

## Poetry.

From the Toronto Patriot.  
ARISE! ARISE!

Arise! arise! for our homes arise,  
In the name of the land that bore us—  
Let our war-cry ring through the echoing skies,  
Up! up! in the patriot's holy might,  
With heart and hand for our monarch's right!  
Up! up! in arms! let our battle shout  
Through the startled forests be thunder'd out—  
Up! up! for all we have cherish'd most—  
Our names of Britain—our Freedom's boast,  
For our happy hearths—for our maidens' smiles,  
And the Virgin Queen of our parent Isles!

Arise! arise! for our homes arise!  
Ere the rebel's chain hath bound us,  
Too long has the spell on our dreaming eyes  
While traitors watch'd around us!  
Up! up! each heir to the Briton's name—  
For the "Home of England"—your island fame—  
Let the patriot fire in its strength be caught  
By the gallant breast of each hardy Scot—  
And the German rush to the foremost line  
And first in the fervor of heart and land  
Green Erin!—marshal thy fiery band!

Arise! arise! for our homes arise,  
In the strength of our noble endeavor  
Bid the shadows pass from our opening eyes  
Awake! or sleep forever!  
Up! up! for each loyal and faithful heart  
For the Christian's duty—the Hero's part—  
And ye, who sies to their King were true—  
When of old the signal of battle flew—  
Who held to the faith of their early years,  
And the roses that bound them thro' smiles and  
tears—  
Bethink ye now of their patriot fame,  
And the son be true to the father's name!

Arise! arise! 'tis the hour—arise!  
For treason is darkest—nearest—  
Up! up! for the blessings we fondly prize,  
And strike—for our best—our dearest!—  
Up! up! for our thousand forest homes  
Where the wintry tide of the Huron foms—  
Where the Erie starts from the forest rest,  
Where the Seneca sleeps in the dark wood's breast!  
Where the totter'd waves down the giant steep,  
With their song of the thunder's music sweep,  
Where the woe of the blue Ontario smiles  
As he murmurs so round his thousand Isles!

Arise! arise! in our pathing night,  
There's a glorious guide before us;  
The "Lion Flag" in its crimson light,  
With its victor folds spread o'er us!  
Up! up! let each member, lesser thought  
In our noble striving be all forgot!  
Up! up! at our country's sacred call,  
Neath her banner's shadow come one, come all!  
It is floating now in our wintry sky,  
The beacon-light for the Briton's eye!  
Let treason shrink where its folds are seen,  
And our war-cry's thunder'd, "Our God and Queen."

## Colonial.

LOWER CANADA.

From the Quebec Mercury, Dec. 28.

THE 43d LIGHT INFANTRY.—This day, between 12 and 1 o'clock, the 1st Division of this gallant Regiment, under Colonel Booth, crossed from Point Levy and landed at the Market slip. A large concourse of spectators was attracted to the wharves which commanded a view of their debarkation, and the Volunteer Corps, under arms, lined the Queen's and McCallum's wharves and the new landing-place at the Lower Town market. The sight was altogether animating, the river was clear of ice and the little fleet of canoes, some of them lashed together in pairs for greater security, crossed in handsome order. As soon as the first boat touched the shore ice, and the Colonel set his foot upon it, the Bands of the 15th and 66th Regiments, struck up *God save the Queen*, and the Volunteers greeted the reinforcement with their hearty cheers in which they were cordially joined by many of the spectators.

The men were speedily disembarked from the other canoes, and having formed, marched in sections to the Jesuit Barracks, preceded by the Band of the 15th Regiment. They were warmly greeted on passing Prescott Gate, and the several Volunteer Corps escorted them, the Quebec Volunteer Artillery taking the lead with the Band of the 66th Regiment at their head. The 3d having entered the barrack yard, the Volunteers continued their march through Fabrique and St. John Streets round into Lewis Streets, and by the Place d'Armes, where they filed off to their parade grounds. They made a very soldier-like appearance, and so large a body of citizen-soldiers under arms for the support of the Constitution and the maintenance of the British connexion, made a salutary impression on those who may have regarded the absence of the regular troops as presenting a favourable opportunity for perpetrating mischief.

Notwithstanding their long march and exposure to the weather, the men of the 43d appeared in good health and spirits, and are a fine body of young fellows with good stamina and well able to encounter fatigue. The order in which they have arrived says much for the discipline of the Corps and not a little for the arrangements which have been made throughout the route for their accommodation and progress.

The number of rank and file in this division is, we understand, 150, and the following are the officers who accompany it: Colonel Booth, Captains Munby and Egerton, Lieuts. Oxenden, Cole, Herries and Paget. The number of sufferers from frost is not great, and the cases are in general slight, indeed we have only heard of one serious case. The second division will be here on Saturday, and the third, we learn on Monday next. They will be stationed for the present in the Jesuit Barracks, the 15th Regiment removing to the Citadel.

Girouard is at length a prisoner; he for some time concealed himself in the woods not far distant from the line which divides this Province from Upper Canada; but finding escape hopeless he gave notice of his hiding place to John Simpson, Esquire, of Coteau du Lac, who went out singly to him, when he surrendered himself and is now committed to Gaol. A. B. Papineau, another fugitive M. P., has also been taken and is in Prison.

It is now said that Papineau is certainly in the States, and that letters have been received from him by his family. His whereabouts is not known, and it is conjectured that he has proceeded to Washington, not caring to remain near the frontier lest the temptation to gain 4000 dollars should prove too strong and

overcome the tender sympathies of some of the lucie loving patriots.

MONTREAL, Monday, Dec. 25.—There is nothing new to-day. I visited St. Eastre yesterday. The greater part of that once handsome village presents nothing but a scene of ruin.

A young man named Medore Yandau, was arrested yesterday at St. Enstache, and placed in charge of the company of the Royals which is stationed there. He was one of the lately elected Militia Captains, and was very active in supplying the camp with cattle, sheep, &c.—*Carrier.*

## UPPER CANADA.

From the Toronto Patriot, Dec. 19.

The following Petition from the deluded followers of Dr. Dumcombe, in the Township of Norwich confessing their unparalleled ingratitude and wickedness, in suffering themselves to be betrayed into outrages against the Queen's dignity, and the peace of her faithful subjects, in this Province, by the arts, and promises of large reward, of base, designing men, expressing their contrition and repentance for the same, and praying for mercy and forgiveness, and the merciful and benignant yet firm reply of his Excellency, will be read with deep and solemn interest. Well is it for the unfortunate dupes of the few malignant traitors, who in the foolishness and wickedness of their hearts had imagined, and with force and arms have endeavored to compass the overthrow of the British Government and laws, that the quality of mercy is the brightest ornament of the British Throne. And well is it too for themselves and their families that this most resplendent prerogative of our Virgin Queen, is here in the custody of a representative whose heart inclines him to dispense it, as are dispensed the kindly dews of heaven, for healing, peace, and happiness.

To Allen Napier MacNab, Esq., Colonel & Commanding the Queen's Forces in the District of London, &c. &c. &c.

The humble petition of certain inhabitants of the Township of Norwich, lately in arms against the Government of this Province.

SHEWETH.—That we your petitioners being truly sensible of the great error and wickedness which we have lately committed in taking up arms against Her Majesty's Government, a Government on whose part we do not pretend to say that we have any real wrongs or grievances to complain of, but we have been led away by Charles Dumcombe, Eliakim Malcolm, and other wicked and designing leaders, who have induced us by promise of large grants of land and great pay for our services, to take up arms against Her Majesty's Government, and who have now basely deserted us and left us to answer with our lives and properties for those crimes which they have themselves committed, do therefore most humbly beseech you, Sir, to take our case into your kind consideration, and to intercede with his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor of this Province, to grant us a pardon for our offences.

We acknowledge ourselves to be completely subdued, and we throw ourselves entirely upon your mercy; and we hereby promise, one and all, if such mercy be extended to us, that we will from henceforth live as peaceable and loyal subjects, will subscribe to the oath of fidelity, and allegiance to the Government of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and that we will not only bring in our arms, but also use our utmost endeavours to apprehend the ringleaders of the late insurrection and bring them to justice.

We are thus induced to address you, Sir, not only from the exalted position which you hold as the first Commoner in the land, and Commander of the Queen's Forces in this part of the Province, but also from our knowledge of your kind and benevolent disposition, of which we have had ample proof in the protection of the lives and properties of the inhabitants, since your arrival amongst us, and which we trust you will exert in our behalf to relieve us from our present unfortunate situation, and we your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.

Signed by one hundred and three petitioners.

His Excellency's Reply.

Governor's House,

10th Dec. 1837.

Sir,—His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has received your letter of yesterday's date, inclosing to me a paper which has been addressed to you as commanding the Militia Force sent to subdue and apprehend the Rebels stated to be in arms in the District of London.

The persons who have subscribed to this paper, 103 in number, state that they have been misled by falsehoods and by promise of rewards, held out by Dr. Dumcombe and other wicked traitors, to take up arms against their Sovereign,—that they have heartily repented the crime they have committed, and acknowledge that they had suffered no wrong at the hands of the Government, and can offer no justification in excuse for their conduct,—that they find themselves now deserted by the persons who had urged them to rebel, and left to the mercy of the Government, whose laws they have offended. They offer to deliver up their arms and pledge themselves to use their best exertions henceforward in supporting the authority of the Government, and bringing offenders to justice.

His Excellency desires that you will answer the Petitioners by stating, that he sincerely regrets that any number of Her Majesty's subjects in this Province should have been prevailed upon to commit Treason against a Government which had always protected them and treated them with justice and kindness,—that, trusting to the truth of the declaration by the petitioners, that they have seen their error, and not doubting that they must be ashamed and astonished at their own misconduct,—His Excellency consents to your liberating acts of them as are not known to have committed acts of violence against the persons or property of their fellow subjects, upon their entering into recognizances, with sufficient sureties, to appear at the next Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, in

the District of London, to answer any complaint that may be brought against them, at the instance of any of their fellow subjects.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. JOSEPH.

The Hon. Colonel MacNab,  
Commanding in the London District,  
Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 16, 1837.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser, Dec. 20.

FROM UPPER CANADA.—The Buffalo papers of Saturday, were received by last evening's mail.—We copy from the Journal, the following particulars relative to the CAMP AT NAVY ISLAND.—We have nothing further from the patriot camp at Navy Island.

A proclamation, setting forth the objects of the persons there assembled, and calling upon the reformers of Canada there to rendezvous, or otherwise to lend a hand for the revolutionizing of the province, signed by William Lyon Mackenzie, as "Chairman pro tem. of the Provisional Government of the State of Upper Canada," has been issued and circulated.

The proclamation also further states, "that the force embodied on Navy Island is well supplied with artillery, small arms, ammunition, provisions &c. the contributions of their friends in this state. The proclamation also offers a bounty of three hundred acres of land to volunteers who will personally aid in bringing to a conclusion the struggle for independence in the Canadas.

The Canadian patriots are also enjoined not to commit any excesses upon the property of the royalists, or upon their persons, upon pain of the severest punishment.

It is alleged, that Sir F. B. Head having been sent to this country with promises of conciliation and justice, and having violated his oath of office in the properly carrying out the legitimate objects of his mission, had become guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors. A reward of five hundred pounds is therefore offered for him, "that he may be dealt with as may appear to justice."

The following are set forth in the proclamation as the objects for the furtherance of which the force on Navy Island is embodied.

"Perpetual peace, founded on a government of equal rights to all, secured by a written constitution, sanctioned by yourselves in a convention to be called as early as circumstances will permit.

"Civil and religious liberty, in its fullest extent, that in all laws made, or to be made, every person be bound alike—neither shall any tenure, estate, charter, birth or place confer any exemption from the ordinary course of legal proceedings and liabilities whereunto others are subjected.

"The abolition of hereditary honours, of the laws of entail and primogeniture, and of hosts of pensioners who devour our substance.

"A Legislature composed of a Senate and House of Assembly, chosen by the people.

"An executive to be composed of a Governor and other officers elected by the public voice.

"A Judiciary chosen by the Governor and Senate, and composed of the most learned, honourable and trustworthy of our citizens. The laws to be rendered cheap and expeditious.

"A free trial by jury—Sheriffs chosen by you, and not to hold office as now at the pleasure of our tyrants. The freedom of the press. Alas for it now! The free presses in the Canadas are trampled down by the hands of arbitrary power.

"The vote by ballot—free and peaceful township elections.

"The people to elect their court of requests, commissioners and justices of the peace—and their militia officers, in all cases whatsoever.

"Freedom of Trade—every man to be allowed to buy at the cheapest market and sell at the dearest.

"No man to be compelled to give military service, unless of his choice.

"Ample funds to be reserved from the vast natural resources of our country to secure the blessing of Education to every citizen.

"A frugal and economical government, in order that the people may be prosperous and free from difficulty.

"An end for ever to the wearisome prayers, supplications and mockeries attendant upon our connexion with the Lordships of the Colonial Office, Downing-st., London.

"The opening of the St. Lawrence to the trade of the world, so that the largest ships might pass up to Lake Superior, and the distribution of the wild lands of the country to the industry, capital, skill and enterprise of worthy men of all nations."

From the Quebec Mercury, Dec. 28.

Letters from Fort Erie of the 20th instant, say that all was in good train there to suppress rebellion or meet invasion. Sir Francis Head had arrived on the Frontier. McKenzie maintained himself on Navy Island, with it is said from 500 to 700 followers. It is added that one of the Van Ransaelers, of Albany, had joined him; if so, the individual is a disgrace to a very respectable family, for McKenzie can be viewed in no other light than as a leader of robbers and ruffians of the very worst class. The "Steamboat Traveller" had left Kingston with mortars, shells, and ammunition and other material for dislodging this gang of desperadoes, who, if permitted to remain, might inflict serious injury on the inhabitants of that part of the Province.

About 1000 men are collected opposite to Navy Island to oppose McKenzie should he attempt to cross. Colonel McNab has proceeded thither having with him two nine pounder guns, and a 24lb howitzer.

Alway and Finlay Malcolm, for the apprehension of each of whom £250 was offered, have been secured by Colonel McNab.

Navy Island is laid down in the Chart of that part of the River Saint Lawrence, made by the Officers of the Royal Navy employed in the Surveying Service, as situated about 23 miles above the Falls of Niagara, and a short distance above the mouth of the Chippawia river. Its greatest length does not exceed a mile, and its greatest breadth is about half a

mile; in shape it resembles the Roman letter D, the flat side being towards the Canada shore, from which the distance in no part exceeds three-eighths of a mile, so that cannon-shot would range completely over it. The bank of the river is low, but is fully on a level with the Island, and, therefore, it is clear that it could not be a formidable post even if held by regular troops. The river runs with a swift current in that part, and the depth of water varies from 21 to 3 fathoms.

From the Buffalo Journal, Dec. 16.

LOUERY, one of the Generals of the rebel forces, for whom a reward of £500 was offered, was apprehended, and committed to gaol.

## Communication.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

The wheels of time, with rapid flight,  
Have brought me to another year,  
Which now has ushered on my sight,  
And whispers mercy in my ear.

It is a remarkable feature in the history of the human character, that we are not competent to appreciate the value of any blessing until we suffer a privation of it. The value of health is not adequately discovered till sickness reminds us of its neglected excellency, and the importance of time is not sufficiently known until its days and weeks have departed. Another year, of which only a few make up the life of man is irretrievably gone; a year is a season of importance in the brief life of man, it is a capacious stride to the house appointed for all living; a few more strides will bring us to the appointed place of rendezvous where all its travellers meet.

What a prodigious number of human beings have been summoned into eternity during the past year, many have fallen by the implements of war, thousands have been plunged into a watery grave by shipwreck, the bursting of the boilers of Steam boats, the falling of bridges, and other disasters; the cholera, yellow fever, and other diseases, numerous and various, have hastened many to the grave. Death, cruel and impartial, hath visited alike the palace of the rich man, and the cottage of the poor. The saying is true, it is true, and which has been strikingly demonstrated in the lamented demise of our beloved Monarch:

With equal pace, impartial fate  
Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate.

During the past year, the husbandman, the labouring mechanic, the crowned head, the aged matron, the smiling infant, and the vigorous and blooming youth, have been found among the ravages of death. Husbands, and wives, partners of each other's joys and sorrows, children and relatives, friends and neighbours, have been called to mourn the melancholy loss of the objects of their fond attachment. There is something awful when death visits the children of men, though it be in its mildest form. It is especially calculated to imprint on the mind of man a permanent conviction of the frailty of our nature; it is an occurrence which cannot be reflected upon without interest. The man who can behold his fellow creature conveyed to his last earthly dwelling place unmoved, must be destitute of the feelings common to human nature. But when death visits our dwelling, and fastens upon the object of our hopes, we behold the dear one whom we have loved and cherished withering by his chilling touch, and struggling for existence; it is then the full tide of agonized feeling rushes back upon our burning, swelling bosoms. Then the recollection of past scenes of bliss or woe—of mingled joy and sorrow, crowd upon our minds; it is then, and then only, we know how to appreciate their worth, how much we loved them, and how necessary they were to our happiness, a blank is created as it were in our existence, and we mourn for days and nights the loss of one so precious. But in all this, is there no solace for the mind? yes, there is hope, hope of future happiness is a never failing source of consolation to the christian; under any troubles however grievous it soothes his mind; how relieving is the hope that the separation is not eternal, that the time will come when those former connections with his virtuous friends will be renewed—when those whose piety and virtue once cheered, shall be united to him, and they shall dwell together on that peaceful shore where the revolutions of nature can never come.

If there is a period in the whole of our earthly existence, when more than at any other we should be led to serious contemplation of our latter end, it would appear to be at the moment when we are bidding adieu to one, and are passing the threshold of another year. The time itself is one of seriousness, and the aspect of nature around us fitted to call the mind to deep and solemn reflection. The vivacity and radiance of the vernal and summer seasons are succeeded by dreary winter's return. The leaf has faded and fallen, (a striking emblem of the transient life of man), the trees of the forest are stripped of their foliage, the flowers which bloomed in a summer's sunbeam, are all withered and returned to dust. The snow is frozen, and the waters are frozen, and the chilling winds and tempests of winter are desolating the earth, and even the sun himself seems to have retired and withdrawn his light.

It is a frequent remark that the revolutions of time, the succession of the seasons, and the desolation of winter, exhibit striking analogies of the condition and fate of man. But there is at least one point in which there is no similitude. Times and seasons are regular in their progress and their mutation. We enter not upon a new year until the sun has performed his annual revolution—until the smiles of spring, the decorations of summer, and the maturity of autumn have been succeeded by the decay of winter. It is not thus with man! he may be called to enter upon the scenes of an eternal world before the summer or even the spring time of his life is past, numbers who with joyful acclamations hailed the commencement of the past year, have since been consigned to the silent tomb.

O! it has many borne away  
Who seemed not meant to go so soon,  
Who might have hoped for closing day,  
But fell before the approach of noon.  
Who of us are to leave this world, before the

close of another year, is known only in the counsels of eternity. By taking a retrospective view of the years of our life that have past away, and the events that have occurred, we cannot but learn that when a few more days or weeks, or years at most, have fled, and perhaps a few more of our friends have gone from us, and a few more changes mocked us, our voice too must be silent, our hearts cease to beat, and our heads placed on that pillow from whence they shall be raised only when time shall be no longer. Time, how precious! Time was, but it is gone! Our friends once were; but how many of them now are blotted from the things that be. Time rolls its ceaseless course and rolls his giddy tenants, wave after wave, to the silent mansion of the dead.

Time has no tardy pace, admits of no delay,  
Hours, weeks, years, haste onward to decay,  
Swifter than lightning from the fire fraught sky  
Or, radiant sun beam, all our moments fly.

OMEGA!

## TEA! TEA!!

THE Subscriber has received from Saint John, by the late Steamers, a large quantity of TEA, (part of the Clifton's cargo,) in Packages of all sizes, for family use, and Retailers, consisting of Gunpowder, Hyson, Young Hyson, Souchong, Twankay and Congo, of several kinds, all fresh and of an excellent quality; and will be sold on the lowest terms for satisfactory payments. He will also keep a constant supply of all kinds of Teas for the accommodation of purchasers.

MARK NEEDHAM.

Fredericton, September 12, 1837.

## NOTICE.

THE Subscriber will dispose of that fine-ly situated lot, for a private residence, at the head of Wellington Street, known as lot No. 41, under lease from the Church, rent fifteen shillings per annum. Also, the vacant half of the lot where he now resides, the lease of which is renewable in Dec. 1852 yearly rent fifteen shillings per annum.

R. EGGAR.

Fredericton, September 6, 1837.

## NOTICE.

ALL persons having any just demands against the estate of SIMON CRONKHITE, late of Southampton, in the County of York, deceased, are requested to render the same within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JOHN C. CRONKHITE.

Sole Administrator.

Southampton, 25th October, 1837.

## TO LET,

THE STORE and Premises in Westmorland Street, lately occupied by Mr. SAMUEL B. SMITH, belonging to Mr. JAMES TIBBITS.

Apply to,

M'PHERSON & COY.

Fredericton, Nov. 14, 1836.

## ALBION WORKS,

NASHWASIS.

BRAITHWAITE, KAY & Co., MILLERS, MALTSTERS and BREWERS, begs to inform their friends and the public, that they have now in full operation, their OAT and FLOUR MILLS, consisting of three run of Stones, Smut Machines, &c. to which they have newly added a DRYING KILN. They are therefore enabled to grind OATMEAL, CORN MEAL, and FLOUR, of the finest description. Attached to these is a BARLEY MILL, for making Pot and Pearl Barley.

B. K. & Co. have always on hand at the Brewery, and at their Store in town, a supply of the best Ales and Porter, in bottle and casks.

They have also at present on hand, a few tons of the best round yellow Corn-Meal; and a quantity of excellent Rye Flour, which will be sold low, for cash only.

G. N. B. Several dozens best London made twilled four bushel Sacks for Sale.

September 26, 1837.

## 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 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. For further particulars, the public are referred to J. W. Thompson, Esquire, Bangor, G. E. Ketchum, Esquire, Fredericton, or to the Subscriber, Woodstock.

CHARLES PERLEY, Agent.

January, 1837.

## BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

HENRY S. BEEK begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has just received, per the Niger, from LONDON, an assortment of BOOKS and STATIONERY which he offers for sale on moderate terms at his Store, Queen Street.

Blank Books made to any pattern.

Fredericton, Nov. 14, 1837.

INDENTURES for Sale at this Office.

March 29.