

POETRY.

(Selected.)

THE LAST SUPPER.

A Painting by Parker, from Leonardo Da Vinci.
(From the "New-York Atlas.")

Whose countenance is that, where heavenly love
Bent with such sorrowful benignity,
Such unrepining majesty, beams forth?
Whose in that eye, which seems to read the heart,
And yet to have shed the tear of mortal woe?
My Saviour! is it thou?—And is this feast
Thy last on earth? Why stand the chosen few
Who share this parting banquet, with their Lord,
As men transgressed with horror?—Ah! I hear
The fearful reasons from that lip divine,
"One of you shall betray me!"

—One of these!

Who at thy board were nourished, heard thy prayers,
And sought thy teachings, as the thirsty plant
Turns to the rain of summer?—One of these.
—Therefore with deep and deadly paleness droops
Thy loved disciple, as if life's warm spring
Chang'd to the ice of death, at this first shock
Of unimagined guilt! With all his soul
Concentrating in his eye,—see him who walk'd
The waves with Jesus, tremble while he breathes
The dead inquiry. At the table's foot
Up springs the anxious Philip, full of hope
That by his ear the Master's awful words
Were misinterpreted. From Matthew's brow
Speaks forth that guileless and unsullied youth,
Amid whose crystal singleness of heart
Suspicion takes no root. Thaddeus stands
With hand outstretch'd, as if to vindicate
The flock of Christ,—while pointing to the skies,
Bartholomew the All-Seeing eye invokes
To search his inmost spirit. All the twelve
With strong emotions strive,—save one false breast,
By Mammon seal'd,—which brooding o'er its gains,
Weighs "thirty pieces" against the Saviour's blood.
Son of Perdition!—dost thou freely breathe
In such pure atmosphere? Well dost thou hide
Beneath the calmness of a settled brow
The burden of a deed whose very name
Strikes all thy brethren pale.

And can it be

That the deep power of this mysterious scene
Is but the pencil's witchery? I would speak
Of him, Italia's gifted son who pour'd
His bold conceptions, till the canvass woke
And the soul answer'd;—or of him who caught
High genius from our native vales, and won
For them, this imagery sublime, that thrills
The gazer's spirit. But I may not muse
Note of a mortal's praise. Subdu'd I stand
In thy meek, sorrowing presence,—Son of God!—
I feel the breathings of those holy men
From whom thy Gospel through the world went forth
As on angel's wing. Their awful doubts
Pierce to my secret soul. Fain would I kneel
Low at thy blessed feet, and shuddering ask
"Lord is it I?" For who can scan the dregs
That slumber in his heart. Thou who didst taste
Of man's infirmity,—and finding his guilt
Troubling thy sinless soul,—forsook us not
In our temptations,—but so guide our feet
That our last supper in this world, may lead
To that immortal banquet by thy side
Where there is no betrayer.

VARIETTES.

THE IRON SHROUD;—OR ITALIAN VENGEANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FIRST AND LAST."

There is a strange relish in the human mind
For scenes and narratives that harrow up the
soul. Poetry has noted the paradoxical feel-
ing of the "joy of grief," and common obser-
vation may assure us that there is a mood of
the mind not improperly expressed as the plea-
sure of pain. Mankind, and especially the
gentler sex, have their compassion and kindly
feeling generally excited by the fate of the con-
demned criminal; yet more than half their
number, and females certainly in not the least
proportion, will voluntarily attend the revolting
spectacle of a public execution, and glut their
eyes with the agonies of the dying. By a
kindred sentiment, the more refined and high-
er classes of society, whom association and
habits of life withdraw from these scenes, will
feast their hearts with the narratives of such
transactions; and will dwell with intense ear-
nestness on the page which describes the worst
passions of soul, and the most cruel tortures
that the malignity of man or the direst calum-
nities have ever inflicted on their luckless
victims.

We do not attempt to explain or account for
this remarkable trait in the disposition of man-
kind, but its existence is indisputable; and al-
though the very fact that ideal horrors are so
often depicted in glowing colours by master
minds is sufficiently indicative of the truth, a
more conclusive evidence will perhaps be found
in the unquestionable position that we shall en-
sure the universal perusal of the tale subjoined,
by introducing it, as it well deserves to be
characterized, as one of the most horrible and
frightful tragedies that was ever related.—Atlas.

The castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built
on the summit of the towering and precipitous
rock of Scylla, and commanded a magnificent
view of Sicily in all its grandeur; and here, in
a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock,
the miserable victim was immured whom re-
venge pursued.—The dark, fierce, and unpy-
ing revenge of an Italian heart.

VIVENZIO—the noble and the generous, the
fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in
his sunny hours of peace—the young, the
brave, the proud Vivenzio, fell beneath this
subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the
prisoner of Tolfi, and he languished in that
rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and
whose portals never opened twice upon a living
captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage, for the
roof, and floor, and sides, were of iron solidly
wrought, and speciously constructed. High
above there ran a range of seven grated win-
dows, guarded with masonry bars of the same
metal, which admitted light and air. Save
these, and the tall folding doors beneath them,
which occupied the centre, no chink, or chasm,

projection, broke the smooth, black surface
of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with
straw, stood in one corner; and beside it, a
vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with
barbarous food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk
with dismay as he entered this abode; and
saw the ponderous doors triple-locked by
the silent ruffians who conducted him to it.
Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate,—
of the living grave that had been prepared for
him.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had
the power, with his bare hands, of rending asun-
der the solid iron walls of his prison. He could
not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies
of his enemy.

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his
dungeon, and the approaching shades of night
wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up
and down revolving in his mind these horrible
forebodings.

The stronger light of day only served to con-
firm what the gloomy indistinctness of the pre-
ceding evening had partially disclosed,—the
utter impossibility of escape. As, however,
his eyes wandered round and round, and from
place to place, he noticed two circumstances
which excited his surprise and curiosity. The
one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other
was positive. His pitcher of water, and the
dish which contained his food, had been removed
from his side while he slept, and now stood
near the door. He had been visited therefore
during that night. But how had the person
obtained entrance? Could he have slept, so
soundly, that the unlocking and opening of
those ponderous portals were effected without
awaking him? He would have said this was
not possible, but that in doing so, he must
admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other
means, of which he was convinced there existed
none.

The other circumstances which had attract-
ed his notice, was the disappearance, as he
believed, of one of the seven grated windows
that ran along the top of his prison. He felt
confident that he had observed and counted
them; for he was rather surprised at their num-
ber, and there was something peculiar in their
form, as well as in the manner of their arrange-
ment, at unequal distances. It was so much
easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken,
than that a portion of the solid iron, which
formed the walls, could have escaped its po-
sition, that he soon dismissed the thought from
his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was be-
fore him, without apprehension. It might be
poisoned, but if it were, he knew he could not
escape death should such be the design of
Tolfi, and the quickest death would be the
speediest release.

The day passed wearily and gloomily:
though not without a faint hope that, by keep-
ing watch a night, he might observe when the
person came again to bring him food, which
he supposed he would do in the same way as
before. The mere thought of being approach-
ed by a living creature and the opportunity it
might present of learning the doom prepared,
or preparing, for him, imparted some comfort.
Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a
furious onset overpower him? Or he might
be accessible to pity, or the influence of such
munificent rewards as he could bestow, if once
more at liberty and master of himself. Say he
were armed. The worst that could befall, if
not bribe, nor prayers, nor force prevailed, was
a faithful blow, which, though dealt in a dam-
ned cause, might work a desired end. There
was no chance so desperate, but it looked love-
ly in Vivenzio's eyes, compared with the idea
of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched.—
Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded!
He must have slumbered without knowing it.
Sleep must have stolen over him when ex-
hausted by fatigue, and in that interval of
feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there
stood his replenished pitcher of water, and
there his days meal! Nor was this all. Cast-
ing his looks towards the windows of his dun-
geon, he counted but five! Here was no decep-
tion; and he was now convinced there had been
none the day before. But what did all this
portend? Into what strange and mysterious den
had he been cast?

It was evident there must be some secret
machinery in the walls by which a person could
enter. He inspected them closely. They ap-
peared to him one solid and compact mass of
iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such
nice art, that no mark of division was percepti-
ble. Again and again he surveyed them,—and
the floor,—and the roof,—and that range of vi-
sionary windows, as he was now almost tempt-
ed to consider them; he could discover nothing,
absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts, or
satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied
that altogether the dungeon had a more con-
tracted appearance,—that it looked smaller;
but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impres-
sion naturally produced upon his mind by the
undeniable disappearance of two of the win-
dows.

With intense anxiety Vivenzio looked for-
ward to the return of night; and as it approach-
ed, he resolved that no treacherous sleep
should again betray him. Instead of seeking
his bed of straw, he continued to walk up or
down his dungeon till daylight, straining his
eyes in every direction through the darkness,
to watch for any appearances that might ex-
plain these mysteries. While thus engaged,
and as nearly as he could judge, (by the time
that afterwards elapsed before the morning
came in) about two o'clock, there was a slight
tremulous motion of the floors. He stooped.
The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was
so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted
whether it was real, or only imaginary. He
listened. Not a sound could be heard. Pre-
sently, however, he felt a rush of cold air
blow upon him; and dashed towards the quar-
ter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled
over something which he judged to be water
ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer
perceptible; and as Vivenzio stretched out his
hands, he found himself close to the walls.—
He remained motionless for a considerable
time; but nothing occurred during the remain-
der of the night to excite his attention, though

he continued to watch with unabated vigi-
lance.

The first approaches of the morning were
visible through the grated windows, breaking
with faint divisions of light, the darkness that
still pervaded every other part, long before Vi-
venzio was enabled to distinguish any object
in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he
turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watch-
ing, towards them. There were four! he
could see only four: but it might be that some
intervening object prevented the fifth from be-
coming perceptible; and he waited impatient-
ly to ascertain if it were so. As the light
strengthened, however, and penetrated every
corner of the cell other objects of amazement
struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken
fragments of the pitcher he had used the
day before, and at a small distance from them,
nearer to the wall, stood the one he had no-
ticed the first night. It was filled with water,
and beside it was his food. He was now cer-
tain, that, by some mechanical contrivance, an
opening was obtained through the iron wall,
and that through this opening the current of air
had found entrance. But how noiseless! For
had a feather almost waved at the time he must
have heard it. Again he examined that part
of the wall; but both to sight and touch it ap-
peared one even and uniform surface, while
to repeated and violent blows, there was no
reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time
withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but
now, directing his eyes again towards them,
he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the
same manner as the preceding two, without
the least distinguishable alteration of external
appearances. The remaining four looked
as the seven had originally looked; that is, oc-
cupying, at irregular distances, the top of the
wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall fold-
ing door, too, still seemed to stand beneath,
in the centre of these four, as it had at first
stood in the centre of the seven. But he
could no longer doubt, what, on the preced-
ing day, he fancied might be the effect of vi-
sual deception. The dungeon was smaller.—
The roof had lowered,—and the opposite ends
had contracted the intermediate distance by a
space equal, he thought, to that over which the
three windows had extended. He was bewil-
dered in vain imaginings to account for these
things. Some frightful purpose—some devil-
ish torture of mind or body—some unheard-of
device for producing exquisite misery—lurked,
he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted
more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever
fate impended, that he could be dismayed, he
thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat
ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears
in succession to every haggard fancy. At last
a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across
his mind, and he started up with a frantic air.
"Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly round
his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—
"Yes! it must be so! I see it! I feel the
maddening truth like scorching flames upon
my brain! kind providence!—support me! it
must be so!—Yes, yes, that is to be my fate!
You roof will descend!—these walls will hem
me round—and slowly, slowly, crush me to
their iron arms! O, God! look down in
mercy strike me with instant death? Oh, fiend
—Oh, devil—is this your revenge?"

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony;
tears burst from him, and the sweat stood
in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud
—he tore his hair—he rolled about like one
suffering intolerable anguish of body, and
would have bitten the iron floor beneath him;
he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi and the
next moment passionate prayers to heaven for
immediate death. Then the violence of his
grief became exhausted, and he lay still, weep-
ing as a child would weep. The twilight of
departing day shed its gloom around him ere
he arose from that posture of utter and hope-
less sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one
drop of water had cooled the fever of his
 parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes
for six and thirty hours. He was faint with
hunger; weary with watching, and with the
excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food;
he drank with avidity of the water; and feel-
ing like a drunken man to his straw, cast him-
self upon it to brood again over the appal-
ling image that had fastened itself upon his al-
most frenzied thoughts.

He slept—but his slumbers were not tranquil.
He resisted, as long as he could, their approach;
and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to
their influence, he found no oblivion from his
cares. Terrible dreams haunted him—ghas-
tly visions harrowed up his imagination—he
shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the
dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him
—he breathed hard and thick, as though writh-
ing between its iron walls. Then would he
spring up—stare wildly about him—stretch
forth his hand, to be sure he yet had space
enough to live—and, muttering some incoher-
ent words, sink down again, to pass through
the same fierce vicissitude of delirious sleep.
(To be concluded in our next.)

LOOK TO YOUR ACCOUNTS.—It is an old and
a vulgar, although a true saying, that "there is
as much in picking up as there is in digging;"
and the busy world will so find it, if they have
not already. It matters not how much busi-
ness a man does if he be not regular in keep-
ing his accounts. Mechanics and farmers are
proverbial for their neglect in this particular.
Many keep no account book at all; a piece of
chalk and a pine-board constitute their only
materials of record; the whole labor of the
season trusted to them, is liable to be totally
lost by the slightest accident; or the credit
sales of produce, to twenty or thirty different
people, has only this frail memorial to tell them
that they have taken place. And even those
who pretend to keep account-books do it but
partly; they either depend upon the honesty
of their neighbors, or upon their own memory,
rather than to perform the trifling labor which
arises from a record on paper, or, having
charged, they are dilatory in collecting—they
either have a false delicacy which prevents
them, or they are so indolent to others, that
while their own claims, which might have
been collected with a very little attention,
we will venture to say, has ruined as many

mechanics as any other one thing. Their pay-
ment for labor and for stock are periodical and
regular, while that of their customers is the
reverse; they depend upon being paid without
asking for it; they are disappointed, and of
course disappoint others—and their credit once
gone they are ruined.

Every man, whether Farmer, Mechanic, or
Merchant, who has dealings with the world
ought to know how he stands in relation to it.
And in order to do this, he should keep, with
precision, honesty, and neatness, a set of ac-
count books. Contracts and bargains should
be recorded, and nothing should be bought or
sold without having a place there. He should
also have a system for the collection of what
is due to him, as well as for the payment of
what he owes. Fear of giving offence by ask-
ing the payment of honest dues, should never
be indulged for a moment. The custom of one
who is unwilling or unable to pay for what he
has, is better lost than retained; and all know
that it is their duty to be honest before they are
benevolent. Let every man take care of himself;
and then every man will be taken care of; but
when a man entrusts his pecuniary matters to
the care of the public, he must make up his
mind to starve.

The Elkton Press of the 11th instant, re-
lates the following melancholy and singular oc-
currence.—The family of Mr. William Hoflin,
in the vicinity of Rock Run, Hartford County,
had been afflicted with the typhus, for some
time. On Monday morning, the 30th ult. his
daughter, a young woman, fell a victim to it.
In the afternoon, he himself was seized with
a cramp cholera, which terminated his mortal
career ere the setting of the sun. They were
both interred together. Two of the neighbor-
ing young men, brothers of the name of Haw-
kins, undertook to dig the graves; mattocks
were the first implements used whilst digging;
one made an unwary blow, smote the other
on the head and inflicted a dreadful wound.
In a state of terror he dropped his mattock,
mounted his horse and rode post haste, for a
doctor, to relieve his brother who was bleed-
ing profusely. A doctor was procured, who
road at full speed and left him behind, and just
arrived in time to save his life. The other
rode his horse at a common gate, when sud-
denly the animal took affright, threw him
whilst his foot being in the stirrup, and in this
predicament he was dragged some distance,
some transient person stopped the horse and
he was to all appearances lifeless. He was
carried into Mrs. Smith's tavern, for dead,
where his brother had been conveyed; but
after applying some restoratives he revived.—
His coat was torn up the back to the collar.
Both the brothers were under the doctor's
hands—and it has not been found practicable
to remove them to their father's. How dole-
ful to reflect—two amiable young men mak-
ing the necessary preparations to consign two
of their fellow beings to their kindred clay,
whilst in the very act, by a mysterious fate are
hurled to the verge of an eternal world.

SUICIDE PREVENTED.—The following little
anecdote of a person who had contemplated
self-destruction is very beautiful and touching.
"I was weary of life, and after a day, such as
some have known and none would wish to re-
member, was hurrying along the street to the
river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned
and beheld a little boy, who had caught
hold of the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to
solicit my notice. His look was irresistible.
Not less so was the lesson he had learnt:
'There are six of us, and we are dying for the
want of food.' 'Why should I not,' said I
to myself, 'relieve this wretched family? I
have the means, and it will not delay me many
minutes. But what if it does? The scene of
misery he conducted me to, I cannot describe.
I threw them my purse;—and their burst of
gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes—
it went as a cordial to my heart.—'I will call
to-morrow,' I cried. Fool that I was, to
think of leaving a world where such plea-
sure was to be had, and so cheap."—Rogers'
Italy

NOTICE.

THE demise of our late Gracious Majesty King
George the Fourth, having induced His Honor
the President of this Province to dissolve the General As-
sembly, and to order new Writs of Election to issue.—
And I having thereupon received His Majesty's Writ for
the Election of Four of the most able and discreet
Persons duly qualified to represent the said County in the
GENERAL ASSEMBLY of this Province, do, in
obedience thereto, hereby give Public Notice, that the
said ELECTION will take place at the County Hall, on
TUESDAY, the 19th day of October, at eleven of the
clock in the forenoon, when and where all persons inter-
ested therein will be heard, and are to attend accordingly.
E. W. MILLER, Sheriff.
Frederickton, 21st Sept. 1830.

To the Electors of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN,
THE death of our late lamented Sovereign having
caused the dissolution of the House of Assembly,
you will shortly be called upon to exercise your rights
as British Subjects, in electing members to represent
you in this County.

I take this method of informing you of my intention
to offer myself as a candidate for your Suffrages, with
assurance on my part, should your confidence in me
induce you to place me in the high and responsible
situation of one of your Representatives in General
Assembly, you may rely on my utmost exertion on all
occasions, to promote the best interests of the County
at large.

I have the Honor to be
Gentlemen,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
JEDEDIAH SLASON,
Frederickton, 15th September, 1830.

To the Freeholders of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN,
FOR many years, I have aspired to the honor of
being one of your Representatives in the As-
sembly—I feel still the same desire, and am not with-
out hope that at the General Election, now soon to
take place, my expectations may be realized.
In offering my services to you, I am actuated by
those good motives that ought always to govern those
who look for high and responsible situations—I there-
fore solicit your suffrages—and should I meet your ap-
probation, and be the object of your choice, I pledge
myself, to be unwearied in my endeavours, at all times
to promote the best interests of the County—and to
guard the Rights of its Inhabitants.

HENRY SMITH,
St. Mary, Sept. 17th 1830.

To the Electors of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN,
WHEN I had the honor of addressing you, at the
close of the last General Election, it was with
a full determination, of not again offering myself as a
Candidate for your suffrages; under the impression
(from the result of that contest), that it was not the
wish of the majority of the Electors, that I should re-
present the County, in our Provincial Parliament; and
while I remained under that impression, nothing should
have induced me, to come forward a second time—
having no wish to force myself upon you. But having
been informed, from various parts of the County, that
it is now the general wish, that I should be chosen as
one of your Representatives, I am induced to offer a
gain—at the same time in doing so, I stand upon the
strict constitutional principles, which prevent my per-
sonally soliciting a vote from any one. I have no self-
ish object to gain, in getting a seat in the House of
Assembly. On the contrary, I know, I must, in going
there, devote so much of my time to the public ser-
vice, as to cause serious loss and inconvenience to my-
self. But this will not deter me, if I can be of any
service to the County at large; that Gentlemen in a
matter entirely known among you, consequently you
are able to judge how far I possess those qualifications, ne-
cessary to make a good and efficient member. I can
only say, if you think proper to honor me with your
confidence, in this respect, it will be my study to serve
you faithfully, and to the utmost of my power—but
my election must be the voluntary independent act of
yourselves, and not the result of any undue influence
or persuasion on my part. You must not therefore
suppose my not canvassing, for your votes arises from
any want of respect for you, but from a conviction
of my own mind, that the means, too generally resorted
to, to obtain votes at an election, are highly uncon-
stitutional, inconsistent with the true freedom of elec-
tion, and as degrading to the electors to submit to, as
they are to the candidate who practices them; added
to which, many of you must have often enough ex-
perienced, that the promises and plausible professions
of civility and friendship you generally receive at elec-
tions, are merely for the purpose of the present, cal-
culated only to deceive, and lasting no longer than the
vote is obtained; and I trust you have all too much
good feeling and sound sense to think the wiles of
a man, who respects both you and himself too much
to attempt such a course, to obtain your support.

I am Gentlemen,
With sincere respect and good will,
Your most obedient Servant,
GEO. FREDERICK STREET
Frederickton, 15th September, 1830.

To the Freeholders of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN,
AN opportunity will soon be afforded you, of elect-
ing Members, to represent you in the General As-
sembly of this Province.
Having, at the last General Election, been honored
with your support in a manner far exceeding my most
anguine expectations, and conscious of having to the
best of my abilities, endeavored faithfully to discharge
the various duties, connected with the high and im-
portant trust, then committed to me, I am induced to
offer myself a second time, a Candidate for your suf-
frages, assuring you, that should I again be successful,
my utmost exertions shall, at all times, be used to pro-
mote your interests, and protect your privileges.

I have the honor to be
Gentlemen,
Your most obedient Servant,
WILLIAM TAYLOR.
Frederickton, 15th September, 1830.

To the Freeholders of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN,
THE demise of our much beloved Sovereign George
the Fourth, of glorious memory, having made it
necessary for you to elect four persons duly qualified,
to represent you in General Assembly—I, Gentlemen,
most respectfully offer myself to your notice as one of
the Candidates for a share in that important trust.
Should I meet your approbation, and be returned one
of your Members, trust me, I shall never deceive you,
nor desert the rights of the people. Should I err, it
will be in judgment, and not from intention. I shall
endeavour to maintain in its purity the British Con-
stitution, which is the boast of our nation, and the ad-
mirable of the world; thereby secure and maintain the
rights and privileges of the Inhabitants of this highly
favoured Province. Next, my care and exertion will be,
to promote to my utmost the best interests of this ex-
tensive inland County. How far I am qualified to take
a part in this important matter, you Gentlemen, are
the best and only judges. From the circumstances of
my having in early life been instructed in the art of
Farming, which I prosecuted with success, and having
for the last ten years been engaged in an extensive
mercantile business in this County, I trust an appeal
for a liberal share of your suffrages on this occasion
will not be made without success.

I am Gentlemen,
Your most obedient humble servant,
THOS. LEWIS LANGEN
Frederickton, Sept. 29th, 1830.

To the Freeholders of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN,
AT the request of a number of my friends, I have
come forward as a Candidate for your suffrages at
the approaching Election. The strong assurances of sup-
port I have received from every section of my fellow
extensive County, are the more gratifying to my feel-
ings as being a pledge that my conduct, during the many years
I have served you in an important public station, has
met with your unqualified approbation; and I am
Gentlemen, that if I am by your free and unbiased suf-
frages, elected to the HONORABLE situation of a Repre-
sentative for York County, I will serve you with zeal and
independence, and my time and talents will be unques-
tionably exerted for the advancement of your interests.

I am Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
JOHN A. BECKWITH.
Frederickton, 1st October, 1830.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive of Postage
Advertisements not exceeding Twelve Lines
will be inserted for Four Shillings and Six-
pence the first, and one Shilling and Sixpence
for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements
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sertions will be regulated according to the
amount received. Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c.
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