

Poetry.

LOVE.

We have not often met with a sweeter description of the tenderness of feeling, without which love cannot exist in the heart, than in the following verses. Much bad poetry has been inspired by love, but the present writer is not of the sighing and crying school, and has evidently felt deeply what he has beautifully painted.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love,
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove:
Where Time seems young and Life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,
Above, the stars in cloudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margin kiss:
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Yes, this is Love, the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set:
The best, the brightest bow the heart e'er knew,
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
Oh! who but can recall the eye they met
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,
And winds sigh'd soft around the mountain's brow;
And all was rapture then which is but memory now.

A FRAGMENT.

When the weary day hath passed away, and the pale moon shines on high,
And every star, so distant far, is glittering in the sky—
When mortals sleep, and willows weep, and gentle murmuring streams
Sing songs of love to the air above, and maidens dream their dreams—
When fairies dance, and ghosts advance from the graves which hold the dead,
And all the elves amuse themselves—why then I go to bed!

MISS PIPSON.

The prettiest mouth that man could wish to lay his
loving lips on,
Is that belonging to the sweet and innocent Miss
Pipson.
O when she goes along the street, the wink she often
tips one,
Which makes me feel confounded queer, the cunning
wag Miss Pipson.
And when the snow-white French kid-glove her
pretty hand she slips on,
She seems the very queen of love—the beautiful Miss
Pipson.
She is the lawful daughter of her father's father's
rib's son,
And thus you have the pedigree of elegant Miss Pipson.
She is so full behind, you'd swear that she had got
false hips on,
And yet no bustle doth she wear,—Magnificent Miss
Pipson.
She sings and dances vastly well; and when the floor
she skips on,
You see at once she doth excel,—the nimble limb'd
Miss Pipson.
'Tis dangerous to approach so near her fingers for she
grips one
And puts the soul in bodily fear,—the cruel mix
Miss Pipson.
But yet you can't object, although in terror she so
dips one,
You rather glory in each blow received from fair Miss
Pipson.
Pain from her hands no more is pain; and even when
she nips one,
You cannot for your soul complain,—the cruel, sweet
Miss Pipson.
'Tis said she carries things so high, that sometimes
even she whips one,
But that I guess is "all my eye,"—adorable Miss
Pipson.
At all events, she tips, and grips, and dips, and nips,
and trips one,
And therefore I'll have nought to do with beautiful
Miss Pipson.

Miscellaneous.

WILD WATER POND.

BY ROBERT SULLIVAN.

[Continued.]

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power,
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen.

My visits to the Mansion of the Moss were
constant, and our acquaintance became more
and more familiar, till the omission of a day
was a subject of playful remonstrance. Even
Carroll, though he kept his word, and took
little more notice of me than he would of a lap
dog, appeared to grow more friendly, now and
then sported a rough joke, and once or twice,
when the weather was fine, and the sinking of
his pond had caused a corresponding rise in his
spirits, invited me to dine with him, and discuss
the progress of his improvements. On these
occasions I saw more of the man's character
than I should perhaps have discovered under
other circumstances. He drank freely, and
would then lose sight of his habitual caution,
and shake off his taciturnity. This, however,
by no means improved my opinion of him, for
the more his mind opened, the more dark and
repulsive it appeared. His choice themes of
conversation, next to his dykes, and the lawsuit
which he had commenced against the waste
water, were the abuse of his two innocent
victims, the one of whom he affected to despise for
imbecility, while he hated the other for repaying
that contempt upon himself. He did not wish
to conceal that he had married for money
to carry on his speculations, and detailed, with
a brutal exultation, the means by which he had
won his unsuspecting wife, and how she had
begun to repent her bargain too late. He
would then work himself up into anger, and
demand whether it was not a hard case that
some of her money was still beyond his power,
and intended for her termagant daughter; and
finally wished that theague or typhus fever
would fly away with them both together. Many
a time did I burn to dash the bottle down the
ruffian's throat, but my admission to the house
depended upon my keeping terms with him,
and I used to listen patiently till he was well
settled and dropped off to sleep.

Contrary to all our expectations, the waste
water cause was decided in his favour, and he
rejoiced, for a day or two, something like a
happy face. His exultation, when he mar-
shalled his workmen to dam up the sluice, was
beyond all bounds, and he was confident that
by that day month, there would not be a drop
of water in his park. In less than a week, a
bank was raised as impenetrable as the walls of
Tyre, and there was not a person present who
served it without perfect admiration—except,
indeed, my old friends of the Lock House, who
assured me, with much lamentation, that their
fishing was entirely spoiled.

After the embankment was finished, I re-
turned with Carroll to dinner. He did the
honours of his house so well, that I could al-
most fancy how his wife came to be deceived

into marrying him; and his victims gazed upon
him, as much as to say, "why can you not al-
ways be thus?" The only drawback upon our
pleasure was a heavy shower of rain, which con-
tinued all the evening to patter against the win-
dow, as though it threatened to avenge the
cause of the river.

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Carroll, every five
minutes, "I hear you! How that cursed
sluice would be pouring now if its mouth were
not stopped!"

When I left them for the night, the rain
poured down in a deluge, and the wind beat me
about fearfully. I could scarcely accomplish
the voyage to my cabin, and when I arrived
there I was half drowned. It was as wild a
storm as I had ever witnessed; and, when I
lay down in my bed, I had serious doubts whe-
ther our little building was not going to take
flight. Nevertheless, I dropped off asleep.

I believe my slumbers continued to bid de-
fiance to the elements till two or three o'clock.
About this time I was awakened by the most
tremendous uproar I ever heard. At first I
could not make out what it was. I started up,
and shouted to my old landlord, but both he
and his partner had already hopped out upon
their crutches to see whether the world was
over, and I threw on my clothes as hastily as I
could to follow their example.

The storm had ceased, and the bright moon-
shine settled our doubts, as to what was the
matter, at the first glance. The happy result
of Carroll's lawsuit, and his excellent dam, had
been the accumulation of more water than the
river could hold. About a hundred yards of
the old rotten bank had given way at a crash;
and now, as my host of the Lock very sensibly
observed, instead of having a pretty little fall
of waste water, which would have purled beau-
tifully through his park, whenever it might
have merited such a title, he had got the whole
river, all at once, and for the future, was about
as likely to drain it off as he was to drink it.
The sight and sound was really awful. The
old river bellowed like a wounded giant, and
the tide of life leaped from his side in a foam-
ing cataract, which bade fair to spoil him of
his last drop. The whole morass was a sheet
of living wrath, in which the struggling osier
beds lay down sulkily, whilst the wild birds
wheeled about in greater astonishment than
ever. In the midst of the turmoil, I heard the
vociferations of the conjuror who had brought
this wonder to pass, and presently I saw him
making his way to the scene of action in a
pant, which ever and anon spun round like a
trotter in the petty whirlpools, and obliged
him to seek relief in oaths which might have
appalled the river itself.

It was not long before the whole ragged popu-
lation of the bogs came hovering about us in
dismay, like ghosts which had been so pressed
by an inundation of the Styx. Carroll rushed
to and fro despairingly, exhorting them to set
to work and perform impossibilities. The breach
could not have been filled up in a month; and
indeed, such an operation, if it could have been
performed in a moment, was now too late. The
mischief was done, and nothing remained
but to stand still and admire it. In this situ-
ation of things, the morning broke upon us,
brilliant and sunny, as if on purpose to show
the promising state of the park, of which but
one small spot was visible, and that was the
one whereon the house stood. All other ob-
jects were merely indicated by the bustle which
they made under the water, which displayed
nothing but eddies of white foam.

Carroll ground his teeth and bent his brow
at this complete survey, in grim silence, as
though he could not invent curses bitter enough
to express his feelings. The first words which
he uttered were execrations against his wife,
for having given him money to gain his lawsuit
—then against the water, for not rising, whilst
it was in the mood, above his chimney top, and
drowning all his plagues together, that he
might begin the world afresh—then against all
the nations in the globe, for not having furnish-
ed a precedent to guard him against such an
unlooked for catastrophe—and, finally, against
himself, for not having been satisfied when he
was well off, and unshackled by lands, wives,
or daughters. As soon as he had uttered this
sweeping malediction, and puzzled his busy
myrmidons with a thousand absurd and opposite
directions, he observed that his last spot of
earth was growing less and less, and hastened
homeward to scowl his household gods into a
panic.

When he arrived, the enraged speculator
was doomed to find things worse and worse.
The land-springs in his cellars had burst, and
inundated all the lower part of the house, knee
deep. The waters were still rising, and Mrs.
Carroll and Lucy were hiding themselves in the
bed-rooms, in momentary expectation of being
swept away. In spite of her terrors, the latter
could not restrain a smile of irony and suppres-
sed merriment, when orders were issued for
packing up for flight, the increased urgency
for which fulfilled her most sanguine wishes.
Carroll's mortal enemy, the old river, was re-
morlessly pursuing him from stair to stair, as
he staggered up to deposit his goods and chat-
tels in the garrets, and the chairs and tables
were beginning to float topsy-turvy out of
the drawing room window. The preparations, as
may be supposed, were not long in arrange-
ment; and a punt was brought in at the hall
door to the foot of the stairs. When I had
handed the ladies in, and was going to push
off, I called out to Carroll, to apprise him that
everything was ready.

"Then go along with them," he shouted,
from a distant part of the house.

"But whither are we to go?" I inquired.

"To the devil, if you like!" responded the
ruffian; and we left him to manage his affairs as
he might. As we quitted the devoted walls,
the stream was whirling up to their base; and
our motion gave them the appearance of having
already set sail. Carroll, at the same time,
thrust his head from a garret window, to pre-
sent a telescope at his cataract, which was
running as merrily as ever; and awful as mat-
ters were, there was still something in this
great man's washing himself out of house and
home, which was mighty ridiculous. Even the
melancholy Mrs. Carroll could scarcely help
being amused.

As we proceeded towards the dry land, we
held a consultation as to what was to become

of us; and, indeed, it was something of a mys-
tery—for it was out of the question to suppose
that the miserable assemblage of hovels, called
the village, could afford accommodation. In
this dilemma we were obliged to call in my
travelling friend of the coal boat, who, as usual,
was at no loss. In the course of his summer
wanderings, he had pitched his tent on a choice
spot of earth, called The Dark Common, from
the umbrageous patches of wild oaks, and the
ancient furze, which matted over the green
roads in endless luxuriance. It was now in
all its scented beauty of young leaves and yellow
blossoms; and, on a gentle slope, which expan-
ded its bosom to the fresh south, stood a small
fairly formed villa, half hidden in the flowers
which stole lovingly up its trellised veranda, and
echoing with the concert of a thousand guard-
ian nightingales.

This pretty gem, it appeared, the last time
that our friend had inspected the hen-roost,
was not inhabited, and the chances were that
it was vacant still. Lucy was charmed with
the description. The sight of a tree, and the
song of a bird, were blessings which she had
never expected to enjoy again; and we com-
menced our voyage down the river with a
prospect of reaching our destiny in good time.

The sun shone out brightly; and, after a
few miles the country began to promise better
things. The river gradually sunk into a level
with green meadows, parted from each other
by little obnoxious brooks, and sprinkled
with cattle. Here and there a white-blossomed
thorn gave token of more mature cultivation;
and presently the young elms were seen out-
growing their dwarf neighbours of the hedge
row, and breaking the blue horizon with the
swelling outlines and tender tints of spring.
The scene of freshness and life was truly heart-
cheering to me, after the dreary regions in
which I had passed the winter; but in Mrs.
Carroll and Lucy, who had been doomed to
them for three years, the effect which it created
was inexpressible. The hurried and troubled
conversation with which we had set out, had
sunk to repose, like the clouds above us, and
the feelings which had impelled it had melted
into an exquisite calm. The silence was only
broken by the unwonted notes of the lark and
the cuckoo; and, as we stole through the soft
labyrinths of increasing flower and foliage, the
warm blood trembled in Lucy's cheek, and her
bright eyes declined as though she could have
wept. I gazed upon her listless and unconscious
beauty, without daring to breathe a word, lest
I should break a thread of the enchanting spell
which it had cast over me. I loved to dwell
upon it, without the intrusion of other thoughts
—to expand my whole soul to its influence—for
in proportion as I discovered my ability to value
Lucy, I valued myself.

In this happy mood we continued our voyage
till the gray stony banks were shelving over us,
and the wild birch and the willow flung their
light wreaths from either side in tangled pro-
fusion—now admitting a trembling glimpse of
the warm blue sky, and now pierced by a sunset
ray which trailed down some leafy tendril, and
shot, like a star, upon the dark stream beneath
it. The country rose gradually in the gentle
hills which our conductor had described; and
our voyage ended where a rude bridge united
two mazy pathways, the one leading to a little
overgrown hamlet, and the other to the roman-
tic abode which we were seeking.

The charm which had hitherto bound us in
silence was now broken by exclamations of
wonder and delight. The cottage was, indeed,
no less inviting than its description had been.
It belonged to people of taste, who had furnished
it, inside and out, with every kind of rustic
ornament and convenience; and, what was of
more importance, it was at our service, to-
gether with the peasants who had been left in
charge of it.

In less than an hour I had installed my
companions in their new home, as comfortably
as though they had never known any other, and
had procured for myself the state apartment of
the little inn, about half a mile distant. Hav-
ing effected this, we had nothing to do but to
sit by the open casement and enjoy the soft
breeze, which lent wings to the wild odours of
the forest, and the music of the neighbouring
stream. We sat till long after the sun had
gone down, yet still we could not move from
our station. The nightingales were beginning
their revels, and the old white owl was perform-
ing his querulous evolutions, over the waving
sheet of golden furze blossoms; the stars, too,
were twinkling as if the heavens laughed upon
us; and Lucy was flinging her fond arms
round the neck of her mother, and wishing
that such an hour could last for ever.

Three days of perfect bliss melted over us
without the dreaded visit from Carroll, to whom
we had been compelled to send tidings of our
fortune. On the fourth evening, as I was re-
turning to the cottage with Lucy upon my arm,
we encountered Mrs. Carroll, who was seeking
us, with very unwelcome news of an in-
vasion from her husband. He had stood man-
fully by his castle as long as it was tenable, and
considerably longer than the other folks would
have thought it so, in hopes that the waters
would subside and allow him to estimate the
damage which he had sustained.

In these hopes Carroll was at last gratified;
and his calculation was, that to clear out the
cart loads of slime which had been washed into
the ground floor, and to repair the ill cemen-
ted walls which had never been dry or other-
wise than rotten from the time they were built,
together with the necessity for new doors, new
papering, new furniture, &c., would cost about
twice as much as the famous Mansion of the
Moss was worth—hog, water rats, and all. He
had consequently left it in the peaceable
possession of the monsters of the mire, and had
come to obtain our sympathy in his sufferings,
by obliging us with a very liberal share of them.

Mrs. Carroll had a flush upon her cheek,
which showed that she had been much agitated,
and I thought I could perceive the trace of
tears. Lucy eagerly inquired what more had
occurred to disturb her?

"Nothing new," she calmly replied: "Mr.
Carroll is in want of means to repair the de-
lapidations which his property has suffered, and
has again been importuning me for my poor
Lucy's fortune."

"Then let him have it, I beseech you. It is
for my happiness, no less than yours, that he

should be satisfied, for, when nothing is left to
grant, we may, perhaps, rest in peace."

"No, never, Lucy. My only support has
been that you will hereafter enjoy the comforts
of which your early days have been so cruelly
deprived. Conceive how ineffectual your per-
suasions must be when my resolution has re-
mained unshaken even by the prospect of—"
she paused for a moment, "of parting with
you Lucy."

Lucy repeated the words in dismay. "Does
Mr. Carroll dare to contemplate this climax to
our misery?"

"He tells me that the repeated failures in
his plans must oblige him to leave the country,
unless I concede to his terms of remaining—
that he must go, I know not whither, on fresh
speculations, and that you—that you must be
left with your friends. Perhaps it is for the
best—perhaps."

Indignant as I was at Carroll's villainy, I
still felt under obligations to him; for the time
was surely arrived for the disclosure of my
love for Lucy; and throwing myself at her feet,
I requested that she would endow me with a
husband's power—to save her from increased
wretchedness. Lucy's look was consent, and her
maiden confusion cast an additional purity
and bloom over her beauty, as if to complete
the model of a seraph. I need not dwell upon
what followed. Mrs. Carroll's sorrows were
converted into a gush of joy. She considered
me an especial gift of Providence for the pro-
tection of her daughter, and declared that she
could now cheerfully meet any trial to which
she might be exposed. The conversation which
had begun in gloom had struck into a gleam
of the purest sunshine. There was no dissen-
sient thought amongst us, and before we arrived
at the cottage our plan of conduct was com-
pletely arranged.

When we entered, Carroll was sitting with
his grim visage sunk deep into his shoulders,
his legs extended, and his hands thrust into his
pockets. Altogether he looked very much like
a man whose occupation was gone, and whose
prospects of obtaining another were somewhat
precarious. It was no wonder, therefore, if he
could afford us but few words of welcome.
Our countenances evidently did not bear the
expression which he had expected and desired,
if we might judge from the dismal appearance
of his own. He made a few surly remarks on
the water having damaged his map of America,
but seemed rather studying how to enter upon
the subject of the separation.

"You will be ready," he at last commenced,
with a dark look at his wife, "to move in the
course of a week or two?"

Mrs. Carroll answered placidly in the affirma-
tive, and he appeared scarcely to know what
to make of such cheerful compliance.

"And you have acquainted your daughter
with our measures?"

"Fully," said Lucy, with the same serenity.
He felt abashed by her calm, contemptuous
manner, and endeavoured to stammer out
a sort of apology for the necessity of such
plans, with an inquiry as to her future intentions.
"I am not quite certain," she replied, "as
to whether my destiny may lead me, but I think
it will probably be to America." He looked
up with his usual scowl, but averted it again,
as though he had encountered a flash of lightning.
"You seem surprised, Mr. Carroll," she con-
tinued, "but here is a friend who has taken
compassion upon the outcast, and having
imbibed from you a taste for draining ponds,
is prepared to convey me to the Lake of the
Dismal Swamp, or any other desirable neigh-
bourhood your greater experience may lead
you to adopt. We can then mutually assist
each other in our trade of wills-o'-the-whisp,
and I can already perceive what comfort you
anticipate from our society."

Mrs. Carroll interfered to preserve the peace
by explaining matters in a more methodical
style, which, however, her husband did not seem
to like much better. We had made a counter
speculation which he had not expected, and the
only circumstance of it which did not produce
a frown was the intended departure of Lucy to
her friends, for the purpose of preparing for her
marriage.

"Humph!" said the cunning man, spread-
ing his map and his elbows on the table. His
thoughts, however, were nearer home than the
Blue Mountains, and his face would have made
no bad frontispiece to a book of puzzles.

In a day or two, the carriage arrived which
was to take Lucy, with a trusty attendant
(for Carroll could not lose so good an oppor-
tunity of separating her from her mother, who,
he insisted, had not strength to accompany
her), to London. The morning was chiefly
devoted to the anxious and agitated Mrs. Car-
roll, so that I could seize but a single moment
for an unobserved farewell. It was such a one
as convinced me that I possessed the whole
romantic fervour of her affection, and enriched
the prospect of our next meeting with visions
too intense to be dwelt upon. Her last words
were to remind me that she was only supported
in parting from her mother by her confidence
that she left a guardian behind who would
watch over her with equal solicitude, and to
desire the repetition of my promise that I
would write to her daily. At length I handed
her into the carriage, and she was borne off
like the beautiful phantom of a dream.

My engagement to report all that occurred
was faithfully performed. I spent the greater
part of my time at the cottage, talking over
the delights of days to come, and forming plans
to counteract every possible manoeuvre of Car-
roll, who had too many cogitations to interfere
with us. He had, all of a sudden, hit upon some
new speculation, which was too good to be
shared; and his mornings, for several days,
were employed in nothing but writing letters,
and taking them to the post himself. He never
said who was his correspondent, but I had ac-
cidentally caught a glimpse of the name and
address, and noted them down in my memory.
In a short time he relieved us of his company
altogether, under the pretext of repairing to
the nearest seaport to arrange for the voyage
to America.

Whether such was really his business, I did
not give myself the trouble to inquire, for by
this time I had affairs of my own to afford me
sufficient employment, and to cause a degree of al-
arm to which his evil machinations were nothing.

[To be concluded in next Gazette.]

POST OFFICE.

Fredericton, 5th March, 1838.

Letters remaining in Office this date.

A
Mr. James Atherton, R. M. Andrews, Jo-
shua Atherton, Israel Atherton, Wm. Ander-
son, Millison Adair, S. A. Aiken.

B
Mr. Nathl. Beattie, Richd. Bartlett, Jas.
W. Balstan, Wm. Barker, Saml. Ball, Israel
Banks, George J. Bonnell (4), Elizabeth
Brown, Saml. W. Barker, John Breen, Messrs.
Appleby and Burpe, Mrs. Livina Boobar,
Mr. Andrew Blair, Enoc O. Bradley, Peter
Bogan, Mrs. George Bonell, Alden Baymer,
Thos. Bradley, Oliver Bradley, Wm. Bailly,
Jas. Boagle, Wm. Brittain, Merritt Brackett,
Patk. Bermingham, Miss Blair, Mr. Conors
Brown, (2), Adly Brown, Deann W. Barton, Jas.
Brown, Ellen McBeety, H. N. Blizard, Isaac
Blither, Chs. Bartlett, John Barrett, Robt.
Burt.

C
John Champion, Mr. Stephen Cahill
Robt. Consins, Danl. Coughlin, Benjn. Creigh-
ton, Edward Coy, Thos. Cheft, Saml. Came-
ron, John Campbell, Jas. Connelly, Francis
Car, Wm. Cragle, Andrew Crookshank (2),
Danl. Corsa, Phebe Carle, John Crawford,
Saml. Colter, John Cullen, Hugh Chace,
Isaac Cogswell, John Clarke, Ross Cooper,
John Curran, Andrew Coggins, John Christy,
Marry Collins, Thos. Camber, Wm. Croke,
An li vicy li Crit, John Clarke, Peter Cle-
ments, Robt. Crossman (2).

D
Warren Drake, Asa Dow, Hugh Daly, Jas.
Doran, Danl. Doherty, Gabriel De Veber, H.
S. Daggett, Rev. Father Dollard, John Da-
vies, Miss Mary Duffy, Edward Daly, Sally
Dougherty, Elizabeth Daly, Jacob Dunphy,
John W. Deforest, Alexdr. Donald, Wm.
Dyer, Thos. Douglass, Wm. Day.

E
John Evans.
Daniel Fowler, John Feeney, Wm. Fangor,
Tomer Francis, Patk. Fitzgerald, Wm. Fitz-
roy, John Fram, Jas. Fortune, Patrick Fox.

G
James Groves, N. W. Garden, Walter
Greaves, Benjn. Glasier, John Gray, Henry
Garcelon, David Griffiths, John Gillasky.

H
Mrs. Mary Ann Horton (2), John G. Harthe
Michael Holland, Mary Howard, Pady Har-
ran, Henry Harrit, Thos. Harrison, George
Humble, Saml. Hamington, John Hagerman,
John Hosford, Wm. Harper, Benjn. M. Han-
son (2), Wm. Hickey, Wm. Higgins, Mrs.
Jane E. Harper, A. B. Hammond, Jas. Hoyt,
Prince B. Hall.

I & J
David Jones, Benjn. Johnston (2), Jas.
Johnston, Danl. Irvine, Francis Johnston, John
Joyce, George Irvine, Margaret Jennings,
Robt. Johnston, C. P. Ingraham, John D.
Jouett, Jas. Jackson.

K
George Kelly, Wm. Kitchen, John Keys,
Wm. Kinn, Patk. Kerr, Francis Kirk, Jo-
shua Knight, Thos. Kennedy, John Kirkland.

L
Joseph Love, E. H. Lombard (3), E. Lake,
Stephen Linton, Wm. Lindsey, John Leslie (2),
David Latta, Oliver La Bire, John Lawson.

M
John Marr, Nicholas Murray, Patk. McNob,
Frederic Manual (2), Wm. McKana, John
Morris, Miss Mary Morrell, Mrs. Jane Mor-
rison, Archd. McLean, George McKenzie (2),
Catherine McLaughlin, Antony Gallagher,
Malcolm McFarlan, George McDaniel, Jeremh.
Murphy, Richd. McFarlan, Jas. McElhoney,
John McSorley, Archd. MacFord, Jonathan
McDonald, Alexdr. Moody, Mary Morgan,
George Miles, Viscount Madsonchie, James
Maxwell, Wm. McRangie, Hugh Managhany,
Joel Monson.

N
T. S. Nicholson, George Newcombe, Robt.
Nickles, E. Norris.

O
Alexdr. Ockerd, George Jas Owens, Denis
O'Leary, Michl. O'Connor.

P
Miss S. Putnam, Daniel Parent, Miss S.
Ann Patterson, Luke Petel, Robert Person,
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