

POETRY.

Selected.

THE EVENING HYMN.

BY THOMAS MILLER, BASKET-MAKER.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue,
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud,
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, trumping deep and loud,
Have left no foot-mark there.
The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore:
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rung so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut, and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.
And in this hushed and breathless close
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still lone voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God! of thee.
The whispering leaves, the far off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rook,
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light;
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright guardians of the blue-browed night;
What are ye in your native skies?
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things,
That from a root so sacred shine,
Where sounds the best of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearkened to what science tells,
For, oh! in childhood I was taught
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All have the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways deeper grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,
All, all is mute below.

And other eyes as sweet as this
Will close upon as calm a day,
And, sinking down the deep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away;
Until uncertainty is gained,
That boundless sea without a shore,
That without time forever reigned,
And will when time's no more.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

—333—

(ORIGINAL.)

THE BROOM SELLERS.

An Epigram, versified from Joe Miller.

How comes it, Phil, your brooms you sell,
Where'er you choose to take 'em,
Cheaper than I, how strange to tell!
Who steal the wood to make 'em?

Indced I, the secret's out at once,
You don't, Tom, know your trade:
While you steal wood to make 'em, dunce,
I steal 'em ready made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YANKEE EATING AND HORSE FEEDING.

Did you ever hear tell of Abernethy, a British doctor? said the clock maker. Frequently, said I; he was an eminent man, and had an extensive practice. Well, I reckon he was a vulgar critter that, he replied; he treated the Hon. Alder Gobble, Secretary to our legation at London, dreadful bad; and I guess if it had been me he had used that way, I'd a fixed his flint for him, so that he'd think twice afore he'd fire such another shot as that are agin—I'd a made him make tracks, I guess, as quick as a dog does a hog from a potatoe field—he'd a found his way out of the hole in the fence a plaguy sight quicker than he came in, I reckon. His manner, said I, was certainly rather unceremonious at times, but he was so honest, and so straightforward, that no person was, I believe, ever seriously offended at him. It was his way. Then his way was so plaguy rough, continued the clock maker, that he'd been the better if it had been hammered and mauled down smoother; I'd a levelled him as flat as a flounder. Pray what was his offence? said I. Bad enough, you may depend.—The Hon. Alder Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness after eating, so he goes to Abernethy for advice. What's the matter said the doctor—jist that way, without even passing the time o' day with him. What's the matter with you? said he. Why, says Alder, I presume I have the dyspepsia. Ah, said he. I see, I see—a yankee swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest. I am an American citizen, says Alder, with great dignity—I am Secretary to our legation at the Court of St. James.

The devil, you are! said Abernethy—then you'll soon get cured of your dyspepsia. I don't see that are inference, said Alder—it don't follow from what you predict at all. It aint a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office. (The truth is, you could no more trap Alder than you could an Indian—he could see other folks' trail and make none himself—he was a real diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) But I tell you it does follow, said the doctor, for in the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a Christian. It was an everlasting pity Alder contradicted him, for he broke out like mad—I'll be d—d, said he, if I ever saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food like a Boa constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food, that you never take the trouble to dissect, nor the time to masticate? Its no wonder that you loose your teeth, for you never use them—nor your digestion, for you overload it—nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of your food. It's disgusting—it's beastly.

You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast he can pitch it with dung a fork, and drive off—and then you complain that such a load of comfort is too heavy for you. Dyspepsia, eh! infernal guzzling you mean—I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of legation; take half the time to eat that you do to draw out your words—chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month. I dont understand such language, said Alder—(for he was fairly ryled and got his dander up—and when he showed clear grit, he looked wicked ugly I tell you) I dont understand you, Sir, I came here to consult you professionally, and not to be—Dont understand, said the doctor; why; its plain English. But here, read my book—and he shoved a book into his hands, and left him in an instant standing alone in the midst of the room. If the Hon. Alder Gobble had gone right away and demanded his passports, and returned home with the legation in one of our first class frigates, (I guess the English would as soon see pyson as one o' them are serpents) to Washington, the President and the people would have sustained him in it, I guess, until an apology was offered for the insult to the nation. I guess if it had been me, said Mr. Slick, I'd a headed him afore he slipped out of the door, and pinned him up again the wall, and made him bolt his words agin, as quick as he throw'd 'em up, for I never seed an Englishman that didn't cut his words as short as he does his horse's tail—close up to the stump. It certainly was very coarse and vulgar language, and I think, said I that your secretary had just cause to be offended at such an ungentleman like attack, although I think it showed his good sense in treating it with the contempt it deserved. It was plaguy lucky for the doctor, I tell you, that he cut stick as he did and made himself scarce, for Alder was an ugly customer—he'd gim a proper scalding—he'd a taken the bristles off his hide as clean as the skin of a spring shote of a pig killed at Christmas. The clock maker was evidently excited by his own story, and to indemnify himself from these remarks on his countrymen, he indulged for some time in ridiculing the Nova Scotians.

Do you see that are flock of colts, said he (as we passed one of those beautiful prairies that render the valleys of Nova Scotia so verdant and so fertile), well, I guess they keep to much of that are stock. I heard an Indian one day at a tavern keeper for some rum,—why, Joe Spawdeck, I reckon you have got too much already. Too much of any thing, said Joe, is not good, but too much rum is just enough. I guess these blue noses think so about their horses—they are fairly eaten up by them, out of house and home, and they are no good neither. They aint good saddle horses, and they aint good draft horses—they are jist neither one thing nor tother. They are like the drink of our Connecticut folks at mowing time—they use molasses and water, nasty stuff, only fit to catch flies—it spoils good water and makes bad beer. No wonder the folks are poor. Look at them are great dykes—well, they all go to feed horses. If I had them critters on that are mash on a location of mine, I'd jist take my rifle and shoot every one on em—the nasty yo necked, eat hammed, heavy headed, flat eared, narrow chested, crooked shanked, long legged, good for nothing brutes. They aint worth their keep one winter.—I vow, I wish one of these blue noses, with his go to meeting clothes on—coat tails pinned up behind, like a leather

blind of a shay, an old spur on one heel, and a pipe stuck thro' his hat band, mounted on one of these limber timbered critters, that moves its hind legs, like a hen scratching gravel—was set down in Broadway, in New York, for a sight. I think I hear the West Point Cadets a laughen at him. Who brought that are scarecrow out of standing corn and stuck him here? I guess that are citizen came from away down east out of the Notch of the White Mountains.

Here comes the Cholera doctor from Canada—not from Canada, I guess, for he don't look as if he had ever been among the rapids. If they wouldnt poke fun at him its a pity—if they'd keep less horses and more sheep, they'd have both food and clothing too, instead of buying both. I vow I've larfed afore now till I have fairly wet myself a crying to see one of these folks catch a horse. May be he has to go two or three miles of an errand—well, down he goes on the dyke with a bridle in one hand, and an old tin pan in another, full of oats, to catch his beast. First he goes to one flock of horses and then to another, to see if he can find his own critter.

At last he gets sight on him, and goes softly up to him, shakin his oats and a coaxing him, and jist as he goes to put his hand on him away he starts, all head and tail, and the rest with him—that starts another flock, and they set a third off—and at last every troop of em goes, as if Old Nick was arter them, till they amount to two or three hundred in a drove. Well he chases clear across the Tantramar marsh, seven miles good, over ditches, creeks, mire holes and flag ponds, and then they turn and take a fair chase for it back again seven miles more. By this time, I presume, they are all pretty considerably well tired, and Blue Nose, he goes and gets up all the men folks in the neighbourhood, and catches his beast as they do a moose, arter he is fairly run down, so he runs fourteen miles to ride two, because he's in a tar-nation hurry. Its eenmost equal to eating soup with a fork, when you're short of time. It puts me in mind of catching birds by sprinklin salt on their tails—it is only one horse a man can ride arter all. One has no shoes, tother has a colt, one arnt broke, another has a sore back, while a third is so eternal cunnin all Cumberland couldnt catch him till winter drives him up to the barn for food.

Most of them are dyke marshes, and have what they call honey pots in em, that is, a deep hole, all full of squash, where you cant find no bottom. Well, every now and then, when a feller goes to look for his horse, he sees his tail stickin right out an end from one of these honey pots, and waving like a head of broom corn; and sometimes you see two or three trapped there, eenmost smothered, half swimmin, half wadin, like rats in a molasses cask. When they find them in that are pickle, they go and get ropes, and tie em tight round their necks, and half hang em to make em float, and then haul em out. Awful looking critters they be, you may depend, when they do come out, for all the world like half drowned kittens—all alinky, slimy, with their great long tails glued up like a swab of oakum dipped in tar. If they dont look foolish, its a pity!—Well, they have to nurse their critters all winter with hot mashes, warm covering, and what not, and when spring comes they mostly die, and if they dont they're never no good arter. I wish, with all my heart, half the horses in the country were bar-relled up in these here honey pots, and then there'd be near about one half too many left for profit. Jist look at one of these barn yards in the spring—half a dozen half starved colts, with their hair lookin a thousand ways for Sunday, and their coats hangin in tatters, and half a dozen good for nothin old horses a crowden out the cows and sheep!

Can you wonder that people who keep such an unprofitable stock come out of the small end of the horn in the long run?—Rec. of Nova Scotia.

face shining as bright as a new tea-kettle, fired away at a tremendous rate. Half-past twelve o'clock having arrived, the state of eating was again announced. The kitchen hero, having a delicate stomach, had only dispatched 184, yet was in advance of his neighbour 24. As there was to be no resting, both kept hotly at work. About ten minutes before the time appointed to give over, an accident befel the oc-

cupant of the kitchen. It appeared that in turning a cake, he had thrown it too high, by which it stuck against the ceiling, which threw him about half a cake behind; in a short while afterwards the umpires called out that the time had expired. The lists were eagerly summed up, when it appeared that Kitchen had beaten Parlour by 25 to 23—majority 2.—Leeds Intelligencer.

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 expence.

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. 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.

Valuable Tract of LAND for Sale in the

County of Carleton, Parish of Wakefield.

500 ACRES of LAND situate on

the southwest branch of the

Maduxnickick, and bounded on said Stream

about one and a half miles; distant from

Woodstock, about eight miles; and from

Houlton, about four miles.—The southwest

side of said Tract is within half a mile of

the line as surveyed by the Commissioners

on the Boundary Line;—the said Land is

well Timbered, and soil of good quality.

For terms and further particulars apply to

W. F. BONNELL, Jr.,

Gage Town, Queen's, 17th March, 1836.

Valuable Tract of LAND for Sale in the

County of Carleton, Parish of Wakefield.

500 ACRES of LAND situate on

the southwest branch of the

Maduxnickick, and bounded on said Stream

about one and a half miles; distant from

Woodstock, about eight miles; and from

Houlton, about four miles.—The southwest

side of said Tract is within half a mile of

the line as surveyed by the Commissioners

on the Boundary Line;—the said Land is

well Timbered, and soil of good quality.

For terms and further particulars apply to

W. F. BONNELL, Jr.,

Gage Town, Queen's, 17th March, 1836.

Valuable Tract of LAND for Sale in the

County of Carleton, Parish of Wakefield.

500 ACRES of LAND situate on

the southwest branch of the

Maduxnickick, and bounded on said Stream

about one and a half miles; distant from

Woodstock, about eight miles; and from

Houlton, about four miles.—The southwest

side of said Tract is within half a mile of

the line as surveyed by the Commissioners

on the Boundary Line;—the said Land is

well Timbered, and soil of good quality.

For terms and further particulars apply to

W. F. BONNELL, Jr.,

Gage Town, Queen's, 17th March, 1836.

Valuable Tract of LAND for Sale in the

County of Carleton, Parish of Wakefield.

500 ACRES of LAND situate on

the southwest branch of the

Maduxnickick, and bounded on said Stream

about one and a half miles; distant from

Woodstock, about eight miles; and from

Houlton, about four miles.—The southwest

side of said Tract is within half a mile of

the line as surveyed by the Commissioners

on the Boundary Line;—the said Land is

well Timbered, and soil of good quality.

For terms and further particulars apply to

W. F. BONNELL, Jr.,

Gage Town, Queen's, 17th March, 1836.

Valuable Tract of LAND for Sale in the

County of Carleton, Parish of Wakefield.

500 ACRES of LAND situate on

the southwest branch of the

Maduxnickick, and bounded on said Stream

about one and a half miles; distant from

Woodstock, about eight miles; and from

Houlton, about four miles.—The southwest

side of said Tract is within half a mile of

the line as surveyed by the Commissioners

on the Boundary Line;—the said Land is

well Timbered, and soil of good quality.

For terms and further particulars apply to

W. F. BONNELL, Jr.,

Gage Town, Queen's, 17th March, 1836.

Valuable Tract of LAND for Sale in the

County of Carleton, Parish of Wakefield.

500 ACRES of LAND situate on

the southwest branch of the

Maduxnickick, and bounded on said Stream

about one and a half miles; distant from

Woodstock, about eight miles; and from

Houlton, about four miles.—The southwest

side of said Tract is within half a mile of

the line as surveyed by the Commissioners

on the Boundary Line;—the said Land is

well Timbered, and soil of good quality.

For terms and further particulars apply to

W. F. BONNELL, Jr.,

Gage Town, Queen's, 17th March, 1836.

Valuable Tract of LAND for Sale in the

County of Carleton, Parish of Wakefield.

500 ACRES of LAND situate on

the southwest branch of the

Maduxnickick, and bounded on said Stream

about one and a half miles; distant from

Woodstock, about eight miles; and from

Houlton, about four miles.—The southwest

side of said Tract is within half a mile of

the line as surveyed by the Commissioners

on the Boundary Line;—the said Land is

well Timbered, and soil of good quality.

For terms and further particulars apply to

W. F. BONNELL, Jr.,

Gage Town, Queen's, 17th March, 1836.

Valuable Tract of LAND for Sale in the

County of Carleton, Parish of Wakefield.

500 ACRES of LAND situate on

the southwest branch of the

Maduxnickick, and bounded on said Stream

about one and a half miles; distant from

Woodstock, about eight miles; and from

Houlton, about four miles.—The southwest

side of said Tract is within half a mile of

the line as surveyed by the Commissioners

on the Boundary Line;—the said Land is

well Timbered, and soil of good quality.

For terms and further particulars apply to

W. F. BONNELL, Jr.,

Gage Town, Queen's, 17th March, 1836.

Valuable Tract of LAND for Sale in the

County of Carleton, Parish of Wakefield.

500 ACRES of LAND situate on

the southwest branch of the

Maduxnickick, and bounded on said Stream

about one and a half miles; distant from

Woodstock, about eight miles; and from

Houlton, about four miles.—The southwest

side of said Tract is within half a mile of

the line as surveyed by the Commissioners

on the Boundary Line;—the said Land is

well Timbered, and soil of good quality.</