

POETRY.

Selected.

NATURAL AFFECTIONS.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

SHAKESPEARE.

I love the trees, the forest trees, Waving their heads on high, For as their leaves fall by the breeze, They tell us all must die!

I love the flowers, the summer flowers, Of every hue and shade, Tho' bright from showers, in winter hours, They tell us all must fade.

I love the streams, the fair blue streams, Which through the valley stray: Their sparkling gleams, like morning dreams, Like as they pass away.

I love the field, the fresh green field, With verdant carpet spread; To earth we yield, when death hath scaled The weary, wo-worn head.

I love the sea, the boundless sea, The dark, unfathomed deep; Home of the free! the grave we see Where thousand treasures sleep.

I love the stars, the evening star, Which lights the ethereal dome; Though seasons war, it shines afar, And guides us to our home.

I love the moon, the shining moon, Its gift—the silver light; Though pale at noon, the day's last boon To cheer the waning night.

I love the sun, the glorious sun, From Heaven, the high bequest; The day is done, its race is run, Like it we sink to rest.

Like it to rise—to rise again In realms beyond the sky, Where free from pain, we shall reign; Then who would fear to die?

Trees, flowers, and streams, fields, seas and sea, To nature changes true; Emblems to all mortality, Omnipotent to view.

A RAMBLE IN THE WOODS ON SUNDAY, AND WHAT THE WRITER SAW AND HEARD THERE.

[BY J. K. PAULDING.]

I frequently spend a sabbath morning in the country, rambling alone in the melancholy woods, sometimes resting myself against the rough bark of a time worn tree; sometimes lingering on the woody heights looking far over the surrounding world; and at others reclining listlessly by the side of some clear brook, over whose rippling way the branches meet, and form nature's choicest canopy. Here I indulge my memory and imagination in a thousand delicious wanderings; I recall the distant shadows of departed time that have by degrees faded almost into oblivion, and send my mind on errands to the future; a thousand recollections, melancholy, yet exquisitely touching, throng about my heart, and a thousand anticipations beckon me onward in the path I am pursuing through this wayward world. At times I become so completely abstracted from the scenes around, as to forget where I am, and to lose almost the consciousness of being.—I ruminate, I ponder, and I dream.

On one of these occasions, about the middle of the sultry month of August, when the dog-star rages, and all nature sinks into a sort of luxurious repose, I had become somewhat tired with a ramble longer than usual, and laid myself listlessly along the margin of a little twittering stream that stole its winding way among the deep obscurities of the wood, diffusing coolness, and inviting to repose. It was Sunday, and it seemed as if nature partook in its holy abstraction from worldly thoughts and worldly occupations.—The voice of the ploughman cheering or chiding his team; the rattling of the sonorous wagon over the rough mountain road; the echoes of the woodman's axe; the explosion of the hunter's gun, and all the customary sounds that give life and animation to rural sports and rural occupations, had ceased. Nay, even the tinkling cowbell, which broke at intervals on the hallowed quiet of the day, seemed to come over me with a softened, mellowed tone, as if fearful of disturbing its repose, and awed by the solemnity of universal silence. Through the arched canopy of foliage that overhung the little stream, I could see it coursing its way on either hand among mossy rocks, glittering as if by moonlight, and disappearing after a thousand meanderings. It is impossible to resist the influence of such a scene.—Reflecting beings like ourselves, sink into a sort of melancholy reverie, and even the sprightliness of childhood is repressed, by the hallowed quiet that reigns all round. Guilt awakes from its long oblivion, and innocence becomes saddened with the stillness of nature.

As thus I lay, stretched in languid listlessness along the stream, as quiet as the leaves that breathed not a whisper above me, and gradually sinking into almost unconsciousness of the world and all its huds—the little birds, sported about careless of my presence, and the insects pursued that incessant turmoil, which seems never to cease; until winter lays his icy fetters on all nature, and drives them into their inscrutable hiding places. There is a lapse in the recollection of the current of my thoughts at that moment; a short period of forgetfulness, from which I was roused by a hoarse croaking voice, exclaiming:—

'Crab! savage monster, what does he here?' I looked all around, and could see only a hawk seated on the limb of a dry tree, eyeing me, as I fancied, with a peculiar ex-

pression of hostility. In a few moments I again relapsed into a profound reverie, from which I was awakened once more by a small squeaking whisper:—

'I dare say the bloodthirsty villain has been setting traps for us.' I looked again, and at first could see nothing from which I supposed the voice might proceed, but at the same time imagined I distinguished a sort of confused whisper, in which many little voices seemed commingled. My curiosity was awakened, and peering about quietly, I found it proceeded from a collection of animals, birds, and insects, gathered together for some unaccountable purpose. They seemed very much excited, and withal in a great passion about something, all talking at once. Listening attentively, I could distinguish one from the other.

'Let us pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him in his sleep,' cried a bald eagle, 'for he grudges me a miserable little lamb now and then, though I don't require one above once a week. See! where he wounded me in the wing, so that I can hardly get an honest living, by prey.'

'Let me scratch his eyes out,' screamed a hawk, 'for he will not allow me peaceably to carry off a chicken from his barn yard, though I am dying of hunger, and come in open day to claim my natural, indefeasible right.'

'Aye, aye, barked a fox, he interferes in the same base manner with my privileges, though I visit his hen-roost in the night that I may not disturb him.'

'Agreed,' hissed a rattle-snake, for he wont let me bite him, though he knows it is my nature, and kills me according to scripture'—and thereupon he rattled his tail, curled himself in spiral volutes, and darted his tongue at me in a most fearful manner.'

'Agreed,' said a great fat spider, who sat in his net, surrounded by the dead bodies of half a dozen insects—'agreed, for the bloody minded savage takes delight in destroying the fruits of my honest labors, on all occasions.'

'By all means,' buzzed a great blue-bottle fly; 'for he will not let me tickle his nose of a hot summer day, though he must see with half an eye, that it gives me infinite satisfaction.'

'Kill him,' cried a little ant, who ran fumbling and fretting about at a furious rate, 'kill him without mercy, for he don't mind treading me into a million of atoms, a bit more than you do killing a fly, addressing himself to the spider.'

'The less you say about that the better,' whispered the spider.

'Odds fish!' exclaimed a beautiful trout, 'that I should like very much to have caught, popping his head out of the brook, 'odds fish! kill the monster by all means—hook him, I say, for he entices me with worms, and devours me to gratify his insatiable appetite.'

'To be sure,' said a worm, 'kill him as he sleeps, and I'll eat him afterwards; for though I am acknowledged on all hands to be his brother, he impales me alive on his hook, only for his amusement.'

'I consent,' cooed the dove, 'for he has deprived me of my beloved mate, and made me a disconsolate widow.' Upon which she began to moan so pitiouly, that the whole assembly deeply sympathized in her forlorn condition.

'He has committed a million of murders,' cried the spider.

'He drowns all my kittens,' mewed the cat.

'He tramples upon me without mercy,' whispered the toad, 'only because I am no beauty.'

'He is a treacherous cunning villain,' barked the fox.

'He has no more bowels than a wolf,' screamed a hawk.

'He is a bloody tyrant,' croaked the eagle.

'He is the common enemy of all nature, and deserves a hundred and fifty thousand deaths,' exclaimed they all, with one voice.

I began to be heartily ashamed of myself, and was casting about how I might slip away, from hearing these pleasant reproaches; but curiosity and listlessness together, kept me quiet while they continued to discuss the best mode of destroying the tyrant. There was as usual in such cases, great diversity of opinion.

'I'll bury my talons in his brain,' said the eagle.

'I'll tear out his eyes,' screamed the hawk.

'I'll whip him to death with my tail,' barked the fox.

'I'll sting him home,' hissed the rattle-snake.

'I'll poison him,' said the spider.

'I'll fly-blow him,' buzzed the fly.

'I'll drown him, if he'll only come into the brook, so I will,' quoth the trout.

'I'll drag him into my hole, and do his business there, I warrant,' said the ant; and thereupon there was a giggle among the whole set.

And I'll—I'll—said the worm.

'What will you do, you poor d—!' exclaimed the rest in a titter.

'What will I do? why I'll eat him after he's dead,' replied his worm; and then he strutted about, until he unwarily came so near that he slipped into the brook, and was snatched up in a moment by the trout. The example was contagious.

'Oho! are you for that sport,' mewed the cat, and clawed the trout before he could get his head under water.

'Tit for tat,' barked Reynard, and snatching pussy up into his teeth, was off like a shot.

'Since 'tis the fashion,' said the spider, 'I'll have a crack at that same blue-bottle; and thereupon he nabbed the poor fly in a twinkling.'

'By your leave,' said the toad, and snapt up the spider in less than no time.

'You ugly thief of the world,' hissed the rattle-snake, in great wrath, and indignantly laying hold of the toad, managed to swallow him about half way, where he lay in all his glory.

'What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless little ones,' cooed the dove, and pecking at the ant, was just flying away with it in quite a sentimental style, when the hawk seeing this screamed out—

'What a pretty plump dove for a dinner! Providence hath ordained I should eat her.'

He was carrying her off, when the eagle darted upon him, and soaring to hiserie on the summit of an inaccessible rock, composedly made a meal of both hawk and dove. Then picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed with great complacency, 'what a glorious thing it is to be king of the birds!'

'Humph,' exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes, for it seemed I had been asleep, 'humph, a man is not so much worse than his neighbours after all; and shaking off the spell that was over me, bent my steps homewards, wondering why it was, that it seemed as if all living things were created for the sole purpose of preying on each other. The only solution which offered itself to my mind was, that the pleasure arising from eating, is much better than the pain of being eaten, and that this propensity to devouring each other, on the whole, conduces to the general happiness.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE New-Brunswick Times.

MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PREVALEBIT.

THE want of a Newspaper in this Province, to whose columns the public in general might refer for every species of information; where the merchant might glean the state of foreign markets and the course of exchange—the Literati, and all desirous of a peep into the Literary Mart, might see the rise of the genius, the fluctuations of taste, and the march of science—the Politician would trace the cause of events, and exult over a mass of information upon the leading states of the world—where the Farmer might find trin-ument for deep thought, in the varied modes of agriculture pursued, where the field has become a study, and the rearing of Grain and Cattle, an all absorbing consideration—where the Lady at her toilet table, might mark the gradations of fashion and the laws of fancy—where the lover of New-Brunswick should where the lover of New-Brunswick should pause over its resources pointed out, its deficiencies detailed, and a rational system developed for its improvement;—the absence of such a vehicle of information is deplored; but an intention exists to remedy the evil. As early as subscriptions enough are received, to warrant the Editor embarking in so expensive an undertaking, a Journal, to be called the "New-Brunswick Times," will be published: to its support, the inhabitants of the Province are respectfully invited.

It will consist of Two Sheets, two pages, at least, of which will be devoted to Literature, the Fine Arts, Reviews of Books, &c. From the varied Correspondents who have promised contributions from all the parts of the Province, Domestic Intelligence, Assize News, and County Information of all kinds, will copiously abound. Two Pages will be invariably filled with American, European, and Foreign News; and the remaining space occupied by Advertisements, Army and Navy Intelligence and Promotions, Price of English and Foreign Stocks, Prices Current, &c. &c.

During the sitting of the House of Assembly, it will be published twice a week, on Monday and Thursday, and a scrupulously faithful report given of the Debates. For the rest of the year it will appear on Thursday only. Its columns will be open to discussion on every topic, and the contributions of writers cheerfully inserted, as long as truth and gentlemanly feeling guide the pen.

The evil, that like an incubus, oppresses the heart of the colony, being a deficiency of the necessities of life, and every patriot regretting the dependence in which we are placed for provisions and bread—the staff of life—for which tens of thousands of hard dollars annually leave the country; occasional papers will appear on Agriculture and Gardening, in the hope that by displaying what our Farmers should and might accomplish, we the means by which it may be attained, we may not, in case of war, look externally for that succour, nature has placed within our reach, if we properly exert ourselves to obtain it.

Depending, as the Province does, on the Mother Country for protection and existence, lost cred as she has been from her infancy to her present adolescence by that most parent, her sinew will be strong to cherish that all that bind us to our King, and promote that affection, cordiality and union between Great Britain and New-Brunswick, which policy dictates and self-interest proves necessary.

While the Editor will steer clear of Democracy, leveling principles and confusion, he will fearlessly advocate Liberty on the broadest basis of human happiness; he will expose corruption, mock patriotism, thoughtless age, heedless politicians, and tyranny in either ruler or subject;—he will tear the mask from hypocrisy, knavery, disappointed ambition, reckless speculation, or self aggrandizing empiricism, and boldly hunt down all, whose actions are not visible indices of minds that have hung before them in the genuine purity of patriotism, their Country, and demonstrate that those from whom they emanate, like the Areopagi of old, deliberate on its wants and ponder on its many resources in the dark, where no external object can influence, or ambitious allurement enchant, where every passion is shut from the eye and every feeling cast from the heart, but the One Grand and all-absorbing thought of a true Patriot—Love of Country.

Such being the Editor's views, he confidently throws himself on the public for its patronage; in the full reliance, that, if deserving of encouragement, his design will not crumble to ruin for want of support.

Subscription, TWENTY SHILLINGS, payable in advance; TWENTY-FIVE, if paid at the end of the half year.

All Letters and Communications to be addressed, Post Paid, to Mr. LEVY, St. John, January 25, 1833.

WANTED at the Store of Mr. Joseph Gay-Lor, from on board the Steamer Woodstock, in the month of November last, 5 Bundles Dry Fish; the owner may have the same, by proving the property and paying expenses. JAMES ACKERLEY.

Fredericton, Feb. 16, 1833.

On Saturday evening last, a Public Meeting was held at the County Court House, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of establishing a LIBERAL NEWSPAPER. Press in this Town: WM. WILMOT, Esq. being called to the

Chair.—The following Resolutions were moved and adopted:—

1st. Moved by Mr. John T. Smith, and seconded by Mr. Robert Gowan:—

That in the opinion of this Meeting it is not only expedient, but highly necessary, that a Liberal Newspaper Press be established in this Town.

2d. Moved by Mr. J. T. Smith, and seconded by Mr. Hector Sutherland:—

That a Joint Stock Company be formed with a Capital of Four Hundred Pounds to be divided into shares of One Pound each, for the purpose of carrying into effect the object contained in the foregoing Resolution.

3d. Moved by G. F. S. Berton, Esq. and seconded by Mr. Charles M'Pherson:—

That Subscriptions be opened forthwith for the purpose of taking up the Stock; and that no person be allowed to take more than Ten shares until the Subscription Lists shall have been open for two months.

4th. Moved by Mr. Robert Gowan, and seconded by Mr. Charles M'Pherson:—

That a general meeting of the Stockholders be called at some convenient place, as soon as the Stock shall be taken up.

5th. Moved by Mr. John T. Smith:—

That a Committee of five persons be appointed for carrying the foregoing Resolutions into effect.—

When the following persons were chosen:— JOHN T. SMITH, ROBERT GOWAN, HECTOR SUTHERLAND, L. A. WILMOT, GEO

WOODS.

6th. Moved by Mr. Robert Gowan, and seconded by Geo. K. Lugin, Esq.:

That the Resolutions adopted at this meeting, be forthwith published in the Royal Gazette; and that the same time notice shall be given where the Subscription Lists may be found.

Agreeably to the foregoing Resolutions NOTICE is hereby given, that Subscriptions will be received in Fredericton, at the residence of the respective Members of the

LONDON. (to wit.)

DR. JAMES'S FEVER POWDERS AND ANALEPTIC PILLS.

MICHAEL FITZGIBBON, of Kensington, in the County of Middlesex, Maketh Oath and saith, That he this Deponent was constantly employed by the late Mr. George James and by the present Mr. Robert George Gordon James from the 14th day of February, 1816, to the 24th day of January, 1832, a period of nearly 16 years, in preparing and compounding the above well known Medicines, and that he is perfectly acquainted with the method of preparing and the proportions of the various articles used in making the same (without having acquired such information in a surreptitious or clandestine manner,) as the said Medicines have been made and offered to public notice during the said period: That he this Deponent is fully aware of the claims which individuals advance and hold out to the Public of their exclusive right to articles which may or may not be deserving of the Public estimation, and that attempts may be made by interested individuals to depreciate the value of the Medicines which it is his intention to offer to the world: but feeling conscious of the rectitude of his own conduct during the period in which he was employed as aforesaid, and being also aware of the utility of any attempts that may be made to disprove his perfect ability to prepare the said Medicines, he is induced, in consideration of circumstances not necessary here to detail, and without any desire to injure the said Robert George Gordon James, or any other person who may claim an interest in the sale of the Medicines originally prepared by the said Robert George Gordon James or his Agents, but Medicines of his own to be called "Fitz-Gibbon's Fever Powders" and "Fitz-Gibbon's Analeptic Pills," articles which, he this Deponent is perfectly convinced, will be found to possess all the good qualities hitherto justly ascribed to the said Dr. James's Powders and Analeptic Pills: And this Deponent further saith, that he verily believes, in taking this step, he is rendering a benefit to Society, inasmuch as he shall place within the reach of the community at large, Medicines of equal value with those for which such a price has hitherto been charged to the Public, as to preclude the use of them in thousands of instances, in which (if properly prepared) he believes their good effects would have been manifest. And lastly this Deponent saith, that he hath not imparted the secret of preparing the said Dr. James's Powders and Analeptic Pills to any person or persons whomsoever.

Sworn at the Mansion House in the City of London, this 16th day of March, 1832. MICHAEL FITZGIBBON.

JOHN KEY, Mayor.

The deponent is now in Fredericton New Brunswick, where he intends to prepare the above named medicines.

Medical gentlemen in all quarters of the world being already so thoroughly acquainted with the inestimable qualities of these celebrated remedies—to them any recommendation would be superfluous; but to those ignorant of their Virtues, reference may be had to the medical Journals, Pharmacopoeias, and other Journals of the day, from some of which are extracted the following:—

The 7th edition of the London Pharmacopoeia speaking of Pulvis Antimonialis says—"In justice to the celebrated Medicine, Dr. James's Powder, I cannot help declaring that it appears to be both milder and more uniform in its Operation. And although James's Powder may be given in as large a dose as Sixteen Grains, yet few Practitioners will prescribe the Antimonial Powder in a Dose larger than Six Grains." Dr. Fleming Pinkston, Surgeon of the Havana, an Indianman, in a violent malignant Fever, with which the Ship's Company were afflicted between Benocoulen and China, in the Year 772, gave a dose of twenty Grains, and if that did not operate, he gave another of ten Grains in an hour after. This second Dose never failed carrying off the Fever, and out of Forty Officers and Sailors who were taken ill, and most of them delirious, he did not lose a single man. See also Captain Colnetta's account of the Yellow Fever who administered ten Grains every four Hours.—Sold in Packets at 1s 6d each.

DR. JAMES'S ANALEPTIC PILLS.

THESE Pills are a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism; and from their tendency to Promote Perspiration, and all the natural Secretions, arises their peculiar Quality of speedily removing Colds, and other Complaints to which the Human Frame is liable, from the Vicissitudes of our Climate. They are admirably calculated for Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, troublesome Flatulencies, and Cholera; as also for Gouty Habits, where the Stomach and Head are affected: Likewise for Giddiness or Rheumatic Pains in the Head; for the Sick Head-Ach, as well as for Head Aches occasioned by Indigestion or Free Living; thereby preventing Palsies and Apoplexies, so often the consequence of Intemperance. In all female complaints they have been found singularly beneficial.

These Pills, moreover, are particularly recommended to those Persons whose Constitutions are affected by too sedentary a Life, or by a Residence in hot Climates; and Travellers by Sea or Land should never be without them, as they require neither Confinement nor Alteration of Diet.

They gently open the Pores at Night and the Body by Day; quieting the Nervous System, and thereby often promoting Sleep.—Recourse should be had to them on the first attack of a Cold, or any slight Indisposition; and they should be always taken at Bed Time, after any Excess of Eating or Drinking. Thus their distinguished Characteristic will be maintained by promoting Longevity, (so remarkably exemplified in their Inventor, who by the constant use of them, though a very free Liver attained the age of Seventy-five,) for by assisting Nature in the Discharge of the animal Functions, and by keeping the Constitution, as it were, in continual Repair, they preserve the Body in Health and Vigor, and prevent premature Decay.

Sold in Boxes (containing 36 pills) at 2s 6d, each, or 2 Boxes in one for 4s. 6d. or 6 Boxes in one large Box may be had for 12s. each, by WILLIAM SIMPSON, Drug-gist, Fredericton, General Agent for the Proprietor, to whom all desiring Agencies are requested to address with reference or remittance.