

Poetry.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

BY J. McLELLAN, JUN., AN AMERICAN POET.

Well do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gaily in Spring's building woods,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copes of the Summer time,
And in the red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollow, and the wren
Utters her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush murreth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dog wood's snowy flowers,
And the bluejay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the air
With its shrill sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring, the robin comes,
And in simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves—then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant, I love to hear,
Bold planter, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch place on the mossy tree,
Close at the corn field edge.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and hardly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness:
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time stained rock,
Beside some misty and far reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Grey waterer of the waters! Then art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide;
And, poised thy grey wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, would'st thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creation? Then pass forth
And find them midst those man and bird
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

Miscellaneous.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON.

There was once upon a time a poor mason,
or brick layer, in Granada, who kept all the
saints' days and holidays, and Saint Monday
into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion,
he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely
earn bread for his numerous family. One night
he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking
at his door. He opened it, and beheld
before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking
priest. "Hark ye, honest friend," said the
stranger, "I have observed that you are a
good Christian, and one to be trusted; will you
undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Senor Padre, on con-
dition that I am paid accordingly." "That
you shall be, but you must suffer yourself to be
blinded."

To this the mason made no objection; so
being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest
through various rough lanes and winding pas-
sages until they stopped before the portal of a
house. The priest then applied a key, turned
a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like
a ponderous door. They entered, the door was
closed and bolted, and the mason was con-
ducted through an echoing corridor and spaci-
ous hall, to an interior part of the building.
Here the bandage was removed from his eyes,
and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly
lighted by a single lamp.

In the centre was the dry basin of an old
Moorish fountain, under which the priest re-
quested him to form a small vault, bricks and
mortar being at hand for the purpose. He ac-
cordingly worked all night, but without finish-
ing the job. Just before daybreak the priest
put a piece of gold into his hand, and having
again blindfolded him, conducted him back to
his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and
complete your work?" "Gladly, Senor Padre,
provided I am as well paid." "Well, then,
to-morrow at midnight I will call again."

He did so, and the vault was completed.
"Now," said the priest, "you must help me
to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried
in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at
these words; he followed the priest with trem-
bling steps into a retired chamber of the man-
sion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle
of death, but was relieved, on perceiving three
or four portly jays, standing in one corner.
They were evidently full of money, and it was
with great labour that he and the priest carried
them forth and consigned them to their tomb.
The vault was then closed, the pavement re-
placed, and all traces of the work obliterated.

The mason was again hoodwinked and led
forth by a route different from that by which
he had come. After they had wandered for a
long time through a perplexed maze of lanes
and alleys, they halted. The priest then put
two pieces of gold into his hand. "Wait
here," said he, "until you here the cathedral
bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover
your eyes before that time evil will befall you."
So saying, he departed.

The mason waited faithfully, amusing him-
self by weighing the gold pieces in his hand,
and clicking them against each other. The
moment the cathedral bell rung its matin peal,
he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the
banks of the Xeuil, from whence he made the best
of his way home, and revelled with his family
for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two
night's work, after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little and pray a
good deal, and keeping holidays and saints'
days from year to year, while his family grew
up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gipsies.

As he was seated one morning at the door of
his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old cur-
mudgeon who was noted for owning many houses
and being a gripping landlord.

The man of money eyed him for a moment
from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows. "I
am told, friend, that you are very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, Senor," it speaks
for itself." "I presume, then, you will be glad
of a job, and will work cheap." "As cheap,
my master, as any mason in Granada."

"That's what I want. I have an old house
fallen to decay, that cost me more money than
it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will
live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up and
keep it together at as small expense as possi-
ble."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a
huge deserted house that seemed going to ruin.
Passing through several empty halls and cham-
bers, he entered an inner court, where his eye
was caught by an old Moorish fountain.

He paused for a moment. "It seems," said
he, "as if I had been in this place before; but
it is like a dream. Pray, who occupied this
house formerly?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord,
"it was an old miserly priest, who cared for
nobody but himself. He was said to be im-
mensely rich, and, having no relations, it was
thought he would leave all his treasure to the
church. He died suddenly, and the priests and
friars thronged to take possession of his
wealth; but nothing could they find but a few
ducats in a leather purse. The worst luck has
fallen on me; for since his death, the old fellow
continues to 'occupy my house without paying
rent, and there's no taking the law of a dead
man. The people pretend to hear at night the
clinking of gold all night long in the chamber
where the old priest slept, as if he were count-
ing over his money, and sometimes a groaning
and moaning about the court. Whether true
or false, these stories have brought a bad name
on my house, and no tenant will remain in it."

"Enough," said the mason, sturdily. "Let
me live in your house rent free until some bet-
ter tenant presents, and I will engage to put it
repair and quiet the troubled spirits that disturb
it. I am a good Christian and a poor man,
and am not to be daunted."

The offer of the honest mason was gladly
accepted; he moved with his family into the
house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By
little and little he restored it to its former state.
The clinking of gold was no longer heard at
night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but
began to be heard by day in the pocket of the
living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly
in wealth, and became one of the richest men in
Granada. He gave large sums to the church,
by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience,
and never revealed the secret of the wealth
until on his deathbed, to his son and heir.—
Washington Irving.

WILD REVENGE.—The Celtic legends, like
the Celtic language, though deficient in terms
of art and refinement, are peculiarly rich in
the expression of the passions. Joy, grief,
fear, love, hatred, and revenge, glow through
many an impassioned strain which still lingers
by its original wild locality. On the shores of
Mull a crag is pointed out, overhanging the
sea, concerning which there is the following
tradition, which we have often thought would
form no bad subject for the painter, or even the
poet:—Some centuries since, the chief of the
district, Maclean of Lochbun, had a grand
hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his
lady attended with her only child, an infant
then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven
by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding
rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only out-
let they could find. Here the chief had placed
one of his men to guard the deer from passing;
but the animals rushed with such impetuosity,
that the poor forester could not withstand
them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean
threatened the man with instant death, but
this punishment was commuted to a whipping
or scourging in the face of his clan, which in
these feudal times was considered a degrading
punishment fit only for the lowest of menials
and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned
with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed
forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of
Lochbun, from the hands of the nurse, and
bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood on
an almost inaccessible cliff projecting over the
water. The screams of the agonised mother
and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their
only child was placed, may be easily conceived.
Maclean implored the man to give him back
his son, and expressed his deep contrition
for the degradation he had in a moment of ex-
citement inflicted upon his clansman. The
other replied, that the only conditions on which
he would consent to the restitution were, that
Maclean himself should bare his back to the
cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been.
In despair the chief consented, saying he
would submit to any thing if his child were but
restored. To the grief and astonishment of
the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when
it was completed begged that the clansman
might return from his perilous situation with
the young chief. The man regarded him with
a smile of demagogic revenge, and lifting high
the child in the air, plucked with him into the
abyss below. The sea closed over them, and
neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tem-
pestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that
yawned around them, and still threaten the
inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull.
—*Inverness Courier.*

ADVICE TO UNMARRIED LADIES.—Found
amongst some papers of a late *Douglas*.—If you
have blue eyes, languish. If black eyes, leer.
If you have a pretty foot, wear short petticoats.
If you are in the least doubtful as to that point,
let them be rather long. If you have good
teeth, don't forget to laugh now and then. If
you have bad ones, you must only simmer.
While you are young, sit with your face to the
light. While you are a little advanced, sit
with your back to the window. If you have a
bad voice, always speak in a low tone. If it is

acknowledged that you have a fine voice, never
speak in a high one. If you dance well, dance
but seldom. If you dance ill, never dance at
all. If you sing well, make no previous excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment
when you are asked; for few persons are com-
petent judges of singing, but every one is sen-
sible of a desire to please. If in conversation

you think a person wrong, rather hint a differ-
ence of opinion than offer a contradiction. If
you find a person telling an absolute falsehood,
let it pass over in silence; it is not worth your
while to make any one your enemy by proving
him a liar. It is always in your power to make
a friend by smiles; what a folly to make ene-
mies by frowns! When you have an opportu-
nity to praise, do it with all your heart. When

you are forced to blame, appear at least to do
it with reluctance. If you are envious of an-
other woman, never show it but by allowing her
every quality and perfection except those she
really possesses. If you wish to let the world
know you are in love with a particular man,
treat him with formality, and every one else
with ease and freedom. If you are disposed to
be peevish or insolent, it is better to exercise
your ill humours on your dog, your cat, or
your servants, than your friends. If you would
preserve beauty, rise early. If you would pre-
serve esteem, be gentle. If you would ob-
tain "power," be condescending. If you would
live happy, endeavour to promote the happiness
of others.—*Court Journal.*

TRIAL BY BATTLE.—Among the customs
of the old Scandinavians was the judiciary
combat, or trial by battle, which rooted itself
so deeply in the institutions of the North as to
defy the authority of popes and councils.
This mode was attended with many difficulties
and inconveniences, such as the proximity of
relationship, or the inequality of age and
strength in the antagonists. The dexterous
pugilist, or the daring adventurer, frequently
abused this practice by converting it into a
source of gain. It is recorded in Grettir's
Saga that, in the reign of Erik Jarl, these des-
peradoes "challenged landowners and even
noblemen to fight duels for money and for wo-
men; no compensation or redress was made
for a man killed in such a duel; many were
dishonoured, and some slaughtered; therefore
King Erik abolished all duels; he also out-
lawed all robbers and Berserks who dis-
turbed the kingdom."—Desperadoes fought
within a very narrow space; sometimes on a
hide nine ells long, spread on the ground, or
in a ring marked with stones, or enclosed with
hazel stakes. Others chose an island or
"holm," so that neither party could escape;
whence this combat was called the Holmgang.
Instances are recorded where a man and a wo-
man were the combatants, and in that case the
rules for equalizing the strength and advan-
tages of the parties were whimsically ingenious.
The male hero was fixed in a circular pit to
the depth of his girdle, and armed with an
oaken staff a cloth ell long. The virago was
furnished with a rope or sling of equal length,
at the end of which was tied a heavy stone.
With this weapon she endeavoured to fell her
antagonist, who parried and shifted as well as
he could. If he succeeded in twisting the club
in the sling which was fastened to the woman's
arm, the battle was generally won, as he could
then drag her within reach of his fists.—*Edin-
burgh Cabinet Library, No. XXIII. Scan-
dinavian, Ancient and Modern, vol. 1.*

COMING TO CLOSE QUARTERS.—An old
woman to whom an unfortunate son of poverty
was owing a small account, had repeatedly
called for payment, but the answer to her in-
quiry invariably turned up, the usual retort
when a debtor wishes genteelly to cut a trou-
blesome creditor, "Not at home!" Having
once or twice dogged her neighbour, and knock-
ed at the door which his coat tails had not a
moment before swept in passing in, and receiv-
ing still the chilling reply, "not at home," she
determined to come to closer quarters when
she next got scent of him. An opportunity
soon occurred, for when an eagle eye is on the
watch, nothing escapes it; the unfortunate
debtor passed her windows, and she bolted out
in pursuit. Step by step she dogged him to
his door—he rung the bell—his importunate
friend was at his back; the door opened, and
catching her opportunity before he disappeared,
she rapped sharply with her knuckles on his
back; he wheeled round. "Well, is Tammas
Williamson in now?" said she, staring him in
the face. The appeal went home, and the
money was instantly tabled.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I., KING OF PRUSSIA.
—When the king had invited himself as a
guest, he had at times to pay the reckoning.
One of his generals, who was noted for his
parsimony, having declined the honour of a ro-
yal visit under the plea that he had no estab-
lishment of his own, his majesty desired him to
order a dinner at the hotel of the king of Por-
tugal. This of course could not be evaded;
the king was invited, but came with twice the
number of attendants the general expected.
The very best, however, that the cellar or
kitchen could afford, was produced in the
greatest abundance, and the king expressed
his entire satisfaction. The general sent for
the landlord, and enquired the price per head.
"One florin without the wine." "Well, then,
here is one florin for myself, and another for
his majesty; the other gentlemen, whom I did
not invite, will pay for themselves." "That is
clever," cried the king; "I thought to take
in the general, and he has taken me in!"—upon
which he paid the whole bill.—*Foreign
Quarterly Review.*

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—What are the practi-
cal lessons which this subject should teach us
all? You know how the human character is
formed, and how the faults and vices which de-
grade it, and which afflict the world, are gener-
ated. Pity their unhappy victims; treat them
with mercy; pour, if it is possible, the light of
knowledge on their minds, and infuse, by obli-
gation, the love of goodness into their hearts.
In the family, and in the world, be what
your views of philosophy and religion
ought to make you, forbearing, generous, just;
the intrepid defender of others' rights; the

uniform observer of your own duties; the mas-
ter of yourself, the servant of all. Endeavour,
at all seasons and by all means, to diffuse the
blessings of knowledge; deem no labour too
protracted or severe, which may terminate in
the removal of an error. Let no calumny or
investive excite in you a spirit of resentment,
or force from your lips a harsh expression.
Make those whom you strive to enlighten feel
that you wish them to embrace your views, only
that they may be inspired with the same cheer-
ful, amiable, and benignant spirit of which your
heart is full; rejoice in the good that is; live
but to labour to increase it; believe that every
event is so arranged by infinite wisdom and
almighty power, as to perform its necessary
measure in securing its ultimate and universal
triumph. This is the true philosophy; this is
genuine Christianity; this is the way to live
happiest, and to prepare best for glory, honor,
and immortality.

THE CAN'T BE DONE OUTCRY.—The
story of Fulton, who first introduced the steam-
boat in America, affords a provoking specim-
en (of the "it can't be done" outcry).—After
being the laughing stock of every body
while pursuing his object and making experi-
ments, he at length announced that he was
prepared to take a boat up the Hudson River,
and solicited passengers to come on board to
witness his success. Many came, and to their
great surprise the boat moved forward upon
her course. It had not proceeded far, how-
ever, before it stopped abruptly; and the ge-
neral voice immediately exclaimed at the ab-
surdity of the project, "We said it would ne-
ver succeed!" &c. Fulton addressed them
mildly, declaring that he did not know the
cause at present, but if they would have a little
patience, he would descend and see. He did
so; and soon rectifying the error, the boat
moved forward, and amidst the incessant ca-
villing of the learned and unlearned fools, and
their momentary expectation of another and a
final stoppage, proceeded steadily till it reached
Albany, and then returned to New York; thus
performing a distance of nearly three hundred
miles. When, however, they had reached
home, as Fulton writes in a letter to a friend,
"he was still doomed to be disappointed: ima-
gination superseded fact; they said he could
not do it again—and if he could what was the
use of it?"—*Exposition of the False Medium.*

PETTY VEXATIONS.—It is of the utmost
advantage, for our own peace that we should
learn, as much as possible, to regard the little
vexations which we may, or rather must, often
meet from the ill humour of others, or from the
crossings and jarings of interests opposed to
our own, with the same patience with which we
bear the occasional fogs of our changeable sky.
The caprices of man are as little at our disposal
as the varieties of the seasons. Not to lay
our account with these human vexations, is a
folly very similar to that of expecting in winter
all the flowers and sunshine of spring, and of
lamenting that the snows and sleet, which
have fallen every where else, should have fallen
on our little garden.—*Dr. Thomas Brown's
Lectures.*

TAKING THE NONSENSE OUT OF ONE.—
Idling along in the vicinity of Constantinople,
we turned to admire a Turkish child, led by an
Abyssinian slave. There is no country in the
world where the children are so beautiful, and
this was a cherub of a boy, like one of Domeni-
chino's angles. As we stopped to look at him,
the little fellow commenced crying most lustily.
"Hush my rose!" said the Abyssinian, "these
are good Franks: these are not the Franks
that eat children; hush!" It certainly takes
the nonsense out of one to travel. I should
never have thought it possible, if I had not
been in Turkey, that I could be made a bug-
bear to scare a child.—*Wilkie's pencillings by
the way.*

A WIFE'S PREROGATIVE.—An Irish Sol-
dier once waited on his Commanding Officer
with what he termed a serious complaint. "An-
other man," he said, "had upbraided him that
he was not married to his own wife, whom he
accused of being no better than she should be,
and called her many bad names besides, which
he should be ashamed to mention to his honor."
Colonel—"Well, my good fellow, have you any
proof that you are legally married?" Soldier—
"Faith, your honor, I have the best proof in
the world." Here he took off his hat, or ra-
ther cap, and exhibited a cut skull, saying,
"Does your honour think I'd be after taking
that same abuse from any body but a wife?"—
Shipp's Memoirs.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON DRUNKENNESS.—
"Sir Walter," says Mr. Lockhart, "could,
when I first knew him, swallow a great quantity
of wine without being at all visibly disordered
by it; but nothing short of some very particu-
lar occasion could ever induce him to put this
strength of head to a trial; and I have heard
him many times utter words which no one in the
days of his youthful temptation can be worse
for remembering.—'Depend upon it, of all
vices drinking is the most incompatible with
greatness.'"

FORESTS.—According to a statement in the
French papers the proportion which forests
bear to the rest of the soil in Russia, Sweden,
Norway and Germany, is one third; in Austria
and Prussia, one fourth; one fifth in Belgium;
one sixth in Switzerland; one seventh in
France; one ninth in Italy; and one twelfth
in Spain. The British Islands have only the
twenty fifth part of their territories covered
with forests.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—At a meeting held
late at Shipston, one of the speakers, address-
ing the meeting after the first motion, said "he
supposed it was carried *crim con.*"

Exemption from mistake is not the privilege
of mortals; but when our mistakes are involun-
tary, we owe each other every candid consid-
eration; and the man who, on discovering his
errors, acknowledges and corrects them, is
scarcely less entitled to our esteem than if he
had not erred.

Riches do not belong to the miser; but the
miser belongs to riches.

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.
Burpe, Sarah Bogle, William Bresson, Mary
M. Ball, James Brown, James Boyle V. A.
Brown.

C
Robt. Cobwin, John Cameron, Thos. Cliff,
Charles Cox, James Craig, John Christy,
Thomas Camber, James Chase, Ellen Can,
Cornelius Connolly John Campbell, Mary
Calahan, Archibald Clayton, Sarah Carrothers,
Patrick Carey, Mrs. N. Cameron, Mrs. Chum-
ler, John Clinton, Jane Chandler, Rebecca
Clark, John Carson, Rosey Coggy, John
Campbell, James Clements, Mary Ann Carr,
Thos. H. Curran, George Carnachy, Thos.
M. Calvin, Alexis Carson, Mercy Copethwaite,
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 Doranah,
Mrs. A. Dickerson, Edward Doyle, Joseph
Delany, John Dunlop, David Davis, (2.) Revd.
A. V. Dimmock, Simon 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, Marga-
ret Fitzpatrick.

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

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

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

K
Michl. Kinnealy, John Kearney, Joseph
Kerr, Margaret Kelly, Wm. Kerr, Isaac Kelly,
William Kerr, Isaac Kilburn, 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 McKeane, Jas. Murray,
Jas. Montgomery, Jno. Mercereau, E. W.
Miller, John McSorley, Jas. McAlon, Angus
McDonald, Danl. McLaughlan, John McCan-
na, John Murphy, James Meene, William Martin,
George McLean, Thos. O. Miles, John Mc-
Dougle, Henry Morehouse, Charles McMun-
gie, Donald McDonald, Jno. & E. Marsh, C.
T. Murphy, Danl. McBean, Joseph Merethew,
Wm. McAdam, Michl. McNally, Joel Mun-
gon, John Mills, Fras. Miller, John Monean,
Ham, Danl. McBean, Thos. Moore, Charles
McMunnagle, Ronald McDonald.

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, Mis S. A. Putnam, Solomon
Parent, Cyrus Perkins, R. W. Palmer, (3.)
Margret Patten.

Q
Ellen Quin.

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 Spragne, Revd. Peter
Sleep, Robt. Stamford, Gideon Sewell, Ber-
nard Shields, Mrs. George Smith, Elisha
Shaw, Mrs. Scisson, Senr. George W. Smith,
James Scott, Joseph Sloat, Elisha Slood, Leman
Thos. Stone, Jacob N. Springer, Eliah 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
Jarvis Vernon, Mary Vanhorn, Angella
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.

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