

POETRY.

Selected.

MY AVOCATION.

BY G. F. R. JAMES.

Half-way through man's allotted space I stand
Upon the brink
Of latter life's e'er autumn tide, and pause
A while to think—
To think, and ask, 'mongst all the things
That I through life have seen,
What—had the choice been left to me—what,
What I would have been?
Of all professions and degrees on this side of
The flood,
Oh! make me but a forester in some old shady
wood!

The forest ground, the forest ground, 'tis there
My days I'd pass,
'Till up to heaven my soul should spring, like
A sky-lark from the grass.
The sights are pleasing to mine eye, the
sounds unto mine ear,
As each rich season passes by in all the varied
year;
Each speaking with a mystic voice, if rightly
understood,
Oh! make me but a forester in some old shady
wood!

I'll ask but little else than that—the belling of
The deer;
The singing of the cheerful birds, the fawn's
voice shrill and clear;
The cawing of the ancient rooks upon their
topmost sprays;
The hum of living myriads on eve of summer
days;
The nightingale still pouring on in solemn
tuneful mood,
As the belated forester home wanders through
The wood.

And then the sunshine through the trees, glid-
ing their ancient stems;
The dew upon the grass and leaves, more
beautiful than gems;
The flowers that hand in hand come on, sweet
maiden of the spring;
The varied hues of every plume, on time's own
radiant wing;
The rosy morn, the bright mid day, and
evening's golden flood:
Oh! make me but a forester in some old shady
wood!

The brown deer starting on their way, through
The dim woodland shades;
The tall stag gazing anxiously up the long
grassy glades;
The timid hare, with mazy track, treading
His evening round,
And stopping short, and listening long for
every passing sound;
And birds that, joyful, to their young bear
back the far sought food,
What time the early forester first wanders
through the wood.
The forming of the early bud, the young leaf's
open green,
And every hue in every hour that o'er the
woods is seen:
I'd find sweet voices in such sounds, and
friendships in such sights,
And matter for a homily in all those calm de-
lights;
I'd ask no more of prince or king, in his most
bounteous mood,
Than make me but a forester in some old
shady wood!

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

One of the points of view in which
human beings make the meanest and
most ridiculous appearance, is in re-
gard to their antipathies—those unac-
countable dislikes to various objects in
nature, to various kinds of food, to
various bodily and mental peculiarities
in others—to innumerable harmless and
indifferent things, in short—which be-
set so many of us. Antipathies are of
two kinds, some being apparently the
result of native weakness, while others
arise from vicious education and bad
habits. James I., who, in many other
respects, gave token of a constitution
diseased and imperfect, though perhaps
originally intended to be powerful, was
full of antipathies, as appears from a
catalogue of them drawn up by Ben
Jonson, in reference to the various
senses. To the same cause must be
ascribed those affections under which
so many stout and brave men are de-
scribed as having laboured; affections
causing them to faint at the sight of
even a fictitious spider, at the intrusion
of a cat, and on coming into the pre-
sence of other objects equally unimpor-
tant to the generality of men. Such
examples of the manifestations of intense
antipathy call for no particular remark
in this place; they were better left to
the physician. In the other class of in-
stances, the affection is not so obviously
organic as to forbid all hope of dispel-
ling or abating it by means of rational
remonstrance. The antipathy which
we sometimes cherish in regard to other
nations is not natural; it is only false
sentiments imposing itself upon us as
true—wickedness assuming the guise of
a virtue. It is not at all fanciful to sup-
pose that many of the so-called glories
of the British arms have been achieved
under the influence of no more honora-
ble a sentiment, than a detestation of
mer who could so far differ from us in
taste as to eat frogs. Such allusions
for the burden of many of those popular
ditties which were employed, not many
years ago, to stir up men to the strange
task of destroying each other. The

French, for their part, have the same
horror for our occasional indulgence in
rook-pie which we have for their frog
fricassees; only let us suppose a vast
body of that nation marching to encoun-
ter a vast body of ours, and lashing up
their rage against us by patriotic ex-
clamations of our habit of eating rook-
pies! Yet that we have been guilty of a
gastronomical intolerance of this kind,
is undeniable. For no better reason
do we encourage hatred against the in-
dividuals around us. Men have be-
come objects of detestation to others
for the most trivial personal peculiari-
ties—for having white cheeks, for hav-
ing long limbs, for a manner of walking.
A difference in predilections often raises
this disgraceful spirit. We hate peo-
ple for being given to music, ourselves
having no taste for it. We hate peo-
ple for the veneration which they pay to
ancient things, ourselves chancing to
have little of that disposition. Mirth-
ful, we detest people for being grave;
and, grave, we detest them for being
mirthful. It is no uncommon emotion
of the human mind, to wish to give a
laughing face a good blow in the chops.

A series of incidents strikingly illus-
trative of the antipathy which is ap-
parently in consequence of a difference of
tastes, took place a few years ago in a
village in Devonshire. Mr. George
Dawson, a medical man, and Mr. Zacha-
riah Figgins, a retired wool comber,
chanced about the same time to settle
in this village, where they took up their
abode in two neat little villas, contig-
uous to each other, and the back grounds
connected with which, were only sepa-
rated by an oak paling. Messrs. Daw-
son and Figgins had come from dif-
ferent parts of the country, and were not
acquainted; but those who knew both,
said they were a good sort of men as
might be met with. The doctor was a
little of a botanist, and, besides remov-
ing a number of splendid flowers from
his former residence, had employed a
scientific gardener to plant others, so
that his little domain was soon all in a
blow of floral beauty. Mr. Figgins
had an equally costly hobby, but refer-
ring to a different order of creation.
He was all for the feathered tribes. In
a series of ornamental sheds ranging
along his back ground, he afforded shel-
ter and food to countless varieties of
poultry—the brassy winged black, the
yellow winged red, the lily white, the
top knot, the true Dorking, and the
pheasant breasted. His yard by day
was an universal scene of scratching,
cackling, fighting, crowing, and flut-
tering. If Messrs. Dawson and Figgins
had been men of much liberality
of sentiment, they would have laughed
at each others harmless follies, and
thought no more upon the subject.
Being otherwise, they mutually con-
ceived a deep rooted contempt for each
other, the one ridiculing the gaudy
flowers, and the other the gaudy plu-
mage, in which his neighbour delighted.
Mr. Dawson, moreover, kept a mastiff
dog, which disturbed the other family
by its barking; while Mr. Figgins re-
tained a huge Hampshire hog, equally
disagreeable to the Dawsons by its
grunting. The gentlemen were at one
in politics and in religion, of about equal
pretensions in wealth and standing, and
every way qualified to become friends.
But their hobbies were of different
species, and on this they split.

Matters proceeded for some time
smoothly enough, but they could not do
so always. A coarse old ragged yarn
stocking had been left by some poor
creature on the road which skirted the
bottom of the two gardens, and this did
some heedless passenger toss over the
wall into the doctor's grounds. Miss
Dawson, in taking an early walk, dis-
covered the intruding object, and, hav-
ing contracted a dislike to young Figs-
gens, concluded that it had been placed
there by him. She therefore tossed it
over into the poultry-yard, where it fell
upon the shoulder of that young gentle-
man, who was employed at the moment
in feeding some of his father's top-knots.
He, peeping through the paling, and
observing the lady, lost no time in re-
turning the rag with his comments,
hoping that she had not missed her
stocking. Miss Dawson was shocked
beyond measure, and returned to the
house to complain of the shameful con-
duct of the low people at the next house;
while Master Figgins took equally good
care to inform his father of the insult
which he conceived had been offered
to him. In the course of the forenoon,
Dr. Dawson took a walk in his garden,
and observing the objectionable gar-
ment, tossed it once more over among
the lily-whites, it was soon after found
by Mr. Figgins. The latter gentle-
man, fully incensed at what he could
not but consider as a direct insult, pack-
ed it up, and sent it by a servant, with
a note to Dr. Dawson, regretting that
his stockings should be thrown about,
but supposing that Miss Dawson had

not time to mend them. Impertinent
fellow! low mechanical rascal! and
other less elegant vituperatives, ex-
pressed, on the part of Dr. Dawson, the
loathing with which he received this
communication.

The gentlemen were now full of mu-
tual fire, and observed no measure in
speaking spitefully of each other.
Dawson described Figgins to every
body as a savage whom no degree of
affluence could improve; and Figgins
set down Dawson as a fellow living on
the public. It is said that a breach is
easily widened, and so it proved in this
case, in more respects than one. The
mastiff, having one night slipped his
chain, broke through the paling into
the poultry-yard, where he committed
the most dreadful havoc among the
lily-whites, and all the other species
without distinction, leaving the ground
in the morning strewn with their fea-
thers, and one or two worried outright.
Figgins beheld the scene with curved
brow and gnashing teeth. He thought
he should shoot the dog. He thought
he should tweak the owner's nose. But
these were actionable doings, and a
safer and more appropriate kind of re-
taliation at last presented itself to him.
Having discovered the loosened paling
which had admitted Pompey, he easily
removed the adjoining spoke, so as to
allow room for the passage of a still
larger animal. He then contrived
measures for allowing his hog to get
loose in the night, and finding its way
into the doctor's garden. Next morn-
ing, at sunrise, the tastefully disposed
climbing plants, the beautifully ar-
ranged dahlias, balsams, stocks, all the
pride and glory of the place, lay in one
promiscuous ruin. Dawson surveyed it
from a bedroom window, and, with-
out stopping to put on more than one
of the least dispensable garments, rush-
ed down with his cane to avenge him-
self upon the intruder. Frantic with
rage, he rushed to the encounter. The
beast, as if conscious of its evil deeds,
retreated before him, but yet warily
kept its snout to the foe. He, less
considerate followed it into a bed of
dahlias, where, madly endeavouring to
thrash it, he soon prostrated almost all
that remained to him of those glorious
flowers. For some minutes he was al-
lowed thus to expend his rage; but the
beast at length saw fit to attempt an es-
cape. It accordingly rushed between
his legs, overturned him amidst the
gaudy ruin, and, dashing through the
paling, regained its own territory.
The servants came to their master's
assistance, and raised him in a state
of exhaustion. Not having seen the
hog, they concluded that he had sud-
denly become deranged, and inflicted
all the damage upon the flowers himself.
They led him carefully in, and seated
him in the parlour. He would have
thought it all a dream, but that he felt
the bruises on his elbow and hip; and,
during his counter-march from the field
of battle, had seen several grinning fa-
ces at the windows next door. All this
was so exceedingly grating to the doc-
tor's feelings, that the administration of
a vomica, arsenic, and all the poisons
in existence, seemed at first too small
a retaliation for the outrage committed
upon him. At length settled down
into the desperate resolve of commencing
a lawsuit.

At Figgins' they were in an ecstasy
of delight. The conflict which they
had witnessed was compared to that of
George and the Dragon, though the
doctor, they thought must be allowed
superior courage, as he fought on foot.
The adroitness of the hog they applauded
to the echo. To draw on the en-
counter amidst the thickly planted rows
of dahlias, so as to avoid the blows,
while the blooms flew in every direction,
showed a knowledge of the art of war
quite surprising; to capsize the antag-
onist with such dexterity, and then to
escape without the loss of a bristle, was
altogether a masterpiece of manœuvring,
far surpassing the powers of any
dragon. Old Figgins, young Figgins,
and all the servant girls, laughed till
the tears ran down their cheeks.

Although the revenge which the
Hampshire dragon had taken was ter-
rible, yet, in the mind of Figgins, it
did not appear more than a satisfactory
set-off against his own wrongs. The
loss of his top-knots was still, indeed,
so deeply grudged, that, if he had been
at all a fighting man, he would have
certainly challenged his neighbour to
single combat. Any how, the idea of
a lawsuit was not calculated to give
him much surprise.

It has been said that bad pens have
been a cause of errors in orthography,
and thick ink of mistakes in philology.
Whether these assertions be well or ill
founded, the doctor's writing apparatus
produced the following morsel of intel-
ligence:—

"Mr. Dawson begs to inform Mr.
Figgins that his great black hog has

trespassed to the amount of twenty-five
pounds. If you don't pay it, you may
do as you please, down on the nail."

Immediately on receiving this effu-
sion, old Figgins went to his desk,
where he sat for some time cogitating
with his finger on his nose, and every
now and then repeating the words twenty-
five pounds. Having then mended
his pen, and tried it several times, he
wrote the following answer to the doc-
tor:—

"Sir.—I've got your letter, and as
to twenty-five pounds your dog has mur-
dered my fowls to innumerable amount, and
I will prosecute you, cording to law,
or any other nusence.—Yurs. &c.
Z F."

Both parties then repaired to their
respective attorneys, to whom they re-
lated the whole facts, each with the
colour of his own feelings, and an ac-
tion and counteraction were immedi-
ately raised. Every preparation was
made for hearing the case in court: ex-
penses to the amount of nearly two
hundred pounds had been incurred on
both sides; the lawyers were all agog
for further fees, and the public for a lit-
tle amusement at the hearing of the
case; when it was announced to the
court that the parties, by their attorneys,
had agreed to withdraw a juror, each
paying his own costs. Thus ended, in
ridicule and severe loss, a squabble ar-
ising from the most unworthy motives,
and which the least spark of good and
liberal feeling on either side might have
easily obviated.

So much for the antipathy which a
diversity of hobbies may generate.
Another species remains to be remarked
upon—the antipathy, real or supposed,
for certain kinds of food. I say real or
supposed, because many of the dislikes
of this kind are only affected, or at the
most presumed by ourselves upon erro-
neous conviction. It is by no means
uncommon to meet with individuals in
company, who avow an antipathy to
half of the things at table. They can-
not take this; they never take that;
another thing has been proscribed in
their family for several generations.
Whereas, if the matter were inquired
into, it would probably be found that
the most of the articles they repudiate
were never tasted by them: the feeling
has no foundation but in mere caprice.

Judging of antipathies by the stan-
dard of the smaller morals, they are to
be condemned as manifestations of pe-
tulance, of affectation, and of bad breed-
ing. Politeness, which mainly is found-
ed on benevolence, teaches that we
should avoid giving pain by our dis-
course to others; and is it not a great
breach of this principle, when, by ex-
pressing a loathing for that which others
like, we in effect call their tastes in
question? By a higher moral standard
antipathies are equally censurable.
There is nothing truly detestable but
wickedness; and every good man must
wish his mind to be in such a state, that
while bestowing the sentiment where it
is due, it may regard other things with
the liberality of a lover of God and of
his good works.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

COUNTY OF YORK.

On the third Tuesday in October next, at the
Market House in Fredericton, between the
hours of twelve and five o'clock in the
afternoon, will be sold by Public Auction:
ALL the right, title, claim and demand of
John McDonald, of, in and to that certain
Farm or tract of Land on which he resides,
situate in the Parish of Saint Mary's, County
of York: The same having been taken under
an execution issued out of the Supreme Court,
at the suit of Robert Rankin & Co.
E. W. MILLER, Sheriff.
Fredericton, 5th April, 1836.

On the thirtieth day of June next, at the Mar-
ket House in Fredericton, between the hours
of twelve and five o'clock in the afternoon,
will be sold by Public Auction:
ALL the right, title, interest, claim and de-
mand of Samuel Peters, of, in and to the
House and Premises, situate in the Parish of
Fredericton, formerly owned by John Barker,
adjoining property belonging to H. G. Clopper,
Esquire: The same having been taken under
and by virtue of an Execution issued out of
the Supreme Court, at the suit of Mr. Joseph Gay-
nor, Executor of the last will and testament
of Susan Peters, deceased, against the said
Samuel Peters.
E. W. MILLER, Sheriff.
Fredericton, 16th December, 1835.

COUNTY OF CARLETON.

To be sold by Public Auction, on Satur-
day the 15th day of October next, at Har-
vey's Inn, Woodstock, between twelve
and five o'clock in the afternoon:—
ALL the right, title, interest, claim and de-
mand of Daniel Boyle, to that cer-
tain piece or parcel of Land and Premises
lately occupied by him, situate in the Parish
of Wakefield about four miles from the
Shire Town, and consisting of two hundred
Acres more or less, the same having been
taken by virtue of an execution issued out
of the Supreme Court at the suit of Oliver
Bradley against the said Daniel Boyle.
J. F. W. WINSLOW,
Sheriff of Carleton.
Woodstock, 6th April, 1836.

To be sold on Saturday the 25th day of June
next, between twelve and five o'clock in
the afternoon at Harvey's Inn:—

ALL the right, title, and interest of John
Reilly, to that certain piece or parcel of
Land, and premises, situate, lying and being in
the Parish of Kent, on the west side of the
River St. John, bounded on the upper side by
Land belonging to the Crown; and on the
lower side by Lands owned by John Watson;
being in the Military Grant, No. 133, contain-
ing one hundred acres more or less: The
same having been taken by virtue of an Exe-
cution issued out of the Supreme Court at the
suit of Messrs. Robert Rankin & Co. against
the said John Reilly.

J. F. W. WINSLOW,
Sheriff of Carleton.

Woodstock, Dec. 19th 1835.
The Sale of the above Property is
postponed until Saturday the twenty third
day of July next.

J. F. W. WINSLOW, Sheriff.
8th January, 1836.

COUNTY OF KENT.

To be sold by Public Auction, on the last
Tuesday in October next, between the hours
of twelve and five o'clock in the afternoon
of the same day at the Court House at Rich-
bucto:—

ALL that certain Lot or parcel of land
situate on the South side of the Rich-
bucto River, being lot number twenty five
granted to John H. Clare, bounded on the
West by land granted to William Clare, on
the East by lands belonging to John Boyer,
fronting on the said River, containing one
hundred Acres more or less, the same having
been taken by execution at the suit of Joseph
Canard.

THOMAS LANDSDOWN,
Sheriff of Kent.

Richbucto, 8th April, 1836.

COUNTY OF SUNBURY.

To be sold by Public Auction, on the Third
Tuesday in June next, at the Court House in
Barton:

ALL the right and title of Thomas Ston-
nicks, of, in and to that Farm on which
he resides, situate in the Parish of Barton, front-
ing the River Oromocto, and adjoining on the
upper and lower sides by Land owned by Mr.
John Wood—containing—acres, more or less,
with all and singular the buildings and im-
provements thereon: The same having been
taken by virtue of an Execution issued out of
the Supreme Court at the suit of Fisher,
Walker & Co. Sale to commence at one
o'clock, p. m.
J. HAZEN, Sheriff.
Barton, 3d November, 1835.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.

On Saturday the 17th day of September next,
will be sold at Public Auction at the Court
House in Gagetown, between the hours of
twelve and three of the afternoon:

ALL the right, title, and interest of Alex-
ander Wedderburn, in and to a certain
tract of land containing eleven hundred acres,
granted by the Crown, to the said Alexander
Wedderburn, situate in Queen's County in the
rear of Lands granted to General Coffin, near
the Douglas valley and Bark Creek settlement
or so much of the same as will satisfy an Exe-
cution issued out of the Supreme Court at the
suit of Peter Duff, against the said Alex-
ander Wedderburn for thirty three pounds
three shillings.

Also—at the same time and place, will
be sold all the right, title, and interest of
Edward Jones in and to all that part of a certain
Lot of Land which is situate in the Parish of
Hamstead, in Queen's County in Kemble's
Manor, and is known and distinguished as lot
number fifty five containing 226 acres, late the
property of the said Edward Jones, or so
much of the same as will satisfy an Execution
issued at the suit of Mayes Case, seized and
taken in and by the virtue of an Execution
issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit
of the said Mayes Case.

Dated at Gagetown, the 7th day of March,
1836.
N. H. DEVEBER,
Sheriff of Queen's.

KING'S COUNTY.

On the second Tuesday in July next, will be
sold at Public Auction, at the Tavern of Mr.
John Napier, in the Parish of Hampton:—

ALL the real Estate of Justus S. Brown,
consisting of a Farm of Land, situate in
the Parish of Hampton aforesaid, at or near
Gondola Point, lying between Land owned
and occupied by the said John Napier, and
Land in the possession of Nathaniel Warren,
bounded in front by the Kennebec River,
containing two hundred Acres, more or less,
with all the improvements and appurtenances:
The same having been taken by virtue of an
Execution issued out of the Supreme Court,
against the said Justus S. Brown, at the suit of
William Dougan.

Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.
WALTER BATES, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Kingston,
25th December, 1835.

On the fourth Tuesday in June next, will be
Sold at Public Auction at the Tavern of
Richard Smith, in the Parish of Hampton:—
ALL the right, title and interest of Joseph
Porter, in and to a certain Lot or Tract
of Land, situate in the Parish of Hampton
aforesaid, described as follows, viz. beginning
at a Fir Tree in the reserved road leading
from Quaco to Loch Lomond, thence running
by the Magnet North twenty seven and a half
Degrees West, one hundred and forty chains
of four poles each and fifty links to the real
line of James Smith, Senior's Grant, thence
South Seventy nine degrees West Forty four
chains, thence South Thirty seven degrees
East one hundred and fifty two chains, or to
a Fir Tree at the reserved road aforesaid,
thence by the said road to the place of
beginning containing three hundred Acres,
more or less, with ten per cent. allowance for
Roads and waste. The same having been
taken by virtue of an Execution issued out of
the Supreme Court against the said Joseph
Porter, at the Suit of John Danford.
Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m.
WALTER BATES, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Kingston,
4th December, 1835.