

POETRY.

I WON'T BE A NUN.

Now, is it not a pity, such a pretty girl as I,
Should go to a Nunnery to pine away and die?
But I won't be a Nun, no I won't be a Nun,
For I am so fond of pleasure, that I cannot be a Nun.

I'm sure I cannot tell what the mischief I have done,
But my mother often tells me, that I must be a Nun.
But I won't be a Nun, &c.

I could not bear confinement, it would not do for me,
For I like to go shopping, and to see what I can see,
So I won't be a Nun, &c.

I love to hear men flatter, love fashionable clothes,
I love music and dancing, and chatting with the beaux,
And I won't be a Nun, &c.

So mother don't be angry now, and let your daughter be,
For the Nuns would not like to have, a novice wild as me,
So I won't be a Nun, &c.

The following lines addressed to Lady BYRON, are considered by Sir WALTER SCOTT, as the finest production of BYRON.

There is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That Destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none,

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight;
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast:
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But pallid, at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip, which mine hath pressed,
And none had ever pressed before,—
It vowed to make me sweetly bless'd,
And mine—mine only press'd it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head:
A mouth, which smiles on me alone,
And eye, whose tears with mine do shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet!
That pulse to pulse responsive still
That both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls, whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part!—ah no!
They cannot part—these souls are one.

SELF-CRUCIFIXION OF MATTHEW LOVAT.

This circumstance is one of the most extraordinary and deplorable instances of self-delusion on record. Matthew Lovat was born at Casale, a hamlet belonging to the parish of Soldo, in the territory of Belluno, of poor parents, employed in the coarsest and most laborious works of husbandry, and fixed to a place remote from almost all society. His imagination was so forcibly smitten with the view of the easy and comfortable lives of the rector and his curate, who were the only persons in the whole parish exempted from the labours of the field, and who engrossed all the power and consequence which the little world wherein Matthew lived presented to his eyes, that he made an effort to prepare himself for the priesthood, and placed himself under the tuition of the curate, who taught him to read and to write a little. But the poverty of his family was an effectual bar to his desire; he was obliged to renounce study for ever, and to betake himself to the trade of a shoemaker.

Having become a shoemaker from necessity, he never succeeded either as a neat or expeditious workman. The sedentary life, and the silence to which apprentices are con-

demned in the shops of the masters abroad, formed in him the habit of meditation, and rendered him gloomy and taciturn. As his age increased, he became subject, in the spring, to giddiness in his head, and eruptions of a leprous appearance showed themselves on his face and hands.

Until the month of July, 1802, Matthew Lovat did nothing extraordinary. His life was regular and uniform, his habits were simple, and nothing distinguished him, but an extreme degree of devotion. He spoke on no other subject than the affairs of the church. Its festivals and fasts, with sermons, saints, &c. constituted the topics of his conversation. It was at this date, that, in imitation of the early devotees, he determined to disarm the tempter, by mutilating himself. He effected his purpose without having anticipated the species of celebrity which the operation was to procure for him; and which compelled the poor creature to keep himself shut up in his house, from which he did not venture to stir for some time, not even to go to mass. At length, on the 13th of November, in the same year, he went to Venice, where a younger brother named Angelo, conducted Matthew to the house of a widow, the relic of Andrew Osgualda, with whom he lodged until the 21st of September in the following year, working assiduously at his trade, and without exhibiting any signs of madness. But on the above mentioned day, he made an attempt to crucify himself, in the middle of the street called the Cross of Biri, upon a frame which he had constructed of the timber of his bed: he was prevented from accomplishing his purpose by several people, who came upon him just as he was driving the nail into his left foot. His landlady dismissed him from her house lest he should perform a similar exploit there. Being interrogated repeatedly as to the motive for his self crucifixion, he maintained an obstinate silence, except that he once said to his brother, that that day was the festival of St. Matthew, and that he could give no further explanation. Some days after this affair, he set out for his own country where he remained a certain time, but afterwards returned to Venice, and in July, 1805, lodged in a room in the third floor of a house, in the street Delle Monache.

Here his old ideas of crucifixion laid hold of him again. He wrought a little every day in forming the instrument of his torture, and provided himself with the necessary articles, nails, ropes, bands, the crown of thorns, &c. As he foresaw that it would be extremely difficult to fasten himself securely upon the cross, he made a net of small cords capable of supporting his weight, in case he should happen to disengage himself from it. This net he secured at the bottom, by fastening it in a knot at the lower extremity of the perpendicular beam, a little below the bracket designed to support his feet, and the other end was stretched to the extremities of the transverse spar, which formed the arms of the cross, so that it had the appearance in front of a purse turned upside down. From the middle of the upper extremity of the net, thus placed, proceeded one rope; and from the points at which the two spars forming the cross intersected each other, a second rope proceeded, both of which were firmly tied to a beam in the inside of the chamber, immediately above the window, of which the parapet was very low; and the length of these ropes was just sufficient to allow the cross to rest horizontally upon the floor of the apartment.

These cruel preparations being ended, Matthew stripped himself naked, and proceeded to crown himself with thorns; of which two or three pierced the skin which

covers the forehead. He next bound a white handkerchief round his loins and thighs, leaving the rest of his body bare; then, passing his legs between the net and the cross, seating himself upon it, he took one of the nails destined for his hands, of which the point was smooth and sharp, and introducing it into the palm of the left, he drove it, by striking its head on the floor, until the hair of it had appeared through the back of the hand. He now adjusted the feet to the bracket which had been prepared to receive them, the right over the left; and taking a nail five French inches and a half long, of which the point was also polished and sharp, and placing it on the upper foot with his left hand, he drove it with a mallet which he held in his right, until he not only penetrated both his feet, but entering the hole prepared for it in the bracket, made its way so far through the tree of the cross as to fasten the victim firmly to it. He planted the third nail in his right hand, as he had managed with regard to the left, and having bound himself by the middle to the perpendicular of the cross by a cord, which he had previously stretched under him, he set about inflicting the wound in the side with a cobbler's knife, which he had placed by him for this operation, and which he said represented the spear of the passion. It did not occur to him, however, at the moment, that the wound ought to be in the right side, and not in the left, and in the cavity of the breast, and not of the hypocondre, where he struck himself transversely two inches below the left hypocondre, towards the internal angle of the abdominal cavity, without however injuring the parts which this cavity contains. Whether fear checked his hand, or whether he intended to plunge the instrument to a great depth, by avoiding the hard and resisting parts, it is not easy to determine; but there were observed near the wound several scratches across his body, which scarcely divided the skin.

(To be concluded next week.)

SOBER DISSUASIONS FROM DRUNKENNESS.

Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient a devil. SHAKESPEARE.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard, for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a drunkard, for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a drunkard, and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavours of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, to be a drunkard, and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard, and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you would wish to starve your family, be a drunkard, for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be spunged on by knaves, be a drunkard, and that will make their task easy.

If you wish to be robbed, be a drunkard, which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you wish to blunt your senses, be a drunkard, and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a drunkard, and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to incapacitate yourself for rational intercourse, be a drunkard, for that will render you wholly unfit for it.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a drunkard, and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a drunkard, as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a drunkard, that you may be excluded from heaven.

If you are resolved on suicide, be a drunkard, that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and your secrets, be a drunkard, and they will run out, while the liquor runs in.

If you are plagued with great bodily strength, be a drunkard, and it will soon be subdued by so powerful an antagonist.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a drunkard, and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no recourse when past labour, but a workhouse, be a drunkard, and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all domestic harmony from your house, be a drunkard, and discord, with all her evil train, will soon enter.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a drunkard, for little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shutting your creditors, be a drunkard, and you will soon have reason to prefer the bye paths to the public streets.

If you like the amusements of a court of conscience, be a drunkard, and you may be often gratified.

If you would be a dead weight on the community, and "cumber the ground," be a drunkard, for that will render you useless, helpless, burthensome, and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a drunkard, for the approach of a drunkard is like that of dunghill.

If you would be odious to your family and friends, be a drunkard, and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a drunkard, and you will be avoided as infectious.

If you dread reformation of your faults, be a drunkard, and you will be impervious to all admonition.

If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in watch-houses, be a drunkard, and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed, in estate, body, and soul, be a drunkard, and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your—END.

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