

POETRY.

Selected.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND IS BATHED

WITH A TEAR.
Written on the Death of Burns,
by J. Graham.

Where the valliant are wearing
The plaid and the plume,
And the roses of beauty
Are shedding their bloom,
Where through the green verdure
The streamlet flows clear,
The broad spreading thistle
Is bathed with a tear.

The sweet mountain daisy
That blooms on the gale,
The hawthorn tree spreading
Adown the green vale;
To love and to feeling
Sweet flowers they are dear,
But like the green thistle
Are bathed with a tear.

What sad heart is mourning?
For every sweet flower
Of the field and the garden,
The grove and the bower,
Are wet with a tear drop;
'Tis Scotland that mourns,
And bathes the green thistle
With tears for her Burns.

Fair nature, thy beauties,
He nicely could scan;
How peerless that picture
He painted of man;
His heart's every feeling
He sketched to the core,
But ah! the sweet minstrel
Breathes music no more.

Fair Coila with Scotland
Is mingling her woe;
Yet the green branch of holly
She twined round his brow,
Still blooms round his memory,
But nothing can cheer,
He's gone and the thistle
Is bathed with a tear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism, or love of country, is a sentiment which pervades almost every human breast, and induces each individual, to prefer the land of his birth, not because it is better than another country, but merely because it is his country. This sentiment may be illustrated by a variety of anecdotes. Many of the Swiss, on account of the poverty of their country, are induced to seek military service in foreign lands. Yet in their voluntary exile, so strong is their affection for their native hills, that whole regiments have been said to be on the point of desertion, in consequence of the vivid recollections excited by one of their national songs.

A French writer informs us, that a native of one of the Asiatic isles, amid the splendours of Paris, beholding a banana tree in the Garden of Plants, bathed it with tears, and seemed for a moment to be transported to his own land.

The Ethiopian imagines that God made his sands and deserts, while Angels only were employed in forming the rest of the world.

The Maltese, insulated on a rock, distinguish their island by the appellation of "the Flower of the World."

The Javanese have such an affection for the place of their nativity that no advantages can induce them, particularly the agricultural tribes, to quit the tombs of their fathers.

The Norwegians proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon their rix dollars, "Spirit, loyalty, valour, and whatever is honourable," let the world learn among the rocks of Norway.

The Esquimaux are no less attached to their frigid zone, esteeming the luxuries of blubber oil for food, and an ice cabin for habitation, above all the refinements of other countries.

Such are some of the exhibitions of this universal sentiment, in less refined nations; in a state of higher civilization, it becomes a more elevated passion, and is thus beautifully expressed by Scott—

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

It might at first seem that patriotism, which implies a preference of one country over another, was opposed to philanthropy, which embraces in its generous scope, the whole human family. But a consideration of the practical effects of patriotism will lead us not merely to dismiss all distrust, but to admire that dispensation of providence, by which the inhabitants of every land, whether it be a region of sterile mountains, or an inhospitable climate of

snow, or a land flowing with milk and honey, or a desert of sand, are attached to the soil where their lot is cast. In the first place this love is a source of contentment and happiness, even though it may be founded in ignorance, or false comparisons; and in the second place it excites the people to seek the good, and promote the prosperity of the inhabitants. It stimulates them to act individually and unitedly, and in cases of emergency, to put forth great and successful efforts in the sacred cause of country, whether it be to realize some desirable object, or avert some threatened evil.

Thus, it would appear, that by implanting this sentiment in the breast of man, God has provided an active agent, the design and tendency of which is to cultivate and cherish the advantages which each country possesses; to develop its resources, to increase its comforts and riches, to raise the standard of civilization, and in short to promote its true glory. Such is the design, and such the tendency of that sentiment called patriotism; and if it is more circumscribed in its views than philanthropy, it is far removed from selfishness, and the bosom in which it dwells must be exalted and purified, in proportion to its sway it is permitted to exercise over the heart.

Patriotism, or love of country, then, is not merely a justifiable sentiment, but it is also ennobling to the soul which feels it, and beneficial to the community which calls it into exercise. It is alike dictated by nature, and sanctioned by reason and religion. It becomes therefore a fit object of attention to all enlightened minds, and is worthy of the particular consideration of every one charged with the education of youth. While springing up spontaneously in the heart it should be strengthened, by all those means which are known to exert a strong influence on the young mind.—*Parley.*

A FEW GENERAL RULES FOR A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

(Found in an old Book.)

Be polite and good humoured to every one, keep entirely to your own class, as a man is judged "by the company he keeps," and it is easier to form a troublesome acquaintance than to get rid of one—in doing the latter you make an enemy.

Be kind to children, but don't make yourself too frolicsome with them, or they will plague you to death, and you cannot shake them off, without mamma's thinking them cruelly treated.

Never be ashamed to say you cannot afford to join in any expense, but always be particular in paying your little debts. This is a certain way of commanding the esteem of all men, and of avoiding anxieties.

Keep your trunk locked; put in your clothes instead of leaving them about the room, but don't look as if you thought they would be stolen.

Keep your purse in your pocket, but don't change your pantaloons and leave it in them; tie your key to your person or some of your clothes, or you will drop it over board, or in some place where it cannot be recovered.

Never wear your hat in the house, it is a certain proof of ill breeding, and a mark which a clown is known by. Don't bite or cut, or clean your nails before any one—either is a trespass on good manners and truly disgusting to well bred people.

Don't smoke, or spit, a delicate minded woman would abhor you for either.

Pay a decent attention to your dress, remember that cleanliness is the handmaiden of Godliness; see that she keeps your teeth, and shoes clean particularly.

Don't swear—or laugh and look about in church, they are both decided marks of folly, and a young man would be judged by them.

Do not adopt slang, but take the trouble to have a little ready matter for conversation on hand, such as the time and place will probable call for, you then will not feel like a fool, and be obliged to sputter or jumble over something you are not quite sure is fit to meet the ear.

Pray do not put your legs on chairs or your elbows on tables—no well bred young man does either; they are reposing postures not to be used before ladies.

A Swiss peasant, the father of three children, took up his summer quarters in one of those chalets which the inhabitants of the beautiful valleys of the Canton du Vaud inhabit during the period of their grazing their flocks on the mountains. He resided there with his wife and three children, the eldest of whom, eight years of age, was an idiot; the second, aged five, was dumb; and the youngest was still an infant. The

latter was one day left alone with his two brothers, and their mother had scarcely left them when they strayed away from their little dwelling to play among the rocks. Returning home, the mother could not find them, but after a short search she succeeded in discovering two; the infant was nowhere to be seen. The idiot expressed his joy in the most extravagant manner, but the little dumb fellow, on the contrary, appeared overwhelmed with consternation, and the expression of terror in his eyes, and his whole countenance, quickly excited his mother's fears. She vainly endeavoured to discover the cause of their pantomime, but could learn nothing from the mirth of the idiot or the sorrow of the dumb child. She, however, hoped, from the character of the gestures used by the idiot, who resembled those of a person who, to his great joy, has found something for which he has been looking a long time, that her child had been taken away by a neighbour, an event which often occurred, as the little creature was much liked and caressed. But night came, and with it no news of the lost hope. On the following day the unhappy parents again set out to seek their son every where. They had not gone far when an eagle flew over their heads, which excited anew the joy of the idiot, and the terrors of the dumb boy, who pressed closely to his father, and hid his head in his hands, to avoid seeing the bird. The mother then became certain that her child had been carried off by the bird of prey. In fact, on the same day the fatal accident took place, a huntsman had stationed himself in ambush near the eagle's nest, to wait for a shot at the bird as he approached his prey. After having watched for some hours with that characteristic patience which distinguishes the Swiss hunter, he at length perceived one of those monarchs of the Alps, approaching slowly towards the rocks, appearing twice as large as an ordinary eagle. The hunter's surprise was extreme, when on a nearer approach, he saw that the bird carried a child in his talons. He heard its cries, and clearly distinguished its face. He had but one course to adopt, nor did he hesitate to employ it, that of shooting the eagle. He put up a prayer to God, took aim at the bird, and fired. The shot took effect, and the eagle fell dead, shot through the head. The hunter recovered the child, and carried it home to the wretched and incredulous mother. The boy was dreadfully torn by the eagle's talons, but none of his hurts were mortal.—*French paper.*

FLIGHT OF A STEAM CARRIAGE.—Last Friday evening about 8 o'clock, as the "North Star" steam engine was proceeding on its way towards Selby, on the Leeds and Selby Railway, and was within about three miles of that place, the engineer had occasion to adjust one of the valves, and while stooping for that purpose, accidentally fell off upon the road. Happily he sustained no material injury; but the engine unchecked, as the engineer had attempted, proceeded on its course at an increased and fearful velocity toward Selby. At this time, the only person with the engine was the fireman—for, fortunately, there were with the engine no carriages with passengers, and he was unacquainted with the management of the engine, and, in his fear for consequences, leaped off, and was severely stunned. The "North Star" of course "held on its way," and like "Gilpin," of Edmonton memory, found the gates every where fly open at its approach, no one presuming to dispute the passage of one who seemed to "ride a race," till it came to the west entrance of the depot at Selby, where the doors were shut, and the keepers absent. The "North Star," however, was not to be arrested in its course by the "shadow of a shade," like that, and through the doors it went, carrying all impediments before it, till it finally was stopped by the great number of carriages it encountered in the depot, some of which it very seriously damaged. If it had not been so arrested, the probability is, that it would have forced its way through the large doors at the front of the depot, and then over the jetty into the Ouse, for its steam was up, and then gentle reader, and then the "North Star" would have "dipped."—*English paper.*

A DOG CHURNING MILK.—There has been in operation for some time past on the farm of Auchyle, parish of Port, Perthshire, occupied by Mr. Peter Ferguson, an ordinary sized staff or plunge churn, making the butter from 16 or 18 cows—the propelling power of which is a colley dog. The machinery necessary for the process is exceedingly simple and cheap, and as a proof of the feasibility of the plan, which must

prove a considerable saving to the dairy farmers, several of Mr. Ferguson's neighbours are about to enlist into their service the same kind of animal power. We understand a working churn, on the above principle, will shortly be procured for Drummonds' Agricultural Museum.—*Stirling Advertiser.*

ENLIGHTENED PATRIOTISM.—When the rumour prevailed in England of a French invasion, two chimney sweepers fell into conversation upon the times.

"Jack, said one of the sable politicians, 'what is it to us? our trade has nothing to hope or fear from any change of government. What need we care? We shall be chimney sweepers still!'"

"That is a mistake," replied Jack, "for when the French come they will bring French chimney sweepers along

with them, and we shall be out of employment." This is not a bad notion, but not so good as that of the respectable aunt of Mr. Peter Mooye, who was at Dover during the last war, and just at the period when invasion was threatened, there happened to be a chimney on fire, and the smell of the soot became very powerful.

"Good gracious?" said the old lady to her maid, "the French are coming! we shall be all murdered—ruined—annihilated!"

"Dear ma'am," said the maid, "why do you think the French are coming?"

"I smell them Kitty," said the lady. "Smell the Mounsheers," replied the maid, "I only smell soot."

"That's them—don't you see in the newspapers that all their flat bottomed boats are rowed by sweeps."

LANDS FOR SALE BY THE NEW BRUNSWICK & NOVA SCOTIA LAND COMPANY.

THE New Brunswick and Nova Scotia LAND COMPANY having been long since incorporated by Royal Charter, with a Capital of £200,000, Sterling, with power to increase that amount to £400,000, and having purchased from the Crown the most central and delightful portion of the Province of New Brunswick, between the Rivers "Saint John and South West, Miramichi," have been quietly and unostentatiously improving a large portion thereof for settlement. The improvements consist of a fine line of Road, cut and now travelled upon, directly through what may be termed the Valley of the Nashwaak to the Company's new Town of STANLEY, where they have erected a SAW MILL of great power, with Circular Saws, capable of producing every description of Boards and Scantling necessary for Building, at the most reasonable rate and shortest notice—a GRIST MILL has likewise been built, with the most approved re-acting power, and the best and finest Granite and French Burr Stones introduced; so that the Settler may have the opportunity (without difficulty) of getting the produce of his Farm rendered serviceable at the least possible expense.

The Town of Stanley, delightfully situated on the banks of the beautiful River Nashwaak, offers every advantage and inducement, both from situation and luxuriance of its soil, for immediate increase of population. Gentlemen of Wealth from England having already fixed their location there, their Buildings showing at once a cultivated taste and certain satisfaction of future success; a Tavern, a Blacksmith's Shop, and many Houses have been erected by the Company, most of which are now occupied or in course of completion; one hundred and fifty to two hundred Acres have already been cleared, and the principal part in a state of cultivation—proving to demonstration the capability and happy results produced by only ordinary labour, strict attention to the nature of the soil, and a proper mode of Agriculture.

The whole line of Road from its commencement to the South West, Miramichi, offers every inducement for Settlement, on both sides of which a number of small Farms have been laid off, some with Clearings and Log Houses built thereon, a few of which are inhabited, so that the Traveller will find accommodation at the most reasonable rate. The steady and persevering Emigrant will find that every attention will be paid, and every necessary facility given him to render his new undertaking as light and pleasing as the Company's interests may justly and fairly warrant.

The price of the Land will as a matter of course, vary according to situation, but none will be higher than Twelve Shillings currency, or Ten Shillings sterling per Acre for the present Season, (Town Lots and Ten Acre Farms surrounding the Town excepted) every information about which will be readily and cheerfully communicated by the Company's Agent at Fredericton.

As many applications have been made for Town Lots without positive situations being named—it will be necessary for the Applicants to repeat their requests and fix upon the number in the Town Plot they would wish to occupy.

TERMS.—The terms of Payment will be made easy, as follows:—One fifth to be paid at the time of purchase, upon which a Location Ticket of Possession will be given, the other four-fifths by annual Instalments; but should the Purchaser pay the whole amount at once, a discount of 15 per cent will be allowed upon the purchase money, upon completion of which a Deed, in fee simple, will be immediately prepared by the Company's Solicitor, to be paid for by the Purchaser, putting him in absolute and sole possession.

The Company's Road has been cut out, but not yet finished to Campbell, (another projected Town on the South West, Miramichi River,) At this Establishment a valuable Property has been purchased by the Company, consisting of Saw Mill, Grist Mill, Blacksmith Shop, &c. &c. &c. for some years in active operation, Houses built by the Company, and a beautiful Farm under good cultivation; the Line of Road from Stanley to Campbell proving yet more fully the value and richness of the Soil of this long neglected, little understood and most valuable portion of His Majesty's North American Colonies.

As enquiry will bear out every statement made in the above advertisement, and as every attention and assistance will be given to the most humble but industrious Settler, it is particularly requested that when real information is required, application may be made to—

E. N. KENDALL, Chief Commissioner, or JOHN STEPHENS, Fredericton; the Hon. J. CUNARD & Co. Miramichi; J. V. THURGAR, Resident Agent at Saint John, and ANDREW DUNCAN, Campbell; or the Hon. S. CUNARD & Co. Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Company's Office, Saint Mary's, near Fredericton, N. B.
November 25, 1835.

TEAS.

The Subscriber has received—



44 CHESTS, half chests, and boxes Bohea and Congo TEAS, which he is enabled to sell on as liberal terms as can be procured, of their

respective qualities, in the Province, and therefore invites the attention of the Public B. HAUPTEP.
Fredericton, 20th June, 1836.

ALL persons having any just demands against the estate of the late Rev. Michael M'Sweeney, of Fredericton, are requested to render their accounts for adjustment within three months from the date hereof: and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

MARY ANN M'SWEENEY, Adm'x.
Fredericton, 15th June, 1836.

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.

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