

Worcester.

Every emanation from the genius of Robert Burns ought to be religiously preserved. The following has appeared in the Literary Magnet as some of his unpublished compositions. It has every mark of authenticity; and we may add, that it is superior to most of his formally descriptive pieces, which are not mediocre, e. g. his Prayer of the Bruar to the Duke of Atholl, his lines on the Fall of Fyers, &c.

LINN CLOUDEN ABBEY.

Ye holy walls; that still, sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time;
How strongly still your form displays
The piety of ancient days!
As through your ruins, hoar and gray—
Ruins, yet beautiful in decay—
The silvery moon-beams tremble fly,
The form of ages long gone by
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
And wake the soul to musings high.

Even now, as lost in thought profound,
I view a solemn scene around,
And pensive gaze, with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies;
Again the doom, in pristine pride
Lifts high its roof, and arches wide,
That knit with curious tracery
Each Gothic ornament display,
The high arched windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there;
As on their slender forms I gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze;
With noiseless step, and tapering light,
What are you forms that meet my sight?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy.
'Tis the fair, spotless, celestial train,
That seek in prayer the undimmed flame,
And hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the plebeian round?
'Tis the soft choral vocal song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong;
Till these returned the soft, stray
O'er Clouden's wide, with fond delay;
Nay on the rising gale swell high,
And now in faint murmurs die,
The boisterous North's gentle stream,
That glides in the pale moon's beam,
Suspend their dancing ours to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear;
Each wouldly thought a while forbear,
And matter for a half-formed prayer.

But as I gave the vision falls,
Lest for the flocks tormented by southern gales;
The altars, and the tapers fade,
And all the splendours are decayed.
In windows for the pane of pane,
No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale.

The bird of prey flits sudden by,
Her home these aisles and arches high;
The choral hymn, that erst so clear,
Beneath the roof of Fancy's ear,
Is drowned and the mournful scream,
That breaks the music of my dream,
Roused by the sound, I start and see
The rained side reality!

SAWNEY AT DONCASTER.

By the Author of the *Yorkshire Legacies, &c.*

"Dear, ye see that same job o' the horse, among the lave o' my Yorkshire exploits, is a come-o-pass well worthy o' a record. For, ye should know, an it were necessary to tell you, that I was a stranger at Leeds, and very guarded I was in my dealings, 'cause and on account o' the notour character of the Yorkshire folk, for juking in their bargains; and really when my friend, and long correspondent there, o'ere, in a civil and free manner—that I must needs allow—his horse, to take me o'ere to Doncaster, I swithered, and was in a sore hesitation of mind concerning the same, for I need not tell you, that there's no part of the habit and repute of the Yorkshire folk more unsettled among their customers, than their ways of dealing among horses; my, and what's very extraordinary among honest men, they make no secret of being glimour they have used in their traffic in that commodity. Therefore, as ye may well suppose, when Mr. Shalloons was so complaisant as to offer me his horse, I had a jealousy that he was not without an end of his own belief; for which cause, and natural suspicion, ye may think I was not only keen to comply with his obliging offer, fir reall, to speak God's truth, no man could be more well-bred and d's feet than he was in making me that same offer. However, for all that I could ther say or do, he was really so pressing with his civility, that it would have been a very coarse conduct on my part to have persued in a denial.

Well, so ye see the horse being so proffered, and the proffer so consented to by me, on the day I had sorted out of the week I was to be there, for that aforesaid and same journey to Doncaster, the beast was brought to the door of the house where I staid, and there having laid my legs o'er the saddle, I found it a composed and canny brute, Mr. M'Fuchlan of Faddy's fine gelding was no sorer footed; and so, as ye may suppose, he and the horse, I on its back, took our way towards that same boroughs-town of Doncas-

ter, and the farther I rode, and the mair I grew acquaint with the horse, the mair reason I had to be thankful for the very sold politesse of my civil correspondent.

But to make a short of a long tale, and no to descant and enlarge on the civility of the lads at the inns and taverns that we passed—indeed, for that matter, they were overpleg for me; for, to confess a full, they thereby wiled from me a sixpence, where I would have gart a twal-pennies do at the door of ony stabler in all Scotland. But at the time I did na begrudge that liberality on my part, having so footy and well-going a beast for a bethank, as I had that aforesaid and the same.—But I'll no say that, now and then, when I thought of the habit and repute of the Yorkshire folk, concerning their horses, I hadna a dread upon me that all was na sound at the bottom—and more especially as the horse lost a shoe soon after we had passed through the first toll, the which I thought a remarkable thing. However, as I was saying, the horse and me arived safe at the aforesaid and same boroughs town of Doncaster and no beast, after such a journey, could be in better order, than was that aforesaid and same.

But now I have to rehearse of what ensued. Ye're to know and understand, that there was, then in Doncaster a grand ploy, which they call the Sen Leger, the which is a kind of a horse-race; but no like our credible Leith races of old, and those sprces of moderation of the same sort that's haden in the r'stead at Musselburgh. Really the King's visit was just a Sabbath till it—never w's seen such a jehuing o' coaches, such a splashery o' horses, and swearing and tearing o' gentlemen and funkies; it was just a thing by common.

But no to summer and winter about you dreadful horse race, and the gambling there arent, enough to make a sober man's hair stand on end, I alighted at the door of an inn, and I gave the horse, the same and aforesaid, that had so well brought me there, to an hosler lad; and went to see what I might be able to do in the way of c'som among the shops. But the weary'd Sen Leger was ahint every counter; and upon the whole it was but a thrifless journey, I soon found, that I had come upon; and therefore I came to an agreement with myself, in my own mind, to go back to Leeds, and then think of coming northward. So having in that way resolved, I went back to the nos, and told the hostler lad to have the horse, the same and aforesaid that I had come on, redy betimes in the morn, and then I returned to the house of a correspondent that had invited me to sleep, because of the extortionate state of the inns. But I know not what came o'er me—surely it was a token of what was to happen—I got but little rest, and my thoughts were aye running on the poor horse, the same and aforesaid, that had brought me from Leeds, and more especially anent the repute of the Yorkshire folk as horse cowpers.

However, at the last, I had a composed refreshment, and I rose as I had portioned, and went to the inns, and there the hostler lad, at the very minute the hour chappit, brought forth, as I thought the horse. But, think what was my consternation, when going to loop on I discovered that it was nae mair Mr. Shalloons' horse than I was Mr. Shalloons.

"Lad," said I, "name of your tricks upon travellers—that's no my horse."

"Begum!" says he, "it be your horse."

"Nay," quo' I, "I'll take my oath on't, that's no the horse I brought to this house."

"It be your horse, sir, so on and be off," said he, in a very audacious manner.

"I'll never lay leg out o're that beast in this world, for to a safety it's no mine. Deil's in the fallow, does he think what might come on me if I were caught riding another man's horse in Yorkshire?"

"I tell you," quo' the hostler, "it be your horse—I wouldn't go re'er to tell ony lies about it.—A nice bit of bold it be too—no gentleman need cross better.—Please, sir to mount."

"Mount!—do ye think I'm by mysel, and that I dinna see the horse frae anither?" said I: "that horse is no mine, and mine he'll ne'er be, so gang back to the stable, and bring the one I put into your hands yestreen, or I'll maybe find a way to gar you."

"Well, to be sure, if you be'n't a rum sene; why, sir, does you not see that there white foot?—your horse had a white foot—which be a testificate that this here horse be your horse."

"I tell you white foot or black foot, that's no my horse and if ye dinna bring my own, I'll have you afore the Sheriff."

"D—n his green breeches! I does't care—no, nought at all—for Sir William Ingleby, for this be your horse; I'll tak my davy on't."

"Horse!" quo' I, "that's a mare."

"By jingo, so it be!" was the ne'er-do-weel's answer, and I saw him laughing in his sleeve; howsoever, he had a remnant of impudence yet left, and he said, "But your horse was a mare."

At this my corruption rose, and I could stand no more, but, giving a powerful stanp, I cried, "Deevils in hell!" which was a hasty word for me to say; "d'ye think I'll tak a mare for a horse?"

So he, seeing that I was in my imperative mood, as Mr. Andrew the schoolmaster says, put his tongue in his cheek, as I saw, and went into the house of the lads, and brought out a very civil, well-fried, gentleman like man, the landlord, who said to me, with great contrition, that their stables being full, and some of the grooms drunk, my horse had been unfortunately barged q'are dead, and his skin gone to the tan-pit; but that, to make an indemnification, he had got one as like it as possible, and a much better than nae was; however, through irad-erency a mare had been brought. "I shall no, however, said he, "make two words about it; your horse, I think, was worth fifty guineas—I will pay you the money."

"Fifty guineas!" quo' I; "name of your fifty guineas to me; he was worth sixty pounds if he was worth a farthing."

"I'll pay you the price," said the landlord, "and all the favor I ask in return is that you will not tell at what house the accident happened." So he paid me the money, but really I was for a season not easy to think of the way that such a sum for a horse had come out of a Yorkshire hand into my pouch. However, as the horse was dead and gone, I could make no better o't than to put up the notice, which I did, and came back to Leeds in a stage coach, thinking all the way of what I should say to Mr. Shalloons; and in a terrible dread I was that he would not be content with the sixty pound, but obligate me to pay a tyrannical sum.

However, having considered with myself, as soon as I arived at Leeds, I went to him—aye, thinking of the Yorkshire way of cheating with horses—and I said,

"Mr. Shalloons, you's a very convenient and quiet beast of your's; would ye do a friend a favour, and sell's to me on reasonable terms."

"It is," quo' he, "a very passable hack—I did not wish to part wi't; but as you have taken a fancy to him, you shall have him for forty guineas."

"Forty guineas, Mr. Shalloons," cried I—"Nay, surely, you could never look for that—Thirty's mair like the price."

"Half the difference," said he, "and the horse is yours."

"Make it pounds, Mr. Shalloons, and I'll tak him," quo' I.

"Well, pounds let it be," said he—so I paid him the five-and-thirty pounds out of the sixty, by the which I had a clear profit of five-and-twenty pounds, *prater* the price of my ticket by the coach, which is an evidence and a fact to me that a Scotchman may try his hand at horse-flesh with a Yorkshireman ony day in the year, the Sen Leger fair-day at Doncaster not excepted.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

GEORGE E. BLDWIN
SURGEON AND DRUGGIST.
HAS received part of his Spring supply of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Sauces, Paints, Dye Stuffs, &c., and is in daily expectation of more to complete his assortment.
This establishment will be conducted on a similar plan to those of the Mother Country, and arrangements made so that Physicians prescriptions will be carefully attended to by night as well as during the day.
* Practice attended to as usual, and advice given to the poor gratis.
Shop, the late Mr. KENDALL'S.
Frederickton, 27th May, 1828. Sm.

NOTICE.
THE Co. Partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, in Woodstock, under the firm of English and Perley, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons having any demands against the said firm will present their accounts for adjustment, and all those indebted to the firm will make immediate payment to either of the Subscribers, at Woodstock.
RICHARD ENGLISH.
CHARLES PERLEY.
Frederickton, July 28, 1828. 4wp.

FOR SALE.
A VALUABLE Lot of Land fronting on the River St. John, 40 rods in width, and extending back nearly one mile, situate in the Parish of Saint Mary's, a little below the Nashwalk, and immediately adjoining the upper line of the farm of Henry Smith, Esq., the Lot is too well known to require a more particular description: If the above should not be sold by private sale on or before the first day of September next, it will then be offered of sale by Public Auction.
WM. TAYLOR, Auctioneer.
Terms of payment, half the purchase money to be paid on delivery of the Deed, the remainder by two equal instalments in one, and two years with interest.
Frederickton, July 14, 1828. 7wp.

GLEBE RENTS.
THE Glebe Rents having become due on the 24th March last, it is requested they be forthwith paid into the hands of Jedediah Slason, Esquire.
GEORGE BEST, Rector.
Frederickton, April 8, 1828.

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