

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### THEY COME! &c.

They come, the merry summer months of Beauty,  
Song, and Flowers;  
They come, the gladdest months that bring  
thick leafiness to bowers,  
Up, up my heart! and walk abroad, sing carols  
and care aside,  
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful  
waters glide;  
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal  
trees,  
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky, in  
rapt tranquillity.  
The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to  
the hand,  
And like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is  
sweet and bland;  
The daisy and the buttercup, are nodding con-  
tantly,  
It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless  
and welcome thee;  
And mark how with thy own thin locks—they  
now are silvery grey—  
That blissful breeze is wanting, and whispering  
"Be gay."  
There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of  
your sky,  
But hath its own wing'd mariners to give it  
melody:  
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all  
gleaming like red gold,  
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry  
course they hold  
God bless them all, those little ones, who far  
above this earth,  
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a  
nobler mirth.  
But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, from  
yonder wood it came;  
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe  
his own glad name;—  
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart from  
all his kind,  
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft  
western wind;  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! besings again—his notes are  
void of art,  
But simple strains do soonest sound the deep  
laments of the heart.  
Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought  
crazed with like me,  
To smell again those summer flowers beneath  
this summer tree!  
To seek once more in every breath their little  
souls away,  
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's  
bright summer day,  
When, rushing forth like untamed colts, the  
reckless troop  
Wandered through green woods all day long,  
a mighty host of joy!  
I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but oh!  
I'm proud to think  
That each pure joy-loved of yore, I yet  
delight to drink;  
Leaf, blossom blade, hill, valley, stream, the  
calm unclouded sky,  
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the  
days gone by,  
When summer's loveliness and light fell all  
around me dark and cold,  
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart  
that hath waxed old!

## VARIETIES.

From the Liverpool (Pa.) Mercury.  
**THE DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.**  
A NEW ENGLAND TALE.  
By the Author of *The Bridal Ring*, *Shal-  
lowa*, &c.

There lived, about eighteen years ago, in a  
small valley, bordering on the east bank of the  
Housatonic river, in the State of Connecticut,  
Zedekiah Raymond, a substantial Yankee far-  
mer, who had amassed a handsome fortune by  
the industry and economy of himself, his wife  
and only son, named Joseph, who was the sole  
survivor of six children. Of course he was a  
favorite with his parents, who gave him an  
education at least equal to any of his neigh-  
bors; and his Sunday clothes outshone them  
all. Although he claimed no superiority over  
the poorest of his associates, still he was looked  
upon by many with an eye of envy. Though  
not tainted with impudence, he was destitute  
of that awkward bashfulness which character-  
izes so many of the sons of New England, who  
are strangers to the varied ways of a varying  
world.

At the time our story commences, Joseph  
Raymond was twenty-two years of age.  
While sitting, one cold winter evening, with  
his parents, around a sparkling fire, regaling  
themselves with apples, nuts, and cider—as is  
customary at that season with every New  
England farmer—old Zedekiah (for so he was  
familiarly termed by his neighbors) thus ad-  
dressed his son.

"Joseph, you know that I am getting old."  
"Yes, sir."  
And your mother is getting old, too, and is  
no longer able to attend to the dairy, and do  
all the other work about the house, as she  
used to do. Don't you understand Joseph?"  
Joseph looked at the fire for a full minute,  
without scarcely winking, and then fell to  
work, and ate at least half a dozen large ap-  
ples, drank a pint of cider, and cracked a quart  
of nuts before he said a word.  
"Daddy, I don't know as I exactly com-  
prehend what you mean, but I kinder guess that  
mother wants somebody to help her about the  
house. Ain't that it, daddy?"  
"Exactly, Joseph, and you know that good  
hired girls are hard to be got."  
And so are good wives," thought Joseph.  
"Now Joseph, can't you find some nice tidy  
girl, that you would like well enough to—  
to—"

"To marry," said the old lady, finishing  
the question.  
Joseph ate another apple, took another glass  
of cider, and laid some wood on the fire.  
"Yes Joseph, you're old enough to settle in  
life; you will be well provided for—and now  
is the time. Your mother and I married at  
nineteen, without a dollar to begin with, and  
we have never been sorry for it yet; have we,  
Lucy?"

"No Zeddy, not as I know of."  
"But daddy, how will I go to work to pick  
one? I like all the girls well enough, but  
hang me if I can tell which I like best. I'd  
rather undertake to pick a good yoke of oxen  
out of five hundred. However, I'll think on't,  
and Sunday I'll look at all the girls in the meet-  
ing-house, and may be I can pitch upon one  
that I'd be willing to try for."

Here the party broke up, and the trio retired  
to rest.  
Perhaps there is not a class of people in the  
civilized world so uniformly contented and happy  
as the peasantry of New England. They retire  
early to rest; their sleep is sweet; they rise  
early; and resume their accustomed avo-

ocations with smiling countenances—indexes of  
hearts untroubled by care. In the family of  
Zedekiah Raymond, however, this night formed  
a trifling exception. The old lady's curi-  
osity was more than ordinarily excited, as to  
whom Joseph would select for his daughter-in-  
law. She canvassed, in her own mind, the  
characters and apparent dispositions of every  
girl in the parish, and could think of but two  
whom she would like to see become members  
of her family. Would Joseph choose either  
of them? This was a query which kept  
her awake till midnight. Zedekiah was at  
first a little restless, but soon "resolved," as  
the Congregationalists say, "to postpone the fur-  
ther consideration of the subject till to-mor-  
row," and fell asleep.

Not so with Joseph. Before he had been in  
bed five minutes he made a selection, fell  
asleep mechanically, and slept soundly till  
breakfast.

"There's nothing like taking time by the  
forelock," thought Joseph. Acting on this  
principle, he did a good day's work at chop-  
ping wood before three o'clock in the after-  
noon; immediately after which time his mo-  
ther's curiosity was more excited than ever,  
at finding him in the act of brushing the dust  
from his Sunday suit, polishing his boots, and  
smoothing down his new napped hat with a  
silk handkerchief.

"What's in the wind, now, Joseph," inquired  
she, "that you're takin' all this trouble."  
"Why, I'm a going to singin' school."  
She could say no more, but could not help  
thinking that she would like to know more  
about it.

While Joseph was tackling old Dobbin into a  
beautiful pump, we must introduce our hero-  
ine to our readers. She was neither hand-  
some nor homely, neither rich nor poor, but  
a plain industrious girl of seventeen, without  
either pride or ostentation; a girl whose sole  
ambition was to please all with whom she as-  
sociated. In this she was uniformly success-  
ful, and thus, unwittingly, won the heart of  
many a swain. Such, briefly, was Polly Bron-  
son, whom Joseph had resolved to woo.

It was scarcely dark, when our hero was  
seen tying old Dobbin to a stake in front of  
Squire Bronson's. A slight tap at the door  
with the butt-end of his sleigh-whip elicited  
the usual answer of "walk in," and Joseph  
soon found himself by the Squire's fireside.  
"Mrs. Bronson," said he, "will you let  
Polly go with me to the singin' school to-  
night?"

"I've no objections at all, Joseph, if she's wil-  
lin'."

No more was said; Polly blushed a little,  
but proceeded forthwith to prepare herself.  
The moon shone brightly, and though  
scarcely a breath of wind was perceptible, the  
keen air of a January night, and a good road,  
seemed to Joseph to give wings to Dobbin, and  
he found himself at the school-house before he  
could muster courage sufficient to say a dozen  
words to his companion. "Confound the  
beast," thought he, "I never knew her to go  
so fast before; but I'll pay her for it to-mor-  
row, when I get her hitched before the oxen to  
one of those big logs in the Tamarack swamp."

As the singing-master had not arrived, Jo-  
seph proposed to extend their ride for a mile  
or two, to which Polly assented, and Dobbin  
took his usual gait, that is to say, at the rate  
of about two miles an hour.

After a common-place conversation on  
"matters and things in general," Joseph  
changed the subject.  
"Polly, I am going to ask you a particular  
and important question one of these days; can  
you guess what it will be?"  
"No, Joseph, indeed I can't."  
Daddy says we shall be well provided for,  
and that I'm old enough—

He hesitated.  
"For what?"  
"To—to—to settle down! Now, don't  
you understand me?"

Polly did not answer, but as Joseph took her  
by the hand he fancied that it trembled a little  
and this gave him courage to proceed.  
"You see, Polly," says he, "that I can  
help father to take care of the farm, and you  
can help mother about the house, and—"

"Let's return home, Joseph, I think I under-  
stand you, now; but say no more about it  
at present."

"Why, Polly, I didn't mean any offence;  
that's the last thing I'd thought of. But won't  
you let me call at the Squire's next Sunday  
night?"

"You know, Mr. Raymond, that you are  
always welcome at our house; father and mo-  
ther will always be glad to see you."  
This was a damper. The singing school  
was forgotten, and not a word was uttered by  
either of them till they arrived at Squire Bron-  
son's, when Joseph conducted Polly to the door,  
bade her "good night," and getting into his  
vehicle, gave Dobbin the rein and the whip,  
notwithstanding which she moved, in the im-  
agination of Joseph, as slow as a snail.

When he reached home, he found his parents,  
with their usual evening repast before them,  
waiting for his return. He declined joining  
them, excusing himself by saying that he "took  
enough last night to last him a week."

"Why, what's the matter, Joseph? I'd any-  
thing go wrong at the singing-school?"  
"No, mother, but what I swallow last  
night is not yet digested. At your request, I  
took something besides, apples, nuts, and cider;  
and it lies heavy on my stomach yet."

By this time, old Zeddy began to think there  
was "something in the wind" that did not  
whistle. His good dame had told him all about  
the dressing up of Joseph; the tackling Dobbin  
into the pump; and Joseph's assertion that he  
was only going to the singing-school. He  
more than half suspected that Joseph had been  
anticipating his proposed survey of the village  
belles in the meeting-house, by taking his "pick  
and choose" at the school-house; and that he  
had come off minus. In no other way could he  
account for Joseph's unaccountable taciturnity.

But he knew well that cross questioning would  
only make matters worse; and he persuaded  
Lucy to agree to abide the issue.

For the three intervening days between (and  
including) Friday and Saturday, Joseph said  
nothing about his Thursday evening's excu-  
sion. In the meantime, however, he construct-  
ed Polly's answer to his request, that he might  
call at her father's on Sunday evening, in a  
dozen different ways. At length, the expres-  
sion, "you are always welcome at our house,"  
settled this part of the enigma. To say that  
her "father and mother" would "always be  
glad to see him" was intimating, in a modest  
way, that she, herself, would have no particu-  
lar objections to his paying them an evening vi-  
sit. "I'll go, any how," thought he, "and if  
she says 'no,' why 'no' let it be."

In the mean time Polly's mind was no less  
uneasy. She knew not what to do, or think.  
In short never having been regularly wooed,  
she had never seriously thought of matrimony.  
She considered, however, that there was "time  
enough yet," and concluded to be governed by

circumstances.  
Sunday night found Joseph at the Squire's.  
Polly had on her best "bib and tucker," and  
appeared to Joseph more lovely than ever. The  
Squire and his lady began to "smell a rat,"  
and left the young folks to themselves.  
"Polly,"—this was all he could say; his  
heart rose to his mouth; he could have felt it  
with his finger; and its beat might have been  
heard across the room.

"What?" inquired the blushing girl.  
After calling to his relief all the courage he  
possessed, he resumed:  
"Polly, you know what I told you 'tother  
night?"

"Yes."  
"Well, to cut matters short, there's no use  
in our burnin' up candles and firewood every  
night for a year; we've known each other ever  
since we were school children together; you  
understand me; now say yes, or no, and the  
question will be settled one way or 'tother, and  
no more said about it."

You are in too great a hurry, Joseph; I must  
ask father and mother about it; and you shall  
have an answer next Sunday night."

After half an hour's every day chat, and a  
few sweet kisses, (of course,) Joseph returned  
home with his heart as light as a feather.

Old Zeddy and his dame were more anxious  
than ever to know how matters stood between  
Joseph and the object of his choice; for as yet  
they were totally in the dark on the subject, al-  
though they were well aware, from his uncon-  
mon elasticity of spirits when he entered the  
room, that something had been said to some-  
body. Who was this somebody? Was it  
Nancy Carter or Polly Bronson? These were  
the old lady's favorites. But not a word could  
he get out of Joseph; he resolved to know the  
whole before they should know any thing.

Polly, with a flushed countenance and a beat-  
ing heart, cautiously introduced the subject to  
her parents. "Wait a bit," said the Squire,  
"don't do things too fast, Polly. This is a  
serious question. Don't confess judgment, but  
give him a trial, and non-suit him on the  
ground of his not having yet produced suffi-  
cient evidence. If he wishes a verdict in his fa-  
vor, he will soon commence a new suit, and it  
will then be time enough to confess judgment;  
provided he pays the costs."

The mother seconded this advice, and of  
course Polly was bound to follow it.  
Our hero waited patiently till the next Sun-  
day night, and ere it was yet dark, called on  
Polly for a yes or no.

"Joseph," said she, "I have thought of the  
thing pretty seriously; I cannot cherish a  
doubt as to your sincerity; and have conclud-  
ed, with the advice of my parents, that I can-  
not do better than to—"

Joseph did not give her time to finish the  
sentence, but clasped her in his arms; hugged  
her till she could scarcely breathe; kissed her  
till her cheeks were as red as "shooting stars,"  
and hurried home to give the glad tidings to  
"daddy and mammy." After consulting for  
a long time as to what preparation should be  
made for the *in-fair*, the small family of Zede-  
kiah Raymond retired to rest, and for the first  
time in ten days slept soundly.

Early the next morning Joseph repaired to  
the Squire's, and invited Polly to name the  
wedding day.

"The wedding day! What do you mean  
Joseph?"

"Why, Polly, didn't you tell me last night  
that you thought 'twould be the best thing  
you could do?"  
"To—refuse you! You did not let me fi-  
nish my answer."

This was a disappointment with a witness.  
The outside door stood open, which saved Jo-  
seph some trouble in evacuating the premises.

Nancy Carter had long had an eye on Joseph,  
and he knew it. "Any thing for revenge,"  
thought he, and in less than two hours—having  
again tackled old Dobbin into the pump, he was  
seen passing the Squire's house, with Nancy at  
his elbow, looking as gay as a lark. Polly saw  
it, the Squire saw it, and the mother saw it—  
What was to be done? While the old folks  
were in secret confab, touching the matter in  
question, Polly held a consultation *solus*;  
which resulted in a determination no longer to  
trifle with what her father had already pro-  
nounced a serious affair, but to violate the ar-  
bitrary rules which custom had prescribed to  
females similarly situated. Pursuant to this  
resolution she addressed to Joseph the follow-  
ing note:

"Joseph—After your sudden and unexpect-  
ed departure last evening, I found a handker-  
chief on the carpet, marked with your name.  
You can receive it by calling for it this even-  
ing."

P. B."

It is scarcely necessary to add that this was  
another disappointment. He called pursuant  
to invitation, and exchanged a wedding ring  
for a handkerchief.

ANECDOTE.—A plain good hearted kind of  
a man who understood that a widow and her  
family were reduced to extreme distress by the  
death of a cow, which was their principal sup-  
port, generously went round among his neigh-  
bors to solicit that aid which he was unable to  
give himself. He told a plain, simple, pathetic  
tale, and received from each a very liberal do-  
nation of—regret, sorrow and sympathy—but  
thought he, this will not buy a cow, and he  
consequently redoubled his exertions and to the  
same effect. He now got out of patience,  
and after being answered as usual by a real son  
of Midas, with a plentiful shower of sympathy-  
feeling, exclaimed, "Oh yes, I don't doubt  
your feeling, but you don't feel in the right  
place." "Oh, said the tender hearted Croesus,  
"I feel with all my heart and soul." "Yes,  
yes, replied the other, 'I don't doubt that either,  
but I want you to feel in your pocket."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—In a neighbouring  
county, not many miles distant, a Jonathan  
got it into his head to go a courting. His dul-  
cinea was a sweet, rosy cheeked girl of sixteen;  
her father, not liking the appearance of her  
beast, had forbidden his suit. One evening,  
however, when the old Gentleman was from  
home, Jonathan rigged himself out for a court-  
ing expedition, and found his way to the resi-  
dence of the fair Delcinea, and (not expecting  
the old gentleman to return that night) had  
seated himself very comfortably beside the ob-  
ject of his solicitations, (after the fashion of  
Joe Bunker,) when lo! the old gentleman ar-  
rived at the door. Jonathan thought of being  
out, but had not time to get out—he had to stow  
himself away for safe keeping under a bed,  
which luckily was in the room, where a hen  
had deposited her eggs, and had been sitting  
some time—the hen not liking his presence so  
near her, began to pick him on the shin. Jo-  
nathan retreated in haste from his hiding place  
to the great astonishment of the old gentleman,  
and exclaimed—*I'm make bit, I don't care who  
knows it.—Philanthropist.*

A WONDERFUL NOISE.—Once upon a time a  
notion was started that if all the people in the  
world would shout at once, it might be heard  
to the moon. So the projectors agreed it  
should be done in just ten years. Some thou-  
sand ships' loads of chronometers were distri-  
buted to the select men and other great men  
of all the different nations. For a year before  
hand nothing else was talked about but the  
awful noise that was to be made on the great  
occasion. When the time came every body  
had their ears open, to hear the universal ex-  
clamation of Boo—the word agreed upon—but  
nobody spoke, except a deaf man in one of the  
Fesee Islands, and a woman in Pekin, so that  
the world was never so still since the creation.

## GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

COMMISSARIAT, NEW BRUNSWICK,  
Saint John, 19th April, 1834.

NOTICE is hereby given to such persons as  
may be desirous of Contracting to furnish  
the following Articles of Supply for the use of His  
Majesty's Land Forces, at the Stations undermen-  
tioned, that Sealed Tenders for each article will  
be received by Assistant Commissary General  
ROBINSON, at this Office, until twelve o'clock on  
Friday the 16th May next, viz:

**FIRE WOOD.**  
50 Cords to be delivered at Saint John,  
1200 Cords " " at Fredericton,  
15 Cords " " at Fort Cumberland  
The Cord to be English measure.

**POWDER OIL AND COTTON WICK.**  
Such quantities as may be required at Saint  
John and Fredericton, for eighteen months, com-  
mencing the 1st day of July next.

**FRESH OX OR HEIFER BEEF.**  
Of the best Marketable quality to be delivered  
in such quantities as may be required at Saint  
John, Fredericton, and Saint Andrews, for eight  
teen months from the first day of July next.

The prices of each article to be stated in ster-  
ling, in words at length, and payment will be  
made for the same in British silver, or in Bills of  
Exchange, at the rate of £100 for every £101 10  
due upon the contracts.

The terms and conditions of the contracts may  
be known on application at this Office or at the  
posts before named.

No Tender will be noticed unless accompanied  
by a letter addressed to the Senior Commissary  
Officer, signed by two persons of known respon-  
sibility, engaging to become bound with the party,  
for the due performance of such Contracts as  
may be entered into; and an authorised person  
must attend on behalf of the person tendering, on  
the day the Tenders are opened.

## Notice.

The Subscriber being duly authorized by the  
Honorable the Commissioner of Crown  
Lands, to act as Deputy Surveyor in this Pro-  
vince, is about removing to the City of Saint  
John, for the purpose of executing orders of  
survey.

THOMAS O'KELEHER.  
Fredericton, 22d April, 1834.

## To let for one or more Years, and Possession given the first day of May

A Commodious Store and dwell-  
ing House, having a good  
garden and out stores attached to  
the same, situated in Waterloo Row,  
and lately occupied by Mr. Oliver Smith for a  
number of years as a store and dwelling house.  
The premises may be viewed at any time on  
application to  
JOHN ROBINSON.  
Fredericton, 19th February, 1834.

The above property will be leased at  
Public Auction on the first day of May for a  
term of three years.

## Notice.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing at  
Fredericton, between the Subscribers, under  
the firm of SMITH & COY, is this day dissolved  
by mutual consent: All persons indebted to said  
firm are hereby requested to make payment to  
ASA COY, who is authorized to receive the same.

THOMAS B. SMITH,  
ASA COY.  
Fredericton, 31st March, 1834.

## Notice.

THE Co-partnership existing between the  
Subscribers, under the firm of THOMAS B.  
SMITH & CO. at the Pennycook, is this day dissolved  
by mutual consent: All persons indebted to said  
firm are requested to make immediate payment to  
Thomas B. Smith, who is duly authorized to re-  
ceive the same.

THOMAS B. SMITH,  
ASA COY.  
Mill Town, 31st March, 1834.

## TO RENT For One or more Years.

THAT Store in CARLETON-  
STREET, now occupied by  
Mr. George Woods, belonging to  
the Estate of Samuel Grosvenor,  
deceased—possession will be given  
on the first day of May next.

GEO. SHORE,  
GEO. MINCHIN, } Executors.  
JOHN SIMPSON.  
Fredericton, 26th March, 1834.

## For Sale.

THREE Lots of Land Nos. 43, 44, and 45  
in the Military Grant on the Portage,  
between Fredericton, and Miramichi, opposite  
land owned by the Hon. George Shore, con-  
taining 500 Acres more or less, with the usual  
allowance for roads. For terms apply to  
W. B. KINNEAR,  
Atty. for the Estate of Wm. Ewing decd.  
St. John, September 11th, 1833.

## CARD.

WILLIAM SIMPSON Apothecary and  
Druggist, respectfully begs to an-  
nounce his intentions of giving up his present  
business and his wish to leave Fredericton  
early this Spring. He is therefore willing to  
treat with any one for his Stock in Trade, Shop  
Furniture &c. in one lot. The terms can be  
made easy.

Any Surgeon or Apothecary wishing to  
commence business will seldom meet with such  
an advantageous opening.

Should the above not be disposed of pre-  
viously to the 1st day of June next, they will be  
offered for sale by Public Auction.

W. S. would politely request an early set-  
tlement of all accounts due him, and all ac-  
counts against him to be sent in immediately.  
Fredericton, March 17th 1834.

Blanks for Sale at this Office.

Valuable Property for Sale.  
A VERY valuable Tract or Parcel of Land,  
situate, lying and being in the Parish of  
Wakfield, County of Carleton, well known  
and distinguished by the name of the *Lower  
Peckagogick Pond*, in the River St. John,  
containing 50 acres, more or less, for terms and  
further particulars, application to be made to  
JOHN V. THURGAR, St. John,  
or to  
C. S. PUTNAM, Fredericton,  
July 24, 1833.

## M. MACKINTOSH, (Store opposite Messrs. Smith and Coy's.)

Returns sincere thanks for the liberal support  
in business hitherto enjoyed, and offers low for  
ready Money and Country Produce—

**SUPERFINE**, Fine and Rye Flour, in Bbls.  
and half Bbls. Corn Meal; Oat Meal, first  
quality and fresh from the Mill; Barrels Mea-  
rel and Herrings; Cod and Scale fish; Corned  
Pork by retail; Digby and Granville Smoked  
Herrings; Candles; Liverpool Soap, very su-  
perior; Starch; Indigo and Fig Blue; Pickles  
Sussex Vale Butter; Nova Scotia Cheese, excel-  
lent quality; Rice; Barley; Teas; Sugars;  
Molasses and Coffee; best Durham Mustard, and  
ground Ginger; Allspice; Black Pepper; Cel-  
erates; Raisins; dried Currants; Valencia and soft  
shelled Almonds; Caraway seed; Nutmegs;  
Cloves; Cinnamon; Water Bicarbonate and Crack-  
ers; Day and Martin's Paste Blacking; Show and  
Scrubbing Brushes; Thread; Cotton Balls, and  
Reels; Golden Needles; Pins; Scissors; Rock-  
et and Pen Knives; Printed Calicoes; Bleached  
and unbleached Cottons; Flannels; Scotch Home-  
spuns; Apron Checks; Plaids; Scotch Caps; Cot-  
ton Bed Ticks; Jaconet Muslin; Robinet, &c.

Best Hollands Gin, Cognac Brandy; with a  
few Pouchons Jamaica Spirits of superior flavor  
and strength, and 1 Pouchon very good Dams  
rara Rum.

N. B. Families taking 5lbs. Tea or upwards at  
once, will have a deduction on the common price  
by the single pound.

Regent Street, 27th November, 1833.

## LETTERS Remaining in the Post Office at Fredericton, March 5, 1834.

Joseph Armer, Mr. Andrews.

Elizabeth L. Bligher, Widow Burke, Susan  
Bradley, John Baillie, Michael Boyce, W.  
Barton, Mrs. Burns, Mr. George Brymer,  
Henry Beird, Mr. Bowden, Wm. Boyd, Thos.  
Bremen.

William T. Coy, Thomas Christian, Thomas  
Chambers, Ann Esther Close, George  
Coulthard, William Calamus, Nathaniel Chris-  
man, John Cowman, William Caverhill, Mat-  
thew Campbell, William Caughey, William  
Cowperth, Samuel Caughey, Florence M'Carty.

John Dow, 4, Daniel Doran, John Dorrien,  
John Daisy, John Dollard, Robert Duncan,  
Ann Donnelly, John Daily.

Charles Emery, James Esly, Thomas Ever-  
itt.

Annie Forman, Robert Freneman, John  
Frame, Thos. Framy.

James Giles, Samuel Gackens, John Gran-  
tions, 2, David Graham, Benjamin Griffith,  
Samuel Guilham.

Daniel Howard, Wm. Hamilton, Mary Ha-  
mliton, Nehemiah Hooper, Catharine Harris,  
Joseph Hanley.

Margaret Johnston, John Johnston, Charles  
Ingram, Mary Jane, Nehemiah Johnson, Chas  
Johnston, Hugh James.

William Kirk, John Kelly, Robert Kirby,  
Jacob Kilcock.

Miss Longstaff, Richard Leslie, John Long.

Patrick McLoon, John McNeil, Samuel Mc  
Gerhail, Sarah Moor, John McCafferty, 2  
John Mohan, Robert McGibb, Main, Alexan-  
der McGroarty, Edward Mann, Alexander Mc  
Dearmid, Robt. McCullagh, Margaret Mc  
Canney, Alexander McKenney, Charlotte Mor-  
rell, Jeremiah Murphy, John McHagher, Saml.  
McGerhail, John Morrell, Samuel McFaiture,  
John Moor.

Edward O'Brien, Sarah Osborn, N. O. Don-  
nell.

Levi Pikes, Henry Potter, Ebenezer Pack-  
ward, James Panton, Thomas Prosser, John  
Patterson.

Solomon Rice, Washington Raymond, Goo-  
ney Reed, John H. Ryan.

George Sampson, Samuel Sharp, William  
Smith, 2, Samuel Smith, Isaac Smith, Hugh  
Scottlan.

Mary Thomas, Stephen Treacy.

John Vance, Richard Vemer.

Thomas Walsh, John Wright, Wm. West,  
John Watson, Thomas Waugh, Samuel Wil-  
son.

## THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive of  
Postage.

Advertisements not exceeding 12 lines  
Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings  
and Sixpence the first and one Shilling  
and Sixpence for each succeeding in-  
sertion. Advertisements must be accom-  
panied with Cash and the Insertions will  
be regulated according to the amount  
received. Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c.  
can be struck off at the shortest notice.

AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

SAINT JOHN, Mr. Peter Duff,  
SAINT ANDREWS, Mr. George Miller,  
DORCHESTER, E. B. Chandler,  
SALISBURY, J. A. Scott, Esq.  
KENT, J. W. Weldon, Esq.  
MIRAMICHI, Edward Baker, Esq.  
KENT, (COUNTY OF YORK) Geo. Moorhouse, Esq.  
WOODSTOCK, and J. Charles Raymond,  
NORTHAMPTON, J. James Tilley, Esq.