The Weekly Observer.

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The Garland.

THE FIRST AND LAST BORN.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

My first born, my first born! shall I e'er forget the charm
That filled with happiness my heart when on my clasping arm
Thy little head was pillowed, when I laid thee on my breast,
And wept for very joy as I watched thy tranquil rest?
Shall I forget thy father's smile, and the beaming eye, that still
A glittering tear of joy and pride as he looked on thee would fill?
The ecstacy of those dear hours can my spirit e'er for get?
O no, they haunt my memory, like stars that cannot set!

My gentle, helpless last-born! how differently I hailed
Thy coming midst the clouds of care that my life's full summer veiled!
My stars of hope and love were gone—my mind was full of fears;
And the tears I shed on thy quiet face, O they were bitter tears!
Hushed was his voice that blessed my first—his lip no longer smiled,
There was no father's eye to gaze with rapture on my child;
And O! how different from that first sweet sunny ecstacy,
Was the serious, deep, and chastened bliss, my babe, I had in thee!

My first born, my first-born! how open was his brow!
How like his father's was his eye, alas 'tis like it now!
How sweetly did the chesnut curls upon his forehead wave!
And now they lie, unstirred, within the dark and voiceless grave:
Like some full-leaved yet fallen tree, with its yet young tender shoot—
The sire and son together rest, all motionless and mute:
The first two treasures that I called mine own, of all earth's store,
Sleep with death's curtains drawn around, to greet these eyes no more.

My last-born, my sweetest babe! it cheers me still to trace
Thy father's lip, thy brother's eye, upon thy lovely face;
Even now thy dear, unconscious hand twines sportive in my hair—
Thy lip hath just as bright a smile as my lost love used to wear:
I clasp thee to my bosom, and I find a gentle bliss—
A comfort to my wounded heart, that nought can give but this.
O my first babe! thou wast a flower to wreath the brows of love:
But when love's light failed, this last was sent a sweet star from above.

ABBOTSFORD.

BY DR. BOWRING.

From the Winter's Wreath for 1831.

Shrine of sweet lays and legends! Sacred spot,
Touched—and like all he touches, charmed by Scott,
Charmed into beauty—for the master's hand,
As from the lyre, wakes music from the land;
And all the witchery of the poet's word
And painter's pencil, dwell on Abbotsford!
As his learned lore historic deeds recalls,
So history hangs upon his classic walls;
As taste and genius rest upon his pen,
So have they brightened every grove and glen:
And reverence hails with tributary soul
The omnipresent spirit of the whole!

MISCELLANEA.

MR. ABERNETHY.

The following anecdotes of Mr. Abernethy are from the National Portrait Gallery, an able work edited by Mr. Jerdan.—"Mr. T——, a young gentleman with a broken limb, which refused to heal long after the fracture, went to consult Mr. Abernethy; and, as usual, was entering into all the details of his complaint, when he was thus stopped almost *in limine*—'Pray, sir, do you come here to talk, or to hear me? If you want my advice it is so and so—I wish you a good morning." A scene of greater length, and still greater interest and entertainment, took place between our eminent surgeon and the famous John Philpot Curran.—Mr. Curran, it seems, being personally unknown to him, had visited Mr. Abernethy several times without having an opportunity of fully explaining (as he thought) the nature of his malady; at last, determined to have a hearing, when interrupted in his story, he fixed his dark bright eye on the 'doctor,' and said—'Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas; but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaints. I am resolved, sir, not to leave this room till you satisfy me by doing so.' Struck by his manner, Mr. Abernethy threw himself back in his chair, and assuming the posture of a most indefatigable listener, exclaimed, in a tone of half surprise, half humour, 'Oh, very well, sir, I am ready to hear you out. Go on, give me the whole—your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure; go on.'—Upon which, Curran, not a whit disconcerted, gravely began:—'My name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, being a native of Newmarket, county of Cork, in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty. My father being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman of small fortune, in that neighbourhood, obtained my entrance into one of the Protestant Free Schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble sphere of a *sizer*,'—and so he continued for several minutes, giving his astonished hearer a true but irresistibly laughable account of his birth, parentage and education,' as desired, till he came to his illness and sufferings, the detail of which was not again interrupted. It is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. Abernethy's attention to his gifted patient was, from that hour to the close of his life, assiduous, unremitting, and devoted." Again, "Mrs. I——consulted him on the nervous disorder, the minutiæ of which appeared to be so fantastical, that Mr. Abernethy interrupted their frivolous detail, by holding out his hand for the fee. A one pound note and a shilling were placed in it; upon which he returned the latter to his fair patient, with the angry exclamation of, 'There, ma'am! go and buy a skipping rope; that is all you want.' Mr. Abernethy's strong point in prescribing is generally addressed to the relief of the bowels, and to the lowering and regulation of the diet and regimen. He is, consequently, much sought in dyspeptic disorders; and, it is stated, often refers to such a page in one of his books, where he has already given the remedy. The patients have only to buy the work, where they will find an exact description of their symptoms, and a recipe for their cure. On one occasion, a lady, unsatisfied with this amount of information, persisted in extracting from Mr. Abernethy what she might eat, and, after suffering from her volubility with considerable patience for a while, he exclaimed to the repeated 'May I eat oysters, Doctor? May I eat suppers?' 'I'll tell you what, ma'am, you may eat any thing but the poker and the bellows; for the one is too hard of digestion, and the other is full of wind.'—The reported fashion of his courtship and marriage is also extremely characteristic. It is told, that while attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her daughter, which he truly esteemed to be calculated to render the married state happy. Accordingly, on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport: 'You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my farewell visit. But, in the mean time, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware, but the excessive occupation of my time, by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to —*l.* and I can settle —*l.* on my wife: my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is: I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, and assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady like member of a family; such a person must be all that a husband could covet; and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance.—On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship.' In this humour, the lady was wooed and won; and, we believe we may add, the union has been felicitous in every respect."

ORIGIN OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

It was no sooner known in London that the Dutch had penetrated beyond the Cape of Good Hope, than the English merchants determined, at all hazards, to keep pace with their rivals. An association was formed in 1599, and a fund raised by subscription, the management of which was intrusted to a committee of 15 persons; whilst a second application was made, with greater earnestness than before, for the royal sanction upon the company's proceedings. But Elizabeth, though well inclined to the measure, was deterred from giving to it her countenance, in consequence of the treaty then pending between England and Spain. She contented, therefore, herself with referring the memorial to her privy council, which made a favorable report; and the same year, John Mildenhall, a merchant, was sent overland by the route of Constantinople, on an embassy to the great Mogul. It does not appear that this measure, however well intended, produced any favourable results; indeed, the obstructions thrown in the way of the ambassador proved such, that he failed in reaching Agra or obtaining an interview with the Emperor, till the year 1606; but the mercantile spirit of England was not therefore repressed. On the contrary, fresh applications were made to Elizabeth for that licence, without which it was considered hopeless to embark in so gigantic an undertaking; and her own inclinations happening to coincide with the views of the Privy Council, the boon so earnestly solicited was obtained. On the 13th December, 1600, the petitioners were erected into a corporation, under the title of "Governors and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies." They were vested, by charter, with the power of purchasing lands without any limitation; they were enjoined to commit the direction of their commerce to a Governor and twenty-four persons in committee; and the first governor, Sir Thomas Knight, was specially named in the act.—Upon the Company, their sons when of age, their apprentices, servants, and factors in India, was conferred for the space of fifteen years, the privilege of an exclusive trade "into the countries and parts of Asia and Africa, and into and from all the islands, ports, towns, and places of Asia, Africa, and America, or any of them, beyond the Cape of Bona Esperanza or the Straits of Magellan, where any traffic may be used, to and from every of them." Such were the feeble commencements of a power which now holds sovereign sway over the entire continent of India, with the islands immediately contiguous. Two hundred and fifteen persons, with the Earl of Cumberland at their head, composed the company to which this charter was originally granted, and the capital with which they prepared to engage in their novel enterprise amounted barely to £10,000, divided into shares of fifty pounds each. With this they fitted out a fleet consisting of four ships and a pinnace, which they freighted with cloth, lead, tin, cutlery, and glass; and adding to the cargo the value of £23,142 in bullion, they committed the whole to the management of Captain James Lancaster. On the 2d of May, 1601, the squadron sailed from Torbay.—*Murray's Family Library.*

A LIBERAL LANDLORD.—Sir George Crewe, of Calke Abbey, Derbyshire, is a great landed proprietor, and highly and justly esteemed by his numerous tenantry. Having duly and considerately weighed in his comprehensive and patriotic mind the difficulties the British farmers have to encounter in these trying times of heavy taxation and parochial and county expense, he has recently set an example worthy to be known and followed by every landed proprietor in the kingdom. Sir George, though young in years, unites to the elegant scholar a wise head and good heart. Like a sage and wise parent studying the welfare of a large family, he assembled his principal tenantry around him, and thus addressed them:—"I have called you together to consult with you, and to have your several opinions as to the rental I ought to charge upon my estate in your respective districts, so as to enable you to live comfortably and bring up your families respectably, as in olden times; to cultivate your farms in a proper and effective manner, and to give employment to the labourer. I have called twelve of you who are the largest occupiers, to request you will return to your respective districts, and call the lesser occupiers around you; and after you have consulted together, and each of you have returned me an answer, I will then reduce your rentals accordingly." The deputies assembled were so overwhelmed with the philanthrophic feeling and the liberal offer of their landlord, that they unanimously returned him their warmest thanks, and stated their willingness to leave themselves entirely to his generosity: some even expressing their satisfaction with their then rental. However, a general reduction immediately took place of from 3s. to 5s. per acre.—*Sporting Magazine for Oct.*

ITALIAN PERIODICALS.—Among the signs of the times we are gratified in being able to place two journals, which have recently made their appearance in Italy with a view to bring the reading world in that quarter acquainted with the gems of foreign literature and science. One of these, the *Antologia Straniera* is published at Turin; and the other *l'Eclettico* at Parma. The first has indisputably the advantage over its contemporary; but both of them afford a singular proof of the spread of freedom of opinion even where the fetters of religion, or rather of ecclesiastical policy, have been wont to enchain it. Some of the latter numbers of the *Antologia* contain philosophical disquisitions, which but a twelvemonth back would have been honoured with a "non imprimatur." The times of Galileo have happily "perished from the things that be."—*Athenæum.*

HOW TO APPRECIATE A FREE PRESS.—The people of Brighton have burned the editor of the *Brighton Guardian* in effigy for calling the King a "weak-minded man." This is a striking exemplification of our consistent admiration of a free press. We applaud the French for rising *en masse* to resist an attempt to restrain the liberty of the press, and in the same instant of time we burn a public writer in effigy for asserting a very innocent opinion. What we were indignant with the French government for attempting, we actually perpetrate with our own hands. So much for our sense of our own rights, and our estimate of the blessings of unfettered discussion. Now, the King may be, for all we know, a second SOLOMON; but that is not the point. The question is, whether the editor of a journal have a right to exercise his judgment in an historical analysis of the character of the Sovereign. Unless the King be, indeed, a weak-minded man, he cannot be offended with those who, wanting testimony to the reverse, hazard the speculation. He has subsequently shown that he is at all events a sensible man, since it is said that he has expressed his displeasure at the loyal holocaust of the Brightonians. Such a consequence was to be anticipated, for it was hardly to be expected that so popular a monarch would not feel disgusted with a display of attachment that manifestly arose from sordid and contemptible motives. The whole thing is a calculation of profit and loss. The townspeople were afraid his Majesty would be vexed, and spend his money elsewhere; and in an agony of pecuniary loyalty, they sacrificed the freedom of speech and thought, and life and property, for the sake of preserving to themselves the patronage of the royal visit. These people are slaves. They are mere waiters upon greatness, and sycophants, and thee-servers. The abstract principle of an independent press is sold in their persons for a short season of bustle in their shops. How deep is the shame that sits upon this same town of Brighton, and this crisis of manly sentiment and honest feeling. The whole press of England, if it would preserve the country from the tacit disgrace of viewing this proceeding unconcernedly, is called upon—not to defend the assertion in the *Guardian*, for that may or may not be true—but to vindicate our common privileges, by reprobating the unconstitutional and dangerous example set by these trading loyalists.—*London Atlas.*

POINTS OF HONOUR.—Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog, Captain Ramsay in one about a servant, Mr. Fetherston in one about a recruit, Sterne's father in one about a goose, and another gentleman in one about an "acre of anchovies." One Officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy a second goblet, and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff: General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith, for declining a glass of wine with him at a dinner in a steam-boat, although the General had pleaded in excuse that wine invariably made his stomach sick at sea.

The Duke of Brunswick has taken up his rest at Belmont-house, Vauxhall, where he and his brother, when children, lived and were educated. His mode of living is cheerful but private; he has visited the public places without the assumption of rank. Some evenings ago, just as he was popping his head into a box at one of the theatres, he was saluted from the stage with the ominous cry of "*Vive liberté!*" His Serene Highness was ruffled, looked angry, foolish, and afraid in a sequence;—glanced at the stage, darted a look at the pit, caught the eye of somebody, and bolted out of the box.

IRISH GALLANTRY.—The following announcement has appeared in several Dublin papers:—"The friends of Mr. Shiel, and they are to be found in almost every part of the globe, will be rejoiced to hear that he has lately received an accession to his fortune of £1000 per annum." This is a-piece with the gallantry of the fine gentleman in the play, who, when told that his friend had been married, asked—"To how much?" Mr. Shiel's increase of fortune has been gained by marriage with a young lady possessing property to that amount, which the Dublin papers have noticed. The lady, however, appears to have merged in the "accession."

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.

		Rents in 1815
The number of statute acres in England	32,150,000	
Acres uncultivated, or waste, in 1815	6,029,500	
In cultivation	26,020,500	£49,744,000
Number of acres in Wales	5,206,000	
Uncultivated, or waste, about	280,000	
Ditto in Scotland	18,944,000	
Uncultivated, or waste	5,652,000	
Ditto in Ireland, above	20,000,000	
Uncultivated, or waste	4,284,000	

Of the latter kingdom, the bogs, or peat mosses, are estimated at 2,330,000 acres English.

Proportion of Land cultivated for different purposes in England and Wales:

	Acres.
Wheat	3,160,000
Barley and Rye	861,000
Oats and Beans	2,872,000
Clover, Rye Grass, &c.	1,149,000
Roots and Cabbages cultivated by the plough	1,150,000
Fallow	2,297,000
Hop Grounds	36,000
Nursery Grounds	9,000
Fruit and Kitchen Gardens, by spade husbandry	41,000
Pleasure Grounds	16,000
Land depastured by Cattle	17,479,000
Hedge Rows, Copses and Woods	1,641,000
Ways, Water, &c.	1,316,000
	32,027,000
Commons and Waste Land	6,473,000
Total acres in England and Wales	38,500,000

SLAVE POPULATION.—By the Abstract just printed by order of the House of Commons, of the returns received from each of his Majesty's colonies up to the latest dates, we find the number of the male and female slave population to be as follows:—Antigua, 29,839; Barbadoes, 81,902; Bahamas, 10,841; Berbice, 21,319; Bermuda, 4,008; Demerara, 69,467; Dominica, 15,392; Grenada, 24,342; Jamaica, 331,119; Montserrat, 6,262; Nevis, 9,259; St. Christopher, 19,310; St. Lucia, 13,661; St. Vincent, 23,589; Tobago, 12,723; Trinidad, 24,452; Virgin Islands, 5,436; Mauritius, 76,774; Cape of Good Hope, 35,509.—Making a total of 825,804.

SEAS AND RIVER SHELLS AND FLOWERS.—The sea is but one. A glorious unit indeed is he—and therefore Shakspeare called him "multitudinous." But in spite of all his multitudinousness, [Webster] his greatest admirers must confess that he is not unfrequently so monotonous, that 'tis not easy even to look at him without falling asleep. Live for a month on the sea-shore, and you will be stupid for life. Shells are beautiful, but, with your leave, not so beautiful as flowers. Shells are but the cottages of fishes—or, if you prefer it, their cradles. Nature often tinges them with the Tyrian die; but they are all dead, although when you put some of them to your ear, you hear, as if far, far away within the wreathed cavern, the singing of some sea-sprite belonging to an incommunicable world. But flowers—why flowers are alive!—as alive as yourself upon your marriage-morn! They are all in love with each other, and with the earth and the heavens, and with men and angels; and where grow they so innumerously bright as by the fresh flowings of rills, and rivulets, and rivers, whose banks, like the milky way, are all inlaid with vegetable stars? Then, we defy a river to be monotonous.—*Ebony.*

MARRIAGE.—There is one circumstance, out the event of human life, and that by no means of a trivial nature, over which the influence ... tune's pipe is considered supreme ... that "marriage goes by destiny ... reigns paramount, and "good ... less. No precautions can ... termagant wife, or a worm ... husband; while ... most apparently unfavo... afford very edifying ex... A ten years' courtship ... in the honey moon, while ... denly at a ball, and ... in six weeks, shall ... buffets of life. Cone ... tion, have proce... through the gr... qualified for a ... ed in the ... most appro... Cupid and ... hand, action ... lowing ... has been ... ly half ... Satt ...

[Overprinted fragments of a prospectus:] ...a proves ... as the best means ... will be duly appre... discernment and good ... connected with various ... and possesses peculiar means ... the fountain head of litera... is expressly designed to en... talent, original contributions ... ted, and to them every possible ... would now merely add, ... delay is fatal, more especially to ... efforts of a new country. It is, ... mpt and decided patronage that ... effectually established. For the ho... It is to be hoped, that it will not ... on any other ground than its own de... ause it will be the business and study ... to prevent.

...The Magazine will be printed in 8vo. with new type ... paper. Each monthly number will contain ... printed pages, stitched in a neat wrapper. ... will be only Fifteen Shillings per annum. The ... publication will commence immediately that such a ... list of subscribers is obtained, as will render it pru... and it will thenceforward continue to appear re... on the first day of every successive calendar ... month.—All communications for the Editor are request... to be addressed, "To the Editor of the New Bruns... wick Monthly Magazine—To the care of Mr. CHUBB, Prin... ter, St. John, N. B." Publishers, desiring books to be reviewed, will please to forward such books similarly addressed. All postages and carriages must be paid by the senders, or their communications cannot be received.

St. John, N. B. November 27, 1830.

Mackerel, Gin, and Brandy,

150 BBLS. Fat MACKEREL; 4 Pipes Holland GIN; 2 Pipes Cognac BRANDY—Now landing from the sch'r *Lavinia*, at North side Market Slip.

JAMES T. HANFORD.

MAXIMS FOR THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

To such of our readers as have passed the meridian of their days, and who are desirous of prolonging their lives, health, and happiness for a still longer term, we recommend a close attention to the following maxims. They form a part of "A Code of resolutions for declining life," drawn up by an old physician. The entire code is well deserving of careful perusal; but the part which we have thought proper to pass over, would appear to belong rather to a code of ethics than of health.—The resolutions to be adopted by all who are in the decline of life are:—

To endeavour to get the better of the intrusions of indolence of mind and of body, those certain harbingers of enfeebling age.

Rather to wear out, than to rust out.

To rise early; and, as often as possible, to go to bed long before midnight.

Not to nod in company, nor to indulge in repose too frequently on the couch by day.

Not to give up walking, nor to ride on horseback to fatigue. Experience, and a staid medical authority, determines from six to ten miles a day. Nothing contributes more to the preservation of appetite, and the prolongation of life, than the constant use of the feet.

To continue the practice of reading, pursued it is to be hoped, for more than half a century, in books on all subjects—for variety is the salt of the mind, as well as "the spice of life."

To admit every cheerful ray of sunshine on the imagination.

To try to live within one's income, be it large or small.

Not to encourage romantic hopes or fears.

Not to drive away hope, the sovereign balm of life—though it be the greatest of all flatterers.

Not wilfully to undertake any thing, for the accomplishment of which the mind or body is not sufficiently strong.

To avoid being jostled too much in the streets—being stunned by the noise of the carriages—and not to be carried, even by curiosity itself, into a large crowd.

Not to run the race of competition, nor to be in another's way.

To preserve one's temper on all occasions; and hence, never to give up the reins to constitutional impatience.

If one cannot be a stoic, in bearing and forbearing on every trying occasion, yet to endeavour by every means to pull the check string against the moroseness of spleen, or the impetuosity of peevishness. Anger is a short madness.

To contrive to have as few unemployed hours as possible, that idleness, the mother of vices and of crimes, may not pay her visits. To be always doing something, and to have something to do. To fill up one's time, and to have a good deal to fill it up with—for time is the material of which life is made.

Not to indulge too much in the luxury of the table, nor yet to underlive the constitution. The gout, rheumatism, and dropsy, in the language of the Spectator, seem to be hovering over the dishes. Wine, the great purveyor of pleasure, offers his service, when love takes his leave. It is natural to catch hold on every help when the spirits begin to droop; but let it be recollected, that while love and wine are good cordials, they are not to be forced into common use.

To resolve never to go to bed on a full meal. Exercise, a light supper, and a good conscience, are the best promoters of a good night's rest, and the parents of undisturbing dreams.

Not to be enervated by indulgence in tea drinking.

Not to debilitate the mind by new and futile compositions. Like the spider it may spin itself to death. The mind like the field, must have its fallow season.

To enjoy rationally the present—not to be made too unhappy by reflection on the past, nor to be oppressed by invincible gloom, or ridiculous fears as to the future.

To resolve more than ever to shun every public station, every arduous undertaking. To be satisfied with being master of one's self, one's habits, now a second nature, and one's time. Determined not to suffer, a less cruelly trampled on by fortune, not to live and die in harness of official station, of trade, or a profession.

Not to lose sight, even for a single day, of the good and proverbial doctors—Diet, Merryman, and Quiet. Resolved to remember, and to recommend, towards tranquillity and longevity, the three oral maxims of Sir Hans Sloane:—"never to quarrel with one's self, one's wife, nor one's friend."

Not to put one's self too much in the power of the elements as modified by the sun, the wind, the rain, and the night air.—*Journal of Health.*

THE BRAHMIN.—"Behold," said the King to his favourite Abul Fazel, "behold the Brahmin stand forth, proud of his knowledge of the Vedo, and vain of his descent from Brahma; with a countenance which tells the subtlety of his mind, and the presumption and ambitious aspirings of his soul; ... of his body is naked, show... skin; his loins ... moon-coloured ... ears or need... except a f... his fore...

CONVICTS from Ireland—Next Spring.

The very superior fast sailing copper fastened Ship

WILLIAM & GEORGE,

THOMAS BRYSON, Master;

burthen 400 Tons.—Will sail from London very early in the Spring, with Passengers for this Port. Persons wishing to engage a Passage for their Friends, by said Ship, will please apply to JEDEDIAH SLASON, Esq. Fredericton; or to WILLIAM P. SCOTT, South Market Wharf, St. John.

16th November, 1830.

LIGHT HOUSE CONTRACT.

THE Subscribers will receive Sealed Tenders, till Monday the 20th December, from persons desirous of contracting to erect a LIGHT HOUSE of WOOD, with a Small Building for the Keeper's residence, on the *Gannet Rock*, near the Island of Grand Manan, the same to be completed on or before the first of September next.

Plans and specifications for the whole, may be seen after the 20th instant, upon application to THOMAS BARLOW and JOHN WARD, Junior, Esquires, who will furnish such information to the persons tendering, as may be required.

The Tenders will be opened on Tuesday the 21st December, at noon, and none will be attended to unless accompanied by sufficient sureties for the due performance of the Contract.

THOMAS BARLOW,
JOHN WARD, Jun.
R. W. CROOKSHANK, } Commissioners.
ALLEN OTTY,
CHARLES SIMONDS.

St. John, November 16, 1830.

BOAT LOST.

ON Friday night last, from alongside ship LORD OF THE ISLES, a BOAT, painted black, (except the bottom, which was white) having the words "*Lord of the Isles,*" on the stern, nearly obliterated.—Whoever may find said Boat, and will return the same to the Ship, shall be handsomely rewarded. Nov. 30.

BLANKS

of various kinds for sale at this Office