hardly have found a more handsome or noble looking fellow. "So exactly like his father," said Alice, for she had no higher standard of manly excellance or beauty; but there were those who remembering his father with no such partial admiration, would have said the son bid fair for being a finer man in every respect; and that he was no worse for noding his mother's energy and decision to his father's calmness and refinement.

Perhaps the reader may smile to find the term refinement applied to the child of a poor widow like Alice Bland; but refinement may and does exist sometimes in the humble walks of life; and what is more surprising still, it is sometimes altogether wanting where there seems to have been everything conducive to its cultivation and growth.

In talking of refinement, we are apt to think it belongs only to the higher classes of society; and is the result of what is called a finished education, and must necessarily be accompanied by polite accomplishments, and polished manners. But true refinement, (or rather delicacy of feeling, for the one implies a process and the other a quality) is more the gift of nature than the production of art, and thus it may be found in the cottage and wanting in the drawing room; it may be disguised by the broad peculiarities of provincial dialect, and mimicked in vain by the mincing phraseology of the boarding school; it may exist under the coarse and toil-worn exterior of the peasant, beautifying all the tender offices of life, and giving to home charities and domestic virtues, the charm of generous sympathy and high honour; and it may be sought for among all the artificial adornments of the fashionable and high born, and not found where it is most wanted, in the interchange of kindness, the conferring of benefits, and the necessary and mutual dependence of man upon his brother man.

Alice Bland, and her interesting boy, were not unacquainted with this feeling. They had learned to watch each other's eyes, and to know when the least shadow of anxiety or care needed the gentle hand, or the kind word, to chase it away; and they knew also how to make great sacrifices, for they were all in all to each other; and they could each give up a darling object for the other's good, without betraying by the slightest differance of look or manner that it was a sacrifice. And if in all these little acts of self-resignation, Alice bore the palm, it was not from any want of affection in him who was the object of them, but merely because she was a woman; and we all know it is deeply implanted in the heart of women, to love what she does love better than herself.

They lived on, the mother and the child, mutually ministering to each other's enjoyment; and perhaps the absorbing interest which occupied their thoughts, made them a little too forgetful of the wide world without, and perhaps also, it left too little of the warmest and tenderest feelings of the heart for devotion to higher objects. However it might be, we know that these exclusive attachments are not permitted to exist long in this state of being, without a blight; and that from what ever quarter the blight may come, it is directed by him who punishes in order that we may look to him for reward; who wounds, that we may ask for healing at his hands.

The summer came, the bright and joyful summer, and Alice and her son left behind them without a sigh, the congregated thousands who pant in the heated atmosphere of the metropolis, during the sweet season of the springing of flowers in the green fields, and the singing of birds in the waving and shadowy branches of the trees.

They left without a sigh for they were going to renew their acquaintance with the love of nature; a face like that of an old friend, early known, and dearly loved, and mingled in fond recollections with all their favourite themes of thought and conversation.

A kind acquaintance resident in Kent, had engaged for them a small cottage in the most picturesque part of that county; and when the coach stopped at the door, they sprang from it as if they were expecting to meet a home welcome. Every thing around looked so green, so fresh, so cool and quiet, that their hearts were filled with gratitude, and they longed to offer thanks to some human being, who might be feeling like themselves. But no! there had been no kind hand busy with the work of preparation;—no living creature in that remote situation knew of their existence until the week preceding, nor cared for their comfort and accommodation, when they did know; and they soon found that thanks were only due to that Power, who spreadeth out the heavens as a canopy, and maketh the earth a garden, in which man may find all that can delight his senses, and fill his soul with admiration. Nor were they forgetful of the duty of acknowledging his mercies: for when the evening came, they knelt down together, and with united hearts offered up the tribute of their thankfulness and joy.

The next day they rambled free and uncontrolled, and day after day they spent in the same manner. Marcus amusing himself with collecting the flowers and plants with which he had long been endeavouring to make himself acquainted, and often sitting down with his pencil to sketch an old tree or village church, never dreaming how exquisitely all these little memorials of his enjoyments would one day become, to her who was ever at his side, watching him with maternal fondness, and dwelling with something of prophetic interest upon every development of his clear and comprehensive mind.

"I should like to die in the country," he would often say; "that birds might sing over my grave, and green grass grow all around me. Mother, did you ever look into that little church yard at the end of the street where we used to live in the city!—Don't lay me there when I am dead, for I think I could not rest under those hot stones and dusty nettles." And then his mother's eyes would fill with tears, for she saw more clearly every day that one prevailing thought was giving an unnatural solemnity to his young mind, and throwing over his early years the deep shadows of premature decay.

Still they were happy—happy as those who sit down for one uninterrupted hour of cheerful, and intimate, and confidential converse, before a long separation. But the boy gathered no strength in the country, and the mother found there was more and more need for her to shelter under the shadow of the mighty Rock, for that would soon be to her a weary land.

Oh! it needs religion to reconcile us to the thought of death!

CHAPTER VII.

It was not many weeks after the return of the widow with her son to the city, that she found it necessary to call in medical advice; for he was evidently sinking fast; and though she had little faith that human skill could save him, she determined that nothing should be spared which might lessen the suffering of his last days.

His complaint was pronounced to be one under which he might linger for some time; but little encouragement was held out to hope for his ultimate recovery. The poor boy, however, was not destined to pine away the victim of protracted suffering.—His disease made rapid progress, and he was soon so much an invalid, as to be compelled to keep his bed; and then his mother felt doubly thankful that she had removed him from the close and dismal apartments which they first occupied; for now they could look out upon the blue sky, and see the brightness of the morning sun upon the branches of a willow and a laburnum, which grew beside their window; where Alice had her little garden of mignionette in a narrow box, containing all her property in the wide realm of mother earth.

It was on the first day of September, that eventful day when the heart of the sportsmen bounds with delight, as he gathers up his forces, and sets off with "slaughtering gun;" himself and his dogs uniting upon one common level, for one purpose, and with one feeling, to disturb the stillness of the deserted harvest fields, taint the pure air of a fine autumnal morning, and break in upon the peace of the most harmless and unprotected of earth's creatures: it was on this day that Alice Bland sat at the window of her quiet chamber, sometimes looking out upon the yellow leaves fluttering for a moment in the buoyant air, and then settling amongst their withered companions upon the bosom of that common parent, who offers a last refuge to the fallen, the faded, and the forlorn; and then turning her anxious gaze upon him of whom the autumn leaves were but too true an emblem.

He had been sleeping for some hours, when he awoke, he asked his mother to come nearer. "Sit down beside me," said he, "upon my bed, and let me hold your hand. Dear mother, I have been thinking, that when I am gone, you will be left entirely alone."

Alice turned away her face, but she was able to answer with a clear voice, "There is no loneliness, my child, where God is."

"I know it mother; I know that God is everywhere, and that he will not turn away from those who call upon his name; but there are times when we cling to a kind hand, and listen to a voice that is sweeter than music, and feel that we cannot bear to be alone. Who will meet you at the door when you come home? who will pray with you at night? and oh! my mother, when you are ill, or in sorrow, who will sit beside your bed, and watch you so tenderly as you are watching me?"

"My child," replied his mother, "we must not venture upon these minute enquiries, into what we are capable, or not capable of enduring. Who could love as I have loved, and bear to lose what I must lose, if when the account was closed, each individual item of the great sum of affection should be counted over, and its weight and value estimated after it was gone for ever. It is for those who suffer, and feel their own weakness, to endeavour so to journey along the pilgrimage of life, that their steps may neither be impeded by the stones and stumbling blocks that lie scattered in their path; nor led astray by the flowers that grow by the wayside: and in order to do this it is necessary to keep our eyes fixed steadfastly upon the star of promise, the only star that is never lost in the clouds. Wounded and broken as I am, and lonely as I shall soon be, my heart is yet supported by faith; not the presumptuous faith that a miracle will be wrought in my favor; that I shall be preserved from sickness and sorrow, or that celestial spirits will be sent down to smooth my dying pillow; but the humble faith that he, in whom I put my trust, will so temper the feelings of my soul, that while I endure the common lot of humanity, I shall not feel as I have done, such entire dependence upon the sweet sympathies of kindred minds; but that, when I come to the last hours of my solitary life, I shall be supported above all weak longings even for thy care and kindness, my beloved child: and sustained by the undying hope of entering into that realm of happiness, where I trust thy father is, and where thou wilt soon be."

"You are right, mother," replied her son: "we will talk of those things no more. God is all sufficient; and then he lifted up his hands and his weak voice, and prayed earnestly that his mother might be made the peculiar care of her Almighty Father; that her earthly trials might not be long, and that they might soon meet, where there should be no tears, and no more separation.

Three days after this conversation took place, Alice Bland, was sitting, at the same hour, in the same chamber, and beside the same bed, on which a long extended figure lay, in the stillness of everlasting repose. The sweet calm of unbroken serenity was upon his features, and his white hands were stretched out in motionless and marble coldness by his side—his hands, on which the mother's eyes were fixed; for oh! how well could she remember the many days and nights, when those fingers, warm and pliant, and gentle, in their infantine tenderness, had played upon her cheek; how distinctly could she recall each varying expression of that fair countenance, as of a book, every line of which was engraven upon her heart, in characters indelible and clear though the original page was sealed for ever.

But let not rude and unhallowed fingers attempt to lift the veil that is drawn over the sacred altar of a mother's love. This venerated shrine offers no wonderful exhibitions to the gaze of the curious observer; but here as to the altars of old, the weary, and the wounded, fly from the arrows of persecution for safety and protection. Here the tears of the penitent may flow in peace; here the frailties upon which the world would trample in disdain, may find a cloak; and here the erring wanderer, who has made shipwreck of his hopes may return to the welcome of a home.

Alice had no assistant in the work of preparation. All day she occupied that silent chamber, with the feeling of one who stands upon a small and solitary island, in the midst of the wide ocean, and will not step into his frail boat before the hour appointed for him to launch forth alone upon the boundless expanse of friendless and inhospitable waters. And when the night came, she had no weak fears, nor fantastic visions of wandering spirits; but drew closer in the darkness to the bed-side, until wearied nature sank under the long vigil, and sleep drew around her the curtain of forgetfulness.

It was but for a few brief days and nights that Alice could be permited to sit and gaze upon her last earthly treasure; and oh! how solemn was the dawn of each succeeding morning as it rose upon the living and the dead! How silently the still evening closed around! Yet in that sweet hour, when the husbandman returns from the field of labour, when the cattle are driven down from the hills, and the sheep are gathered into the fold; when the weary bird flies back to the woods, and covers her nestlings with her brooding wings; when the mother smoothes the pillow of her child, and presses on its rosy cheek her farewell kiss; when all the softening influences of domestic peace and home affection are drawn around the heart; even in that sweet hour, Alice uttered no lamentation, and the tears that chased each other down her checks, were not tears of repining: for she had not been one of those who leave the commencement of the great and important work until the time when there is urgent need for its full and entire completion; who enter the vineyard to feast upon the grapes, having never pruned the vines; who go forth into the harvest-field to reap, having never sown the precious seed. In the spring time of her life, in the morning of her days, she had diligently sought the true fountain; and now when every other draught was turned to bitterness, she found and felt the efficacy of the waters of everlasting life.

A second time Alice Bland stood a deep and solitary mourner by the side of the grave. Over her pale features was spread the calmness of resignation; and none of the surrounding throng of lookers on knew, or cared to know, with what feelings she turned away, when the last solemn rites were over, from that little churchyard—not the noisy space of ground alloted to the burial of the dead, which her son had so often spoken of with disgust and horror; but a quiet resting-place, one they had fixed upon together during their last walk into the country. Here she had stood beside the grave, not only the chief, but the sole mourner; and here she left with her buried treasure all the hopes and the affections which bound her to this troubled life.

From this now sacred spot of earth, Alice returned home.—Home! what is home? Surely there must be something more than a hired tenement to constitute a home; but Alice had in this wide world nothing more. Happy—happy is it for those who feel that their home is "an habitation not made with hands eternal in the heavens!"

The Christian character is almost universally described as one which is, and must be at variance with what is commonly denominated the world; consequently the Christian church is called the church militant, and the Christian himself is often spoken of as one who is compelled to fight the good fight. All the good lessons which we learn from our infancy, our observations upon the world in general, the experience of every day, and the precepts of the Holy Scriptures, combine to teach us that the utmost stretch of faith, and perseverance, and watchfulness, and zeal are necessary to protect us against the mastery of evil passions within, and the temptations of the world without. It is, however, graciously permitted to us, in almost every situation in life, to enjoy the consolation of human help: to have some star or stars in our low spere to light us on our way: some kind voice to cheer us on our pilgrimage; some home of welcome in the hearts we love, where the wounded may fly for healing and the weary for repose.

How thankful, then, ought we to be for this mingling of earthly affections with heavenly; this lightening of the task of duty; this sweetening of the cup of self-denial! and how deep, how sincere, should be our pity for those unto whom this merciful dispensation is not extended, unto whom it is decreed, by the wisdom that erreth not, that they shall journey through the wilderness alone; unto whom the sentence has gone forth, "Behold I will take away the desire of thine eyes as with a stroke!"

In this situation the Christian is most severely tried; for here no earthly encouragement is held out, and whatever is done must be done purely for the love of God, for the pleasure of obeying his law, and walking in his ways.

In order more fully to illustrate the nature of true resignation, and more clearly to exemplify what ought to be the state of the human mind under this trial, it will be necessary to trace the progress of the humble individual whose character has been here described, one step farther on her path of patience and fortitude. For this purpose let us look in upon the childless widow in her solitude. Let us imagine her on the day following that of the funeral, solitary, but not inactive; for Alice busied herself with examinnig each article of the personal property which her son had left; though her eyes were sometimes so dimmed with tears that she could hardly read the different labels he had placed upon all his school prizes, and his memorials of affection and early companionship, she still went on, leaving out whatever she thought might be more valuable to others than to herself; though it was a hard thing to part even with his wardrobe, now that she was so desolate and forlorn. This duty, moreover, was faithfully gone through, and Alice sat down to spend the evening alone;—alone and without employment: for when she laid down her bible, and would have taken up her work, the thought that she had now no longer any one to work for, seemed to paralyze her fingers and throw a chain of icy coldness upon every effort to rouse herself for active exertion.

It was not long, however, that Alice permitted her spirit to sink under the pressure of unmitigated affliction. "It is the will of my Heavenly Father," said she, "that I should bear my burden alone; and with his help I will not faint by the way; there must yet be some field of usefulness open for me, or my soul would be required of me. I will still labour in his vineyard, though my strength should be as that of the bruised reed; I will still worship at his altar, though my only offering should be a broken heart."

With such feelings strengthened into resolution by earnest and continual prayer, Alice set about to prepare for a change in her occupations and her place of abode. Having heard that a mistress was wanted for an infant school in a distant part of the country, she offered her services and was appointed as a decent useful, looking woman, by those who thought they were conferring upon her a favour.

Here let us observe how little is known by those who flatter themselves they are dispensing favours—how very little is known of the misery which the necessity of being the object of them, sometimes inflicts upon the receiver: thus we complain of ingratitude, because our bounties are not seized with avidity, and acknowledged with delight; when in reality each act of beneficence, upon which we pride ourselves, has been gall and bitterness to those who were compelled by circumstances to accept it.

Alice had no natural inclination for the situation, nor for the line of life which she had chosen, and would rather have shrunk away from the arduous task which she had imposed upon herself; but it seemed more desirable to her to enter at once upon the field of active imperative duties, than to leave her inclination time to wander, and make its own selection amongst those which were merely optional.—She therefore took her place amongst the little throng, and went diligently and faithfully through the whole process of instruction. While visitors flocked in to see, and the wonders and praises of the new establishment spread far and wide.

It was no difficult thing to discover that Alice was a trusty servant, and, as such, she was valued and approved; but no one knew what her heart had suffered, or was then suffering; nor why when the school was closing, she would often single out a little dark-haired boy, whose pale complexion and soft shadowy eyelashes gave him an air of melancholy and langour, and often, walking home with him to his mother's door, would stand there until she saw him comfortably seated at his own fireside, and then turn away to take a long solitary ramble by the sea shore.

Yet the character of Alice Bland was not one that was capable of remaining long unknown. Though unobtrusive in her charities, and limited in her means, she was so unbounded in her desire to be useful, that neither time nor opportunity seemed wanting; and it was a common reply with her, to the apologies of those who feared they might be making too great a claim upon her kindness, "Don't think of that. I am a lone woman. I have no ties at home, and therefore I am the more fit to be serviceable to others. To him who has given me health and strength, and a few kind feelings, I have to render an account; and blessed be his holy name, I am supported through every day by the consolations of his love. I am a weak instrument indeed, and then there is the more need that I should diligently watch, and earnestly embrace every opportunity of offering my mite. It is not the magnitude of our good actions by which we hope to be saved; it is the feelings from which they arise, and the spirit in which they are performed that are the test of obedience."

In this spirit, the spirit of Christian love, the poor widow persevered in the path of duty. Filled with this spirit, she laid aside all weak lamentations and fruitless repinings. Encouraged by this spirit, she kept perpetually in view the blessed goal, whereshe already beheld, in imagination, the souls of her departed robed in white. Supported by this spirit, she became a prop to the fainting, and a comforter to the needy. Inspired by this spirit, she journeyed patiently along the pilgrimage of life, and was enabled at the end, to lay down the burden of the flesh, rejoicing with the gladness of the captive who leaves his prison-house.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, &c.

Ex *Lady Caroline*, from London;—

10 CASKS and 3 cases DRUGS, MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, SURGEONS' INSTRUMENTS, &c. &c.

10 casks Epsom salts, Cream of Tartar, Camphor, Salt Petre, sulphur, Brimstone, Alum, Copperas, Borax;
400 kegs No. 1 Brandram's WHITE LEAD, in 14, 28, 56, and 112 lbs. kegs;
250 kegs Yellow, Green, Red, Brown and Black Paints;
25 casks Rose Pink, Red Lead, Red and Yellow Ochre, Venitian Red, Lamp Black, Ivory Black;
30 casks Whiting and Paris White;
2 casks Paint, Varnish, Wash, Hearth, Dusting, Cloth, Hair, Teeth and Nail BRUSHES;
1 case Macassar Oil, Kalydor, Odonto, Adelaide Perfume, Vegetable Essence for the Handkerchief, Lavender and Cologne Water, Rig's Military shaving cakes, Old Brown and White Windsor soap, cold Cream, Bears' Grease;
4 cases of Pickles, Sauces, Ketchup, salad Oil, Capers and Olives;
3 casks White Wine and French Vinegar;
20 bags Pepper, Root Ginger, and Pimento;
1 case Annatto or Cheese Coloring;
3 cases Indigo; Vermillion, Crome Yellow, Prussian Blue;
3 cases Washing SODA.

W. O. SMITH.
May 30. *No. 1, North side Market square.*

THE SUBSCRIBER

Has received per the *Emigrant*, from Liverpool, and *James White*, from Greenock:

15 CRATES EARTHENWARE;
20 Bales Wrapping and Printing PAPER; 5 cases Books; 3 casks Copying Ink and QUILLS. WM. HOWARD.
May 30.

Spikes, Nails, Chains, &c.

Daily expected per *Themis* from Liverpool:

30 BAGS SPIKES, 4 inch to 9 inch;
80 bags fine Rose Canada NAILS, 8d'y to 16'dy;
1250 Yards short link CHAIN, assorted sizes;
4 CHAIN CABLES, 7-16, 9 16, and 5-8.
May 30. W. D. BADGER.

Anchors.

ONE 12 cwt. 2 qrs.; one 8 cwt. 2 qrs.; and six 2 to 2½ cwt. each for sale very low by
June 13. C. & W. H. ADAMS.

Patent Hemp Cordage.

THE subscribers offer for sale a well assorted stock Patent Hemp CORDAGE.
June 13. ALLISON & SPURR.

List of Letters

Remaining in the General Post-Office, St. John, N. B., 5th June, 1845.

A
Ackerson Miss A.
Akrill William,
Adams Archibald,
Ahern Ellen,
Ambrose John
Anderson Alexander
Andrews Joseph (2)
Andrew Jeremiah
Andrews William
Andrews Charles
Appleby William
Appleby Mr.
Arkley Mr. D.
Arthur Capt. Adam
Armisson T E.

B
Bennett David
Bell Thomas
Belyea Joshua
Beckwith Alexander.
Bickerth Thomas
Bingleson Davidson
Boyle William
Browne Michael
Brannon Mary
Brien Michael
Browne Capt.
Bruce James (2)
Brown John S.
Brittain James
Brogan Patrick
Breen William
Broadrick Patk.
Brown Leonard
Broper E.
Brannon Mary
Burns William
Butler James
Byrne Patrick
Burke John
Burns Peter
Bunt Mr. John

C
Casher Thos.
Cassidy Capt.
Caddle Capt.
Cassidy John
Carnery James
Casker Patk.
Cameron Willm.
Ceneder Anthony
Carber Thomas
Campbell Alex.
Campbell Archy
Campbell Daniel.
Campbell Hugh
Carney Robt.
Campbell Alex.
Carle James
Carlin W. Esquire
Campbell John
Caran Danl.
Campbell Mrs.
Campbell James
Campbell Mr. A
Cameron Robt.
Campbell Charles
Carter John

K
Kelly William
Kelly Timothy
Keenen Mary
Kiffon susan
Killeanay Mary
Kelly Denis
Kelly Robt
Kinnan John
Keegan Eliza
Keif John

L
Lawn Rebecca
Lafferty Edward
Lafferty Chas.
Langan Mr T Y
Lawless Mrs
Leonard Mary
Leahy John
Lefengy John
Leonard Lirni Thos
Livingston John
Little John
Lister John
Liston Thomas
Lloyd Mr. R W
Lloyd James
Lawrence S & Ann
Lord W W Esq.
Lockart Christr
Lowe James
Loughren Mr Journey
Lognie Rosey
Lockart A B
Loegh John
Logan Joseph
Lynch James
Lynch John

M
Mackey Jane
Macintosh Mrs
Malcolmson & co Messrs.
Marshall Mr Wm.
Mahan Patk [2]
Mury Thomas
Martin John
Maxwell Andrew
Magrath John
Martin Joseph
Magrory James
Mariner Burnel
Mahony Michael
Mahony Danl.
Mains William
Melrose John
Megan John
Medill Jane
Melvin William
Meehan James
Millar John
Mills James.
Miller Stephen
Mitchell John
Morrison Alex.
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Moyers Danl
Moore Ann
Moore Richd.
Moore Wm.
Morl John
Molholland J.
Mulany Hugh
Murphy Thomas
Mylee Andrew
Mulheran Giles
Myers Elizabeth
Malloy Thos.
Murphy John
Mullan George
Murphy Stephen

Mac
Mac Aleer Patrick
" Anulty Rose
" Anulty James
" Bride Patk
" Brine Kays
" Beath John
" Cormick Ralph
" Connel Hugh
" Callum Nichol
" Canon Michael
" Clean Hugh
" Cristal Patk
" Conomay Alex.
" Cahill Danl
" Catchem John
" Cook William
" Dona James or Wm
" Calla Mrs
" Divitt John
" Fartan James
" Fadgin catherine
" Gettigan John
" Ginley Thomas
" Ginley Giles
" Gerr Robt
" Goldrick Danl (2)
" Gee William
" Hannon & co Messrs
" Intyre Solmon
" Innes William
" Kerten Mary
" Kersey Mr Archi
" Kay stephen
" Kenney John
" Kelvey James
" Lannan James
" Laughlin Thos.
" Laughlin Willm (2)
" Laughlin Patk (2)
" Laughlin Edward
" Masters William [4]
" Monon William
" Mullen James
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" Millan Archi
" Nicol Ebenz.
" Neal John [2]
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" Nab Dun
" Vay Henry
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N
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Nelson G W
Nurum James
Neely Dixon
Noriss Thomas
Nicholson Willm
Netter Alexander
Noonan John
Nicholls Wilim
Norman John
Neelon Danl
Norries Melis

O
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Oliver capt.
O'one Patk
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Oman C
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O'Grady John [2]
O'Neil Wm
O'Donnell Owen
Orchard Robt.
O'Neil Edmond
O'Brien cormlius
O'Neil John
O'Gilvie James
Olive H S
O'Neil Philip
O'Keef Danl
O'Sullivan sarah
Oliver Andrew
O'Keif William
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P
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Pitts Sarah
Price Mrs
Powers Patk
Pearson Solomn
Power Alex
Powell Mr T
Pany John
Polly Elizabeth
Porter John
Potter Willm
Pearson Wm
Phelan Matthew
Pany William
Power James
Carter Edward
Porter Henry
Potts Henry
Palmer Isaac
Price Thomas

Q
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Quiggey Michl (2)
Quin Patrick
Quigley charles
Quin Owen

R
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Robertson Neil
Redmond Patk
Ryan Edward
Ryan Mary Ann
Reid John
Robson Ralph
Robinson Alex
Ruddy Patk
Robinson Margt
Reteick John
Robinson Mrs J
Runnion Cath.
Robinson Thos
Russel Danl
Rooger John
Robertson Mr C
Rivers Mr Stover
Ross Mary Eliza
Robson Robert
Ray Mr Wm

Raverty Ann & Alice
Ronolds Mr J

S
Saunders Rebecca
Savery William
Scott Abraham
Scott William
Scott Aaron
Sherwood David
Sharp William
Shane Henry
Shields Hugh
Shea Thomas
Sherwood Margt
Silby Patk
Slemon Jas (2)
Shortine Benjn.
Smith Mr. Isaiah
Smith E D
Smith William
Smith Mrs Jane.
Smith, W. B.
Smith Lawrence
Smith Daniel (2)
Snider George
Snowden John
Spurr Capt
Spoll Lowther
Spinney Mickey
Stewart Chas
Stevens Allen
Strachan John
Strong William
Stewart Jane
Storey Alexander
Stevens Charlotte
Struch Charles
Sullivan John
Sunters Thomas
Sweeney John (2)
Sullivan Daniel
Sweeney George
Sullivan Mrs
Symes J. G.
Sullivan Wm. D.
Sullivan Patrick

T
Tinsley Miss E.
Tufedeus Matthw.
Thompson M A
Thompson John
Thompson Roll
Thompson Joseph
Toms Thomas
Tolan Hugh
Tomlinson Jas.
Trafton Thos

V
Vail Miss Jane

W
Waller G E
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Warren James
Ward Wm.
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Whitney stephen
White William
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Whiting John
Wilson Thos [2]
Williams John
Williams Mr
Wisdom Henry
Williams Hugh
Williams Edward
Woodworth Anny
Woods George [2]
Wright Miss Mary
Wrake Michl
Young Thos
Young John
Young D.

CARLETON.
Andrews David
Bourke John
Bogel charles
Cobb Mr S
Doyle Jane
Falwell susan
Hames John
Hawlks Mrs
Kennedy Robt.
Littlehale J C [2]
Murphy william
Murphy Oliver
Macarlie John
McSlim Edward
Polland Mrs Ann
Osborn Abraham
Riley Edward
Seeley seth,
Thompson J
Thompson chas.
Veal charlton
Wilber Denis
Wright Eliza T.

N. B.—Persons calling for any of the above Letters, will please say "Advertised."

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THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, JUNE 20, 1845.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A Public Meeting was held on Tuesday, according to requisition, at the Court House, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of raising a fund for the relief the sufferers by the disastrous fires at Quebec and London, Canada. His Worship the Mayor took the Chair, and I. Woodward, Esq., was appointed Secretary. After the preliminary arrangements, the following Resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That the late awful calamitous Fire, both at London (Canada West,) and at Quebec, whereby thousands of our Colonial fellow subjects have been rendered houseless and destitute, loudly call for the sympathy and aid of the country at large. That with a view to testify our sincere desire of rendering such assistance as the urgency of the case demands, to the extent of our abilities—it is expedient that a Subscription List be opened forthwith, that all parties present may have an opportunity of affixing their names thereto.

Resolved, That the more effectually to carry out the objects of the present meeting, a General Committee be appointed to solicit Subscriptions, which, when received, shall be transmitted through the Chairman of the Committee, for relief of sufferers at London in Canada West, and at Quebec—viz: in such proportions as the General Committe may hereafter determine.

Resolved further, That the following gentlemen be the General Committee, with power to add to their number:—

Names of Committee to take up Subscriptions.—Hon. John Robertson, John Duncan, John Ward, junr., Lauchlan Donaldson, John Pollok, W. H. Street, James Kirk, A. Smithers, Daniel Leavitt, Charles C. Stewart, John Kerr, John Wishart, Edward Allison, F. A. Wiggins, T. Leavitt, Wm. Carvill, S. L. Tilley, Henry Porter, William Parks, Hon. R. L. Hazen, Wm. Wright, W. J. Ritchie, J. M. Robinson, Geo. Wheeler, R. Bayard, T. E. Millidge, T. Gilchrist, James Robertson, Robert Jardine, L. H. DeVeber, E. L. Jarvis, W. H. Scovil, W. O. Smith, N. S. Demill, P. McCullough, N. Merritt, G. Harding, Wm. Doherty, James Travis, Jacob Allan.

Carleton—Wm. Olive, George Bond, Robert Salter, Samuel Strange, J. Stackhouse, J. C. Littlehale.

Resolved, That the Meeting recommend to the Committee to divide the respective wards in the City into convenient districts, and appoint a sub-Committee for each district, to solicit subscriptions, and to pay the same into the hands of a Treasurer to be appointed by the General Committee, who shall also make such arrangements for soliciting subscriptions in the County as they may deem necessary.

Resolved, That with a view to afford all parties who may not be residing in the community an opportunity of aiding this benevolent object, Subscription Lists be left at each Bank in the city and at the St. John Hotel.

And further resolved That the foregoing proceedings be published in the different City Papers and that the thanks of the Meeting are due to his Worship the Mayor, for his attention to the business of the meeting.

I. WOODWARD, *Secretary.*

About £150 were subscribed by those gentlemen attending the public meeting, and we learn that application will be made to the different Ministers in this City to make collections in their respective places of Public worship, in aid of the fund.

A Public meeting has been held at Halifax for a similar purpose as the above, and committees appointed to collect subscriptions, £230 were subscribed at the meeting, by about 20 individuals.

Fires in the Woods.—From different parts of the Province we learn that the fires from burning the woods have been unusually destructive, destroying in most cases the houses, barns, &c. of poor settlers, on whom the loss will be very heavy. A saw mill and barns belonging to Mr. John Hooper, at Musquash, were burnt last week, and the crop much injured.

The following Address of the Rector, Churchwardens and Vestry of St. Luke's Church, Portland, was presented to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Fredericton, on Monday the 9th instant:—

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF FREDERICTON.

My Lord,—

We, the Rector, Church Wardens, and Vestry of Saint Luke's Church, Portland, New-Brunswick, hail with sincere gratification the arrival of your Lordship in this Province; and we hasten to express the great respect we entertain for the high and holy office to which you have been called by the Great Head of the Church, and also our best wishes for your happiness and success in the important work in which you have engaged.

The Parish, which we have the honour to represent, has been struggling for some years past with many difficulties, and yet our hands have been greatly strengthened by the liberality of friends, who have cheerfully administered to our wants; and we still hope by God's assistance and grace, to see our beloved Zion enlarging her borders more and more, so that when we shall be called to sleep with our Fathers, we have the delightful assurance that her services shall descend to our children's children, pure and unaltered.

We are bound to the Church of England, my Lord, by the most endearing ties, and we heartily rejoice in the prospect which is now presented to us by the arrival of your Lordship on our shores—of having the benefit of that Church carried into every part of this Province, in all her fullness and beauty;—a blessing which we have hitherto but partially enjoyed, in consequence of the extensive charge over which our late highly esteemed Diocesan was called to preside.

Wishing your Lordship and your family every necessary blessing, we have the honour to remain with sentiments of great respect,

Your Lordship's Obedient Servants,

Signed, W. HARRISON, *Rector.*
JACOB ALLAN, } *Ch. Wardens.*
WM. LAWTON, }
CHARLES SIMONDS,
M. FISHER,
JOHN HAWES,
JAMES BRIGGS,
J. P. PAYNE,
C. J. WATERBERY,
JAMES FLEWELLING,
R. W. CROOKSHANK, Jr.
J. G. TOBIN,
FRANCIS RUDDOCK, *Vestrymen.*

S. L. TILLEY, *Vestry Clerk.*

ADDRESS OF THE CHURCH CORPORATION OF CHRIST'S CHURCH, FREDERICTON.

"*May it please Your Lordship.*

"We, the Rector, Church Wardens, and Vestry of Christ's Church, in the city of Fredericton, take the earliest opportunity of welcoming Your Lordship to your new Diocese, and place of residence, in which we trust that a long course of happiness and usefulness may be, by Divine Providence, reserved for you.

"It is our earnest hope and prayer that every part of the Diocese may henceforth exhibit the happy spectacle of a body of Church people united among themselves, and with him who is set over them in the Lord, following with glad mind and with his godly admonitions.

"As Christ's Church is now the Cathedral, we the present members of the Corporation will readily do whatever may be in our power to accommodate the building to that honourable use, and we trust that the same feeling will prevail among our successors in office, until one more suitable shall have been provided.

"With feelings of fervent gratitude to the Divine goodness for the hope of great improvement now presented to the Church in this Province, and deeply sensible of the unexampled benevolence on the part of their fellow churchmen in England, to which under Providence they stand indebted for the completion, as well as for the first formation, of their ecclesiastical constitution, they again bid your Lordship most cordially welcome and God speed."

(Signed) G. COSTER, *Rector.*
G. ROBERTS, *Vestry Clerk.*
On behalf of the Corporation.

Supreme Court, Trinity Term.—Richard Sands Armstrong, gent., having produced the necessary Certificates, and having been examined as to his fitness and capacity, is admitted, sworn and enrolled an Attorney of this Court.—*Royal Gazette.*

Quick Voyage.—The brigt C. W. Wallace, which arrived here on Monday last from St. Kitts, performed the voyage hence and back in 42 days—passage out, 12½ days; back, 12 days.—*Halifax Journal.*

The steamship Great Western arrived at New York on the 1st inst. in 14¾ days.

Four men were killed at the Navy Yard Washington, by the bursting of a bomb-shell

Capt. Judkins, of the steamship Cambria, who has been very ill at Boston since his arrival there, we are happy to learn by the last accounts, was on the recovery.

The Charleston *Chamber of Commerce* gave WILLIAM OGILBY, Esq., the British Consul at that port, a complimentary dinner on the 27th ult., as he intends to retire from that post.

New York Harbour.—It is said to be a fact that there is not water enough at all times on the bar at the entrance of New York harbor to admit even a *third rate* ship of war to cross it. The American ships Columbus and Vincennes are detained there for want of water.

MONTREAL, June 10.—It is our painful duty to have to record the decease of His Excellency Sir Richard Downes Jackson, K. C. H., Lieut. General Commanding Her Majesty's forces in British North America. His Excellency was in good health on Sunday morning, and attended divine service, but feeling indisposed after his return from church, retired to his room, to lie down, where he was found a short time afterwards in an insensible state, from which, we believe, he never recovered, and breathed his last at about five o'clock yesterday morning. It is understood to have been an apoplectic attack. What renders this event even more melancholy, is the circumstance that Sir Richard was on the point of leaving this country for England, and indeed, was to have sailed by the next packet, his successor in the command, Lord Cathcart, being expected to arrive in a few days. His Excellency has been in this Province for several years, and though simple and unostentatious in his habits was very much liked by society in general. We do not know that we can record a better tribute to his memory, than to say of him, that he was a good and brave soldier and a good man, who "Feared God and Honored the King."

Sir Richard Jackson entered the Army as Ensign the 9th July, 1794. Lieut. and Capt. 24th May, '98; Capt. and Lieut. Col. 4th August, 1808, Col. 4th June, '14; Major General, 27th May, '25; Lt. General, 28th June, '38, and was appointed Colonel of the 85th (Royal Sussex) Regiment of Foot, 10th June, '39, having been 51 years in the service.

Sir Richard Jackson served in Ireland during the rebellion in 1798; on the expedition to the North of Germany, in 1805; and in the expedition to and siege of Copenhagen in 1807. He embarked with a detachment of the Coldstream Guards for Cadiz, in March 1810, and was present at the defence of Cadiz and battle of Barossa. He served also in the campaigns of 1811, '12, '13, and '14, as an Assistant Quarter-Master-General, including the battle of Fuentes d'Onor, the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, battle of Salamanca, passage of the Bidassoa, battle of Nivelle, passage of the Nive, and battle between the Nive and the Adour, 13th of Dec.; action of St. Palais, battle of Orthes, action of Aire, and battle of Toulouse. He was a Knight Commander of the Bath, and entitled to a cross and two clasps for the battles of Barrosa, Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Nivelle, Nive and Orthes. He embarked for Canada with Lord Sydenham in the year 1839. Sir Richard was administrator of the Government in 1842, from the decease of Lord Sydenham, until the arrival of Sir Charles Bagot.—*Courier.*

Major General Sir James Hope is now the senior military officer in Canada. Sir Richard Armstrong is a Major General of the same year, but below sir James Hope on the list.—*Ib.*

The *Times* of yesterday, says that a requisition numerously signed, has been addressed to the Hon. D. B. Viger by the electors of Three Rivers, inviting him to stand for the representation of that borough in place of the late lamented member, Mr. Grieves.

It is rumoured in town that col. Gugy and Mr. Turcotte intend also to try their fortunes in standing for this Borough.—*Ib.*

THE ARMY.—We understand that the 43d Light Infantry are under orders to proceed to Halifax in the Apollo, now daily expected. She will most probably bring to Canada the 46th Regiment, supposed to be intended for Lapraine. In military circles it is believed that either the 14th Regiment, or 93d Highlanders will replace the 43d at Quebec.—*Quebec M