

## Poetry.

### BURIAL OF THE INDIAN GIRL.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"The only daughter of an Indian woman, in the Wisconsin territory, died of lingering consumption, at the age of eighteen. A few of her own race, and a few of the whites were at her grave; but none wept, save the poor mother."—*Herald of the Upper Mississippi.*

A wail upon the prairie,  
A cry of woman's woe,  
That mingled with the autumn blast,  
All fitfully and low.  
It is a mother's wailing!  
Hath earth another tone,  
Like that with which a mother mourns,  
Her lost, her only one?

Pale faces gather round her,  
They mark the storm swell high,  
That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,  
But their cold blue eyes were dry.  
Pale faces gazed upon her,  
As the wild winds caught her moan,  
But she was an Indian mother,  
So, she wept those tears alone.

Long, o'er that wasting idol,  
She watch'd, and toiled and pray'd;  
Though every dreary dawn reveal'd  
Some ravage death had made:  
Till the fleshless sinews started,  
And hope no opiate gave,  
And hoarse and hollow grew her voice,  
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,  
Of raven eye and tress,  
And her bosom were the tones that breath'd  
Her bosom's tenderness;  
Save when some quick emotion  
The warm blood strongly sent  
To revel in her olive cheek,  
So richly eloquent.

I said consumption smote her,  
And the healer's art was vain:  
But she was an Indian maiden,  
So none deplor'd her pain;  
None save that widow'd mother,  
Who now, by her open tomb,  
Is writhing like the smitten wretch,  
Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas! that lowly cabin,  
That couch beside the wall,  
That seat beneath the mantling vine,  
They're lone and empty all.  
What hand shall pluck the tall, green corn,  
That ripeneth on the plain,  
Since she, for whom the board was spread,  
Must ne'er return again?

Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden!  
Nor let thy murmuring shade  
Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones with scorn  
Thy burial-right survey'd;  
There's many a king, whose funeral  
A black-rob'd realm shall see,  
For whom no tear of grief is shed,  
Like that which fells for thee.

Yes, rest thee, forest-maiden!  
Beneath thy native tree;  
The proud may boast their little day,  
Then sink to dust like thee;  
But there's many a one whose funeral  
With nodding plumes may be,  
Whom nature nor affection mourns,  
As now they mourn for thee.

### WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE!

BY COL. G. P. MORRIS.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough,  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
It was my father's hand,  
That placed it near his cot;  
Then, Woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown,  
Are spread o'er land and sea:  
And wouldst thou hack it down  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties,  
Oh! spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,  
I sought its grateful shade;  
In all my gushing joy,  
There too, my sisters played.  
My mother kiss'd me here;  
My father press'd my hand;  
Forgive this foolish tear  
But let that old oak stand!

My heart strings round thee cling  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend!  
Old tree! the storm shall brave!  
And, Woodman, leave the spot,  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not!

## Miscellaneous.

### A SCENE FROM "THE PICARON."

We copy the following vivid and thrilling scene from "The Picaron," (a work just published,) out of a critique in the *Morning Chronicle*. The extract is descriptive of a conference, of fatal termination, between two contraband dealers of Bristol, who have met by appointment, under cover of evening, near some lime-kilns on the banks of the Avon—not without mutual suspicions:—

"I think," said Kenrick, "we made the balance two thousand five hundred?" "Yes, yes—the whole of which you will pay me now in cash." "Softly, my good fellow. Now listen: I will make two thousand two hundred of the payment in a way more for your advantage. Cash would entail a needless risk on your journey; and I happen to have a claim upon a house in New York, that, when transferred, will exactly suit your purpose, and cannot admit of loss. Come nearer to the light, and I will show you names on this paper that would satisfy the Bank of England. The three hundred, and in gold, my boy, are here!" As it happened, in withdrawing the sovereigns from the cash bag, the canvas, which was time-worn, gave way; and before Kenrick could avoid it, a large packet of fifty pound bank notes had fallen out, and were only rescued from rolling into the kiln by the quick eye and ready foot of Smuggleton. In the consternation of the moment, Kenrick held the American bill of exchange open and loosely in one hand, while eagerly stretching out the other to recover the fallen notes from Simon, when it was suddenly snatched by the letter. "What villain! is it come to this?" growled Kenrick, in a voice almost inarticulate with rage; at the same time thrusting his knuckles under the cravat of Smuggleton with a fierce and throttling violence; "come, sir, is it your pleasure now to rob or murder? Hell, and the Fiend! Stand off the notes; let go the bill, or my gripe shall choke the life breath out of thee at once! Let go!" The mandate might have been obeyed under that instinct that makes the merely cunning man to quail and shrink into his native

insignificance before another more violent and audacious, though equally unprincipled; but that, in the bosom of Smuggleton, to the newly awakened lust of plunder was now added the malice of revenge, with the fearful accessories of time and opportunity. The fiery mouth of Tartarus, had caught his eye; and a thought still more infernal burnt in his heart and brain. Regarding his assailant with a smile of well affected indignation, Smuggleton held the American bill of exchange over the rising flames; and intimated, with a reckless nod, that the fate of the hostage in his hand depended on his own release. Baffled with the threatened loss, Kenrick relaxed his hold, and scarcely had he done so when his arm was palsied by a blow, and at the next moment the wily Smuggleton had thrown him off his equisoppe against the parapet, while, as his outstretched arms were extended convulsively in the air, in frantic effort to catch at some neighbouring object, he found himself hoisted on the shoulders of the dwarf companion, and hurried towards the sulphurous verge of the flaming pit. The fumes of the lime gained fresh volume—they gathered heavily (for it was a dead calm) and hung in a suffocating fog: suddenly the cloud grew overcharged, and rolled over the edge of the kiln. Caught by the stifling blast, Smuggleton staggered and instinctively retreated, while Kenrick had contrived to thrust his knee on one side of his throat with a strangling force; and presently, as the subtle vapour rose still more dense and pungent, both sunk upon the earth, half choked, overpowered, and insensible.

"The night was sad and strangely silent. The air, hushed and motionless, grew oppressive in its stillness: not a leaf stirred, nor could the rustle of an insect, or the breaking of a ripple on the river, be heard. The stars were hid in a sullen gloom; while the smoke of the kiln, luminous in the reflected light of the lambent flames beneath, rose pale, thin, and shadowy, amidst the surrounding darkness.

"Kenrick, at length, as the function or respiration strengthened, felt revived, and struggled to disengage himself from the grasp of his companion; but in vain: the weight of Smuggleton, whose arms had been crossed in falling, rendered the task beyond his strength, and escape seemed as hopeless as before. With all his sternness and chicanery, Kenrick was not ferocious; and as he gazed on his remorseless enemy, his heart sickened at the awful alternative that self preservation began to whisper. Smuggleton heaved a deep sigh, and quick successive shudders told that these might soon depart; a moment more, and every chance of life might be lost for ever. With a dizzy brain Kenrick took a penknife from his pocket—it was his only weapon; and as his hand grew firm in the fury of despair, with half-averted eyes, he raised it over the gasping throat of the still entranced and post-rate wretch before him. 'Murder!' Whence came that cry, was it an involuntary exclamation, or had the menaced deed of blood a witness? Kenrick knew not; his bewildered senses, in that sudden fear, were not self cognizant; and 'Murder! murder!' echoed from his heart and brain. Palsied, as in the hangman's gripe, his wild eyes glared on the vacant gloom of night with a long and searching glance; but all was emptiness and overpowering silence, save, indeed, the deep breathing of Smuggleton, and the slow but audible throbs of his own heart.

"The dark and dangerous man recovered fast; his swarthy features were already convulsed with pangs of returning life, and as if impelled by an intuitive malice, the iron grasp of his arms became more painful and resistless. Kenrick had dropped the knife, and, without hope or defence, had steeled his soul to a dogged endurance of the worst: yet, true to the ruling passion of his life, his glance still lingered on the scattered notes and gold that lay in heaps upon the sand. This reverie was broken by the muttered oaths of Smuggleton, who had nearly recovered, and, in rising to a half-recumbent posture, had allowed Kenrick's body to fall rudely backwards, though still retaining the limbs upon his shoulders, while he steadied himself beneath the weight by clutching at the roots of a bush just within his reach. Starting with a shudder he dropped his load: his hand had pressed upon a viper, which, having bitten, still hung coiled around his wrist. Bruised by the fall, Kenrick arose slowly, while Smuggleton shook off the hissing reptile, and both stood confronted, lowering at each other with mutual dread, mingled with wary watchfulness, and an unquenched thirst for vengeance. At this juncture the eye of Smuggleton rested on the fallen knife, glittering at a little distance on the ground, and unguardedly he stooped to reach it. Kenrick, but too conscious of his fatal purpose, rushed wildly forward, and driving his clenched fists, with all the impetus of weight and fury, on the exposed side of his adversary, thrust him staggering towards the fiery kiln; a second blow, and the hapless wretch toppled headlong over the verge—the blue flame lashed higher for a moment, and there arose a frantic shriek of agony, shrill as the outcries of the damned! It echoed through the dim thick wreaths of eddying smoke into the vague shadows of the night, and all again was silent.

"Astounded, and half doubting the evidence of his senses, Kenrick looked over the edge of the kiln. All below seemed of a hollow, deep, and fiery redness, as a burning crater—with ever and anon, a faint and lurid play of purple flame, and swiftly ascending clouds of vapour, that whirling, gathered and dispersed. Of his victim as yet not a vestige had been seen; for Kenrick had overlooked the object of search. But, on a second glance, the scorched and desperate wretch appeared—his clothes on fire—clambering with lacerated hands the burning boundaries of the kiln. An instant more, and one hand was stretched eagerly over the top; when, frenzied with a new fear, Kenrick stamped brutally upon it, and all was over: his enemy had fallen with a heavy plunge into the crumbling centre of the pit.

"The burning breath of that last fall had lent to agony no sound! but though bereft of utterance, the fell glance of Smuggleton; even as he sunk into the sparkling dust and sulphurous vapour that buried and consumed him, was one that Kenrick saw forever! Alone, in silence, or in the noisy stir of men—in blackest night, or in the dazzling glare of day—those glassy eyes seemed still to threaten in the air,

while conscience stamped upon his heart the curse and misery of Cain!"

The first and second lieutenants of a man of war, both great anglers, once disputed concerning the fly season for a particular month, one arguing that the horse fly was then in season, the other replying that there was no such fly. At the moment an able sailor, who was also a skilful angler, passed, and the disputants agreed to leave the question to Jack. "Jack," said the first lieutenant "did you ever see a horse fly?" "No, your honor," replied the tar; "but I have seen as curious a thing—I have seen a cow jump down a precipice."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A most unfortunate instance recently happened in Cincinnati. A poor gentleman went to the cupboard for a dram. In a state of mental alienation, he swallowed the contents of a bottle which contained oil, used for turning light hair black. He instantly commenced changing color, and has since become a most perfect negro. The deep grief of his beautiful and devoted wife is absolutely heart rending.

### To the Editor of the Quebec Mercury.

Sir,—It is seldom that the Wesleyan Methodists obtrude themselves upon public notice through the medium of the periodical press of Lower Canada; but on receipt of the inclosed letter, just come to hand, it struck me forcibly that as we are in the habit of calling annually on the friends of religion in this Province to aid in the support of Wesleyan Missions, it would be an act of justice to a benevolent people, to let them know the principles upon which our Missions are founded, and the instructions by which we feel it our highest privilege to govern ourselves.

Should you concur in this opinion, I think you would confer a lasting obligation on the Society which I have the honor to represent, by giving it a place in the columns of your truly valuable paper, at your earliest convenience.

Yours, most respectfully,  
WILLIAM CROSCOMBE.

Quebec, 21st March, 1838.  
London Wesleyan Mission House,  
January 20, 1838.

My Dear Brother,—I need hardly assure you, that the very critical and painful circumstances in which you have been, and we fear, are still placed, have occasioned the deepest solicitude in our minds, and in the minds of thousands of our people at home, on your account, and on account of dear friends in Canada under your pastoral care. You are remembered by us in our prayers and supplications at the Throne of the Heavenly Grace, and we trust that He, to whom we pray, and whose servants and disciples you are, will hide you and yours in his secret place, and preserve you unhurt amidst the dangers with which you are encircled. Remember that the very hairs of your head are all numbered by your Heavenly Father, and that when he giveth quietness none can give trouble. Now is the time for you to throw yourselves upon those blessed discoveries which the word that you preach affords of that special providence which God exercises over his people, and on those promises in which he directs you to trust.

The rod of the wicked shall not rest on the lot of the righteous. It may touch you, but it shall not injure, far less destroy you, while you abide by simple faith and humble love under the shadow of the Almighty. Distressing as the events are which you have witnessed, you have also much cause to admire and adore the overruling agency of the most high God, especially as well in reference to the time when the rebellion broke out, as in placing over the military power of the Province, such a skilful and truly Christian Officer as Sir John Colborne is known to be. Had the aggressive movement of the Rebels been delayed a little longer, or had there been an inefficient Commander in the Province, it is impossible to estimate the amount of suffering that would have been inflicted upon the country.

While you will be careful to avoid all unnecessary intermeddling with political affairs, and strictly adhere to the spirit and letter of the instructions which you have received as Wesleyan Methodist Missionaries, you will not fail to inculcate upon your people those great lessons of loyalty to our Most Gracious Sovereign and her Representatives in Canada, and of cordial obedience to the laws which it is your duty, as Ministers of the New Testament, always to enforce upon the flocks committed to your care; but especially at the present time, when evil men and seducers have lifted up the standard of rebellion against you, and have arrayed themselves against the Majesty of the Throne, and the authority of the laws. While civil disputes and party politics are confined within Constitutional boundaries and limits, it is, of course, your duty rigidly to adhere to the part of your printed instructions which requires you entirely to abstain from them; but when civil disputes degenerate into civil war, and party politics lead to treasonable acts, then you should, with St. Paul, exhort all to whom you have access, to be subject to the higher powers, and constantly urge upon those who are in danger of being seduced from all allegiance, that ancient and sound precept—"Fear thou the Lord and the King," and meddle not with those that are given to change." And if for so doing you should be called to suffer reproach, patiently endure it, and He whom you serve in the Gospel of His Son, will, in due time, make your enemies to be at peace with you. I need not remind you of the conduct of our venerable founder, at the commencement of the first American war, and of the boldness with which he rebuked the disaffected Colonists of that day, although they had much stronger reasons for the course which they pursued, than those unhappy and wretched men amongst you had for the wicked attempt which they have made to separate the Canadas from the mother country.

You will not fail in this season of alarm and suffering, to exhort our people to be instant in prayer and supplication to their covenant God, who alone is able to save them. Not only should this grace be exercised in secret and around the domestic altar, but wherever it is practicable, meetings for social prayer should be held, and the divine blessing and protection be publicly and earnestly implored for them.

selves and others, and especially for those who are placed in authority over them. We are happy to learn by a letter from our esteemed brother Lusher, that this plan had been adopted in Montreal, and as it had been highly beneficial on that important station, we are the more anxious that it should be generally adopted. Such has been the practice of the people of God in all ages; and the history of the Church during every period of time, demonstrates its importance and utility. While, then, God invites you from his holy place to call upon him in the day of trouble, draw near in full assurance of faith, and he will deliver you from all your enemies. May the Shepherd of Israel and the Saviour thereof, keep you and yours from evil, and deliver you, and honor you, and shew you his salvation.

I remain, for Colleagues and self,  
Your's truly,  
R. ALDER.

\*We have the happiness to state that the Wesleyan Society at Quebec, adopted a similar plan at the commencement of the outbreak, and have appropriated every Monday evening to the sacred duty of public prayer, and they have reason to think with great benefit to the congregation in general. W. C.

LONDON, March 4.—CORONATION.—There is a report that the coronation is to take place in August. The differences in the forms and ceremonies that will be the consequence of the Sovereign being a female, are already beginning to be discussed, and will, no doubt, soon find employment for the officials of the Herald's College. There is no doubt that these personages would render the Queen an essential, or, at any rate, an acceptable service, if they would, by any possibility, find a precedent for dispensing with, or at least altering, the form of the homage of the peers; as it is, her Majesty will have to receive the kiss of six hundred elderly gentlemen on this occasion. The homage is performed thus:—The archbishops and bishops first, kneeling before the Sovereign, the Archbishop of Canterbury saying aloud, and the rest of the bishops following him, "I William, Archbishop of Canterbury, (and so the rest of the bishops,) will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear, unto you our Sovereign Lord, (Lady,) and your heirs, Kings of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. And I will do, and truly acknowledge the service of the lands, which I claim to hold of you, as in right of the church. So help me God." The archbishops and bishops then get up, and kiss the Sovereign's left cheek. Then the temporal peers (each class separately follow. After the oath has been pronounced, the peers rise, but still remain unbonneted; and each peer, according to his rank and precedence, singly ascends the throne, and touches with his hand the crown on the Sovereign's head, and kisses his or her cheek. Now, as it is not likely that many peers will be absent on so interesting an occasion, as the coronation of our young Queen, her Majesty will have to undergo a rather severe infliction in the *chaste salutes* of the lords spiritual and temporal.—*Morning Herald.*

## CARD.

MR. REID begs leave to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Fredericton and its vicinity, that he intends opening a DANCING SCHOOL in Mr. MARSH'S Long Room, Queen Street, on Monday next, the 16th instant. Those persons wishing to join his Class, will please call at the Fredericton Hotel, where terms and hours of attendance will be made known.

No admittance for visitors.  
N. B. Gentlemen wishing to take lessons on the Violin or Flute, can be attended to at any time that may suit their convenience.  
\*Families wishing to have tuition at their own residence, can be also attended to.  
Fredericton, 17th April, 1838.

## HASTE! HASTE! HASTE!!!



## MAIL STAGE

Between Saint John and Fredericton.

THE Subscribers intend running a Stage between this City and Fredericton three times a week, to commence on Monday next, 15th inst. The Stage will leave the Saint John Hotel, King-street, at eight o'clock every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and Fredericton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, at the same hour. The Subscribers having made arrangements for the comfort and speedy conveyance of passengers, having four changes of horses upon the road,—trusts that their exertions will meet with a share of public patronage.

FARE THROUGH: Twenty Shillings.—Books will be kept at Saint John, at the Saint John Hotel, at Fredericton, at JACKSON'S Hotel, and at the Albion Hotel.

JAMES BRADLEY,  
THOMAS CORRIGAN,  
JAMES GREEN,

Saint John, January 13, 1838.



## Woodstock and Fredericton STAGE COACH COMPANY.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that the above Company will continue to run a STAGE three times a week between Woodstock and Fredericton, leaving Woodstock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M. until further notice. Persons desirous of securing a passage can enter their names on Books kept at the Fredericton Hotel, (Segee's,) and H. Gould's Woodstock. Persons travelling to or from the United States will find immediate conveyance from Woodstock to Bangor, or from Fredericton to Saint John. Every attention will be given to the conveyance and comfort of Passengers. A reasonable portion of Baggage will be taken. Parcels and Baggage at the risk of the Owners. For further particulars, the public are referred to J. W. Thompson, Esquire, Bangor, G. E. Kelchum, Esquire, Fredericton, or to the Subscriber, Woodstock.  
CHARLES PERLEY, Agent,  
January, 1837.

## POST OFFICE,

Fredericton, 5th March, 1838.

Letters remaining in Office this date.

A  
Mr. James Atherton, R. M. Andrews, Joshua Atherton, Israel Atherton, Wm. Anderson, Mililison Adair, S. A. Aiken.

B  
Mr. Nathl. Beattie, Richd. Bartlett, Jas. W. Balstan, Wm. Barker, Saml. Ball, Israel Banks, George J. Bonnell (4), Elizabeth Appleby and Burpe, Mrs. Livina Boothar, Mr. Andrew Blair, Enoc O. Bradley, Peter Bogan, Mrs. George Bonell, Alden Baymer, Thos. Bradley, Oliver Bradley, Wm. Baily, Jas. Boagle, Wm. Brittain, Merritt Brackett, Patk. Berningham, Miss Blair, Mr. Converse Brown, (2), Adly Brown, Dean W. Barton, Jas. Brown, Ellen M'beety, H. N. Blizard, Isaac Blither, Chs. Bartlett, John Barrett, Robt. Burt.

C  
John Champion, Mr. Stephen Cahill, Robt. Consins, Danl. Conghlin, Benjn. Creighton, Edward Coy, Thos. Cheff, Saml. Cameron, John Campbell, Jas. Connelly, Francis Car, Wm. Crangle, Andrew Crookshank (2), Danl. Corsa, Phebe Carle, John Crawford, Saml. Colter, John Cullen, Hugh Chace, Isaac Cogswell, John Clarke, Ross Cooper, John Curran, Andrew Coggin, John Christy, Marry Collins, Thos. Camber, Wm. Croke, An li vey la Crit, John Clarke, Peter Clements, Robt. Crossman (2).

D  
Warren Drake, Asa Dow, Hugh Daly, Jas. Doran, Danl. Doherty, Gabriel De Veber, H. S. Daggett, Rev. Father Dollard, John Davies, 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. Fitzroy, 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. Harth, Michael Holland, Mary Howard, Pady Haran, Henry Hartt, Thos. Harrison, George Humble, Saml. Hanington, John Hagerman, John Hosford, Wm. Harper, Benjn. M. Hanson (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. Kinne, Patk. Kerr, Francis King, Joshua Knight, Thos. Kenedy, 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. M'Nob, Frederic Manual (2), Wm. M'Kana, John Morris, Miss Mary Morrell, Mrs. Jane Morrison, Archd. M'Lean, George M'Kenzie (2), Catherine M'Laughlin, Antony Gallagher, Malcolu M'Farlan, George M'Daniel, Jeremiah Murphy, Richd. M'Farlan, Jas. M'Elhoney, John M'Sorley, Archd. MacFord, Jonathan M'Donald, Alexdr. Moody, Mary Morgan, George Miles, Viscount Madsonehie, James Maxwell, Wm. M'Rangie, Hugh Managhan, 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, Thos. Panton, E. C. Pray (2), Abigail Palmer, Wm. Pringle, John Jas. Paim, Stephen Peabody, Nicholas Powers, Thos. Phillips.

R  
Saml. Rogers, C. B. Robbins, Wm. B. Reynolds (2), Mrs. Roberts, Thos. Ramsay, Miss E. B. Rowe (2), Miss Honora Ryan, Saml. D. Rice, Wm. L. A. Robeson, Thos. Burke, Catherine Reid, George Russell.

S  
Mark Stinson, W. J. Smith, Wm. Smith, Geo. M. Smith (2), Miss Susanah Stocco, John Shanahan, John Saunders, Humphrey Sisson, George P. Segee (2), Miss H. Smith, (2), Henry Seymour, Robt. Stanford, Eyrat Slack, Thos. W. Sanders, Miss L. Starrat, T. T. Smith, Stephen Springer, J. Snow, Mrs. Mary Springer, Lewis Sanfacon, Betsy Shaw, John N. Shaw, Joseph Scott.

T  
Jas. Tilley, Wm. Toid, George Turner, B. S. Taylor (2), Sandy Tapley, Elizabeth Tompkins, Jonathan P. Taylor, Mrs. Margaret Tearney, Mary Ann Thompson, Wm. Taylor, Governor Thomas, Robert Truett.

V  
John Venning, Nehemiah Vail.

W  
George Wightman (2), R. C. Worker, Rev. Mr. Wivell, Wm. H. Wheaton, Mrs. C. Wiggins, Edmd. Ward, Jas. Watson, Mary Ann Wright, John Walker, Robt. Wood (2), Margaret Welch, Jas. Whitehead, George Wake, Benjn. Wheeler, John Walsh, Jas. E. Watson, Wm. J. Wicks, George Wilson, John Watts, Jas. Wortman, Miss Watson, Wm. West, John Walker.

Y  
Thos. Young, Elias Yerxa.  
WM. B. PHAIR, Post Master.

## Superfine Wheat Flour.

A SMALL lot of the above article, of the very best description, on hand, and for sale for Cash only.  
R. CHESTNUT  
Fredericton, January 9, 1838.