

Poetry.

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.—By Mrs. Hemans.

There were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls, As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls, And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed, But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below, The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow: The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbal's tone; But his heart 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the sea! But oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee? —I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll, And the soft breath of thine orange bowers is mournful to my soul.

"My brother! oh! my brother! thou art gone, the true and brave, And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave: There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on; There was one to love me in the world—my brother! thou art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean tempest's wrath, We stood together, side by side; one hope was ours—one path; Thou hast wrapt me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast; Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh! bravest heart, and best!

"I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull sad world they shine; I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro! where is thine? The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply!— Oh! brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry!

"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway, And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my friend hath passed away! For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain, And the face that was as light to me—it cannot come again!

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown; With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown: How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die, When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of chivalry!

"I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is ev'n as death! Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath; Let me see the fiery charger's foam, and the royal banner wave— But where art thou, my brother?—where?—in thy low and early grave!"

And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night, And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light; But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan— My brother! oh! my brother! best and bravest! thou art gone!"

\*The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish ballads, in Lookhart's beautiful collection.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A gentle nay, Is better than yea— A gentle nay, with a gentle smile— 'tbat contradicts it all the while; Is not this a pretty guile?

Not that I, When I sigh For a spirit-blending kiss, Would really be denied the bliss, But a soft "Nay" means not this.

Say me "Nay," Away, away, A cheek that glows, a voice that dies, A dewy glitter in thine eyes, And a tremble in thy sighs, Shall make thy soft, low, timid, tender Nay, A honied breath of love more dearly sweet than Yea.

Varieties

ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG. (From Hayley's Life of Cowper.)

Dr. Cotton, who was intimate with him, paid him a visit, about a fortnight before he was seized with his last illness. The old man was then in perfect health. The antiquity of person, the gravity of his utterance, and the earnestness with which he discoursed about religion, gave him in the Doctor's eyes the appearance of a prophet. They had been delivering their sentiments upon this book of Newton (on the Prophecies,) when Young closed the conference thus:—"My friend, there are two considerations upon which my faith in Christ is built as upon a rock: the fall of man, the redemption of man, and the resurrection of man, the three cardinal articles of religion, are such as human ingenuity could never have invented; therefore they must be divine. The other argument is this: if the prophecies have been fulfilled (of which there is abundant demonstration), the Scripture must be the word of God; and if the Scripture is the word of God, Christianity must be true."

Anecdote of the King.—On the death of the late organist to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, great interest was made by several professors of eminence to succeed to that honorable and lucrative situation. Old Horne, the music master, who taught the King, and other members of his august family, in their juvenile days, was at this time very low in his circumstances, arising from losses and other untoward events. The fact was mentioned to his Majesty by one of the Lords in waiting, who at the same time ventured to add that the existing vacancy would enable the poor old man to weather the storms of life, and pass the remainder of his days in competency and ease. His Majesty expressed his astonishment, and could scarcely credit that his old tutor was still in existence, or that, if so, he had not applied to his former pupil, stating his embarrassment. Modest merit is always dumb—Horne knew if he had made his case known, he should have been relieved; but he dared not intrude his sufferings on his gracious master's attention. The fact, however, of his situation being thus brought to his Majesty's notice, he ordered his carriage, and proceeded immediately to canvass the Canons and other Dignitaries in whose gift the appointment lay: they had made their promises; but—it must be so—the King's wishes were a law, and Horne was nominated to the vacancy. Wishing, however, to gratify the old man by himself announcing the joyful tidings, his Majesty commanded him to attend at the Royal Lodge. The summons was unexpected, was distressing: "how could he appear before the Presence with a wardrobe not fit to visit a private friend? But," continued the gratified veteran, "it is not the coat, it is the man the King wants to see: I must go, I will go," and he took a change of linen and proceeded immediately to Windsor Castle.—On old Horne's arrival at the Lodge, he was received with kindness by the major-domo, and refreshments were placed before him, with an intimation that his attendance would be required in the course of the evening in the drawing-room. That time arrived, and the old man, on entering, was overpowered by the condescending affability with which he was received. The King, surrounded by the brilliant circle of his private friends, rose from his seat, and taking poor Horne by the hand, led him to the piano, requesting him to give once more a specimen of that skill which had entranced his juvenile mind. This was too much—he sat down overpowered, with contending emotions, and the modest tear trickled from his aged eye.—He forgot every thing, ran his fingers over the keys in the most abstracted manner, and was any thing but himself. A few affectionate words revived him; and, as if inspired by the sudden recollection of the days gone by, struck off a fantasia, which he performed with all the execution of his best days. The dignity of the Monarch sank for a moment to the familiarity of the friend; he pressed the old man's hand, told him of his good fortune, and bade him retire and compose himself. He remained at the Lodge ten days, and was then inducted into the organ gallery. He is now between 70 and 80, and performs his duty with all the enthusiasm of his early days.—John Bull.

Soundness of the Lungs.—Dr. Lyons, of Edinburgh, proposes an ingenious and practical test for trying the soundness of the lungs. The patient is directed to draw in a full breath, and then begin to count as far as he can, slowly and audibly, without again drawing in his breath.—The number of seconds he can continue counting is then to be carefully noted. In confirmed consumption, the time does not exceed eight, and is often less than six seconds. In pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from nine to four seconds. But when the lungs are sound, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

TEA.

F. E. BECKWITH,

HAS just received on Consignment, 30 Boxes Gounowder, Hyson, Twankay, Souchong, and Congo TEAS; which he offers for Sale at very reduced prices. He has also on hand a general assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, and LIQUORS, at his usual low rates. FREDERICTON, 18th AUGUST, 1828. 6wp

REMOVAL.—The Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he has removed his Business from his late Store in Queen street, to his new Stand at the team Boat Landing, where he has on hand a large and general assortment of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES; which he offers for sale for Cash, on the most reasonable terms; and hopes from his convenience to both Town and Country, still to receive that liberal patronage hitherto afforded him. JAMES BALLOCH.

Fredericton, 29th April, 1828.

VALUABLE LANDS FOR SALE.

TO be sold by Public Auction, at the County Court House, in Fredericton, on Tuesday the 14th day of October next, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon, all that farm and lot of land in the Richmond settlement, parish of Woodstock and County of York lately occupied by Isaac Smith, known as Lot No 9 in the Grant to Robert Griffith and others, containing 250 acres, with extensive improvements.

H. G. CLOPPER, } Trustees for all the Creditors of Wm. Taylor, } Isaac Smith an absconding debtor. G. E. KETCHUM. } Fredericton, July 26, 1828. p11w.

ALSO,

AT the same time and place, will be sold, all that farm and lot of land lying in the Parish of Northampton, and County of York, lately occupied by George Tompkins, known as Lot No. 19 in Grant to Jacob Tompkins and others, containing 200 acres, more or less, with the improvements.

H. G. CLOPPER, } Trustees for all the Creditors of W. Taylor, } of George Tompkins an absconding debtor. RICHARD DIBBLEE. } Fredericton, July 26, 1828. p11w.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they have this day entered into Co-Partnership, under the Firm of

BALLOCH & ENGLISH.

The business of the said Co-Partnership will be conducted at WOODSTOCK in the Store lately occupied by Messrs. P. & E. where the Subscribers will keep on hand a constant supply of goods suitable to the Country, which they will dispose of upon the most reasonable terms for cash.

JAMES BALLOCH. RICHARD ENGLISH.

N. B. No Notes of Hand, given by either of the above Firm, exceeding Fifty Pounds, will be valid unless they are signed by J. B. & R. E., individually. Fredericton, August 5, 1828.

THE SUBSCRIBER

HAS lately received and offers for sale on the most reasonable terms, by wholesale or retail, the following articles, viz.

Brandy, Gin, Rum, Superfine, Fine, and Rye Flour, Corn, Meal, Chests of Tea, Sugar, Barrels Coffee, Boxes of Chocolate, Soap and Candles, Mackerel, Herrings, &c. Together with an assortment of Dry Goods, all of the best quality. JAMES BALLOCH. Fredericton, August 19th, 1828.

NOTICE.

The subscriber has on hand, Bags Scotch BARLEY, Bags SPLIT PEAS, Casks BOTTLED PORTER, Jars Superior Scotch MARMALADE. The above for Cash only.

FRANCIS BEVERLY.

Queen-Street, June 16, 1828.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has lately received a supply of genuine Drugs and Medicines from one of the first Houses in London, which, with his former stock, makes a very general assortment. It is his intention to keep on hand a constant supply, which it shall be his particular care to have of the best quality.

D. B. SHELTON, M. D.

Fredericton, September 7, 1828.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE is published every TUESDAY, by GEO. K. LUGRIN, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, at his Office in Queen Street, over Mr. Sloop's Store, where Blank, Handbills, &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

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