

POETRY.

(Selected.)

THE REVELLERS

There were sounds of mirth and joyousness
Broke forth in the lighted hall,
And there was many a merry laugh,
And many a merry call.
And the glass was freely pass'd around,
And the nectar freely quaff'd;
And many a heart felt light with glee,
And the joy of the thrilling draught.
A voice arose in that place of mirth,
And a glass was flourish'd high:
"I drink to Life!" said a son of earth,
"And I do not fear to die."
I have no fear—I have no fear—
Talk not of the vagrant Death;
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.
"Cheer, comrades, cheer?" "We drink to Life,
And we do not fear to die!"
Just then a rushing sound was heard,
As of spirits sweeping by,
And presently the latch flew up,
And the door flew open wide—
And a stranger strode within the hall,
With an air of martial pride.
He spoke: "I join in your revelry,
Bold sons of the Bacchanal rite;
And I drink the toast you have drunk before,
The pledge of your countless knight:
Fill high—fill high—we drink to Life,
And we scorn the reaper Death,
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.
He's a noble soul, that champion knight,
And he wears a martial brow,
Oh, he'll pass the gales of Paradise,
To the regions of bliss below!
This was too much for the Bacchanal;
Fire flashed before his angry eye;
A muttered curse—and a vengeful oath—
"Intruder, thou shalt die!"
He struck—and the stranger's guise fell off,
And a phantom form stood there;
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,
With rotten and milked hair:
And they struggled awhile, 'till the stranger blew
A blast of his withering breath;
And the Bacchanal fell at the phantom's feet,
And his conqueror was—DEATH!

VARIETIES.

THE BROTHERS; OR, THE LAST EMBRACE.

It was that season of the year when the sober tints of Autumn had begun to embrown various patches on the map of nature, that, on returning from a few weeks' tour, I almost unconsciously strolled in my ramble into the grave-yard of one of those charmingly picturesque villages, in the eastern part of Sussex, for which that lovely county is famous. A rustic bench, placed between two trees, offered a moment's welcome rest, and I availed myself of it. With a mournful glance, accompanied by an involuntary sigh, I surveyed the hoar appointed for all living, and gazed with awestruck interest on the numerous sepulchral hillocks that lay before me. Some were surrounded by iron palisades, as if to prevent the unfeeling tramps from the dead from decomposing the spot where the beloved relics of father, mother, husband, wife, or child, quietly reposed; others were merely graced with a stone at the head and foot, rudely inscribed, to inform the passing passenger whose once living form now mouldered in the vault below—or to convey, in some homely, wholesome episode, a "memento mori;" while others, more humble still, were neatly covered with close-cut grass, and bound about with osier or bramble withes.

I had taken my place only a few minutes, when I perceived, slowly pacing the gravelled pathway, and evidently making towards the seat on which I sat, a venerable old man. Down his shoulders fell a profusion of snow-white hair, which seemed to proclaim "his lengthened years." A cane, the mounted head of which threw back a dazzling sheen, as the sun's rays occasionally glanced upon it, supported his trembling frame. His garb, although after the costume of the olden times, was respectable, and his general appearance indicated that he was "one of the 'respectables' of the village. I always respect old age, and when old age respects itself, I love, I almost reverence it. I rose from my seat, and, hastening towards the stranger, gave and received a courteous salutation. We soon filled the sitting, side by side, between the two aged elms, and a little conversation made us as intimate as old friends. A slight glance at my companion was sufficient to convince me that the lines formed in his placid countenance were rather the effects of sorrow than of age. They were deep and expressive; not like the signs of the gradual and easy wearing-out of nature, but such as the rough-barbed tool of heart-felt sorrow would be likely to produce. Still there was a placidity, a resignation of a nameless order, playing about his features, like a halo of glory bedecking the scarred brows of a veteran victor, which could scarce fail to inspire the beholder with sympathy and reverence.

In the course of our conversation, a grave full in front of us, done up with more than ordinary care, became the object of my attention and remarks. But I perceived at once that the thought of its inmates opened fresh the fountain of that silent sorrow which I had already noticed in the countenance of my aged friend. I attempted an apology for the grief I had innocently occasioned. He perceived my intention, and with a smile of dignified urbanity assured me that an apology was not necessary. "Your sympathy, sir," he continued, "has laid me under obligation, and, if the detail of the unhappy circumstances which led to the breaking up of one of the finest minds of a created being—if the fondness of a father may be allowed to judge—would in any way interest you, I shall feel something like relief by reciting them to one

so evidently capable of judging of their aggravations as yourself." I attempted to assure the old gentleman of the mournful pleasure I should receive by being so far obliged.

After a few seconds the old man observed, as he dashed a tear from his eye, and pointed to the grave, "There, sir, is the place of my poor Emma's mournful vigils; there, Sir, on that grave, she strews fresh-gathered flowers each returning evening, and beside it chants her lay of sorrow, and then harmlessly and pensively returns to her lonely chamber." I perceived, as he spoke, the withered tokens of poor Emma's regard, half covering the raised clods of earth.

The old man again dried the moisture from his cheeks, and then proceeded: "There repose as worthy a pair as ever died of a broken heart. Forty summer suns have visited this our once happy village, since first I knew Egbert Harlow. He was then but a youth of about twelve or fourteen years of age; a merry, curly-headed boy, the darling of his affectionate parents—and, ere we had thought of it, Egbert had become a man—a young one, it is true, but old enough, he believed to marry. That indispensable requisite to happiness, or fruitful source of misery, 'a wife,' was wished for by him, nor was it long before he had found a maiden every way worthy so worthy a young man. They were married; and well I remember that day—it was a village jubilee. They were the pride of the circle in which they moved; all esteemed, and most loved them. Many were the healths that were with sobriety drunk, and sincere the wishes that were expressed, on that occasion, for the welfare of Egbert Harlow and his lovely bride.

"The summer sky of prosperity was flatteringly bright above and around them; they did not even dream of ever knowing a sadder day than their wedding-day, and a happier one they could not know. Egbert's father, who had been some time before this a widower, soon after died, and left him a comfortable property; which together with a few hundreds which his wife had brought as her marriage portion, placed them in easy circumstances.

"One year after the marriage saw them the happy parents of a lovely son—who received the name of his father, Egbert. With a fondness such as parents only can conceive of, they contemplated their 'first-born, much-loved boy.' The fond mother beheld in his bright eye the sparkling intelligence of his father, while he, with equal sagacity, discovered in his artless smile the amiable and attractive spirit of his mother: he possessed in short their united affections. Yes, he who soon became the cause of the first uneasiness they felt after their happy union, was almost, if not altogether, the idol of their hearts. No sooner had he learned to run alone, than enterprise became his delight; nor did a week pass, but some juvenile misdeed of the infant Egbert filled his mother's heart with uneasiness. He had attained his fourth year, when a portion at least of his parents' affection was transferred from him to a brother, by the birth of a second son.

The joy which even children partake of at such an event was scarcely felt, and but a short time enjoyed, by the first-born. The dissimilarity of the tempers and pursuits of the brothers became obvious, as the character of each developed itself in their growing years. Alfred, so the second son was named, was gentle as the shorn lamb, and unassuming as the violet of the valley. His soul appeared all affection; the very element in which he lived was kindness. Noble, generous, and manly, even in childhood, he won insensibly the hearts of all who knew him. Egbert, with the keen eye of the bird of the sun, saw the growing virtues of his brother, and learned to hate the "excellence he could not reach." There was a morosity and surliness stamped upon his forehead, which lowered in curling wrinkles of disapprobation at Alfred's growing favor. Like another Cain, his soul brooded over imaginary wrongs, and determined revenge upon his unsuspecting rival.

"Egbert had reached his sixteenth year, when one night—the recollection brings a sickening influence over me—the wind howled dreadfully; it rose to a perfect hurricane, and occasionally cracking peals of thunder seemed to threaten some fearful destruction. The storm drew nearer and nearer, until the bursting cloud, perpendicularly above us, shot forth streams of forked lightning. It struck the tower of our church, and carried in its course a considerable portion of it to the ground. On that night the brothers were missing, and servants were despatched in all directions in search of them. That wood, which darkens by its shade the paddocks on our right was scoured by myself and the distressed parent. We hallooed, and were answered by the bellowing thunders. We listened, and the roaring winds or mimic echoes mocked our anxieties. The storm gradually subsided, and the moon broke forth in splendor; an appalling stillness succeeded the raging tempest. Still we continued our apparently fruitless search; when, as we drew near the edge of the wood, where the swelling river, then almost overflowing its banks, wound along, a faint moon reached the listening and half-distracted father's ears; another—and another—was audible. We called, but received no answer; and, while half suspended in our progress by agitation, the glancing beams of the moon, shining brightly between to clumps of trees, (the torches we had employed had gone out,) fell full on a human figure, prostrate on the ground. We rushed eagerly towards it, and beheld, covered with clotted blood which had flowed from a deep wound on the left cheek and forehead, the youthful Alfred. But Egbert was no where to be seen. How to act we scarcely knew; the sight had almost unmanned us. A call brought to our aid some servants, and the insensible and cold Alfred, with scarcely any signs of life, was carried home, followed by his weeping father, while I continued my search for Egbert.

"To attempt a description of the fond mother's feelings, while she gazed upon the bloody form of her beloved Alfred, and found, to aggravate her misery, that Egbert was still missing, would be folly in the extreme. Medical aid was soon procured, and the boy's danger was pronounced to be much less than

had at first been anticipated. Other small wounds, however, than those on the cheek and forehead, with several bruises, seemed to intimate that considerable violence had been exercised upon the unfortunate youth. As he was not in a fit state to give information, questions were not put to him.

"The night had passed away—and morning's light peeped from the gay mist of the east; still I could discover nothing of Egbert. I had taken a long circuit, and was returning by the way of the river, when just as I reached the spot where Alfred had been found, I perceived something entangled among the bushes which grew by the side of the stream, the branches of which touched the water. I hastened towards it, and soon succeeded in bringing it to land. It was a hat; on the inside was marked Egbert. Expecting I should find the body, I employed some time in examining the bushes as far as they extended, but in vain. I was compelled to return to the house of mourning, to add fresh sorrow to the bleeding hearts of my valued friends. Upon the production of the hat, no doubt was entertained that the youths had been waylaid, and that Alfred had been left for dead, while his brother had been thrown into the river; but it was searched in vain.

"Two months passed away, and deep mourning clothed the family in its sable weeds for the lost child. In the mean time, Alfred slowly recovered; and as his weakness permitted, he continued to inquire with peculiar anxiety after his brother. Waking, as from a dream, one evening, while his father and mother and myself were sitting in his room, he exclaimed, 'Oh, do forgive poor Egbert; I am sure I forgive him; he is still my dear, dear brother!' We looked at each other with amazement, as if fearful to ask what the youth could mean; but conceiving he might be laboring under some partial delirium, we were recommencing our indifferent conversation, when he again inquired, 'What have you done, dear father, with Egbert? I am sure I forgive him; do let me see him, that I may tell him so.'

"I perceived that more than we had yet learned was to be disclosed; I therefore intimated that Mrs. Harlow should retire—but she would not consent. Could it be possible that Egbert had done the deed? If so, whether he had fled—what was his fate? 'Tell me, Alfred,' I said, 'how this sad affair happened; what was the cause of it?' 'If you will promise to forgive Egbert, I will,' answered the sobbing youth. We promised his request should be complied with; when he informed us of what, at this moment, distant as it is, and even by faint recollection, chills my very blood. That Egbert had invited him to a ramble through the wood, and although unwilling to go, yet, to please him, and hoping to gain him over, as he had for some days before assumed a more than ordinary degree of moroseness towards him, he consented. They walked together until they had reached the centre of the wood, when, fearing the approaching storm, he wished to return, but was prevented by Egbert, who still drew him onwards until they had reached the opposite side of the wood from that they had entered; when he suddenly charged him with having wronged him on several occasions. Alfred protested his innocence, and strove to pacify his growing anger, but in vain. With a stake which he tore from the thicket, he aimed a fierce blow at him; he staggered, and prayed his brother to spare him. Another and another blow followed; the blood gushed forth—he fell—and as his eyes closed he saw Egbert rush fearfully from him towards the river, and until he found himself in his bed, he had no recollection of what afterwards followed.

"The disclosure was horrifying. It was now no longer doubted that Egbert, supposing he had murdered his brother, had added to his previous crime that of self-destruction. Alfred saw our agony, but could not explain its cause. Supposing we had learned the principal parts of the tragic tale from Egbert, whom he imagined to be still in the house, he had unsuspectingly with his own mouth furnished the awful truth, which never, but for such supposition, would have been made known by him.

"The pledge was renewed that Egbert should be forgiven, and the assurance was most sincerely given by his distracted parents, and the invalid felt partially satisfied. He was soon so far recovered as to leave the house, when, to silence his repeated inquiries for Egbert, the heart-rending truth was unwillingly, and as easily as possible, told him. Poor Alfred! I see him now; almost I imagine I hear the piercing agony that burst from his heaving bosom—while with eyes that would, had it been possible, have wept streams of blood, suffused with tears, he exclaimed, 'My brother! oh! my brother!' Time, however, which obliterates the deepest traces of sorrow from the brow of youth, smoothed the wrinkles upon Alfred's; the impression was gradually weakened from his bosom, and the intense pain of sorrow wore off; while the cheering and consoling influence of Christian principles tended partially to lead to tranquillity and happiness, the bereaved and sorrowing family.

"About the period to which I now refer, I was called, by unerring Wisdom, to suffer an irreparable loss, by the death of one of the most excellent wives, and affectionate mothers. By this means I became a cheerless solitary, and my beloved Emma defenceless and forlorn. The times of affliction are periods when friendship is proved; then it is that the high endearment of that sacred name is fully known. A powerful, but indefinable feeling forth its uniting influence, blending the hearts of rational beings to their fellows in distress and misfortune, so that the circumstances, which in themselves are always to be deprecated, are not unfrequently made to subserve our best interests, by drawing into closer compact kindred affections. I experienced this in the kindness of Alfred's mother; her attentions were unremitting, her friendly services without end. She became as an angel of mercy to me in my sorrow, and the guide of the youth of my motherless Emma.

"The friendship subsisting between our families before this period was strong, but now our intimacy became uninterrupted. As our residences were contiguous, being merely parted by a small meadow, through which a narrow streamlet, made passable by a plank-form-bridge, winds gently, and a little copse-wood of young oak and beech trees; scarcely a day passed without a visit being made by one family or the other. Grief is more hastily destructive than time—I felt it so; my strength became insensibly impaired. The arm of my affectionate child was therefore a valuable support, as we moved over the meadow during the refreshing hours of a summer evening. On such occasions Alfred was usually seen bounding like a roe to meet us, and, thus conducted between the two, I was welcomed to the house of my friend, or guided and assisted back to my own. The result of such visits, as might have been expected, was a virtuous affection between Alfred and Emma. I saw the growing passion of the youthful pair, and approved it: I could but do so. Every thing conspired to make it desirable that two families so united in friendship, should in their representatives be more indissolubly bound together.

"Alfred had now attained his twenty-sixth year, while Emma was three years his junior. The day of their espousals was fixed, and bustling preparations were making for the occasion. It was determined that the house in which Alfred first drew the breath of life should be their dwelling-place, while I was to be their happy inmate. One week, one little week only, intervened between the consummation of their promised earthly blessedness. The Sabbath came, the first day of the week, at the end of which the beings who had long been united in heart, were to attend to a public recognition of it, and be legally made one. They joined in the solemn services of the sanctuary on that hallowed day, and then walked in company to my dwelling, where on that night Alfred slept, as on the following morning he intended leaving by coach, which passed my house, for Hampshire on business of importance.

"That evening was spent as Sabbath evenings should be spent. The father and mother of Alfred were present with us. The exercises of the day were recapitulated: the intellectual delights we had experienced, and the spiritual enjoyments with which we had been favored, were gratefully acknowledged and improved. Alfred was our priest at the domestic altar, and with a song of adoration our families separated.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S COURTSHIP.—It is said that Sir Isaac Newton did once in his life go a wooing, and, as he was expected, had the greatest indulgence paid to his little peculiarities, which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were gravely seated to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac made a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair near to the lady—a pause of some minutes ensued, Sir Isaac seemed still more uneasy—Oh the timidity of some, thought the lady—when lo, Sir Isaac got hold of her hand—now the palpitations began—he will kiss it no doubt thought she, and then the matter is settled.—Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew the expected salute hand near his head; already the expected cavitation vibrated from the hand to the heart, when, pity the damsel, gentle reader! Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand, to make, the forefinger what he much wanted—a tobacco stopper!

[From the *Genius of Universal Emancipation.*]
It is the fashion to talk of the march of mind—to boast of our advancement in knowledge and morals. Nevertheless we are yet in the twilight of improvement. We read of the dark ages, and wonder at the depravity of mankind; yet we now defend practices, and nourish vices, which throw as disastrous an eclipse over the land as any that brooded over the earlier periods of the world. Two centuries hence, they who then live, will look back with amazement, and almost incredulity, to our present doctrines and laws.

We panegyrize our freedom and equality, as a knave boasts of his honesty, or a courtizan of her chastity. Our declaration of Independence declares "that all men are born equal"—but it deliberately lies in the face of heaven and earth, if our practices are defensible; and the lie is repeated annually, all over the land, by a multitude of men who make high pretensions to the truth; yea, the house of God is selected as the most fit place to give it currency. Every state constitution maintains this falsehood: for there is not a state in the Union in which piracy upon the human body is not sanctioned by law. Every star upon our national banner reflects the lie.

No—this is not a free Country. One slave makes a despotism. That cannot be equal which is partial in its operation, nor free, which unjustly binds a portion of our race. Listen, then to the clanking of the prisoner's chains; catch the echo of that bitter sigh; see with what barbarity, yon taskmaster applies the lash; gaze upon the back, covered with stripes, and streaming at every pore; then go to the Capital of your Union, and within sight of your legislative halls, see human beings put up for sale like cattle; and when you are satisfied with gazing at these spectacles, point the finger of derision at Europe, or turn your eye upward if you dare and insult the majesty of heaven with your boast of free and equal rights.

But look once more. There goes a man to be incarcerated in one of your prisons—a white man. He is the father of a large family, who are wholly dependant upon his labours for their daily bread.—He is honest and industrious, but has been unfortunate. He owes, perhaps, five, ten, or fifteen dollars. He could as easily build a world as cancel the debt to-day; but if allowed employment, he will soon be furnished with the means of payment. An hour ago, his creditor had the precepts of Jesus in his hand, and was reading the parable of the man that owed his lord ten thousand talents. He closed the book.—Did its melting lesson soften his heart? No. He immediately put a writ into the hands of the sheriff; and there goes his victim to join the company of desperate criminals, and unprincipled scoundrels:—a slave, sold for a debt of a few dollars—sentenced

to a more intolerable servitude than even the African endure. And yet this horrible piracy is legalized by our laws! "Hail Columbia!"

SPRING GOODS.

The Subscribers have received by the Fort from Greenock, and Margaret from London, a part of their **SPRING GOODS**, comprising the following articles, viz:—

LADIES, Maids, and Childrens Straw Bonnets and Hats, Sealskin and Prunella walking Shoes, fancy colored Kid Slippers, Gentlemen's Dress Pumps, fashionable printed Muslins, ditto Calicoes, Gauze Hdkfs. Gent. and Youths Silk Stocks, black, Kid do.: a few pieces fashionable Pocket Handkerchiefs, silk Buck and worsted Braces, black, white and green 4-4 Crapes, sewing Silk, Twist, Needles, col. and white Patent sewing Cotton, Ladies and Gentlemen's black, white and fancy cold Kid Gloves, white and grey Russia Drill; striped Jean, Rayens Duck, Osnaburgh, Irish Linen, of the best Bleach and Fabric, Steam Loom Cottons, striped Shirts, Brown Holland, white and col. Cotton Hose, white, unbleached, striped and fancy col. Gent's half Hose; 7x9 8x10 & 10x12 Crown Glass, Putty in Bladders of 7d ea. white Lead, yellow and venetian red Paints, patent, green and yellow Paints, in pots of 1d. ea.; boiled and raw Linseed Oil; 4d. 6d. 12d. and 20 fine rose Nails; English and refined Iron assorted, Blistered Steel of a very superior quality, bed Screws and Keys sad Irons, tea Kettles, Iron Pots and Kags Ovens, 6, 7, 8, and 9. In. 3 bolt Iron Locks, All of which is now open and for sale at the lowest possible advance on the sterling cost for prompt payment.

FISHER, WALKER & Co.
Fredericton, 6th May, 1830.

VALUABLE PROPERTY.

For Sale at Public Auction.
By virtue of a Licence obtained from His Honor the President and Council. The Subscribers offer for sale, the following lands and tenements belonging to the Estate of the late **Duncan McLeod**, Esquire, deceased.

House and lot in Waterloo Row, (Fredericton) at present occupied by Benjamin Croighton as the Golden Ball Inn. Lot No. 1 containing 55 acres, near Mill creek. Lot No. 2 containing 14½ acres, near the Alms house. Lot No. 3 containing 296 acres, in the Parish of Queensbury, adjoining Mr. James Cunningham's Farm. Lot No. 10 containing 200 acres, on the Kiskiwick creek, in the Parish of Douglas, adjoining Mr. James Sisson's farm. Lots No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, on the Nashwalks, in the Parish of Douglas, containing about 200 acres each, well timbered, with white Pine, and hard wood, and a good road to the River.

The above property will be sold on Tuesday the 14 day of August next, by Public Auction, between the hours of 11 and 3 o'clock, at the Market-house in Fredericton, subject to the Widows right and dower.
P. FRASER, Surviving Executor.
Fredericton, April 27, 1830.

REMOVAL.

S. H. M'KEE, respectfully informs his Friends, and the Public, that he has taken that House North side Market Square, next door to **John M. Wilmet**, Esq., where Gentlemen can be accommodated with Board and Lodging, on Moderate terms.

St. John, June 5th, 1830.

NOTICE.

THOSE indebted to the Proprietors of the Steam Boat **SAINT GEORGE**, not having paid the amount of the several claims against them in pursuance of the Notice given; and it being necessary that the accounts should be immediately settled in consequence of the death of one of the Proprietors of the said Boat, the Accounts have been placed in my hands for collection, of which all Persons indebted will take due notice, and pay the several and respective balances forthwith.
CHARLES P. WETMORE.
Fredericton, 15th March, 1830.

FOR SALE.

The House in which the undersigned now resides; it is an excellent stand for mercantile business, or from the number of apartments it contains, is well adapted for a boarding House. For further particulars apply to
GEORGE K. LUGRIN.
August 11, 1829.

NOTICE.

A General meeting of the Creditors of **Thomas A. Bell & Thomas T. Waite**, absent or absconding Debtors, will be held at the Coffee House, corner of King's & Prince William Streets, in the City of Saint John, on Monday, the 26th day of July next, at 12 o'clock, for the purpose of examining the claims of the said creditors, at which time and place all persons having lawful demands against the said **A. Bell & Waite**, are requested to attend.
JOHN HAMMOND, Trustees on the Estate of **Abell & Waite**.
JAMES T. HANFORD,
JOHN MOYES,
St. John, 18th May, 1830.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber being desirous of closing his business on the first day of June next, respectfully requests all persons who may be indebted to him, to endeavour to make him payment previous to that time.
SAMUEL CURREY.
Fredericton, 24th April, 1830.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive of Postage.
Advertisements not exceeding Twelve Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Sixpence the first, and one Shilling and Sixpence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash, and the insertions will be regulated according to the amount received. Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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