

## POETRY.

## TWILIGHT.

From an American Periodical.

I love that tranquil hour—the close of day  
When glowing nature sinks in soft repose—  
To gaze upon the last retiring ray,  
That on the bosom of the Ocean glows!

I love the Moon—whether o'er half her face,  
Like a young bride, her she-woy veil is drawn—  
Or as full orb'd, she moves with spherul grace  
Through halls of ether to her stary throne.

I love the dewy light that tints the glado  
Like Hope's mild ray beaming o'er sorrow's path—  
Like the cool breeze that whispers thro' the shade,  
In taught calm, a soft endearment hath.—

Oh! at such hour,—to contemplation given  
The soul released from every earth-born care,  
Turns to the clear coroluan arch of Heaven,  
And views its hopes of peace, reflected there!

Throbs there a heart unconscious of this hour?  
When all is softness, frag'rance, and repose,  
When Love is smiling from his star-lit bowers,  
And FRIENDSHIP o'er the scene enchantment throws?—

If there is one—no'er may its fate be mine—  
'Tis like a harp neglected and unstrung;—  
That heart that worships not at nature's shrine  
Is colder than the clod from whence it sprung.

## VARIETY.

**A HOLY SABBATH.**—It is a kind of transfiguration day, shedding a mild glory upon every creature, and enabling us to view the concerns of time in connexion with those of eternity. Through all its happy hours we sat as on the holy mount, looking back with confidence, taking sweet counsel together for the advancement of our highest interest, and scarcely considering ourselves as inhabitants of the lower world. Some interesting passage of Scripture, or some choice piece of divinity, generally furnished the matter of our discourse; and while we endeavoured to obtain a clear and comprehensive view of the subject under consideration, a Divine light would sometimes break in upon us, satisfying our doubts, exalting our conceptions, and cheering our hearts.—Through these flowery paths we have continued to allure each other onward, (first one of us taking the lead and then another,) refreshing our spirits and feeding our immortal hopes, amid a thousand glorious appearances, till the new Jerusalem itself has burst upon our eyes, from whose holy walls we heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.—*Spirit and Manners of the Age.*

**ANECDOTE.**—A young person once mentioned to Dr. Franklin his surprise, that the possession of great riches should ever be attended with undue solicitude; and instanced a merchant, who although in the possession of unbounded wealth, was as busy, and much more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting house. The Doctor in reply, took an apple from the fruit basket, and presented it to a child in the room, who could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave it a second, which filled the other hand; and choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three apples dropt the last on the carpet and burst into tears. "See there," said the Philosopher, "is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy."

**CHINESE SHEET LEAD.**—The following is the account of the Chinese method of making thin sheets of lead:—

The operation is carried on by two men; one is seated on the floor with a large flat stone before him, and with a moveable flat stone stand at his side.—His fellow-workmen stands beside him with a crucible filled with melted lead, and having poured a certain quantity upon the stone, the other lifts the moveable stone, and dashing on the fluid lead, presses it out in a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from this stone. A second quantity of lead is poured in a similar manner, and a similar plate formed, the process being carried on with singular rapidity. The

rough edges of the plates are then cut off, and they are soldered together for use.

## MAXIMS.

Thousands of volumes which bear good titles are full of deadly errors, dangerous alluroments to folly, and the fine spun apologies for vice.

Novels, plays, and romances, are generally so written, as to captivate the imagination and corrupt the heart, and should therefore be avoided.

Good books are instructive companions, that can be entertained without ceremony, and dismissed without offence, whenever you please.

Let meditation accompany reading, and a proper course of action follow meditation.

He who possesses good books without gaining any profit from them, is like an ass that carries a rich burden and feeds upon thistles.

He who with a treacherous memory reads carelessly, carries water in a sieve.

By reading we converse with the dead; by discourse with the living; the former enriches, the latter polishes the mind.

"Those who outlive their incomes by splendour in dress or equipage are well said to resemble a town on fire, which shines by that which destroys it."

## THE JOURNAL.

We regret to have occasion to say, that the aspect of the political atmosphere of Europe is awfully dark and portentous. Affairs in that quarter appear to be fast verging to an important crisis. Our latest advices from Great Britain which are to the 20th Aug. represent the Russians as having gained a succession of victories, and as likely to overrun the Turkish empire. It is supposed that nothing but the interference of Great Britain, and other nations, can now save the Porte from being prostrated at the feet of the Czar. Whether this interference will be given, or whether if given, it will be received in a friendly or in a hostile spirit;—whether the demon of war will be chained, or whether his ravages will be allowed to extend still farther, and to what extent;—these are questions to which our most profound politicians, are unable to give a decided or satisfactory solution. Our voice and our hopes are still for peace.

On the night of Thursday, 1st inst. in a very heavy blow, a man named JOHN THOMAS fell overboard, from the schooner —, Brown master, and was drowned. The schooner left this port, the day previous for Gates's Harbour, Wilmot.

On Friday the 2d instant, an Inquest was held on view of the body of a female infant, between four and five weeks of age, the child of JAMES MOONS, tin-plate worker. Verdict,—Died by some cause unknown to the Jurors.

The *Miramichie Gleaner*, of the 29th ult. gives a most lamentable view of the state of society in that quarter. It represents many of the Emigrants, as going on in the almost continued violation of the peace, alike deaf to the suggestions of reason—the remonstrance of common decency—and the pathetic exhortations of their pious and exemplary pastor; in utter disregard of the land of their nativity—and in contempt of the authorities in the country of their adoption. And it goes on to say, that unless some effectual means be adopted to suppress the growing spirit of insubordination, the day will come when it will assume so formidable a position, as will render it necessary to resort to the most rigorous and coercive measures.

The Reverend Alexander Ross, who has been appointed to the charge of a Presbyterian Congregation at the Talbot Settlement, in the London district, arrived in town a few days ago. Mr. Ross was selected for this situation, at the request of the congregation, by "The Glasgow Society, for promoting the religious interests of the Scottish Settlers in British North America." The Reverend Gentleman preached on Sunday at the Presbyterian Church, in *St. Peter Street*, and proceeds to-day to Upper Canada.—*Kingston (U. C.) Herald.*

## SHORTLY WILL BE PUBLISHED,

At the Office of the City Gazette,

THE SAINT JOHN ALMANAC,  
OR NEW-BRUNSWICK FARMERS' CALENDAR,  
For 1830.

VAST numbers of Almanacs have annually been imported from the United States, which although they contain some useful matter, yet, being calculated for a different Meridian, are not found applicable to many important purposes.

In compliance with the suggestions of a number of persons, who have expressed their regret that a necessity for such importations should be thought to exist; and with a view to supersede the idea of such necessity, and to contribute in part towards rendering the Province independent of foreign supplies of that article, the present work has been undertaken.

Particular care has been taken in calculating the Astronomical Tables for the Meridian of SAINT JOHN: and it is thought that such a degree of accuracy has been attained, as will entitle them to confidence, and render them generally useful.

To the improvement of our rural and domestic concerns also, such a degree of attention has been given, as will it is hoped, obtain the approbation and patronage of the Agricultural community, and of the public generally. Oct. 7.

## MARRIED.

On Sunday last, in St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Burns, Mr. JOHN WALKER, to Miss SARAH ALLAN: both of the Parish of Portland.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Burns, Mr. EZEKIEL JORDAN, to Miss REBEKAH FRASER: both of this city.

At Portland (Maine), on the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. S. P. Tenbroek, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Mr. W. J. JACK, Esquire, to Miss MARY WYER: both of St. Andrews.

At Perth (U. C.), on the 8th Sept. by the Rev. Mr. Machar, of Kingston, Mr. Francis BABY, of Kingston, to Isabella, daughter of the late Dr. Earl, of Fredericton, N. B.

On the 9th of June, at Bramden, Hants, England, Sir John Maxwell Tylden, late Lieut.-Colonel commanding the 52d Regiment, of Militia, in the County of Kent, to Elizabeth, the only daughter of the Rev. Henry Romax Walsh, L. L. D. of Grimblethorpe, Lincolnshire.

## DIED.

Suddenly, on Tuesday morning, HENRY WRIGHT, Esq., Collector of His Majesty's Customs: aged 66 years.

On the 18th instant, at Wickham, Queen's County, after an illness of twelve months, Mrs. CATHERINE BERRY, wife of Mr. James Berry, formerly of this City, in the 75th year of her age. Mrs. B. emigrated to this Province with a former husband, at the close of the American revolutionary war in 1783; and in common with many others endured privations and difficulties incident to the settlement of a new country, to which the present generation are comparatively strangers.—To those who were personally acquainted with Mrs. B., it will be satisfactory to know that while she lamented her many aberrations from the path of duty, she at the close of her life possessed that peace which the world cannot give, and manifested the most unshaken confidence in the merits of her Redeemer. The language of her heart was, "I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me."—Her surviving descendants are five children, twenty-four grand-children, and several great-grand-children.

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All Communications involving facts, must be accompanied by the proper names of the writer.