

# Doctr.

[From the Patriot.]

## TO THE SEA.

WITH AN ALLUSION TO THE LOSS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Thou art beautiful, O sea!  
In thy tranquillity.  
At the hush of noon, when the sun's glorious face  
Is glass'd o'er all thy blue and boundless space;  
Or when the myriad stars of midnight throw  
Their small bright kisses o'er thy placid brow.  
Yea, thou art beautiful,  
When waking from the lull  
Of the dead calm, thou rushest into play,  
And with young breezes on thy joyous way  
Disportest merrily, till thy huge sides  
Shake with the laughter of the leaping tides.

How sportively you ship  
Dances along the deep,  
The winged home of hearts that dream no more  
Of stormy seas, or the rock-girded shore,  
Than the plumed voyagers that float or fly,  
Alike rejoicing in the sea and sky.

And beautiful art thou,  
When in the dusk, so low,  
Of summer eve, thy darken'd waves seem  
The shadowy home of memory's pensive dreams,  
And thy low murmurs on the quiet shore,  
As voices of the dead that wake no more.

No more on earth that wake,  
Yet shall their light outbreak;  
Even as yon beacon breaketh o'er the sea,  
Fit emblem, in this mood of thought, to me,  
Of the bright hope that radiates o'er the gloom,  
When love is gazing on its lost one's tomb.

Nor is thy beauty less,  
'What time in quietness,  
The bridal moon beamed from her azure bed,  
And lovelier o'er her own soft image on the shed.  
Oh! when her mild beams dream along the deep,  
Who could see'er picture aught to break that tranquil sleep?

Yet in this hour of love,  
Around, beneath, above,  
Dark thoughts of tempest o'er my spirit rise,  
Like sudden thunder-clouds in summer skies.  
Ah! 'er'n this hour, full many a heart can tell  
How treacherous thy calm, thy wrath how terrible!

How terrible thy wrath,  
When o'er thy reeling path  
Fragile ships are hurled, freighted with despair,  
And lips erewhile that quivered in prayer,  
While tempests shriek through all the cleaving sky,  
And the mad billows writhe in their huge agony.

Thou art terrible, O sea!  
When on the sudden lee,  
Or sunken rock, the quivering bark is driven,  
And plans from plank her solid fabric riven.  
Her brave crew tossed upon the taunting surge,  
Dark waters their quick tomb, and howling winds  
Their dirge.

When Arctic storms awake,  
And from its fastness break  
The continent of ice that guards the Pole,  
Rending the Alpine masses as they roll,  
And o'er the deep in headlong tumult dash;  
Oh! how shall that doom'd ship sustain the mighty crash?

My brother! were art thou?  
And where that noble prow  
That breasted billows in its panting glee;  
Man's great Leviathan amidst the sea?  
No whisper breathes responsive to the prayer,  
And only mocking echo answers, "Where?"

But if, as most we fear,  
That proud ship were thy bier;  
This is the solace to our sorrow given,  
That thou wast borne on tempest's wing to Heaven,  
And art rejoicing, midst the pure and free,  
In the high home of God, where there is "NO MORE SEA!"

## Miscellaneous.

### FEMALE INFLUENCE.

If we are not deceived, there is soon to be a mighty movement among the ladies of our land, to bring the work of temperance to its completion. Not but that they have done much to shake off the hydra. With great energy have many of them stepped forward to the work, and broken the tyrant custom. But we believe there is more to be done in every place by them, than has yet been thought of. If thousands are free, thousands are yet under the power of foolish fashion; thousands are maintaining customs which keep up intemperance in society, which ruin young men, which sustain the traffic and help on the mighty evil. Over these the decided may exercise an all-controlling influence by combination and exertion. Far is it from us to wish to see a woman go out of her proper sphere. But this is not so doing. It is her sphere to do good, to protect the innocent, to shut out the destroyer, to reclaim the wandering, to pour the balm of consolation into the bosom of the afflicted.—Here she has a right, to speak, and ought to speak. Alcohol, the foe of humanity, is the demon curse of the domestic sphere, the murderer of countless thousands of wives and mothers, that which has robbed woman of her beauty, her comforts, her rights, her health, her home, her reason, her life. The tears woman has shed, would form a river; the groans she has uttered, collected and concentrated, would be louder than the earthquake's terrific sound, and if funeral obsequies were to be in proportion to the ruin and woe produced, the whole heavens should be clad in sackcloth, and the earth, as in Egypt in the reign of Pharaoh, should have her days of mourning and darkness.

Let woman then come forward, as she never has in this great cause; take care of her household in this matter; speak to her neighbour; spread the appropriate tract; visit the house of the inebriate, and labour for his conversion. Let there be female societies in every place, which shall combine to break up usages which countenance intemperance, and drive the vender with his poison from their neighbourhoods. All this may be done without infringing at all upon that delicacy and refinement which belongs to their sex—done with the same propriety, as their efforts in the Missionary, Bible, or Tract cause. The low retort, "You are afraid you will become drunkards,"—they will regard no more here than they would, in the spreading of a plague, a reproach of fear, lest that come nigh them and their dwellings. Drunkenness is a plague; the worst of plagues, stealing insidiously into the best of families, and ruin their souls and the souls of their children. They ought then to rouse to their work, and if we understand the signs of the times, they are rising. Our prayer is, that there may be one general concert of action through the land.

Oh! thou who poured the pitying tide,  
That flows through woman's gentle breast,  
And streams of tenderness supplied,  
To aid and comfort the distressed;  
Making in all life's scenes of ill,  
Woman, a guardian angel still,  
Against our nation's deadliest sin  
Bid female purity unite;  
Aid us, oh Lord! our cause to win,  
By firm example's steadfast might,  
Till foul Intemperance has flown.  
Abashed by virtue's awful frown.  
Rouse, God of truth! each lukewarm heart,  
Give wisdom to each wav'ring mind,  
Let woman bear a lofty part,  
In teaching temperance to mankind;  
Seeking with pure untiring zeal,  
The wounds of sin and grief to heal.

## COMMERCIAL COURTSHIP.

A merchant, originally from Liverpool, having acquired a large fortune in one of the West India Islands, concluded that he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unless he shared it with a woman of merit, and knowing of none to his fancy, he wrote to a worthy correspondent of his in Liverpool to procure a "helpmate for him." He was not acquainted with any style except in business; therefore treating of affairs of love as matter of merchandise, after giving his friend several commissions, and reserving this for the last, he went on thus:—"Item. Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send by the next ship bound hither, a young woman of form and qualifications following:—As to portion I demand none; let her be of an honest family, between twenty and twenty-five years of age, and of a middle stature; and well proportioned; her face agreeable, her temper mild, her character blameless, her health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the changes of climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second, through loss of the first soon after she comes to hand—which must be provided against as much as may be considering the danger of the sea. If she arrive here, conditioned as above said, with the present letter endorsed by you, or at least a true copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition. I hereby engage and bind myself to satisfy the said letter by marrying the bearer at 15 days sight. In witness whereof, I subscribe, &c."

The correspondent read over and over this odd article which put the future spouse on the same footing with the bale of goods he was to send to his friend, and after admitting the prudent exactness of the West Indian, (whose ingenuousness he well knew) and his laconic style in enumerating qualifications he insisted on, he endeavoured to serve him to his mind, and after making many inquiries, he judged he had found a lady fit for his purpose—of reputable family, but slender fortune; of good temper and polite education, well shaped, and more than commonly beautiful. He made the proposal to her, and the young woman, whose dependence was chiefly upon a cross old aunt, with whom she lived in a state of perpetual uneasiness, accepted it.

A ship bound for the West Indies, was that week fitting up at Liverpool; the young woman, together with the bale of goods put on board, being well provided with necessities, and particularly with a certificate in due form, and endorsed by the correspondent. She was also included in the invoice, the last article which runs thus:—"Item. A young gentlewoman of 24 years of age, quality, shape, condition, as per order, as appears from the certificate and affidavit she produced."

The writings which were thought necessary for so exact a man as her future husband, were an extract from the parish register; a certificate of her character attested by the clergyman; an attestation of her neighbors, setting forth that she had lived three years with an old aunt, who was intolerably peevish, and had not during all that time, given the said aunt the least occasion for complaint; and lastly, goodness of constitution was attested by four physicians. Before the gentleman's departure, the correspondent sent letters of advice by other ships to his friend, informing him that by such a ship he should send a woman of such an age, character, condition, &c.—in a word, such as he himself had requested to be sent.

The letters of advice, the bales, and the young woman, got safe into port, and the West Indian, who was one of the foremost on the pier at the lady's landing, was charmed to see so handsome and interesting a female, more especially when she approached him in the most graceful and modest manner, said, "Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you; will you be pleased to honor it." At the same time she delivered his correspondent's letter, on reading which he exclaimed, "Ah! madam, I never yet suffered my bills to be protested, and I assure you that this shall not be the first."

This interview was in a few days followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent and the new married couple were well satisfied with the happy union, negotiated by a bill of exchange.

## WHISKEY AND THE MONKEY.

At a recent Temperance Meeting in this city, Mr. Pollard, one of the devoted and efficient apostles of the good work, sent forth by the Washington Temperance Society of Baltimore, related the following anecdote:—

Mr. Pollard concluded the Meeting. He said he was a kind of old butcher to bring up the rear. So much had been said, he scarcely knew what to talk about. But there was one thing he would talk about, and always intended to. For fifteen years he was in the gutter, the watch-house, the jail, and if he had justice done him, he had once been in the penitentiary. He had seen as much of the miseries of drunkenness as perhaps any man and he was now determined if possible, to put down and drive it out of the country. Men boasted that they were not drunkards, but only moderate drinkers.

He did once, but he believed that if six glasses made a man a drunkard, he who drank one glass was at least one-sixth of a drunkard. Men would get drunk once or twice and not call themselves drunkards, and then they would get drunk again. They had not the self-control of the beast. In his drinking days he was the companion of a man down in Anne Arundel county, who had a monkey which he valued at a thousand dollars. We always took him out on our chesnut parties. He shook all our chesnuts off for us, and when he could not shake them off, he would go to the very end of the limb and knock them off with his fist. One day we stopped at a tavern and drank freely. About half a glass of whiskey was left, and Jack took the glass and drank it all up. Soon he was merry, skipped, hopped, danced, and set us all in a roar of laughter—Jack was drunk.

We all agreed, six of us, that we would come to the tavern next day, and get Jack drunk again, and have sport all day. I called in the morning, at my friend's house. We went out for Jack. Instead of being as usual on his box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and he was crouched up in a heap. Come out here, said his master. Jack came out on three legs, his forehead was on his head. Jack had the head-ache; I knew what was the matter with him. He felt just as I had felt many a morning. Jack was sick and couldn't go. So we put it off for three days. We then met, and while drinking, a glass was provided for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind the chairs. Come here Jack, said his master, and drink, holding a glass to him. Jack retreated, and as the door opened, he slipped out, and in a moment was on top of the house. His master went to call him down. He would not come. He got a cow-skin and shook it at him. Jack sat on the ridge pole, and would not come. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. A monkey is much afraid of a gun. Jack slipped over the back side of the house. His master then got two guns, and pointed one on each side of the house, when the monkey seeing his bad predicament, at once whipped up on the chimney and got down in one of the flues, holding on by his fore paws. That man kept that monkey twelve years, and could never get him to taste one drop of whiskey. The beast had more sense than a man who has an immortal soul, and thinks himself the first, and ought to think himself the best of all creation.

Mr. Pollard addressed himself to the youth, and in the view of his example, urged them all to sign the total abstinence pledge, while they were yet young.—N. Y. Evangelist.

## THE DISCOVERY OF GREEK FIRE IN ENGLAND.

The *Fan*, alluding to the recent notices in the House of Commons, of Mr. Warner's invention of a destructive missile, places it under the above title, and attempts to connect the invention with the destructive engine of war, descriptions of which were given in that paper some months ago, and were represented to be constructed secretly in the dock-yards at Woolwich. The same writer professes to be in possession of the secret, of which he thus gives all the nations the benefit:—

"It is stated that the destructive effects of this missile may be extended to a distance equal to the range of a Congreve rocket, charged with Greek fire, and fired from a cannon in the manner we have described. But the most terrible engine of Mr. Warner, is a boiler filled with the materials that compose the Greek fire and with water, which can be heated to 25 atmospheres when required. The steam exerting an enormous pressure on the oily and resinous substances in a state of incandescence, it is only necessary to open the top-cock of a pipe, in order to produce a stream of fire many hundreds of metres in length, and to cover the sails and rigging of a ship with a thousand inextinguishable fires. The member of the House of Commons, who states that a fleet of a hundred vessels would not be able to resist such a meteor for an hour, is perfectly right. If it were a question in what manner it would be possible to approach these hundred vessels, armed with cannons,—this can now be easily accomplished, by means of steam, and with the Archimedian screw, substituted for the paddle-wheels, which are the vulnerable part of ordinary steam-boats.

"Cuirasses have been made to resist bullets, they will now be made to resist cannon balls; for it is known that nothing can be easier than to construct a vessel impervious to the heaviest projectiles, by providing it with planks of sufficient thickness, covered with sheets of lead, iron, and of timber, as the Americans have already done. This vessel having neither cannon, nor lading, nor a numerous crew on board, and not being intended for taking a voyage, would be able to appropriate its whole tonnage to making itself proof against cannon balls.

"Thus prepared, and taking a becalmed fleet by surprise, if the Infernal does not sail well, two hours instead of one would accomplish the destruction. If necessary, such a ship would be able to enter all the enemies' ports, destroy every thing that came within its range, and escape uninjured. The secret is now divulged. Every one may make the attempt; the most alert will succeed.

"Let it not be said that the thing is impossible, impracticable. We have applied to all intelligent engineers, mechanics, and chemists; there is not one who will undertake to construct one of these infernal machines for a million of florins; but representative governments will not pay attention to it till it is too late."

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The *New York Journal of Commerce* notices the arrival of the brig *Triunfo*, bringing files of the *Polynesian*, a paper published at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. Captain Wilkes, it appears from these papers, had been entirely successful in ascending Mount Loa, in January, with all the necessary apparatus for establishing an observatory

on its summits. The *Polynesian* says—"It was a great task, and required the services of several hundred men to transport the instruments, small framed buildings (which are so constructed that they can be taken apart or put together in a few minutes), tents, stores, &c. But the energy and perseverance of the commander and his officers, overcame every difficulty, and they were rewarded by finding a field of even more interest than they anticipated, and also by successfully accomplishing all the objects of the expedition. The whole active volcanic region of that portion of Hawaii has been thoroughly explored, and the true heights and positions of the mountains ascertained. The party were sixteen days from Hilo to the summit, where they encamped for about three weeks, building high walls of stone around their tents to protect them from the strong blasts which swept across the mountain. These will remain as monuments of their visit, and for the benefit of future explorers. After their arrival a heavy fall of snow covered the mountain half way down; the thermometer stood commonly at from 20 to 25 degrees F. though it occasionally sunk as low as 13 degrees. Still the party were so well provided that they suffered but little from the cold. The natives, however, were not able to stand it, and were sent away. The ocean and the high peaks of Mount Loa can be distinctly seen from the summit, notwithstanding its great area. Steam still issues from the immense crater discovered by Mr. Goodrich, though no fire is now to be seen. The volcano of Kilauea was in a very active state. A report has reached Hilo that a new eruption had commenced near the sea, and not far from the recent stream." The United States ship *Vincennes* was expected at Lahaina from Hilo, the 15th of February. A singular circumstance, however, detained her longer. At the observatory erected at Hilo, it was discovered that the pendulum would not operate regularly, and that the observations were entirely useless. Another site was selected and the results were the same, and still another site had to be selected. The phenomenon has been noticed before, and was supposed to be owing to a trembling of the earth occasioned by subterranean fire.

## IMPORTANCE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

"When one attempts to form a concentrated idea of the statistics of Sabbath School attendance over the whole globe, O what a heart-cheering thought is it, to reflect on such a multitude being assembled every Lord's-day evening, to receive the elements of that knowledge which is fitted to make wise unto salvation! What Christian heart does not glow at the thought of the weekly assemblage of many thousands, in every quarter of the earth; met not to indulge in profane and cruel sports—not to corrupt one another in the commission of crime—not to hatch lawless plots, or to frame and execute schemes of juvenile delinquency; but to be instructed in that sacred book, which, while it commands us to love the Lord with all our heart, requires us also to love our neighbours as ourselves—inculcates, on the most efficient principles, the soundest lessons of moral conduct—and by making wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus, imparts the elements of an imperishable happiness, and conducts to a high and ever-growing perfection! Who that has the welfare of his fellow-mortals at heart, does not survey with great and sincere delight the goodly size of that splendid edifice, the corner-stone of which was laid by Robert Raikes—those foundations, broad and deep, were put down by other hands—whose walls have been reared, with perseverance and care, till its lofty pinnacles have reached the clouds of heaven—the simple majesty of whose structure and the sacred usefulness of whose destination are unsurpassed by any fabric of human erection—over whose massive and ample gateway may be read in letters of gold, the simple but touching inscription—FEED MY LAMBS!—and within whose walls is heard the undying echo of that voice which, with mingled tones of tenderness and majesty, says, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.'—Dr. Syngilton.

THE LIBERTY OF BRITISH SUBJECTS.—True civil liberty is the product and result of Christianity alone. This is a truth which is but little reflected upon, by the licentious politicians of the present day, and by our superficial scientists in political economy. It is religious liberty, or liberty of conscience, that secures political liberty and the most precious privileges of British subjects. Christianity naturally inspires the love both of civil and religious liberty, and hence those who are habituated to its precepts, and reared and nurtured in its hallowed maxims, will not easily forego or surrender their immunities as members of society. The love of freedom which they engender can never harmonize with an acquiescence in slavery, either corporeal or mental. They tend to expel the foul spirit of despotism by a direct influence. That grandeur and elevation of mind, that sublimity of sentiment, that conscious dignity of our nature redeemed at so high a price, which Christianity inculcates and cherishes, will invariably stimulate men to the attainment and the resolute vindication of those rights which are the essential and unalienable property of rational and accountable beings. It is upon this foundation that the noble and stately superstructure of British liberty has been reared, and with the perpetuation of its institutions and sacred observances it will run parallel.—*Inverness Herald*.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, under date of July 8th, says:—"A very horrible affair was discovered this morning. A person fishing in the Schuylkill at Arch street wharf, caught his hook in the dress of a female, and with assistance, succeeded in drawing it to the shore, when it was ascertained that she was securely tied by the wrist to the arm of a man by a silk handkerchief. They are both young; the girl apparently not over 19, and the man 25. The dreadful act it is supposed was committed last evening, and was probably produced by a cross in love. They are as yet unknown, but their dress and appearance indicate that they have moved in respectable society. What renders it more conclusive that it is a case of self-de-

struction is, that each of them had in their pockets a pistol loaded and capped."

The U. S. Gazette, of yesterday, states that a coroner's inquest was held on the bodies. They had been seen walking on the wharf during the day, and also in the evening of Wednesday. One person, who saw the bodies, stated that he knew the man, and that his name was George Lutz—that he had seen him in Middletown, Pa.—that some four weeks ago he occupied a room in a house in Schuylkill, Second Street, near Wood, and that he had at times seen him walking with a female, who, it is supposed, was the deceased.

## TEMPERANCE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

A law has been enacted by the Sovereign of the Hawaiian Islands, the first section of which is as follows:—"If any man take potatoes, sugar cane, melons, or any other article of food, and transform it to an intoxicating liquor, and drink it, he shall be fined one dollar—and if he do the like again, the fine shall be two dollars—and thus the fine shall be doubled for every offence, even to the utmost extent.

OVER HEAD AND EARS IN DEBT.—A hatter in New York, gives a definition of the common phrase, "over head and ears in debt." He says, in his advertisement, "it means a man who has not paid for his hat."

"Why don't you come after cold victuals as usual," said a lady to a boy who had for a long time been a daily visitor for that species of charity. "Father has joined the temperance society, and we have warm victuals now," was the reply.

## POST OFFICE.

Fredericton, June 5, 1841.

List of Letters remaining in Office at this date.

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

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

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

D  
Daniel Donely, Michael Donovan, Jean Daly, Edmund Dunne, 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. Flang, Michl. Fisher, (2.) Mrs. Elizabeth Finnimore, Edw. Farrell, Jas. Fargunson.

G  
Jos. Gibson, (2.) Thos. Gilbert, Mary Guin, (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. Hissom, 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 Lawry, John Lanagan, John Landy, Wm. Lawford.

M & Mc.  
John Molley, J. M-Golrick, Alex. M-Kenzie, (2.) Joel Munson, Anne M-Koon, 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, Shenee M-Bride, Rev. J. Magee, Pat. Magoveru, Jos. Mars, Wm. M-Neil, A. M-Kenny, Thos. Maclean, J. M-Keen, J. L. Marsh, (2.) D. Marchbank, Mr. Montgomery, Robt. M-Cullagh, 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. T. E. Perry, Michael Power, Robt. Polley, Messrs. J. & J. Pickard.

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

S  
Susan Scamber, Mr. J. Stubbitt, Moses Stirling, Chs. Segee, John Stairs, Geo. Staherd, Thos. Sinnett, Daniel Sanford, Scott, Pat. Smalls, Stephen Smith, herd, Miss Sullivan, Matthew Stevenson.

T  
Daniel Teed, Wm. Turner, John Tophas.

V  
Jacob Vaent.  
W  
Michael Watt, George Walker, S. White, Dr. Woodforde, James Woodworth, 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.