

POETRY.

THE MARTYR-STUDENT.

List not to Ambition's call, for she hath lured
To death her tens of thousands; and her voice,
Though sweet as the old syren's, is as false?
Won by her blandishments, the Warrior seeks
The battle-field, where red destruction waves
O'er the wild plain his banner, trampling down
The dying and the dead on Ocean's wave
Braving the storm—the dark lee shore—the fight—
The seaman follows her, to fall—at last—
In victory's gory arms. To Learning's sons
She promises the proud degree—the praise
Of academic senates, and a name
That fame, on her imperishable scroll
Shall deeply engrave. O, there was one who heard
Her fatal promptings—whom the Muses mourn,
And Genius yet deploras! In studious cell
Inmured, he trimmed his solitary lamp,
And morn unmasked upon his pallid cheek
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye
Reluctant closed, and sleep around his couch
Strewn her despised poppies. Day with night
Mingled—inseparably—and night with day:
In loveliest change the seasons came—and passed—
Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky
Wandered the lark—the merry birds beneath
Poured their sweet woodland poetry—the stream
Sent up their eloquent voices—all was joy;
And in the breeze was life. Then summer gem'd
The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn as seen
In heaven the countless clustering stars. By day
The grateful peasant pour'd his song—by night
The nightingale:—he heeded not the lay
Divine of earth or sky—the voice of streams—
Sunshine and shadow—and the rich blue sky;
Nor gases of fragrance and of life, that cheer
The aching brow—rejoice the drooping eye—
And fire the languid pulse. One stern pursuit,
One master passion, mastered all—and Death
Smiled inly, as Consumption at his nod
Poisoned the springs of life, and flushed the cheek
With roses that bloom only o'er the grave;
And in that ere which once so mildly beamed,
Kindled unnatural fires!

Yet Hope sustained
His sinking soul; and to the high reward
Of sleepless nights, and watchful days, and scorn
Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,
Painted exultingly. But death who loves
To blast Hope's inmost visions, and to dash
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss
From man's impatient lip—with horrid glance
Marked the young victim, as with fluttering step,
And beating heart, and cheek with treacherous bloom
Suffused, he pressed where Science op'd the gates
Of her high temple.

There, beneath the guise
Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthroned
The tyrant—Death—and as around the brow
Of that ill-fated votary he wreathed
The crown of Victory—silently he twined
The cypress with the laurel: at his foot
Perished the "Martyr Student."

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

SLUMBERS OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Say, has thou mark'd along the quiet deep
In one rich line a gleam of moonlight sleep?
So still, so pale, and beautiful she lay,
While regularly to her bosom's play,
Was faint as ocean's heave in stillest day,
Through its thin shroud hast traced the mountain
head,
When morning mists their spangled gauze have
spread?
So the light veil descended to the knee
Robed her fair form, but show'd its symmetry,
Say, too 'mid foaming torrent hast thou seen
Some islet rock whose mossy knoll of green
Beacons the breaking waves, that circling stray,
And round its base in thousand eddies play?
Oh yet more beautiful to gazer's view
O'er her young brow the turban's verdant hue
Rose gaily crested, while in sport unbound,
In reckless tides her ringlets stream'd around,
With raven curls on neck of ivory fell,
Veil'd her light lids still sealed in slumber's spell,
And floating wildly strove in vain to hide
The glistening bosom, and the pure blue tide
That on its couch of marble seem'd to glow
Like violets scattered o'er a bed of snow.

TULIPS AND ROSES.

My Rose, from the latticed grove,
Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies,
And ask'd, as round my neck she clung,
If tulips I preferred to roses?
"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I sighed,
"But kiss me ere I see the posies;"
She did, "Oh I prefer," I cried,
"Thy two lips to a dozen roses."

CHARITY.

It is the duty of a man
To bless his greatest foe,
And shield the ear that late was raised
To work his direst woe.

Just so the scented sandal tree,
In all its pride and bloom,
Sheds on the axe that lays it low,
A sweet and rich perfume.

SELF-CRUCIFIXION OF MATTHEW LOVAT.

[Concluded.]

These extraordinary operations being concluded, it was now necessary, in order to complete the execution of the whole plan which he had conceived, that Matthew should exhibit himself upon the cross to the eyes of the public; and he realized this part of it in the following way. The cross was laid horizontally on the floor, its lower extremity resting upon the parapet of the window which was very low, then raising himself up by pressing upon the points of his fingers (for the nails did not allow him to use his whole hand either open or closed), he made several springs forward, until the portion of the cross which was protruded over the parapet, overbalancing what was within the chamber, the whole frame, with Matthew upon it, darted out at the window, and remained suspended outside of the house by the ropes which were secured to the beam in the inside. In this predicament, the poor fanatic stretched his hands to the extremities of the transverse beam which formed the arm of the cross, to insert the nails into the holes which had been prepared for them; but whether it was out of his power to fix both, or whether he was obliged to use the right on some concluding operation, the fact is, that when he was seen by the people who passed in the street, he was suspended under the window, with only his left hand nailed to the cross, while his right hung parallel to his body, on the outside of the net. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. As soon as he was perceived, some humane people ran up stairs, disengaged him from the cross, and put him to bed. A surgeon of the neighbourhood was called, who made them plunge his feet into water, introduced row by way of caddis into the wound of the hypocondre, which he assured them did not penetrate into the cavity, and after having prescribed some cordial, instantly took his departure.

At this moment, Dr Ruggieri, professor of Clinical surgery, hearing what had taken place, instantly repaired to the lodging of Lovat, to witness with his own eyes a fact which appeared to exceed all belief. When he arrived there, accompanied by the surgeon Paganoni, Matthew's feet, from which there had issued but a small quantity of blood, were still in the water—his eyes were shut—he made no reply to the questions which were addressed to him; his pulse was convulsive, and respiration had become difficult. With the permission of the Director of Police, who had come to take cognizance of what had happened, Dr. Ruggieri caused the patient to be conveyed by water to the Imperial Clinical School, established at the Hospital of St. Luke and St. John. During the passage, the only thing he said was to his brother Angelo, who accompanied him in the boat, and was lamenting the extravagance; which was, "Alas, I am very unfortunate." At the hospital, an examination of his wounds took place; and it was ascertained that the nails had entered by the palm of the hands, and gone out at the back, making their way between the bones of the Metacarpus, without inflicting any injury upon them; that the nail which wounded the feet had entered first the right foot, between the second and third bones of the Metatarsus towards their posterior extremity; and then the left, between the first and second of the same bones, the latter of which it had laid bare and grazed: and lastly, that the wound of the hypocondre penetrated to the point of the cavity. The patient was placed in an easy position. He was tranquil and docile; the wounds in the extremities were treated with emollients and sedatives. On the fifth day

they suppurated with a slight redness in their circumference; and on the eighth, that of the hypocondre was perfectly healed.

The patient never spoke. Always sombre and shut up in himself, his eyes were almost constantly closed. Interrogated several times, relative to the motive which had induced him to crucify himself, he always made this answer; "The pride of man must be mortified, it must expire on the cross." Dr. Ruggieri, thinking that he might be restrained by the presence of his pupils, returned repeatedly to the subject when with him alone, and he always answered in the same terms. He was, in fact, so deeply persuaded that the supreme will had imposed upon him the obligation of dying upon the cross, that he wished to inform the Tribunal of Justice of the destiny which it behoved him to fulfil, with the view of preventing all suspicion that his death might have been the work of any other hand than his own. With this in prospect, and long before his martyrdom, he committed his ideas to paper, in a style and character such as would be expected from his education, and the disorder of his mind.

Scarcely was he able to support in his hand the weight of a book, when he took the prayer book, and read it all day long. On the first day of August all his wounds were completely cured; and as he felt no pain or difficulty in moving his hands and feet, he expressed a wish to go out of the hospital, that he might not, as he said, eat the bread of idleness. This request being denied to him, he passed a whole day without taking any food; and finding that his clothes were kept from him, he set out one afternoon in his shirt, but was soon brought back by the servants. The board of Police gave orders that he should be conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum, established at St. Servolo, where he was placed on the 20th of August, 1805. After the first eight days he became taciturn, and refused every species of meat and drink. It was impossible to make him swallow even a drop of water during six successive days. Towards the morning of the seventh day, being importuned by another madman he consented to take a little nourishment. He continued his fast, which he prolonged during eleven.

These fasts were repeated, and of longer or shorter duration; the most protracted, however, not exceeding twelve days.

In January, 1806, there appeared in him some symptoms of consumption; and he would remain unmovable, exposed to the whole heat of the sun, until the skin of his face began to peel off, and it was necessary to employ force to drag him into the shade.

In April, exhaustion proceeded rapidly, labouring in his breast was observed, the pulse was very slow, and on the morning of the eighth he expired after a short struggle.

MR. BROUGHAM.

I was greatly struck by Brougham's appearance and manner when he rose from the seat behind Canning, to reply to Mr. Dawson. Having been used to see him in the very front rank of the opposite benches, denouncing ministers in the most bitter and biting terms, it was curious to hear that well known voice in the rear of the Minister, and about to vindicate his measures and principles. It is one of the mysteries of politics which I never could understand. I have frequently heard this extraordinary man, and have marvelled at his powers of sarcasm, but never did the dreadful severity of that sarcasm strike me so forcibly as now. I fell upon the miserable creatures (Dawson and Lethbridge) before him with awful effect. He recovered them all over with his contempt as if it were a garment. You

cannot form an adequate idea of that contempt from the primed speech. You must witness the consummate expression of scorn which mantles over his sallow features;—catch the glances of his serpents eye as they fasten on the victim; and follow the direction of his long wiry finger pointing out the object of his invective, who sits trembling and withering, and cursing himself for having crossed the path of this oratorical Hyena.

Brougham is never satisfied with the terrible. He always mingles with it something of the ludicrous. After having glared his fiercer passions, he begins a strain of contemptuous jesting with his opponent, and ends by gibbeting him up to the common laughter of the house. No wonder that this dangerous faculty is always involving him in disputes and quarrels. It is an unenviable and unamiable gift, though to the latter epithet Mr. Brougham is a solitary exception, for a more amiable and kind-hearted being does not exist. In the course of his speech he alluded to some impassable barrier to his taking office. What that barrier is, no one accurately knows, but the general supposition is, that the King has set a seal of exclusion upon him.

UNCONSCIOUS IRONY.—Some time ago the clerk of one of the chapels at Birmingham, previous to the commencement of the service, dirtied his hand with putting some coals on the fire, and unconsciously rubbing his face, besmeared it so as to resemble a son of Vulcan. He turned into the reading-desk, where he naturally attracted much attention, which was considerably increased when he gave out the first line of the hymn, "Behold the brightness of my face." The congregation could no longer preserve their gravity, and an involuntary laugh burst from every corner of the chapel.

Anecdote founded on fact.—In a small village of the state of Georgia, a quarrel recently occurred between two Frenchmen, one a meagre little physician, that looked as if he lived on his own drugs, the other a sturdy grocer, who as a cannibal could have taken the little M. D. at a meal. In the progress of the dispute, the doctor, wrought up to the sticking point, and as warm as a cataplasm, exclaimed vehemently—"I be dam if I no kill you!"—to which the grocer replied with a nonchalance of the most curious contrast, "No Docture, I be dam if you do, for I shall not employ you."

The being Prime Minister of England has often been attended with a dreadful fate.—Of 31, since the reformation—[it may be inferred it was worse before]—13 have been executed—2 murdered; 6 died in prison or exile—some committed suicide—and 4 are said to have saved themselves by sacrificing their Masters.

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