

POETRY.

Selected.

MY AUNT.

My aunt has many queer notions,—
She never butters her bread;
She declares that the Bulwer novels
Are things not fit to be read;
She thinks that to flirt is a crime,—
And especially with youth;
And she thinks the "Paradise Lost,"
Is every syllable truth.

My aunt has got to her spectacles,
Though without them she sees well enough;
She is very well versed in politics,
And thinks your poetry stuff.
She imagines that all the clergymen
Are as wise as she can be;
She thinks that Pope is a poet—
But there she agrees with me.

She dreams she can tell the mark that is left,
On my cousin's lip by a kiss;
And of all her antic theories,
I am sure not to meddle with this. [air,
She might tell the track of a bird through the
Or the track of a ship on the sea—
On the viewless heart, not the visible lip,
The stamp of a kiss will be!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS.—Of the numerous publications which have appeared on emigration to Canada, a few only can be said to possess the character of perfect fairness; varying widely in their statements, they tend to bewilder rather than enlighten those who gaze for information on the other side of the Atlantic. Visionary enthusiasts, led away by the ardour of their feelings, have palmed upon the world for truths, the vagaries of their imaginations. Land speculators and schemers have given overcharged accounts of the immediate field of their own operations. The former have, in many instances, given us nothing more than an insight into their own predilections and antipathies, acquired within the limits of some narrow local circle. The latter have exhibited as facts realized by every day's experience, results barely possible under the most favourable combination of events. Thousands, misled by those statements, have wandered in search of a home to the remotest depths of the wilderness; they have acted as if their only object had been to waste their means, in removing themselves to the furthest possible points from the comforts of civilized life. The advantages of emigration are so much within the compass of every man's reason, that it would be superfluous to dwell on them at any length. They do not so much consist in the superiority of soil or climate, which one country may chance to possess over another, as in the peculiar adaptation of a thinly peopled country, to the circumstances and pursuits of individuals, driven from the field of competition by the misfortunes of trade, or by their inability to contend against the overwhelming monopolies of wealth which exist in older countries. They must be unreasonable beings, who expect to find Canada in all its relations like England, already standing proudly on the pinnacle of civilization: are they not aware that it is the extraordinary value of every description of property in such a country, which puts it out of the power of nine-tenths of the population ever to become the possessors of one acre of the soil? What does it benefit us, to be the mere spectators of scenes of magnificence and splendour in which we have not the means of taking a part? it but reminds us of our insignificance—no part of its lustre penetrates the hut of squalid poverty—it is a splendid superstructure, built on an incalculable amount of human wretchedness. It is the very difference between the two countries, which makes Canada so peculiarly fitted for the reception of a large portion of the population of Britain. If the prospects held out are not so dazzling as those which elsewhere are open to a favored few, they have at least the advantage of being open to all. Independence is within the reach of the poorest and meanest who use any exertion to obtain it. Men of higher aim must sober down the fiery ambition of youth, into a taste for the enjoyment of domestic scenes and rural pleasures. Land is the most permanent of all properties—it yields its bounties year after year, unexhausted by time, and advances in value with the increase of population. Who are the aristocracy of England, but the descendants of those who acquired possession of the soil by grant or purchase, when it was estimated to be of little value? every corner is now occupied; every situation filled—but here, an immense extent of territory continues in its native wildness, untouched by man, fitted to become a cultivated garden, for the support of millions. The trader and speculator may go to ruin, and others rise on their fallen fortunes—but the tiller of the soil pursues an even steady course, never elevated to a

height, never sunk in the depths of poverty, always possessing moderate comforts—sometimes luxuries. If a man happens to be burthened beyond endurance with rents and taxes, can any remedy be more obvious than that of choosing a country where there are no rents or taxes to pay? If he have no prospect of providing for his family,—if he be the possessor of a paltry pittance yielding three per cent, or driven by pinching misery to use the principal,—is there any part of the world, in which the small remnant of his fortune would go so far towards the certain acquirement of permanent independence, as in Canada? Certainly none in which he could, at the same time, enjoy the benefit of those laws, which have elevated England to her proud superiority amongst nations. This is no country for the spendthrift, or the man of pleasure, nor is it likely to suit those who emigrate for no other reason than the discontentment arising from their unhappy feverish dispositions;—if unhappy in the midst of society, they are not likely to find a paradise in the woods. The emigrant must be guided by some higher impulse—he must have some nobler motive to bear him triumphantly through the first years of difficulty and toil—the pride of independence for himself,—the pride of rendering independent those who are dearer to him than life, whom he is bound by every tie of duty, honor and affection to protect. Having once made up his mind, it will not do for him to waver—he must put up with the worst for the sake of the best—all depends upon his courage and perseverance—if he fail, it must be from laziness or imprudence. Thousands make a comfortable living on every side, who commenced without a shilling, and why should not he who has the advantage of commencing with capital? When a man becomes fully convinced that his circumstances demand a change he ought to be guided by his own convictions, and not listen to the officious intermeddling of friends, who, on such occasions, are apt to be exceedingly lavish of their advice. They neither appreciate a man's motives, nor enter into his feelings; when poverty overtakes him, they, with the rest of the world, will treat him with coldness and disdain. If he wants advice, let him seek his confidential friend, who has proved himself such through life, and listen to the advice of his fairweather friends, as he would to the quacking of ducks. A man ought to be moderate in his expectations, and on no account, allow his mind, before he leaves home, to be finally closed against all future conviction. He may have read plausible works, giving very strong reasons for things, but for all he knows, they may have been written by interested persons. Let him make good use of his time after arrival in the country, and one week of cool observation and enquiry, may perhaps be the means of throwing a great deal of fresh light on his prospects—if bent on discovering a distant elysium, at the point furthest removed from market, from populous cities, from civilization, and from the sea, there ought to be no doubt remaining on his mind, as to the actual existence of such a place—for disappointment would be butter indeed, if after wasting his means in fruitless search, it after all turned out nothing more than a tame scene of trackless forest and stagnant water, when stripped of the halo with which fancy had surrounded it. In directing the emigrant's choice of a location, I shall say but little; the responsibility of this step should rest with the individual himself, after he has made a proper use of his eyes and ears. Many parts of Upper and Lower Canada offer sufficient advantages for settlement to all men of reasonable expectations, my own residence amongst an agreeable circle of friends, is perhaps, one reason why I give the preference to the Eastern Townships of the latter Province; but there are others which weighed with me, and directed my choice in the first instance, and which have since been confirmed by experience to be correct. The Townships are distant only sixty to one hundred miles from the cities of Quebec and Montreal, connected with them by good roads, and a little steam navigation from Three Rivers. I can go to market at little expense, and lay in my own supplies for the year. The healthiness of the climate is superior to what it is in any other part of Canada—it abounds with pure springs of water and running streams—the scenery is picturesque and beautiful—and the soil equally well adapted for grazing or tillage. The country having only lately been opened up, the price of lands is barely one half what it is in most parts of Upper Canada, and labour is cheaper, from the circumstance of a distinct line of territory immediately adjoining, being thickly peopled with French Canadians, who

work at low wages. We can grow European crops, together with some of the productions of warmer climates. I: wheat should cease to be profitable, we may turn our attention to rearing of stock, feeding of hogs, cultivating flax, or any thing else which finds a market. The Gulf of St. Lawrence is the cheapest and most convenient route for all who wish to settle in the Lower Province, and equally convenient for those proceeding to Upper Canada. By taking this route, people can choose what part of the country they please, which is not the case when they come by New York. They ought to embark on board vessels bound for Montreal, and land at Port St. Francis, if they wish to see the Townships; they should have an agreement with the Captain to this effect, on paper. Their baggage would cost them 3s. 9d. or 4 per cwt. from Port St. Francis to the Townships. People bound for the Townships ought to carry a share of their English furniture, cooking utensils, &c. out with them rather than sacrifice them at half price. If bound for Upper Canada, no heavy baggage that could be dispensed with ought to be taken, A Scotch plough or two, some harness, boots and shoes, warm clothing, tools, &c. ought also to be purchased at home.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE AT BRENTFORD.—On Monday the town of Brentford was thrown into a state of the greatest excitement by an occurrence the most marvellous heard of for many years, of which the following are the particulars.

Mr. Wilson, the master of the New Brentford National School, on his arrival at the school house (which is situated in the haw at the rear of the church,) on Monday morning, was informed by some of the neighbours that on the previous evening (Sunday) lights had been observed moving about in the school room. On entering the building he was much astonished to find the boys' slates (about 80 in number) spread all over the floor, the whole of which were, on the Saturday evening previous, left hanging up in the school room. Mr. Wilson, however, attached little importance to the circumstance, but about nine o'clock, shortly after prayers had been read, two of the boys, who had been in the yard at the back of the school house, came running into the room, their countenances depicting the extreme of fright, exclaiming they had seen a ghost. Mr. Wilson at first refused to listen to their tale, but finding them persist in their statement, he questioned them very closely on the subject, when they stated that as they were crossing the yard towards the school room door, they observed a very tall object, attired in a white robe, moving towards them from the further end of the yard. When they got to the school room door, they ventured to look back, when one of them saw the object enter a small building on the left side of the yard, used as a coal shed, but the other declares it must have vanished, as upon his looking round he could see nothing of it. Both agreed it had neither shoes nor stockings on, nor any covering on its head.

Mr. Wilson, for some time, treated the affair as a chimera of the boys' own imagination, but about an hour afterwards he was much alarmed by a loud shrieking at the end of the school room nearest the door leading to the yard, close to which is a trap door leading to a cellar about four feet in height, which has been excavated under the school room flooring for the purposes of ventilation. On reaching the spot he found the boys much terrified, and was informed by them the trap door had been lifted up by the same being the two boys had stated they had seen in the yard. Mr. Wilson, considering the circumstances, if true, most extraordinary, took ten of the boys, who had asserted their observance of the fact, and placing them in different parts of the school room, desired them to describe in writing, what they had seen, at the same time placing three other boys to watch the trap door. When the boys had completed their description, Mr. Wilson compared their statements together, when, to his great surprise, he found that eight of them agreed in every particular, and in a few minutes afterwards the boys placed on watch shouted out, "Here, here, master!" and at the same moment the whole of the boys uttering a simultaneous scream, rushed out of the school room into the street, followed, it is reported, by their master.

The report of a ghost having taken possession of the school house spread like wildfire through the town, and in a short time the building was surrounded by hundreds of persons.

The boys having informed Mr. Wilson the reason of their screaming, was their again seeing the trap door raised, and a wet stick shook at them by some

mysterious being, that gentleman proceeded to the Savings Bank, where he narrated the whole of the circumstances to Colonel Clithero, the Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates, who immediately accompanied Mr. Wilson to the school house, when on examination the trap door was found fastened down.

Mr. Winckworth, a carpenter, was then sent for, on whose arrival a large portion of the flooring was taken up, and several boys and men descended with candles into the cellar beneath, which extends the whole length of the building. After groping about for some time they found a cap (which is reported to have contained a quantity of hair,) and a pocket handkerchief marked C. T. but they could not find any trace of the being stated by the boys to have been seen by them. The bottom of the cellar was covered by wet mud, at least six inches deep, but too soft to have retained foot marks. Search was afterwards made throughout the yard, which is surrounded by a wall upwards of 10 feet high, the coalshed, &c. but nothing was found to elucidate the mystery in which the whole affair is at present involved. The cellar has no communication with the outside, but by the trap door in the school room.

Throughout yesterday the excitement was, if any thing, increased, crowds from the adjacent villages coming to view the place, and but few of the boys ventured to enter the school room, those few being compelled to go by their parents. The township authorities and the Magistrates have adopted every means in their power to unravel the mystery and to find out who the mysterious stranger is, and, should they succeed, we trust whoever it may be, they will meet the reward due to their ingenuity.

[This Ghost story, like most other similar tales, is clearly a hoax, but cleverly played, and it is stated some days after that though the perpetrator had not been then discovered, much ridicule was cast on the school master and the wise men of Brentford.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE THE TIME."—If there is any one principle to which the formation of my character has been chiefly indebted, it is to this motto of a distinguished naval commander.—Nobility ever waited for Lord Nelson. He made it an invariable rule to be present at every appointment, and to be ready for every enterprise, at least fifteen minutes before the time, and to wait rather impatiently the arrival of the moment allotted for action. When the hour had fully come, and the delay of others rendered it inexpedient to proceed, he looked upon his own obligation as cancelled, and withdrew immediately from the place of rendezvous, and no inducement could ever prevail upon him to return.

The lesson inculcated in this motto is, to be in time for every duty. It should be the standard principle of every man who has any regard for himself, or any regard for those with whom he acts, to be truly punctual to all his engagements. To himself it is a rule of incalculable importance, and applies to every occupation and every pursuit. The ancients represented time under the similitude of an old man, with a single lock upon his forehead, gravely but steadily approaching an assembled multitude—and whoever seized this lock and held him by it, was borne onward with the most assured pledge that could be given, of future success; but if any suffered him to pass them, he spread the wings which till then were concealed behind him, and flew away with a rapidity which rendered pursuit utterly vain.—Hence the homely adage "Take time by the forelock." Better be fifteen minutes too early than fifteen minutes too late. Too late! Alas, what a crowd of sensations cluster around that ill-omened phrase! The disappointments how numerous! The disasters how sad! The consequences—O who can trace them, as they reach through all future time and unbosom themselves in the abyss of eternity.

NEWSPAPER POETRY.—Shakespeare, who it is well known, had a way of saying things quite unlike any other human being, observes something about men dying when their brains were out, and even expresses surprise that it was not so in the case of Banquo. This dying might "come by cause" in the time of the great dramatist, but it is not so with the poetasters of our day; for the absence of brains neither prevents their bodily presence, nor the active use of the goose quill: they die not, though their works do. There is some poetry of eternal verdure: of such we speak not; but of that produced by those unlucky wights who, not attending to that great master, "Ego ne credit," have rashly bestriding the winged horse, found themselves suddenly rolling at the foot of the hill. Nor do we allude to that

hapless, yet, perhaps, happy mortal who lives, like the gods, in the upper story; but we mean those demirises among the muses who pour forth their unbidden lays—sometimes musical, always melancholy—and sharing with the nightingale the poet's description of her song. "miserable carmen."

The Romans, according to Horace, Martial and others, were often condemned in private, in their baths, and elsewhere, to hear these birds of song "pour their throats" in the recitation of bad verses, till patience gave up the ghost and died in despair. It is not so with us. Our ears are our own; they may flood a certain evening paper with their wish-a-washy effusions, but they cannot make us read or hear read. "Tenet occiditque legendo" would be indictable at the sessions.

* Holds you by force and reads you quite to death.

ALLEGORICAL.—A traveller setting out on a long journey was assailed on the road by curs, mastiffs, and half-grown puppies, which came out of their kennels to bark at him as he passed along. He often dismounted from his horse to drive them back with stones and sticks, into their hiding places. This operation was repeated every day, and sometimes as often as twenty times a day. The consequence was, that more than half the traveller's time was consumed in chasing those dogs and puppies. At last he was overtaken by a neighbour, who was going the same road, but who had set out a long time after him. The latter traveller was very much surprised to find the other no farther on his journey, and on hearing the reason. "Alas!" said he, "is it possible you have lost your time, and wasted your strength in this idle occupation? These same animals have beset me all along the road; but I have saved my time and my labour in taking no notice of their barking; while you have lost your's in resenting insults which did you no harm, and in chastening dogs and puppies whose manners you can never mend."

The Queen has directed a medal, having the King's head on one side and Her Majesty's on the other, to be sent to the Rev. R. Montgomery, author of the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, &c. in return for a copy of the "Messiah," transmitted by Mr. M. to Her Majesty.

WISDOM.—I was at dinner some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with—"Them's the jockies for me!" I wish Spurgeon could have examined his head.—*Cole-ridge's Table Talk.*

HORACE WALPOLE, speaking of the opening of the budget one year, says, "The rest of the night was spent in a kind of avoidance of war."

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—Boiling cod fish in hard water makes the fish firmer:—soap should be cut up in pieces that it may get hard:—a little wet whitening will get ink out of boards:—a little wet salt will get ink out:—a little white wash will clear starch nicely:—to take grease spots out of woollen cloths wash them in gall and water; milk will take ink out of prints.

NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, as Farmers, Lumbers and Contractors is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved. All debts due to and by the Firm will be adjusted by Christopher Murray, who is alone authorized to settle the same.

CHRISTOPHER MURRAY,
ISAAC MURRAY,
THOMAS MURRAY.

Spring Hill, 9th Nov. 1835.

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