

POETRY.

Selected.

OVER THE WAY.

(From Hood's Comic Annual of 1884.)

"I sat over against a window where there stood a pot with very pretty flowers; and I had my eyes fixed on it, when on a sudden the window opened, and a young lady appeared whose beauty struck me."—*Arabian Nights*.

Alas! the flames of an unhappy lover About my heart and on my vials grey; I've caught a fever that I can't get over, Over the way!

Oh! why are eyes of hazel? noses Gretian? I've lost my rest by night, my peace by day, For want of some brown Holland or Venetian, Over the way!

I've gazed too often, till my heart's as lost As any needle in a stack of hay; Crosses belong to love, and mine is crossed Over the way!

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax— Of what avail Lord Althorp, or Earl Grey? They cannot ease me of my window-tax Over the way!

Even on Sunday my devotions vary, And from St. Bennet Fink they go astray And from St. Mary Overy—the Mary Over the way!

Oh, if my grandmother were but a fairy, With magic wand, how would I beg and pray That she would change me into that canary Over the way!

I envy every thing that's near Miss Lindo, A pug, a poll, a squirrel, or a jay— Bleat bluebottles! that buzz about the window Over the way!

Even at even, for there be no shutters, I see her reading on, from grave to gay, Some tale or poem, till the candle gutters Over the way!

And then—oh! then—while the clear waxen taper Emits, two stories high, a starlike ray, I see twelve auburn curls put into paper Over the way!

But how breathe unto her my deep regards, Or ask her for a whispered eye or nay— Or offer her my hand some thirty yards Over the way!

Cold as the pole she is to my adoring;— Like Captain Lyon at Repulse's Bay, I meet an icy end to my exploring Over the way!

Each dirty little Savoyard that dances She looks on—Punch—or chimney sweeps in May, Zounds! wherefore cannot I attract her glances Over the way!

Halt out she leans to watch a tumbling brat, Or yelping car, run over by a dray; But 'm in love, she never pities that Over the way!

I go to the same church—a love-lost labour, Hunt all her walks, and dodge her at the play, She does not seem to know she has a neighbour Over the way!

At private theatres she never acts; No Crown and Anchor balls her fancy sway! She never visits gentlemen with tracts Over the way!

To billets-doux by post she shows no favour— In short there is no plot that I can lay To break my window-pains to my enslaver Over the way!

I play the flute—she heeds not my chromatics— No friend an introduction can purvey; I wish a fire would break out in the attic Over the way!

My wasted form ought of itself to touch her; My baker feels my appetite's decay; And as for butcher's meat—Oh! she's my butcher Over the way!

At beef I turn; at lamb or veal I pout; I never ring now to bring up the tray; My stomach grumbles at my dining out Over the way!

I'm weary of my life without regret; I could resign this miserable clay To lie within that box of mignonette Over the way!

I've fitted bullets to my pistol bore; I've vowed at times to rush where trumpets bray, Quite sick of number one and number four Over the way!

Sometimes my fancy builds up castles airy, Sometimes it only paints a ferme orne, A horse—a cow—six fowls—a pig—and Mary Over the way!

Sometimes I dream of her in bridal white, Standing before the altar, like a fay; Sometimes of balls, and neighbourly invite Over the way!

I've coo'd with her in dreams, like any turtle, I've snatched her from the Clyde, the Tweed and Tay; Thrice I have made a grove of that one myrtle Over the way!

Thrice I rowed her in a fairy shallop, Thrice raced in a Greta in a neat "posh," And shower'd crowns to make the horses gallop Over the way!

And thrice I've started up from dreams appalling Of killing rivals in a bloody fray— There is a young man very fond of calling Over the way!

Oh! happy man—above all Kings in Glory, Whoever in her ear may say his say, And add a tale of love to that one story Over the way!

Nabob of Arcot—Despot of Japan— Sultan of Persia—Emperor of Cathay— Much rather would I be the happy man Over the way!

With such a lot my heart would be in clover— But what—O horror!—what do I survey? Postillions and white favours—all is over Over the way!

The following manifold twistification, which a correspondent furnishes, must convince every sceptic that Sam Patch was right, when he said, "some things can be done as well as o-

thera."—*N. York Paper*.

Write, we know is written right, When we see it written right, But when we see it written right, We know 'tis not then written right; For write, to have it written right, Must not be written right or wright, Nor yet should it be written rite, But write, for so 'tis written right.

PETITION OF THE LETTER "H" TO ITS ENEMIES. Whereas by you I have been driven From house, from home, from hope, and Heaven,

And placed by your most learned Society In evil, anguish, and anxiety, And used, without one just pretence, With arrogance and insolence, I hereby ask full restitution, And beg you'll change your elocution.

ANSWER. Whereas we've rescued you, ingrate! From Hell, from horror, and from hate, From horse-pond, hedge-bill and from hal-ter,

And consecrated you in altar; We think you need no restitution, And shall not change our elocution.

VARIETIES.

PETER JONES'S OPINION OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

The following extracts, from a letter by Peter Jones, whose original name was Kakhewquonaby, a chief of the Chippeway Indians in British America, to the editor of the Christian Guardian newspaper, published in Canada, will be perused with interest and amusement by many of our readers. They will perceive from this reverberating echo of his sentiments, the estimation in which we are held by this unsophisticated observer of English manners and modes of life:—

"LONDON, England, Dec. 30th, 1831. "MY DEAR BROTHER.—I take up my pen for the purpose of sending you a little paper talk, that you may know how I am, and what I have seen in this land of light.

I am happy to inform you that my health is much improved since I wrote to you last, for which I desire to thank our Heavenly Father, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. I rejoice also to state, that my soul is still after the Good Spirit, in whose service I find much joy and comfort in my heart, while wandering in a foreign land, and in the midst of strangers—strangers they are in one sense, but brothers and sisters in Christ, for such they have been to me ever since I landed upon their shores.

"I have visited many cities and towns in this country, for the purpose of attending missionary meetings; and I am happy to say, that all who love the Lord Jesus Christ have received me and my talk with open arms, and their hearts have been made very glad when they heard of the conversion of my poor perishing countrymen in the woods of Canada.

"The British and Foreign Bible Society have printed a thousand copies of the translation of the Gospel of St. John into the Chippeway language; which will be forwarded to Canada early in the spring. I have made arrangement with this Society to proceed on in translating the Gospel of St. Luke, the Acts, and some of the Epistles, into the Chippeway.

"I have thought you would be glad to hear my remarks, as an Indian traveller, on the customs and manners of the English people, and therefore send you the following brief remarks made from actual observation:—The English in general are a noble, generous minded people—free to act, and free to think—they pride themselves very much in their civil and religious privileges, in their learning, generosity, manufactures, and commerce, and they think that no other nation is equal to them—in respect to these things. I have found them very open and friendly, always ready to relieve the wants of the poor and needy when properly brought before them.

No nation, I think, can be more fond of novelties or new things than the English are; they will gaze and look upon a foreigner as if he had just dropped down from the moon; and I have often been amused in seeing what a large number of people, a monkey riding upon a dog will collect in the streets of London, where such things may be seen almost every day.

When my Indian name, (Kakhewquonaby) is announced to attend to any public meeting, so great is their curiosity, that the place is always sure to be filled; and it would be the same if notice was given that a man with his toes in his mouth, would address a congregation in such a place and on such a day; the place without fail would be filled with English hearers. They are truly industrious, and in general very honest and upright in their dealings. Their close attention to business, I think, rather carries them too much to a worldly-mindedness, and hence many forget to think about their souls and their God, and are entirely swallowed up in the cares of the world; their motto seems to be, "Money, money, get money—get rich and be a gentleman." With this sentiment they all fly about in every direction like a swarm of bees in search of that treasure which lies so near their hearts.

This remark refers more particularly to the men of the world, and of such there are not a few. The English are very fond of good living, and many who live on roasted beef, plum-pudding, and turtle-soup, get very fat and round as a toad. Roasted beef to an Englishman is as sweet as bears meat to an old Indian hunter, and plum-pudding as a beaver's tail.

They eat four times a day; breakfast at eight or nine in the morning, which consist of coffee or tea, with bread and butter, and sometimes a little fried bacon, fish or eggs; dinner at about two p. m. when every thing that is good and strong

is spread before the eater and winds up with fruit, nuts, and a few glasses of wine; tea at six in the evening, with bread and butter, and sometimes a little sweet cakes. Supper at about nine or ten, when the leavings of the dinner again make their appearance, and upon which John Bull makes a sound, hearty meal to go to bed upon at midnight. The fashion in dress varies and changes so often that I am unable to describe it—I will only say, that the ladies of fashion wear very curious bonnets, which look something like a farmer's scoop shovel; and when they walk in the tiptoe style, they put me in mind of the little snipes that run along the shores of the lakes and rivers in Canada. They also wear sleeves as big as bushel bags, which makes them appear as if they had three bodies with one head. Yet with all their big bonnets and sleeves, the English ladies, I think, are the best of women.

"If you should see any of my Indian brethren, I would thank you to tell them that I pray for them every day, that the Great Spirit through Christ may keep them in the good way. I often have longing desires to be in the midst of my friends and brethren in Upper Canada. We expect to leave England for America about the month of May next."

When the above letter was written, it is scarcely probable that Mr. Jones had any idea of its ever being returned to England in print, before he bade adieu to this Country. It is therefore just to infer, that in this epistle his real and unvarnished sentiments are fairly expressed. At many public meetings, the editor has heard him with much pleasure; and perhaps few speakers ever excited, in a listening audience, a more intense or lively interest. The time of his departure, we apprehend, is now nearly at hand; but we feel assured, that when the intervention of the Atlantic shall separate him from our view, he will be remembered with the utmost respect by the multitudes whom he delighted with his talk.—*Imperial Magazine*.

THE FIFTIETH HUSSARS.—A second arrest of Capt. Wathen, of this gallant regiment of cavalry, by order of Colonel Lord Brudenell, who commands it, recently after he was discharged from the first by an order from the Horse Guards, has caused much conversation in Cork, not merely amongst military men, but amongst civilians. It may be recollected that a court-martial was to be held in Cork on Captain Wathen, on charges of disobedience preferred against him by Lord Brudenell—it was not, however, that Lord Brudenell abandoned, or did not wish to press his charges to a hearing; but that a letter was received by him from the Horse Guards, which he was directed to read before the assembled officers of the Regiment, and in which it was stated that it did not appear to the Commander-in-Chief that there were sufficient grounds laid for subjecting Captain Wathen to a court-martial, and Lord Hill took that opportunity of expressing his regret that since Lord Brudenell had joined the regiment, his conduct had got into it, and his hope that harmony and good-feeling would be restored. Lord Brudenell, accordingly, assembled the officers and read the letter, signed by Fitzroy Somerset.

We have heard it said that this was not done in the most gracious manner. Shortly after being released from arrest, Capt. Wathen, it is stated, applied for leave of absence to Lord Brudenell. His Lordship is reported to have enquired of the Captain for what purpose, or on what pretence he sought for it; to which Captain Wathen replied he wanted to proceed to London with a view of advancing himself in his profession. The leave was refused.

Matters stood thus, when, in the course of last week, an inspection of the Regiment by Major General Sir Thomas Arbuthnot, commanding the district, took place, who was pleased to express himself in high terms of its appearance and discipline, and the General's approbation was ordered to be read by the several Captains to their troops in quarters. In a day or two after, Captain Wathen received a Message from Lord Brudenell to attend him in his room, whither, of course, in obedience to his Commanding Officer, he repaired. His Lordship asked him if he had read the General order to his troop? Captain Wathen replied that he had. Lord Brudenell asked if he had done so in quarters? The reply was in the affirmative. His Lordship next enquired if he had added any thing himself—in fact, he had not made a speech to them. Captain Wathen answered that he had addressed them. The Colonel said he was glad, Captain Wathen had admitted the fact, as if he had denied it, he, Lord Brudenell, was in a position to prove it. He then required to know what it was Captain Wathen had said when addressing the men, and Captain Wathen was stating his recollection of it, when Lord Brudenell, turning to the Adjutant, who was sitting at a table, asked him if he had taken down what Capt. Wathen had said? To which the Adjutant replied he had not, as Captain Wathen spoke so fast.

Lord Brudenell then required of Captain Wathen to detail what he had said; upon which the latter observed that as this was a novel proceeding, he would with his Lordship's leave, write down himself what his recollection was of what he had said to the men, and was in the act of doing so when the trumpet sounded for parade, upon which the Captain rose and said he would repair to his rooms after parade, and draw up a statement of his address to the men, which he would send to his Lordship. This, however, Lord Brudenell refused to acquiesce in, and insisted that Captain Wathen should do it on the instant. Capt.

Wathen pleaded his inability to do so at the moment with that particularity which he felt he should observe, without getting time to parse his memory.—The Colonel still insisted, and Captain Wathen respectfully declined—the result of which was, that Captain Wathen was again placed under arrest, and so continues.—[We copy the above from a Cork contemporary, but do not pledge ourselves for the accuracy of the details.]—*Ed.—Limerick Chronicle*.

It is rarely the lot of a military man, in these quiet times of peace, to be placed in a more agreeable position than on the Rock of Gibraltar. His duties in this splendid fortress partake more of the character of actual service, than of the usual monotonous routine of a mere garrison town. Few young officers, commencing their career, can view with feelings of deep excitement the scene of Elliot's heroic deeds: Even the ordinary relief of the guards is not without its interest. Five hundred men, loaded as if in the presence of an enemy, march off daily from the parade on the beautiful Alameda, and many of these to occupy posts situated at a height of more than 1400 feet above the level of the sea. Indeed, from the summit of the rock to its base, batteries in all directions meet the eye, on which cannon of every calibre are mounted, with the pyramidically piled shot, and furnaces for making them red hot, in readiness. Six hundred and twenty pieces of artillery are actually mounted, and in a state for immediate use. The facility too with which the officers, by the well judged indulgence of the Lieutenant Governor, are enabled to make frequent excursions into Spain, is no inconsiderable addition to the other enjoyments of the place.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

FACTS ON TEMPERANCE.—The friends of temperance are connected with a cause on which God has smiled. In 1826, the American Temperance Society was formed at Boston. Dr. Beecher's celebrated sermons on temperance were preached in that same year. At that time probably there were 400,000 drunkards in the United States; and between three and four millions of persons drinking ardent spirits and on the way to ruin. In 1824, the quantity of ardent spirits imported into the United States amounted to 5,285,000 gallons. In 1830, it was 1,195,000. In 1832, more than 1,500,000 people in the United States were abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, and from furnishing it for the use of others; there were formed more than four thousand temperance societies, embracing more than five hundred thousand members; more than 1,500 distilleries had been stopped; more than 4000, merchants had ceased to traffic in ardent spirits, more than 4,500 drunkards had ceased to use it. Probably more than 20,000 persons are now sober, who, had it not been for the temperance reformation, would have been sots; and 20,000 families are now in ease and comfort, with not a drunkard in them, or one who is becoming a drunkard, that would have otherwise have been in poverty, or cursed with a drunken inmate; and 50,000 children are saved from the dreadful influence of drunken parents; and two hundred thousand from the parental influence which tended to make them drunkards. These facts gathered from the late reports of the American Temperance Society, show that it has God's special blessing. It stands on a vantage ground it has never occupied before. Demonstrations of its utility have been so forced upon the public that men have ceased to ridicule it, even where they hate it. Its success is regarded as one of the wonders of the world. The path of its exertions has been followed by other nations. Testimonials in its favour have been poured from every quarter, at home, and abroad, from men of literature and science, from naval and military officers, ship masters, and agents of every description, from physicians and lawyers, from representatives, senators, and judges of the bench. A few years of labour on the part of this society have brought such conviction to the public mind; and now temperance societies are institutions which the public opinion demands.—*American Quarterly Observer*.

A MUSICAL NOTE.—My dearest Matilda.—Under present circumstances I hardly know how to address you; I intended to give you a long prelude, but consider that unnecessary between friends, so shall proceed at once to the subject. I therefore inform you that I have come to the finale of my solos, and have taken the first line in the duet of matrimony; for you must know that I stipulated before marriage to be the dominant of that delightful chord which ties so fond hearts together; it certainly is a chord that admits of violent harmonies, but a little resolution produces discord.

My present husband makes my seventh lover, and like the bullet in *Der Freischütz*, has hit the mark. I might have had a husband before, out of six former admirers; there was that tall stripling, my minor third, and the stout, dull, middle-aged gentleman, my "flat fifth," as I used to call them, both dying to have me; but our hearts never beat in unison, and they have glided away from my memory like a dream.

This true my husband reverses the proverb of the last not being the best, for I must owe his rather diminishing, and in every sense of the word my "diminished seventh." I could have wished to have waited for one more offer, to have stretched an octave, but I found I was "increasing in time" most terribly, (for if the truth must be spoken, I am verging on forty,) so to have refused him would have been a little flat on my part, which

you know is not at all natural in a woman of my years; but my dearest Matilda, I trust you will be piano about forte, for I am only too thirty.

We were a little annoyed the other day, and merely mention it to put you on your guard in wording advertisements—we placed in our window, "Flute and Piano forte, taught,"—and a wag left his flute with a note "requesting it might be taught twelve of the most popular airs, and he would call and pay for it; but his piano must be taught at home, it being too cumbersome to move!" We have altered it to "Instruction given on the flute and piano forte," which, by the bye, does not exactly please me, for I am sure we cannot afford to give any thing! Now should my dear Matilda be able to recommend us, she will be rendering great assistance to her old friend; and enable her to exchange some of her notes for cash; for she finds it useless to "run a chromatic scale" against a "butcher's weight," or expect the score of an opera to pay off any old scores. Hoping to hear that an overture of a tender nature has been made to my dear Matilda, I remain, her true friend, A SHAKE.

ANECDOTE OF O'CONNELL.—One of his earliest displays of acuteness was at Trelee, in the year 1793, shortly after he had been called to the Bar. In the intricate case where he was junior Counsel (having got the brief more as a family compliment than from any other cause), the question in dispute was as to the validity of a Will which had been made almost in *articulo mortis*. The instrument was drawn up with proper form; the witnesses were examined, and gave ample confirmation that the deed had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant, possessed of strong passion for speaking. It fell to O'Connell to cross-examine him; and the young barrister allowed him to speak on in hope that he might say too much. Nor was this hope disappointed. The witness had already sworn that he saw the deceased sign the will. "Yes," continued he, with all the garrulosity of old age, "I saw him sign it, and surely there was life in him at the time." The expression frequently repeated, led O'Connell to conjecture that it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eye upon the old man, he said, "You have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth, and the whole truth; the eye of God is upon you; the eyes of your neighbours are fixed upon you also. Answer me, by the virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which passed your lips, Was the testator alive when he signed the Will?" The witness was struck with the solemn manner in which he was addressed; his colour changed—his lips quivered—his limbs trembled, and he faltered out the reply, "There was life in him."

The question was repeated in a more impressive manner, and the result, that, after life was extinct, a pen had been put into the testator's hand—that one of that party guided it to sign his name, while, as *solus* for the consciences of all concerned, a limping fly was put into the dead man's mouth, to qualify the witnesses to bear testimony that "there was life in him" when he signed that will. This fact, literally dragged from the witness, preserved a large property in a respectable and worthy family, and was the first occurrence, in O'Connell's legal career, worth mentioning. Miss Edgeworth, in her *Parricide*, has no incident yet much different from this—perhaps it was suggested by it. The plaintiffs in this case were two sisters named Langton, both of whom still enjoy the property miraculously preserved to them by the ingenuity of O'Connell; and the writer of this sketch has often heard them relate the manner in which he had contrived to elicit the truth.—*Liverpool Journal*.

BOLDNESS OF ANCIENT MARINERS.—When Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope, he had only two vessels, 50 tons each; this was in 1446! Those of De Gama, who discovered India, were of 120, 100 and 90 tons. In Drake's voyage round the world, he had with him one vessel of 100, one of 80, one of 50, one of 30, and a pinnace of 50 tons! Candish, of Cavandish, in his voyage round the world, had three vessels of the respective burdens of 140, 60, and 40 tons!

PROCRUSTATION.—In relation to the annual application of old Gen. St. Clair, for relief, a member of the Senate, wishing to "give it the go-by," observed, "Congress sits every year." "Yes," replied Senator Fromentin, "Congress sits every year, but Death sits every day." And, before the next session of Congress, poor St. Clair departed this life.

you know is not at all natural in a woman of my years; but my dearest Matilda, I trust you will be piano about forte, for I am only too thirty.

We were a little annoyed the other day, and merely mention it to put you on your guard in wording advertisements—we placed in our window, "Flute and Piano forte, taught,"—and a wag left his flute with a note "requesting it might be taught twelve of the most popular airs, and he would call and pay for it; but his piano must be taught at home, it being too cumbersome to move!" We have altered it to "Instruction given on the flute and piano forte," which, by the bye, does not exactly please me, for I am sure we cannot afford to give any thing! Now should my dear Matilda be able to recommend us, she will be rendering great assistance to her old friend; and enable her to exchange some of her notes for cash; for she finds it useless to "run a chromatic scale" against a "butcher's weight," or expect the score of an opera to pay off any old scores. Hoping to hear that an overture of a tender nature has been made to my dear Matilda, I remain, her true friend, A SHAKE.

ANECDOTE OF O'CONNELL.—One of his earliest displays of acuteness was at Trelee, in the year 1793, shortly after he had been called to the Bar. In the intricate case where he was junior Counsel (having got the brief more as a family compliment than from any other cause), the question in dispute was as to the validity of a Will which had been made almost in *articulo mortis*. The instrument was drawn up with proper form; the witnesses were examined, and gave ample confirmation that the deed had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant, possessed of strong passion for speaking. It fell to O'Connell to cross-examine him; and the young barrister allowed him to speak on in hope that he might say too much. Nor was this hope disappointed. The witness had already sworn that he saw the deceased sign the will. "Yes," continued he, with all the garrulosity of old age, "I saw him sign it, and surely there was life in him at the time." The expression frequently repeated, led O'Connell to conjecture that it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eye upon the old man, he said, "You have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth, and the whole truth; the eye of God is upon you; the eyes of your neighbours are fixed upon you also. Answer me, by the virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which passed your lips, Was the testator alive when he signed the Will?" The witness was struck with the solemn manner in which he was addressed; his colour changed—his lips quivered—his limbs trembled, and he faltered out the reply, "There was life in him."

The question was repeated in a more impressive manner, and the result, that, after life was extinct, a pen had been put into the testator's hand—that one of that party guided it to sign his name, while, as *solus* for the consciences of all concerned, a limping fly was put into the dead man's mouth, to qualify the witnesses to bear testimony that "there was life in him" when he signed that will. This fact, literally dragged from the witness, preserved a large property in a respectable and worthy family, and was the first occurrence, in O'Connell's legal career, worth mentioning. Miss Edgeworth, in her *Parricide*, has no incident yet much different from this—perhaps it was suggested by it. The plaintiffs in this case were two sisters named Langton, both of whom still enjoy the property miraculously preserved to them by the ingenuity of O'Connell; and the writer of this sketch has often heard them relate the manner in which he had contrived to elicit the truth.—*Liverpool Journal*.

BOLDNESS OF ANCIENT MARINERS.—When Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope, he had only two vessels, 50 tons each; this was in 1446! Those of De Gama, who discovered India, were of 120, 100 and 90 tons. In Drake's voyage round the world, he had with him one vessel of 100, one of 80, one of 50, one of 30, and a pinnace of 50 tons! Candish, of Cavandish, in his voyage round the world, had three vessels of the respective burdens of 140, 60, and 40 tons!

PROCRUSTATION.—In relation to the annual application of old Gen. St. Clair, for relief, a member of the Senate, wishing to "give it the go-by," observed, "Congress sits every year." "Yes," replied Senator Fromentin, "Congress sits every year, but Death sits every day." And, before the next session of Congress, poor St. Clair departed this life.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE. TERMS.—16s. per Annum, exclusive of Postage. Advertisements not exceeding Twelve Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Sixpence the first and one Shilling and Sixpence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash and the insertions will be regulated according to the amount received. 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; SALISBURY, J. W. Weldon, Esq.; KENT, Edward Baker, Esq.; MIDDLESEX, Geo. Moorhouse, Esq.; KENT, (COUNTY OF) Mr. Charles Raymond; NORTHAMPTON, James Tilley, Esq.; SHEFFIELD, Doctor Barker; GASTOWN, Mr. Wm. F. Donnell; KINGSTON, Mr. Asa Davidson; HAMPTON, Mr. Samuel Hallett; SUSSEX VALE, J. C. Vail Esq.