

POETRY.

Selected.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.
THY HOME AND MINE.

Is this thy home? The wild woods wave
 Their branches in the mountain breeze—
 And nature to thy mansion gave
 A treasure in those noble trees.
 Here flows a river bright and pure
 Along its silver-winding way,
 While on its white and pebbled shore
 A fairy group of children play,
 Here calm and clear looks heaven's blue
 dome;

This is the lovely Highland home!

This is thy home—at evening's hour
 A social band assemble here,
 With converse sweet and music's power,
 To chase each gloomy thought of care,
 Affection's gentle language speaks
 In every eye thine eyes behold—
 Here revels love on beauty's cheeks
 And bids her braid her locks of gold:
 In search of bliss you need not roam—
 But this is not—is not my home!

My home is where the waters roll
 Deep, wide and blue to ocean's caves—
 How sweetly smoothly to the soul
 The murmur of their dashing waves!
 Oh! has their music charmed mine ear
 At twilight's soft and dewy hour—
 When one I fondly love was near
 To feel with me its witching power,
 And watch the billows crown'd with foam,
 Break on thy walls, my lowland home!

My home! how soon that single word
 Can cause regretful tears to flow!
 It thrills on feeling's finest chord—
 Still does it make my bosom glow.
 Oh what a fountain of delight
 Does that one little sound unseal!
 When far away, to memory's sight
 What scenes of bliss does it reveal!
 'Tis the voice of nature bids me come
 To thy shrine of love—my own sweet
 home!

Wealth may be ours, and fame may spread
 With trumpet-voice our names afar—
 In honor's cause we may have bled
 And braved the crimson tide of war—
 But wealth, and fame, and glory's crown,
 Are bubbles which a breath may burst,
 As quickly as a breath hath blown;
 They cannot slake the burning thirst
 For happiness—for this we roam,
 And this is only found at home!

—
 "Grieve not thy Father, as long as he liveth."
Son of Sirach.

Ah! grieve not him whose silver hairs
 Thin o'er his wasted temples stray;
 Grieve not thy Sire when time impairs
 The Glory of his manhood's sway.

His tottering steps with reverence aid,
 Bind his wan brow with honor's wreath,
 And let his desolated ear be made
 The harp where filial love shall breathe.

What though his pausing mind partake
 The evils of his house of clay,
 Though wearied, blinded memory break
 The casket where her treasures lay:

Still with prompt arm his burdens bear,
 Bring heavenly balm his wounds to heal,
 And with affection's watchful care
 The error that thou markest conceal.

Know'st thou how oft those powerless arms
 Have clasp'd thee to his shielding breast,
 When infant woes, or childish harms
 Thy weak, unguarded soul distress?

Know'st thou how oft those accents strove
 Thine untroubled mind to aid;
 How oft a parent's prayer of love
 Has pierc'd dense midnight's darkest shade?

Grive not thy father, till he die,—
 Lest when he sleeps in earth's cold breast,
 The record of his lightest sigh
 Should prove a dagger to thy rest.

For if this holiest debt of love,
 Forgotten, or despis'd should be,
 He, whom thou call'st thy Sire above,
 Will bend a Judge's frown on thee.

(Liverpool paper.)

From "The Offering," for 1837:
TO MY MOTHER.

Miser, pleasure, trouble, indigence, or
 wealth,
 Thou hast watched o'er me, guardian of
 my health,
 My Mother!—Tell me, can I e'er requite,
 Can words express, the care both day and
 night
 That thou hast ta'en of me?—How, by my
 bed,
 Thou'st carefully watched, while weary
 moments fled?

Each hour to Heaven my prayers for thee
 shall rise;
 Rude, but sincere, they'll penetrate the
 skies!

Each hour I'll pray—"May blessings from
 above
 Reward thy care, affection, kindness, love!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SAPOROGUE COSSACKS.

These people are very strong and indefatigable. Their cashevoy, or general, has a room for himself, of about ten feet square; but the others live in large rooms, called kuraveis, in each of which there are about six or seven hundred men. Whoever pleases to go into the kuravei may lodge and eat with them without being asked, and without thanking them for their entertainment. As the whole nation are a very extraordinary people, more used to live in the

field than in settled habitations, there are generally four or five hundred men about every kuravei, who lie in the open air, but have the liberty to come into the room when they please without any ceremony. The Saporogues are a sort of knights, who suffer no women among them; for if any one of them was found to keep a woman, he is stoned to death. They have no written law, but all cases are judged by six or seven persons they choose for that purpose; but their sentence cannot be put into execution till it be approved of by the fraternity.

If any theft is committed among them, and the robber is taken, he is immediately hung up by the ribs. In case a murderer is discovered, they dig a pit, and lay the murdered person on the murderer, and bury them both together. They profess the Greek religion; and when they were under the protection of the Turks, the patriarch of Constantinople furnished them with priests; but since these two years that they are under the protection of the czar, their priests are sent them by the Archbishop of Kiev. They have only one church, which is served by an abbot and a few priests, who are not permitted to meddle with any worldly matters further than to intercede for delinquents, and to see them do public penance in the church, in case they commit any slight fault. The Saporogues admit into their fraternity all persons of whatever nation they are, in case they embrace the Greek religion, and are willing to undergo seven years probation before they are admitted knights. If any of their fraternity run away they make no inquiry after them; but look upon such as unworthy of their society. Their riches consists in cattle, particularly in horses. Some of them have above a hundred; and there is hardly any one of these Cossacks but has ten or twenty. They have a great many thousand horses, that run altogether in the open fields. It is hardly ever heard that one is stolen, for such thefts are unpardonable among these people. They sow no corn. In time of war they plunder all the provisions they can from their enemies; and in time of peace they barter horses and fish for all sorts of necessities. They catch vast quantities of fish, particularly in the river Dnieper. In their studs they have Turkish and Circassian stallions. Their arms, that consist in rifle guns and sabres, they make themselves. Nobody is admitted a knight of this society who is not very strong and well made; but any one may be admitted as Cholopps, who are their servants, and some of them have two or three. They never care to mention how many knights there are in their fraternity; and when asked, they say they cannot tell, because their number exceeds 20,000 men. It is certain the greatest part of those people are Cossacks, who have deserted from the Ukraine; but the Cholopps, or servants, are mostly Poles.

The Saporogues are divided into thirty great rooms, or kuraveis, each of which has its particular commander or attaman, who, nevertheless, are obliged to obey the cashevoy or general. Every knight has the liberty to vote when they choose a general; and, in case he does not behave well, they turn him out of his employment and choose another, as it happened some years ago to the present cashevoy, who was turned out, and another elected, who is since dead, and the present was rechosen. When a Saporogue knight dies, he may leave his horses and what he has to whom he will; but generally, the church gets the most, which is given to maintain the priest.—*Von Raumer's Contributions to Modern History.*

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THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.—At last, one bitter night, he sunk down on a door step in Piccadilly, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home, a happy, cheerful home, and of those who peopled it and looked about him then, until the forms of his elder children, seemed to rise from the grave and stand about him, so plain, so clear and so distinct they were, that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of village bells; but it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold, and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He raised his head, and looked up the long, dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned

to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. As remembered to have heard many years before, that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart; preferring death to that endless, weary wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken; his limbs received new life: he ran quickly from the spot and paused not for breath until he reached the river side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled and all was for the moment still and quiet—so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface and beckoned him to approach: dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation; while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface; but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings! Life, life in any form, poverty, misery, starvation, anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore, but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved; but the tide bore him onward under the dark arches of the bridge and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life: for one instant, for one brief instant, the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible: once more he sank, and once again he rose; bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears and stunned him with its furious roar.—*Sketches by Boz.*

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 In *Blackwood's Magazine* for February appears an amusing article, entitled "The world we live in;" the author, in alluding to street-robberies on the person in England, observes—"But our affairs of this kind are vulgar. It is on the continent that the pickpocket studies the picturesque. The reason of this difference is simply that the trade there is in higher hands." In illustration he relates this anecdote.

"Some time since, an extremely clever thing of this species was done in Vienna. A young count, with some prodigiously high-blood name, an officer in the Imperial Hulan, was sitting on his horse, waiting outside the gate of the cathedral for the return of their Majesties. A watch set with brilliants, which he took out from time to time, showed that he was weary of the ceremony. A vastly sparkling snuff-box, to which he frequently applied, showed that he required a stimulus; in fact, the handsome Hulan was evidently falling asleep. He was roused by a well-dressed person's making his way to him, and with a very low bow begging of him to preserve that attitude."

He explained this odd request, by saying, that one of the archduchesses was desperately smitten with him, and desired to have his picture; but that no opportunity having hitherto occurred, and etiquette being altogether against her, asking it in person, she had employed an eminent artist to sketch his likeness as he mounted guard. The count, notoriously for a good opinion of his own charms, was infinitely delighted; but he affected to laugh at the idea, and threw himself into an attitude which he conceived to be much more captivating. His friend in the mob again begged of him to remain steady for a moment, and pointed out to him, in an opposite window, an artist busy in sketching a crayon drawing. The man's eyes were fixed on him. It was

undeniable that he was sketching the count, and the handsome Hulan was too generous to make an archduchess wretched for want of his picture. Two or three slight changes of attitude were required to complete the performance; they were greatly recommended by the count's new friend, and approved of by the nod of the artist in the window. At length the operation was completed. The artist made a low bow, and retired from the window. His friend on the pace did the same. The count was enchanted with having captivated a princess. But what was the time which this interesting performance had occupied? He felt for his watch—no watch was there; for his snuff-box—it had disappeared. His purse had followed them. He was not thoroughly awake. The worst of the matter was, that the unkind pickpockets were so proud of their having plucked the young dupe, that they told the story at the first roulette table they came to. Thence, of course, it spread like wild fire through the court, the capital, and the country."

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JUNIUS AND LACHLAN MACLEAN.—A gentleman has obligingly pointed out to us a passage in Galt's *Life of Mr. West*, the distinguished painter, which supplies another link in the chain of evidence connecting Junius' Letters with Lachlan Maclean. It will materially assist the inquiry now in progress by Sir David Brewster, who was led to adopt the opinion of Maclean being Junius, from a series of private letters written to that gentleman, which fell under his notice, as formerly described by us, and when Sir David was unconscious of Maclean having been ever suspected to be Junius. The passage is as follows:—"An incident of a curious nature, has brought him (Mr. West) to be a party, in some degree, with the singular question respecting the mysterious author of the celebrated letters of Junius. On the morning that the first of these famous invectives appeared, his friend Governor Hamilton happened to call, and inquiring the news, Mr. West informed him of that bold and daring epistle; ringing for his servant at the same time, he desired the newspaper to be brought in. Hamilton read it over with great attention, and when he had done, laid it on his knees, in a manner that particularly attracted the notice of the painter, who was standing at his easel. "This letter," said Hamilton, in a tone of vehement feeling "is by that d—d second Mr. Lean." "What Mr. Lean?" inquired Mr. West. "The surgeon of Otway's regiment; the fellow who attacked me so virulently in the Philadelphia newspapers, on account of the part I felt it my duty to take against one of the officers. This letter is by him. I know these very words; I may well remember them," and he read over several phrases and sentences which Mr. Lean had employed against him. Mr. West then informed the Governor, that Mr. Lean was in this country, and that he was personally acquainted with him. "He came over," said Mr. West, "with Colonel Barry, by whom he was introduced to Lord Shelburne (afterwards Marquess of Lansdowne) and is at present Secretary to his Lordship." Mr. Galt adds—"Mr. Lean, owing to great impediment in his utterance, never made any figure in conversation; and passed with most people as a person of no particular attainments. But when Lord Shelburne came into office, he was appointed Under Secretary of State, and subsequently nominated to a Governorship in India; a rapidity of promotion to a man without family or parliamentary interest that can only be explained by a profound conviction on the part of his patron, of his superior talents, and perhaps, also, from a strong sense of some peculiar obligation."

In the Monthly Magazine for July 1813, there is an account of a conversation between Sir Richard Phillips and the Marquess of Lansdowne (formerly Lord Shelburne) on this subject. The Marquess said, "I knew Junius; and I knew all about the writing and production of these letters," and he promised that he would in the following summer write a pamphlet about Junius, [the real author he said had never been publicly named] and he could do this, as the grounds of secrecy were then so far removed by death, and changes of circumstances, that it was unnecessary the author of Junius should much longer be unknown." The Marquess died about a week after this interview. If this statement can be relied upon, it is very probable that the present Marquess of Lansdowne (son of Maclean's patron) must know something of the matter. If our contemporaries of the press in Philadelphia preserve files of their papers, Sir David Brewster might also procure a copy of the letter by

Maclean, which was alluded to by Governor Hamilton in his conversation with Mr. West.—*Inverness Courier.*

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PUN UPON PUN.—Strange, Moore and Wright; three great punsters, were on a certain occasion dining together, when Moore observed, there is but one knave among us, and that's Strange. Oh, no, said Wright, there is one Moore. Aye, said Strange, that's Wright.

There is a volume of good advice in the following pithy extract:

A BUSINESS MATTER.—Call on a business man in business hours, only on business; transact your business, and then go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business.

Lightness of conversation is often but a flimsy veil covering a thoughtful head and a heavy heart.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE Nashwaak Mill Company.

IN setting forth to the public the general advantages to be derived from vesting capital in establishments of this nature, it is usual by matters of calculation to show immense profits that must of certainty arise therefrom. As the gain or loss must at all times depend upon the activity and enterprise connected with the prudent management under which the affairs are conducted, it is not necessary to enter upon such explanations, but leave that subject wholly upon the localities of the situation where the establishments are to be erected, and the advantageous charter which the Legislature has been pleased to grant.

The River Nashwaak is about 80 miles from the Port of Saint John with its estuary directly opposite to Fredericton, the seat of Government of the Province, and extending into the Country a distance of 85 miles. This stream is well settled and has many extensive Farms on both sides thereof for upwards of 30 miles, where the New Brunswick Land Company are making very extensive improvements and building a Town. About three miles from its mouth is the site where this Company is to carry on its operations. It will not be saying too much when it is asserted that there is no situation in the Province that exhibits greater advantages—the Stream, or rather River, gives an abundance of water at ordinary times for miles, to any extent, and this may be vastly increased both for the use of the mills in a dry season, and also for steam driving, by throwing a short Dam across the outlet of the Nashwaak Lake at a very trifling expense, and at all seasons of the year can be in active operation, and the facility again of getting the Lumber to the Saint John Market is a very desirable object. It can be brought down to the mouth of the Nashwaak in Floats or Scows, and then loaded in vessels, thus preventing the injury which results from Lumber being too long in the water, consequently it will at all times command a better price.

There is attached to the Mill site on both sides of the stream about 1,000 acres of good Land; in addition to this there is a purchase made from Government of 24,000 acres fronting 11 miles on the same stream about fifty miles from the Mills; both these tracts are well timbered, but more especially the latter, which affords the most extensive growth of both Pine and Spruce, and it is also well adapted for settlement, as the continuation of the Royal Road from Fredericton to the Grand Falls passes along the south line of the tract. By the Royal Road the Land lies about 35 miles from the Mills.

A most substantial and permanent Dam is erected at great expense, across the river, and there is now a mill with two saws, and a Circular, as also a Grist Mill in operation. The former manufactured during the last year about 2,000,000 of Lumber; this will give some idea as to what extent the business may be carried on. It may be well here to remark that the peculiar situation of the site for these Mills gives great advantages for the security of Timber to any extent both from any sudden rise of water, or the clearing out of the ice in the Spring of the year.

With these few observations it is only to repeat that active enterprise must inevitably make the speculation a most advantageous one.

Fredericton, May 1, 1837.

Bank of New Brunswick

STOCK FOR SALE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that FIVE HUNDRED SHARES, of Fifty Pounds each, amounting to the Sum of **Twenty Five Thousand Pounds**, being additional Stock of the BANK of NEW-BRUNSWICK, will be Sold, by Public Auction, in lots of Four Shares each, at the BANK, on Thursday the 29th day of June next, at 11 o'clock, A. M.—Ten Per Cent of the additional Shares, and of any advance or premium at which they may be sold, to be paid to the Cashier at the time of sale, and to be forfeited if the purchaser retracts or makes default in payment of the subsequent instalment.—The remaining Ninety Per Cent, with the advance or premium, to be paid into the Bank on or before Monday the 30th day of October next.

S. NICHOLS, PRESIDENT.

St. John, 12th April, 1837.

PRINTERS.

A PRESSMAN and a **COMPOSITOR** wanted at this Office immediately, to whom constant employment will be given.

March 15th, 1837.