

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

(From the Amulet.)

"My own sweet home," thought Charles Lumleigh, as he was whirled rapidly along on the stagecoach, "with what pleasure shall I again return to thee! and you too, my loved mother and sisters, the pain of my separation from you is amply repaid by the delight I now experience." The coach here turned a sharp angle of the road, and he strained his eyes in endeavouring to discern the fir-crowned hills of the seat of his forefathers. Fancy vividly painted a few faint specks in the distance, like the woods that encircled his mother's residence, and the tears started in his eyes as he gazed. He was but eighteen, and had not yet entered into that period of life, when the kind and virtuous feelings of boyhood are silenced by the deceitful pleasures of man, or lost in the cares and attentions which too often occupy the breasts of the inhabitants of this sinful world.

Charles Lumleigh was at the time my story commences, returning from the University, where he had kept one term, and had there gained a character of attention and regularity, which is often the reverse of that given to students when first released from the fancied thralldom of their parents. From childhood it had been his wish to become a minister of the Protestant Church, and his intention had gradually strengthened as he arrived to maturer years. He was heir to a comfortable fortune and estates, which, by the decease of his father, devolved on him, on his entering his twenty-first year; and in the event of his death before that time, they would become the property of his brother, a lad who had just entered the British navy. It was not, therefore, the love of gain which had influenced him, but a sincere and earnest desire to become a promulgator of the Gospel and the blessed words of eternal life.

The coach had now arrived at the town of D—, which was about two miles from Elmwood, the seat of the Lumleigh family; and leaving his trunk at the inn, he proceeded on foot towards his home. During the few months he had been at Oxford a visible change had taken place in his appearance; the clear, transparent bloom of youth had fled, and his cheek was ashy pale; his step, no longer swift and firm, was slow and faltering, and his fine form appeared weakened an attenuated by disease. In truth he was ill, and on this account he had been permitted to return during the time devoted to study; but in his letters to his mother he had slightly mentioned it, and this instance evinced his constant attachment to a beloved parent, in his endeavours to conceal from her the illness that was slowly consuming him. Charles was not sorry when he reached the entrance of the pleasant road, which was partly shaded by the young leaves of April. The sun, though early in spring, shone with fervour, and he felt exhausted by the heat ere he had crossed the sandy common; but in this cool retreat he felt no alleviation of his fatigue, and, from extreme weariness, threw himself at the foot of a large oak on the borders of the lane, and in a few moments fell into a broken and uneasy slumber. How long he had slept, he knew not, but the loud barking of a dog awakened him. He hastily unclosed his eyes, and beheld his faithful and attached Cæsar leaping around him, and, by various gambols, endeavouring to call his attention. He half arose, and extending his hand, the shaggy Newfoundland dog was instantly in his arms, and almost overpowered him with his caresses. At this moment a sportive laugh reached his ears, and looking up, he beheld two fair youthful countenances peeping at him cautiously through the branches of the hedge, and both beaming with sisterly affection. "Dear, dear girls, how long have you been waiting for me? I am quite ashamed that I should have slept here; but indeed, I could not help it," said Charles, as he assisted them to descend the bank. The sisters assured him they had not waited long; but Caroline, the eldest, exclaimed anxiously, "It was wrong, very wrong, dear Charles, to lie on the damp ground; see, the dew still remains on the grass, and you have left the print of your arm on the wet moss. I find," she continued smiling, "I must watch my careless brother narrowly." The happy trio resumed their walk, beguiling the time by inquiries and replies respecting the dear inhabitants of Elmwood, which was soon reached, and in the warm embrace of his mother, Charles forgot his laborious studies, and consequent illness.

On the following morning Mrs. Lumleigh questioned her son about his health, with that minute attention which a tender parent only can feel and describe. Charles strove, as far as he was able, to calm those emotions which it was evident his mother felt, and laughingly pointed to his glowing face, and asked if that savoured of illness. Mrs. Lumleigh shook her head, but did not reply; she knew too well that the crimson hue on his cheek was not that of

health, and in spite of her son's remonstrances, a messenger was despatched for a physician from D—. Dr. R. did not arrive until evening, when Charles, who had fatigued himself in rambling through the grounds with his sisters, was stretched languidly on a couch, and vainly endeavouring to sleep, which seemed, when courted, to fly from him. The worthy physician was visibly affected at the sight of his patient, and in a broken voice, after mature reflection, said, that every attention must be paid in order to stay the progress of the disease, which had arrived at an alarming height; then promising to visit him the next day, with a sorrowful heart, departed.

A few days had elapsed, and no change had taken place in the disorder of the youthful sufferer; but his mother and all the inhabitants of Elmwood were fearful that he was hastening to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." On the ninth day there was a fearful alteration in his appearance; his eyes were sunk, and scarcely could he be raised in his bed; whilst his deep hollow, and frequent fits of coughing, were the only sound that echoed through the mansion. Sleep alone afforded a transient cessation from pain; and during a short slumber Dr. R. visited him. His entrance awoke him, and he continued silent, and listened to the conversation of those around. The voices of the speakers were so low, that he could only hear a few words: this sentence distinctly reached him: "He never can recover; he may linger for some time, though I should think not more than a few weeks." The voice then ceased, and Charles feebly called to his mother, who, with Dr. R., instantly approached the bed. He extended his hand to the latter, and, in a tremulous voice, said, "Sir, I thank you for what I have just heard; I will not deceive you, I have not slept, and your assurances that I shall never recover have been listened to with greedy attention by me. I again repeat, I am thankful to you for informing me of my danger. Until now, I had a few faint hopes that I might have lived some years longer. I know I have too fondly clung to this world, when I should have fixed my thoughts on another; but God, in his infinite mercy, will, I trust, forgive the sins of a guilty, erring mortal like myself"—here a severe fit of coughing precluded the possibility of his farther speaking, and he sunk exhausted on the pillow. Still his thoughts returned to the words he at first heard. "Then I must die," he mentally exclaimed, "Never again shall I behold the friends of my youth,—never, never! Oh, what a sense of dreariness does it convey to my heart!" and a few, a very few tears fell at the idea. "But what am I grieving for? Do I mourn the separation from this world, and the deprivations of its pleasures,—its few transient pleasures? No, no! it is not that I care for. Wherefore, then, do I mourn? O God! look down on me, thy guilty creature, and shed the light of thy merciful countenance upon me, to enable me to withstand the temptations that now assail me." This short, though fervent prayer, calmed his perturbation, and he fell into a slumber, which lasted for many hours.

It was late in the evening when he awoke, and softly withdrawing the curtain, beheld his mother watching by the side of his bed; in her hand she held a watch, and a glass of medicine stood by her. She tenderly raised it to his lips, at the same time saying, "It will do you much good, dear Charles: Dr. R. assures me it will ease the pain that torments you." Her son unhesitatingly swallowed it, and when he had finished it, replied, "To oblige you, my dearest mother, I will take any thing; but it is all in vain: it is like fanning a few expiring embers, which though they burn for a time, are quickly quenched, and soon die away." The soporific draught he had taken he soon left the influence of, and, with a languid smile, said he could talk no longer. His sleep now lasted until the sun had risen far above the horizon, and shed streams of golden light through the closed shutters of the apartment. Caroline Lumleigh was seated near the bed, and wept tears of unfeigned joy when she heard the cheerful sound of her brother's voice. He spoke now in a clear, firm tone, and expressed a wish to be moved to a sofa in the next apartment; but this request was not deemed prudent to be complied with, until the arrival of Dr. R. Impatiently Charles waited the physician's visit.

At length his well known step was heard entering the room, and the patient was satisfied at being allowed to quit his bed. Supported by his mother and Dr. R., he was placed on a couch, which was drawn near the open window. It was a beautiful afternoon in May, and the odour of a thousand blossoms stole heavily through the casement. "What a lovely world is this!" exclaimed Charles, as resting his head on his mother's bosom, his eyes wandered over the scene; "but its beauties are trifling when compared to

those of that heavenly kingdom which I am fast approaching. Nay, do not weep, dearest mother," he continued, as her warm tears fell rapidly on his face; "grieve not for me; I am resigned to die. I did once hope that I might live to be a comfort to you and a friend to my dear sisters; but Henry, I know, will never forget them. In his breast the seeds of virtue have, I trust, taken such deep root, as time will not speedily eradicate. Tell him, from me, as my last request, to remember the doctrines of our blessed Lord; for through the knowledge of his laws, and a desire to walk in his paths, can we alone hope to rise to the life immortal in heaven." He was here interrupted by the entrance of his two sisters. They had been wandering through the grounds, by their brother's wish, to find a few early roses. The invalid received them gratefully; but he soon relapsed into silence, and appeared intently watching the departure of the sun behind the mountains of his native country. When it had sunk from his view, he turned to the dear relatives who sat by him, and said, "I shall never see that bright luminary rise again. Death approaches; but I do not tremble. My sisters, I have a very foolish wish, still I know it will be gratified: it is, that you place a rose upon my grave, whilst they remain in bloom. And now, farewell! Bless you, bless you all!" A faint smile illumed his lips, which moved as if in prayer; they were soon stilled,—the blissful soul had fled.

For nearly half a century a cluster of blushing roses were, during the summer months, thrown across the urn that marked the grave of Charles Lumleigh; but the flowers themselves, and the hand that placed them, are returned to dust, like him who sleeps beneath the sod.

NOTICE.

ALL persons who have unsettled Accounts, and are indebted to the Subscriber, will please to call and settle them satisfactorily, or they will be put into the hands of an Attorney to collect without discrimination.

JEDEDIAH SLASON.

Fredericton, April 22, 1828.

GLEBE RENTS.

THE Glebe Rents having become due on the 24th March last, it is requested they be forthwith paid into the hands of Jedediah Slason, Esquire.

GEORGE BEST, Rector.

Fredericton, April 8, 1828.

NOTICE.—All persons who are indebted to the late Firm of PETERS, WOODHOUSE, & Co. are required to pay the same forthwith, to the Subscribers at Fredericton, they having received a Power of Attorney from the said Peters, Woodhouse, & Co.

ROBERT RANKIN & Co.

Fredericton, 14th April, 1828.

ALL Persons indebted to the SAINT GEORGE Steam Boat, are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber, who is now directed by the Proprietors of said Boat to place all unsettled Notes and Accounts in the hands of an Attorney to collect.

JAMES SEGEE.

Fredericton, Jan. 28th, 1828.

NOTICE.

THE business lately carried on by William Osborne, and William Osborne, in Sheffield, was dissolved by mutual consent the first day of January last, by each one paying his own debts which he contracted.

WILLIAM OSBORNE,
WILLIAM OSBORNE.

June 2, 1828.

3wp.

TO LEASE

FOR a term of years, a valuable Lot of Land, situate about half a mile from the Market House, on which there is a dwelling house and barn, and a most eligible situation for making Bricks. For particulars apply to

JAMES TAYLOR, jun.

ALL Persons having demands against the estate of Daniel Norman, late of Northampton, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested within three months from the date hereof; and all those indebted are required to make immediate payment to

THOMAS EDWARDS.

Northampton, June 7, 1828.

3wp.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale at the Stores of Messrs. John Simpson, and William Till,

LETTERS

ON THE

BOUNDARY LINE

By VERAX.

First Published in the City Gazette.

January 28, 1828.

RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!

CASH GIVEN FOR CLEAN LINEN AND COTTON RAGS AT THIS OFFICE.