

## POETRY.

We found, in a late number of the National Gazette, the annexed lines, which we copy with much satisfaction. A vein of piety pervades them, which must be congenial with the feelings of those, who worship at the shrine of the "Lord of Hosts." *Am. Paper.*

It was in one of those high halls  
Where genius breathes in sculptured stone,  
Where shaded light in softness falls  
On pencil'd beauty—they were gone  
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill  
Had wrought such power; but they spoke  
To me in every feature still,  
And fresh lips breathed and dark eyes woke,  
And crimsoned cheeks flushed glowing by  
To life and motion. I had knelt  
And wept with Mary at the tree  
Where Jesus suffered. I had felt  
The warm blood rushing to my brow,  
At the stern buffet of the Jew,  
Had seen the Son of Glory bow,  
And bleed for sins he never knew;  
And I had wept,—I thought that all  
Must feel like me; and when there came  
A lady bright and beautiful,  
With step of grace and eye of flame,  
And tone and look, most sweetly blest,  
To make her presence eloquent.  
Oh! then I looked for tears, she stood  
Before the scene of Calvary,  
I saw the piercing spear, the blood,  
The gail, the writhe of agony,  
I saw his quivering lips in prayer—  
"Father forgive them"—all was there,  
I turned in bitterness of soul  
And spoke of Jesus. I had thought  
Her feelings would refuse control,  
For woman's heart I knew was fraught  
With gushing sympathy; she gazed  
A moment on it carelessly,  
And coldly curl'd her lip, and praised  
The high priest's garment. Could it be  
That look dear Lord was meant for thee!

Oh! what is woman? what her smile,  
Her lips of love, her eyes of light,  
What is she, if her lips revile  
The lovely Jesus? Love may write  
His name upon her marble brow,  
May linger in her curls of jet,  
The light spring flower may scarcely bow  
Beneath her step—and yet—and yet—  
Without that meeker grace she'll be  
A lighter thing than vanity.

## HIDE AND SEEK.

Another version.

Among the innumerable lovers of the scenery of Devonshire, there are many who have never seen or heard of the Castle of Berry-Roman. Its situation is so retired, so undiscoverable without a guide, that it is no wonder if many a party of tourists has passed its very entrance without being aware that an object so well worthy their attention was at hand. The situation of the ruin is as singular as it is beautiful. At a short distance from Totness, a narrow lane diverges from the main road, at the extremity of which is a gate and palisade, so high, as to prevent the visitor from forming any idea of what is to be seen beyond. Entrance being afforded by the gate keeper, the traveller descends a steep path, which winds between two wooded hills, till he finds himself at the bottom of a deep dell, circular as a basin, the sides of which are feathered with every variety of foliage up to their very summits. In the centre of this dell, rises an insulated conical hill, and on its top towers the majestic ruins of the Castle of Berry-Roman. So deep is the valley, that the highest pinnacle of the ruin is beneath the level of the high road. The harmony of tint between the ruin and the foliage, which surrounds and overspreads it is exquisite. Dark masses of ivy, and the lighter verdure of the ash and the birch, contrast finely with the gray hue of the mouldering walls. The spacious apartments, which were once the abode of comfort and luxury, are now unable to afford a shelter from the storms of the sky. The longtrailing weed, and the clustering ivy, are the only hangings the walls can now boast: the stars are their midnight lamps; the wind of heaven their only music. The ground is carpeted by soft and verdant turf; and the wood an-

none springs in profusion on every side. A fine stream of water runs round the base of the hill, and on it is a water-mill, placed as if purposely to contrast its humble comfort, with the mouldering grandeur of the ruin which towers about it. The right time to behold this scene is just before sun set, when the lower part of the dell is enveloped in the shadows of evening, and the castle alone stands radiant in the sunlight. Then, while the birds are yet singing their evening song, the brook makes music with them, the miller may be seen, with his horse, descending the steep path which leads to his dwelling; and his daughter, graceful and beautiful as evening, is tending her flowers, in the garden which slopes down to the stream: or her voice may be heard, echoing up the hill, to warn the children who are at play among the rains, that the sun is setting and it is time to come home. Never was situation more retired than this; for there is no access to it, but by the gate, of which the miller keeps the key. Yet, as parties of strangers sometimes visit the castle, and as on these occasions the beautiful girl I have mentioned is sometimes obliged to act as guide, she has acquired an address free from awkward shyness, and as graceful as it is modest. As a child, Mary was the gayest of the gay; and her parents let her run wild, and amuse her little life as she would. But when she was about seventeen, a sudden and remarkable change took place. She loved and was beloved; but, being somewhat spoiled by indulgence, and too young and giddy to make a right use of her power, she trifled with her lover, offended him, and while boasting of her influence and meditating some new exertions of it, she was struck dumb by receiving a letter from her lover, announcing his departure from Dartmouth as a sailor, and bidding her farewell. Mary never got over the shock. She never complained, for she knew that she had brought her sorrow on herself; she never mentioned his name, nor did her parents speak of him; but they tried by fresh indulgence to win back her smiles, and lighten her heavy heart. But Mary no longer liked, or would accept indulgence. She was humbled; and she seemed to find comfort in being as unlike as possible to what she had formerly been. She became industrious, grave, and womanly. She took care of the little ones; she assisted her mother; and the only amusement she seemed to care for, was to set the children to play hide and seek at the castle. In vain did her parents sigh for the sound of her light laughter: she was gentle; but it was plain that she could no longer be gay.

One day a large party arrived to view the castle. The miller was gone to Totness, and his wife was busy; so Mary took the key, and acted as guide. She left the gate open, as she thought her father might return while she was in the ruin. He did return, and impatiently sought his wife; and with a countenance of astonishment asked who had arrived, and where Mary was. Being told that she was with a party of strangers at the castle, and that no remarkable visitor was among them, he related an extraordinary tale. He was descending the path just above the mill, when he heard a rustling among the leaves, and looking that way, he saw a man stealing along behind the trees, evidently wishing to avoid notice. The miller called; but no answer being returned, he jumped from his horse, and pursued the intruder, who once turned his head, and then fled faster than the miller could pursue. Yet the glimpse which he had obtained of the face, urged the good man to greater speed; for it seemed the face of Mary's lover. After a fruitless chase, the miller paused, and thought it best

to hasten home to ask his wife's advice. She felt certain of her husband's having mistaken the identity of the person; for George was not to return these many months; and as for his having a sailor's jacket on, so many sailors came up from Dartmouth, that that fact told nothing. However, the dear child must not be left to be alarmed by any trespasser, and her husband must make as much haste as he could up the hill. The miller was still breathless, but he delayed no longer than to agree with his wife that not a syllable should be said to Mary about the adventure. He kept a sharp look out, as he followed the winding path up the hill. Once he thought, but he could not be sure, that he saw a man standing in the shadow of the ruin; but when he reached the spot no one was there. Then he heard the tone of a gruff voice very near. The miller turned quickly round an angle of the building, and seized on a man who stood with his back to him. It proved to be a gentleman of the party, and the good man was obliged to apologise, again and again, in the best words he could find; and to make the most of his certainty of a trespasser being at hand. Luckily, his daughter was not present to witness so unusual an exertion of the good man's energies. When she came up with the rest of the party, she offered the keys to her father, saying her mother wanted her; but, to her surprise, the miller forbade her to leave him. The mysterious stranger appeared no more that day; and the only effect of the apparition was, to make Mary's parents determine never to lose sight of her, never to allow her to ascend the hill by herself, till they should hear some certain intelligence of George. It was no difficult task to keep Mary in sight, without her being aware that she was watched. For many days no strangers arrived, and Mary was fully occupied at home, and found in her pretty garden, all the relaxation she wanted. Then rainy weather came, and there was no temptation to go out.

The first fine day, after a week of rain, was market-day at Totness, and the miller's wife mounted her horse to go to the town. She had never believed that the apparition, which troubled her husband, was George himself. She was far from being convinced that he had seen any one; or, if he had, it was either some servant belonging to the strangers, or a sailor, who chose to see the ruin without seeing the gate keeper. Whoever it might be, the danger seemed over, as he had never returned. So the good dame did not trouble herself to tell her husband the hour of her departure; but, leaving Mary plenty of employment, she trotted off, unnoticed by the miller. Mary sat down to her work, but was soon interrupted by the children.

"Mary! you have not played with us ever since the day the last company came; do take us up to the castle."

"I am busy, my dears, but you can go by yourselves. Here, John, take the key, you can unlock the great door."

"But you can do your work this afternoon, when the sun is gone down; and we have not had such a fine day as this for a week."

"Very true," said Mary; "and I will go with you just for half-an-hour."

So she tied up her bonnet, and carried the youngest child up the steep hill, while the others ran on before. They children were full of play; they climbed the broken walls, and called to their sister to jump them down again. The laughed at their own little feats, and when they looked in Mary's face, she smiled kindly at them; but then she remembered the time when she was as merry as they, and she sighed. When she and the children were tired of climbing and

jumping, they sat down, and the little ones pulled off her bonnet and stuck it all round with wood anemones; and then she remembered who had done the same thing in the same place, a year before, and the tears came into her eyes. After a while, the children besought her to play at hide-and seek with them, and she did so. She hid herself with all proper caution, and burst from her hiding-place to catch her little playmates, whose shouts of glee echoed through the building.

"And now I must go," said she, at last; "I am sure I have been more than half-an-hour with you."

"O, don't go yet, Mary, cried little John, "I am to hide this time, and you must stay till I have my turn."

"Well, just one turn more, and then I must go."

So the children hid themselves; and Mary, having given notice to them to keep close, began her cautious search. She had by this time caught the spirit of the game, and was almost as intent upon it as her little brothers: she kept a watchful eye on all sides; she listened for every little noise; and trod as softly, as if there was any fear of a step so light as her's being heard. She fancied that the children had chosen to hide in a different part of the building from that where they had previously played, though equally near to the goal. That way she turned, and, presently, she saw, behind a corner, the flap of a coat. She gave notice, of having seen it, and ran to the goal, but no one followed. She called again, but no one came out: she thought she had been mistaken, and again began her search, amidst the most profound stillness. With stealthy pace she approached the corner, ready to spring away at the first alarm. No alarm was given, and the coat flap was no longer visible. She drew nearer and nearer, touched the wall, and, pushing back her bonnet, bent her head forward and forward, and at length fairly turned the corner. She caught some one, but it was not John or Charles: no, it was, as she thought, George himself. Mary screamed and sunk on the ground, and the vision was no more.

Time rolled on, and the cold hand of death was gradually stealing over Mary's frame, for the scene at the castle, and the deadly hand that then snote her cheek, had withered her like the autumn blast, when late on a tempestuous night, an unknown visitant knocked at the door. His message was brief—it was to bear the last sigh of George to his Mary, who had perished in a distant clime, at the moment of the vision! Mary gave one shriek, which was answered by the low murmurs of the wind through the castle, and her spirit fled forever!

A.P.C.

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