

SELECTED POETRY.

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

In a cottage I live, and the cot of content,
As its roof's neither lofty nor low,
May boast that 'tis blest like a patriarch's tent,
With all that kind gods can bestow:
Tis a station that yields me a spring of delight,
Which lordlings may envy to see;
And a King might behold it, and say, does this
Wight,
A blessing postess more than me?

My tenement stands on the brow of a hill,
Where on man's men and pride I look down;
While the cuckoo's note join'd with the clack of
the mill
I prefer to the clack of the town:
Of my house I'm the sov'reign, my wife is my
queen,
And she rules while she seeks to obey;
Thus the autumn of life like the spring-tide
serene,
Makes November as cheerful as May.

I lie down with the lamb, and I rise with the
lark,
Health, spirits, and vigor to share,
For I feel on my pillow no thorns in the dark,
Which the deeds of the day planted there;
And tho' b'gots each night, to elude heaven's
wrath,
To their saints and their wooden gods pray;
Supersition I court not for daggers of lath,
In my sleep to drive demons away.

Yet let not the egotist boast of his bliss,
Nor to self be life's comforts confin'd,
As he certainly merits all blessings to miss,
Who has no social impulse o' mind:
For my friend I've a board, a bottle and bed,
And more welcome that friend if he's poor;
Nor shall he who looks up for a slice of my
bread
Tho' a stranger, be shut from my door.

No servant I stint, nor put key on my cock,
To save a poor horn of small beer;
Nor butter, nor pantry disgrac'd with a lock,
Shall proclaim that old gripe-all starves here;
For the miser on bolts and on bars may depend,
To keep thieves and robbers at bay;
But domestic attachment my house shall defend,
From free-booblers by night and by day.

MONITORIAL.

SINCERITY AND TRUTH RECOMMENDED.

It is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth. This is the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart; those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object, unamiably in every season of life but particularly odious in youth. If at an age, when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to show herself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of man; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment; and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and constant. Ingenuity and candor possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favor and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain, safe path; that of falshood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the entricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left intangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind which stops at temporary expedients, without raising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a dastardly spirit. It is the resource of one who want

courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. Whereas, openness of character displays that generous boldness, which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life; but to give an early preference to honor above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage, which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to dissimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candor of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

A Mother to her Daughter, on Marriage.—You are now my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and at length conducted you to a safe, happy, and honorable protection, in the very bosom of love and honor. You must now be no longer the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight, have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man who confers upon you independence, distinction, and, above all, felicity. Moderate, then, my beloved child, your private expenses, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes. I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honor and happiness, and to Heaven itself for those rich talents intrusted to your care and your improvement; and though, in the maze of pleasure, or the whirl of passion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember my darling child, there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence against us for our least omission.

AN EXTRACT.

The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death.

He hath hope. Draw near, and you shall see every feature of his triumphant countenance responding to the truth of the sacred declaration. The world is receding, like the shore to the eye of the departing passenger, but the saint is bending his way in the ocean of eternal love.

Farewell! ye shores of time, he cheerfully sings, farewell! No more shall I revisit you. No more shall I mingle in your tumultuous scenes. No more encounter your gay temptation. Hope beckons me to yonder glorious spheres, where sin and death are not, but where holiness and life shall be mine for ever.

What now are the baubles of time; what to him the fascinations of terrestrial glory? What the bustle of busy worms? What even weeping friends?

Weep not for me, he falters from his dying tongue. Oh no; Shall we weep over such ecstatic happiness as this? Shall we weep to see the strong arm of the king of terrors, palsied by victorious faith? Shall we weep over him upon whose soul visions of such unutterable glory are beaming? Rather let us rejoice, not that earth is losing

such a blessing, but that another harp of gold will be strung in heaven to the music of redeeming love.

Hope is the anchor, which sustains and preserves the soul amid the swellings and dashings of Jordan. Hence the believer is "saved by Hope." Not efficiently, as he is saved by the author of hope, but instrumentally, as it acts in the soul upon further objects yet unpossessed. What would he be without this anchor? Tossed and driven about by conflicting winds and currents, the wrathful tempest would gather over his head, and no kind controlling power, is near to hush its thunders.

But let him have hope; that hope which is furnished from the fulness of Christ, and he may say to storms, winds, and currents, rage ye, blow ye, sweep ye—I have that which will withstand your mightiest force. My hope has a foundation deep in the merits of Jesus Christ, and here I will rest till the glorious Sun of Righteousness looks out from yonder spiritual Heaven.

O happy believer! He has already begun to look forth. We see his rays reflected from your countenance, like the glory which radiated from the face of Him, who came down from the mount of communion with God. Farewell, then, to thy peaceful soul!—Thou wilt soon lose hope, but it shall be in endless fruition.

Turn now to the dying sinner. Shall we approach his bed? We cannot help him. But we learn a sad, it may be, a useful lesson. If it prove not useful, be the guilt ours, not his, for there is warning in his very appearance. Does he appear to be going willingly, cheerfully, joyfully? Oh no. Not more reluctantly did the sinful father and mother of our race bid adieu to the sweets of Paradise, than does he bid adieu to his beloved world. But the ministers of vengeance, acting under the authority of an angry God, must execute their commission, and that is, to drive his soul, crimsoned with guilt, along the path of guilt, to the burning lake. Here, then Hope forsakes him; the false traitress forsakes him; every lying refuge is swept away, and he is "driven away in his wickedness." Driven away indeed! Not merely from the probability or the prospect, but from the very means of happiness. He must part for ever from the sanctuary of God, with all his holy privileges, from the minister of mercy, who, perhaps, weeps over the ruins of his soul; from Christian friends and church of God, into whose bosom he would have been joyfully welcomed; from the precious despised volume of the Bible; from all his pleasures, and all his schemes of pleasure; from every ambitious project, and every dream of wealth; from all he must be compelled to part—and FOR EVER!

FEMALE SERVANTS' SOCIETY.

The Thirtieth Anniversary was held, April 28, at the City of London Tavern; the Lord Mayor in the chair. From the report it appears that the Society has distributed among female domestics, from its institution in 1813, to May, 1826, more than 50,000 tracts, written for their improvement. 909 Bibles have been given to servants who have lived one year in the family, after their nomination, and £3246, 11s. 6. in 3246 rewards, have been distributed among servants living from one to thirteen years in the same service. Eighty-four of these servants have received the Septennial Certificate, and reward of three guineas each. Through the medium of the Society's gratuitous Registry, in Hatton-garden, 586 engagements between mistresses and servants have been made during the past year; in all, 5461 engagements between subscribers and servants have been made. 209 new nominations of servants

have been made during the past year, and 534 servants are awaiting their several rewards.

WOMAN.

A work just Published in England, entitled *Tales by the O'Hara Family*, furnishes the following touching tribute to woman,—to the general truth and justness of which, though perhaps a little in the extreme of coloring, the feelings of every man, on whom the hand of severe sickness has been laid, will involuntary respond.

"It has been often remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand, and no heart like woman's heart; and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow rather than the light of the sad lamp that watches it; let him have to count over the long dull hours of night, and wait, alone and sleepless, the struggle of the gray dawn into the chamber of suffering; let him be appointed to this ministry even for the sake of the brother of his heart or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit will grow impatient at the dreary task; and though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterise his nature, and prove, in one instant at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife, in his place. The woman feels no weariness and owns no recollection of self. In silence and in depth of night she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified term may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or breath of the now more-than-ever loved one who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her steps, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not waken a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus, night after night she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed—her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature, that at all other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength, and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.

Remarkable Flight.—On the 17th April, a hawk with bells to its thighs, and a silver ring to its leg, with the name of Hon. F. Finch engraved thereon, came on board the Spence of North Shields, bound to Quebec, in lat. 44, long. 25, west, about midway between Iceland and the America coast, and died after being on board 20 days.

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