

POETRY.

FIRST LOVE.

It was the maid of Monaco
Walk'd forth in the grey twilight,
To list the shadowy waters flow,
To number the clouds of night:
And never was seen a more beautiful maid,
In morning sunlight or evening shade.

Soft ringlets, like a golden shower,
O'er her graceful bosom hung;
Eyes—ne'er had azure eyes such power:
Oh! her voice was odours sung:
Her footsteps like dews on the sleeping ground;
When they press the grass with a light sweet sound.

I follow'd with an eager tread:
In a soft and fluttering tone
I spoke, I know not what I said,
I but knew we were alone;
I but knew I'd watch'd, I had pray'd to see—
This moment, to speak my idolatry.

She heard me with a virgin grace,
With a mild and bashful air;
And as I gaz'd upon her face,
A blush hung trembling there:
One'er is love's cheek so dear to the eye,
So pure, as when rosd' by young modesty.

She spoke not; 'twas enough for me
She had heard—did not decide;
I ear'd not if I might but be
Thus gazing, and by her side:
In this pause was bliss inexpressible;
Had she spoken, her voice had destroyed the spell.

Day-light hath ris'n, but never set
On the fountain's crystal flow;
But on that spot again I've met
The fair maid of Monaco:
She has told her love; I have heard with pride,
The nymph I adore will become my bride.

THE GREY PALMER.

Eight miles from the city of York
amid picture-que scenery on the banks of
the river Wharfe, stands the residence of
Sir Thomas Milner, which was anciently
the site of a convent, inhabited by nuns of
the Cistercian order. There was a con-
temporary monastery of Monks at Acaster
Malbis, and tradition relates, that a subter-
raneous passage afforded the inmates of
these institutions access to each other. In the
year 1281, the Lady Abbess of Nun Apple-
ton called upon the Archbishop from
Caywode, and the nuns of St. Mary's Ab-
bey, to chaunt high mass on the blessed eve
of St. Mark, to lay at rest the wandering
spirit of sister Hylda, which had haunted
the convent, the monastery, and adjacent
country, during seven long years. The
peasants fled from that district, for the spi-
rit appeared to them in their houses, glared
then in the fields, or floated over their heads
in passing the Wharfe; and if they at-
tempted to fell a tree in the woods, a hide-
ous form, in a Cistercian habit, presented
itself, showing a wound in its breast; and
the moving wind, raising its black veil, un-
covered a ghastly countenance, and sunken
eyes, raining incessant tears.

A tempest, with loud, dismal, and por-
tentious howlings, shook the high craggy
cliffs above Oley: fierce and more fierce
it whirled along the river, and sent levin
bolts and red meteors over the cloisters of
Nun Appleton; showers descended as if
the firmament of heaven were dissolved into
rolling tides; and the Wharfe, swelling
over all its banks, washed rocks from their
bases, and lofty trees from their far spreading
roofs. The Holy Archbishop in sacred
stole is before the altar—the veiled sisters
of St. Mary's stand by the choir—and the
Monks of Acaster Malbis are ranged be-
yond the fretted pillars of the chapel; they
wait the solemn call of the bell to raise
their voices in hymns of supplication—the
walls resound with knocking at the convent
gate—the portress told her beads and cross-
ed her breast, as she said to herself while
wending to the portal; "Here come other
pilgrims of Palestine, foretold by the dreary
ghost of sister Hylda!"

She turned the lock with difficulty; it
seemed to deny admission to the stranger,
and the hinges resisted and creaked horribly
against his ingress; but the arm of the
portress forced them to expand, and a Pal-
mer, clad in grey weeds of penitence, stood
within the threshold. The roaring thunde-
burst over his head, blue lightnings flashed
around his gigantic figure, and in a hoarse
sepulchral voice he thanked the portress for
her gentle courtesy.

"By land and by sea," said he, "I have
proved all that is terrible in danger or awful
in the strife of war. My arm wielded the
truncheon with gallant Richard, the chiefest
knight of the Holy Rood; and the Pay-
mos of Acre, with their mighty Souldan,
have quaked in the tumult of our crusaders.
The storm of the Red-Sea and the rage of
open ocean have rattled in mine ear: I
have crossed burning sands; and met the
wild lords of the desert in shocks of steel;
but never was my soul so appalled as by the
rage of elements this horrible night. To
me sinner taught is so fearful as the
workings of Almighty wrath in our lower
world. I have visited every shrine of peni-
tence and prayer to purge the stains of crime
from this labouring bosom: I have trodden
each weary step to the holy sepulchre in
Palestine; I have knelt to the Saints of
Spain, of Italy, and of France; I have
mourned before the shrine of St. Patrick,
and every Saint of Ireland; in Scotland I
have drunk of every miraculous fount and
holy well; and but for the swollen waters
of Wharfe, I had sought the grey towers of
Caywode, or the fair Abbey of Selby, to
crave prayers from the pure in heart for the
worst of transgressors. At holy St. Tho-
mas's tomb my pilgrimaged ends. But for
the wicked there can be no rest. The pel-
ting hail-blast, the dark, red flashes of light-
ning, and flooded Wharfe, oppose my
course. I wandered through the dark wood
—dine peals of thunder roared among the
groaning oaks, and the ravening hawk
rushed from his den across my path, while
the flame of his eyes showed his gore drip-
ping jaws wide asunder to devour me. A
spectre, more fell than the rage of a savage
beast, drove him away; the croaking raven and
ominous owl sung a death warning; and
the spectre shrieked to mine ear; Grey
Palmer, thy bed of dark, chill, deep earth,
and thy pillow of worms, are prepared!
Thy fleshless bride waits to embrace thee!"
Deep sounded the bell. "Haste thee,
baste thee, holy Palmer!" said the portress.
"The spectre of sister Hylda bade the Lady
Abbess expect thee. Haste thee to join
the choral swell. Why quakes thy wately
form? Haste thee—the bell hath ceased its
solemn invocation!"

Scarcely had the Palmer entered the
sanctified dome of the chapel, when the se-
veral hallowed tapers, which burned in per-
petual blaze before the altar, expired in blue
hissing flashes—the full swelling choir
sunk to awful silence—a gloomy light cir-
cled along the vaulted roof—and sister
Hylda, with her veil thrown back by her
skeleton hand, revealed her well known
features; but pale, grim, and ghastly, with
the hue of the tomb, as she stood by the
Palmer, who was recognized as Friar John.

The Archbishop raised his meek eyes
and blanched countenance to Him tha-
tenth and reigneth for ever: The cold
dew of horror dropped from his cheeks;
but in aspirations of prayer his courage re-
turned, and in adjurations by the name of
the Most High, he commanded the spectre
to tell why she broke the peace of the faith-
ful. Unearthly groans issued from her
colourless lips; the dry bones of her was ed
arcane ranted with a fearful agitation a-
she thus spoke: "In me behold sister

Hylda, dishonoured, named, murdered by
Friar John in the deep penance vault. He
stands by my side, and bends his head lower
and lower in confession of his guilt. I
died unconfessed, and seven years has my
troubled, my suffering spirit, walked the
earth, when all were hushed in peaceful
sleep but such as the lost Hylda. Your
masses have earned grace for me. I go to
my long rest. Seek the middle pavement
stone of the vault for the mortal relics of a
soul purified and pardoned by the blood of
the Redeemer. Laud and blessing to his
gracious name for ever!"

Soft strains of melody swelled in the air
and a bright flame rekindled the holy ta-
pers; but sister Hylda and the Palmer va-
nished and were never seen more!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Unshipping a Dog's Rudder. A ve-
ran tar, who had served under the late Lord
Viccent many years in the capacity of
Boatswain, on getting past exertion, was
appointed by the latter, in grateful memory
of his former conduct, a kind of sub gar-
dener, at his marine villa. Jack had no
long been in possession of his new post,
when he perceived every morning, on walk-
ing over the gardens, that several of the beds
were pawed about, and the borders destroy-
ed, indicating by their marks, the stealthy
visits of some canine wanderer. Jack im-
mediately communicated the news to his
Lordship; who concurred with him in opi-
nion as to its cause, and advised him to go to
the gardens a few hours earlier some morning,
and give the intruder a warm welcome.
Jack accordingly did so, hiding himself
in a shrubbery, he soon espied a long lean
dog, between a pointer and a mastiff spring
upon the garden wall, and jumping into the
grounds, begin running about, and explor-
ing with a deal of activity & keeness, the
depth of a straggling den. Jack watched
for his opportunity, and at the moment the
dog had borrowed his head out of sight in
the earth, the tar stole behind him with a
spade, and at a blow struck the end of
his tail; the dog spring over the garden
wall again yelping. Some time after, when
his Lordship came into the garden, Jack
accused him, "All right your honour;
we were boarded by a dog, sure enough, of
a long sharp sailed build, rather white about
the jaws, and dark in the midships." And
what did you do to him Jack? "I prevent-
ed his finding his way here any more."
"You didn't kill him, Jack?" "On
no, please your honour, I laid by upon the
look out there in the shrubbery, and when I
saw him downe his bows into the straw
berry bed, I dropped softly astern, and with
his here tool unshipped as rudder, you see,
that's all."

Many medical duels have been prevented
by the difficulty of arranging the method of
pugnancy. In the instance of Dr. Breck-
lesby, the number of paces could not be
agreed upon; and in the affair between
Akenside and Ballow, one had determined
never to fight in the morning, and the other
that he would never fight in the afternoon.
John Wilkes, who did not stand upon cere-
mony in these little affairs, when asked by
Lord Talbot, "How in my times they
were to fight?" replied, "Just as often as
your Lordship pleases; I have brought a
bag of bullets and a flask of gunpowder."
Wadd's Mims.

A woman named Ballinmallard, in this
county, not forty years of age, and now
twenty married, was put to bed last week of
her twenty-fifth child. — *Enniskillen Reporter.*

A sea Lion taken in Inver Bay. — Ex-
tract of a letter from Hector Irvine, Esq.

of Clover Hill, Donegal, to his brother
George Irvine, of Enniskillen, Esq. dated
August 13, 1827: "On the morning of
the 10th instant, we killed in Inver Bay,
most enormous animal of the seal kind, ca-
lled a Sea Lion, in a sprat net. It had
gunnel of my boat frequently under way,
but fortunately (the last time he fastened
the side of the boat with his fore paws,) one
of the men hit him on the head with a fe-
lour, and battered him so much as to be
able get him into the boat, where they kept
beating him until he was dead. He mea-
sured 9 feet 4 inches from the snout to the
end of his tail, 15 feet 10 inches in girth,
and weighed 720 lbs. His snout is like a
cow's, his teeth like a dog's. His head is
remarkably small, the nails in his fore pa-
aws even inches long and very strong, and
on his hind paws are shaped like a goose
foot. This animal is the wonder of the
fishermen, who come here in hundreds
see it, and some of them say it has been
known in the bay these 40 years, and
never dies constantly. I will try to pre-
serve the skin."

Sir Frederick Flood had a droll habit
which he could never effectually break
himself (at least in Ireland.) Whenever
person at his back, whispered or sugges-
any thing to him while he was speaking
public, without a moment's reflection, he
most always involuntarily repeated the
gestion *literatim*. Sir Frederick was
making a long speech in the Irish Pa-
ment lauding the transcendent merits of
Wexford Magistracy, on a motion for
ending the criminal jurisdiction in
county, to keep down the disaffected.
he was closing a most turgid oration by
declaring "that the said Magistracy ought
receive some signal mark of the
Lieutenant's favour." John Egan, who
rather mellow, and sitting behind him,
whispered, "and be whipped a
cat's tail!" "And be whipped a
cat's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick ut-
terly amidst peals of uncontrollable la-
ter. — *Barrington's Ketches.*

In the London Weekly review the
most enterprising notice of the re-
published History and Antiquities of
don. In page 214-15 there is a de-
tion of a sumptuous entertainment, which
was ushered in by an account of the be-
of a cook: "Richard Rose, cook
Bishop of Rochester, according to his
age, was boiled to death in Smithfield
1531, for poisoning sixteen persons
with portridge, which he had prepared for
destruction of his master, who fortu-
escaped the intended mischief by the w-
specime, which prevented him eating
day."

FIFTH GENERATION. — Mrs. Funic, 94
years of age, now living at Cape Island, B-
can say, "my Grandfather, and go to thy
ter, for thy Daughter's Daughter, has got a

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