

Joseph Nightingale

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The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nightengale will be pained to hear of the death of their little son. In company with other members of the family, the little one was returning home from a visit North, where he had been taken for the benefit of his health, when a "run off" occurred, instantly killing him and wounding other passengers.

Stricken parents,
"Weep not for these
Who sink within the arms of death,
Ere yet the chilling wintry breath
Of sorrow o'er them blows."

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