

With trembling ray, this dreary shore;
 Thus would my soul its wishes pour;
 Go, guardian-genius of my heart,
 Go, to her hovering dreams impart
 Some faint resemblance that may give
 Me in her memory blest to live;
 Upon her pillow's edge alight,
 Hid in the veil of conscious night,
 Watch when her beauteous bosom heaves,
 Then send forth thoughts, like silent thieves,
 That to her heart may gently steal,
 And there each latent wish reveal:
 Then, if aright thou formst thy spell,
 Her throbbing bosom soon will swell
 With soft effusions from that heart,
 Which tell-tale-murmuring words impart,
 Delicious half-formed sounds of love—
 O that mine ear those sounds could prove!
 And then—let—dreaming fancy aiding,
 Silence and night her blushes shading,
 Midst broken accents, fragrant sighs,
 Love-quivering lips, half-open'd eyes—
 Close to her breast a phantom twine,
 And let that phantom's form be mine.

L. L. M.

The following curious advertisement is copied from the New-Brunswick Royal Gazette of the 9th October.

I DO forbid from this date, *James Ackerman*, and *John Ackerman*, and their Wives, and their rising generation, ever to cross my property, from this date to the end of the world: if they do, they must expect to take what follows.

SAMUEL UPTON.

N. B.—This is not for their good deeds.

French Lake, (Sheffield) 26th Sept. 1821.

Oeno-Mentus sits on the same form with Erius Jumpt.