

POETRY.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Task'd the heavens—' What loe to God hath done
This unexampled deed?—The heavens exclaim,
'Twas man; and we in horror snatch'd the sun
From such a spectacle of sin and shame.
Task'd the sea;—the sea in fury boild,
And answer'd with his voice of storms—'Twas
man;
My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
Disclos'd the abyss, and from the centre ran
I asked the earth;—the earth replied aghast,
'Twas man;—and such strange pangs my bosom
rent.
That still I groan and shudder at the past
—To man, gay, smiling, though less man, I went,
And ask'd him:—He turn'd a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no repl.

MONTGOMERY

ISADORE D'EREILLO.

In the church yard of * * * there is a
grave covered with a plain slab of white mar-
ble with no other inscription than "ISA-
DORE D'EREILLO, aged nine-ecn."
These few words speak histories to the heart;
they tell of a beautiful flower withered, far
from its accustomed soil, in the spring day
of its blossom; they tell the fate of a young
and unhappy stranger, dying in a foreign
country, remote from every Dearly associa-
tion, her last moments unsoothed by affectionate
solicitude—no tender voice, whose lightest
sound breathed happy memories, no eye of
fondness on which the fainting mourner
might look for sympathy—her very ashes
separated from their native earth.

"Might I not fancy myself a hero of
fiction?" said Colonel Fitzalan, bending
gracefully as he caught the small snow hand
which had just arranged his sling; "Fair lady,
henceforth I vow myself your true and loyal
knight, and thus pledge my heart's first
homage!" pressing the yielding fingers
gently to his lips. Alas, thought Isadore,
while those eloquent interpreters of the feel-
ings, a blush, sigh, and smile, mingled to-
gether,—he loves not passionately as I love,
or he could not trifle thus; a light compli-
ment was never yet breathed by love. Isa-
dore was at that age when the deeper ten-
derness of woman first deepens the gaiety of
childhood, like the richer tint that dyes the
rose as it expands into summer levelness.
Adored by her father, for she had her mo-
ther's voice and look, and came a sweet
remembrance of his youth's sole warm
dream of happiness, of that love whose joy
departed ere it knew one cloud of care, or
one sting of sorrow; a word of anger
seemed to Don Fernando a sacrilege against
the dead, and his own melancholy constancy
gave a reality to the romantic imaginings of
his child. She now loved Fitzalan with all
the fervour of first excited attachment; she
had known him under circumstances the
most affecting, when the energies and softer
feelings of a woman were alike called forth;
when the proud and fearless soldier became
dependent on her he had protected; laid on
the bed of sickness; far from the affection-
ate hands that would have smoothed, the
tender eyes that would have wept o'er, his
pillow. Isadore became his nurse, soothed
with unremitting care the solitude and wea-
riness of a sick-room; and when again able
to bear the fresh air of heaven, her arm was
the support of her too interesting patient.
With Fitzalan the day of romance was
over; a man above thirty cannot enter into
the wild visions of an enthusiastic girl;
blatant by the attachment which Isadore's
every look betrayed, he trifled with her, re-
gardless or thoughtless of the young and in-
nocent heart that confided so fearlessly.
Love has no power to look forward—the
delicious consciousness to be present, a faint
but delightful shadow of the past, form its
sternity; the possibility of separation ne-
ver entered the mind of his Spanish love,
(ill, Fitzalan's instant return to England

became necessary. They parted with all
those gentle vows which are such sweet an-
chors for hope to rest on in absence—but,
alas such frail ones. For a time her English
lover wrote very regularly. That philoso-
pher knew the human heart who said, "I
would separate from my mistress for the sake
of writing to her." A word, a look may
be forgotten; but a letter is a lasting memo-
rial of affection. The correspondence soon
slackened on his part. Isadore, tending the
last moments of a beloved parent, had not
one thought for self; but when that fa-
ther's eyes were closed, and her tears had
fallen on the grave of the companions of
her infancy, the orphan looked round for
comfort, for consolation, and felt, for the
first time, her loneliness, and the sickness
of hope deferred. Fear succeeded expecta-
tion; fear, not for his fidelity, but his
safety: was he again laid on a bed of sick-
ness, and Isadore far away?—She dwelt
on this idea, till it became a present reality;
suspense was agony; at length she resolved
on visiting England. She sailed, and, af-
ter a quick voyage, reached the land;—
a wanderer seeking for happiness, which,
like the shadow thrown by the lily on the
water, still eludes the grasp. It was
not thus in the groves of Aragon she
looked forward to the British shore; it
was then the promised home of a beloved
and happy bride. The day after her arrival
in London, she drove to her agent's (for her
father, during the troubles in Spain, had
secured some property in the English funds),
hoping from him to get some intelligence of
the Colonel. Passing through a very
crowded street, her coach becoming entan-
gled in the press, occasioned a short stop-
page. Gazing round in that mood, when
anxious to escape the impressions within,
the eye involuntarily seeks for others with-
out, her attention became attracted to an e-
legant equipage. Could she be mistaken?
never in that form—it was surely Fitzalan!
Well she remembered that graceful bend,
that air of protection with which he support-
ed his companion. The agitated Spaniard
just caught a glimpse of her slight and deli-
cate figure, of eyes blue as a spring sky,
of a cheek of sunset: and, ere her surprise
allowed the power of movement, the carriage
was out of sight. Her entreaties to be al-
lowed to alight, being only attributed to
fear, were answered by assurances that she
was safe. Gradually becoming more com-
posed, she bade the coachman inquire who
lived in the house opposite—it was the
name she longed to hear—Colonel Fitzalan.
She returned home, and with a tremulous
hand traced a few lines, telling him how she
had wept in silence, and entreating him to
come and say she was still his own Isadore.
The evening passed drearily away; every
step made the colour flush her cheek; but
he came not. Was he indispensably en-
gaged? Had he not received her note?
—any supposition but intentional delay.
The next morning the same favoured anxie-
ty oppressed her: at length she heard the
door, and springing to the window caught
sight of a military man—she heard his step
on the stairs, a gentleman entered, but it
was not Fitzalan; Too soon she learnt
his mission; he whom she had loved,
so trusted, had wedded another—the lady
she saw the day before was his wife; and
unwilling to meet her himself, he had charg-
ed a friend to communicate the fatal intelli-
gence. Edward B*** gazed with enthu-
siastic admiration on the beautiful creature,
whose pale lip, and scalding tears, which
forced their way through the long dark eye-
lashes, belied the firmness her woman's pride
taught her to assume. Shame, deep shame,
thought he, on the cold, the mercenary spi-
rit which could thus turn the warm feelings
of a fond and trusting girl into poisoned ar-

rows, could thus embitter the first sweet
flow of affection. He took her hand in
silence—he felt that consolation in a case of
this kind was but mockery. They parted,
one to despair over the expiring embers, the
other to nurse the first sparkles of hope.
The next morning scarcely aware what he
was doing, or of the motive which actuated
him (for who seeks to analyze love's earli-
est sensations?) Edward sought the abode
of the interesting stranger. He found
with her Colonel Fitzalan's solicitor; that
gentleman, suspicious of the warm feeling
evinced by his friend for the fair Spaniard,
had employed a professional man, for he
was well aware that the letters he had writ-
ten would give Isadore strong claims upon
him. He arrived at the moment when she
first comprehended that her lover's reason for
withholding his letters restored originated in his
fear of a legal use being made of them.
Her dark eyes flashed fire, her cheek burnt
with emotion, her heart-beat became audible,
as she hastily caught the letters, and threw
them into the flames. "You have perform-
ed your mission," exclaimed she: "leave
the room instantly." Her force was now
exhausted, she sunk back on the sofa. The
tender assiduities of Edward at length re-
stored her to some degree of composure.
It was luxury to have her feelings entered
into; to share sorrow is to soothe it. She
told him of hopes blighted for ever, of
wounded affection; of the heart sickness
which had paled her lips, and worn to sha-
dow her once symmetrical form. She had
in her hand a few withered leaves. "It
is," said she, "the image of my fate; this
rose fell from my hair one evening; Fitz-
alan placed it in his bosom; by moonlight
I found it thrown aside, it was faded, but
to me it was precious from even that mo-
mentary caress; I have to this day cherish-
ed it. Are not our destinies told by this
flower? His was the bloom, the sweetness
of love; my part was the dead and scent-
less leaves." Edward now became her
constant companion; she had found in him
a kind and affectionate brother. At length
he spoke of love. Isadore replied by
throwing back her long dark hair with a
hand whose dazzling whiteness was all that
remained of its former beauty, and bade
him look upon her pale and faded counte-
nance, and there seek his answer. "Yes,
I shall wed, but my bridal wreath will be
cypress, my bed the grave, my spouse
the hungry worm!" Edward gazed on
her face, and read conviction: but still his
heart clung to her with all the devotedness
of love, which hopes even in despair, and
amid the wreck of every promise of happi-
ness, grasps at even the unstable wave. One
evening she leaned by a window, gazing
fixedly on the glowing sky of a summer
sunset: the rich colour of her cheek, which
reflected the carnation of the west, the in-
tense light of her soft but radiant black
eyes, excited almost hope; could the hand
of death be on what was so beautiful? For
the first time she asked for her lute; hither-
to, she had shrunk from the sound of music;
Fitzalan had loved it; to her it was the
knell of departed love. She waked a few
wild and melancholy notes. "These
sounds," sighed she, "are to me fraught
with tender recollections; it is the vesper
hymn of my own country." She mingled
her voice with the tones, so faint, so sad,
but so sweet, it was like the song of a spirit
as the concluding murmur died away. She
sunk back exhausted; Edward for a while
supported her head upon his shoulder;
at length he parted the thick curls from off
her face, and timidly pressed her lips;—
he started from their chilling touch—it
was his first, his last kiss—Isadore had ex-
pired in his arms!

BOW STREET.

CHIEF DINING.

A PERSON of very respectable exterior
was brought before the Magistrate, charged
with assaulting the waiter, and destroying
the property of an eating house proprietor
in the neighbourhood of Covent garden.
Eating houses, properly so called, are as
well known to the initiated, vulgarly deno-
minated "slap-bang shops;" and certainly
the affair of the defendant, in the present
case, was a genuine slap bang adventure.

The gentleman went into the house in
question, and called for some roast beef,
"under done, and not too fat." The
waiter instantly brought him what they call
"a plate" of roast beef—several good jolly
flapping slices, swimming in twelve-water
gravy, and duly displayed upon an ordina-
ry-sized dinner plate. "What the devil
do you bring me such an infernal quantity
for?" asked the gentleman. "Do you
think I'm a coal-porter, or a ploughman?
Take it away you vagabond, and bring me
a more christian-like quantity—about half
as much." "Master doesn't make half
plates, Sir," replied the waiter. "Then I
shall have none!" rejoined the gentleman,
and resuming his gloves, hat, and stick, he
was about to make his exit in a rage; but
the waiter with plate of beef in hand, and
napkin under arm, placed himself at the
head of the stairs, seeking to cut off his re-
treat with a "Please to pay me for the
beef, Sir; it was cut by your orders, and
you mustn't go till you've paid for it. It
only comes to ninepence, Sir, wedgetables
and all." "Stand out of my way, you
scoundrel, or I'll knock you down!" said
the gentleman. "I shan't, Sir; you only
wanis to bilk master, and bol," replied the
waiter. This was enough. In the next
instant, a kick from the enraged gentleman
sent the plate of beef spinning up to the
ceiling; the waiter seized the gentleman
by the collar, the gentleman grasped the
waiter by the throat, and they struggled to-
gether for a moment, and down stairs they
trundled together, slap bang on to a table
just covered with smoking hot dishes of
roast and boiled: the table was upset with the
concussion, and in the next moment, the
half-strangled combatants lay sprawling upon
the floor, in the midst of shoulders of mut-
ton, pieces of beef, dabs of boiled cabbage,
broken plates, capsized mustard pots, and
many other odd things too tedious to mention.

The master-cook stood aghast at the horri-
ble clatter occasioned this comical catastro-
phe, and the ruin which accompanied it; but
he was soon sufficiently recovered from his as-
tonishment to gather the gentleman up again; and
then having had him well wiped down, he gave
him in charge to a constable. The constable car-
ried him before the magistrate, as a matter of
course, and the master-cook now sought com-
pensation in damages for the injury done to his plates,
dishes, and victuals, and the waiter sought a re-
paration for the bodily injury he had sustained.

The magistrate directed the gentleman to find
bail to answer the complaint of the waiter at the
sessions: but he refused to make any order with
respect to the damages upon the estates; inas-
much as the waiter appeared to be as deeply im-
plicated in that part of the business as the gen-
tleman.

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