

POETRY.

(Selected.)

(Written upon the Conclusion of the Year.)

Rolling on, with march sublime,
Lo! I hear the wheels of time;
Twelve o'clock, I heard the bell!
'Tis the last year's funeral-knell!
Seasons change, and, as they pass,
Cry aloud, "All flesh is grass!"
Human pomp but blooms an hour;
Man is an ephemeral flower!
Where are now the mighty dead?
Names of olden ages fled!
Lighth of Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
Sleep in the oblivious tomb!
All the pale-hors'd King obey:
Ancient fathers, "where are they?"
Prophets, who events foreshow,
Do they live for ever?—No!
All the post-diluvian throng,
Some of history and song,
Heroes, artists, poets, sages,
Sink into the gulf of ages!
Mighty cities, empires, states;
Babylon, with brazen gates;
Thebes, and the Assyrian's glory;
Flourish but in ancient story!
Midst this mighty wreck of things,
What are heroes, warriors, kings?
What is man? Alas, I sigh!
What a bubble Lord, am I!
Every moment brings me near
Vast eternity's frontier;
And the next may land me there:
Up, my soul, this hour prepare!
O how short man's woe or bliss;
Life is a parenthesis
Two eternities between;
One to come and one has been.
For should thousand ages run,
Measured by yon flaming sun;
Still they are but as a mite
In duration infinite!

VARIETIES.

INDIAN TREACHERY.

In the early part of the Revolutionary war, a sergeant and twelve armed men undertook a journey through the wilderness, in the state of New Hampshire. Their route was remote from any settlements, and they were under the necessity of encamping over night in the woods. In the early part of the struggle for independence, the Indians were numerous, and did not stand idle spectators to a contest carried on with so much zeal and ardor by the whites. Some tribes were friendly to our cause, while many upon our border took part with the enemy, and were very troublesome in their savage kind of warfare, as our countrymen often learned from the woful experience of their midnight depredations. The leader of the above mentioned party was well acquainted with the different tribes; and from such intercourse with them previous to the war, was not ignorant of the idiom, physiognomy, and dress of each, and at the commencement of hostilities was informed for which party they had raised the hatchet.

Nothing material happened the first day of their excursion; but early in the afternoon of the second, they, from the eminence, discovered a body of armed Indians advancing towards them, whose number rather exceeded their own. As soon as the whites were perceived by their red brethren, the latter made signals, and the two parties approached each other in an amicable manner. The Indians appeared to be much gratified with meeting the sergeant and his men, whom they observed, they considered as their protectors; said they belonged to a tribe which had raised the hatchet with zeal in the cause of liberty and were determined to do all in their power to injure the common enemy. They shook hands in friendship, and it was "How d'ye do pro?"—"How d'ye do pro?" that being their pronunciation of the word brother. When they had conversed with each other for some time and exchanged mutual good wishes, they at length separated, and each party travelled in different directions. After proceeding to the distance of a mile or more, the sergeant halted his men and addressed them in the following words:—"My brave companions! we must use the utmost caution, or this night may be our last. Should we not make some extraordinary exertions to defend ourselves, to-morrow's sun may find us sleeping never to wake. You are surprised, comrades, at my words; and your anxiety will not be lessened when I inform you, that we have just passed our most inveterate foes, who, under the mask of pretended friendship you have witnessed, would lull us into security, and by such means, in the unguarded moments of our midnight slumber, without resistance, seal our fate."

The men with astonishment listened to this short harangue, and their surprise was greater, as not one of them had entertained the suspicion but they had just encountered friends. They all immediately resolved to enter into some scheme for their mutual preservation and destruction of their enemies. By the proposal of their leader, the following plan was adopted and executed:

The spot selected for their night's encampment was near a stream of water, which served to cover their rear. They felt a large tree, before which, on the approach of night a brilliant fire was lighted. Each individual cut a log of wood about the size of his body, rolled it nicely in his blanket, placed his hat upon the extremity, and laid it before the fire, that the enemy might be deceived and mistake it for a man. After logs equal in number to the sergeants party were thus fitted out, and so artfully arranged that they might easily be mistaken for so many solid srs, the men, with loaded muskets, placed themselves behind the fallen

tree, by which time the shades of evening began to close around. The fire was supplied with fuel, and kept burning brilliantly until late in the evening, when it was suffered to decline. The critical time was now approaching, when an attack might be expected from the Indians; but the sergeant's men rested in their place of concealment with great anxiety till near midnight, without perceiving any movement of the enemy.

At length a tall Indian was discovered through the glimmering of the fire, [which was now getting low] cautiously moving towards them, making no noise, and apparently using every means in his power to conceal himself from any one about the camp. For a time his actions showed him to be suspicious that a guard might be stationed to watch any unusual appearance, who would give the alarm in case of danger; but all appearing quiet he ventured forward, rested upon his toes, and was distinctly seen to move his finger as he numbered each log of wood, or what he supposed to be a human being quietly enjoying repose. To satisfy himself more fully, as to the number, he counted them over a second time, and cautiously retired. He was succeeded by another Indian, who went through the same movements, and retired in the same manner. Soon after, the whole party, sixteen in number, were discovered cautiously approaching, and greedily eyeing their supposed victims. The feelings of the sergeants men can better be imagined than described, when they saw the base and cruel purposes of their enemies who were now so near that they could scarcely be restrained from firing upon them. The plan, however, of the sergeant was to have his men remain silent in their places of concealment till the muskets of the savages were discharged, that their own fire might be more effectual and opposition less formidable.

Their suspense was not of long duration. The Indians in a body cautiously approached till within a short distance, they then halted, took deliberate aim, discharged their pieces upon inanimate logs, gave the dreadful war-whoop, and instantly rushed forward with tomahawk and scalping knife in hand to dispatch the living and obtain the scalps of the dead. As soon as they had collected in close order, more effectually to execute those horrid intentions, the party of the sergeant with unerring aim, discharged their pieces not on logs of wood, but on perfidious savages, not one of whom escaped destruction by the snare into which their cowardly and bloodthirsty dispositions had led them.

CHANGING HUSBANDS.

As two ladies were coming out of one of our fashionable churches the other Sunday, they somehow or other had the misfortune, in the crowd, to change husbands—a mistake which as both parties were going the same way, was not immediately discovered. Each of the ladies, as soon as she had got her gentlemen by the arm naturally began to talk with all her might in order to make up for the long silence she had been obliged to maintain while in church.

Mrs. A. addressing Mr. B. began—"My dear, what made you get asleep in the middle of the sermon? I am actually ashamed of your conduct."

"My conduct, my dear?" said Mr. B. "I'm sure I didn't get to sleep."

"Not get to sleep! How can you tell such a monstrous fib—and on a Sunday too?" Did't I have to jog you half a dozen times before I could wake you up?"

"By no means—I haven't been asleep to-day, my dear. Surely your thoughts must have been strangely wandering from the purposes of worship, to have taken such a fancy into your head. What made you imagine I was asleep?"

"Imagine, sir! there's no imagination in the case—it's all matter of fact. Why, man alive, you snored so loud as to wake up half the congregation; then you began to talk in your sleep, and if I had't waked you up just as I did, I don't know what would have been the consequence. Fie! fie! my dear, I'm really shocked at you!"

"At me, Mrs. B. I shocked at me! I'd have you to know, Mrs. B.—"

"Mrs. B. I who's Mrs. B.? Why the man is crazy. Let me tell you, Mr. A. this conduct is unbefitting—yes, Mr. A. I'll just inform you, Mr. A.—"

"Who the deuce is Mr. A.? Why, Mrs. B. you must be crazy instead of me."

By this time the gentlemen and lady began to be mutually suspicious of the soundness of one another's intellects; and looking in each other's faces to confirm their suspicions, they at the same time discovered that each had got the wrong partner.

In the mean time Mrs. B. before she had got fairly over the threshold of the church affectionately pressing the arm of Mr. A. began—"My dear, what a beautiful bonnet Mrs. Twitchell has got! Did you notice it?"

"No, I did not," replied Mr. A. "but I dare say it must be handsome, since you commend it; I always rely upon your taste, you know. By the bye, my dear what are you going to have for dinner?"

"Why, a piece of roast mutton."

"Roast mutton!" exclaimed Mr. A. turning up his nose—"I'd as live eat a piece of a tom-cat. I never could endure roast mutton—the only decent way of cooking mutton is to boil it, and set on the table with plenty of drawn butter and parsley."

"Indeed?" said Mrs. B. somewhat contemptuously, "where did you learn all this knowledge of cookery, my dear?"

"Where did I learn it? Why, haven't I always told you, my dear, never to roast mutton? I'm surprised you should be so obstinate."

"And I'm surprised you should mention this subject now—really it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it."

"The first time?"

"It is, indeed—but we won't dispute about a piece of mutton in the streets. Oh! what a charming bonnet that was of Mrs. Twitchell's! I do wish, my dear, you'd get me such a one."

"Certainly, if you insist upon it—but where are you going? This is not our house."

"Not ours! surely the man is beside himself." With that Mrs. B. gave the bell a violent ring, and while she was waiting for the servant, she chanced to look round, and just then discovered that she had got the wrong man, and he perceived also that he had got the wrong wife. They of course, gave a mutual exclamation of surprise, and began to look about them for their legitimate partners, when gently up came the other odd couple. A hearty joy now ensued; mutual apologies took place, the change was effected; and Mrs. A. departed with her husband to her own home. But the different parties it is said, were not a little chagrined at the expense of their particular foibles, which took place in the conversation above related.

RARE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

Another extract from *Anastasis* will show that the author has some of the qualities of Cervantes in his writings.

"On the second day of our departure Castle-rosso came in sight. We were just going to double the most advanced promontory of the island, and to cast anchor for the night behind the projecting cliffs, when on our last tack there suddenly appeared ahead of us, close in the shore, a long dark object of suspicious form, though the dusk prevented our discerning its precise nature. It lay on the water as still as a rock, but it bore all the appearance of being filled to the brim with life. In fact, it seemed to be neither more nor less than a pirate-boat of most respectable size, lying close to surprise us. At this sight our Commander grew as pale as a ghost; and all the crew shewed equal signs of courage. 'A bad way this,' cried I, 'to meet danger! The pirates cannot see more of us than we do of them; let us try at least what a show of resolution may effect.' And thereupon I got the swivels pointed, every pistol cracker put in requisition, our whole artillery brought upon deck, and every preparation made for a warm engagement. The moment we thought ourselves within musket shot of the enemy I gave the signal for firing. 'If the compliment produce nothing else,' thought I, it will at least make the scoundrels turn out and shew their size and strength.' Off went our first volley, and after it every eye; expecting immediately to see the hostile galley in the utmost bustle. On the contrary, she stirred not an inch; and so far from changing her position, she seemed not even to return our salute. Half-surprised and half piqued, we repeated our fire. It is no more noticed than the first. Still more amazed, we give a third broadside. Even this makes no impression. But with the seeming shyness of the enemy, our own bravery rises. We approached near enough to be quite sure of our artillery bearing, and a fourth time discharged every gun into the hostile deck. Still she remained as motionless and silent as ever; and we continued incessantly firing, without the smallest retaliation or stir on the part of our antagonist, until, by degrees, this very impossibility of the enemy began to alarm us more even than the utmost fury of retort could have done. For we now perceived ourselves under the influence of some spell: we supposed that we beheld nothing but an unsubstantial vision: we became convinced that we were fighting only with the phantom of a ship; which presently would either vanish and draw us with irresistible force after it into the fatal vortex, or explode with a dreadful crash, and bury us under its wide-spreading wreck. As, however, neither happened, and the vessel seemed equally little inclined to rise or to sink, we at last adopted the only plausible conjecture left us, namely, that the very few men which she contained had all been killed or disabled by our very first broadside. We therefore contented ourselves with keeping up a slack fire during the remainder of the night; proposing as soon as the dawn appeared, to board her, in order to divide the spoil, and remove the dead bodies."

"The dawn at last certainly did appear though much later than usual; and to our straining eyes showed in the object of the whole night's tremendous fighting—at the expense of all our powder and ball—a small rock in the sea, which from its peculiarity of its shape actually bears the name of the Galley. We agreed to say nothing about our smart engagement with it. But our modesty was, in spite of our caution put to the blush. The whole Island of Castle-rosso had been alarmed by the incessant firing; every part of the shore was lined with spectators, eager to witness the combat; and the moment we landed, all the inhabitants crowded round us, and in loud congratulations wished us joy of having silenced the enemy!"

AWFUL LEE'N LIKE STORY.

Sagacious Dogs.—Last week we published a story of a dog, that applied a match to a cannon, which made tremendous havoc in the enemy's ranks. Since then we find an account of one of these animals in New-Jersey, who regularly listens for the winding of the mail-carrier's post horn, and hastens some hundred yards to the corner of a road, seizes the packages in his paws or mouth we do not learn which, and transports them in safety to the domicile of his master! Such dogs are worth having.

However these stories are but nuts and

gingerbread to the one we heard related by an old tar, who declared upon his affidavit that he once belonged to a ship which traded to the East Indies, on board of which was a large Newfoundland dog named Caesar. This dog was remarkably docile and sagacious, and after a few weeks, performed the duties of an ordinary seaman. Whenever the topsail was clewed down to be reefed, Caesar was the first man on the yard, and invariably hauled out the weather ear-ring. He soon learned to furl light sails without assistance; could take his spell at the pump; and in light weather, took his trick at the helm, by night or by day. The captain would not allow him to steer during a gale, fearing that if an accident should occur, the underwriters would not consider themselves liable for damages. Poor Caesar was killed at last by a sailor, who threw a handspike at his head because he made such a hideous bellowing in calling the starboard watch. —*Exeter-Newsletter.*

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF DROPSY.—Margaret Kettles, Middle Inchewall, parish of little Dunkeld, an unmarried woman of 36 years of age, consulted Mr. Kilgour, surgeon, Dunkeld, professionally, in Oct., 1828. Having used various means to reduce the dropsical swelling, and without effect, he suggested the necessity of tapping as the only means likely to prolong her life. At first she hesitated to submit to this proposal, but consented in the mean time to the puncturing of her limbs, which gradually reconciled her to the idea of being tapped. This was attended to on the 17th August, 1828, when 114 Scotch pints of liquid were extracted. From that date to the 25th January, 1830, the operation was successfully performed—thirty-five times, taking from her by this means no less than 2434 pints of accumulated fluid. This, adding five pints supposed to ooze from the punctures in the legs, and four pints from the wound in the abdomen (having once opened of its own accord,) makes in all 2524 pints, Scotch measure. After the thirty-fifth operation she was so extremely weak that another attempt seemed hazardous, yet it appeared necessary and was ventured on. No liquid came; it had become gelatinous. The attendants were much alarmed, thinking she could no longer survive. However, by outward application, time, and the blessing of Providence, the swelling was gradually reduced and her health greatly recovered. In May 1830, she discontinued the use of medicine. Since March, 1831, the fluid has slightly increased at different times, but has been carried off by medicine without injuring general health, and she continues to attend to the affairs of her family. —*Forth Courier.*

On the Milton road from Kilmarnock to Galston, about an equal distance from each place, stands the Ark, its walls covered with ivy and moss. A pleasant foot-path through a wood conducts from the highway to the sequestered abode of a being whose eccentricities have made it an object of interest. We enter its low portal, and behold, under the same roof, a byre and a kitchen, with scarcely any partition between them, a middle aged woman, a few cows, a pet ewe and a lamb; but the chief object of attraction is a man apparently about fifty years of age, who for seventeen years past has neither changed his clothes, shaved his beard, combed or cropped his hair—a more degrading view of the human species in savage life could not be produced. His coat is so overlaid with patches that it is impossible to tell the original colour; the hair of his head hangs dangling on his shoulders, matted like felt; his bushy red beard is curled and tangled, the very reverse of aught graceful or venerable. Another object of curiosity is a tame red breast, which will, at his call, come and sit upon his beard and pick crumbs of bread from his mouth. One naturally inquires what could induce an individual possessing the means to live comfortably to act in this manner? With the individual in question, the causes originated in a lawsuit, in which he imagined justice was not done him—"I have not," says he, "been used as a man, nor will I live like one." Acting on this resolution, he soon found himself an object of attraction. —*Kilmarnock Chronicle.*

A NEW WIFE, MILITIA.—At one of the late exemption courts for the purpose of purging the list, previously to the names being put into the ballot box, a simpleton of a fellow belonging to the parish of W., who had only returned from the hymeneal altar the week before, stepped forward when his name was called and claimed exemption. Being a good looking young man of about five feet ten inches high, and no bodily defect being apparent, he was asked the grounds of his exemption. Without making answer, he drew from his coat pocket a bible, upon which he began to read:—"Deut. 24th and 5th. When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken."—which having returned to his place from which it was taken, he stood silent, awaiting the decision. One of the deputy lieutenants, eyeing the clown with a knowing smile, immediately interrogated him—"Pray, were you ever married before?" "Me? No! I'm no ane an' twenty yet." "O then, my lad, you are out in your defence, for the advocate you have employed mentions a new wife! Pass on the next name." —*Scotsman.*

EXTRAORDINARY FACT.—A most singular case is now under the consideration of the Privy Council. It is stated in "The East India Magazine" that a few Brahmins and Priests, in Bengal, alarmed at the probable consequences of innovation

where they are concerned, pray permission to bury or burn alive the widows of deceased Hindoos. A Mr. Bathie, an attorney, has brought the petition, and pleads the cause of the Brahmins. It would be melancholy if he should fail—it those he represents should never again have the happiness of beholding the corpse of a Rajah consumed with suitable honours, encompassed on the funeral pile by twenty-eight living wives!

MAGNANIMOUS LEGATEE.—Some time ago a grocer, of the name of Higgins, died, and left a considerable sum to a gentleman in London, saying, "I do not know that I have any relations, but should you ever by accident, hear of such, give them some relief." The gentleman, thus left in full possession of a large fortune, advised for the next kin, and after some months discovered a few distant relatives. Last week he called them together to dine with him, and after distributing the whole of the money, according to the different degrees of consanguinity, paid the expense of advertising out of his own pocket.

A SUBSTANTIVE AND SIX.—The Lord Chancellor, in describing "honest old Wetherell's" somewhat redundant use of Adjective's, which has so long constituted an important feature in the entertainments of the metropolis, remarked that his old friend always moved in the first style, regularly driving his "Substantive and Six."

At the last Court of Common Council the Lord Mayor, while the town clerk was reading the minutes of the last court, leaned his head upon his hand. "I call the town-clerk to order," said Mr. Samuel Dixon. "To order," said Mr. Savage, "what for?" "What for?" cried Mr. Dixon, "why he reads so loud he'll wake he lord mayor." —*Morning Paper.*

TO THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, On his daughter's recent marriage.

Had you another daughter, Sir,
A host of swains would seek her;
For almost every commoner
Would willingly be-SPEAK-HER.

NOTICE.

I hereby given that the subscriber caution all persons against purchasing a note given by me to Leonard Levenseller for the sum of forty pounds one shilling and seven pence, and witnessed by John Butler, dated at Woodstock, July 7th, 1827, as I have paid the said Levenseller the full amount and taken his receipt, and still he withholds the same from me.

MARK STIMSON.

Woodstock, 21st Dec. 1831.

FREDERICTON LIBRARY.
SEVERAL forfeited Shares in this LIBRARY are ordered for Sale.—Enquire of the Librarian. Fredericton, 5th Dec. 1831.

SLEIGHS & WAGGONS.

THE subscriber has on hand a variety of Sleighs, Waggon, &c. of good workmanship and built of the best material, which he will dispose of on moderate terms for cash or approved credit; he would also inform the Public, that he intends carrying on the Carriage and Sleigh making business in all its various branches. Purchasers will be supplied at short notice with the above articles, which will be made after any model which they may require.

RICHARD DUNN.
Fredericton, November 9, 1831.

PAINTING, &c.

L. WARREN, hereby intimates that he has just returned from New-York, and has again opened his Shop in Mr. MINCHIN'S Brick House, above the Attorney General's Office, where every description of HOUSE, SIGN, CHAIR, COACH, SLEIGH, FANCY and ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, GILDING, GLAZING, VARNISHING, PAPER HANGING, &c. will be executed with the utmost despatch, in the best style of workmanship, and on the most reasonable terms. L. W. respectfully begs leave to return his sincere thanks to his Friends and to a generous Public, for the very liberal support which he received during his former residence in Fredericton, and as he has since endeavoured to acquire a perfect knowledge of the most approved modes of BRONZING, transparent SIGN PAINTING, and imitating WOOD and MARBLE, of all kinds, as practised both in Great Britain and in the United States of America, he trusts that his efforts to give general satisfaction in the exercise of these Branches of his profession will be successful.

L. W. also begs the attention of the Public to various specimens of his work in all the foregoing Branches, which may be seen at his shop, and he flatters himself that they will be found superior to any thing of the kind, which has heretofore been introduced into this Province.

N. B. Mixed and Dry Paints, Spirits of Turpentine, Varnishes, Painting Brushes, Gold Leaf &c. &c. may also be had at his Shop, at moderate prices.
Fredericton, 3th October, 1831.

NEW GOODS.

JUST received and for Sale at the Store lately occupied by H. & J. SUTHERLAND, A General Assortment of BRITISH MERCHANDISE. As the goods are well selected, and laid in low, they are worthy the attention of the Public.
JOHN SUTHERLAND.
Fredericton, 20th Sept. 1831.
N. B. The remaining fall supply expected daily.

The Subscriber has received per late arrival a general assortment of

STATIONARY,

SCHOOL BOOKS,

and a fresh supply of CUTLERY and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS, Also—

STEEL PENS.

Book-Binding done to any pattern on the shortest notice. Pocket-Books and Bort-folios made and repaired.

FRANCIS BEVERLY.

STRAYED,

INTO the pasture of the Sub-scriber, early in the month of October last, a Red and White COW, aged about 4 years. The owner may have her by paying expenses.
L. B. RAINSFORD.
King'sclear, 20th Dec. 1831.