

POETRY.

Selected.

IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

From "Hours of Song."

If thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go, call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard;
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a word should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past?
Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go, call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard,
Oh! tell him from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;
That in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead:
That mountain vale, each path ye trod
By morn or evening dim,
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul for him.
Then, if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go, call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY W. HOWITT.

But let us away into the far, far country. Ah! here indeed is a Sabbath! What a sunny peace, what a calm yet glad repose, lies on its fair hills; over all its solemn woods! How its flowery dales, and deep secluded valleys, reflect the holy tranquility of heaven! It is morning and the sun comes up the sky as if he knew it was a day of universal pause in the workings of the world; he shines over the glittering dews, and green leaves, and ten thousand blossoms; and the birds fill the blue fresh air with a rapture of music. The earth looks new and beautiful as on the day of its creation; but is as full of rest as if it drew near its close, all its revolutions past, all its turbulence hushed, all its mighty griefs healed, its mysterious destinies accomplished; and the light of eternity about to break over it with a new and imperishable power. Man rests from his labours, and every thing rests with him. There lie the weary steed that have dragged the chain and smarted under the lash; that have pulled the plough and the ponderous waggon, or flown over hill or dale at man's bidding; there they lie, on the slope of the sunny field; and the very sheep and cattle seem imbued with their luxurious enjoyment of rest. The farmer has been walking into his fields, looking over this gate and that fence, into enclosures of grass mottled with flowers like a carpet, or rich green corn growing almost visibly, at his cattle and the shady quiet of his house. And it is a shady quiet. The sun glances about its porch, and flickers amongst the leaves on the wall, and the sparrows chirp, and fly to and fro; but the dog lies and slumbers on the step of the door, or only raises his head to snap at the flies that molest him;—the very cat coiled up on a sun bright border in the garden, sleeps voluptuously;—within, all is cleanliness and rest. There is none of the running and racketing of the busy week day: the pressing of curds, and shapping and turning of cheese; the rolling of the barrel churn, the scouring of pails; the pumping, and slopping, and working and chattering, and singing, and scolding, of dairy maids; all that can be dispensed with; and what must be done, is done quietly, and is early away. There is a clean, cool parlour; the open window lets in the odour of the garden, the yet cool and delicious odour, and the hum of bees: flowers stand in their pots in the windows; gathered flowers stand on the breakfast table; and the farmer's comely wife, already dressed for the day, as she sees him come in, sits down to pour out his coffee. Over the croft gate the labourers are leaning, talking on the last week's achievements, and those of the week to come; and in many a cottage garden the cottagers with their wives and children, are wandering up and down, admiring the growth of this and that; and every one settles in his own mind, that his cabbage, and pease, and beans, are the best in the country; and that as for currants, gooseberries, apricots, and strawberries, there never were such crops since trees and bushes grew.

But the bells ring out from the old church tower. The parson is issuing from his pleasant parsonage; groups of peasantry are already seen streaming over the uplands towards the village; in the lanes gay ribbons and Sunday gowns glance from between the trees; and every house sends forth its inhabitants to worship. Blessings on those old gray fabrics that stand on many a hill, and in many a lowly hollow, all over this beloved country; for, much as we reprobate that system of private or political patronage by which unquali-

fied, unholy, and unchristian men have sometimes been thrust into their ancient pulpits, I am of Sir Walter Scott's opinion, that no places are so congenial to the holy simplicity of Christian worship as they are. They have an air of antiquity about them, and stand so venerably amid the most English scenes, and the tombs of generations of the dead, that we cannot enter them without having our imaginations and our hearts powerfully impressed with every feeling and thought that can make us love our country, and yet feel that it is not our abiding place. Those antique arches, those low massy doors, were raised in days that are long gone by; around those walls, nay, beneath our very feet, sleep those who, in their generations, each in his little sphere, helped to build up England to her present pitch of greatness. We catch glimpses of that deep veneration, of that unambitious simplicity of mind and manner that we would fain hold fast amid our growing knowledge, and its inevitable remodelling of the whole framework of society. We are made to feel earnestly the desire to pluck the spirit of faith, the integrity of character, and the whole heart of love to king and country, out of the ignorance and blind superstition of the past. Therefore it is that I have always loved the church,—that I have delighted to stroll far through the summer fields, and hear still onward their bells ringing happily, to enter and sit down amongst its rustic congregation, better pleased with their murmur of responses, and their artless but earnest chaunt than all the splendour and parade of more lofty fabrics.

But Sunday morning is past; and afternoon is rolling away; but it shall not roll away without its dower of happiness shed on every down, and into every beautiful vale, of this fair kingdom. Closed are the doors of the church, but opened are those of thousands and tens of thousands of dwellings to receive friends and kindred. And around the pleasant tea table happy groups are gathered in each other's house, freed from clinging, pressing, enslaving cares of the six days; and sweetly, and full of renewing strength to the heart does the evening roll away. And does it not roll as sweetly where, by many a cottage door the aged grandfather and grandmother sit with two generations about them, and bask in another glorious Sabbath sunset? And is it not sweet where friends stroll through the delicious fields, in high or cheerful talk; along the green lane, or broom-engoldened hill side; or down into the woodland valley, where the waters run clear and chimingly, amid the dripping grass and the brooklime, and the yellow beams of the descending sun glance serenely among the trees? And is it not sweet where, on some sequestered stile, sit two happy lovers; or where they stray along some twilight path, and the woodbine and the wild rose are drooping their flowery boughs over them, while earth and heaven, supremely lovely in themselves take new and divine hues from their own passionate spirits; and youth and truth are theirs; the present is theirs in love; the future is theirs in high confidence; all that makes glorious the life of angels is theirs for the time? Yes! all through the breadth of this great land, through its cities, its valleys, its fair fields,—its liberated millions are walking in the eye of heaven, drinking in its sublime calm, refreshed by its gales, soothed by the peaceful beauty of the earth. There is a pause of profound, holy tranquility, in which twilight drops down upon innumerable roofs, and prayers ascend from countless hearths, in city and in field, on earth and mountain, and then—'tis gone: the sabbath is ended.

But blessings, and ten thousand blessings, be upon that day; and let myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God for this divine and regenerating gift to man. As I have sat in some flowery dale, with the sweetness of May around me, on a week day, I have thought of all the millions of immortal creatures toiling for their daily life in factories and shops, amid the whirl of machinery, and the greedy cravings of mercantile gain, and suddenly this golden interval of time has lain before me in all its brightness,—a time, and a perpetually recurring time, in which the iron clasp of earthly tyranny is loosed, and Peace, Faith, and Freedom, the angels of God, come down and walk once more amongst men!

Ten thousand blessings on this day, the friend of man and beast. The bigot would rob it of its healthful freedom, on the one hand, and coop up man in his work-a-day dungeons, and cause him to walk with demure steps and downcast eyes, and the libertine would desecrate all its sober decorum on the other. God, and the sound heart and sterling sense of Englishmen, preserve it from those evils. Let us still avoid Puritan

rigidity and French dissipation. Let our children and our servants, and those who toil for us in vaults, and shops, and factories, between the intervals of solemn worship have freedom to walk in the face of heaven and the beauty of earth, for in the great temple of Nature stand together—Health and Piety. For myself—I speak from experience,—it has always been my delight to go out on a Sunday, and, like Isaac, meditate in the fields, and especially in the sweet tranquility, and the gathering shadows of evening; and never, in temple or in closet, did more hallowed influences fall upon my heart. With the twilight and the hush of earth a tenderness has stolen upon me; a desire for every thing pure and holy; a love for every creature on whom God has stamped the wonder of his handiwork; but especially to every child of humanity; and then have I been made to feel that there is no oratory like that which has heaven itself for its roof, and no teaching like the teaching of the Spirit which created and still overshadows the world with its infinite wings.—*Literary Souvenir for 1836.*

TAXATION.—We of the United States are unquestionably the freest, the wisest, the greatest, the purest, and the most sensible people inhabiting any equal amount of territory on the face of the globe. We are so—but we are the most taxed, the most humbugged, the most trifled with at the same time. What country in the old world would dare to continue high taxes on almost every article of life when the treasury was running over, and no one knew what to do with the surplus? Such a reckless, useless, imprudent piece of conduct would cost any king in Europe his head. But not so in this country. The surplus revenue is accumulating faster than a debt during a war, yet scarcely any body feels dissatisfied; no one asks why the taxes are kept up. In England, with a debt of nearly 4,000,000,000 of dollars, they have reduced the taxes one half; newspapers are postage free, and almost every necessary of life is less burthened than in the United States. Look at the list of articles taxed under the laws of Congress. The poor must pay a tax of 30 per cent. on the blankets that cover them from the cold, the seamstress that aspires to a leghorn, must pay 29½ per cent; the poor widow that wants a cap, must launch out her 30 per cent; the dancing master pays 29 per cent. for his violin; the young lady must get her papa to pay 29 per cent. before she can play Yankee Doodle. Every thing comes in the shape of a tax—*tax, tax, tax.* Is it not astonishing that the people will submit to such constant impositions? What causes the present disturbed state of the country? Nothing but the constant drain of money from the pockets of the people in the shape of taxes when the treasury is running over, and the government is actually put to its trumps to know what to do with it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Hired Mourners.—It is well known that the Romans hired mourners to attend their funerals, who were paid well, in proportion to the vehemence of their sorrow. In like manner (says a writer,) it is the custom in India to engage women for pay, to assist on such occasions, to add to the solemnity of the mourning, by their tears and lamentations. These weeping hirelings, when sent for, instantly assemble about the deceased, with hair dishevelled and half their bodies bare, and commence by setting up the loud shout of lamentation in unison; then weep in gentler cadence, and beat time to the measure, by thumping their bosoms with both hands. Sometimes in mild atmosphere, they reproach the dead for his cruelty in departing, and sometimes join in high eulogiums on the virtues and good qualities which he exhibited in his life. Each, in turn pours out the measure of reproof and commendation. This assumed grief disappears as soon as the body is carried to its obsequies. They receive their wages, and mourn no longer.

A CROMWELL BARONETCY.—The family of Massingberd, of Gundy, in Lincolnshire, possess a curious document—a patent of Baronetcy granted by Cromwell in 1653, when Protector, to Capt. Massingberd, the preamble of which states the honour to be conferred "as well for his faithfulness and good affection to us and his country, as for his descent, patrimony, ample estate, and ingenious education every way answerable; who out of a liberal mind hath undertaken to maintain 30 foot soldiers in our dominion of Ireland for three whole years." The patent bears the initials of Oliver's Christian name encircling a good likeness of him in a robe of ermine.—*Burke's History of the Commoners.*

Blanks of various kinds for Sale at this Office.

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.

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.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any just demands against the Estate of GEORGE PIGEON BLISS, late of Fredericton, in the County of York Esquire, deceased, will please render the same duly attested, at the Office of G. J. DRISDALE Esquire, within three Months from the date hereof; and those indebted to the said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to
G. J. DRISDALE, } Administrators.
H. G. CLOPPER; }
JAS. TAYLOR, }
Fredericton, 6th February 1836.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of Philip Weade, late of the Parish of Saint Mary's, County of York, deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested, within twelve calendar months from this date, to the Subscribers for adjustment; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to
WM. WEADE, } Admrs.
WM. WEADE, Jun. }
Parish St. Mary's, 22d March, 1836.

Kellie & Younger's Empty Casks.
THE Subscriber would feel obliged if those persons in Fredericton and its vicinity who have empty Ale Casks belonging to Messrs. Kellie & Younger, would send them as soon as convenient to his Store.
R. CHESTNUT.
Fredericton, April 4th 1836.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Hartford, (Connecticut.)

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for the Protection Insurance Company will insure Houses, Stores, Barns, and every sort of Goods and Wares against **LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE** at the most reasonable rate of premium. The subscriber will also attend to the renewal of any Policies issued by the former Agent in this place.
JAMES TAYLOR, Agent.
Fredericton, Sept. 25, 1835.

JAMES F. GALE.
HAS just received from London and Boston, his usual supply of Garden, Grass and Flower SEEDS, which are warranted fresh and of the growth of 1835.
Fredericton, March 2d, 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.

AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.
SAINT JOHN, Mr. Peter Duff.
SAINT ANDREWS, Mr. G. Miller.
DORCHESTER, E. B. Chandler, Esq.
SALISBURY, R. Scott, Esq.
KINGSTON, Mr. Asa Davidson.
HAMPTON, Mr. Samuel Hallatt.
GAGGETOWN, Mr. W. F. Bonnell.
SUSSEX VALE, J. C. Fails, Esq.
KENT, J. W. Weldon, Esq.
MIRAMICHI, George Kerr, Esq.
BATH, (CO. OF YORK) Geo. Moorhouse, Esq.
WOODSTOCK, H. Baldwin, Esq.
NORTHAMPTON, W. H. Needham, Esq.
SHEFFIELD, James Tilley, Esq.
Doctor Barker.