
POETRY.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of MONTGOMERY, and extracted from his little celebrated work entitled the WEST-INDIES.]

THE ROSES.

Addressed to a Friend on the birth of his first Child.

Two Roses on one slender spray,
 In sweet communion grew,
 Together hail'd the morning ray,
 And drank the morning dew :
 While sweetly wreathed in mossy green,
 There sprang a little bud between.

Thro' clouds and sunshine, storms & showers,
 They opened into bloom,
 Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
 Their beauty and perfume ;
 While fostered on its rising stem,
 The bud became a purple gem.

But soon, their summer splendour pass'd,
 They faded in the wind,
 Yet were these Roses to the last,
 The loveliest of their kind,
 Whose crimsoned leaves in falling round,
 Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honors shorn,
 The bud unfolding rose,
 And blushed and brightened as the morn,
 From morn to sunshine glows,
 Till o'er each parents drooping head,
 The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My friends in youths romantic prime,
 The golden age of man,
 Like these twin roses spend your time,
 Life's little les'ning span ;
 Then be your breaths as free from cares,
 Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows,
 In your encircling arms,
 Mark the dear promise of a rose,
 The pledge of future charms,
 That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
 Fair, and more fair as you decline.

Till planted in that realm of rift,
 Where roses never die,
 Amidst the garden of intellect,
 Beneath a stormless sky,
 Your flower as fresh like Aaron's rod,
 That blossom'd at the sight of God.

THE MOLE HILL.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THRO' all this hillock's crumbling mould
 Once the warm life blood ran :
 Here, thine original behold,
 And here thy ruins, man !

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath
 Ten thousand pulses beat :
 Tell me in this small hill of death,
 How many mortals meet ?

By wafting winds and flooding rains
 From ocean, earth and sky,
 Collected here, the frail remains
 Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
 Breaks through the twilight gloom ?
 What hand invisible displays
 The secrets of the tomb ?

All ages and all nations rise,
 And every grain of earth
 Beneath my feet, before mine eyes
 Is startled into birth.

Like rising mists the shadowy forms
 Through the deep valley spread,
 And like descending clouds in storms
 Low'r round the mountain's head.

O'er the wide campaign while they pass
 Their footsteps yield no sound,
 Nor shake from the light trembling grass
 A dew drop to the ground.

DIVERSITY.

FROM THE GLEANER.

From the Desk of POOR ROBERT, the Scribe.

A gill a day—the thing is clear,
 Twenty-three gallons makes a year.
 Now this would buy a cow, and keep her—
 Two suits of clothes—a score of sheep, or
 Twenty good things than Brandy cheaper.

OLD ROBERT.

THERE is a pleasant little village which stands on the borders of a small lake in the western part of Connecticut. A tavern, the only one in town, kept at the sign of the Grey Goose, entertained the passing stranger, and in the winter evenings was the place where we held our dance—for old Robert used to dance, in his younger days. I remember well the merry evening. I have enjoyed there, and methinks I could still "tire down" the pony striplings of the present day. Among the companions of our recreations were two, whose vivacity and wit I could not but admire—and whose good nature and vir-

tues I could not but love. Abfalom Active was the eldest of my friends :—His father was poor, but he gave Abfalom a good common education, and then bound him apprentice to a respectable waggon-maker of the town. When I saw Abfalom last, before my late visit to Appleberry, it was his birth and wedding night. Just 23 years old—he had married black-eyed Susan, as we called her—and she might as well be called red lip'd Susan, for I never saw cherries redder. He had taken a shop for himself, and having got a journeyman from New York, had added the making of chaises to his old business.

Abfalom was industrious—Abfalom was frugal ; above all, Abfalom was temperate. "Grog and I," he used to say, "are sworn enemies." Not but now and then he would take a glass of wine or a mug of flip with a friend ; but he drank sparingly. They do say, though, that one 4th of July his eyes sparkled a little, and he could not say Sheboleth for the soul of him. But that's neither here nor there—He was a sober man.

And what do you think was the consequence ? Why when I went to Appleberry last October, who should I hear 'em talk of but the good Squire Active—and Deacon Active. Why he has money to lend—he owns two of the best farms on the south side of the lake—the poor all blest him. He now rides in his coach, on which is painted a *Bee*, an *Ant*, and a *Glass up-side down*, with this motto—"INDUSTRY—FRUGALITY—TEMPERANCE.—By these I ride."

Edward Easy, my other friend and companion, received from his father a fortune of 5000l. At the age of 19 he took his degree at Yale with singular honor. The profession of the law suiting best his capacity and inclination, he studied this science under the most approved masters, and at 22 he appeared at the bar. I never shall forget the day when he made his first plea. All Appleberry went down to hear him, for Edward was a favorite of the people : And well he might be, for there was not a single one in the village but could tell of some good and kind thing he had done.

The cause he plead was for a poor widow woman. You may remember her, it was old Mrs. Rogers, who sold ginger-bread and beer just above the stocks and whipping post, north of the meeting-house. She had only one daughter, a sweet little rose-bud, just 17, who was the solace and delight of her life. An unfeeling landlord demanded the sacrifice of Mary, or threatened her ruin.

Well the court was opened—the witnesses examined—and it came Edward's turn to speak. He rose—O ! he was a handsome man, but now his cheeks look'd pale—his lips trembled and his white hands shook.—My heart trembled for fear he would not go on. By and by his voice rose—his cheeks resumed their color—he raised his arm most gracefully, and his eyes sparkled. You might have heard a pin fall. He in one moment did stir up the feelings so against the hard-hearted landlord that every one was in a rage. And then he painted the sufferings of the widow and orphan—in spite of me I cried like a child. I never loved him half so well in my life. Our parson, I remember, said that "the oil of eloquence was on his tongue, and the honey of persuasion distilled from his lips."

I left him just on the eve of being married to Eunice Heartfree. She was worthy of him, she danced delightfully—sung sweetly—could spin fifty knots a day, and the parson's wife was heard to say that "she made the best pudding of any one in the village, except herself."

Now until the 4th day of last October, I had not been to Appleberry for eighteen years. Just as the old town clock struck 4, I entered the village. My heart fluttered. I looked anxiously around in hopes to meet the welcome of my friend. A gloom and solemn stillness seemed to pervade the village. Presently the bell tolled—a funeral procession approached. I alighted at the inn and immediately inquired who was dead. Alas, the day ! exclaimed the old tavern-keeper, (who did not know me) "there goes the remains of a man who eighteen years ago was the most promising youth in all the country. Fortune—education—genius, all united to render him every thing. But the morning bitters—the noontide dram, and the evening sling have withered the finest flowers in nature's garden. Poor Easy ! God rest him."

Edward had been INTEMPERATE. Intemperance beget idleness and neglect of business—poverty and wretchedness followed—and he who might have reflected honor on his country, poisoned by Grog, died a beggar. But "men of genius tread lightly on his ashes, for he was your kinsman," and if you would avoid his fate, declare with my friend Active, that "you and Grog are sworn enemies."

Truth, they say, lies in a well. For my part, said a wit, I thought the property of truth to lie no where.

POVERTY.

Poverty is no disgrace unless it be brought on by extravagance, dissipation, and folly. Homer, whose memorials of genius will remain forever, was poor and often exposed to the inclemency of the rude and merciless storm, for want of covering, used to resort to public places, to recite his verses for a morsel of bread.

John Milton, the immortal author of Paradise Lost, was obliged to sell that work for 10 pounds, being too poor to print it on his own account.

Otway, the celebrated poet, is said to have died in want, or as related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity supplied. He went out, as is reported almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a coffee house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea ; and Otway, going away, bought a roll, and was choaked with the first mouthful.

The son of a celebrated Jew was lately on the point of marrying a young *Christian Lady*. His father made no objection to the intended wife's religion, but was greatly dissatisfied with the match on account of her small fortune, in consequence of which he refused his consent. The son, who was desperately in love, threatened the father that he would marry her without his consent ; and the father in his turn, declared he would not give him a shilling. The young Jew answered he would force him to it ; and that if he refused to divide with him his substance, he should get himself baptized to enjoy the benefit of the English law, which assigns and gives a Jew child becoming a Christian, the half of his father's wealth. Ephraim was confounded at this answer ; he went to a certain lawyer to know if any such law existed. The barrister told him, it did exist, and was in full force ; but, added he, if you have mind of making me a present of ten guineas, I will put you in a way to frustrate the hopes of your son and the ungrateful rascal will not be able to shew cause to get a single farthing. These words spread joy and consolation through the Jew's heart ; he instantly paid down the ten guineas, and begged our Barrister not to keep him in suspense. "No, no, this moment my advice shall direct you what to do in the case," and putting the guineas into his pocket, said "You need only to become a Christian yourself and the law will give nothing to your son."

A country man having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour who neglected to make use of it, plentifully stored his own part with corn, and expostulated with his partner on having laid out his money in so useless a way,—adding, "you had better do something with it, as you see I have done." "As to that, neighbor, replied the other," "every man has a right to do what he will with his own, and you have done so,—but I have made up my mind about my part of the property,—I shall set it on fire."

A corregidor debating to what death to condemn a man who had committed a great crime, because it appeared to him that hanging was too little for the offence, his clerk, who had a scolding wife, said, "Had you not best marry him ?"

Lady Lane was presiding one evening at the card table, when her ruffles caught fire of the candle ; Lord Littleton, intending to be witty on the accident, said, he did not think her ladyship so apt to take fire. "Nor am I, my lord, from such a spark as you."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Midland District, BY virtue of a Writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, at the suit of James Robins, of the town of Kingston, Esquire, against the lands and tenements of Amos Ansley, of the township of Kingston, yeoman, to me directed ; I have seized and taken in execution, as belonging to the said Amos Ansley, the north half of lot No. 15 in the second concession of the township of Kingston, containing by admeasurement one hundred acres, be the same more or less ; together with a log house & framed barn thereon erected. I do hereby give notice, that the above mentioned lot of land, with the buildings and appurtenances thereunto belonging, will be sold and adjudged to the highest bidder, at my office in the town of Kingston, on Tuesday the third day of March next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon—at which time and place the conditions of sale will be made known.

CHARLES STUART, Sheriff.

And every person or persons having claims on the above described lot of land, by mortgage or other right or incumbrance, are hereby advertised to give notice to the said Sheriff, at his office in the town of Kingston, previous to the sale thereof.
Sheriff's Office, 2d March, 1811. 28

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Midland District, BY virtue of a Writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, at the suit of Doctor ASA F. REID, of the town of Kingston, against the lands and tenements of ANDREW JOHNSON, of Ernest-Town, inn-keeper, to me directed ; I have seized and taken in execution, as belonging to the said Andrew Johnson, the north half of lot No. 9 in the first concession of the township of Ernest Town, containing by admeasurement one hundred acres, be the same more or less ; together with a framed hill and barn thereon erected. I do hereby give notice, that the abovementioned lot of land, with the buildings and appurtenances thereunto belonging, will be sold and adjudged to the highest bidder, at my office in the town of Kingston, on Tuesday the third day of March next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon—At which time and place the conditions of sale will be made known.

CHARLES STUART, Sheriff.

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Sheriff's Office, 2d March, 1811. 28

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Midland District, BY virtue of a Writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, at the suit of Peter Grant, of the town of Kingston, merchant, against the lands and tenements of Samuel Rose, late of Marysburgh, yeoman, to me directed ; I have seized and taken in execution, as belonging to the said Samuel Rose, the west half of lot No. 2 in the first concession of the township of Marysburgh, west of the rock, containing by admeasurement one hundred acres, be the same more or less. I do hereby give notice, that the abovementioned lot of land, with the appurtenances thereunto belonging, will be sold and adjudged to the highest bidder, at my office in the town of Kingston, on Tuesday the third day of March next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon—at which time and place the conditions of sale will be made known.

CHARLES STUART, Sheriff.

And every person or persons having claims on the above described lot of land, by mortgage or other right or incumbrance, are hereby advertised to give notice to the said Sheriff, at his office in the town of Kingston, previous to the sale thereof.
Sheriff's Office, 2d March, 1811. 28

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Midland District, BY virtue of a Writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, at the suit of Bryan Crawford, of the township of Richmond, Esquire, against the lands and tenements of DOCTOR PRINDLE, of the township of Fredericksburgh, yeoman, to me directed ; I have seized and taken in execution, as belonging to the said Doctor Prindle, the east half of lot No. 3 in the second concession of the township of Fredericksburgh, containing by admeasurement one hundred acres, be the same more or less. I do hereby give notice, that the above mentioned lot of land, with the appurtenances thereunto belonging, will be sold and adjudged to the highest bidder, at my office in the town of Kingston, on Monday the 22d day of July next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon—at which time and place the conditions of sale will be made known.

CHARLES STUART, Sheriff.

And every person or persons having claims on the above described lot of land, by mortgage or other right or incumbrance, are hereby advertised to give notice to the said Sheriff, at his office in the town of Kingston, previous to the sale thereof.
Sheriff's Office, 13th Nov. 1810. 85

Earthen & Glass Ware.

THE Subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have received by the late arrivals from Liverpool, a general assortment of **EARTHEN & GLASS WARE**, which they offer for sale wholesale and retail, at their Store, No. 50 St. Paul Street, lately occupied by James Dunlop, Esq. on as good terms as can be had at any store in this city.—Ware packed in the best manner, and a liberal discount made for cash. Country Merchants and others are requested to call.

GREEN & EATON.

Montreal, July 1810. 255

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