POETRY.

AFFECTING VERSES.

Fair M A lived on Liffey's side,
Not far from R N K;
Her bosom heav'd, as did its tide,
For love like L S Gray,
Tho' she exceeded "EN BON POINT,"
She still was wondrous fair,
And of her suitors there came one
From N S, County Clare.

Thrice did he M! to clear his voice,
And speak with N R G,
"A M A dear, U do X L
The rose of R A B,
"I love you to X S, sweet maid;
Thy I D A is dear;
Not S E, nor fair L A,
With thee could e'er compeer.

"What R the charms of Juan's maid,
The beautiful E D
Her fragile form so laced and stay'd,
To thy O B C T?"
Fair M A said' "There is a youth—
U N V him 'tis true,
For him alone I wish to live—
But O I P T U."

An I C chill spread o'er his heart—
To A B street he came,
And thought by drinking O D V,
To prove love but a name.
But still despair lurked in his I,
(To peace an N M E!)
By proxy he resolved to die,
So burnt his F E G.

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

(By Thomas Hood.)

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again;
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee!
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh! revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver grey,
Too early death, led on by care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn.

VARIETIES.

MR. O'CONNELL.—The great Irish agitator is one of those compounds of savagery and civilization, of turbulence and subserviency, of reckless ribaldry and sycophant adulation, of animal passion and intellectual power, which Ireland only, with her long degraded caste, foreign ascendancy, and fierce temperament, could produce. It may with truth be accorded to him, that he is the child and champion of the democracy of Ireland. He effects, indeed, aristocracy of birth, talks of foreign counts in his family, and boasts his lineage from Irish kings. With his pedigree we profess to be wholly unacquainted. He may be, as he says, the relative of Austrian counts, and the descendant of the Kerne kings of Ireland. The humbler condition of his more immediate progenitors is attested by an incident or circuit, whilst he practised at the Irish bar. It was his lot to cross-examine a hedge or village schoolmaster, in his native county, which he now represents. Seizing the occasion to display his latinity, he interrogated the poor pedagogue—"Quis es tu?" and received the following answer, in quite as good latin as his own:—"Ego sum pauper pedagogus sicut erat avus tuus, et tu es stultus dives sicut erat avus meus. Prompt and unabashed as Mr. O'Connell was in court, the rebut unnerved him, and long rankled in his mind, to the great amusement of the junior barristers, who touched and played upon the reminiscence with malicious pleasantry.

As an advocate at the Irish bar, in causes not demanding the first order of eloquence, whether civil or criminal, Mr. O'Connell is supreme. His management of Irish juries and witnesses is unrivalled. He hits, or rather shares their secret feelings, and coarse humour in such a manner, as to obtain a complete dominion rove jurors, and wrest truth from the most resolute and adroit gladiators in false swearing. In his cross-examination he has not the finuesse of a Garrow. *His* is a rude but dexterous cudgel playing, which, in Ireland, is not equally, but more efficient. He has more energy, more work in him, than most men; and with frequent escapes of the grossest taste, he has tact and versatility. *He* writes, as well as speaks, with vigour and correctness at one moment—with false rhetoric, mawkish pathos, and revolting vulgarity of mind and matter at another. Some of his letters to the Irish catholics, or, as they were called, his epistles to the Romans, and his speech in support of the validity of his first election, at the Bar of the House of Commons, might be cited as examples of the former. Examples of the latter are innumerable.

The position of Mr. O'Connell in Parliament is singular. He commands attention, and exercises power in debate, without respect for his character or sympathy with his eloquence. Since his entrance into the House of Commons, he has varied his tone with his characteristic versatility. The member for Preston did not make more commendable efforts to be gentleman-like than *Mr.* O'Connell in his *debuts*; but he only abandoned the advantages of his native vigour, without acquiring the grace of refinement, or of what may be called Parliamentary manners.—He attempted to be personally conciliating, and was only grovelling. Did Mr. Stanley make an able reply to Sir R. Peel or Mr. Croker, he no sooner sat down than Mr. O'Connell left his seat, crossed over to the treaty Bench, and cried "admirable," "divine," with an ecstacy of adulation in the ears of the Irish Secretary, whom but the week before he had denounced in Ireland with outrageous ribaldry and scurrilous defamation. The Irish Secretary acknowledges the civility only by a look half wonder, half sneer; the British members are quite perplexed by the phenomenon, and the Irish members, who have a quicker sense of humour and a better knowledge of Mr. O'Connell laugh loud. He has not obtained a single success in the House of Commons, and he has suffered many defeats. He cannot stand in debate before the Irish Secretary, and he cowered even before such men as the late member for Drogheda (Mr. North) and present Chief Justice of the Irish Common Pleas, who were far from athletic debaters. He has sometimes abandoned a forced and uncongenial tone of deliberative oratory for his true element—for vulgar dramatizing—rude jests—Irish exclamations—furious temper, and frantic gesticulation; but while he thus puts forth his whole force, which is really gigantic, he revolted rather than roused his auditory. If his oratory disqualifies him for a debater in a popular assembly of gentlemen, he is still more unfortunate in the distrust inspired by his reckless tergiversation, and amazing effrontery. He denies, evades, or openly spurns, the moral and conventional obligations of good faith, or of fact the most notorious. His assertion only creates doubts; and the expressed opinion of a man so wavering, passes idly as the wind. What then is the secret of his acknowledged power in the House of Commons? His boundless influence over the multitude in Ireland.—The man who could move millions, speaks in a voice of terror which may be hated, cannot be despised, and, in fact, must be fearfully heard. *Here Mr.* O'Connell is in his true element. Over the multitude in Ireland, he rules supreme. He is the creature of the multitude, upon the passion of which, he plays with surprising force; and, whenever he has suffered defeat in the House of Commons, he immediately consoles his vanity by flying back to his proper sphere, like a savage throwing off the livery of civilization to fly back to the woods, and become the chief and oracle of the tribe once more. He is, indeed, the first of mob orators. The amplitude and vigour of his limbs and features, the ostentatious carelessness of his demeanour and dress, his prompt and rude humour, and his abusive personalities—above all, his long and intimate familiarity with Irish temperament in the common people, make him the most powerful leader of the populace, and the most formidable adversary of a government whom Ireland has yet produced.

Mr. O'Connell has the most jealous vanity of any man alive—and a gross appetite for flattery without discernment or taste. His better character is spoiled by the servile homage of the choleric by which he is surrounded in Dublin. Yet has he not a single friend. His whole career has been a succession of squabling and scurrility, envy and defamation, furious resentments, and hollow reconciliations, alternate laudations, and abuse, with his associates in politics; but he has not, we repeat, a friend. His satellites in Dublin are attached by interest or a craven fear, or a pitiful vanity of appearing in his train; and as to the Irish members in the House of Commons, he is hated, feared, or used as an instrument by them.

Will the influence, or rather power, of Mr. O'Connell last? It has endured, inspite of trials in which another man would have been lost. But nothing is more perilously uncertain than that power which has its hold rather on the passions of a mob kept in perpetual and almost delirious fever rather than in the common sense of the people. He has, it is true, achieved much for the liberty of Ireland, but when he appeared to be carrying a great cause, it was the cause that carried him.—*Limerick Chron.*

MISS WILBERFORCE.—When Mr. Wilberforce was chosen member for York, his daughter, in walking home from the scene of the election, was cheered by an immense crowd, who followed her to her own door, crying "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" The young lady turned as she was ascending the stair, and motioning to the populace to be quiet, said, very emphatically, "Nay, gentlemen, if you please not *Miss* Wilberforce for ever," which sent them all home in good humour.

A gentleman who often intruded in a library where he did not subscribe, one day had his dog turned out by a crusty old fellow, who gave him a tremendous kick, saying: "you are no subscriber at any rate." The gentleman took the hint and never more annoyed the establishment by his presence.

From the London Age.

SWALLOWING COMPLAINTS.—At Cork, a baker is making large profits by selling biscuits pricked with the words, "No tithes; repeal of the Union; O'Connell and Konayne."—[This is just suited to the *floury* style of the Irish; and for the first time *O'Connell* is feeding the hungry.]

A STRIKING PROOF.—A morning paper observes, the lower Irish have a great horror of flogging.—[This opinion is shared by the generality of rogues in other countries; indeed, the Yankees alone show a fondness for *stripes*.]

A HANDY SET.—Lord Howick said in the House that government had not sat with their hands before them.—[Most people are aware of that—their hands have sometimes gone to their *sides*, as the £100,000 a year to friends and relations bears *ample* testimony.]

VERY INTERESTING.—A morning paper in describing the examination of two young women charged with robbery, states them to be "excessively interesting, and very tastefully attired."—[The charge against them was that of *excessively interesting* themselves with their master's property, although the description is so *tastefully* given.]

A GRAVE CASE.—Mr. Coffin, late a General in the Abyssinian service, left town on Monday, on a mission of some importance, from our government to the King of that country.—[Certainly a more appropriate *missionary* to *bury* any dispute of a *grave* nature could not have been selected.]

THE REAR RANK.—A morning paper, in enumerating the candidates in the field for Marylebone, places Colonel Jones in the rear.—[No doubt by particular desire of the gallant Colonel, as he is well aware that being in *a rear* in the *field* is a sure means of *running* beyond his opponents.]

A WARNING NAME.—One of the ringleaders of the Anti-tithe conspirators in Ireland bears the expressive name of Sinnot.—[This fellow ought to be hung up as a *warning* to the conspirators to *Sinnot*, and thus a *tithe* of the outrages would be stopped.]

A VAT-ICINATION.—Meux, the porter-man, says he prophecies there is a *storm brewing* in Europe. Things are in such a state of *fermentation* and the circumstance of the French Government *raising the wind* lately to the tune of 150,000,000 francs, is a certain indication of a *breeze*.

SHARP PRACTICE.—[At a meeting of the corporation of cutlers in Dublin, one member gave notice that on the next court day he would move the expulsion of Mr. Potter, he being a reformer, and an enemy to corporate rights.]—This shows the *cutlers* are determined to *cut* off their disaffected members, steeling their hearts against all the claims of these *blades* on the score of old acquaintance, when *revolutions* are threatened in the commonweal.

SAILOR LASS.—On Friday last, a Scotch lass of favorable appearance, 16 or 18 years of age, was discovered on board the ship Emperor, walking with, and in the same garb as the sailors. *Her* story has excited considerable attention, and we have learnt it thus: Being unable to obtain employment in New-York, where she landed from Scotland, she procured a seaman's dress, and shipped on board the Plato as *cabin boy*. During the passage to this port the mate beat some of the seamen, and the cabin boy also twice, when the captain on arriving here, fearing they would desert, locked their chests in the cabin, and the cabin boy's being filled with women's gear, instead of seaman's duds, the owner was compelled to confess the imposition, and was turned adrift on shore. She afterwards (still in male attire) agreed to work her passage to New-York, and she was actually engaged in the arduous labor of discharging ballast, when the number of persons whom on rumor of the male apropos discovery on board the Plato, kept curiously gazing around the Emperor attracted Capt. Foy's notice, and the cheat was again discovered with fears and manifest distress. Captain F. however humanely kept her on board, had her properly apparelled, and intends to convey her to his family as a domestic.—The president of the St. Andrew's Society, and other gentlemen of character, have tendered any assistance to the girl that she may want.—*Savannah Georgian.*

"Certain stars shot madly from their spheres."

THE COMET.—M. Argo, a French astronomer, has published a treatise on the comet which is to intersect the earth's path on the momentous night of the 29th of October next. The tract has been translated by Mr. Farrar, and published by Hillard, Grey, & Co. It contains much interesting matter concerning comets in general.

The ancients considered comets as mere meteors in the earth's atmosphere, but Tycho Brahe discovered that they were celestial bodies moving round the sun in very elongated ellipses. As the same comet, at different returns, has different appearances in the form, intensity of light, &c. and three stated returns are necessary to ensure data enough to determine the identity of the comet on the fourth appearance. These data or elements are recorded in the catalogue of comets. Halle was the first to predict the reappearance of a comet in 1758, which had appeared several times before, at intervals of about 75 years. The prediction was verified and Clairault determined the amount of disturbance or interruption in the time, occasioned by the attraction of two planets. This same comet will return towards the sun in 1835, but shorn of its beams, and abreviated in the tail, for in 1456 it had a streamer of 60 degrees, which produced the greatest panic in Europe, though it made the fortunes of the astrologers. Comets generally dissipate so many of their particles, in the revolution, that they lose in intensity and tail.

The comet which is next to return, was discovered at Johannisburg, in 1826, and its near approach, we are told, will end in a collision that will destroy the earth and the inhabitants thereof. The cholera which is now doing the latter, it has been said, is occasioned by the atmosphere communicated from the comet.—Though this comet was verified in 1826, it was noticed in 1805 and 1772. The critical time in which it is to be within the orbit or path of the earth, is before midnight on the 29th of October, and at this time, if the earth should not be in a different part of her track, she will assuredly meet with disasters.

The great question is, then, in what part of her circuit will the earth be when the comet is thus within her walks? M. Arago has calculated that she will be a month behind the comet, and that the comet will therefore never be less than 48,000,000 miles from the planet we inhabit, and which we reverence as our general mother. Insurance will not therefore rise as it did in London, under the predictions of Richard Brothers, when the authorities ordered that all the fire engines should be kept in readiness, and that a sharp look out should be kept upon the Bank of England. The chances against a collision are as 280,999,999 to 1. But we can assure those who delight in the excitement of alarm that there is some danger.

Do comets affect the seasons? In 1811 there was a comet, a temperature, and a bountiful harvest, and the comet wines are yet in high repute. But the general observation shows no alteration in temperature. Comets have a nucleus, which generally appears solid, an investing like a vapor, through which stars may be seen, and generally a tail. The magnitudes are various, from 26 miles to 2617 miles. The comet which is next to appear has no tail. In the year 43 before Christ a *hairy star* appeared, of great brilliance, and which could be seen by day-light. The Romans believed it to be apotheosis of Cæsar, who was killed shortly before.

"Micat inter omnes Julium sidus
Sicut inter inges Luna minores."

Comets have generally a luminous train, called the tail and this is commonly directed towards the space which the comet is leaving, as if the tail being a lighter body than the rest, experiences more resistance from the other, as a cork discharged from a cannon is more retarded than a metallic ball. The tail of some comets is no trifling brush; that of the comet of 1680 was more than 96,000,000 miles in length. Some comets have been observed with several tails, pointing in different directions.

The whole number of comets mentioned in history since the Christian era, is about 500. The pamphlet from which the above facts are gleaned is filled with many others of interest.—*Boston Courier.*

From the Ladies' Cabinet of Fashion, Music &c.

THE HAYFIELD.

I love the month of June, for many reasons. It is the middle of the year, when the sun attains his extreme point in our sky, and begins his receding course. It is the bloom of summer, when every rose is in its highest beauty and fragrance. Its mornings are all balm and merriment, the birds singing with their utmost glee amid the still tenderly green leaves of the trees; but its evenings, especially if you chance to live as I do, in the bosom of an amphitheatre of hills covered with meadows, are heaven itself. Then the new mown hay is gathered in small cocks and the evening breeze, coming from the hills, brings with it a perfume sweeter than all the spices of Arabia, which fills every room in my cottage. I open all my lattices to receive it, and walk in my garden to breathe its dewy freshness, until the brightening stars remind me of the hour of sleep.

There is nothing more joyous in nature than a well heaped hayfield, particularly in England. In other countries they have recourse to artificial grasses which have very little odour, but ours is, as somedody has called it, "the chosen land of hay." Its abundance and, above all, its rich fragrance are no where to be rivalled. How delightful it is to see the rustic boys and girls, lads and lasses, from ten years up to twenty, tossing about the heaps, and presenting every part of them to the sun glowing, but not yet too intensely, above their heads, browning their laughing cheeks, and smiling propitiously on their light and useful labour! How often, when at a distance, I have heard the merry song, the loud burst of laughter ringing down the hill side, have I wished to mingle amongst them, and share in their humble, but unpurchaseable pleasure! I have tried it more than once, but I could not get on far. Unaccustomed to exposure to the sun, and to any kind of bodily toil, for I cannot even dig a garden bed, or prune a vine, I soon gave up, and got tittered at for my pains. But I have no objection to throw myself on a bank, and admire the pretty haymakers who abound among my hills. There is one the pride of them all, whose name for the present I am pledged to keep secret, (as it is not improbable that she may change it before the end of the summer,) whose gentle face and sylph-like figure I have prevailed upon a friend to sketch for me, while, she, unconscious of our observation, was occupied in gathering the scattered remnants of the harvest. With what a simple grace she handles the rude rake! What a light angelic form is there? How beautifully do those clustering curls, divided on her forehead with so much unsought elegance, shade the oval outline of her thoughtful and innocent countenance! Before the end of summer did I say? The bridegroom elect had better look to her, for I hereby give him notice that I am over head and ears in love with her myself, and if he does not marry her before the expiration of the present month of June, I will. What magnificent arms! What a taper hand! What a delicate waist! I shall give him but a fortnight. The old church is very near. You may see its ivy mantled tower just behind her mother's cottage. What a divine but—as fair and as pure as the virgin snow—and almost as ripe as the autumnal apple! On my conscience he shall have but a week!

Happy fellow! there he is, yonder, assisting her father to load the waggon, which is soon to be creaking under its fragrant burden, to the farm yard. Depend upon it he steals many a glance, in the intervals of work, at his beautiful intended, and it is more than probable (how I envy them!) that when the field is cleared, they will, by some chance or other, be found seated under those shady trees. Will they talk much? I guess not.—They have eyes and those captivating organs of unlettered discourse will say some eloquent and beguiling things to each other. Then their evening walk home—their pauses to listen to the nightingale—that little real goddess of love, whose unearthly notes make us ashamed of ourselves, if, when we hear them, our very hearts be not brimful of every kindly affection; then the influence of the soft air—the gentle tremulous motion of the trees—the distant tinkle of the sheep-bell—the occasional warning of the watch-dog—the village clock—the mystic humming in the atmosphere—the low desultory chirping of the birds—the varied voices of children playing on the heath; all these enchanting sounds tell the lovers that they are alone, and their feelings in one united current of bliss, for which no language furnishes expression.

Would it not be cruel to disturb their happiness, even for a moment? Alas! it is but too true. Well—well; he may take her. Still considering that there are many gay sparks about; considering that many accidents may happen between the cup and the lip; considering that life itself is very uncertain: considering that jealousy is not far off wherever love is present; considering, that in addition to the gay sparks about, there are many pretty lasses among my hills, I would advise yon haymaker to be very careful of—pshaw! the fellow has just told me that they were married last Monday!

A "celebrated" writing master, in his "farewell card, addressed to the ladies and gentlemen of Boston," has this exquisite sentence—"I have now to say that the most painful emotion I have experienced for a length of time is that of *expressive delight which at present oppresses me*, on having received so many warm proofs of your approbation."

Post Office, Fredericton,
Sept. 10, 1832.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in this Office this date.

A

Amos Arnold, George Atherton, 2. William Adams.

B

James Bresland, Ruth Brymer, James Blair, David Baldwin, James Brown, Henry Bloker.

C

John Conroy, Bryon Connolly, Samuel Chamberlain, Peter Cameron, Wollard Collings, Thomas Christy, Charles Crooker, William Cimber, Elenor Coyle, Charles Coulson Heish Cather.

D

Deins Delaney, 2. Martha Davis, William Dunn, Patrick Diver, John Dow, 3. Thomas Dyar, William Dunn, 2. William Davis, Quinton Dougherty, Andrew Darcus, George Dean, John Dies, 2. Mary Dalouche, John Donnely.

E

Charles Emery, Joseph Easterbrooks, Isaac Esty.

F

Janet Ferguson, John Feely, Thomas Fairman, Alexander Fleming.

G

William Grigg, 2. Charles Good, Benjamin Glazier, Mrs. Gray.

H

William Healey, Daniel Hickry, Simon Hammond, Margaret Hart, David Hunter, David Hasilton, Margaret Hill.

J

James Johnston, 3. Mr. Jouett, H. Jackson.

K

James Kerney, 2. John Kelly, Mrs. T. Kirk.

L

Evan Lewis, Daniel Lapee, Joseph Lusk, Denis Leary, Catharine Longworth, William Lendra, 2, John Landery, William Lewill.

M

Garret M'Geverin, John M'Lean, John Miller, Angus M'Bean, Joseph Merithew, Allan M'Lean, Mary M'Brien, William Moore, Daniel M'Nemara, Thomas Murray, William Moffitt, William M'Adam, John M'Monigle, Nicholas Murray, Alexander Macollough, Hugh Munro, Arthur M'Kiver, Samuel M'Intire, William M'Lauchlan, John Melvine, James M'Cormick, Duncan M'Leod, Peter Murphy, James Magary, Catharine M'Carty, Andrew M'Donald, Hugh M'Master.

N

Daniel Nichols, Elijah Newcomb, Daniel Newcomb, Samuel Newcomb, James Nelson.

O

John Oliver,

P

Mr. Poulting, William Powell, John Phillips, Henry Paris, E. W. Parkins, James Poor.

Q

Catharin Quin.

R

John Robinson, John Rynolds, John Bealy, John H. Ryan, James Redmond, 2.

S

James Shortell, J. Slason, Jeremiah Sullivan, 2. Samuel Stelle, Samuel Smith, Thomas Saxton, George Spence, Daniel Sweeney.

T

William Tovey, 3. James Tumilson, Pat Tolan, James Tweedy, Adam Tedlie, Josiah Thomas.

W

George Wheatley, Benjamin Wheeler, Robert Walsh, Edward Wheeler, Rosa Waters, Richard Williams.

JAMES F. GALE,
Chymist & Druggist.

BEGS leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has succeeded GEO. E. BALDWIN, Esq. Surgeon, &c. in the above business, in the Shop lately occupied by him, in Queen Street, opposite Mr. J. T. Smith's, where he intends to keep on hand an assortment of the most genuine Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Pickles, Sauces, &c.

Having served a regular apprenticeship to the business, and, for a considerable time, engaged as an Assistant in a respectable Chymist and Druggist's shop in London, he hopes by moderate charges and attention to business to merit a share of public confidence.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes accurately prepared.

Country Practitioners supplied on the lowest terms for Cash.

N. B. An Apprentice wanted.

Fredericton, 21st August, 1832.

LANDED PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber being authorized to dispose of the following lots of Land, he offers them for sale on moderate terms.

Lots no. 15 and 25 and a lot adjoining no. 25, situate in the Parish of Kent containing 100 acres each.

Lots no. 14 and no. 15 on the Pennyack, Parish of Douglas; containing 400 acres.

Eight Glebe lots in the Parish of Fredericton, held by lease from the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry of the Parish, being the number 289 to 296 inclusive.

For particulars enquire of

WM. TAYLOR.

Frederioton, 23d April, 1832.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16*s.* 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.

SAINT JOHN,	*Mr. Peter Duff,*
SAINT ANDREWS,	*Mr. George Miller,*
DORCHESTER,	*E. B. Chandler, Esq.*
SALISBURY,	*R. Scott, Esq.*
KENT,	*J. W. Weldon, Esq.*
MIRAMICHI,	*Edward Baker, Esq*
KENT, (COUNTY OF YORK)	*Geo. Moorhouse, Esq.*
WOODSTOCK, and NORTHAMPTON,	*Mr. Charles Raymond, James Tilley, Esq. &*
SHEFFIELD,	*Doctor Barker,*
GAGETOWN,	*Mr. Wm. F. Bonnell,*
KINGSTON,	*Mr. Asa Davidson, Jun.*
HAMPTON,	*Mr. Samuel Hallett, Jr.*
SUSSEX VALE,	*J. C. Vail Esq.*