Poetry.

Jack Brown.

Jack Brown, who was a sailor once,
And sailed with gallant *Porter*,
Was sitting in a Porter-house,
Escaped from storm and slaughter:
On water he had lived—but now
He lived on rum and water.

When midnight struck, he struck the hour
That Jack was corn'd—he said,
"'Tis time Jack Brown for honest folks
You know to be abed,
And rogues about their business,
So please to leave ahead."

Said Jack "Since you are coming to
The pint I guess I'll go,
But I must have another gill,
My girls are so low;
For every fault must have his *Gill*
The proverb says—you know."

Then said the landlord, "Mr. Brown,
'Tis plain you're getting *blue*,
And your account is running large,
Therefore if now I do
Give you the stuff, next time look sharp
To bring the *blunt* with you."

Then Jack he were and "tumbled out,"
And down the hill he run,
He never *visited so* much before
Though yaw he oft had spun;
The sky "hung out false lights" for he
Saw two for every one.

He came unto a brook o'er which
Was placed a log or rail,
Thought Jack it is a dangerous *foot*,
And if my *foot* should fail,
I'll surely "*kick the bucket*," and
He turned a *little pale*.

He looked into a running stream,
Which set his brains agog,
And though a sailor, he thus!
He could not "*keep the log*."
He reeled and *tumbled* in the brook—
A TUMBLER *full of* Grog.

Jack *Brown* was *done*, he quickly took
A *Sailing voyage*—where
There was a mighty waterfall,
No high 'twould make you stare,
And Jack went down the *rapids quick*—
Oh! what a *fall* was there.

Next day a crowner's 'quest was held
The evidence to hear,
And on the book in words like these
The verdict doth appear—
That *water* with a DROP TOO MUCH
Had brought him to his BIER.

Scrawing—An Irish Legend.

Miss Edgeworth justly remarks, in her "Essay on Irish Bulls," that even in the slang of the common Irish there is a figurative form of expression which that of the common English wants; and to prove it she exhibits a specimen of both. That of the latter is uninteligible nonsense, where a word of uncouth sound, but utterly unmeaning import, is substituted as the name for a thing well known; while that of the former is a string of metaphors and ingenious associations. So it is with Irish legends; there is a sense in their extravagance, a meaning or illusion of a very serious and solemn kind, mixed up with some of their wildest fictions. I attended, on one occasion, a funeral in Ireland, and an odd circumstance interrupted the service: A cow followed the procession for a considerable distance along the road, and when the corpse was about to be interred, rushed in among the people, and attempted to toss the coffin on her horns; and it was with some difficulty she was driven away by the spades and shovels of the sexton. On our return we talked of the extraordinary impression made upon the sense of the animal, whether of sight, or sound, or smell, that had occasioned such an unusual excitement; but one of the company at once accounted for it by confidently asserting that the cow had not been scrawed. On asking him to explain what he meant by the expression, he did so in the following words:—

"There are three weeks," said he, "before and after Whitsuntide that are called Trinity-weeks, and three days out of these are called cross-days; for if anything, whether man or beast, be born in one of these days, it will surely have the blood of some person on it before it dies, barring it's scraw'd. Now, no one can tell which are the three cross-days of the Trinity; so whenever a child is born, or a calf is yeaned, about Whitsuntide, they lay it on the ground, and cut three scraws or sods, which are placed on it, so as that it is buried like, as soon as it comes into the world. After that, it becomes a new thing, and the evil of its ould life is destroyed. A brother's son of my own was born on a Whitsun-Monday, which, they say, is the crossest day in the year."

"Then the charm did him no service, it seems," said I.

"I ax your pardon, sir," said he, "it was all God's doing; he died before he had the blood of a Christian on him, which God saw would happen to him if he did not in his mercy take him out of the way. My uncle's widow had a cow which calved on a Whitsun-Tuesday, as the neighbours said the calf ought to be scrawed; but the widow was a woman that got an edication up in Dublin, and she said it was all old woman's stories, and she would not have it done. One said she was right, and another said she was wrong, and at last it was agreed to ask the priest, and he swayed, as was proper, by his advice. Father Tom had a power of book-learning, surely, and a good man he was, but he had a prejudice like against the customs of the country, and was for setting his face against them; so when he came, he said it was a superstitious folly and the like, and he kicked the servants into the gripe which they had just cut for the calf. Well, sir, the calf grew to be a cow, and a wicked cow she turned out. The widow's daughter, a slip of a girl about fourteen, was crossing the lawn one morning where she was milking, and the cow suddenly made at her, and she had just time only to clap the half door of the buyre after her, when the cow was upon her, and nearly broke the door to pieces trying to get at her. The mother, after this, repeated that she would not suffer the evil thing to be taken out of the cow; but she made the best of a bad bargain, and sold her to a quaker gentleman, who put her to graze on the hill of Rathcool. A farmer's wife who lived near the hill, went out one day to buy huckstries, but it was a lone place, and she had far to go before she came to the shop. She was great with child, and near the down-lying, and she left seven more behind her on the floor. When she bought the little things she wanted, she put them in the tail of her petticoat, and turned it over her head, and was returning home over the hill. The cow let her pass till she got to the top, and turned down at the other side, and then she was seen like mad by some labourers digging potatoes, running up the hill after nobody, for the woman had disappeared on the other side. Well, sir, the woman's husband thought it long she was staying from the children, so he sent out to look for her, and there he found her at the bottom of the hill quite dead; she was ripped up by the cow, and the twins that she was carrying lying beside her on the grass, and the cow, with her bloody horns, grazing near them."

"That is a sad story," said I.

"It surely is, sir," said the man, "but there's more of it yet. The creatures were brought home on a door, and put into the same coffin, and when they were waking, the cow came from the hill and ran bellowing about the house all night. And the next day, when they were brought to be buried, she followed the funeral to Rathcool churchyard, and when the coffin was laid down, ran in among the people, like the cow today, and smelled at it, and it was as much as they could do with spades and shovels to drive her away, and let the corpses be quietly buried."

"What was done with the cow at last?" said I.

"The neighbours," said he, "saw she was not right, and surely she was possessed by some bad thing on the cross-day, which was never charmed out of her. The woman's husband got a gun, and went to the gentleman that owned her, and insisted on shooting and burying her. The gentleman at first said against it. 'But,' says the man, 'if a Christian is put to death by killing another, why should not a beast who sent not one, but three persons to the face of their God without any preparation?' So he shot the cow out of hand, and then they dug a hole on the spot and buried her at last under the scraws, which they ought to have done at first, and so prevented all the mischief."

What became of the cow that disturbed our funeral I had no opportunity afterwards of knowing. It is highly probable she was put to death, and buried as possessed of some evil thing. It struck me, however, that regenerating the animal by scrawing, burying the old bad thing supposed to be in it, and so bringing a new creature to life, had its origin in a distorted and figurative view of a solemn religious impression. I found on inquiry, that a mischievous cow had actually done as the man had reported, and the vivid fancy of the people had accounted for it as he said, and treated the beast accordingly.—*Dr. Walsh's Shreds and Patches, in the Amulet.*

The Village Belle.—A Sketch.

"There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own."

Who has not seen the Village Belle—the gay, the buxom, bonny, bonny Belle? Ah—there she goes, dancing and frolicing from house to house, her glossy ringlets flying in the air, and her eyes sparkling with animation. The father's pride—the mother's glory—the villagers' delight—and the aspiring youths' attraction: there she skips—all youth, all gaiety, all delight! Care hath never touched her brow, nor trouble and anxiety imprinted on her cheeks their pale and withering hues.

See her clad in her holiday attire, the village youths all supplicants for her hand, to tread with them the maze of the giddy dance; and now she goes, laughing and tripping gaily, down the centre of her less attractive companions. All eyes are turned upon the Village Belle: the enraptured parents sit watching every movement, and when the dance is finished, caress their child with doting fondness.

And now see her off to the woods, where the rooks nestle their wings, and caw triumphantly in their high abodes—to the green fields, where the modest daisy and delicate cowslip bloom in nature's loveliest form—to the shaded lane, where the rippling stream goes trickling down by the side of the mossy bank: her spirits "all sprightly and gay"—gamboling with her merry companions, and laughing with light-hearted glee at their misfortunes.

"A fast mare light, a step more true,
No'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew."

Off she trips down the narrow lane, and in her flight plucks the wild primrose, the "violet blue," the blossomed crab, and eglantine. Her sister villagers assist her in divesting the bank of its wild plumage, and away they go the village, and deck the May-pole with their morning spoils.

The clock strikes eight. The sun has sunk to rest; the bat has left its hiding place to take its nightly tour, and the hum of the cock-chafer swells in the air. Father, mother, child, are seated at the cottage door, where

Trellis'd roses twild their odours to the night.

The shrill laugh of the giddy Belle flies through the air; the fond mother's eyes are fixed in ecstatic gaze, and a pleasing smile beams over her countenance; while the enraptured feelings of the father burst forth, and he imprints a fervent kiss on the lips of his darling child. Happy, happy Belle!

* * * * * * *

Four years revolved ere I again met the Village Belle. But where was that playful buoyancy of youth that formerly gave life and zest to every circle in the village? the merry laugh? the sparkling eye? the rose-tinged cheeks? the gaiety and elasticity of spirits? Did she lead at the village train to frolic in the fields? Was she still the first to lead the dance, and join the mirthful throng?—Ah! no. Her high and boisterous spirits had fled; no more was heard the merry laugh; the sparkling eye had lost its brilliancy, and tears of sorrow suffused her cheek. No longer did she mix and associate with the youth of the village; the dance lost all its attractions, and the May-pole gambols their pleasures. But at a certain hour every night in the village churchyard, kneeling over a newly made grave, might be seen the once beautiful and attractive Village Belle! The peaceful cot, in front of which the woodbine and rose encircled each other, lost all its delights; *father—mother*—oh! *where* were they? Ah! little did she dream, when the fountain of her spirits knew no restraint, that its playful song must one day cease, and that in the morn of hope and cheerfulness, the dark clouds of adversity would follow! The "bowers of Eden" had been robbed of their divinest blessing; this once blooming paradise, where health and happiness reigned, and where the keen blast of adversity had never blown, had now become

Spoiled of the fountain of its joys—
hope, gaiety, and *health* had flown!

Now mark the languid beaming of that eye—the hectic flush—the sunken frame—as the Village Belle moves sorrowfully along to keep her nightly vigils over the grave of her departed parents. She arrives at the silent tomb; she scatters flowers—tears bedew the ground—she kneels: and now a fervent prayer. It is the orphan's voice ascending high in supplicating tones. Now her work of love is finished; she gently raises her slender form, and

"——homeward as she hopeless went
The churchyard path along.
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her parents' funeral song."

Oh! little did I expect, but four years back, to see the withering wreck of such a blooming flower!

In the morning, when rising from a tranquil slumber, the cheerful birds, as formerly, still chirped and flirted round the window; the sun continued to shine upon the cot, and the verdant hills were still arrayed in their robes of green. Everything *without* looked still the same. But the eyes of the Belle became dim with tears as they glided from one object to another *within* the lonely habitation, each vividly calling forth recollections of *the past* and a long-drawn sigh escaped the heart. I have seen her on an evening, after she had paved her customed visit to the tomb, sit by the fire-side and cast a withering look around: *there* stood the ancient two-armed chair, where her fond father had oft lavished his blessings on her; and *there* stood the spinning wheel, which used to undergo its daily circumvolutions at the instigation of the mother's foot.—Yes—the *chair*, the *wheel* still remained inhabitants of the humble cot, and the chirpings of the crickets too were heard about the hearth; but the eyes of the lovely Belle looked round in vain for the image of those who had given life and happiness to the scene, and without whom life to her was a dreary void.

But disease had set his firm grasp upon the hapless victim; every succeeding day gave fresh evidence of the gradual decay of the tender plant. Happy in the wild fantastic days of childhood, and surrounded by all that was endearing, the Village Belle has no forethought of future years. The infirmities of age crept slowly upon her parents; the certainty of death *then* flashed vividly across the mind of the Belle, and the whirlwind of her troubles commenced. A subject of such awful import had never before obtruded itself upon her mind; and when she saw the remains of her last and only parent carried to the grave, reason for a time forsook its throne, and the blanched cheeks of the Belle portrayed but too faithfully the nature of the shock her frame and spirits had received.

At length a night—how beautiful!—came on. The moon rode peacefully in the placid heaven, and shed its steady light over the village churchyard; but where was then the *Belle*? A night so calm—so cheering—and the Belle to forsake her nocturnal visitation! On that serene evening, when all around looked healthy and pleasing, the withered flower of the village lay on the bed where both her parents had terminated their pilgrimage on earth, gazing upon a twinkling star through the latticed window. That star—yes, that star—had she noted on the eve of her mother's death. A gentle smile illumed her features—a gentler sigh escaped her bosom; "MY FATHER—MOTHER!" she faintly breathed—and, reader, the

soul of the Village Belle were then no more!

Again I say—Happy, happy Belle!

"Tis rude to rest off, at evening hour,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With busy mow and gather'd flowers,
To deck the grave where thou art laid."

The Analyst.

From the Liverpool Mercury.

This work, as many of our readers are probably aware, has for some time past assumed the bulk and qualities of a Quarterly. It has now attained its fifteenth number, and maintains its well merited character as a literary and critical miscellany. The notices of new publications and the reports of lectures, and of the proceedings of learned societies, form a very interesting feature (if we may use the term) in the Analyst. The present number contains, amongst a variety of well selected articles, a paper "On the Effects of certain Mental and Bodily States upon the Imagination, by Langston Parker, Esq." from which we select the subjoined extracts relative to the night mare:—

"I remember the case of a gentleman who experienced an attack of night-mare soon after the death of his wife, produced by supping at a late hour of some unwholesome food. She died week after their marriage, the attachment preceding which had been long and ardent. He confessed that she was restored to him from the dead, and, like the Empress of Orphous, was not tainted by the damps or darkness of the grave—the demon of corruption had not dared to lay a finger upon her painted form, but she was, to his imagination, gay and blooming as the first appeared to him, a fair-haired girl, sporting among the flowers her hand had planted, whose beauty was immeasurably superior to her own: he slumped the delightful vision to his bosom, and once more dwelt in an elysium of earthly happiness which, alas! was soon to be shadowed by the phantoms of joy despair. Suddenly, by one of those strange changes which are peculiar to the phenomena of our dreams, he was stretched upon the bed, and the phantom of his deceased wife seated upon his breast; her beauty began to fade, the skin to peel and turn blue, the lip lost its vermilion, and the eye its lustre, and he laboured in an agony of terror to throw from his body the lifeless corpse, which, with a weight like that of Ossa and Pelion, appeared to be pressing him through the earth to her own clay tenement.

"A lady, during a period of convalescence from alarming disease, had an attack of nightmare. Her imagination carried her to a gloomy vault, fathoms below the surface of the earth. Here, inclosed by walls of adamant, completely cut off from the sights and sounds of earth, she was incarcerated; and so deep was her living grave, that the mole and the earth-worm never descended to its level; here she was to wrestle with death; the phantom assailed her in the shape of a skeleton, wound his bony arms round her neck, and hugged her to suffocation. Then followed the struggle for life, the sense of utter inability to escape, and the toil and horror of unearthly warfare."

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

HALIFAX, *April 27.*—The *Camden Packet*, which arrived on Sunday, from Falmouth, had a long passage—46 days.

CHARLOTTE TOWN, (P. E. ISLAND,) *April 12.*—In the House of Assembly yesterday, the Speaker informed the House that he had received a communication from Mr. Papineau, Speaker of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, transmitting a series of Resolutions of that House, purporting to contain an exposition of the extent and nature of the Reforms demanded by the people of Lower Canada, in the hope that the Assembly of this Island will co-operate with the Representatives of that Province, in procuring a better Colonial system of Government for all. The communication, and the Resolutions referred to, were laid upon the Table for the perusal of Members.—*Royal Gazette.*

The House of Assembly, April 9, agreed to an address praying His Majesty "so to exercise your Royal prerogative, by establishing a Court of Escheats, for revesting in the Crown such lands as are liable to forfeiture for non-settlement, unless in such cases where, after a full investigation, the Grantees may be found deserving of your Majesty's most gracious consideration under the indulgences granted by your Majesty's Royal predecessor."—*Ib.*

RAPID TRAVELLING.—The *St. John Courier*, contains the following highly gratifying intelligence. If this line of communication were continued, by a Railroad to Windsor, and Steamboats to St. John, Halifax and New York would be brought within less than three days and a half of each other; and a Steamboat to Boston, or New York would secure a constant influx of Travellers during the summer months, passing and repassing over the whole route.

SUTHERLAND ROYAL TAR.—This fine Boat, which is now fitting out in our harbour, is expected to commence running on the last Wednesday of the present month, or the first Wednesday in May. The arrangements at present contemplated are, to leave for Eastport and Portland at noon, and arrive at the latter place on Thursday, in time for passengers to take the steamers *Portland* or *Bangor*, which leave at five o'clock, and arrive in Boston on Friday morning. The Railroad cars start from Boston at noon, for Providence, whence the steamboats leave on Friday evening and arrive in New York shortly after daylight on the following morning.—Travellers will thus be enabled to go the whole distance from Saint John to New-York in about *two days and a half—including all stoppages!*—which, at the several places on the route, cannot be less than fifteen or sixteen hours. About eight hours of the time will be occupied by the stay in Boston.

THE FISHERIES.—We regret that the vessels expected from England and Scotland, with the necessary Supplies for the above important branch of Industry, do not make their appearance.—Numerous vessels, we understand, are fitting out in our Sea Ports for the coast and Labrador Fisheries, and the number of persons about to engage in the pursuit is said to be unusually great—as an encouragement to their enterprise, we are happy to inform them, that Merchantable Fish sold yesterday in this town for sixteen shillings and six pence per quintal.—*Halifax Royal Gazette, April 27.*

Monday last, [April 18] was the Anniversary of His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell's birthday. In the evening, Government House exhibited a gay scene.—a large party were assembled to celebrate the event—the quadrille and waltz were enjoyed until twelve o'clock, when the banqueting room was thrown open, and displayed a profusion of delicacies and substantials—after supper, dancing was resumed, and it was not until a late hour that the company withdrew, highly delighted with the kind and hospitable attentions of Sir Colin and Lady Campbell.—*Ib.*

Dr. Franklin said, that he made it a rule, whenever in his power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson, said he, from an incident which I will relate. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have handsome sign-board, with proper inscription. He consulted it in these words: "John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money," with the figure of a hat suspended. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to, thought the word "hatter," tautologous, because followed by these words "makes hats," which show he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed, the word "maker" might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats, if good, and to their minds, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said, he thought the words "for ready money," was useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit; every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription was stood, "John Thompson sells hats. "Sells hats!" says his next friend, "why nobody will expect you to give them away. What then is the use of that word?" It was stricken out, and "hats" followed it, the rather, as there was one painted on the board; so his inscription was reduced ultimately to "John Thompson," with the figure of a hat subjoined.

GLASGOW SUFFERING.—We experienced much pleasure yesterday (April 1,) in witnessing the sailing of the splendid new barque *Monarch*, of 315 tons register, owned by James Pickerton, Esq., of this city. She has cleared out direct for Montreal, and is what sailors call a "bumper ship," besides a good many passengers. It was gratifying to behold the *Union Jack* displayed by the pseudo on board. When the *Monarch* cleared, a gun was fired from the deck, and general huzzas were given from the vessel and the quay. In the beginning of the week reports were circulated from the lower ports, that the *Monarch* and *Franklin* were swamped, but we would refer those who are ready to believe such lying reports to consult Heron's Tide Table, when they will find that we have more water at Glasgow in spring tides, than they have at the East India harbor, Greenock. We say to the River Trustees, persevere in your intended improvements; and to ship owners and merchants, continue the enterprising spirit you are now manifesting, and Glasgow shall flourish in spite of every opposition.—*Glasgow Constitutional, Saturday, April 2.*

THE NEW POST-OFFICE CONVENTION.—The negotiations between the Post-offices authorities of Paris and London have at length been brought to a close. It is agreed on both sides that newspapers and all other stamped publications exchanged between the two countries shall be charged a postage of one halfpenny in England, and of four centimes in France, the halfpenny being as near as possible equivalent to the four centimes paid on French papers, circulating in France. Thus, in lieu of 2d. now paid in England, and 10 sous (5d.) paid in France, in all 7d. on a newspaper coming from England to France, and *vice versa*, the trifle of one half-penny will be charged on both sides of the water, making the whole postage amount to 1d. on an English or a French newspaper destined for either country. The other stipulations regarding the payment or non-payment of postage in advance (*affranchisement facultatif*) the abolition of the war-tax, the security of money-letters, and the additional hour of closing (five o'clock), were all long ago agreed upon, so that as soon as the point relative to newspapers was settled, a new convention was drawn up and signed without loss of time by M. Comte, jun., on the part of the French Post-office, and Mr. Freeling, jun., on the part of the English Post-office. Lord Granville and M. Thiers have also put their signatures to the convention, and it is on the point of being transmitted to England for ratification. The convention is to begin to have effect two months after its date, that is towards the end of May or beginning of June. Mr. Freeling set out yesterday on his return to London.

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE OR THE DOG.—"I say, stranger," said a cottage urchin to a Yankee pedlar, "don't you whistle that ere dog away."

"Why he aint no use no how, he's too ugly."

"O but he saves heaps of work."

"How?"

"Why he always licks the *plates and dishes* on clean that they never need washing. And mamma says she would not part with him no how, for our new dog aint got used to mustard yet."

A farmer in a neighboring town, sent out his son John to feed the hogs. On reaching the pen, John found an old sow in the act of killing the last one of a litter of fine pigs. He seized a stake, and in a rage struck the old sow over the head and killed her. Supposing he had made a bad matter worse, he returned to the house, expecting chastisement, and informed his father that all the pigs had been destroyed by their mother.

"Why had'nt you killed the d——d critter?" said he in a rage.

"I *did* father."

"You *did*, you good-for-nothing fellow! I've a good mind to flog you within an inch of your life."

THE OTTAWA & RIDEAU COMPANY

BEG leave to notify their friends and the public, that their LINE of COMMUNICATION through to Kingston, and vice versa, (via the OTTAWA RIVER, GRENVILLE and RIDEAU CANAL,) is now open.

The STAGES will leave Montreal *every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Morning*, at FIVE o'clock.

The Steamer "OTTAWA" will start from Lachine, immediately upon the arrival of the Stages between Carillon and Grenville. The Company have provided comfortable CANAL PACKET BOATS, for the accomodation of passengers, in lieu of Stages as formerly. The Steamer "SHANNON" will start from Grenville *the following morning* at SIX o'clock, until further notice, and arrive at Bytown the same *afternoon*, where the Company have established a REGULAR LINE of STEAMBOATS on the RIDEAU CANAL, through to Kingston.

On her down trip, the "SHANNON" will leave Bytown at TEN o'clock in the morning.

EMERY CUSHING, *Agent.*

May 18. 45-1m

FOR HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—The fine three masted Schooner PERSEVERANCE, JAMES SAVAGE, Master, will sail from this Port on or about the 19th instant, and has good and comfortable accomodations for five or six cabin passengers.

JOHN MOLSON & SONS.

May 17. 44

FOR HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—The fine three-masted Schooner HESIONE, will leave on or about the 18th instant; and can accommodate a few Cabin or Steerage Passengers.

JOHN TORRANCE & Co.

May 16. 43

FOR LIVERPOOL.—The fine new superior built and coppered fastened Barque GLASGOW, G. BURNS, Master; is an excellent conveyance for Ashes, and having almost all her cargo engaged, will be despatched on the 12th instant. For Freight or Passage (the Cabin accommodations, which are very superior,) apply to Captain BURNS, on board, or to

MILLAR, EDMONSTONE & Co.

May 2. 31

THE EAGLE TAVERN,

KEPT BY

FRANCIS DUCLOS,

IN a part of the OLD MANSION HOUSE BLOCK, in the rear of the General Brock Tavern, in *College Street*. The House has undergone thorough repairs, and is fitted up in a comfortable style, for the reception of TRAVELLERS and BOARDERS.

Mr. Duclos begs leave to inform his old customers, friends and the public, that having the advantage of an extensive House, and with his long experience in that business, he flatters himself that he shall be able to accommodate them better than ever he did before, as he is near the Market, where he can supply his House at any time.

Livery Stables are attached to the premises, where Horses will be carefully kept, by the week, month, &c. at moderate charges.

May 17. 44

A FEW respectable BOARDERS can be accommodated on reasonable terms at the GENERAL BROCK HOTEL.

TO LET, the CELLARS beneath the above Hotel. Application to be made to C. ABLING, on the premises.

May 18. 45

FRESH DIGBY HERRINGS, landing ex Barque *Jolas*, from Halifax.

May 17. ALEX. H. VASS & Co.

MONTREAL, TO WIT: } PUBLIC notice is hereby given that the undermentioned land and premises will be sold at the time and place as mentioned below: an opposition a fin *de conserver* may be fyled at any time within two days next after the return of the writ.

VENDITIONI EXPONAS.—*a la folle enchere.*

MONTREAL, TO WIT. } ROBERT HOYLE, No. 983. } of the Seigniory of Lacole, in the District of Montreal, Merchant, Plaintiff, against the Lands and Tenements of GEORGE C. BARTLETT, of the Seigniory of Lacole, aforesaid, Yeoman, Defendant. The said Lands and Tenements mentioned and described in the Schedule marked with the letter A, and annexed to the said writ, as follows, to wit:—A Lot of Land, situated in the Seigniory of Lacole, in the District of Montreal, being number twenty-five in the fourth Concession, bounded in front by land belonging to RALPH MOON, about two-thirds of the said lot of land on the North side lying on the road, the remainder of the said lot bounded on the North by lot number twenty-six, belonging to JOSEPH LEWIS, being about Twenty-eight Arpents in depth, and on the West by the Fifth Concession, and on the South by land belonging to one RANDALL and KNOW—thence running East to the first-mentioned bounds; the said lot of land under description being Four Arpents in breadth, more or less, *distraction* being made therefrom of two lots of land, more particularly mentioned in another Schedule marked with the letter B, she annexed to the said writ—a description of which said lots of land will be given at the time of sale. To be sold at the *folle Enchere*, costs and charges of JOSEPH PLOUFFE, at the CHURCH DOOR or HOUSE in which Divine Service is usually performed, in the said Seigniory of LACOLE, on the TWENTY-THIRD day of MAY instant, at TEN of the clock in the forenoon. The said Writ returnable on the first day of June next.

L. GUGY, *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, May 6, 1836. 35

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. } IN THE KING'S BENCH

Wednesday, the Twentieth day of April, 1836.

PRESENT.

The Honourable Chief Justice REID.
" " Mr. Justice PYZE.
" " Mr. Justice ROLLAND.
" " Mr. Justice GALE.

Nos. 299 and 410.

THOMAS J. GREENE, ET AL.—*Plaintiffs.*
vs.
ANGUS M'LEOD, ET AL.—*Defendants.*
AND
JAMES JACKSON, ET AL.—*Mis. en Cause.*

THE Court, in as much as it appears by the Answer of JAMES JACKSON and DUGALD STEWART, both of the City of Montreal, Merchants, to the Rule of this Court of the twentieth day of February last, and the Documents and Papers by them therewith fyled, that the Defendants are bankrupt and insolvent, and that the said JAMES JACKSON and DUGALD STEWART have in their hands divers sums of money, to be distributed amongst the Creditors of the said Defendants, doth order, on motion of Mr. JOHN DAY, of Counsel for the Plaintiff, and by and with the consent of the said JAMES JACKSON and DUGALD STEWART, that an Advertisement be inserted in the public Newspaper called the *Morning Courier*, published in the City of Montreal, during three weeks successively, twice each week, requiring the several and respective Creditors of the said Defendants to produce and fyle their claims, in the Office of the Prothonotaries of this Court, on or before the first day of June Term next, preparatory to a judgment of distribution of the said monies.

By the Court,

MONK & MORROGH,

April 30. 31.3w,toth *P. K. B.*

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. } COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Saturday, the Twentieth Day of February, 1836.

PRESENT.

The Honourable the Chief Justice REID.
" " Mr. Justice PYZE.
" " Mr. Justice GALE.

No. 129.

JOHN SCRIVER, of Hemingford, in the District of Montreal, Trader, *Plaintiff.*
vs.
ANDREW KEYS, lately of Hemingford aforesaid, Yeoman, *Defendant.*
AND,
JOHN FIDDES, of the same place, Yeoman, and JOHN DUNDASS, of Saint James, in the said District, Yeoman, *Garnishees.*

IT is ordered, on motion of Mr. Nye, of Counsel for the Plaintiff, insomuch as it appears by the affidavit of the said Plaintiff, and that of John T. VENOSAN, filed herewith, that the said Defendant hath left this Province, so that service of process in this cause could not be made upon the said Defendant, that in lieu thereof notice be published in the "*Morning Courier*," a newspaper of the said District, once a week during two months; to the end that the said Defendant do appear in this Court, on the first day of June next, to answer to the action of the said Plaintiff, and to await the Judgment of this Court thereon, the whole according to law.

By the Court,

MONK & MORROGH,

14.2m,tu *Prothonotaries.*

TO BE SOLD BY SHERIFF'S SALE,

that VALUABLE PROPERTY at Lachaber, in the Ottawa County, about eight miles from Montreal, belonging to and owned by Messrs. DONALD and WILLIAM M'LEAN, consisting of five acres of Land situated on the *River Blanche*, on which are erected an excellent Saw Mill complete, with Circular Saw, &c.—A capital Dwelling House two stories high, and two Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' shops, with other improvements. There will be several lots of Land adjoining the property that will be shortly sold at Sheriff's sale; and from the large quantity of excellent Pine in the neighbourhood, the Mill can always be supplied with logs at a reasonable price. There is a free navigation from the Mill to Quebec, or I thought more desirable to cut to the southern markets, the stuff might be shipped to Montreal and be transported from thence to St. John's by the Railroad at a small expense.

The Sale will take place at the SHERIFF'S OFFICE, on the SIXTH day of JUNE next, at NINE o'clock in the MORNING, and persons intending to purchase would do well to visit and examine the property previous to that period. 46

Montreal, May 17, 1836.

NEW GOODS.—A few PACKAGES of SEASONABLE GOODS, landing per *Canada*, consisting of Ginghams, Striped and Checked Cottons, Shawls, Handkerchiefs, Muslins, Brocas, &c.; and expected per first vessels, an assortment of London and Manchester Goods, by wholesale.

JAMES R. ORR.

St. Paul and corner of St. Jean Baptiste Street.

May 16. 45

MONTREAL.—Printed for the Proprietors by ROLLO CAMPBELL, St. François Xavier Street. The *Morning Courier*, for the Country, is published on Mondays and Thursdays. Terms:—Five Dollars in town, and Six Dollars if sent by Mail, payable in advance. No Subscription taken for a less period than six months.

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