

## Poetry.

### PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.  
Through evening's bright repose  
A voice of prayer arose,  
When the sea-fight was done;  
The sons of England knelt,  
With hearts that now could melt,  
For on the wave her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main  
Heaved with a dark red stain;  
Caught not from sunset's cloud;  
While with the tide swept past  
Pennon and shiver'd mast,  
Which to the Ocean-Queen that day had bow'd.  
But free and fair on high,  
A native of the sky,  
Her streamer met the breeze;  
It flew'd o'er fearless men,  
Though hush'd and child-like then,  
Before the God they gather'd on the seas.

Oh! did not thoughts of home  
O'er each bold spirit come,  
As, from the land, sweet gales?  
In every word of prayer  
Had not some heart a share,  
Some bow'd, inwrought midst England's vales?

Yes! bright green spots that lay  
In beauty far away,  
Hearing no billows roar—  
Safer from touch of spoil—  
For that day's fiery toil,  
Rose on high hearts, that now with love gushed o'er.

A solemn scene and dead!  
The victors and the dead,  
The breathless burning sky!  
And, passing with the race  
Of waves that keep no trace,  
The wild, brief signs of human victory!

A stern, yet holy scene!  
Billows, where strife hath been,  
Sinking to awful sleep;  
And words that breathe the sense  
Of God's omnipotence,  
Making a minister of that silent deep.

Borne through such hours afar,  
Thy flag hath been a star,  
Where eagle's wing ne'er flew;  
England! the unprophesied,  
Thou of the hearts unstrain'd,  
Oh! to the banner and the shrine be true!

## Miscellaneous.

### DR. CHALMERS.

[From a new work, entitled "The Mirror of my Mind."]—

This eminent man was born of respectable parentage, at the town of Anstruther, in Fife, 17th March, 1780. He received his College education at St. Andrews; and, after having been licensed as a preacher, he officiated for some time as assistant to the late minister of Cavers, a parish lying within a few miles of Hawick, in Roxburghshire. He was ordained minister of Kilmany on 12th May, 1803, a parish beautifully situated amid the "green hills and smiling valleys" of Fife, and in the immediate vicinity of St. Andrews. While here, he for one season assisted the late Professor Vilant in teaching the mathematical class at the College of St. Andrews, where his talents attracted so much celebrity that when, in a following session, he commenced a private class of his own on the same branch of science, the students all flocked to him. He afterwards delivered a course of lectures on chemistry. Indeed, he had, very early in life, given indication of those superior talents and that ardent love of science and literature which have ever marked his career. He made his first appearance as an author in a pamphlet published at Cupar Fife on the Leslie Controversy. On the occasion of the vacancy in the chair of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh in 1805, Dr. Chalmers offered himself as a candidate, and we believe was not without considerable chance of success; but some of his own nearest relatives felt anxious that he should continue as a minister, and he withdrew his pretensions to the chair, in order to remain in the bosom of that Church, of which he was destined one day to be the most distinguished ornament.

Dr. Chalmers' next publication appeared in 1808, and was entitled "An Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources." In it he endeavours to prove the independence of the country of foreign trade. The work displays talent, and is eloquently written; but his mind now embraces those deep convictions of religious truth, which led him to devote himself almost exclusively to his sacred profession. The common statement is, that this happy change took place when engaged in writing the article "Christianity" for Brewster's Encyclopedia, which contains an able and original exposition of the evidences of the truth of our religion, and was afterwards published separately. Be this as it may, the result was happy; his zeal, earnestness and eloquence, soon drew on him the public eye, and speedily enthroned him the first pulpit author of his age.

In 1815 he was called to be minister of the Tron Church of Glasgow, and his name and excellence conferred a new literary celebrity on that commercial city. Besides the ardent direct pursuit of his profession, Dr. Chalmers here embarked keenly, and with indefatigable labour, in plans for the improvement of the education of the poor; and though, in the prosecution of these, he had to encounter a vast mass of prejudice, he was eminently successful, and accomplished much good for the community of Glasgow. His views on these subjects are fully developed in a large work he published at this time, entitled the "Christian and Civil Economy of large Towns," which abounds with many enlightened views, and much valuable matter regarding the Poor Laws, and all the other branches of Christian economy. In 1819, Dr. Chalmers was translated to the new church and parish of St. John's, where he prosecuted these plans with renewed vigour, till 1823, when he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the university of St. Andrews, where he imparted a very different character to this course from the mere worldly cast which it too generally assumes in our Universities. While here he also delivered a separate course of lectures on Political Economy, as connected with the Moral Philosophy Chair.

Dr. Chalmers was more than once offered an Edinburgh church; but he had long conceived that his wisest sphere of usefulness was a theological chair. We often used to dread that his valuable life might pass away before an opportunity occurred of his being transferred to the Scotch metropolis; but at length, in 1828, on

the Divinity Chair in the University of Edinburgh becoming vacant, the Magistrates and Council, much to their honour, with one voice, elected Dr. Chalmers. In doing so they conferred a boon of inestimable value on our national Church, from the ardour, eloquence, and industry he has brought to the important charge, and his deep sense of its great responsibility. Seated in this chair, and with all the ardour of his powerful and energetic mind devoted to the rearing of the future Christian instructors of the land, he may indeed be styled one of the nursing fathers of our Church, and he has rendered his lectures deeply interesting and stimulating to his students. At one time the object of the young men seemed to be to evade attendance on the Divinity lectures; now the difficulty became to get a good place to hear their eloquent instructor.

For the last few years, Dr. Chalmers has been actively engaged in following out his views in connection with his Church, and has been the chief instrument in embarking the Church of Scotland in a noble scheme of Church Extension; in other words, for supplying churches and the spiritual wants of the various localities in Scotland, whether of city or rural population, where the existing apparatus was inadequate. By his unparalleled exertions as convener of the General Assembly's Committee for this great object, £260,000 have actually been subscribed; thus proving the attachment of the people to the Church of their fathers, and their anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of their countrymen.

For his successful labours in this cause, Dr. Chalmers has repeatedly received the thanks of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church. It has often been alleged, that the clergy show on all occasions the utmost anxiety to increase their income by any change of place. Dr. Chalmers is one living refutation of this, he having refused the most wealthy living in the Church of Scotland, the West parish of Greenock, which was proffered him by the patron.

Dr. Chalmers has published several volumes of sermons, all of them of a most useful practical tendency. His "Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the Modern Astronomy," constitute one of the most splendid productions of his genius, and have had an immense circulation, having gone through twelve editions. His "Sermons on the Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life," ought to be in the hands of every person engaged in the business of the world, being of admirable practical utility. Some of his sermons preached on public occasions, are brilliant exhibitions of eloquence and power in pulpit oratory, combined with real usefulness. Dr. Chalmers lately brought out a very interesting and valuable work "On Political Economy in Connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society." This work displays a mind familiar with the elements of political science. While, in the course of it, he has to discuss the most complicated and difficult questions in political economy, the whole structure and process of his argument is to prove that, to rear a well educated, prudent, virtuous, and religious people, habituated to moral restraints, is the true, the only way to accomplish the great objects of political economy.

In 1837 Dr. Chalmers published his valuable lectures on Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

In 1838 Dr. Chalmers was called to London to deliver a course of lectures on the Establishment and Extension of National Churches, which he did to an overflowing audience, consisting of the Duke of Cambridge, and a host of Senators belonging to both Houses of Parliament. They made a powerful sensation in London, and converted several influential political characters to the view of the obligation on civil rulers to provide for the religious instruction of the people.

There was great truth in the remark made by Jeffrey, and there could not be a better judge of eloquence, when he first heard Dr. Chalmers, on the occasion of a splendid speech against pluralities, delivered by him in the General Assembly, that he could not say what it was, but there was something altogether remarkable about that man; that the effects produced by his eloquence reminded him more of what he had read of Cicero and Demosthenes than of anything he had ever heard.

### CUTTING OUT A FRENCH SHIP.

[From Captain Chalmers' "Spitfire."]—

It was a little after one o'clock when the corvette was distinguished. The French, who expected the attack, had been equally vigilant; every preparation had been made; 339 were on board of her; the guns had been loaded to the muzzles; and the confidence that they could protect their vessel from every boat attack was general throughout the crew and the soldiers on board of her. They now saw the enemy advancing, and prepared to give them a warm reception. As a matter of caution—not that any doubt existed in the mind of the commander of the corvette as to the intention of the boats—he hailed them. It was answered by Maxwell,\* calling out to his brave companions, "Now, then, my lads!" Then dashed the oars in the water. The silence was broke by the cheers which were heard far from the scene of action, whilst the animating words from each officer, as they said, "Give way, my jolly dogs!—hurrah for the first on board!"—was all that was requisite to make every man feel the importance of his best endeavours; and it seemed as if all hearts had felt the appeal, for each boat's crew, no longer tenacious about a discovery, bent their backs, and gave way with all their strength. No sooner was this done, than the contents of a broadside came in amongst them. The grape and canister shot fell like hail around them, and the water was dashed in the boats by the round shot which came bounding along, duck and drake fashion. This discharge—enough to have checked the advance of any foe—was received with a loud cheer. "Now is your time, lads, to get on board before they can load again; give way," said Maxwell, as he stood up in his boat; and the words were re-echoed by Neville and Burke, who, imitating their leader, stood up and cheered their men. In

\*A brother we believe, of Lieut. Col. Maxwell, 36th Regiment.

the mean time, the French soldiers opened a steady, well directed fire with musketry from the shore, whilst the troops, who had been embarked, were not slow to imitate so good an example. Between each shot might be heard—"Give way—give way," whilst the loud dash of oars was heard on board the corvette. Each boat pulled to the station allotted her, and the crew made one simultaneous rush on board. The French, armed at all points, presented a bristling front of boarding pikes, backed up by the small armed men, whilst those armed with tomahawks slashed away bravely to defend their ship. Every exertion was made to overcome this resistance, but without effect. The boats' crew were driven back, in spite of their clinging like cats to the ropes, and fighting like furies to gain the decks; while the French, who saw the first attempt of their enemies checked, gave a cheer of defiance, and actually boarded the boats. Never since man coped in single warfare, was more desperate bravery exhibited on both sides. The French men, who had so gallantly followed up their success, never returned to their ship—a struggle ensued, and the intruders were thrown overboard. The fire-arms of the English were now perfectly useless, and abandoned; but, with their cutlasses only, they again endeavoured to board—again the French bravely opposed them. But the assailant is ever more desperate than the assailed. Undaunted by the furious fire from shore and ship—undismayed by the forest of pikes which bristled round her bows—unappalled by the frequent death wounds dealt with savage ferocity from the boarding pikes, the British seamen, used to reverse, again and again made the desperate assault, and finally established a landing on the forecastle. "Hurrah for the first aloft!" was heard from Mortimer, who, sweeping his cutlass to clear his way, jumped upon the rigging, dropped his cutlass on the deck, and springing aloft, was soon about to lay out on the foretop-sail yard. Here he found another precaution had been taken—all the gear was stopped up along the yard; a second, the sharp knife remedied that advantage—the rope fell—he was the first on the yard—nay, so expeditiously was this effected, and so well did the seamen stationed to loose the sail obey their orders, that, in the small space of three minutes from the first gaining the first footing on the deck, the French corvette, known as the Chevette, had her three topsails and courses cut adrift, and the sails hung down for sheeting home. The noise of the falling sails sounded more dreadful in the ears of the French than the rattling of small arms or the clash of tomahawks. They felt they were prisoners; for they knew that, once removed from the batteries, they had no confidence to bear up against their assailants. The first tremor of fear, which was manifested by one of the crew of the Chevette jumping overboard, ran like an electric spark through all the rest. They threw down their arms, and, jumping overboard, endeavoured to reach the shore; whilst the sight of the canvas animated the English, who rushed towards the quarter deck, and, notwithstanding the gallant opposition of some, who disdained to fly, succeeded in capturing it. The French still hoped to retrieve their disgrace. From the main deck they opened a harassing fire of musketry, but the cables were cut—the ship under canvas—an English seaman named Henry Wallis was at the helm, and in spite of his wounds he stood true to his post, and was the first to call out with a steady voice, "She goes a-head now, sir, for she answers her helm." Then was the cheer of victory heard—and those below, who still vainly clung to a last hope, finding that hope gone, surrendered and ceased firing.

### ADVENTURES OF RUSSIAN GEORGE.

[From Mr. Wilde's Travels.]—

On the morning of the 2d of October we set forward to view the memorable field of Corunna, accompanied by old George Dabosh as our guide. Before we proceed further, we must introduce this personage to our readers. His history is remarkable—by birth a Russian—an Italian by descent—married to a Spaniard—and, although naturalised in Spain, claiming England for his country. Few men in his condition have seen more of what is termed life. He has with truth, "braved many a rough sea's storm," in his day—the very sport of the element he made his home. At an early age he was bound to the master of an English merchantman trading to the Black Sea; out of which he was, shortly after, pressed on board a British man-of-war. From this he took French leave at Cork, and having travelled across the country for some days, alone and penniless, he found himself at what he not inaptly calls the *mutiny* of Vinegar Hill. He re-entered the merchant service, and some years afterwards was wrecked returning from the West Indies as mate—having suffered unspeakable hardships in an open boat for three weeks, during which time they were reduced to the horrible alternative—

"When out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,  
And who should die to be his fellow's food."

From this state of misery and privation they were providentially rescued by one of our Kinsale hookers; to the inhabitants of which place he still retains feelings of the utmost gratitude. He again entered the navy, and immediately after served at the Nile; was wounded at Trafalgar, on board the Bellerophon; boasts the honor of an acquaintanceship with Nelson, and was present when Parker suffered at the yard-arm, after the mutiny at the Nile. He served in one of the transports in this bay, at the time of the retreat, and seems perfectly acquainted with all the transactions concerning it. After this he betook himself to the merchants' service; soon rose to be a master, and had acquired some wealth, but was again shipwrecked, and he alone of all his crew saved. He was thrown ashore, and beside him lay his ship's compass, the sole remnant of all his earthly possessions. He still preserves it with the greatest veneration, and exhibits it with delight to strangers.

The ocean's greedy wave had robbed him of his home; the rocks and sands had spoliated his wealth; the drenching spray had damped, but could not quench, the fire of his enthusiasm, so characteristic of his calling, till love, all powerful, induced him to resign the ocean

for one of the dark-eyed maids of Corunna. He married, and here, by years of industry and perseverance, he rose to comfort, if not to wealth.

Short-lived was his day of happiness. In the year 1823, when the French bombarded this town, his house, which stands outside the wall, was struck by a random ball, and in the very spot where he had concealed all his treasure, (some thousands of dollars,) which the French soldiers soon pounced upon, and fearing their vengeance for concealing his own property, he had actually to swim to one of the Spanish vessels in the harbour. Still he has weathered the storm, and supports himself in some comfort by the proceeds of a small *pasada sacra*, or lodging-house. He is now a stout old man of seventy-six—a fine honest tar of the olden days of long queues and wide trousers. He has seen much of the world, and what is rare in his profession, profited by it; to use his own expression, "a man who travels much seldom dies a fool." He is master of most of the European languages, and speaks English well. His long yarns of the days of Nelson, and the various scenes he had been partaker in, were highly amusing. He is universally known in Corunna, as "old Russian George."

### TRANQUILITY.—Translation of a Chinese Poem, attributed to a celebrated Doctor, named Tean.

One day brings on another; one year follows another; let us take the time as it comes. A hundred years of trouble are not worth a day of tranquillity. The sources of all pleasures are in our heart; he who seeks them elsewhere outrages the Divinity. My projects, my desires, and my hopes, never go beyond my own bosom. Rivers roll rapidly to the sea, and enter therein without troubling it; my heart is the same; all the events of the great world would not cost me a single care. Truth is my compass, and moderation my helm. I advance on my way whatever wind may blow. The clouds arise and the clouds descend in rain without causing me any inquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to look at the stars by night. The swallow in her nest sees with a tranquil eye the bloody combats of the vulture; let who will conquer the conquerer will not molest her; and the little flies and worms never fail her. My clothes are made of common cloth, my food is coarse, and that which covers my hut decays every year. But what would it have been to me to have been dressed in silk to-day, and to have digested costly dishes? Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easily I can get my humble door! My patrimony is at the end of my two arms, and every day gives me its harvest. When it is hot I cool myself in the shade of a tree, and when it is cold I warm myself by working. Old age is coming upon me; but my children are young, and will repay me for what I have done for them. If they always observe truth and moderation, a hundred years will not cost them a sigh. Whatever tempests may arise, tranquillity is a port always open to the innocent heart. Hail, tranquillity of the soul! Sweet charm of life; kings would sell their crowns to buy thee if they knew thy value. Complete thy benefits; thou hast helped me to live well—help me to die well.

THE BIBLE.—We should read the Scriptures daily, with humility, and under a sense of high responsibility. We are ignorant, and need instruction; we are dark, and need illumination; we are debased by our passions and sins, and need elevating. The torch of reason cannot enlighten what hangs beyond the grave; the conjectures of the imagination only bewilder; and unless you receive the Bible with the spirit of a child, you will conjecture, and theorise, and become bewildered, till you find yourself on an ocean of uncertainty, without a chart to guide you, a compass by which to steer, or a heaven by which you can hope to reach. It is a book which is able to fit you for the highest usefulness—to point out the noblest ends of your existence—the best methods of attaining those ends; which can soothe you when the heart is corroded by vexations; which can humble you, when in danger of being lifted up by prosperity; which can sustain you, when your own strength is gone; and which, after having led you, as the star led the wise men of the east, through life, will at last lead you to a world where the soul shall live and act in her strength, the mind be enlarged to the utmost of its capacity, and where your wishes will only be commensurate with your enjoyments.

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