

POETRY.

Selected.

TO THE LADY OPPOSITE.

I wish the girl would move away—
Why need she all the while
Sit beaming at her window seat
With that eternal smile?
'Tis very strange and very odd,
And very like a plan—
With such a look, and such an air,
And I a single man!

There sat she like a seraph chain'd
In morning's earliest flame,
And there she lean'd upon her hand
When crimson sunset came,
And there she was at twilight hour—
I saw the shutters close,
How slowly, as with vain regret
They folded up my rose!

I know her mother thinks it wrong—
I know mamma is right;
I know a matron and a maid
Declare she is a fright.
I know what many folks would think—
I know all this, and yet, ah! yet—
I cannot keep away!

And I will sit, mysterious maid,
And watch by morning sun—
And fondly gaze through mist and shade
When the fair day is done;
And love the lips—the rosy lips
That ne'er to me have spoken,
And wear the chains that silence wove
And words have never broken.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WIDOW.

From the London News Monthly.

Mine has been a troublous and a perilous life in matters of love: no sooner have I emerged from one ocean of sighs and tears, than I have plunged headlong into another. It is passing strange that I never fell into matrimony in my very early days; my father did so, and so did my mother, and also my respected grand dame. She, good soul, originally Miss Letitia Simpson, at fifteen married her first husband, a Mr. Jeffery Wilson; at sixteen gave birth to my mother. Her husband then died without any issue, leaving her more than well provided for. At seventeen, she espoused a Mr. Winckworth, who in his turn, consigned her to single blessedness and a fat dower; after which, having quarrelled with all her race, or all her race with her, she abjured them and the realm, betook herself to the Continent, and was barely heard of afterwards. My mother, following one part of her example, married at sixteen and enriched the world with me at seventeen.

On my arrival on the Continent, I had been but a short time at—when my health visibly and seriously declined, and the medical man who attended me, advised me to visit—for its restoration. In accordance with his directions, I, nothing loth, (for a seat at a desk never was a desideratum with me,) set off; and by dint of my modest looks, a little foppery, and my good name, I shortly won my way into a circle of acquaintance.

At a party to which I had, through these means, been asked, I one night met a Madame Perrolet, whose appearance, and more, her sufferance of my attentions made some impressions upon me. She was an extremely fine woman, and English, seemingly about five-and-thirty, though less favoured fair ones spoke of her having numbered fifty years. Her hair and eyes, were of the blackest; her eyelashes of the same colour and long, thick and silky; her complexion fair, but not ruddy, such as best contrasts with, and best becomes, the raven lock; her features were more beautiful in their expression, than in their individuality, although then even they were beautiful; her teeth were the finest I ever saw; and I opine no woman can lay claim to beauty, who cannot show, nay, even display, her teeth. She bore an easy, dignified and complacent smile; her figure was of the strictest proportions, and her carriage most graceful; moreover she was rich and consequently, amiable. She was a widow too; and with all these qualifications, of course was greatly sought after by the men. But she had sense and caution; and whilst she smiled on all, and enamoured many, she never gave more than hope, and preserved all her own freedom.

The first time I met her, a glove which she dropped, which I proffered her gave me an opportunity of opening a conversation with her. At first I hesitated a little, although my looks bespoke an age riper, by some years than I had attained; but her answers were so mild, so suave, and so condescending—her manner to me so kind and easy,—and her whole conduct so engaging and assuring,—that before I left her, I had, although blushing, ventured on some little gallant badinage, for which, to the mortification of my elder competitors, she shook her little delicate finger at me, and tapped me with her fan. Encouraged thus, I might have proceeded further; but as she knew how to commence a conquest, so she knew how to continue one; and assuming a dignity not violent, but perceptible, she restrained my further advances; and being even then sensible, that an independent respect is the surest way to a woman's heart, (for I had begun to think of hers,) I contented myself for that time, by expressing a hope that I should have the happiness to meet her again, and bowed myself away.

That night I rose fifty per cent in my own esteem. "Truly," said I to myself, "the man whom that woman distinguishes must own some attractions; she is lovely and an intellectual specimen of her sex; to possess the love of such a one would be something to pride one's self on. What honor is the love of a giddy, indiscriminate girl, who runs the market of matrimony with her heart in her hand, eager to bestow it on the first bidder? Truly, I'll be a chapman no more for such common wares. But vanity! vanity! Can the rich, beautiful, sought, and at an age when prudence has mastered passion, think of such a one as me? Yet she seemed very kind." But kindness never marries, said a still small voice. Yet she oft-times gives birth to love," I thought, in answer. But she is wealthy, has a wide range for choice, is a widow, and has the whole town after her," replied my monitor. "True, true," I whispered; but she has interested me, and I'll try it!"

Again we met—"Et je contains encore quelques fleurs." The widow smiled at them and threatened if I persisted, to reprove me. "Cela va bien," said I to myself; for my vanity, or little else, was as yet interested.

A third time we met. "Now then Ephraim," said I, for the coup d'essai—this time you must be serious and distant, and if she has thought on you the result will tell." I approached her with a low and most respectful reverence, inquired after her health; without giving her time to answer, made some dry remarks on the wet weather; broached a recent murder; remarked on the Almanack, and the last new founce; and was retiring when she said—

"But Mr. Montagu, I wish to trouble you with a commission, if you can find time to execute it for me."

I assured her I was at her service.

"Then will you have the goodness to see my carriage ordered for at twelve as I have been out all the week and am fatigued. Perhaps you will let me know when it is at the door, as I don't wish to be seen leaving so early."

"Allons mon bon ami, Ephraim," thought I, "celaya du mieux. And thanking her for the honour of her commands in a tone of deep and grateful respect I left her to execute them.

That done, and twelve o'clock come, I made my way to her. She was seated near the door, and whispering to her (for the secrecy she wished me to practice gave me the privilege to do so) that the carriage was ready, I offered myself as her escort to it. She accepted my offer, and placed her arm within mine: as she did so, I felt a fluttering in my heart I was unprepared for, and as the staircase was deserted, I looked up in trembling and confusion in her face, and perceived she looked at me. One instant our eyes met and the next they were cast down and averted; I thought the confusion was mutual—I positively shook. As I handed her into the carriage, I stammered out an expression of hope that she would feel relieved from her fatigue next day, and begged her permission to call and enquire after her health in the morning; a gracious smile, and a graceful inclination of the head, answered me, and the coach drove off.

"Fool," said I, as I slowly reascended, "to match our puny wits against a woman's charms and wiles! Your own weak snares have entrapped you."

In the morning having dressed myself with more than ordinary care I found myself, about two o'clock, with a very unsettled pulse, at Madame Perrolet's door; and being announced, was ushered into the drawing room, where the widow was seated on a couch, at a small and elegantly carved writing table, drawing her small white hands over some invitation cards. The usual enquiries made and answered, our conversation turned on the previous night's party, and she was busy when I entered writing cards for her own.

"But do you know," she said "I write so little lately that my hand is quite stiff, and I am so awkward. See," said she, laying it over the table to me, "see how I have blackened my fingers with the ink."

"Indeed," said I, rising and advancing to the table, and with an affection of short sight, taking her hand in mine to examine it. "This ink of your's is

a most sacrilegious violator. Would you permit me," I added, as she drew her hand away, "to finish your task?"

"Oh, indeed," she answered, rising and vacating her seat to me, "you will oblige me much, if you will undertake that kind office for me."

"Rather say for myself," I said, "for I fear I am selfish in seeking the pleasure I ask."

She made no reply, but smiled and placed herself opposite, with a list of names to dictate.

"What is this?" said I, taking up the last she had finished. "This is my name. Am I the only Mr. Montagu of your acquaintance?"

She nodded acquiescence.

"And am I to have the honor of attending you?"

"If," she answered, "no better engagement."

"What better, what more agreeable engagement," said I, "is it possible I could have? what other engagement could induce me to forego—"

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, "I will read the names."

"I thank you—but, Madame," I resumed, "you must first permit me to thank you for the honour you have done me, or you will make me believe you think so meanly of me as to deem me insensible to it."

"If your thanks are on each recurrence of the occasion to be as fervent," said the widow, "I fear the task will soon become irksome to you; for I have just made up my mind, if you will promise to write all my cards, and be a little more sedate in your gratitude, to put your name down in my book for the season."

"Is it possible, Madame? then will I be sworn like the Hebrew copyist, never to pen ought else; and will attend you, too happy as your bidden, your bounden scribe—nay, but there is no room for that dubious smile—I will swear."

"Don't, pray," she smiled; "remember, if you write for me only, how many damsels will die for lack of the food of your billetsdoux!"

"Not one, I assure you, Madame; if I have polluted paper with a line to woman since my arrival, or dared to harbor thoughts of more than one, and she, one to whom I can never presume to aspire—"

"Then there is one, Mr. Montagu! but pray remember my cards. I fear you will make a very negligent amanuensis."

"There is indeed one, Madame, if I dare reveal her."

"Well, well, Mr. Montagu," she said "I don't wish to confess you."

"And yet, Madame," I answered, "you could absolve me."

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow hastily, "do pray think of my cards, or I must write them; and only see how that nasty ink has stained my fingers."

"It only serves as a foil to the snowy lustre of the rest," I said.

"But yet you would not like it if the hand were yours—"

"If it were mine—if it could ever be mine," I said, warming as I spoke, and raising it to my lips.

"Have done then, have done, Mr. Montagu; see now how you have kept your promise: not one card written—oh, fie! and now we must really leave it till to-morrow, for I must go out."

"I hope not," I said, "I will complete them instantly."

"But, indeed, I must go out."

"To-morrow then, perhaps, you will permit me to show my industry."

"Yes," she said, "if you will promise, very faithfully, really to write."

"As close as a pundit, on my honour," and once more pressing her hand, and having fully received pardon for my sins, I withdrew.

The next day and the next, our seats were resumed, I pen in hand, Madame with her pocket book; but still the cards remained stationary. Not so with other matters. I progressed in love and boldness; until I won from the widow's lips a profession of regard, and the sweetest assurance of it that lips can give. Never did love sit so lightly or so happily on me, though my passion for Matilda, for that she told me was her name, was ardent, and she was beautiful, fascinating, and every way engaging, but she was not to be treated with continual scenes, and her own demonstrations of love were of that nature which satisfied without ever exciting the heart. We felt, rather than told each others hopes, and thoughts, and wishes, and I enjoyed serenely what I had before squandered in unnecessary or unavailing sufferings. Her actions spoke more than her words, and I was too proud of her to doubt her for her silence—her, and her only have I loved rationally—I loved as a woman; others have I adored as angels till restoration became torture; and I have phrenzied myself in seeking and worshipping their attributes.

About four months I led in this way a very happy life, when it was agreed we should be married: a *cantrail de mariage* was necessary; and I was to wait upon a notary to instruct him to prepare it. To enable me to do so, Matilda explained to me the nature and amount of her property, which was ample.

"And now, Augustus," said she, "I must own I have deceived you on one point."

"Indeed!" said I, "I am sure it is a very venial one."

"It is so, indeed; but it is necessary I should now explain it to you—my name is not Matilda Perrolet."

"Indeed!" said I, at the same time thinking to myself how easy a way this confession would make for my own on the same subject.

"That name I assumed to escape the importunities of my relations in England. Listen, and you shall be made acquainted with the brief story of my life. My maiden name, you must know, was Simpson."

"Indeed!" I said, "we have that name already in our family."

"On my first marriage with Mr. Wilson—"

"Who?" I cried.

"Wilson!" she answered.

My hair stood on end—"were you married a second time?"

"I was."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Winckworth."

"Winckworth!" I exclaimed, "Simpson, Wilson, Winckworth, Heavens! you are my Grandmother."

CENTRAL BANK.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the remaining instalment of *Forty Seven* per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Central Bank of New Brunswick, is required to be paid into the hands of the Cashier, at the Bank in Fredericton, on **MONDAY**, the sixth day of July next.

By Order of the Board of Directors.
H. G. CLOPPER, PRESIDENT.
Fredericton, 11th March, 1835.

REMOVAL.

MR. COY, Surgeon and Druggist, has removed his Medical and Surgical Dispensary to the premises in Queen-street, formerly occupied by Mr. J. T. Smith.
Fredericton, 5th May, 1835.

M. MACKINTOSH,

returning grateful thanks to Friends and the Public for past favours, offers for sale at the lowest rates for Cash and Country Produce,—

SUPERFINE and Rye Flour; new Oatmeal; prime Mess Irish Pork; Herring; and Fat Mackerel; smoked Herrings; dried Cod and Scale Fish; firkins Butter; roll Butter; New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Cheese; Teas; Coffee; Sugars; Molasses; Jamaica Spirits; Cogniac Brandy; Holland Gin; low priced Wines; London Porter, in bottles; cask and boxes Raisins, by retail; dried Currants; best Valencia and soft shelled Almonds; superfine Durham Mustard; root and ground Ginger, best quality; Alspice; black Pepper; Nutmegs; Cloves; Saleratus; boxes Mould Candles, short 6's; Soap; Starch; Indigo; Logwood; Fustic; Copperas; Alum; Rosin; Sulphur; Epsom Salts; Snuff and Tobacco; Table Salt; Powder and Shot; corned Pork and Ham; Printed Calico; Scotch Homespun; red and white Flannels; bleached and unbleached Cottons; coloured lining Cottons; Bobbin and quilting Nett; a few Ladies and Gentlemen's Silk Handkerchiefs; Men and Boys Comforters; Guernsey Frocks, assorted sizes; Crockery Ware; Britannia metal Tea and Table Spoons; Window Glass; Nails; Scissors, assorted sizes; gold eyed Needles; Pins; lb. and in papers; hair and dressing Combs;—Country made Socks and Mitts, &c. &c. Bbls. Pilot Bread; Onions by the Bushel.
Queen-Street, Fredericton, }
December 2nd 1834. }

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the following Assessments have been levied upon the Property of each of the undermentioned non-residents in the Parish of Woodstock, County of Carleton, and that a portion of the same will be sold pursuant to the Acts of General Assembly in such case made and provided, unless the amount annexed to each name be forthwith paid, viz: John Taylor, 15s. 10d.; John Tobin, 4s. 9d.; William Kirk, 9s. 5d.; John Higgins, 8s. 2d.; Valentine Hartley, 4s. 9d.; Richard Woods, 7s. 11d.; James Phillips, 1s. 7d.; Fraser Duff, 4s. 9d.

FRED B. DIBBLEE, } Assessors.
JOHN BEDELL, junr. }
JAMES KETCHUM, }

Woodstock, January 14th 1835.

* * The persons whose names are omitted has paid the amount to us.

Rum! Rum! and Brandy!

PUNCHEONS Jamaica SPIRITS, and half a Pipe Cognac BRANDY, on Consignment—and for sale for Cash or short approved Credit. Apply to
M. MACKINTOSH.
Fredericton, Feb'y 18, 1835.

NEW BRUNSWICK ALE.

MESSERS. KELTIE & YOUNGER, Brewers, in the City Saint John, having appointed the Subscriber their Agent for the Town of Fredericton and its vicinity, begs leave to acquaint the Public generally, that they can be supplied with the above excellent article in ten or thirty Gallon Casks, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. per gallon. Messrs. K. & Y. particularly request that their friends in this place will apply to the subscribing Agent, who will forward their orders, make delivery, and receive all payments for the same.

R. CHESTNUT.
Store at Steam Boat Landing.

N. B. The persons who gave orders to Mr. Younger a few days ago, can receive the articles ordered, by applying as above.
Fredericton, 10th March, 1835.

FOR SALE,

(and possession given immediately.)

A most valuable Lot of LAND on the South-West Branch of the Miramichi River, containing Two Hundred Acres,—originally granted to John R. McPherson. For terms and particulars, apply to W. F. KINNEAR, Esquires, Saint John, or to the Subscriber.
JAMES TAYLOR.
Fredericton, 24th April, 1835.

Valuable Property for Sale in the

COUNTY OF CARLETON,
PARISH OF WAKEFIELD.

THAT well known property formerly owned by the late Wm. Dingley, at present in the occupation of Mrs. Dingley, situated on the Bank of the River St. John in the Parish of Wakefield, containing 600 acres more or less. A great portion of the Land is interval, the remainder well wooded, and the soil of a superior quality. The above property will be sold together or in three separate Lots—for terms and further particulars apply to Captain MacLachlan or Mr. Gaynor in Fredericton, or to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 24th December, 1834.

FOR SALE.

300 ACRES of Wild Land, well covered with Hard Wood, convenient for hauling to Fredericton, and lays in rear of the Property on which the Hon. F. P. Robinson now resides; granted to Peter Clements, who offers the same on reasonable terms. For particulars apply to WILLIAM J. BEDELL, at Fredericton. March 10.

CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that any person who may hereafter be found trespassing on the Lands belonging to Captain THOMAS MOSES, situate between the River Nashwaak and the Tay Creek Road, and surrounded by Lands belonging to the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company, will be prosecuted according to Law.
29th Oct. 1834.

FOR SALE.

PERSONS who may be desirous of purchasing Land in the immediate vicinity of the new Town of STANLEY, can be accommodated with any quantity from a Rood to a Thousand Acres, by application to Mr. ROBERT GOWAN, of Fredericton; who is likewise authorised to dispose of the Timber now growing on the said Land, and with whom a plan of the Property is lodged.
29th October, 1834. THOMAS MOSES.

LAND FOR SALE.

ROBERT RANKIN & Co. have a number of Lots of LAND in the County of Carleton, which they wish to dispose of. Any Person wishing to purchase will be informed of the situations and conditions, by applying to WILLIAM J. BEDELL at Fredericton.
24th March, 1835.

LAND FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD AT EASY PAYMENTS.
A very valuable Tract of LAND, in the Parish of Wakefield, in the second Tier of Lots near the Town of Woodstock, County of Carleton—containing 550 Acres, about 10 acres of which is cleared. Also—150 Acres of excellent Land, in the Parish of Wicklow, in said County, adjoining Mr. Milberry. For further particulars please inquire of RALPH M. JARVIS, Esq. of Saint John, or MARK NEEDHAM, of Fredericton.
Fredericton, 10th March, 1835.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Honorable John Murray Bliss, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested within nine months from the date hereof: And all persons indebted to the said estate are desired to make immediate payment to
GEORGE P. BLISS, } Administrators.
L. A. WILMOT, }
Fredericton, 27th September, 1834.

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 and Sixpence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash and the Insertions will be regulated according to the amount received. Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

SAINT JOHN, } Mr. Peter Duff.
SAINT ANDREWS, } Mr. G. Miller.
DORCHESTER, } F. B. Chandler.
SALISBURY, } R. Scott, Esq.
KENT, } J. W. Weldon, Esq.
MIRAMICHI, } Edward Baker, Esq.
KENT, (CO. OF YORK) } Geo. Moorhouse, Esq.
WOODSTOCK, }
NORTHAMPTON, } Mr. C. Raymond.
SHEFFIELD, } James Tilley, Esq.
GAGGETOWN, } Doctor Barker.
KINGSTON, } Mr. W. F. Bonnell.
HAMPTON, } Mr. Asa Davidson.
Mr. Samuel Hall.