

Portry.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

There is a land where Fancy's twining
Her flowers around life's fading tree,
Where light is ever softly shining,
Like sunset o'er a tranquil sea.
There, where the dew-drops on the grass,
More fair than on the earth e'er seems;
There, where the heart feels most of bliss,
In the lovely land of dreams.
Tis there in groves I often meet thee,
And wander through the sylvan shade,
While I in gentle accents greet thee,
My own, my sweet, my constant maid!
There, by some fountain fair reposing,
Where all around so tranquil seems;
We wait the golden evening's closing,
There, in the lovely land of dreams.
But when the touch of earthly waking
Hath broken slumber's sweetest spell,
Those faded joys of Fancy's making,
Are in my heart remembered well!
The day, in all its sunshine splendour,
Less fair to me than midnight seems,
When visions shed a light more tender
Around the lovely land of dreams.—Rory O'More.

JOHN NOTT—WHY NOT?

A Comic Song, sung by Henry Russell.
BY W. W. FREEMAN.

John Nott, he lived on Ludgate Hill,
'Twas there he trade began,
And being of the Livery,
Was thought a stable man,
Paper, and pens, and ink, he sold,
And though the times were hard,
Through prudence, in his little shop,
He still kept stationary.
He still kept stationary.
John Nott—why not,
John Nott—why not,
Why not, why not, John Nott.
He was Nott tall, he was not short,
He was Nott dark—not fair,
He was Nott fat, he was not lean,
Yea Nott was very spare;
His gross amount was very large,
And people said, indeed,
Although John Nott did bear much weight,
He always was in-kneed.
John Nott he dearly loved Miss Twist,
So did untwist his love,
And owed although a milliner,
Her captive he would prove;
But she was capricious and a flirt,
And made John Nott her sport,
For as she could love no man long,
She quickly cut him short.
John Nott declared he was undone,
And so he wrote her word,
For a cannibal knot he hoped
To tie with her accord.
Miss Twist, you're twined around my heart,
What'er may be my lot,
Though we're not joined, yet we're apart,
Adieu—forget me Nott.
John Nott resolved to put an end
To all his mortal battling with chat,
He sold off all his chattels,
Although not wedded, home he went,
And made a little knot,
Twist broke his heart, and twine his neck,
And poor John Nott was not.

Miscellaneous.

LAST DAYS OF A PIRATE.

In the Caribbean sea, and not far from the
estuary of the river San Juan, are situated a
number of small keys, generally denominated the
"Cora Islands." They are inhabited by a
mixed race of English, Spanish, Indian, and
negro; and which have, from the earliest settle-
ment of the West India Islands, been the
resort of buccanniers, pirates, traders, and
fishermen. Lying at a sufficient distance from
the main land, to be exempted from the contin-
ued storms and rains for which that coast is
noted—open to the trade winds, which by day
moderate the heats of a tropical climate, and
by night waft from the ocean an ample supply
of moisture for the production and preservation
of uninterrupted and fadeless vegetation, they
appear to him whose eyes have long been un-
regarded by a view of the green and smiling land,
as so many little specimens of paradise scat-
tered on the sea.

Thrown by fortune on one of these secluded
isles, and after partaking largely of the cheer-
ful but unostentatious hospitality of the inhabi-
tants, I wandered forth along the avenues of
orange and lime trees, whose clustering flowers
loaded the air with perfume, while the moon-
beams glancing through the interstices of the
foliage, were brightly reflected from the pen-
dant drops which hung like diamonds from the
leafy spray.

I was now treading the ground oft trodden
by the fierce freebooters of by-gone days; here
they rested from their murderous toils; threw
aside the blood-stained brand, and for a time
indulged the gentler passions of their natures.
Often, perhaps, have these woods echoed with
the wild song of mirth, the bacchanalian revel or
the softer whisperings of love—for even the re-
morseless pirate loves, and fiercely too. Re-
flections like these, brought in their train the
fancied forms of Lolonois, Basileo, Bat, Mor-
gan, and other rovers of renown, whose deeds
of desperate doing still live in a thousand tra-
ditionary tales. But my reverie was inter-
rupted by a sound of distant music softly and
sweetly stealing along the winding alleys of
shrubbery, and losing itself among the mur-
murings of the waves as they broke on the
rocky shore. Curious to know from whom the
strain proceeded, I followed it, and sud-
denly found myself in front of a small low hut
built of reeds, and thatched with branches of the
palm; a lamp filled with the oil of coconuts,
shed a faint and fitful light. In front of the
hut reclining in a hammock which was sus-
pended between two orange trees, I observed
a man apparently listening to the song of a
female who sat beside him, and seemed en-
deavouring to soothe him to slumber as she gently
swung the hammock to and fro. His face was
pale, the sunken eyes were closed and partially
covered with a profusion of auburn hair, which
fell in ringlets over his brow, on which the bra-
ving sun had left its swarthy impress. As I ap-
proached he raised his head, and motioned his
attendant to cease her song, while with a voice
feeble, but somewhat stern, he bade me wel-
come; and the lovely songster, who was a beau-
tiful creole girl, with the form of a sylph and
the step of a fawn, brought me a seat which
she proffered, and retired within the hut.
Some trifling conversation ensued, during
which his manner made an impression on my

mind which time has failed to erase. His per-
son was small and lightly formed, and though
now feeble and emaciated, still betrayed the re-
mains of elegance and activity, his large blue
eyes, sunken and lustreless, darted from object
to object with a restlessness that denoted a
heart but ill at ease, as the fierce energies of
his nature seemed struggling with the languor
of disease. Interested by his appearance, I
made some inquiries respecting his disorder.

"The physicians," replied he, "think it a
pulmonary affection, and for aught I know, it
may be so, but the root of the matter is here,
(laying his hand upon his heart,) far beyond
the reach of medicine."

"Perhaps a change of climate—"
"No, no," interrupted he; "climates and
countries are alike to me—my glass is nearly
run, and it matters little how or when I die—so
I but die."

These words were spoken with a certain pec-
uliarly of manner which precluded further
conversation, and I took my leave, resolved,
however, soon to repeat my visit, for I had be-
come too deeply interested in his fate to rest
satisfied without obtaining a further knowledge
of his character. Accordingly I renewed my
visits from day to day, until they became fre-
quent, and by many little nameless attentions,
I at last won upon his confidence, and he ap-
peared to take pleasure in my society, and even
expressed himself uneasy at my absence. In the
meantime his health continued rapidly to
decline, and he was evidently just on the verge
of mortal existence. I had often in the course
of my conversations with him endeavored to
draw his attention to the consolations of reli-
gion; but the indirect allusion to religion or
immortality would cloud his brow with a frown
which told me they could minister no comfort,
peace, or hope to him. At the close of an af-
ternoon which we had passed together, as he
lay gently swinging in his hammock, he fixed
his eyes on the sun, just then dipping beneath
the western wave, and remarked:—

"See what a glorious sight is there! The
time has been when I could look on such a
scene with emotions of the most elevated plea-
sure; now my heart sickens at the sight, it re-
minds me of my fast approaching doom. You
sun has run its course in brightness, and it sets
in splendor; my career has been one of dark-
ness, and soon must set in gloom."

"But the sun will rise again," I observed.
"Yes," he replied; "and you mean to say
I, too, shall arise; ha! ha! Arise to what?"
and he laughed, not loud, but such a laugh;
Oh, its infernal gibber still rattles in my ears!
'twas such a laugh as the refinement of torture
might extort from a wretch agonizing on the
rack; it was the wild expression of the horrors
of hell already seizing on the soul.

"Do you not believe it?" said I; "surely
you are not an atheist?"
"No, no! no more an atheist than you
grazing brute, who believes or disbelieves nei-
ther creeds nor doctrines. Would I were an
atheist!"

"Nay, say not so; sickness has disordered
your mind. Can you not pray?—Have you
never prayed?"

"Did I never pray? O yes, I remember—
but 'tis like a dream—when kneeling on my
mother's lap, she taught me to lift my infant
orisons to heaven; and she would pray with me,
too, and for me; and in after years, when
thrown adrift on the wide world, when all who
loved or was beloved by me were slumbering in
their graves, even then the memory of those
prayers would shed a sacred influence over my
soul; I hoped, but ah! how vainly hoped, that
still a mother's prayer would draw heaven's
blessing on my head. Long years have fled
since aught like supplication to God or man has
passed these lips. It is true I worshipped, but
it was at a most unholy shrine—the deity
whom I adored asked blood, and blood I gave
him. Yes, a whole beaumont of human lives
this hand has immolated on the altar of re-
venge."

"Oh horrible!" I exclaimed; "surely you
rave—you mean not what you say."

"Nay, nay, 'tis sober truth! But listen, I
have not many hours to live; I will employ
them in sketching for you a brief outline of a
wicked, hopeless, hopeless life. For twenty
years you are the only human being who has
crossed my path from whom I have received,
without a bribe, one cheerful word or kindly
look, save this poor girl, and she—not enough
of that—you will not betray me! Justice in-
deed claims much of this ensanguined hand of
mine, but death will help me to cheat her of
her due. I was born in Wales; at the age of
fifteen years I lost parents, friends, and fortune.
Thrown on my own resources, I came to the
West Indies, and succeeded after a time in ob-
taining a situation of overseer to Gonzales, the
Governor of St. Ann. He was a proud and
haughty Spaniard, whom I disliked, for I had
not yet learned to hate, and I should soon have
left his service but for a being whom he called
his daughter; the fairest—but what matters it
how fair she was! I loved her—loved her
with all the pure affections of my soul, and she
loved me. Well, five years passed away. At
length I gained her consent to leave this island
and unite her destinies with mine, for the stern
Spaniard would as soon have bestowed his
daughter on a slave as on me. I obtained a
boat and the assistance of a negro to convey
us to the main, when the black villain betrayed
us to his master, and on the point of embark-
ing, we found ourselves surrounded by soldiers
and slaves, who, by the governor's order,
stripped me to the skin, yes, there, before the
gaze of hundreds, and worse, before her for
whom I cared to live, I was stripped and
flogged, publicly flogged by a negro! Oh,
how my heart was crushed! My spirit was
broken, but not subdued. There, kneeling on
the sand, the blood streaming from my lacer-
ated shoulders, I swore never to rest satisfied
until I had washed out the foul disgrace in the
heart's blood of a hundred Spaniards. I have
performed my oath. Twenty long years have
passed away since that accursed hour, and the
vengeful flame that then kindled in my soul has
ever burned with fierce intensity, while each
new victim served as fuel to the raging fire,
and nought but the chill damps of death can
quench its blaze. The governor sent me to
Chagres as a prisoner; to obtain my liberty,
or rather my release from a filthy dungeon, I

entered into the military service of the
Spaniards.

"The revolution which had broken out in
Caracas, had now become general along the
main; the patriots were every where in arms,
and I soon found means to join them, but not
without first sheathing my knife in the hearts
of my colonel and two sentinels. Here my
hatred to the Spaniards soon rendered me
conspicuous, and obtained for me the command
of a small party, with which I prosecuted a
guerrilla warfare in the interior; but was final-
ly taken, manacled, and marched barefoot and
wounded across the isthmus to Panama, with
scarcely a rag to protect me from the scorch-
ing sun; it was almost insupportable. I com-
plained of my head, and the merciless villains
gave me a paper cap; and lest the wind should
blow it from off my head, they fastened it to
my scalp with boiling pitch. But the desire of
revenge supported me beneath all their tortures,
again escaped, and at length found myself at the
siege of Cartagena, in the command of a gun-
boat. Here I signalled myself many a deed
of blood, and after the capture of the place ob-
tained a captain's commission, and the com-
mand of a fine brig. I was ordered to convey
several of the Spanish nobility with their prop-
erty to the island of Curacao, and accordingly
set sail; but steered my course directly for St.
Ann. On the passage I called all my crew
together; informed them we had on board up-
wards of two millions of dollars belonging to
the Spaniards, who were our national enemies,
and inquired if they were disposed to let so
fine a prize slip thus easily through their fin-
gers? They caught greedily at the glittering
bait, and with one voice exclaimed, 'Set the
Spaniards adrift! Land them on the desert
island!' Having thus obtained their consent
to an act which equally implicated all, I re-
solved on my future course, and took my mea-
sures accordingly. That night, while the pas-
sengers were asleep in their berths, I despatched
them successively, with my own hand, and
hunched them through the cabin windows—
they told half a score towards the fulfilment of
my oath. We arrived at St. Ann, and an-
chored off the island at night, I immediately
landed with a boat's crew of chosen ruffians,
and proceeded undiscovered to the house of
Gonzales. On the way we met his son, a lad
of some sixteen years, whom I compelled to
conduct me to his father's bedside, where I
found him buried in the arms of sleep. There
he lay, the object of my soul's most bitter ha-
 tred! Did I strike him then? did I send him
slumbering into eternity? No, no! I aroused
him—he saw me stand smiling over him with
my dagger at his throat, and his craven soul
burst with terror from his glaring eyes. Oh!
what a delicious moment was that to me! He
spoke no word, but gagged and bound, I had
him speedily on board, whilst my crew sacked
and set fire to the town the hateful scene of my
early degradation. Yet there was one bitter
 pang to be endured—but 'twas only for a mo-
ment. Ere I left the island, the daughter of
Gonzales came—she whom I loved so well; on
her knees she besought me. 'Spare! oh!
spare my father! You loved me once—' 'Ay!
but I love no longer—Revenge has absorbed
my soul, there is no room for love—away!' I
saw her no more. As for the governor, I
had him whipped until he implored me in mercy
to plunge my dagger in his heart; no such
mercy to him—the scourge was plied while he
had aught of sense or feeling left, and then we
gave him to the sharks. Why do you shrink
as in horror?—I think you I was more than re-
 venged. He was but one of the doomed hun-
dred. Well, for this act I was outlawed by
the government, and commenced a cruise upon
my own account. A few remaining hours of
my life would not suffice to tell a tithe of my
adventures, perils, and escapes. Three times
I have been a prisoner; but stratagem or gold
were ever potent to loosen bars and bolts.
Once I was tried for my life at N. O.—but the
glittering of the shining ore dimmed the eye-
sight of my judges, and they could discover no
spot of blood upon my hands. Five years I
roved the terror of these seas; but now, what
all the art and power of man have failed to do,
the never ceasing tumults of a guilty mind have
done—cut short my mad career. Long since
I felt the hand of death upon me, and like the
wounded tiger that seeks some gloomy den
wherein to die, hither I came without associate
or friend but this little creole nurse—chance
has made us acquainted. I have confided to
you the outline of my history; it will serve as
a tale to while away a tedious hour, and make
your hearer stare. And now, grant me one
favor when I am dead, living I ask none;—
bury me in the sea full twenty fathoms deep.
I have done. Give me some drink—my mouth
is parched—my brain is in a whirl. Ha! that
pang, death is here! I feel it about my head.
Well, why should I live? and yet to die with
such a load of guilt—hush—hush! speak not
to me. I know what you would say—but 'tis
all in vain. What's death to me. I have
bearded him a thousand times—why do I
shrink so now? A heavy mist comes gathering
over my sight. Who are these? Off, off!
why do you let them come so close?—With
a deep desperate effort he raised himself upon
his couch, seized with a convulsive grasp my
hand; gazed on me for a moment with a ter-
rified and ghastly glare, and then fell back ex-
hausted on his pillow. His distorted features
gradually relaxed; the wild expression of his
eye slowly assumed a placid look, and some-
thing like a smile played about his lips—the
pirate was no more.

SUMMER.—The season of flowers and foliage,
of love and happiness—the bright, joyous,
glorious summer, is with us! Who can de-
scribe this radiant season? What language
can paint the emotions which its Eden-like
loveliness inspire in hearts that regard nature
as the pledge of its divine Author, and whose
every feeling of delight is a thanksgiving to
Him, who has given to his creatures such
powers and means of enjoyment?

Those who reside in the country may now
enjoy pleasures of the purest and healthiest
kind—those which invigorate the mind and
heart, as well as the physical powers.—

"Now they may tread the meadow paths,
While glittering dew the ground illumines,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes."

But those who are pent in cities, breathing
the hot, stifling air, and looking out on the
glaring brick walls, which so often obstruct
the view of the free sky, as well as the fair
face of the earth—they have, in truth, a hard
lot. No matter how much wealth is theirs, no
amount of money can repay the sacrifice.
But there are many whom duty keeps station-
ary—retains, by the iron hand of necessity,
in the scorching dusty city. Let such profit
by the long pleasant mornings, and take a
walk to some green place, a peep, at least,
at the riches and beauties of nature.

YORK GENERAL SESSIONS.

JUNE TERM, 1838.

It is Ordered, That the scale of Rates and Fares to
be taken by Carriage, Waggoners, and Truckmen,
in the Town of Fredericton, as established at the
General Sessions, holden in January Term, 1837, be
amended; and that the following Rates and Fares,
and no greater, shall be demanded and taken for ser-
vices herein set forth, in that part of the Parish of
Fredericton, which lies between Smyth Street and
Colonel Shore's inclusive, and back to Charlotte
Street, under the penalty of Ten Shillings for each
and every offence, to be recovered and applied as the
law directs:—

For Hay or Straw, per ton,	£0 4 0
Cord Wood, under the Bank, per cord,	0 3 0
ditto above the Bank,	0 2 6
Boards or Plank, if under the Bank, per M.	0 3 6
ditto above the Bank, (provided that no Load be less than 1s. 3d.)	0 2 6
Full load of Shingles, Merchandise, &c. per load,	0 1 6
A Puncture of Rum,	0 1 6
A pipe of Wine, Gin, Brandy, or a hog'shead of Molasses,	0 2 6
A Hhd. of Sugar, 2s. if above 12 cwt.,	0 2 6
For all loads containing less than 10 Barrels, each Barrel,	0 0 2
For a load of 7 Barrels of Pork, Fish, or other heavy barrels,	0 1 8
For all loads of the same, less than 7 lbs., each,	0 0 3
For a load of 10 Barrels, or more, not exceeding 2 cwt. each Barrel,	0 1 8
A Waggon load of Manure,	0 2 0
For Bricks, provided no load be less than 1s. 4d. per M., each,	0 4 0
Corn in Bulk and open Barrels,	0 2 0
For Salt and open Barrels,	0 2 0
For a load of Household Goods,	0 2 0
For all loads not so described,	0 1 6
Coal per Chaldron,	0 4 0

Extract from the Minutes.

GEO. J. DIBBLE, CLERK.

MECHANICS.

Whale Fishing Company.

NOTICE is hereby given, That an In-
statement of Five per Cent, on the Ca-
pital Stock of the *Saint John Mechanics'
Whale Fishing Company*, being Ten Shillings
on each share, is required to be paid by the
Stockholders at the Office of the said Com-
pany, on or before Tuesday, the 21st August
next.

Stockholders residing in Fredericton
and its vicinity can pay the same into the Bank
of Fredericton, where a receipt will be given
for the same.

THOMAS NISBET,

President.

St. John, July 21, 1838.

A Card.

JOSEPH TOLER, MINIATURE PAINTER.

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies and Gen-
tlemen of Fredericton, that he will remain in
this place for a short time, for the purpose of taking
LIKENESSES. The following are the rates:—
For a Miniature on ivory, £1, and upwards; for
ditto, on Card Board, 7s. 6d.

Mr. T. will be happy to exhibit specimens to such
persons as may honor him with a call at Mr. Seeger's,
Regent Street. Hours of attendance from 10 to 1.
N. B. Persons wishing their Likenesses taken
may be waited on at their own residences.
June 19, 1838.

THE MINERVA LIFE Assurance Company, LONDON. Capital—£1,000,000.

THIS Company offers to the Assured the
combined advantages of the most suc-
cessful establishment of its kind in Great
Britain, viz: Moderate rates of premium—
perfect security—participation in profits—
and exemption from personal liability.

Life Insurance is an object of importance
to every class of society. Persons whose
incomes are dependant upon life, or upon
professional or public employments, as those
in the Army, the Navy, the Church, the
Law, or in Government or Public Offices,
are enabled, by appropriating a small
amount annually, to secure a certain provi-
sion to their Wives, Families, or Depend-
ants, or to create a Fund disposable by Wills.

The Subscriber having been appointed an
Agent for the above Company, and affords
every information that may be required.

G. F. S. BERTON, Agent.

Fredericton, 14th Nov. 1837.

NAILS, NAILS,

Wholesale and Retail, Manufactured and sold by

W. H. SCOVIL.

North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.

CUT NAILS

OF all descriptions, of a superior quality to those
usually imported into this market, and at a less
rate. The Cut Enishing Nail will be found far pre-
ferable to the wrought Nail.

Carpenters and Builders are requested to call and
inspect for their own satisfaction.
A Discount of about 25 per cent. will be made to
Retailers.
February 11, 1838.

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale all that Valuable
Property, corner of King and Carleton Streets,
consisting of two excellent DWELLING HOUSES,
with Barus, Stables, &c. adjoining, together with a
commodious Yard, with a good Well or Water in
the same. There are two good Shops on the pre-
mises, and a most proof Cellar underneath. The Lo-
cality is 66 feet on King's Street, and 45 on Carleton
Street. The Concerns are now rented at 405 per
annum, and are capital Stands for any business.
Application may be made to Mark Needham, Esq.,
or to N. W. BUSTEED,
Queen Street, Fredericton, June 19, 1838.

POST OFFICE, Fredericton, 5th June, 1838.

Letters remaining in Office this date.

A
Mrs. Allen, George Archibald, (2.) John
E. Austin, Thos. Allen, John Armour, William
Anderson.

B
Convers Brown, (4.) George G. Bonnell, (3.)
James E. Brown, J. W. Barker, John Boyle,
John W. Brown, Jonathan Bridges, John
Byrne, Michael Benny, David Breen, Richard
Bouchier, Saml. Barr, George Bailey, Isaac C.
Burpee, Sarah Bogle, William Bresson, Mary.
M. Ball, James Brown, James Boyle V. A.
Brown.

C
Robt. Cobbin, John Cameron, Thos. Cliff,
Charles Cox, James Craig, John Christy,
Thomas' Cumber, James Chase, Ellen Can,
Cornelius Connolly, John Campbell, Mary
Cahalan, Archibald Clayton, Sarah Carrothers,
Patrick Carey, Mrs. N. Cameron, Mrs. Chand-
ler, John Clinton, Jane Chandler, Rebecca
Clark, John Carson, Rossey Coggy, John
Campbell, James Clements, Mary Ann Carr,
Thos. H. Curran, George Carnehary, Thos.
M. Calvin, Alexis Carson, Mercy Coperthwaite
Mary Collins, Nath. Corey, Robt. Crossman,
Constantine Connolly.

D
Mrs. Daly, (2.) James Draiper, Pat. Don-
nelly, Thos. Douglass, John E. Dow, (5.)
Emery Dow, James A. Drew, Samuel Doraugh,
Mrs. A. Dickerson, Edward Doyle, Joseph
Delany, John Doolop, David Davis, (2.) Reid,
A. V. Dimmock, Simeon Daskie, Margaret
Doyle, Salley Dougherty, Fras. Drake, William
S. Daggett, R. Davidson.

E
W. G. Emslie, L. G. Evans, Mary Earle,
William Essington, John Evans.

F
Charles Forbes, James Slatton, Thos. Falin,
(2.) Daniel Ford, Owen Foley, Eli Frost, Mrs.
W. Foshey, Mary Fowler, P. Fields, Marg-
aret Fitzpatrick.

G
William Gonson, Lyman Gilbertson, John
Groves, Grace Gillen, John Grant, Alice
Green, Seth Groswood, John Grant, Thos. M.
Gilbert, Josiah Gilbert, David Goucher, Jas.
Goodwin, Biddy Green, William Grainger,
Shepherd Giles, Hugh Graham, George T.
Garland, Z. G. Gubie.

H
John Higgins, Thos. Howe, Charles Har-
rison, Thomas Howell, J. Houghton, Daniel
Hamilton, Thos. Harrison, Ben. Hanson,
George Hayward, Josiah Hallet, Mrs. Hatties,
C. L. Hartt, Semion Hammond, John Hobbes,
George W. Hartt, Jas. Hendry, Daniel Hen-
stes, Charity E. Harrison, Thos. Hartin, Wil-
lam Hickey Martha Hickey.

I & J
John Johnson, B. R. Jonett, Fras. Johnston,
Jas. Angledoe, L. Loyd Johnston.

K
Michl. Kinnealy, John Kearney, Joseph
Kerr, Margaret Kelly, Wm. Kerr, Isaac Kelly,
William Kerr, Isaac Kiburn, John Kelly,
Michl. Kain, Wm. Kitchen, Wm. Kent, Rob-
ert Kane.

L
Henry Loder, Isaac Lawrence, Wm. Lind-
sie, Margaret Leslie, M. J. Large, Jerry
Loughlin, A. C. Lowell, Pat. Leary.

M & Mc.
Ebenr. McElshawick, Miss R. McVea, Miss
Mary Mahin, Jacob McKeen, Jas. Murray,
Jas. Montgomery, Jno. Mersereau, E. W.
Miller, John McSorley, Jas. McAloun, Angus
McDonald, Danl. McLaughlan, John McCanna,
John Murphy, James Meene, William Martin,
George McLean, Thos. O. Miles, John Mc-
Doogle, Henry Morehouse, Charles McMan-
gale, Donald McDonaid, Jno. & E. Marsh, C.
T. Murphy, Danl. McBean, Joseph Merethee,
Wm. McAdam, Michl. McNally, Joel Mun-
geon, John Mills, Fras. Miller, John Monea-
han, Danl. McBean, Thos. Moore, Charles
McMunnagle, Ronald McDonaid.

N
Robt. Nisbett, (2.) Saml. Nicholson, Chas.
Norcross, M. Neilson, Jas. Nichol, William
Nash.

O
Margret O'Neil, (2.) Philip O'Neil, John
O'Leary, Mrs. Oswell.

P
John Pendergrast, (2.) Mrs. Sarah Parsons,
Richard Perkins, Miss S. A. Pitman, Solomon
Paregt, Cyrus Perkins, R. W. Palmer, (3.)
Margret Patten.

Q
Ellen Quinn.

R
William Roberts, (4.) D. L. Robinson, (2.)
Hugh Reilly, H. Rogers, Matilda Russell,
Chas. Ramond, John S. Rice, John G. Rushey,
Luke Reley, Benj. Reed, Mr. Roberts, James
Reed, Margret Rosborough, Aron Robertson
Alex. Reece.

S
Timothy Sullivan, Andrew Stevenson, Sel-
tia Starritt, Margret Sprague, Revd. Peter
Sleep, Robt. Staniford, Gedeon Sewell, Ber-
nard Shields, Mrs. George Smith, Elisha
Shaw, Mrs. Scisson, Senr. George W. Smith,
James Scott, Joseph Sloat, Elisha Sloat, Lemah
Thos. Stone, Jacob N. Springer, Elisha Shaw
David Shaw, Hugh Sands, John W. Smith,
Charles Stewart, William Smith, Rede Stone,
Ronald Smith, Richard Suiter.

T
Elizabeth Thompson, James Turner, Philip
Teid, Henry Tibbets, John Turner, Gream
Thompson, Elizabeth Taylor, James Turner,
(2.) R. Thomas, James Toohill, Elias Tupper,

U
Alexander Urquhart.

V
Jarvie Vernon, Mary Vanhorn, Angelin
Violate, John Venning.

W
Robert Watts, John Welsh, William Wall
Richard Withers, James C. Wiggins, Robt
Watts, John Walsh, James M. Workman, (2.)
Thos. B. Wheeler, Elenor Walker, Jas. Wat-
son, Margret Watson.

Y
Capt. A. Yerxa.

WM. B. PHAIR, Post Master.

N. B. Persons asking for any of the above
will please say they are advertised.