

## POETRY.

### Selected.

From the Cabinet of Modern Art.

#### THE AMERICAN INDIAN'S FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

Farewell the forest's ancient shade!  
Our chiefs are low, our race betrayed:  
Fallen is the crown our fathers wore;  
Their sun hath set to rise no more!  
Farewell each stately forest child,  
The youthful warriors of the wild!  
Untimely frosts have blanched their hairs,  
The winter of the soul is theirs!  
Where from you cloud the lightning leaps,  
Alas the Mighty Spirit sleeps!

Each voice we loved in death is hushed;  
The stranger's hand our roof hath crushed:  
Our rivers from our third are sealed,  
And o'er you deeply furrowed field,  
Where late they saw our young men bleed,  
We marked them drop the alien seed!  
Alas! what spell hath numbed their foe?  
Why suffer we a flower to grow,  
When, gazing on its bloom, we trace  
Our country's fall—our tribe's disgrace!

And where are they—my hope—my pride—  
The sons who struggled by my side?  
They were my strength—in joy—my woe—  
The godly arrows of my bow!  
Like winged messengers of wrath,  
I bade them track the stranger's path.  
I saw them part—they came no more;  
For me the battle's joy was o'er!  
The vigour of this arm is fled—  
The arrows of my quiver shed!

From yon blue fields that wait the blest,  
In the Great Spirit's land of rest,  
Where founts of joy forever flow,  
Behold they now their people's woe?  
See they the once-free bow unstrung—  
The scalp of war to the wild winds flung!  
Hear they the shrilly cry that breaks  
Where Ruin's voice with echo wakes;  
Or do they dream, in slumber laid  
Beneath some happier forest's shade?

Oh! could I once again behold  
But one of all, so loved of old!  
My youngest born—his mother's joy—  
My hunter-brother, my woodland boy!  
I dream! for him the chase is o'er;  
His tuneful voice shall sound no more:  
Wrapt by the mists that 'neath him roll,  
He may not pierce his father's soul:  
My face is hid—my grief forgot—  
He hears my voice—but answers not!

Farewell, thou olden forest shade!  
The grandeur wanes—thy glories fade;  
'Neath the pale glances of the foe,  
Thy giant trees are smouldering low:  
Yet where those sacred boughs consume,  
Some struggling light may pierce the gloom;  
But not a leaf—and not a ray  
Shall fall around the red man's way,  
Nor light, with even a passing gleam,  
The Indian wanderer's darkened dream!

E. L. MONTAGU.

### COME HOME.

(BY AN AMERICAN LADY.)

Come home!—

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
Would I could wing it, like a bird to thee,  
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep

With these unwearied words of melody,  
Brother, come home!

Come home!—

Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes  
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;

Come, where fond thoughts, like holiest incense rise,  
Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine.

Brother, come home!

Come home!—

Come to the hearth-stone of thy earliest days,  
Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove;

Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,  
Come to the fireside circle of thy love.

Brother, come home!

Come home!—

It is not home without thee—the lone seat  
Is still unclaimed, where thou wert wont to be;

In every echo of returning feet,  
In vain we list for what should herald thee,

Brother, come home!

Come home!—

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
Would I could wing it, like a bird, to thee,  
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep

With these unwearied words of melody,  
Brother, come home!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE THREE BRIDES.

"Do you see," said the sexton,  
"those three hillocks yonder, side by side?  
There sleep the three brides  
whose history I am about to relate:  
Look there, sir, on yonder hill, you may  
observe a little isolated house, with a  
straggling fence in front, and a few  
stunted apple-trees on the ascent behind  
it. It is sadly out of repair now, and  
the garden is all overgrown with weeds  
and brambles, and the whole place has  
a desolate appearance. If the wind  
were high now, you might hear the old  
crazy shutters flapping against the sides,  
and the winds tearing the gray shingles  
off the roof.—Many years ago, there  
lived in that house an old man and his

son, who cultivated the few acres of orable land which belong to it.

"The father was a self-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and, as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood and grew in the garden, and used to sit up late at night, at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and avoided him, and even hated him, as the ignorant ever shun the gifted and enlightened. A few there were, and among others the minister and lawyer and physician of the place, who showed some willingness to afford him countenance; but they soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man somewhat reserved and morose, and, moreover, their vanity was wounded by discovering the extent of his knowledge. To the ministers he would quote the Fathers and the Scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemical controversy. He astonished the lawyer with his profound acquaintance with jurisprudence; and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So they all deserted him, and the minister, from whom the old man differed in some trifling points of doctrine, spoke very slightly of him; and by and by, all looked upon the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion. But he little cared for that, for he derived his consolation from loftier resources, and in the untracked paths of science found a pleasure in the pathless woods!—He instructed his son in all his lore—the languages, literature, history, philosophy, science, were unfolded one by one, to the enthusiastic son of the solitary. Years rolled away, and the old man died. He died when a storm convulsed the face of nature, when the wind howled around his shattered dwelling, and the lightning flattered about the roof; and though he went to heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said that the Evil One had claimed his own in the thunder and commotion of the elements. I cannot paint to you the grief of the son at this bereavement. He was for a time, as one distracted. The minister came and muttered a few cold and hollow phrases in his ear, and a few neighbours, impelled by curiosity to see the interior of the old man's dwelling, came to his funeral. With the proud and lofty look the son stood above the dust and the dead in the midst of the band of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart, but a serenity on his brow. He thanked his friends for their kindness, acknowledged their courtesy, and then strode away from the grave to bury his grief in the privacy of his deserted dwelling.

"He found, at first, the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and he paced the echoing floors from morning till night, in all the agony of woe and desolation, vainly imploring heaven for relief. It came to him first in the guise of poetical inspiration. He wrote with wonderful ease and power. Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without an effort; and there was a time when he dreamed (vain fool!) of immortality. Some of his productions came before the world. They were prized and circulated, and inquiries were set on foot in the hopes of discovering the author. He, wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, more delicious because it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mansion, and from this remote region, to send forth lays which astonished the world, was, indeed, a triumph to the visionary bard.

"His thirst for fame was gratified, and now he began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share the laurels he had won, to whisper consolation in his ear in the moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of his old father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, and, as he had chosen for his motto—what has been done may still be done—he did not despair of success. In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished.—There names were Mary, Adelaide, and Madeline. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm, but never can I forget the beauty of those young girls. Mary was the youngest, a fair-haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon a green. Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark-haired and pensive; but of the three, Madeline, the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality. Their father was a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above vulgar prejudices, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. Still he did not altogether encourage the affection which he found springing up between Mary and the poet. When,

however, he found that her affections were engaged, he did not withhold his consent to her marriage, and the recluse to his solitary mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance, with in and without. Roses bloomed in the garden, jessamines peeped through the lattices, and the fields about it smiled with the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlour in the evening, and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate, to listen to strains of the sweetest music, breathed by coral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife were neglected by their neighbours, what cared they? Their endearing and mutual affection made their home a little paradise. But death came to Eden. Mary fell suddenly sick, and after a few hours' illness, died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeline. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

"Days, months, rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sisters of the deceased and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide, at length, he offered his widowed heart. She came to his lone house like the dove, bearing the olive branch of peace and consolation. Their bridal was not one of revelry and mirth, for a recollection brooded over the hour. Yet they lived happily; the husband again smiled, and with a new spring the roses again blossomed in their garden. But it seemed as if a fatality pursued this singular man. When the snow withered and the leaf fell in the mellow autumn of the year, Adelaide, too, sickened and died, like her younger sister, in the arms of her husband and of Madeline.

"Perhaps you will think it strange, young man, that after all, the wretched survivor stood again at the altar. But he was a mysterious being, whose ways were inscrutable, who, thirsting for domestic bliss, was doomed ever to seek and never to find it. His third bride was Madeline. I well remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word. It may seem strange to you to hear the praise of beauty from such lips as mine; but I cannot avoid expatiating upon hers. She might have sat upon a throne, and the most loyal subject, the proudest peer, would have sworn the blood within her veins had descended from a hundred kings. She was a proud creature, with a tall, commanding form, and raven tresses that floated, dark and cloudlike over her shoulders. She was a singularly gifted woman, and possessed of rare inspiration. She loved the widower for his power and his fame, and she wedded him. They were married in that church. It was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the ceremony, the blackest cloud I ever saw overspread the heavens like a pall, and at the moment when the third bride pronounced her vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to the centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response with a steady voice, and her eyes glittered with wild-fire as she gazed upon her bridegroom. He remarked a kind of incoherence in her expressions as they rode homeward, which surprised him at the time. Arrived at his house she sunk upon the threshold: but this was the timidity of a maiden. When they were alone he clasped her hand—it was as ice! He looked into her face—

"Madeline," said he, "what means this? your cheeks are as pale as your wedding gown!" The bride uttered a frantic shriek.

"My wedding gown!" exclaimed she; "no, no—this is my sister's shroud! The hour for confession is arrived. It is God that impels me to speak. To win you I have lost my soul. Yes—yes—I am a murderer! She smiled upon me in the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the fatal drug! Adelaide twined her white arms about my neck, but I administered the poison! Take me to your arms: I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!"

"She spread her long white arms, and stood like a marionette before him," said the sexton, rising, in the excitement of the moment, and assuming the attitude he described; "and then," continued he, in a hollow voice, "at that moment came the thunder and the flash, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor!" The countenance of the narrator expressed all the horror that he felt.

"And the bridegroom," asked I; "the husband of the destroyer and the victims—what became of him?" "He stands before you!" was the thrilling answer.—*New-York Mirror.*

Schools and Colleges, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of imposing a tax upon bachelors over the age of 30 years, to be proportioned to their respective estimates, or annual incomes—and of so providing that the revenue which may be derived from such tax, shall continue a fund, the income of which shall be appropriated to the support and education of destitute orphan children, under the superintendence of maiden ladies, over the age of 45 years.

A motion was made to strike out the word "maiden;" but before the question was taken, the indefinite postponement of the resolution and amendment was moved and decided in the affirmative—ayes 58, noes 45.

NOVELS.—Most of the novel-reading of the present day, is a huge mass of useless trash—destructive to morality and a libel upon literature. Will any candid person say, after he has been perusing such works for years, that he has derived any morality or good from them? Nay, let us examine the page upon the other side, and we shall find written in prominent characters, a fastidious taste, trifling with religion, castle-building, disordered and polluted imagination, and profanity in thought and word. These are only a few of the evils of novels. They are a secret underminer, working at the foundation of social society. They destroy the research for truth, and annihilate the love of it from the mind. They dislocate the true affections of the heart, inebriate the brain, and spread confusion throughout the whole mental system.

Agriculture was the first, and should ever be the most esteemed of all pursuits. How happy would it be for hundreds and thousands of our young men if they could be persuaded that a few acres of ground are a better capital than as many thousands of dollars procured by writing their names at the bottom of a negotiable note; and what years of misery might be saved if men would believe that a dollar actually earned by honorable and healthy labor as farmers and mechanics, is worth a hundred in prospect, to be gained in trade and speculation.

A voter sadly deficient in personal beauty said to Sheridan, "Sir, I mean to withdraw my countenance from you. Many thanks for the favor, replied the candidate, 'for it is the ugliest mug I ever saw.'"

HARTFORD  
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,  
Connecticut, United States.  
Incorporated in 1810—with a Capital of \$150,000.

THIS long established Institution has for more than twenty five years transacted its extensive business on the most just and liberal principles—paying its losses with honorable promptness. During this period have settled all their losses, without compelling the insured, in any instance, to resort to a Court of Justice. The present Board of Directors pledge themselves, in this particular, fully to maintain the high reputation of the Company. It insures on the most favorable terms every description of property against Loss or Damage by Fire, but takes no marine risks.

Application for insurance may be made either personally or by letter to the Secretary of the Company, or to its Agents, who are appointed in many of the principal Towns and Cities of the United States, and in the British Provinces.

PRESENT BOARD OF DIRECTORS.  
Eliphalet Terry, Samuel Williams,  
James H. Wells, F. J. Huntington,  
S. H. Huntington, Elihu Colt,  
H. Huntington, Jun., R. B. Ward,  
Albert Day.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.  
James G. Bolles, Secretary.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent at Fredericton for the above mentioned Company, is now prepared to take risks on every description of Property against loss or damage by Fire.

ASA COY.  
Fredericton, 4th October, 1836.

JACKSON'S HOTEL.  
THE Subscriber grateful for past favors, begs leave to intimate to his friends and the Public generally, that owing to the circumstance of the late fire in Fredericton, he has been induced to take the well known and commodious stand formerly occupied by Mr. Robert Chestnut, at the Public Steam Boat Landing, where he has commenced a

BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT upon the most genteel and comfortable system, and no pains shall be spared to render the reception of visitors pleasant, and their stay agreeable.

The situation as a summer residence is surpassed by none in the place: it commands an extensive view of the River above and below, as also a most pleasing prospect of the opposite shore: the Officer's Barracks and Square stand immediately in front, where frequently the military band enlivens the neighborhood during the Summer evenings.

Families can be accommodated with private parlours; and it is his intention as he goes on, to improve every thing connected with the Establishment as it may be found to require; and he trusts that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render it a first rate and well known Hotel.

HENRY JACKSON.  
London and Cork newspapers constantly taken in.

N. B. Good Stabling, and an experienced Groom always in attendance.  
Fredericton, 17th May, 1836.

CHAMPAIGNE.  
THE Subscriber has on hand a few doz. of excellent Champaigne, which he offers for sale at a moderate price.

H. JACKSON.  
Jan. 31, 1837.

## POST OFFICE.

Fredericton, 5th March, 1837.

### LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in Office at this date.

A  
Mr. Thomas Atherton, Miss Jane Allen, Mrs. Dianna Albert.

B  
William A. Boynton, Daniel Bak, Wm. Boone, George A. Bedell, William Banks, Benjamin Bell, John Butler, Peter Bogan, Andrew Blair, Thomas Bohan, Iran Baber, Oliver Bradley, Mrs. Elizabeth Banks, Mr. James Baner, Thomas Barker, Jr.

C  
Mr. Isack Chandler, Patrick Carroll, Mrs. Chandler, Mr. Cadwallader, Miss M. Ann Currie, Mr. John Christy, William Campbell, Theodore V. W. Clowes, Wm. Campbell, Charles Curtis, Thos. Creighton, Casper Caldwell, Thomas Caverhill, Mr. George Coleman, William Crawford, Mr. Catharine Chaine, Mr. John Cox, Church Kisway.

D  
Miss Deborah, Mr. Joseph Dube, Geo. Davis, Asa Dow (2), James Draper, Thomas Davies, Richard Dunn, John Wier, Michael Duddy, John E. Dow, (2), Charles Doran, Alex. Donald, Jr. E. Dow, Mr. C. Doan.

E  
Mr. T. R. Estey, Seth W. Ellis, James Elliott.

F  
Mr. Patrick Farrell, Daniel Fitzpatrick, William Faulkner, George Foster, S. Flemming, Bridget Fitzpatrick, John Fragan, Michael Fitzgerald.

G  
Mr. William Good, Ganda T. Gosen, Edward Garden, Nathaniel Gallop, Benjamin Glaser, James Gilman, K. Garden, Wm. Gregor, Mrs. Fanny Gallagher, Mr. Jarmin Goodin, Richard Gilbert.

H  
Mr. Hart, William H. Higgins, William Holditch, Jr. Daniel Hallett, Richard Hawkins, Patrick Henry, Miss Sarah L. Harding, James Hamilton, James Hayes, Chas. Hasleton.

J  
B. Jouett, Thomas Jones.

K  
Ellen Kar, Sarah B. Kerbey, William Kelley, Timothy Killen, Thomas Kelly, John P. Keime.

L  
Mr. Bazile Latitien, John Lockhart, Mrs. Mary Leek, Anthony Lockwood, David Lowagan, John Long, Mrs. E. Leonard.

M  
Mr. John Moore, James Mies, N. McMillan, Andrew McGeethan, Donald McBean, William Moore, John Moore, Sen. Mrs. Mary Ann McNeal, Thomas Myles, Archibald McLean, Frederic M. Manuel, Denis Marrow, Donald McLeod, Patrick Murphy, James Matherson, Anthony McKay, William Moore, Bill Mills, William McNeal, Rev. E. Manning, George McAdam, John McAdam.

O  
Messrs. Owens & Duncan, Mrs. Catherine O'Brien, Mr. Andrew O'Conn, Daniel O'Sullivan, Edward O'Brien.

P  
Mrs. Stephen Peabody, Mr. William Powell, James Porter.

R  
Hugh Reilly, Mr. Barrant Rogers, William Rogers, Alex. Wesley Russ, Jonathan Read, Aaron Rogers, Capt. Rainford, Andrew Robeson, John Russel, Andrew Ritchey, Ellen Ryan.

S  
Mr. Stephen Smith, Andrew Stephenson, William Summers, Amos Stickney, George Seymour, Elliott Scott, Daniel Seavey, J. Woodliffe Smith, Robert Slowman, Harriet Slowman, Mrs. Mary Smith, Rede Stone, Dozite Sanfignon.

T  
Mr. George Turner, Miss Mileah True-man, Mr. Sherman Tapley, James Tibbits, James R. Tupper, C. Thomassin, John Forens, James Turner, Daniel Thornton, George Treadwell, B. S. Taylor, Messrs. Taylor & Connelly, Mr. William Turner.

U  
William Umphrys.

V  
Mr. Baptis Vabint.

W  
Miss Sarah Webber, Mr. Thomas Williams, Michael White, Mrs. Margaret White, William Whitham (2), Francis Winter (2), Mrs. Mariah Way, James Way, Thomas C. Wolverton, Leonard Woodward, James White, Jun.

Y  
Mr. Edward Youn (2), William Yerna.

### Woodstock and Fredericton STAGE COACH COMPANY.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that the above Company will continue to run a STAGE three times a week between Woodstock and Fredericton, leaving Woodstock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M. until further notice. Persons desirous of securing a passage can enter their names on Books kept at the Fredericton Hotel, (Segee's,) and H. Gould's Woodstock. Persons travelling to or from the United States will find immediate conveyance from Woodstock to Bangor, or from Fredericton to Saint John. Every attention will be given to the conveyance and comfort of Passengers. A reasonable portion of Baggage will be taken. Parcels and Baggage at the risk of the Owners. For further particulars, the public are referred to J. W. Thompson, Esquire, Bangor, G. E. Kelchum, Esquire, Fredericton, or to the Subscriber, Woodstock.

CHARLES PERLEY, Agent.  
January, 1837.

INDENTURES for Sale at this Office. March 29.