

POETRY.

ON WINTER.

[ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.]

Now Winter comes, and blustering in his train,
The north-wind eagle-plumed supports his reign;
The frost now spreads its mantle hoary white,
And veils the fruitful tillage from the sight!
No leaves adorn the grove, no grass the field,
No pasture for the herds the meadows yield,
No more, as once, these seek the fountain flood,
And bathe their limbs, and cool their heated blood,
Or dash the grateful stream in sportive mood.
No longer now to spreading trees they creep,
And rest their wearied forms, and court soft sleep,
For all around deep lie the driven snows,
The wintry reign is high, and sterner grows,
A deathlike torpor seizes all the face
Of nature, and with icy cold embrace,
Imparts a living death. Now flocks forsake
The barren fields; the wild duck to the lake
Repairs in vain, her wonted streams are gone,
And o'er the frozen flood she walks alone.
Now watery tempests rage throughout the skies,
Exposed to showers of hail, earth prostrate lies,
And every shock awakes her mournful cries.
No more, Ruricola, thine acres pour
The plenteous harvest to increase thy store;
Thy little farm will yield thee now no gain,
No bleating flocks, no yellow-waving grain.
Then seek thy peaceful home, and drown in wine
Thy cares and griefs, let joy and mirth combine
To banish pain; and light a blazing pile
With lusty faggots heaped: for yet awhile,
And spring itself shall come with verdure clad,
And flowering meadows green thine eyes shall glad,
Whilst chilling frosts will swiftly steal away,
And winter stern shall dare no longer stay.

* Husbandman, inhabitant of the country.

SELECTIONS.

LIVERPOOL IN 1855.

[THE Author of the following whimsical anticipations is supposed to have fallen asleep while meditating upon the present age of improvement. In his slumber he fancied himself transported to a distant period of time; in short to the year 1855: the newspapers &c. lay before him and the following are some of the extracts which he transcribed for and sent to the Editor of the Liverpool Kaleidoscope, from whose Miscellany we have copied it.]

[From the Liverpool Mercury of April 3, 1855.]

"We think it right to explain to our readers the cause of the non-appearance of our London article last week. The facts are these:—The stoker of the Spitfire (by which our despatches are usually sent) got beastly drunk, but had still sense enough left to know he was considerably behind his time; he therefore, got his steam up to its highest pitch, and regardless alike of the safety and the entreaties of his passengers, endeavoured to pass the Etna, which, in justice to the engineer of this latter, was going at the usual steady rail-road pace of twenty miles an hour. Notwithstanding the superior velocity of the Spitfire (she then travelling at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour) he accomplished this; but lamentable to add, owing to the great pressure on his valves (all four of which were extra weighted), just as he reached the middle of Chat-moss, the boiler burst, the unfortunate stoker was killed, and the passengers blown in all directions. One old woman was shot up a perpendicular height of 76 feet (a contryman taking observations at the time, determined the altitude with his quadrant), and having the presence of mind to preserve her position, descended without injury, being found by the Etna perfectly erect, but with only her head appearing above the quag! In consequence of this accident, we were deprived of our usual parcel, and our readers of the usual latest London news. We have since understood, that our parcel was found next day in one of the ring-pits adjoining the road. Really, it does behove the public to put a stop to these proceedings. If they do not, we have it from good authority that some prohibitory measures will be brought before Parliament. People will rather go the old horse-way in twenty-hours, than have their necks endangered at twelve."

"The new tea-making company continues to prosper and to give universal satisfaction, with the exception of a few old

women, who do not like mixed tea. It is, however, difficult to please all. Such should remember, that no earthly pleasures are unmixed. Why, therefore, should they expect an exception in the article of tea? To such of our readers as may not have seen the company's works, a brief description may be amusing:—There are two immense boilers, of cast-iron, in which the tea is made; and this not by the immediate action of fire on the boiler or tank, but of steam, introduced by the new patent mode. When boiled enough, it is admitted by valves into the main pipes in the streets; which valves are open from half-past six to eleven in the morning, and from half-past four to eleven in the evening. Every family drinks by meter, by which the quantity admitted into the house is duly registered, as in the Oil-gas; a measure highly approved, as when paid by the year or quarter, there is great scope for imposition on both sides. A waggish friend of ours observed, it was the largest tea and turn-out company he had ever heard of."

"How would our ancestors have stared to witness the various locomotive devices now resorted to to facilitate communication between town and town. Balloons, for instance; would it have been credited, fifty years back, that they could have attained the vast perfection they have now arrived at? To be sure, even within the last thirty years, a few individual though unsuccessful, attempts were made to render them subservient to some useful purpose: but how was this done? Frequently by only a single adventurer committing himself to the car of this ponderous machine, mounting two or three miles high, and being blown about wherever the winds of heaven wafted him. Nay, so little control had he over the balloon, that, in descending, it was mere chance-work whether he perched in a forest-tree, or on the spire of the parish church, on terra firma, or the main sea. As to steering in a parallel direction he had no idea of the thing; still less of combining the united powers of gas and steam in propelling the machine, whenever and wherever he wished. All this our fathers had no conception of. They went up to the clouds, as bubbles blown by children, and with about as much of usefulness: and he was the greatest aeronaut who went the greatest height. The establishment of them as media of communication, as regular as stage-coaches, would then have been scouted, as visionary in the extreme. We do not pretend to say they have not their imperfections and occasional accidents, as well as other conveyances: most certainly they have, as the following occurrence will prove. All we say is, they are not worse, in this respect, than land carriages.—Last Wednesday, as the Eagle balloon was on its flight, from Birmingham to Paris, and soaring along, at about fifty yards from the ground, it was fired at by a miscreant, with a Perkins's steamer, with intent, as was afterwards proved, to disable it and rob the passengers. Luckily none of the latter were injured; but the ball or balls of the steamer perforating the balloon, the gas escaped as well as the passengers; and the whole soon came to earth. The design of the villain was however, frustrated, by the courage and vigilance of the guards; and, after obtaining a reinforcement of gas from the next town, they proceeded on their journey in safety. We hope this will operate as a caution to steers-men to keep their balloons sufficiently 'high in air' to avoid such risks in future. It was but last week that the Skylark was near striking against Salisbury spire."

Geographical Paradox.

There is a particular place on the earth, where the winds (though frequently veering round the compass) always blow from the north point.

HUMAN MONSTER.

The Light-house, on the Island of Dago, which lies at the entrance of the Gulph of Riga, is connected with an extraordinary story, which Mr. Holman, the blind traveller, relates as follows:—"There is a passage on each side for shipping, but the western one is the deepest and largest. Some years back the proprietor of this island, Baron —, built a house on an elevated situation, crowning it with an octagonal tower, in which large mirrors of plate glass were disposed to reflect the light, so as to resemble the light-house; this room he occasionally caused to be illuminated, while the proper light-house was kept in darkness. Deceived by the artifice, many vessels were wrecked on the coast, with the loss of many of their crews; the cargoes were then seized by this monster, and appropriated to the gratification of his infamous cupidity. At length the Captain of a vessel, who had been a sufferer in consequence, ventured to wait upon the Baron, intending to upbraid him with his treachery; it happened that a person who had officiated in the family, as a tutor, had experienced a fit, and was supposed to have died, so that the corpse had been laid out in one of the apartments of the castle. Into this room the Baron conveyed his victim, and there, dreading a disclosure of his villainies, murdered him with an axe. At this juncture the supposed corpse recovered his sensibility, and witnessed the cruel scene; but had the prudence to continue motionless until the inhuman monster had left the apartment, when he availed himself of the opportunity to escape to Riga, and gave that information which terminated in the wretch's perpetual banishment to the savage wilds of Siberia; there a prey to conscience and remorse, he dragged out the miserable remnant of an existence, already too near its close to allow time to expiate a life of such depravity."

THE LATE MR. FAUNTLEROY.

The following is an extract from a letter sent by Mr. Henry Fauntleroy to a friend, shortly preceding his execution, charging him to console his wife and regard his children:

"The time is fast approaching, when at length the gloomy veil of death will encompass the setting sun of human existence, and the meridian gleams of earthly enjoyments will be eclipsed from all worldly pursuits: the soul will be separated from the excitement of all human depravity of action—from the voice of relatives and friends, to await the call of an Almighty power, till a celestial tribunal shall sit in judgment over the sinful course of man. The doleful vibrations of the solemn sound of the prison bell will soon betoken the soul of its awful change from the present to the future state.

"Feign would I leave this transitory stage without a wordly care, but such are the feelings of nature bursting forth on the agonies of my life, that I cannot quit, devoid of a husband's and parent's feelings, without casting a lingering and longing hope for those from whom I am parted. Oh! my wife, my children, my all that is dear and injured by me on earth, for thee with a contrite heart mercy is implored, and I trust that by thee forgiveness is sought. I am brought to a due sense of my state; I feel as a man, but die as a Christian, in the faith of mercy from the all supreme omnipotence of a Divine will, through repentance of an ill-spent life.

"Regard my fate, and kindly remember the entreaties of my parting breath. As an expiring victim of crime, I enjoin ye, the parents of my dear children, to bestow on them your maternal kindness; and as you value their existence, so regulate their morals. Awaken them with a due knowledge

of the solemn and awful event of their father's fate, that they may avoid the track of the evil path of man; check, in the spring of their years, the budding growth of vice, ere they are overrun with the thorns of human depravity; cultivate their minds with spiritual grace, that they may seek assistance in an overruling power: for your guide take a divine precept—'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' With fervent prayer I hope that, under their tender mothers' care, they may prove a moral example to posterity, and by the rectitude of their lives defy the stigma of a censorious world. May their father's offences never be cruelly adverted to to imburter their days—may the light of wisdom direct the way of their course till they depart thither to receive the rewards of their virtues from the Heavenly Father of all."

AWFUL EXECUTION.

BREST, JULY 28, 1826.

On Thursday last, an execution took place here, and the sight was the most awful we ever witnessed. The crime for which the wretched man was to suffer, had been perpetrated only the day before. The case was as follows:—Jean Bonnot was sentenced a few months since to hard labour for several years, and was accordingly sent to the galleys in this town; he contrived to make his escape, but in consequence of the active pursuit of an officer, named Ledoux, the prisoner was arrested and brought back to prison; it unfortunately happened that the jailers neglected to search the man's person, and it was afterwards found that he had concealed a large knife under his waistcoat. As Ledoux was making his rounds, the prisoner sprang upon the unfortunate man when his back was turned and stabbed him between the shoulders. The Maritime tribunal instantly assembled, and the case being proved clear, sentence of death was passed. As there is no appeal from this Court, the execution was ordered to take place on the following day. The preparations were commenced during the night, and the guillotine was removed from the Town house to the interior of the spacious Dock yards. A battalion of infantry were marched in at six o'clock in the morning; at eight, four pieces of artillery were placed at each corner of the instrument of death. The prisoners condemned to the galleys were then marched out in four columns, one on each side of the scaffold, the number amounted to about 600 men; these miserable beings were then ordered to kneel down, the four guns were loaded in their presence with grape shot, and the artillerymen stood over them with lighted matches. The wretch who was to suffer death now made his appearance, accompanied by a Clergyman. The word of command was then given by the Colonel of the battalion "present!"—a thousand muskets were now leveled at the wretched galley-slaves, and the monosyllable fire would have despatched them to another world. Whilst this was going on, the ponderous knife fell, and the head of the criminal galley-slave rolled in the dust. *French Paper.*

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