Duncan, Isaac Deveber, Patrick Devind, Manassas Diver.

E
Edward Eaton, Evan Evens.

F
H. Fisher, Jr. Michael Fisher, Sr. Peter Fisher, John Feely, Hugh Friel, O. S. Foss, Patrick Flannigan, Edmund Fox, Miss E. Ferguson, Daniel Ford.

G
James Greer, Henry Gill, Wm. Gibbins, Lewis Goodine, Wm. Grant, Samuel H. Gilbert, Thomas Gill, (2.) Mary Gorman, James Graham, Samuel H. Gill.

H
Marthy Hunter, Thomas Howell, (2.) Jos. Hains, Peter Hefferen, Mrs. Hunter, Daniel Higgins, Mrs. E. P. Hartt, Thomas Haper, James Horoting, Thomas Hamilton, Bartlett Hallett, A. G. Hall, D. E. Hoskins, Thomas Hatheway, Thomas Henderson, Wm. Harper.

I
Edward Jinkins, Charles Ingraham, John Irvin, Mr. Jamieson, John Jones.

K
Denis Keon, Wm. Kavanah, Poul King-slow, Edward Keavan.

L
Ellen Leary, Mary Little, James Loygan, David Latta, Isaac Lawrence, (2.)

M & Mc.
Denis Mahoney, Anthony M'Mahon, (2.) Jeremiah Mahoney, Ellen Malone, James Mulligan, Edward Marsh, Mrs. Susan M'Laughlan, James M'Donnell, Michael M'Abbe, Ann Macguire, Wm. Moffitt, Thos. O. Miles, (2.) John M'Gibbin, John Morrow, Ann M'Maniss, Archibald Murray, Wm. Morrison, Miles & Smith, (2.) William M'Kenzie, Miss Ann M'Dowell, Mary M'Goughron, Jas. T. Money, Sarah M'Laughlan, (2.) James Marsh, John Moloney, Edward Maners, Thomas Mason, Charley M'Laughlin, John M'Donald, John M'Huain, Wm. M'Laughlin, Donald M'Intosh, (2.) Mary Martin, Joseph Mars, Wm. M'Allister, Robert Morison, Pat. M'Grath, Jas. M'Aloon, Col. Mashwell, Jas. Mulroney, George M'Naughton, Nancy M'Bride, James Matherson, Edward M'Duane, Samuel M'Cullow.

N
John Numan, Charles Nevers, Mrs. Samuel Nialson, James Nichol, Samuel Nelson, Jas. Nevill, Matilda Neill.

O
John O'Conner, Miss Ellen O'Shea, John Ogilvie, Nathaniel O'Donnell.

P
Wm. E. Pehnyton, Miss Mary Powers, John G. Peters, Catharine Phillips, Rev. M. Pickles, David Pollard, Ebenezer Packard, (2.) Mr. Olive Pond, Thomas Painton, Wm. Patterson.

R
Michael Roche, James Ross, H. Rowe, Wm. Robinson, James Michael Roy, Michael Ray, Charles Robins, Isaac Rogers.

S
David Strickland, Patrick Spillman, Francis Stephens, Nathaniel Scott, Cornelius Sechan, David Sutter, Thomas W. Saunders, Charles Stieson, Andrew Stephenson, Catharine Scullin, Patrick Sheehy, J. W. Smith, Leman Stone, Wm. Sanson, John Spencer, Samuel B. Smith, David Sanders, Charles Spence, Jeremiah Sullivan, Wm. Scully, Wm. O'Brien, Joseph Sloat, Wm. Swim, Eugene Sullivan, Julia Sullivan.

T
Charles Trusk, Mary Travis, Thos. Tario, Wm. Taylor, Bernard Teague, Mr. A. P. Taylor.

V
Charles Vainten, George Vance.

W
Thomas Williams, E. Ward, (2.) Thomas E. Wilner, Stephen White, Wm. Wilnot, Mrs. Caroline Wood, Joseph Winteringham, James Woods, Robert Walker, Wm. Woodford, Allen Wheeler.

Y
John Yerxa, (4.) Mrs. Serena Young.

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