

POETRY.

Selected.

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet, in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the path of sin,
And down to gather up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him
out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber to lie down and die.
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed
friends,
And, on this wise, bestowed his last bequest;

"Mother—I am dying now!
There's a deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry, and tremulous, and my
breath
Comes freely up. Oh, tell me, is this death?
Mother, your hand—
Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?"

Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught me.

Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there."

"Father—I'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!"

"Brother—the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours,
We've stayed to watch the budding things
and flowers,
Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!"

"Sister—my young rose tree—
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

And when its roses bloom—
I shall be gone away, my short life done;
And will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

"Now mother, sing the tune
You sung last night; I'm weary, and must sleep,
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings—
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odours of the early spring—
He breathed it not; the laugh of passers by,
Jared like a discord in some mournful tune,
But worried not his slumbers. He was dead.

THE YOUNG MINISTER AND THE BRIDE.

BY A SEXAGENARIAN.

Few will deny the justice of the remark,
that "truth is often stronger than fiction";
no one of much observation and experience,
at least, will feel inclined to question the
correctness of its application to the scenes
and vicissitudes of life. There are, in-
deed, realities of no very unfrequent oc-
currence, which, in point of marvellous ad-
venture, heart-thrilling incident and sur-
prise, may be said to exceed anything that
mere invention, or the most studied com-
bination of ideal circumstances, can effect.
Had we only ample opportunities of in-
vestigating those short and simple annals
to which our great lyric poet so philoso-
phically alludes,—could we boast but the
rudest chroniclers of those sudden revolu-
tions and sweeping gusts of fortune con-
nected with the fate of individuals and the
people, as we do of courts and empires,
what inexhaustible sources of popular in-
terest and instruction should we there find!
The most attractive novels would almost
cease to charm, till we first exhausted the
more wonderful histories;—the domestic
events and tragic adventures of living be-
ings, even in the humblest sphere.

I was led into this train of reflection by
recalling some singular occurrences of
which a friend of mine and myself were
causal witnesses more than forty years
ago; for I now feel these reminiscences
of earlier days recurring with more and
more force, as I gradually descend deeper
into the vale of time. My friend B—
had just completed a severe course of le-
gal studies; which, together with carrying
high honours at one of our Universities, was
found a little too much for his strength.
To counteract the effects of his intense and
unremitting exertions, he invited me to
take a summer ramble with him among his
native hills. He proposed to visit both the
English and Scottish lakes, near the for-
mer of which was situated his father's re-
sidence; to proceed next to the Highlands;
and, last of all, to pursue, "tour" in hand,
the track of our great English Leviathan—
that most majestic and magisterial of all
travellers, in his Bozsonian ramble among
the Hebrides.

After remaining, during a few weeks, at
the country seat of my friend's father, we
repaired to explore the extended and lofty
range of hills that brings us, as it were,
into the heart of the lake scenery. On the
second evening of our departure, we
stopped at the little hamlet of D—, con-

sisting only of a few shepherd's huts, in
order to enjoy the glories of sunrise on
Skiddaw after a night's repose. Here, un-
der the roof-tree of an old herdsman, who
had been promoted to the rank of a guide
—a little publican, and, as far as excess in
liquor was concerned not a little of a sin-
ner—we were brought acquainted, during
our evening chat, with some of the cur-
rent reports of the village, relating to the
affairs of our more important neighbours.

Near this little hamlet, it seems, at the
foot of the hill stretching westward, lay
the ample domains of the wealthy Lord
L—; forming part of one of those fertile
and cultivated districts, which betoken the
near abundance of the rich loamy soil of
the northern graziers. Its present posses-
sor had returned within the last year from
the continent, to reside at the seat of his
forefathers, and find employment for the
well lined coffers of his immediate prede-
cessor. The new lord, we were informed,
was now on the eve of forming an union
with one of the fairest girls in the county,
the daughter of his father's old friend, the
late member for K—, a gentleman who,
by his imprudence, had left, at his death, a
large family involved in considerable diffi-
culties and embarrassment. The late
Lord L—, however, had not only materi-
ally assisted them, but had even con-
sented that the family union, long before
projected between his friend's daughter
and his own son, should still take place.
This, too, was an object in which the mo-
ther of Margaret Dillon—already betrothed
to the scion of L— House before his
departure for foreign lands, was more par-
ticularly interested, having several young-
er children almost wholly unprovided for.
Circumstances, therefore, seemed to ren-
der it imperative on the eldest to fulfil her
mother's wishes; and only by some strange
perversity of fate was such an alliance
likely to prove an unhappy one.

The lovely Margaret was then in her
seventeenth year, while her intended lord
was nearly as many summers older, and
by no means of that prepossessing character
and exterior, nor of that lofty reputation
and rare report, calculated to win "gold-
en opinions" from all manner of women—
The marriage, however, was to have taken
place on his return, without much con-
sideration of reciprocal feeling, and had
been delayed only in consequence of the
sudden demise of his lordship's father—
His return, we are told, had been marked
by no expression of joy on the part of his
tenantry and retainers; nor, what was
more to be regretted, on the part of the in-
tended bride herself, who was, on the oth-
er hand, said to be a favourite with all
classes of her acquaintance.

If the new lord, however, had failed to
make himself liked, this did not seem to be
the case with a young clergyman in the
vicinity, of the name of Maurice Dunn,
whose noble look, and high, yet gentle
bearing, we had already noticed on our
approach, as he respectfully saluted us;
and whom we did not fail to recognise by
the description and encomiums of the an-
cient herdsman. He was the eldest, and
being a youth of talents, was, after receiving
an excellent education, at no small sacrifices
on the part of his father, appointed to a
curacy near his native place. He was
looked up to as the future staff of his fam-
ily; for old Maurice Dunn was only one
of those small landholders belonging to the
better class of yeomanry, a class, unfortu-
nately, now nearly extinct in England—
In addition to his own little property, he
had the chief part of his farm under Lord
L—, by means of which, with laudible
industry, he was enabled to support a nu-
merous family, and bring up one of his
sons to a profession—then always the wor-
thy ambition of men of his class,—to say
nothing of making himself comfortable dur-
ing his latter days. Besides his own spi-
ritual charge, his son, we are informed,
was accustomed to assist the aged minister
of another cure, take upon himself, out of
special good will, at least half the duty
and the more distant visitations of the pa-
rish; and, inasmuch that it was hoped, by
many honest parishioners, he would one
day come to succeed old Mr. Penruddock
in his rectory, as well as in his labours.

Among his most constant hearers were
Mrs. Dillon and her daughter; and in the
character both of a pastor and a tutor,
Maurice Dunn was admitted like a friend,
more than a visitor, at the lady's house—
Here his fine taste and natural skill in
music, drawing, and almost every accom-
plishment, recommended him to his pupils
far more than his knowledge of the sever-
al branches of learning. But no one, in the
circle he knew, boasted the same irre-
sistible interest and attractions in his eyes
as the beautiful, the graceful, and the gen-
tle souled, intelligent Margaret.

Was it possible, then, that, by any dark
conspiracy of the fates, it had become the
bounden duty of Maurice Dunn to unite
the fair hand of the being he most adored
on earth to another; to pronounce the
nuptial benediction upon her as a bride,
and to consign all his cherished love to un-
availing bitterness and tears? From the
rude, unvarnished account of our ancient
chronicler, so dreadful a sacrifice appear-
ed about to be made; and in that moment,
and under those evil auspices, which leave
not a moral possibility of escape.

Finding this melancholy wedding was to
take place next day and that the church
lay in our route, we agreed, before retir-
ing to rest, to accompany our worthy host
to witness the ceremony.

The next morning found us on our way
to the Church of L—, some two
long miles, as we were assured, by our
conductor, but which turned out, accord-
ing to our more southern calculation, to
be, at least four. Upon our arrival, we
found that the bridal procession was al-

ready there, and had passed into the in-
terior of the holy edifice.

We took our station as near as the
throne permitted us to the altar. The
minister already stood before it; the bride
and bridegroom at a little distance; and
we could easily distinguish their counte-
nances, and observed all that passed. The
rest of the party comprised Lord L—'s
friends, the bride's, and those of the young
minister; among the last of whom was
seen his venerable father, whose eye fre-
quently turned with an expression of pride
and pleasure upon his son. That son, in-
deed, seemed one to deserve the admi-
ration with which he was so generally re-
garded—his noble figure, handsome fea-
tures, and dignified air and deportment
contrasted strongly with the mean and
insignificant appearance, spite of his
gilded trappings, that marked the bride-
groom. But what most rivetted my atten-
tion, was the singularly resolute and con-
centrated expression in the features of the
minister, as if they had been well school-
ed to some desperate task. Firm in spi-
rit, and calm in mood, he looked like one
whose thoughts were above, or absent
from, all considerations of the scene by
which he was surrounded; as if the world,
—its weal or woe, with all its vicissitudes,
marriages and deaths, were alike indiffer-
ent events to him. Yet a close observer
might detect traces of something forced
and strange, that excited a painful sensa-
tion in the beholder, and seemed to beto-
ken little of a peaceful mind. And now
my fancy began to fill up the rude and sim-
ple sketch of him, drawn by our aged
guide; after what I had heard, there was a
meaning in all I saw. Sadder gleams
of thought seemed to 'come and go, like
shadows' flitting across his brain, and
darkening on his features, even against
his resolute will. An unearthly paleness
sat upon his brow, strongly contrasted
with the glow which flushed his cheek.
There was a slight convulsive motion of
the eyebrows and the edge of the lips, which
neither the bent brow, nor the fixed expres-
sion of the mouth, could quite repress.
The same nervous affection, I was near
enough to observe, was in his hands;—
they trembled, though his general demean-
our was firm and collected. What most
struck me, were a restlessness and eager-
ness of purpose, mixed with a feeling of in-
tense pain, which were plainly reflected in
the face of our honest guide, and present-
ed a perfect picture of rustic perturbation,
curiosity, and awe.

I now also observed his father's eye
more than once directed towards Maurice
Dunn with an uneasy look, as if for the
first time he had detected something that
gave him pain. He then looked towards
the bride and bridegroom with the same
uneasy glance, as if to enquire the mean-
ing of what he saw. Other eyes, too,
were directed towards the minister; but
he seemed too deeply absorbed in his own
thoughts to heed what was passing around
him. If his eye met another's, it was with
fixed coldness and almost haughtiness of
air. Yet that pride appeared forced, as if
there were something he wished to con-
ceal from the scorn or pity of the world—
To me, the expression of his face, though
composed, was one of suffering, deep-seated
and intense;—so well subdued, as
scarcely to be detected without previous
knowledge of the cause. It might be the
effect of mere physical pain or sickness—
not of the heart; and there seemed too
much pride in his stern eye to betray his
existence, were it there. Altogether his
bearing was decidedly not that of a holy
minister prepared to pronounce a nuptial
blessing upon the happy, the beautiful and
young; for what had that expression of
pride and reckless indifference to do with
an occasion like this? On the contrary,
he seemed to glory in despising all these hu-
man sympathies and attachments which he
was there called upon to hallow and unite.

As thus stern he stood and looked, how
fared it with that lovely and gentle bride,
who had come to claim his nuptial benedi-
ction upon herself and her ill-assorted lord?
Had she indeed selected such a
lover in some hour of wounded pride or
scorn, when her heart had been crushed
or wrung with anguish? or was the mar-
riage yet more fearfully her evil lot? Was
it with such a being she had wandered dur-
ing the summer seasons of her love, amid
the forest bowers, and heaths, and hills
of her native spot? Was it with him
she had visited the sorrowing and the
sick, and gladdened the hearts of the or-
phan and the widow and made the homes
and hearts of the poor and comfortless
sing for joy? Ah, no! he was not her
companion—it was with Maurice Dunn,
that minister of wretchedness who was a-
bout to wed her to another, that she had
talked in sweet communion of spirit, dur-
ing those sacred and too well remem-
bered walks.—But they were driven to fulfil
their evil destiny: there was no retreat,
—no escape for Maurice Dunn. He had
avowed it, and to redeem his pledge he
now stood a sacrifice at the altar of his
God. He knew his love was hopeless,
and she, too, knew it; yet, had he spoken
the word, she would have flown with him
even to the uttermost ends of the earth.
Alas! this one hope she had garnered up
in her heart as a last resource; but he
had urged it not; and she there stood be-
fore him,—all her woman's pride and des-
peration, added to the tortures of her love,
summoned to bear her through the dread-
ed task. A strange unnatural lustre
shone in her eye; it could be seen through
the folds of her veil; and one instinctively
turned away from it with something of the
same wild perturbed feeling,—a feel-
ing that seemed to spread its contagious
sympathy to all around. Her face was
exquisitely beautiful, but almost as white
as the dress she wore; and she looked
most lovely, in spite of the deep-seated

sadness it betrayed. Her figure was
strikingly graceful; her head was slight-
ly drooping, but there was an air of dig-
nity in her whole deportment, as if emu-
lating that of him who stood before her in
the fixed and concentrated passion of his
doom.

It appeared to me as if there prevailed
through the whole party a certain con-
sciousness of something wrong—of some
struggle or impending evil to be encoun-
tered; but this I attributed to mere fancy
until subsequently it was remarked to have
been felt by others as well as by myself.

While engaged in reading the marriage
service, which he pronounced in a bold
clear tone, the young minister had his eyes
somewhat sternly fixed on the two beings
whom he addressed; his calm brow, his
lofty figure, and deep-toned voice giving
double solemnity to his words. At length
he took the bride's hand, as if to place it
in that of her intended lord; and it was
then for the first time, that one thrill of
feeling seemed to shake his whole frame.
He almost started back, as if he had trod-
den on a serpent: for he had felt that
hand more deathly cold and trembling than
his own. Each seemed to recognize the
death damp touch, and, shuddering to
shrink from it. To me it was evident that
she sought to release her hand at the mo-
ment when it was placed in that of the
bridegroom; but the minister, recovering
himself almost instantaneously, hurried
over the remaining service, and still more
rapidly uttered the nuptial blessing.

The fatal words were pronounced; and,
as he closed the book, he raised his eyes
to the bride's face as if to take one fare-
well look. Their eyes met: she felt and
returned that look; but with a wild ex-
pression of woman's agony and reproach,
which years have not since obliterated
from my memory, nor from that, I think,
of any one who witnessed it. It would
appear as if till then she had believed it
impossible, that he whom she loved would
meet her there to execute so fearful and
soul-rending a sentence on all her love.
It appeared to have chilled the very life-
blood in her veins; for, regardless of all
else around her, she stood rooted to the
spot; as if entranced in woe. She still
kept her eye fixed on the minister, who
had shrunk in apparent terror from that
one heart-rending look; but, as if in an-
swer to it, his own was now directed to-
wards his father, surrounded by his nu-
merous family. She understood him; it
was the sole reply he could give; and
stretching out her hand to him, she let
her head fall upon his breast, and wept.

Thus was divulged the precious secret
of their love; all that had before passed;
thus were revealed their cruel sufferings,
their vain prayers and tears, sternly en-
forced duty, and sad submission to their
fate. This painful scene was accompa-
nied by mingled murmurs and imprecations;
or by sobs and tears, from every
spectator; but a more trying crisis was
at hand. With that one distracted look,
and the tears of her he had just wedded
to another wet upon his bosom, were
crowded the sufferings of the young mar-
tyr to duty and to love. After fixing his
eye upon his father, and supporting the
sorrowing bride for a moment in his arms,
he saw and felt no more. His heart was
broken; agony had burst its walls. The
blood rushed up in torrents through his
mouth and ears, and he fell dead at the
foot of the altar.

One piercing shriek was heard; it aro-
se above every other voice, as the
young distracted bride threw herself
in passionate agony on her lover's body;
and the house of God resounded only with
the grief. Long insensibility came mercif-
ully to her relief, and in that state the
unhappy lady was borne from the church,
her white bridal robes stained with the
blood of him to whom she would have been
happy to have been united even in death.

Nor was it very long before the prayer
which ever after rose to her lips was
granted to her sufferings.

Accompanied by my friend, I instantly
left the place, and, in the deep sequestered
solitudes of the woods and mountains,
we for a time sought to forget the painful
impression the event had produced.

It was about two years after our return,
that we requested one of our friends, then
on a visit near the village of L—, to in-
quire into the fate of the unhappy bride.
He visited the churchyard, and near the
humble stone that marked the grave of
Maurice Dunn, rose the family vault of
the Lords of L—. The last name that
had been there inscribed was that of Mar-
garet, Countess of L—, who died in the
21st year of her age. It was only the second
of her ill-starred marriage.—T. Roscoe.

LACONICS.—S. Idlers are generally con-
sidered inconstant. Is it from their being
accustomed to cut-lashes?

Red-haired men make the best troops,
for they always carry their five locks upon
their shoulders.

It is said that the older we grow, the
wiser we get; but is it not more natural
to suppose, that the greater a person's
ears, the more ass he?

No man should appear unhappy, on the
principle that no good right ever looks blue.
Marriage is designated the bride state;
and, indeed it puts a curb upon most per-
sons.

Schools for young persons are called
pre-parlory, because at them every
thing is learnt by rote.

A sword is one of the emblems of justice,
and it is but uniform that, with such a wea-
pon, we should meet in dress.

"THE EFFECT OF TIGHT LACING."—
The Acting Governor of Michigan has
been bound over to keep the peace, and
be of good behavior, until his appearance
at court, for cowardizing an editor!

A SMILE.—In speaking of the wonder-
ful natural resources of the State of Maine,
the Gardner Chronicle remarks; "We
have sulphuret of iron, or copperas rock,
sufficient to make copperas enough, when
added to our maple bark, to dye all crea-
tion as black as the dark ages of Egypt."

LIST OF LETTERS

Remains in the Post Office at Fredericton
this date, 10th June, 1832.

A
John Adamson, Thomas Alexander, Char-
lot Alcot, Wm. Argustus.

B
Timothy Bartlett, George Burt, Wm.
Brown, Henry Boon, Benjamin Beverage,
James Bradley, James Blair, James Bird,
Converse Brown, James Barlow, John Brennan,
Mr. C. Brown, James Bresland, John Banks,
George Brymer, Hannah Brooks, John Banks,
Mrs. Butler, Ann Burns, Patrick Barry, Chas.
Brown, James Birns, Samuel Blackburn, Eli-
jah Ballach, Elias Brown.

C
John Carter, 2. John Curry, James Carter,
George Carter, Andrew Campbell, Edward
Clark, Chas. Cornillon, James Cowperthrite,
Edmund Cliff, Richd. Clark, John Crab, Der-
by Clark, Mr. Clapman, Danl. Coughlan, 2.
Mary H. Close, James Cox 3, Michael Col-
field.

D
Rose Dougherty, Mary Doyle, John Dow,
4. George Doherty, Germent Danielle, Capt.
Donald, Margaret Duffie, Michl. Duouvan,
George Davis.

E
Robt. Elliot.

F
Patk. Flanagan, Michl. Foiley, Dr. Ferguson

G
Thos. Griffin, Wm. Gibson, Thomas Gal-
lager, Mrs. Gray, Danl. Gilin, Mary Graham,
Jonathan Green, Maxwell Green, Thomas
Gibbert.

H
Jonathan Harding, Lawrence Hughes,
Margt. Hart, Isaac Hubbard, Wm. Humph-
rys, Mrs. Mary Heneey, James Hameson,
Miss Margt. Hill, James Hanson, James Ho-
cock, Wm. Hazen, Chas. Hughes 2, Wm.
Hamilton, Wm. Hammond.

J
Thos. M. Jordan, Stephen Jennings, Mr.
Johnston, Edm. Johnson, 2. Thos. Jones,
Henry Jenkins, David Johnston 2.

K
Thos. Kane, James Keohoe, 2. Wm. Kirk,
Patk. Keney Saml. M. Keny.

L
Patk. Laferty, David Lawson, Andw. Lovey,
Wm. Lecky, Richd. Lisle, Edmund Lipe,
Nathan Lawrence, James Lee, John Longstaff,
Charles Lewis, Saml. Lovely, Philip Lent,
Margaret Lindsey.

M
John McGarrigal, John McNabb, Hugh Mc-
Master, James Montgomery, Saml. McGen-
gal, Capt. Morison, John Manier, Jeremiah
Moore, Mrs. Mary Murphy, Lavina Mack,
Wm. Melville, Alex. McGlacen, Jane Mc-
Graw, Bernard McDermitt, Wm. Michael,
Wm. Mulhiron, Gann McBerry, Danl. Mc-
Kinley, Robt. McLaughlan, Patk. McLaugh-
lan, James McLaughlan, Patk. McGudey,
John McClintock, Wm. McAdam, Robt.
Michael, Thos. Moses, Margaret McGee, Sime-
on McLaughlan, John McLaughlan, Saml.
McKenty, James Moore, Catherine McCall,
Charles McLaughlan, John McCall, Jas.
Marsh.

N
John O'Nell.

O
Ophaleet Olmsted.

P
Wm. Patterson, Mary Pennington, Law-
rence Parkin, Wm. Peters, Henry Pamel,
Thomas Phillips.

R
Patrick Rodger, Robt. Rodgers, James W.
Ramsey, Francis Rice.

S
Jos. Sayers, Messrs. G. & E. Sayer, George
Simpson, Nicholas Seymour, Ann Spauld,
Rev. Wm. Somerville, Edw. Semour, Se-
mund Smith, Jerry Sullivan, Michael Sck,
Thos. A. Sancton, Ebenezer Smith, James
Shepherd, Thomas Surd, Miss E. F. Smith,
Wm. Simpson, James Stewart, Enckel Sted,
Andrew Smith, Wm. Silverster, John Sit-
man.

T
Wm. Thomson, Andrew Taylor, James
Taylor 2, James Tierney, Mr. E. Thomp-
son, G. Taylor, Solomon Teed, Mrs. Ther-
kins, Henry Tapley.

V
Mrs. Mary Vann.

W
Wm. West, Gilbert Woolaver, Wm. Wood,
Saml. Wilder, John Walsh, Wm. Walsh,
James Woodward, Wm. Walsh.

THE FRENCH GRAMMAR
JUST received and for sale by the Subscriber
1 D. 222 THE FRENCH GRAMMAR,
and 1-2 Dozen Fashionable Satires on
Kodoshakes visit from the Moon.
F. E. BECKWITH.

Fredericton, 16th April, 1832.
Who has still on hand one Pipe superior Made-
ria Wine and one Pouch Scotch Whiskey.

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 in-
sertion. Advertisements must be accom-
panied with Cash, and the Insertions will
be regulated according to the amount
received. Blankets, 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. Jeremiah Connell,
SHEFFIELD, { James Tilley, Esq. &
GAGTOWN, { Doctor Barker,
KINGSTON, { Mr. Wm. F. Bondell,
HAMPTON, { Mr. Asa Davidson, Jun.
SUSSEX VALE, { Mr. Samuel Hallett, Jr.,
J. C. Vail Esq.