

THE ROSE, THISTLE AND SHAMROCK.

T. J. DALY.
Go, pluck the rose from yonder tree,
Nor mind the thorns, howe'er so sharp,
But haste away, and bring it me
Till I begin my minstrelsy,
For with it I'll entwine my harp.

Go you, and eul the shamrock green,
Although the morning air is sharp,
At fall of day, or fall of e'en,
Its three small leaves are easy seen
Be quick till I entwine my harp.

You go, and pull the thistle wild,
Its numerous prickles are not sharp,
It is spontaneous Nature's child,
And blossoms in the summer wild;
With it, also, I'll twine my harp.

So said the bard, with honor gray,
He spoke in accents strong and sharp:
Cursed may be he who'd tear away
One of the blent flowers that grew
Rose, shamrock, thistle, from my harp.

THE ISLES WHERE THE BONES OF OUR FATHERS REPOSE.

Though destined afar from our country to roam,
Our bosoms feel proudly, our country's our home,
And hallowed for ever the bumper which flows
To the isles where the bones of our fathers repose.

Though commerce allures us, and oceans divide,
The land of our birth is the land of our pride;
And blest be the friends, and accurst be the foes
Of the isles where the bones of our fathers repose.

Blest isles! where spontaneously, liberty springs,
Protected and cherished under loyalty's wings;
We exult in our bliss, we still weep for our woes,
Dear isles! where the bones of our fathers repose.

Long, long may ye flourish, united and free,
And long may your freighted ships whiten the sea;
Your heroes still triumph, when nations oppose
The isles where the bones of our fathers repose!

Wherever we wander, through life's thorny ways,
May our path lead to home, ere the end of our days;
And our evening at last in serenity close,
In the isles where the bones of our fathers repose!

But my song grows too grave, fill the bumper and join
To the wreath, where rose, thistle and shamrock combine;
Here's to their flowers to their friends, and their thorns
To their foes.

And the isles where the bones of our fathers repose.

THE FERRY OF BOLDSIDE.

A SCOTTISH STORY.

The Ferry of Boldside is situated in half a mile of Abbotsford, erected near the Tweed by the great ornament of the literature of Scotland. Though still presenting the convenience of a boat and boatman to passing wayfarers, it is comparatively but little frequented now-a-days, bridges being built near the spot, which afford a safer and more agreeable means of transit. Formerly, however, the ferry boat constituted the only means of conveyance, to church or market, for all passengers from the Selkirk to the Galashiels' side of the water, and vice versa. The ferry held at these towns always, of course, brought a temporary increase of custom to the ferry, in these circumstances. On one memorable occasion, a fair was held at Selkirk, and many were the passengers on that day at the ferry. In the morning, all went on well, but ere the visitors to the fair returned in the evening, the condition of the river was greatly changed. The rains had fallen heavily during the day, and the Tweed had risen rapidly, carrying down the brown silt from a thousand hills. Still the ferryman, by the help of a bold heart and a strong and skillful hand, continued to labour successfully in his vocation, and brought through the stragglers from the fair safely, by ones, twos, and threes.

At length, a party of fifteen persons arrived on the bank opposite the ferry-house. This company was somewhat remarkably circumstanced, being not only a fair-party, but also a wedding-party. A bride and bridegroom were there, surrounded by their friends, and with their best-maid and best-man, as the Scottish people denominate the bridesmaid and bridegroom's-man. Happy and light-hearted, from the double festivity of the occasion, this party halted for the boat. The ferryman did not refuse to come at their call, though he could not avoid casting uneasy glances at the still swelling waters. He got safely across, and proposed to take the company to the other side by turns. Unfortunately, they would not agree to be so received. In the elation of the moment they saw not or despised the danger; and, notwithstanding all the ferryman's remonstrances, the whole fifteen leapt at once into the boat. Ere another word could be said, they had it also pushed off from the shore.

"Sit steady," cried the boatman, earnestly and loudly, as he gave the first stroke with the oars; "be steady, for your lives!" He spoke, unluckily, to those who were not in a mood to attend to his caution, even if they had comprehended, as he did, the full perils of their position. They were all young people, fresh from a scene of enjoyment, and happy in the consciousness of what had brought them together. Some of the men were no sooner in the boat, than they resumed such rustic badinage as had been passing among them ashore. The light boat, already depressed to the water's edge, rocked perilously from their unguarded movements. "Sit still, all of you!" exclaimed the boatman again, in tones of earnest entreaty; "be quiet, or the boat will certainly split or sink!" His words were still unheeded, and the consequences were as he foresaw. Some who tell the story aver that the boat struck a rock; but this is less likely than that the timbers split open, simply with the weight above, and the oscillations alluded to, which would obviously have a powerful effect in such circumstances. How-

ever this may be, the fragile bark was at all events broken to pieces, and the whole party thrown into the deep and turbid stream.

This accident happened in the evening; but there was still sufficient light to enable the whole transaction to be seen perfectly by persons at a considerable distance, whose attention was attracted in the first instance by the agonizing shrieks of the females, and the lower-toned but not less appalling cries of the men, thus cast upon the mercy of the waters. To afford help to them, however, was a thing barely possible. The river bore one and all of them down with such rapidity, as to set at naught the exertions of those among them who could be seen; and those who probably have been the case even if their condition had been most favourable for that mode of escape. One man only of the number was able to reach the bank. He had nearly grasped a bush, and safety lay seemingly within his reach, when suddenly he felt himself seized and pulled back by one of his companions, a young woman, the bridesmaid of the party. "For the love of Heaven!" he exclaimed, "let go your hold, or we must both perish!" "No!" answered the poor girl, clinging to him with a degree of force conceivable only in such a moment of mortal agony—"not come death, come life! I shall hold you!" The man, nevertheless, got his foot to the bank, made a powerful exertion, and reached the land, carrying with him the girl who had fixed herself upon him.

For a few minutes, the pair thus rescued were unable to utter a word, and could only express their gratitude to Heaven in the silent language of the eyes and heart. As soon as the young woman regained the power of ordinary speech, however, she addressed her companion in these words:—"I am the betrothed bride of another man; but I have said the word at this awful moment, from which I shall never draw back. In death or life I am yours! If you will take my hand, we shall part no more in this world." The young woman who thus spoke was noted for her comeliness, as well as for the excellence of her character and her amiable disposition. The young man who had saved her was well aware of this, and heard her affecting offer with as much pleasure as any thing could excite at such a time. In these extraordinary circumstances was a match made between the pair. They joined hands, and from that moment held themselves united for life.

Meanwhile, the waters of the Tweed had swept down, and brought destruction to every other member of this ill-fated party, excepting only one man. This individual had caught and attached himself to a portion of the broken boat, of sufficient size to bear him up above the surface; and along with this splinter he was carried rapidly down the river, while his companions were perishing. It is said that he himself was hopeless of ultimate preservation; but, after being borne down in an inconceivably short space of time, for a distance of two miles and upwards, succour came to him in an unexpected form. A boatman, who kept a ferry at the point alluded to, chanced to be looking out at that moment on the foaming river. He saw approaching him the person attached to the piece of wood, and even heard the unfortunate man's voice—not calling for human help—but calmly chanting a psalm, in praise of Him from whom alone, in that extremity, the worshipper had any hopes of aid. The psalm, it may be interesting to the reader to know, was the 103d, a peculiar favourite in past days with the rural population of Scotland, and one which almost every child could say by heart, to use their own phrase on such occasions. The sentiments contained in it are such as to justify this preference.

The Lord our God is merciful,
And he is gracious,
Long-suffering, and slow to wrath,
In mercy pleaching.

Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship him in fear.

For he remembers we are dust,
And he our frame well knows.
Fruit man! his days are like the grass,
As flower in field he grows:

For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
It shall no more be known.

Such was the appropriate hymn which the individual referred to was engaged in chanting, when borne along the waters, to a premature grave, as he himself believed. The ferryman who saw him, however, was a man of stout heart, and formed an instant resolution to attempt his rescue. Running hastily to his boat, he loosened the fastenings, and was in a few moments in the middle of the current. He could not prevent himself from being carried rapidly downwards, but he was successful in taking up the floating man. They were both landed in safety, at a point a considerable way down the river.

The man thus rescued lived to a very advanced age, and never, during the remainder of his life, did he forget for one day the fearful peril from which he had been saved. He got the splinter of wood into the ferryman's boat, and carried it afterwards to his own home. There, at a future period, he made it be introduced to receive his remains, and kept this article beside him till the hour of his death. Then in accordance with his wishes, he was laid in earth with the wood wrapped

around him, which he had ever looked upon as the immediate instrument of his preservation.

This melancholy accident, by which twelve persons were consigned to a premature grave, made a great sensation, it may well be believed, in the district where it occurred; and to this hour it is remembered by all who dwell near the Ferry of Boldside.

HUMAN LIFE.—How truly does the journey of single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life! We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, and those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bow and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames are buoyant with health. We see no cloud; we fear no storm; and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour after hour our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervour of the noonday sun; the friends that started with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have become weary, and have laid down to their rest, but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes beckoning us on. Ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection are behind us. The scene is more gracious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits fail not. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of fame and happiness recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the fervour of the noon day. Still we press onward: the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The bright orb of hope that has cheered us on, is sinking in the west; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad: we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them; we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure, and the phantom yet uncaught, in the land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night time overtakes us, the dark and terrible night time of death, and weary and heavy laden we lie down to rest in the grave! Happy, thrice happy is he, who hath laid up treasures in himself, for the distant and unknown to-morrow.—*Charlotte*

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THE Proprietor of the above establishment, thankful for the past favours, begs to state, that in addition to his former supply of Pastries, Cordials, choice Brandy and Wines, he has added that of an ordinary or Eating House, where gentlemen in a hurry or absent from home, can be supplied at the shortest notice, with every delicacy which the market affords. Every attention paid to those who may honor him with call. Public or private parties furnished with Rooms.

JAMES NETHERY,
St. John, N. B. July 21, 1842.

N. B. A few cases choice Champagne on hand.

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JAMES GLASS,
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Like a large and commodious Stable and Stage House attached to the premises.

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BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—Saint John Branch.—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the discount days.

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President, Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesdays.—Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esq., President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker.—The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted).

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JAMES CHRISTIE.

Only One Dollar!

With a Circulation double that of any paper in the Union—the strongest possible evidence of its value and popularity.

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Every Week containing Thirty-Six Columns of new and interesting Reading matter. The cheapest Newspaper in the World.

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As a Family Newspaper the Messenger presents superior advantages, and nothing is published that can bring abash to the cheek of modesty. As a reading matter, it is calculated to amuse and instruct, and to advance the cause of a free Republic.

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Alexander's Messenger is published every Wednesday, on a beautiful White Sheet, of the largest size. Single copies are forwarded to Subscribers every week during the year for two dollars in advance—or Ten Pounds, Clubbing together, can have it for the same period by forwarding the Publisher a Ten Dollar note free of Postage, which is retained at least forty-eight large super-royal octavo pages, but that number will frequently be exceeded. The twelve numbers will form at the close of the year a handsome illustrated volume, containing a large quantity of interesting and valuable matter well calculated for preservation.

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Montreal, July, 1842.

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(Robertson's Brick Building, Prince William Street)

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To Farmers frequenting the market, he would say, that from the close proximity of his House, and the accommodations he can afford them, they cannot do better than to give him a call.

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