

## POETRY.

For the N. B. ROYAL GAZETTE.

### SENSIBILITY.

NOT the zephyr which playfully winds o'er the lawn  
Imbibing the fragrance at earliest dawn  
Of each flow'ring while wandering by;  
Not the crystalline dew drop which washes the rose  
And prepares the fair blossom its bloom to disclose  
To the view of its Parent on high  
Are as pure or refin'd as that emblem of grace  
Which sympathy stole from the skies,  
The bosom of Friendship she chose as the place  
In which to deposit the Prize.

'Twas a plant of celestial, unspeakable name,  
Though the fruits are well known in the records of fame  
As too exquisite ever to cloy;  
And the anodyne substance infus'd thro' the heart  
Causes sadness, and sorrow, and pain to depart  
And expands it, and fills it with joy;  
The reverse of the fruit which was tasted  
By Eve  
The cause of all care and all pain  
That forc'd her in anguish her Eden to leave,  
This brings to Eden again.

While on Earth I sojourn, may I often-times find  
The unerring marks of a virtuous mind  
Where sweetness and tenderness join;  
The blush which suffuses the angelic face,  
The tear of compassion which floweth space  
From the eye speaking language divine  
Tho' with arts meretricious which often ensnare,  
Mirth spreads her allurements and charms  
May the daughter of sympathy never forbear  
To release me again from her arms.

When the Angel of Death with his summons appears  
To drag me from all which now comforts or cheers,  
From the light and the warmth of the day;  
One last lingering wish shall entwine round my heart  
And these even Death shall not sever or part,  
But shall bear them together away.

May this flesh be embalm'd by the tears  
Of a friend  
While the spirit in peace shall arise,  
And in mildness and purity gently ascend  
Being wafted and borne by his sighs.

JULIUS

### THE EARL OF DESMOND; OR O'BRIEN'S COTTAGE.

AN IRISH STORY.

"IT is a dreadfully tempestuous night, my dear," said farmer Dennis O'Brien, whilst closing up the door of the small house he inhabited, near the town of Clonish, in the north of Ireland.

"It is dreadfully tempestuous," he repeated—"so severe a November as this I never recollect. Many a poor soul," continued he (as he seated himself before his enlivening turf fire) "is this night tossed on the troubled ocean, and will, perhaps, before morning, find a watery grave. God help them, and send them succour.—My poor brother Pat, I dare say, shared the same fate."

This idea stopped the progress of further utterance—A few moments were given to the tender recollection of an only and beloved brother, who, at an early age, had embarked for the East Indies, and had not since been heard of. It was some years since this event had happened; yet a stormy night never failed to bring him back to the farmer's memory, with an affectionate regret.—After a short silence, during which he sat apparently watching the ashes, and taking up a half-burnt stick, which served as a poker, and raking them together, unconsciously he thus continued the conversation, in a note of more cheerfulness—"It is of no use thinking—such things will always be—let us get our suppers, and go to rest" blessing a merciful Providence for the comforts of a good roof for shelter, and a decent bed for repose.

The wife clasping her sleeping infant closely to her breast, laid it to repose and spread the frugal meal, which a good appetite caused them to partake with pleasure; and soon after she composed herself by the side of her rosy and healthful child, in hopes of that undisturbed rest which content and industry ever enjoy.

The glimmering rush (which had served to light the farmer and his wife to their chamber, had likewise, unknown to them, allured to their dwelling two fainting and weary travellers) was scarcely extinguished, when a violent knocking at his slightly-secured door alarmed him. He listened with attention, conceiving he had been mistaken; but a sudden repetition of the noise, accompanied with the sound of entreaty from the voice of a man, assured him of the reality.

"For Heaven's sake!" the suppliant repeated, "open your door—a lady is here, dying with cold and fatigue—have compassion, I entreat, and you shall be amply rewarded—haste to her relief, or it will be too late. Not knowing the road, we have wandered about a long time, seeking in vain for shelter—I beseech you to give us house-room."

The farmer, who inherited all his country's gallantry and hospitality, hesitated not a moment when he heard a female was in distress—he instantly jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress, opened his door.—The lady, who had rested against it, nearly fell into his arms.—He took her hand (the extreme darkness preventing his appearance being observed) and conducted her into his room, and seated her on a chair, whilst he called tenderly to his wife and manservant to bring a light, and attend the lady and gentleman who had just arrived—but ere the approach of a candle, the former retired.

The wife, who had instantly arisen, hastened with the light, which now disclosed them to each other's view.—The lady and her companion discovered the fair, open and healthy face of a young Irishwoman, which bore strongly the characteristic traits of her country; and she observed, with great astonishment, a lady far advanced in pregnancy, pale, shivering with cold and fatigue, drenched with rain, and clogged with the deep clay and mire of the road—the gentleman, in a military uniform, whose looks, and expressions of tenderness and pity, sufficiently proved the deep interest he took in her present sufferings.

The mistress of the house did not, on this occasion, give way to the idle suggestions of curiosity, but immediately kindling on the hearth a large and comfortable fire—ran to her scantily supplied drawers and bringing forth the best of her apparel, entreated the lady's permission to assist her in pulling off her wet clothes, and begging she would accept of her's for the present, which, though so homely, she added, would prevent her catching cold. The gentleman joined warmly in this request, returning many thanks to the farmer's wife for her kind attention; adding, that, during the time she changed her dress, he would walk to the door and look after his horse, which was there fastened, and get the good man of the house to assist him in taking care of it.

By the kindness of Judy O'Brien, the lady was soon refreshed by a change of garments, and warmed by the glowing fire; and, by the time the gentleman returned, the table was spread with such refreshments as their house afforded.—Milk, eggs, dried fish, oaten bread and salt butter, constituted the repast—an ample provision where hunger pressed on the weary and benighted travellers. But, alas! the delicate female before whom these were placed, was too much overcome with the fatigue she had sustained, and the terrors of the storm, to partake the refreshments set before her, and the companion too anxious for her safety to have any appetite. Enquiring, therefore, of his kind hosts whether they could possibly procure a bed for the lady—Judy O'Brien said their own was as good a bed as the king himself need to lay on, of fine clean flock, and that she had a very nice pair of sheets, which were a wedding present to her, which she would immediately air and put on; and she hoped a few hours of sound repose would restore the lady to her usual health. In this kind wish the lady's husband (for such the officer really was) most warmly joined.—A short time served to prepare the chamber, to which the lady gladly retired.

The gentleman then drew near the table (in the full hope of his wife's recovery) and did ample justice to the hospitable welcome he received.

The farmer, whose curiosity respecting his guests extended no farther than to the events of the preceding day, now first expressed his surprise at his travelling unattended, at such a time of night, on a road so lonely, at such a season of the year, with a lady in such circumstances, and seemingly, in every respect, so ill prepared for a journey in this inclement weather.

"I am convinced," replied the gentleman, "this must appear very extraordinary to you; and I will account to you for it, in a manner which will convince you how little we expected to be in the situation from which you have so kindly relieved us. I am (as you see) an officer in the army—my

name is Fitzhugh—a name perhaps in these parts not unknown."

"Are you of the family of the earl of Desmond," asked the farmer, dreading a reply in the affirmative, lest his behaviour should be thought disrespectful.

"He is my brother," replied the gentleman, "and it is to visit him we are now going to the country of Tyrone."

The farmer and his wife instinctively rose from their seats, and eagerly apologised for the familiarity of their behaviour; but the officer, kindly shaking a hand of each, declared, had he been the king, and they had known him, their conduct could not have been more correct. He then desired they would keep their seats, and listen to the causes which brought them there.

"I have been some years," continued the colonel, "in the East Indies, of which my wife is a native—my father, about a year ago, wrote, and requested anxiously to see me, as his health was fast declining. According to his wish I obtained leave of absence, and took my passage in the first ship which sailed. We had a fine passage till we approached the British shores, when a violent tempest arose, which we were unable to encounter, and our ship became a wreck upon the coast of Cornwall. Many lives were unfortunately lost, though within sight of land. The intrepid inhabitants, observing our distressful situation, rendered us every assistance the cruel element permitted, and by their humane efforts many were saved—but the rich lading of the ship was lost, with all the private property of the passengers, except what valuables they could take with them.

"My beloved wife bore this dreadful scene with great fortitude—we were by God's providence landed safe, with one faithful servant, who alone survived of all our attendants. We were tolerably accommodated at Penzance for a few days, and from thence proceeded to London. There I heard of the death of my father, and determined to proceed with all expedition to my brother's castle, as my wife's situation admitted of no delay.

"From Dublin I sent my servant forward to apprise my brother of our arrival, and hired post-horses and a hack-chaise to convey us to his house; but at the last stage we arrived at, owing to its being the races, we could neither be accommodated with lodgings, horses, or scarcely refreshments—all they could do for us was to procure us a horse, which they assured us was extremely strong, and could carry double—that Clonish, the next town, was only six miles, which we could with ease reach before dark; and where they informed us we might depend on the best entertainment and beds we could wish.

"I was exceedingly unwilling to proceed in this manner—but my wife, anxious to finish her journey, represented to me the races would continue three days, during which the chance of horses was equally unlikely as the present moment—she said she thought she had rather walk the six miles than stay in the crowded dirty inn we were in; and at length persuaded me to accept the only alternative left for our removal.

"Therefore, having agreed in which manner to return the horse, and satisfied them in respect to its safety, we mounted, and proceeded tolerably well for two or three miles, though the slowness of our progress convinced me we should not reach Clonish before dark.—But the storm coming on, the horse suddenly stood still, and no effort I could make caused him to move. I then dismounted, and for some time led him, whilst my wife continued to sit upon his back—but he would not proceed even so. She therefore was compelled to descend likewise. Our situation now became really distressing—the light dress and shoes of Mrs. Fitzhugh were ill calculated for the present emergency; but no alternative appearing, we were obliged to walk on.—Hanging the bridle therefore over one arm, and supporting my fainting wife with the other, we made but slow progress, and I thought with trembling apprehension on the distance we were from any habitation. In vain I regretted having left the last inn, the sending my servant forward; and my imprudence in venturing with a delicate woman, after so perilous a voyage as she had been exposed to. But these events could not be recalled; and all that now remained was to cheer up my drooping companion in the best manner I could.

"At length, I observed a gate a little to the left of the road. I conjectured it might probably lead to some house, my hopes of this were strengthened when I found it unlocked. I persuaded my wife to permit me to lead her up the lane it opened into, though the road, if possible, increased in difficulty: I assured her it would certainly lead to some house; and soon after, in confirmation of my hopes we observed your light. This joyful circumstance enabled us to mend our pace, revived by the expectation of repose; though the violence of the pelting rain, and the deep holes in the lane, made the task very arduous and very difficult to perform; and whilst thus employing our best exertions—the light suddenly disappeared—for a few moments I was greatly disconcerted, uncertain of what nature the light might be. But, recollecting myself, I felt assured it must be the candle of some one just retired to bed, and that a contentment in the road would certainly lead to some habitation. Fortunately I was right: we found your comfortable dwelling, and you shall be sufficiently rewarded for the kindness of your reception."

"I heartily thank, your honour," said O'Brien for this information, "I am happy I could receive you, and had you been a stranger should not have wished any reward, for it is our duty to assist the benighted travellers."

"But, your honour has been so long in the East Indies, perhaps you may know or have heard of my brother Pat; as good a lad as is in the world, who about five year ago went to the same place."

"I should be very happy," said Fitzhugh, smiling at his simplicity, "if I could give you the information you are so very solicitous about—pray in what situation did he go out in?"

"On board a man of war," answered O'Brien, "which was to be stationed on the coast of China."

"I never was in that part"—said the colonel, "so could have no chance of hearing of your brother."

"If ever you hear any thing of him, sir"—continued the former; "I should esteem it a mighty favour if you would let me know of it."

"You may depend on my making every enquiry in my power," returned the colonel; "though I would not have you rely much on any satisfactory account."

So saying, he arose to retire—first enquiring how the former and his wife were to be disposed of, and expressing his regret at obliging them to quit their bed.

O'Brien said they had an inferior bed, which they occasionally used, and begged he would be under no concern on their account—particularly as it would soon be time for them to be about their employments.

Mutually wishing each other repose, the parties separated for the remainder of the night.

Colonel Fitzhugh was second son by a second wife to the earl of Desmond. Contrary to the usual custom of step-mothers, lady Desmond lavished all her affection on her lord's eldest son, entirely neglecting her own, and scarcely in infancy permitting him in her sight.

Whether this extraordinary attachment was owing to her extravagant love of titles, which might induce her to prefer the child called—my lord—or whether she discovered any pre-eminence, is now uncertain. But it was by all others universally allowed, Frederic Fitzhugh was in every personal beauty, goodness of disposition, and quickness of genius, greatly superior to lord Drayton, his brother.

The interest lady Desmond took in her eldest son communicated itself to her lord; and poor Frederic became soon as indifferent to, and as little regarded by, his father as his mother.

(To be continued.)

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