

## POETRY. Selected.

The devotional feelings of WILLIAM ROSCOT were, at every period of his life, poured forth in the language of poetry; and the depth and purity of those feelings are manifested in the following Hymn, written in his early youth.

### HYMN.

Heavenly Father! in whose sight  
Darkness flashes into light,  
Gracious, from thy throne on high  
Cast on me a pitying eye:  
See my soul in anguish tost,  
Lost to peace, to virtue lost,  
Struggling with its weighty chain,  
Struggling ever but in vain;  
As some wreck, the tempest o'er,  
Labouring to regain the shore,  
So, my God, my spirit tries  
From the sea of vice to rise.  
Still my powers are weak to save,  
Still pursue some stronger wave,  
And, with a restless sweep,  
Whelm me in the foaming deep.

Long the dupe of human pride,  
Have I on myself relied;  
Long sustained the unequal strife  
That defied more than life;  
By such weak allies betrayed,  
Now no more I trust their aid,  
But to safer refuge flee,  
Resting all my hopes on Thee.

God of love! my faults forgive,  
Bid me hope, and bid me live!  
Let some dawn of light control  
This long darkness of my soul,  
From the temple of my heart  
Bid each grovelling thought depart,  
And to guard its peace supply  
Sweetest faith and holy joy:  
Meek repentance, in whose eyes  
Tears of true contrition rise;  
Gratitude, whose hands are prest  
Duties on her feeling breast;  
These shall in Thy sacred way  
Guide my feet, long prone to stray,  
Till, each meander passion o'er,  
I may tempt thy frown no more;  
Nor, of youth and vigor vain,  
Sow in sin, to reap in pain.

Swiftly fly the rolling year!  
Till that happier morn appear  
That my noblest hopes shall see  
Centred, O my God! in Thee!  
Thou shalt teach my thoughts to rise  
O'er the world and all its joys;  
Bend obedient to Thy laws;  
Feel the worth of self-applause;  
Nobly scorn each meaner care,  
And in conscious virtue dare  
All that comes in misery's train,  
Sickness, poverty, and pain,  
Headless of the hour of fate,  
And prepared for either state.

### FROM THE CANADIAN COURANT. HEAR AND HOPE.

With dread, impenetrable gloom,  
Like warding from the awful tomb,  
Like wrath pavilion'd with a shroud,  
Like tempest compass'd by a cloud,  
All uncontrollable I come,  
Pressing you, unfurling doom.  
The proud my sceptre hath o'ercome,  
The strong I vanquish into shame,  
And for the mightiest I prepare  
The robes of anguish and despair.  
Around futurity I draw  
Shades, pregnant with the night of awe,  
And bid the trembling spirit see,  
Terrors, which are a mockery;  
To fancy's troubled eye, reverse  
Awaiting joys, and breathe a curse;  
Till onward and around appears  
No place for unceasing tears.  
I picture on the sunny hour,  
The rainbow, and the vernal flower,  
Death! Upon melodious strains  
I pour a dissonance that pains;  
And wrapt with nightlike imagery  
Soul, that unborn were wont to be,  
And all are mine.—

Thus, as the first wide peal of thunder, which  
From afar heralds the tempest, spake the dread  
Sovereign of all bosoms, Fear; and straight-  
way,  
From out the regions of perpetual night,  
Her robes of terror took. A mirror, which  
No mirror was, but a deceptive fold  
Of her accursed workmanship, she drew  
Before the intellectual vision, that  
Would pierce the future mists of time and read  
The destinies; wherein was seen a sad  
And horrid prospect rise, which bore dismay  
On every feature, and which unappal'd  
Could none survey. All quail'd beneath her all!  
The valiant, who erewhile had dauntless  
Dream'd themselves, and call'd philosophy, and  
Shook apparently the vestiges of  
Her control to infancy entirely  
Off, relaps'd not to their former aspect  
Tremulousness, but far worse; for now with  
Reasoning came the strange conviction that  
It was reality, beyond the reach  
Of imagination, and eventually  
A monster followed and sealed up the cup  
Of woe and thoughtlessness. It was despair!

Hark! 'tis a voice like music on the breeze  
At eventide; and the sweet tones arise  
Like spirit dreams of Heaven. She comes,  
she comes!  
Before her heaven illumined countenance  
Annihilated are the clouds of fear,  
And the last traces of despair. She comes!  
She comes! the smile of morning are upon  
Her face, and seraph sounds upon her voice  
Which bring the symphonies of Paradise.  
The guardian angel of all happiness,  
She calls bright flowers for life and pictures  
with  
Aurora's hues the wide expanse of  
Futurity. Thus beautiful her song.

'Tis mine to cheer the desolate,  
The watch-words of their pilgrimage  
That smiles amidst the shocks of fate,  
And every pang assuage.  
From grief I bid enjoyment bloom,  
Like day spring o'er departing gloom;  
And weath' with unceasing flow'rs,  
When nought avail'd save my charm  
To pierce the darkening shade that low'rs,  
Like cloud of tempest storm.  
Smile, and smiles return again—  
I sing, and songs respond to mine—  
Point, a visionary train  
Of heavenly beauties, and  
Is lovelier than reality;  
Where, in ethereal mirrors view'd,  
Perpetual streams of light appear,  
That cheer the widow's solitude,  
And wipe the orphan's tear.

Companion of life's troubled way,  
Friend of its sunlight and its shade;  
Nor with its pulses shall decay  
The picture I have made,  
But onward, onward still shall bloom  
Beyond the regions of the tomb;  
Even when the pure prophetic dreams  
My plastic hand hath wrought and given  
Do point their pain-erreaching beams,  
And with earth mingle Heaven.  
Rostic Bard.

## VARIETIES.

### TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. THE FORAY.

My apartment was rather a primitive  
concern. It was simply a roof or shed,  
thatched with palm tree leaves, about  
twelve feet long by eight broad, and  
supported on four upright posts at the  
corners, the eaves being about six feet high.  
Under this I slung my grass hammock  
traversely from corner to corner, tricing  
it well up to the rafters, so that it hung  
about five feet from the ground; while  
beneath Mangrove lit a fire, for the twofold  
purpose, as it struck me of driving the  
mosquitoes, and converting his Majesty's  
officer into ham or hung beef; and after  
having made mulo fast to one of the posts,  
with a bundle of mulo, or the green  
stems of indian corn or maize, under his  
nose he borrowed a plank from a neigh-  
bouring hut, and laid himself down on it  
at full length, covered up with a blanket as  
he had been a corpse and soon fell asleep.  
As for sneezing he lay with his black muzzle  
resting on his fore paws, that were  
thrust out straight before him; until they  
stirred up the white embers of the fire,  
with his eyes shut, as if he slept, but from  
the constant and nervous twitching and  
pricking of his ears, and the haunches  
being gathered up well under him and a  
small quick twitch of his tail now and then,  
it was evident he was broad awake, con-  
sidering himself on duty. All was quiet,  
however, the rustling of the river hard by  
in our bivouac until midnight, when I was  
awakened by the shaking of the shed from  
the violent struggle of mulo to break loose,  
his strong trembling thrilling to the neck  
along the taught cord that held him, as he  
drew himself in the intervals of his strug-  
gles as far back as he could, proving that  
the poor brute suffered a proxy of fear.  
"What noise is that?" I roused myself.  
It was a wild cry, or rather a loud shrill  
new, gradually sinking into a deep growl.  
"What the deuce is that sneeze?" said I.  
The dog made no answer, but merely  
wagged his tail once, as if he had said,  
"Wait a bit now, master; you shall see  
how well I shall acquit myself, for this is  
my way." Ten yards from the shed  
under which I slept, there was a pig sty,  
surrounded by a sort of small stockade  
a fathom high made of split cane, wove into  
a kind of wicker work between upright  
rails sunk into the ground; and by the  
clear moonlight I could, as I lay in my  
hammock, see an animal larger than an  
English bull dog, but with the stealthy  
pace of the cat crawl on in a crouching at-  
titude until within ten feet of the sty, when  
it drew itself back, and made a scrambling  
jump against the cane defence looking on  
the top of it by its fore paws while the  
claws of its hind feet made a scratching  
rasping noise against the dry cane splits,  
until it had gathered its legs into a bunch  
like the aforesaid puss on the top of the  
enclosure; from which elevation the  
creature seemed to be reconnoitering the  
unclean beasts within. I grasped my pa-  
pols. Mangrove was still sound asleep.  
The struggles of mulo increased; I could  
hear the sweat raining off him; but sneeze-  
ing, to my great surprise remained motion-  
less as before.

We now heard the alarmed grunts, and  
occasionally a sharp squeak from the pig  
gery as if the beauties had at length be-  
come aware of their dangerous neighbor,  
who having apparently made his selection,  
suddenly dropped down amongst them;  
when mulo burst from his fastenings with  
a yell enough to frighten the devil, tear-  
ing a way the upright to which the lan-  
guards of my hammock were made fast,  
whereby I was pitched like a shot, right  
down on Mangrove's corpse, while a vol-  
ley of grunting and squeaking split the  
sky such as I never heard before. And  
now in the very nick, sneezing, starting  
from his lair with a loud bark, sprung at a  
bound into the enclosure, which he topped  
like a first rate hunter, and Peter Man-  
grove, awakening all of a heap from his  
sleeping on him, jumped upon his feet as  
noisy as the rest. "Garaminy in a tap-  
—wurra all di—my tomach brise home  
to my back bone like one pancake," and  
while the short fierce bark of the noble  
dog, was blended with the agonizing cry  
of the gatto del moque, the shrill treble of  
the poor porkers rose high above both,  
and the mulo was galloping through the  
village with the post after him, like a dog  
with a pan to his tail, making the most un-  
earthly noise—for it was neither bay nor  
neigh. The villagers ran out of their  
huts, headed by the Padre Cura, and all  
was commotion and uproar. Lights were  
procured. The noise in the sty continued,  
and Mangrove, the warm hearted creature  
unsheathing his knife, clambered over the  
fence to the rescue of his four footed ally,  
and disappeared shouting "Sneezing often  
fight for Peter, so Peter now will fight  
for he!" and soon began to bleed his  
shoulders with the cries of the enraged beasts  
within. At length the mania spread to me  
upon hearing the poor fellow shout "Tiger  
here, Captain—tiger here, tiger too many  
for me—Lud-a-mercy—tiger too many  
for me, Sir—if you no help we, we shall  
be torn in pieces." Then a violent strug-  
gle and a renewal of the uproar, and of  
the barking and yelling, and squeaking.  
It was no joke; the life of a fellow crea-  
ture was at stake. So I scrambled up  
after the pilot to the top of the fence, with

a loaded pistol in my hand, a young active  
Spaniard followed with a brown wax  
candle, that burnt like a torch; and look-  
ing down on the mule below, there sneezed  
lay with the throat of the Leopard in his  
jaws, evidently much exhausted, but still  
giving the creature a cruel shake now and  
then, while Mangrove was endeavouring  
to throttle the brute with his bare hands.  
As for the pigs they were all huddled to-  
gether, squeaking and grunting most me-  
lodiously in the corner. I held down the  
light "Now Peter cut his throat, man cut  
his throat." And Mangrove, the mo-  
ment he saw where he was, drew his knife  
across the Leopard's waist, and killed  
him on the spot. The glorious dog the  
very instant he felt he had a dead antag-  
onist in his fangs, let go his hold, and  
making a jump with all his remaining  
strength, for he was bleeding much, and  
terribly torn, I caught him by the nape of  
the neck, and in my attempt to lift him  
over and place him on the outside, down  
I went, dog and all, amongst the pigs, and  
upon the bloody carcass; out of which  
mess I was gathered by Cuba and the  
stewards by, in a very beautiful condition;  
for, what between the filth of the sty and  
blood of the leopard, and so forth, I was  
not altogether a fit subject for a side box  
at the Opera.

This same tiger or leopard had com-  
mitted great depredation in the neighbour-  
hood for months before, he had always  
escaped although he had been repeatedly  
wounded; so Peter and I became as  
great men for the two hours longer we  
remained in Georgia, as if we had killed  
the dragon of Wantley. Our quarry was  
indeed a noble animal, nearly seven feet  
from the nose to the tip of the tail; so at  
day dawn I purchased his skin for three  
dollars, and shaved off, and, on the 25th  
active in the evening, having had a strong  
current with us the whole way down, we  
arrived at Charges once more.

(From the Spectator.)

## HISTORY OF THE WESLEY FAMILY.

The Wesleys, for several generations,  
were a race remarkable for conscientious-  
ness, piety, learning, and great mental en-  
ergy. The Wesley family embraces, be-  
sides the celebrated founder of Arminian  
Methodism, a number of characters well  
worth studying and drawing; much re-  
mains concerning their lives, besides their  
various works; and numerous anecdotes  
are remembered of them; the result is,  
that they readily form the materials of an  
interesting work. Dr. Adam Clarke, one  
of the apostles of the founder himself, had  
already undertaken and performed the  
task, not, however, in a popular manner,  
and with too exclusive reference to purely  
religious questions, and ecclesiastical his-  
tory. His bulky volume Mr. Dove has ab-  
ridged, and incorporated with his abridg-  
ment, "a considerable quantity of new  
matter collected from a variety of sources."  
It is long since we took up a vol-  
ume more pregnant with instruction—  
with subjects for reflection—with incidents  
throwing so much light on poor human na-  
ture, or more varied with trying cases of  
worldly experience. There are too, many  
instances of scrupulous conscience—of  
self devotion and lofty disinterestedness—  
which, shown as they are frequently in the  
history of persecution, fill the reader with  
the deepest admiration of individual great-  
ness, while they throw a dark and  
bitter shade upon the mass of our fellow  
men, more especially that small but con-  
centrated mass that happens for the day to  
be the wielder of the physical force. No  
part of the history of England is more in-  
teresting than that of its reformed Church;  
and it is interesting to find an epitome of  
it in the different members of that family,  
from which at last, sprang the most pow-  
erful, numerous, and well governed dis-  
senting Church in the world—the Metho-  
dist of the Arminian persuasion.

Of all the varied lives in this small but  
condensed and copious volume, the life of  
the Parish Priest of Epworth, Samuel  
Wesley, the father of the great John Wes-  
ley,—the controversialist, the preacher,  
struggling against debt, difficulties, public  
enemies and private grudges, fires, prison,  
and an enormous family;—is the fullest  
incident of improvement, and we may ad-  
miration. No man ever so wrestled  
throughout the world. How piteous his com-  
plaints of cruel creditors! how noble his  
perseverance in his duties and his studies;  
how light and how thankful a spirit he  
bore even in jail—even over the mem-  
bers of his house, his books, his mis-  
adventures—even amidst mobs that sought his  
life. He accepted the charity of some of  
the Bishops and the Nobility, but with  
what a generous and dignified humility!  
At the same time, his warmth of temper,  
his various pursuits and publications, his  
almost intemperate political zeal, involve  
him in situations and cause incidents that  
the genius of Fielding, had he had the  
handling of them, would have formed into  
a fine pendant for the immortal Adam!  
This learned and most vigorous toiler in  
the vineyard not only struggled on to a  
very advanced age, through all species of  
trial, but had to bear the burden of a fam-  
ily of five-and-twenty children. His  
friend and patron Archbishop Sharpe pro-  
posed to get passed for him a brief for  
losses sustained by child bearing.—This  
would certainly have been one of the most  
singular briefs ever read in our churches.  
The last act of the life of this most ex-  
traordinary man was the publication of his  
great work on Job, presented to Queen  
Caroline. He was so desirous of having  
it complete in all respects, that he joined  
a portrait of Lord Oxford's bloody satrap  
to adorn it, as the representative of the  
War Horse described by Job.

His wife was a woman of an extraor-  
dinary powerful mind, learned, acute, pi-  
ous, and above all, excellent in the man-  
agement of her family, she died his wi-  
dow at an advanced age; and was indeed  
converted from a state of what most per-  
sons would have deemed sanctity to "true  
knowledge of Christianity," by her son  
John, at the ripe age of seventy-three, af-  
ter, as her epitaph says:  
"A legal night of three score years and  
ten."

The lives of her numerous daughters are  
some of the romances of real life. The fe-  
male part of the family was as remarkable  
for intellectual endowment as the male.

### From "First Impressions of Europe."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The most celebrated ruins of ancient Rome  
are those of the Baths. The Emperors Titus,  
Caracalla, Nero and Agrippa, constructed these  
immense places of luxury, and the remains of  
them are among the most interesting and beau-  
tiful relics to be found in the world. It is pos-  
sible that my readers have as imperfect an idea  
of the extent of a Roman bath as I have had,  
and I may as well quote from the information  
given by writers upon antiquities. "They  
were open every day, to both sexes. In each  
of the great baths, there were sixteen hundred  
seats of marble, for the convenience of the  
bathers, and three thousand two hundred per-  
sons could bathe at the same time. There  
were splendid porticoes in front, for promena-  
des with shops, in which was found every  
kind of luxury for the bath, and halls for cor-  
poral exercises, and for the discussion of philo-  
sophy; and here the poets read their produc-  
tions and rhetoricians harangued, and sculp-  
tors and painters exhibited their works to the  
public. The baths were distributed into grand  
halls with ceilings enormously high and painted  
with admirable frescoes, supported on col-  
umns of the rarest marble, and the basis were  
of oriental alabaster, porphyry and jasper.  
There were in the centre vast reservoirs, for  
the swimmers, and crowds of slaves to attend  
graciously upon all who should come."  
The baths of Diocletian, (which I visited  
to-day,) covered an enormous space. They  
occupied seven years in building, and were the  
work of forty thousand christian slaves, two-  
thirds of whom died of fatigue and misery!  
About one of the seven hills of Rome, we  
came to some half ruined arches, of enormous  
size, extending a long distance, in the sides of  
which were built (two) modern churches. One  
was the work of Michael Angelo, and one of  
his happiest efforts. He has turned two of the  
ancient halls into a magnificent church, in the  
shape of a Greek cross, leaving in their places,  
eight gigantic columns of granite. After St.  
Peter's, it is the most imposing church in  
Rome.

We drove thence to the baths of Titus, pass-  
ing the site of the ancient gardens of Mice-  
nas, in which still stand the tower from which  
Nero beheld the conflagration of Rome. The  
houses of Horace and Virgil communicated  
with this garden, but they are now undistin-  
guishable. We turned up from the Colosseum  
to the left, and entered a gate leading to the  
baths of Titus. Five or six immense arches  
presented their front to us, in a state of pictur-  
esque ruin. We took a guide, and a long pole,  
with a lamp at the extremity, and descended  
to the subterranean halls, to see the still impos-  
sible forces upon the ceilings. Passing thro'  
vast apartments, to the ruined walls of which  
still clung, here and there, pieces of the finely  
coloured stucco of the ancients, we entered a  
series of long galleries, some forty feet high,  
the arched roofs of which were painted with the  
most exquisite art, in a kind of fancied border-  
land, enclosing figures and landscapes, in as  
bright colours as if it were yesterday. Farther on  
was the niche in which was found the famous  
group of Laocoon, in a room belonging to a  
subterranean palace of the Emperor, commu-  
nicating with the baths. The Belvedere Me-  
dicæ was also found here. The imagination  
loses itself in attempting to conceive the splen-  
dour of the underground palaces, blazing with  
artificial light, ornamented with works of art,  
never equalled, and furnished with all the luxu-  
ry which an Emperor of Rome, in the days  
when the wealth of the world flowed into her  
treasury, could command for his pleasure.  
How short life must have seemed to them, and  
what a terrible curse became death and the  
common ills of existence, interrupting or taking  
away pleasures so varied and inexhaustible.

These baths were built in the last great days  
of Rome, and one recalls the last stages of  
moral corruption and, perhaps, the secret of  
her fall, in the character of these ornamental  
walls. They breathe the very spirit of voluptu-  
ousness. Naked female figures fill every pan-  
el, and fawns and arturs, with the most licen-  
tious passions in their faces, support the festoon-  
ed and the intricate ornament of the wall  
and hold together the intricate ornament of the  
frescoes. The statues, the pictures, the objects  
of the place itself, inspired the wish for indig-  
ence, and the history of the private lives of  
the emperors and weather Romans shows the  
effect in its deepest colors.  
We went on to the baths of Caracalla, the  
largest ruins of Rome. They are just below  
the palaces of the Cæsars, and ten minutes  
of walk from the Colosseum. It is one labyrinth  
of gigantic arches and ruined halls, can fasten its  
roof and clinging wherever it can, fasten its  
roof, and the whole as fine a picture of decay  
and ruin as imagination could create. This was the  
favourite haunt of Shelley, and here he wrote  
his fine tragedy of Prometheus. He could not  
have selected a more fitting spot for solitary  
thought. A herd of goats were climbing over  
one of the walls, and the idle boy who tended  
them, lay asleep in the sun, and every footstep  
echoed but through the place. We passed  
two or three hours rambling about, and regain-  
ed the popular streets of Rome in the last light  
of the sunset.

Hints for Wives.—"Obedience is a very  
small part of conjugal duty, and in most cases  
easily performed. Much of the comforts of the  
married life depend upon the lady; a great  
deal more, perhaps than she is aware of. She  
scarcely knows her own influence; how much  
she may do by persuasion—how much by  
sympathy—how much by unremitted kindness  
and little attention. To acquire and attain such  
influence, she must, however, make her con-  
jugal duties her first object. She must not think  
that anything will do for her husband—any  
thing is good enough for her husband, when their  
is only her husband; that she may close her  
piano, or lay aside her brush, for why should  
she play or paint, merely to amuse her husband?  
No, she must consider these little arts as means of  
pleasing chiefly valuable on his account as means of  
perpetuating her attractions, and giving per-  
minence to his affection. She must remember  
that her duty consists not so much in great and

solitary acts in displays of the sublime virtues to  
which she will be only occasionally called, but  
in trifles, in a cheerful smile, or a minute atten-  
tion naturally rendered, and proceeding from a  
heart full of kindness, and a temper full of ami-  
ability."

### From the Philadelphia Gazette.

A tall yankee, named Riley, with a face as  
ragged as the keel of a canal boat, in walking  
along the wharf below Chestnut street, last  
night, observed a hat on the pavement; as the  
said hat appeared to be "doing nothing," he  
picked it up. Finding it to fit his head ex-  
actly, and being at the same time of much better  
quality than his own "shocking bad hat," he  
incontinently walked off with it. Unluckily,  
however, one of the watch passing at the time,  
on inquiring into the circumstances, walked  
off with him! The fact was that when Riley  
saw the hat, there was a man's head within  
two inches of being in it! Now this part of  
the case he ingeniously omitted to mention when  
exhibiting his tale, so that there was in reality  
nothing awkward about the hat except the  
head that was in it. He confessed to his  
error, though he declared that he did not see  
the sleeping owner at the time. He was dis-  
pensed of accordingly.

### From the American Monthly Magazine for September.

#### LAKE ONTARIO.

Deep thoughts come o'er my spirit while gaze  
into the blue depths of thy mighty breast;  
Thy glassy face is lit with sunset's rays,  
And thy far stretching waters are at rest,  
Save the small wave that on thy margin plays,  
Lifting to summer airs its flashing crest,  
While the bright hues across their surface dri-  
ven,  
Mingle afar in the embrace of heaven.

Thy smile is glorious when the morning spring  
Gives half its glowing beauty to the deep;  
When the dusk swallow dips his drooping  
wing,  
And the gay winds that o'er thy bosom  
sweep,  
Flibate from dewy woods and violets bring,  
Thy moving billows in their gifts to steep.  
Thou'rt beautiful when evening moonbeams  
shine  
And the soft hour of night and stars is thine.

Thou hast thy tempest, too; the lightning's  
home  
Is near thee, tho' unseen;—thy peaceful shore  
When storms have lashed thy waters into foam,  
Echoes all off the pealing thunder's roar.  
Thou hast dark trophies,—the unhonored tomb  
Of those now sought and wept on earth no  
more.  
And many a godly form,—the loved and brave  
Lies whelmed and still beneath thy sullen  
wave.

The world was young with thee,—this swell-  
ing flood.  
As proudly swelled,—as purely met the sky,  
When sound of life roused not the ancient  
wood,  
Save the wild eagle's scream or panther's  
cry.  
And here on this green bank, the savage  
stood  
And shook his dart and battle axe on high,  
While lines of slaughter tinged the billows  
blue,  
As deeper and more close the conflict grew.

Here, too, at early morn, the hunter's song  
Was heard from wooded isle and grassy glang,  
And here, at eve, these clustered bowers among,  
The low sweet carol of the Indian maid,  
Chiding the slumbering breeze and shadows  
long.  
That kept her lingering lover from the  
shade!—  
While scarcely seen, thy willing waters o'er,  
Sped the light bark that bore him to the shore.

These scenes are past.—The spirit of changing  
years  
Has breathed on all around,—save these  
alone.  
More faintly the receding woodland hears  
Thy voice, once free and joyous as thy own.  
Nations have gone from earth—nor trace ap-  
pears  
To tell their tale,—forgotten or unknown.  
Yet here unchanged, untamed, thy waters lie,  
Azure, and clear, and boundless as the sky.  
E. F. E.

## LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber will sell by public  
auction, on Friday the 1st No-  
vember, at the Market House in Fre-  
dericton, between the hours of 12 and  
2 o'clock P. M.  
A valuable Lot of land situate on the Cardigan  
road, granted to Thomas L. D. b. o. v., containing  
500 acres, with 10 per cent. allowance.  
Terms made known at the time of sale.  
Wm. TAYLOR, Aucr.  
Fredericton, 1 October, 1833.

JUST RECEIVED  
AND FOR SALE CHEAP.  
100 BAGS (best North River) round Yel-  
low Corn.  
500 Strings White Onions.  
ALSO—ON CONSIGNMENT:  
200 Bushels Philadelphia round Yellow Corn  
in bulk.  
R. CHESTNUT  
Fredericton, 31st August, 1833.

## 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  
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sertion. Advertisements must be accom-  
panied with Cash and the insertions will  
be regulated according to the amount  
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