

# Poetry.

## SHE COMES AT EVENTIDE.

By JAMES BRUTON, author of "Can I ever forget the valley," "Happy Land," &c.

She comes at eventide,  
And on the seashore she sits;  
She looks o'er the waters wide,  
Like one who has lost her wits!  
When the wind above her raves,  
And the storm bird fits along,  
She talketh aloud to the waves,  
And singeth her mournful song.

Her's is the same sad tale,  
You in every village learn,  
Of a young heart left to wail  
For what shall no more return!  
From him who her love had won,  
She parted upon that shore,  
When he vowed that the voyage done,  
He'd return to part no more.

Watch'd she his coming, 'till  
The appointed time was gone;  
Then years pass'd away, and still  
In vain mourn'd the maiden on.  
Where fonder'd her bark, or how  
Her lost sailor-lover fell,  
Is another sad secret now,  
That the mute sea will not tell.

## Miscellaneous.

### [From the Liverpool Times.] MEDICAL MISSION IN CHINA.

On Monday there was a meeting of the medical profession of Liverpool, at the Medical Institution, Mount Pleasant, for the purpose of hearing from the Rev. Peter Parker, M. D., Medical Missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions in China, a brief statement of the present state of medicine and surgery in the Celestial Empire, and the establishment of hospitals in that country. Dr. Formby was called to the chair.

Dr. Parker then stood up, and said that a charge had been brought against him that he was a poor beggar. To this charge he pleaded guilty; but this he must say, that the object he had to present to them was good. The object of the Medical Missionary Society was two-fold, namely, to benefit the bodies and the souls of the millions of China. It was now upwards of seven years since he had been ordained, at Philadelphia, as a missionary to China. Being aware of the peculiar circumstances of that country, and of the successful efforts of some who had preceded him, in their endeavours to extend the benefits of medicine to China, he was admitted a clergyman for this object. The Chinese were as destitute of correct medical and surgical knowledge, as they were of the higher blessings of Christianity. He was inclined to think that there had been a period when surgery, at least, stood higher than it did at present amongst the Chinese. They had at present amongst them nothing that deserved the name of surgery. To open a vein with a lancet, was one of the most serious surgical operations he had known amongst them, if he excepted those of the government, in the amputation of heads and limbs; and here they certainly surpassed even the surgeons of this country. A man guilty of felony, was doomed to lose his legs at the thigh, and his arms by the elbow, and the sentence was executed; but how hemorrhage was prevented, he could not say. The man survived, and he was frequently seen rolling about the streets, a horrible object of pity and charity, until the foreigners, rather than see him, contribute a sum of money to take him out of their sight. Teeth-extractors, for example, were to be found in every great thoroughfare, usually at some bridge, where different roads met. They were mounted upon horseback, and had attached to the animal they rode, strings of teeth, which were at once indicative of their profession, and trophies of their success. Whenever a patient offered himself, he was paraded about the streets, to attract the notice of the people. The quack had an attendant, and the first part of the operation of extracting a tooth, consisted in this attendant thrusting a pill into the mouth of the man. The doctor then separated the gum from the tooth, by means of a piece of sharp bamboo, and a similar instrument was used in extracting the tooth. The attendant stood by with another pill in his hand, and as soon as the tooth was drawn, the second pill was sent down the man's throat, lest he should die instantaneously under the operation. There were also a number of people who lived by the vending of plasters, which, after having performed the intended service, were hung about the walls of the seller's dwelling, in order to spread abroad his reputation. The Chinese placed great dependence on the pulse. This was a subject they had studied with a good deal of care, and some of the distinctions they had noticed, were the same as those amongst us. They had the quick and bounding pulse,—the undulating pulse,—the deep pulse and the floating pulse; and they also formed opinions of a disease according to the pulse at different points. They had directions for feeling within about an inch of the joint of the wrist, and two inches above that. They even went so far as to say that they could tell, by feeling the pulse, during gestation, whether the offspring would be male or female; and, if this be true, the palm of superiority must here be yielded to them by Europeans. There was no want of books in the empire. Indeed, there was hardly any subject on which the Chinese had not written. In describing the symptoms of diseases, they were tolerably correct. They had a work on zoology which occupied forty volumes. The system of classification amongst them was much the same as that which prevailed amongst us before the time of Linnæus. The beasts were classed according to their appetites, and the birds into watery, marshy and forest. They were tolerably systematic in telling how their medicines were prepared, how much was to be given, and what precautions were to be observed in administering them; but when they came to the theory—the hypothesis on which they explained the *modus operandi*, or the cause of diseases, they were totally at a loss. He

knew of one valuable life that was lost through gross ignorance. One of the Hong merchants was troubled with constipation, and his physicians explained that the disease depended on two subtle fluids, one of which arose from the lower part of the body, and united with another that came down from above. "If," said they, "we can contrive to disentangle them, you would be better;" and, in endeavouring to do so, the Hong merchant lost his life. The Chinese were prepared to receive and appreciate that practice of medicine and surgery which was guided by fixed principles of science and experience, and he was glad to say that this was the case. Doctor Parker then proceeded to give a brief statement relative to what had been done by Europeans in the introduction of the practice of medicine into China. A distinguished native of this country, Doctor Alexander Pierson, was first attracted by the necessities of the Chinese. He introduced the art of vaccination, in 1805, and the practice had since extended widely through this vast empire. There was a person still living in Canton who had been entrusted with this business by the introducer. He was known, from the formation of his head, by the name of Dr. Longhead, and had indeed the longest head that he (Dr. P.) had ever seen. On asking him, one morning, how many persons he had vaccinated in the course of his life, he said "about a million," and this would hardly be looked upon as hyperbole, if they could see the multitude of children brought to him when he was about to vaccinate. In 1819 or 1820, Dr. Livingston and the Rev. Dr. Morrison opened at Macao an infirmary for the poor Chinese. The former prescribed, the latter acted as interpreter, and a native physician was employed in administering the prescriptions. In 1827, Mr. College, surgeon to the Hon. East India Company, opened an ophthalmic hospital at Macao, and during the three years of its continuance, it afforded relief to four thousand patients of various ranks and from different parts of the empire. In number of instances he received from those on whom he had been instrumental in pouring the light of day, unequivocal tokens of gratitude; and it was due to Dr. College to say, that it was a knowledge of the success which had attended him at Macao, that confirmed him (the speaker) in the purpose of qualifying himself as a physician and minister, for the mission which he had in prospect. In 1834, he (Dr. P.) embarked for China. After arriving there, for the better acquiring the language of the province where he contemplated forming a mission, he went to Singapore, and there opened an infirmary. In the course of six months, 1,000 patients were received into it; there was not a family to whom the name of the foreign physician was not familiar, and he was sure that by no other means could the same favourable impression have been made upon the people. To one Chinese, who had been wounded by pirates, and from whose body he (Dr. P.) had extracted the ball, he gave Christian books, and the man not only received, read, and commended them, but gave them to his neighbours. On being asked why he had approved of those books, his brief and emphatic reply was, "I have found in them the Saviour of men." At the end of six months he returned to Canton, where the Ophthalmic Hospital was opened by him, and the General Hospital was opened at Macao in 1838. Up to June, 1840, these institutions had received upwards of 8,000 patients, embracing every variety of disease. The speaker then went on to detail the particulars of several more important cases. He dwelt with much force on the boundlessness of gratitude expressed and exhibited by the patients who had been cured, and quoted the words of one of the first Christian converts, to show that this was the most fitting time to reach and soften the hearts of the Chinese. "When I talk to them," said he, "of their idols, they laugh at me; but when they go to your hospitals, and are healed, then their hearts become soft." Seeing the interest which the medical institutions excited amongst the Chinese, and their peculiar adaptation to gain the confidence of the people, the foreign residents proposed to originate a Society, to be called the Medical Missionary Society in China. The object of the Medical Missionary Society was to encourage gentlemen of the medical profession to go and practice gratuitously among the Chinese, by affording the useful aid of hospitals, medicines, and attendants; but the support or remuneration of such medical gentlemen was not at present within its contemplation. To the Missionary Societies would be left the task of selecting the agents to carry out their plans, as they would undoubtedly be the most competent to pick out the right kind of men. It was requisite, however, that the gentlemen chosen, should unite to their missionary qualifications, those of the surgeon and physician. The money subscribed to this society would not go to the support of any agents, but to the support of the hospitals, and giving the missionaries of doing their work, he was glad to say that the cause had been taken up with much interest in this country, and that auxiliary societies had been formed in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, and the Hon. Baptist Noel, had expressed their approbation of, and interest in the society. Sir Henry Hallford had also taken up the cause with much zeal, and brought it before many of the principal personages of the land—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, &c. They wished to give an enlightened medical practice to 360,000,000 of people. If the medical profession of England and America took up the subject with unity and zeal, the thing could be done. But beyond and above this was the great object of introducing the Gospel into China. If the people were accessible, and Christianity could at once be published, then hospitals and other things might have been left to spring up in its train; but this was not the case,

and they were obliged to reverse the usual order. In a commercial point of view, the plan had eminent advantages. He knew some who avowed that selfish motives alone would induce them to contribute largely. The scalpel knife of the surgeon was more likely to win and conciliate the Chinese than martial weapons. The Royal College of Surgeons in London, had agreed to a proposal to educate three native youths, to be sent over from China for the purpose. The question now was, whether the hospital at Canton was to be sustained or suspended. The last farthing in the treasury of the Society had been expended; but he hoped that it would speedily have an accession of funds. Dr. Robinson, seconded by Mr. T. Blackburn, moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Parker, for the interesting statement which he had made.

THE STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.—Whatever the levity of the previous moment, the scene before us now repressed it effectually. The deep-toned bell of the cathedral tolled seven, and scarcely were its notes dying away in the distance when the march of the columns was heard stealing along the ground. A low murmuring whisper ran along the advanced files of the forlorn hope; stocks were loosened, packs and knapsacks thrown to the ground; each man pressed his cap more firmly down upon his brow, and, with lip compressed and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move. It came at last: the word "march" passed in whispers from rank to rank, and the dark mass moved on. What a moment was that, as we advanced to the foot of the breach! The consciousness that, at the same instant, from different points of that vast plain, similar parties were moving on; the feeling that, at a word, the flame of the artillery and the flash of steel would spring from that dense cloud, and death and carnage, in every shape our imagination can conceive, be dealt on all sides. The hurried thought of home; the years long past, compressed into one minute's space; the last adieu to all we've loved, mingling with the muttered prayer to HEAVEN, while, high above all, the deep pervading sense that earth has no temptation strong enough to turn us from that path whose ending must be a sepulchre. Each heart was too full for words. We followed noiselessly along the turf, the dark figure of our leader guiding us through the gloom. On arriving at the ditch, the party with the ladders moved to the front. Already some hay-packs were thrown in, and the forlorn hope sprang forward. All was still and silent as the grave. "Quietly, my men—quietly!" said McKinnon; "don't press." Scarcely had he spoke when a musket, whose charge, contrary to orders, had not been drawn, went off. The whizzing bullet could not have struck the wall, when suddenly a bright flame burst forth from the ramparts, and shot upwards towards the sky. For an instant the whole scene before us was bright as noonday. On one side the dark ranks and gleaming bayonets of the enemy; on the other, the red uniform of the British columns: compressed like some solid wall they stretched along the plain. A deafening roll of musketry from the extreme right announced that the third division was already in action, while the loud cry of our leader, as he sprang into the trench, summoned us to the charge. The leading sections, not waiting for the ladders, jumped down, others pressed rapidly behind them, when a loud rumbling thunder crept along the earth, a hissing crackling noise followed, and from the dark ditch a forked and livid lightning burst like the flame from a volcano, and a mine exploded. Hundreds of shells and grenades scattered along the ground were ignited at the same moment; the air sparkled with the whizzing fuses; the musketry plied incessantly from the walls, and every man of the leading company of the stormers was blown to pieces. While this dreadful catastrophe was enacting before our eyes, the different assaults were made on all sides; the whole fortress seemed girt around with fire. From every part arose the yells of triumph and the shouts of the assailants. As for us, we stood upon the verge of the ditch breathless, hesitating, and horror-struck. A sudden darkness succeeded to the bright glare, but from the midst of the gloom the agonising cries of the wounded and the dying, rent our very hearts. "Make way there! make way! here comes Mackie's party," cried an officer in the front; and as he spoke, the forlorn hope of the 88th came forward at a run; jumping recklessly into the ditch, they made towards the breach; the supporting division of stormers gave one inspiring cheer, and sprang after them. The rush was tremendous; for scarcely had we reached the crumbling ruins of the rampart, when the vast column, pressing on like some mighty torrent, bore down upon our rear. Now commenced a scene to which nothing I ever before conceived of war could in any degree compare. The whole ground, covered with combustibles of every deadly and destructive contrivance, was rent open with a crash; the huge masses of the masonry bounded into the air like things of no weight; the ringing clamour of the iron howitzers, the crackling of the fuses, the blazing splinters, the shouts of defiance, the more than savage yell of those in whose ranks alone the dead and the dying were numbered, made up a mass of sights and sounds almost maddening with their excitement. On we struggled, the mutilated bodies of the leading files almost filling the way. By this time the third division had joined us, and the crush of our thickening ranks was dreadful; every moment some well-known leader fell dead or mortally wounded, and his place was supplied by some gallant fellow, who, springing from the leading files, would scarcely have uttered his cheer of encouragement, ere he himself was laid low. Many a voice with whose notes I was familiar would break upon my ear in tones of heroic daring, and the next moment burst forth in a death-cry. For above an hour the frightful carnage continued, fresh troops continually advancing, but scarcely a foot of ground was made; the earth belched forth its volcanic fires, and that terrible barrier did no man pass. In turn the bravest and the boldest would leap into the whizzing flame, and the taunting cheers of the enemy triumphed in derision at the effort. "Stormers, to the front! only the bayonet!

trust to nothing but the bayonet!" cried a voice, whose almost cheerful accents contrasted strangely with the death notes around, and Gurwood, who led the forlorn hope of the fifty second, bounded into the chasm; all the officers sprung simultaneously after him; the men pressed madly on; a roll of withering musketry crashed upon them; a furious shout replied to it. The British, springing over the dead and the dying, bounded like bloodhounds on their prey. Meanwhile, the ramparts trembled beneath the tramp of the light division, who, having forced the lesser breach, came down upon the flank of the French. The garrison, however, thickened their numbers, and bravely held their ground. Man to man was now the combat. No cry for quarter. No supplicating look for mercy; it was the death-struggle of vengeance and despair. At this instant an explosion, louder than the loudest thunder, shook the air; the rent and torn-up ramparts sprang into the sky; the conquering and the conquered were alike the victims; for one of the great magazines had been ignited by a shell; the black smoke, streaked with a lurid flame, hung above the dead and the dying. The artillery and the murderous musketry were stilled, paralysed, as it were, by the ruin and devastation before them: both sides stood leaning upon their arms; the pause was but momentary, the cries of wounded comrades called upon their hearts. A fierce burst of vengeance rent the air; the British closed upon the foe; for one instant they were met; the next, the bayonets gleamed upon the ramparts, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won.—Charles O'Malley, in Dublin University Magazine.

## DREADFUL FIRE AT SMYRNA.

The Smyrna Journal gives the following account of this mournful occurrence:—"A dreadful calamity has just visited the town of Smyrna, and plunged 20,000 of its inhabitants in desolation and misery. A terrible fire, such as in the memory of man was never known in this country, has destroyed, in the space of 18 hours, nearly half the town, and wholly ruined 20,000 persons. The fire broke out on Wednesday at midnight, in the coffee-house of the Goldsmiths' Bazaar. Two hours afterwards the fire had spread over an extent of half a mile, and hundreds of houses were burning at the same time. The violence of the wind drove the flames with incredible fury towards the different quarters of the upper town, and rendered all human succour useless. The nature of the localities, and the bad construction of the old buildings, which were greatly agglomerated, with the intense heat, and the want of water on several points, with the wind, all contributed to render the disaster complete. A third of the Turkish town, all the Jews' quarter, several bazaars, amongst which were those of the goldsmiths, the grain dealers, the shoemakers, the saddlers, the confectioners, the clothes-dealers, the druggists, &c., a great number of mosques, seven synagogues, and 9,000 to 10,000 houses, were reduced to ashes, and are at this moment only heaps of burning ruins. Several persons have perished in this horrible catastrophe; the number is not correctly known, but it is estimated at from 30 to 40. As to the loss, it is incalculable; it amounts, however, to several millions.

An alarming accident occurred to some members of the Royal suite on Saturday, near Windsor. A party, consisting of the Queen and several of the Household, assembled in carriages and on horseback, on the mount which overlooks Virginia Water, to witness the hunting of Prince Albert's pack of beagles. The little hounds were brought near, that the Queen might closely inspect them. Presently, some of them, which had run between the legs of the four ponies harnessed to a phaeton, containing Lady Hay and Miss Cavendish, and driven by the Earl of Errol, gave tongue so loudly and suddenly that the leader reared up and threw the postillion off his back; the whole team became uncontrollably affrighted, turned abruptly round, and rushed down the steep towards the open lake. The few instants between the first fright of the leader and the rush of the whole team, but just sufficed for the Earl of Errol to leap over the door of the phaeton and pluck the ladies from the seats behind. By the time that the phaeton turned the crest of the hill, several persons on horseback and on foot had already run to the heads of the ponies and were trying to hold them in check; but nothing could stop them till they came to the very brink of the lake: one of the leaders was indeed thrown into the deep water, and it was only by the instant cutting of the traces that the rest were saved from going after him; he was afterwards drawn out. Unfortunately, Rann, the postillion, who was at first thrown off, was both kicked by the ponies and run over by the phaeton, as he lay on the ground. He received Royal aid and sympathy, however: Prince Albert helped to undress him, and the Queen sent for the Household Surgeon, who soon came to the spot; and Rann was bled, and carefully attended to. The Queen has since called on him twice to learn how he was. No wonder he is doing well.

BALLOONING.—Mr. Green made his 230th ascent from Vauxhall-gardens on Monday week, in the Great Nassau Balloon. He was accompanied by the Hon. Dudley Ward, the Hon. Mortimer West, of Grenadier Guards, Captain Currie, Mr. Leche, of Cardiom, Cheshire, Mr. Soper, Mr. G. Green, and Mr. Adams. They came down in a corn-field close to a large wood; 50 yards further would have carried them into the middle of the wood.

## NOTICE.

ALL Persons who have any demands against the Estate of CATHERINE KNAPP, late of this place, deceased, Widow and Sole Executrix of the late TITUS KNAPP, Esquire, will present their Accounts, duly attested, within eighteen Calendar Months from this date, to the Subscribers; and all Persons who are indebted to the said Estate will please make immediate payment to  
JOHN GEO. ALLAN,  
JAMES DICKSON,  
Executors of the said Catherine Knapp.  
Westmorland Point, Westmorland County,  
June 8, 1841.

## POST OFFICE.

Fredericton, 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 Bisdick, James Burnett, Wm. Berry, John Bond, James Boyd, J. H. Blake, David Bell.

C  
John Carmichael, Pierre Côté, Barned 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 Horroting, 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 Kingslow, 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'Aniss, 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 Manners, 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'Alon, Col. Mashwell, Jas. Mulroney, George M'Naughton, Nancy M'Bride, James Matherson, Edward M'Duen, Samuel M'Cullow.

N  
John Nunan, Charles Nevers, Mrs. Samuel Nicalson, 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 Philips, 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. Wilmot, 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.  
HUE & CRY! £40 Reward.

WHEREAS THOMAS HARRISON, of the Parish of Sussex, in King's County, Farmer, did, on the night of the 28th ultimo, escape from the custody of Two Constables, who were conveying him, the said Thomas Harrison, to the Gaol of the said County, charged with having feloniously fired a Gun, loaded with Powder and Ball or Slugs, at ISAAC CLEVELAND, of the Parish aforesaid, and him, the said Isaac, did severely wound, so that his Life is despaired of;—  
A REWARD of £40 is hereby offered for his apprehension, and lodgment in the Gaol of King's County, in the Province of New Brunswick; and all persons are hereby called upon to be aiding and assisting in the apprehension of the said Thomas Harrison.  
Said THOMAS HARRISON is about 40 years of age, dark complexion, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, down look, dark hair, round face.  
Dated at Kingston, the 17th Aug., 1841.  
A. DAVIDSON, Sheriff.  
INDENTURES for Sale at this Office. Feb. 11.