

POETRY.

Selected.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

The world hath one sweet resting place,
Where mourners find repose;
And sorrow's children cease to weep,
Regardless of their woes;
Where never was an eye impaired
With one unbidden tear,
Or stain of grief, or tale of woe,
Assail'd the listless care.

And Monarchs quit their regal state
For its unbroken peace,
And Beauty's blooming daughters,
In its hallow'd garments dress;
And Saints in glorious hope repose,
Within its blameless shade,
And sinners cease from troubling,
Where they rest each weary head.

It bids all human sorrow cease,
And every storm be calm,
And heals up every bleeding heart,
With an unearthly balm;
And when each tender tie that bound
The soul to earth is riven,
It shines along life's wilderness,
The vestibule of heaven!

And silent is its solitude,
And voiceless are its bowers,
Where the express sheds its thickest gloom
Upon the sparkling flowers;
And there the voice of song thrills
Not through one responsive breast;
Like harp upon the willows,
They are silent and at rest.

And Time's vast family most dwell
Within that lone retreat,
And every beating pulse will there
Its genial warmth forget;
Whence the last sparks shall fade away,
Like sun-beams from the wave;
For this dwelling is,—The Sepulchre;
This resting place,—The Grave.

THE PROGRESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

I Dream'd I saw a little rosy Child,
With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing;
Now stopping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.

'Twas changed;—one summer's day I stepp'd
aside,
To let him pass; his face had Manhood's
seeming;
And that fond eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden, whom he called his 'bride.'

Once more;—'twas evening, and the cheerful
fire
Saw a group of youthful forms surrounding;
The room with harmless pleasure resounding;
And in the midst I mark'd the smiling Sir.

The heavens were clouded,—and I heard the
tone
Of a slow moving bell; the white-hair'd man
was gone!

VARIETIES.

THE PASSING CROWD.

"The Passing Crowd" is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than the passing crowd? Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be when we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration by nobility, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by these beings, whom, in passing, we regard not? Unvalued as they are, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation! Every one of these persons, in all probability, remains in his bosom the cherisher of recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which he never forget, though there be far, far, with friends and fellows gone, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervor of youth, sustained by the slightest thought of self, and the fine purifying and elevating influence of love above its ordinary standard. Beneath this gloss of the world—the cold, unfeeling, rational aspect, which all men must present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for a certain fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock-crystal, and ready on every proper occasion to well forth in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunter worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man from immediately by Himself. Religion, in an intense personal belief of a future life, and a desire to conform to the will of our own Father in Heaven, is the barrier of more earthly forms taken on in the way, and probable that we could interchange

sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interfere to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us, that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subject of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and uneducated can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so; he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

AN INDIAN PAGODA.—A description of a pagoda, or temple of the large class, may not be uninteresting. A high solid wall incloses a large area in the form of an oblong square; at one end is the gateway, above which is raised a large pyramidal tower; its breadth at the base and height proportioned to the magnitude of the pagoda. This tower is ascended by steps in the inside, and divided into stories; the central spaces on each are open, and smaller as the tower rises. The light is seen directly through them, producing at times a very beautiful effect, as when a fine sky or trees form the background. The front, sides, and top of this gateway and tower, are crowded with sculpture; elaborate, but tasteless. A few yards from the gate, on the outside, you often see a lofty octagonal stone pillar, or a square open building, supported by tall columns of stone, with the figure of a bull couchant, sculptured as large, or much larger than life, beneath it. Entering the gateway, you pass into a spacious paved court, in the centre of which stands the inner temple, raised about three feet from the ground, open, and supported by numerous stone pillars. An inclosed sanctuary at the far end of this central building contains the idol. Round the whole court runs a large deep verandah, also supported by columns of stone, the front rows of which are often shaped by the sculpture into various sacred animals rampant, rode by their respective deities. All the other parts of the pagoda, walls, basements, entablatures, are covered with imagery and ornament of all sizes, in alto or demirelievo. Here you may see faithfully represented in black granite all the incarnations of Vishnu the Preserver; here Siva the Destroyer, riding on his bull, with a snake twisted round his neck, and a crescent on his head; Krishna, their Apollo, with his flute; Kama, their Cupid, riding on a parrot, with his bow or sugar-cane string with flowers, or bees; Ganesa, the god of prudence, with his elephant head; Surya, the sun, drawn in his chariot by a seven-headed horse; Chandra, the moon, in a char drawn by Antelopes; Agnee, the god of fire, riding on a ram; Varuna, the god of the seas, on a crocodile; many female deities and inferior nymphs presiding over seasons, instruments of music, &c., or crowds of warriors on horseback, and the fabulous actions of their superior gods portrayed in groups and pictures of almost every where. Generally in front of the idol, and in other parts of the temple, you see lingas in the shape of a huge wooden car, or rather temple, on wheels. This, also, is curiously carved; but the scenes and figures represented are usually so indecent and unnatural as not to admit of description. At certain seasons, an idol, painted and adorned, is placed on it, and dragged by the united strengths of hundreds in procession. Such, though but roughly, and I fear, not very intelligently sketched, is a pagoda. Here the worshippers daily resort, with their humble offerings of rice and plantains; and, either, on high festivals, they crowd with flowers, fruit, incense, and money, to gaze on groups of dancing girls—beautiful in form, gaudy in attire, and voluptuous in every look and motion; or listen to the wild—obscene—songs, sung by religious mendicants to the sound of strange and discordant music; or gather round self-torturing devotees, who frantic shouts of approbation—Sketches of India.

THE WOODPECKER.—You would not be long in the forests of Demerara without noticing the woodpeckers. You may meet with them feeding at all hours of the day. Well may they do so. Were they to follow the example of most of the other birds, and only feed in the morning and evening, they would be often on short allowance, for they sometimes have to labour three or four hours at the tree before they get at the food. The sound which the largest kind makes in hammering against the bark of the tree, is so loud, that you would never suppose it to pro-

ceed from the efforts of a bird. You would take it to be the woodman, with his axe, trying, by a sturdy blow often repeated, whether the tree was sound or not. There are fourteen species here; the largest the size of a magpie, the smallest not bigger than the wren. They are all beautiful, and the greater part of them have their heads ornamented with a fine crest, moveable at pleasure. It is said if you once give a dog a bad name, whether innocent or guilty, he never loses it. It sticks close to him wherever he goes. He has many a kick and many a blow to bear on account of it; and there is nobody to stand up for him. The woodpecker is little better off. The proprietors of woods in Europe have long accused him of injuring their timber, by boring holes in it, and letting in the water, which soon rots it. The colonists in America have the same complaints against him. Had he the power of speech, he could soon make a defence. "Mighty lords of the woods," he would say to man, "why do you wrongfully accuse me? Why do you hunt me up and down to death for an imaginary offence? I have never spoiled a leaf of your property, much less your wood. Your merciless shot strikes me at the very time I am doing you a service. But your shortsightedness will not let you see it, or your pride is above examining closely the actions of so insignificant a little bird as I am. If there be that spark of feeling in your breast, which they say man possesses, or ought to possess, above all other animals, do a poor injured creature a little kindness, and watch me in your woods only for one day. I never worried your healthy trees. I should perish for want in the attempt. The sound bark would easily resist the force of my bill! and were I even to pierce through it, there would be nothing inside that I could fancy, or my stomach digest. I often visit them, it is true, but a knock or two convince me that I must go elsewhere for support; and were you to listen attentively to the sound which my bill causes, you would know whether I am upon a healthy or an unhealthy tree. Wood and bark are not my food. I fly entirely upon the insects which have already formed a lodgement in the disordered tree. When the sound informs me that my prey is there, I labour for hours together till I get at it; and by consuming it, for my own support, I prevent its further depredations in that part. Thus I discover for you your hidden and unsuspected foe, which has been devouring your wood in such secrecy, that you had not the least suspicion it was there. The hole which I make, in order to get at the pernicious vermin, will be seen by you as you pass under the tree. I leave it as a signal to tell you, that your tree has already stood too long. It is past its prime. Millions of insects, engendered, by disease, are preying upon its vitals; ere long it will fall a log in useless ruins. Warned by this loss, cut down the rest in time, and spare, O spare, the unoffending woodpecker!"—Wanderings of Charles Waterton in South America.

NEW SERIES OF THE ALBION.
THE ALBION Newspaper has nearly attained its eleventh year of existence, under a fostering patronage which has increased with its years, and enabled it to assume a character and a position almost unequalled in the history of periodicals. A journal established in a foreign country has necessarily many serious difficulties to contend with, many prejudices to overcome, and many conflicting opinions to reconcile, before such a degree of confidence could be inspired in it, as to dismiss all apprehensions for final success—more especially when the attempt was made in a situation where such circumstances were remarkably called forth in consequence of former events. This journal was, however, established, and with the design that has been frequently expressed, of conveying to the English resident on this continent a clear insight into the politics and literature of his country, of offering to the native citizen a condensed and digested view of what was passing beyond his shores, and also of cementing the ties that should exist between both, by making them better acquainted with each other. Our numerous readers cannot fail to have remarked, with how much care we have avoided every subject that could occasion a collision of opinion, with how much delicacy we have refrained from replying to accusations, unless to correct manifest error, and how intent we have been to preserve the character of this paper from committing, in addition to the immense variety of topics, that have pressed upon our attention. An unflinching political course with respect to England has been pursued from the moment we started on our editorial voyage, and the epigrams displayed to the world under which our bark should sail, have never been lowered or tarnished. Zealous advocates of the British constitution in its original purity, neither opposing timely or judicious alterations on the one hand nor applauding hasty or violent changes on the other, we have steered a middle course, and we trust, have the part of our hopes in securing the approbation and the confidence of the public.

As literary gleaners, we have sought the fairest fields of song and story; we have borrowed from the garner of poetry and prose whenever we could detect their existence, and in the desire of culing from every source at our command, not only the matter of amusement, but the subject of instruction. We have ransacked the pages of love and the riches of modern literature, until our purpose was fairly accomplished in the perfection of our weekly offering. We may, and totally apart from a spirit of ostentation, assert, that the Albion, in a great degree, contributed to impart that taste for the light and elegant literature of England now so prevalent, and the most unremitting assiduity has been displayed in supplying the demand that we were among the first to encourage. Our example in this respect has been followed in numerous instances, until a general appetite has been excited, for the Editorial talent and industry to gratify.

From the commencement of the Albion several improvements have been effected, in enlarging its size, and rendering its contents more valuable to all classes of its readers; our march has ever been forward, and our exertion constant to render this journal still more worthy of an increasing patronage.

We have been repeatedly requested to commence a new series, on account of the great difficulty of completing the sets of past volumes; and we are at last induced to acquiesce with this desire, as well on this account as to give our future patrons an opportunity of preserving a perfect file of the periodical honoured by their support. We have accordingly determined to close the present volume with the last issue of the year, and to commence a new series upon an enlarged sheet, and with new type, in the first week of 1832. The character of the Albion, both in external appearance and in its original and selected contents, will remain unaltered; and the same assiduity to promote and perpetuate a good understanding between the United States and Great Britain—an object so desirable between two nations, springing from the same common stock, speaking the same language, drinking at the same fountain of knowledge, and inculcating the same enlightened principles of liberty and of philanthropy, will be unceasingly followed.

Those intending to subscribe for the new series are earnestly requested to send forward their names either to the office in New York, or to either of the agents as early as possible, in order that the requisite number may be printed. All subscribers whose names are so forwarded will be supplied with the Albion from the present moment to the end of the volume in December without charge. The Proprietor volunteers this small sacrifice in order to avoid confusion at the commencement of the new series, and to insure regularity to those new subscribers who may favour him with their names.

Thus much, as respects the Albion, and the Proprietor will now proceed to explain another plan he has in view. He has often been urged to publish a paper, divested of the literary and scientific matter which distinguishes the Albion, but which should give the domestic and local news from the old country, and which should be more especially designed for the great bulk of Emigrants which almost daily flock to these happy shores. He will, therefore, early in January, publish a paper of this kind, on an imperial sheet, which will be called THE EMIGRANT.

It will contain all matters of local and domestic interest from the agricultural and manufacturing districts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as well as the general news of the country. The politics of this paper will be liberal, without leaning or bias to any party whatever. It will be a concise and comprehensive compendium of the home news, untainted by any party or rancorous feeling. Its aim will be to sow the seeds of peace, not those of discord—to unite, not divide—and to promote friendship and cordiality among all classes of the British people who seek this as their adopted country, whether they come from the smiling shores of merry England, the gay and generous land of St. Patrick, the discreet and buxant country of Scotland, or the romantic mountains of Wales.

The management of the new paper will be confided to a gentleman recently arrived from England, who will give his best exertions to the success of the undertaking.

The terms of this paper will be fixed at the low price of Two Dollars per Annum, and to those who take the Albion, at one dollar per annum—a sum sufficient to show that utility, and not gain, is the object of the publisher. In all cases, however, the nett sum must be remitted free from postage, or any other charge, of whatever description.

A portion of the paper will be set apart for such advertisements as are applicable to its readers—as sales of public and private lands in the Colonies, as well as in the United States—the arrival and sailing of vessels to and from Great Britain—enquiries for situations and employment—notice to absent friends and relations—sporting intelligence, &c. &c. For further particulars will be made known in a general prospectus.

Orders may be addressed to this office, or to either of the following Agents.

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CORRESPONDENTS.—Price of the Albion, Six Dollars per annum payable in advance. All persons becoming subscribers, will be expected to continue their subscriptions until a regular notification of relinquishment is sent to the Office, or to either of the agents. Any person entering into a new term of subscription, and afterwards wishing to resign, will be expected to continue through the last year to entered upon. All communications to the Editor, or his agents must be post paid.—Published by John S. Bartlett, N. B., Proprietor, every Saturday, at the Office of the Albion, corner of Cedar-street and Broadway, New-York, and forwarded by the Eastern Mail, on the same day.

THE subscriber, in addition to his former list, has now received a supply of articles in his line of business including Pickles, Sauces, &c. which he begs may be found worthy of the attention of the Public.

JAMES F. GALE,
Chymist & Druggist.
Queen St. August 28, 1832.

BLACKING.

THOMAS SIME has commenced Manufacturing, and offers for Sale, a superior quality of

LIQUID BLACKING,

which upon trial, will be found equal to any imported from the Mother Country. From the nature of the ingredients of which it is composed, it possesses an inherent quality of PRESERVING and SOFTENING the LEATHER, and from the fine SHINING LUSTRE it will produce, must be considered as a great desideratum to all who admire a highly POLISHED BOOT or SHOE.

As this article is one of Domestic Manufacture, and will be sold at a reduced price to that imported, although of equal quality, as certificates in his possession will satisfactorily prove. T. S. flatters himself that he will receive a liberal share of public support. The Blacking is contained in stone jars, similar to that of "Day & Martin," with printed Labels, and will be sold at 1s. 3d., 10d., & 6d., with a liberal reduction to Retailers.

Made and Sold, Wholesale and Retail by Thomas Simes, Water-street, south side of the Market Wharf, Saint Andrews, N. B. and of Mr. William Simpson, Agent, Fredericton.

THOMAS SIME.
St Andrews, 30th January, 1832.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Fredericton this date, December 6, 1832.

- A
Mrs. Elizabeth Ansly, Saml. Argon, M. Ayard, Madam Felix Adam, Wm. Aull, M. Anderson, Thos. Allen, John Adam.
- B
Alexr. Bryant, John Balloch, 2, Antoine Desfleur, James Brewer, John Boyle, John Black, 2, Justice Bunnell, David Barr, Wm. Brown, James Bradley, Stephen Brittain, Wm. Bots-trage, Francis Beck, Mathew Boyle, Jos. Baily, John Baker, 2, Anthony Baker, Thos. Brombers, Jos. Ben, David Burpy, Robert Brown, Nichl. Boyce, Pat. Burnay, 2.
- C
Leonard Combs, Mr. Caughy, Saml. Camp, 2, James Cat, 1, Cier Cure, Madawaska, Geo. Clements, L. Clayton, John Corser, Geo. Corbett, Henry Caldwell, Neal Cull, James Chambers, David Coulter, Anthony Croce, Ralph Christopher, Jos. Culbertson, Wm. Crawford, Godfrey Cogle, Mrs. Hannah Carvel, Thos. Cunningham, Wm. Carter, Isabella Clements, James Chambers, Wm. Clarke, John Crompter, J. B. Chomard, Israel Collins, H. Connell.
- D
James Dolan, James Dawson, John Dough-ers, John Dougherty, 2, Mr. Donley, School-master, John Dumas, James Downs, John Douglas, Patrick Donnelly, Biddy Dougherty, Patrick Dudy, Timothy Doneghe.
- E
Charles Emary, James Edmonds, James Evans, Mr. Elliot, John Esty, Saml. Everett, Wm. Everett.
- F
Y. Fraser, Margt. Fitzmorris, James Fitzpatrick, Patrick Finnigan, Rfd. E. Foster, Peter Fokim, Mary Fullerton, Dr. Ferguson, John Farley, Rev. Lawrence Flannigan.
- G
Charles Gallagher, John Griffith, Miss Catherine Galt, Matthew Gallagher, James Glenn, David Grassman.
- H
Peter Hagerty, John Hand, S. M. Hamilton, Simonnet Hebert, Thos. Huet, Margaret Hill, John Huggard, John Hutchison, Michael Harrington, Francis Holland, Mrs. Homphrys, Mrs. Ann Hardker, Miss Rosy Hasam.
- I
Elizabeth Ingeley, James Jones, John Johnson, Hugh James, 2, Rev. Dr. James, Hugh Joy.
- K
James Killean, Pat. Kelley, Francis Kilburn, Miss F. Kilman, John Kendish, James Keenan, Miss Ann Kennedy, Anthony Keat, 2, Mr. Kelly, Thomas Kiggon, Andrew Kilpatrick.
- L
Thos. Lee, Esq., George Long, Asa Lander, Richard London, James Lary, Wm. Leonard, Isaac Lawrence, Biddy Leary, Edward Liss, Michael Layne, Wm. Love.
- M
Thomas McBride, Wm. Moore, Dennis McCarthy, Dan McKinlay, Jonathan Moore, John Moore 2, Mr. McKissick, Saml. Martin, John Mitchell, Anthony Manuel, Wm. McLaughan, Wm. McAtee, Thos. Madden, John McKenzie, Patrick McDougall, Mrs. Jusley, M. Macdonald, Daniel Morris, John MacIsaac, V. I. Mathews, Mrs. M. McDonald, Rev. David Mitchell, 2, Mrs. McGrath, Henry McGrath, James McGrath, Wm. B. Melvin, Isaac Morris, Sarah Morris, Prince McCarney, Robert McKee, Hugh Morris, son, Bernard McAfee, Alexander McDonald, Margaret McNeil, Bernard McWilliams, Robert Moody, John McTavish, Charles Magee, Mr. McKesack, James McCann, John McCann, Wm. McGrath, William Moore, Patrick McGuire, Robert McKenzie, John Mackay.
- N
Wm. Nevill, John Nixon, John Nevill.
- O
John Oliver, Patrick O'Brien, John Oshurn, Jeremiah O'Neil.
- P
James Peters, Wm. Picheu, George Pevis, Walter Poyan, T. H. Pete 2, John Penny, James O. Phlips, Benjamin Pevy, Thomas Power, Mary Jane Phlips, Thomas Power.
- R
Madam Thomas Redy, Robert Robison, Michael Reese, John Rose, A. Ritchie, Sarah Robinson, Samuel Rody, Daniel Robut, David Ranson, Daniel Rase.
- S
James Squires, Daniel Savage, Aaron Scott, Charles Stewart, Julie Savasseur, Samuel Smyth, John Savage, Henry Smith, John Scott, Thomas Shey, Andy Scott, Thomas Scott, Reuben Smith, Samuel Sewell, Wm. Simpson, Andrew Stephenson, James Smyth, 2, James Spence, George Samson, 2, Samuel Smith, Michael Sheehy, Abraham Shout, Chapman Smith, Edward Seymore.
- T
Mrs. Ann Talenty, Miss Margaret Thompson, 2, Benjamin Tibbitts, Robert B. Taylor, 4, William Table, Mrs. Ann Thompson, Henry Tappay, David Tappay, Wm. Thompson, Thomas Turner, 2, Philip Teit, James Tomlinson, John Treynor, Wm. Thompson.
- U
Asa Upton, Wm. Underwood.
- V
Thomas Williams, James White, Mrs. John Webster, Samuel Walton, Lyman Whitehead.
- Z
Lord George Zephyr.
W. B. PHAIR, Post Master.

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