

## POETRY.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

Task'd the heavens—What foe to God hath done  
This unexampled deed?—The heavens exclaim,  
"Twas man; and we in horror snatch'd the sun  
From such a spectacle of sin and shame."  
Task'd the sea; the sea in fury boild,  
And answer'd with his voice of storms—"Twas  
man;  
My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,  
Discois'd the abyss, and from the centre ran  
I asked the earth;—the earth replied aghast,  
"Twas man;—and such strange pangs my bosom  
rent.

That still I groan and shudder at the past  
—To man, gay, smiling, though less man, I went,  
And ask'd him:—He turn'd a scornful eye,  
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no repl.

MONTGOMERY

## ISADORE D'EREILLO.

In the church yard of \* \* \* there is a  
grave covered with a plain slab of white mar-  
ble with no other inscription than "ISA-  
DORE D'EREILLO, aged nine-ecn."  
These few words speak histories to the heart;  
they tell of a beautiful flower withered, far  
from its accustomed soil, in the spring day  
of its blossom; they tell the fate of a young  
and unhappy stranger, dying in a foreign  
country, remote from every dearly associa-  
tion, her last moments unsanctified by affectionate  
solitude—no tender voice, whose lightest  
sound breathed happy memories, no eye of  
fondness on which the fainting mourner  
might look for sympathy—her very ashes  
separated from their native earth.

"Might I not fancy myself a hero of  
fiction?" said Colonel Fitzalan, bending  
gracefully as he caught the small snow hand  
which had just arranged his sling; "Fair lady,  
henceforth I vow myself your true and loyal  
knight, and thus pledge my heart's first  
homage!" pressing the yielding fingers  
gently to his lips. Alas, thought Isadore,  
while those eloquent interpreters of the feel-  
ings, a blush, sigh, and smile, mingled to-  
gether,—he loves not passionately as I love,  
or he could not trifle thus; a light compli-  
ment was never yet breathed by love. Isa-  
dore was at that age when the deeper ten-  
derness of woman first deepens the gaiety of  
childhood, like the richer tint that dyes the  
rose as it expands into summer loveliness.  
Adored by her father, for she had her mo-  
ther's voice and look, and came a sweet  
remembrance of his youth's sole warm  
dream of happiness, of that love whose joy  
departed ere it knew one cloud of care, or  
one sting of sorrow; a word of anger  
seemed to Don Fernando a sacrilege against  
the dead, and his own melancholy constancy  
gave a reality to the romantic imaginings of  
his child. She now loved Fitzalan with all  
the fervour of first excited attachment; she  
had known him under circumstances the  
most affecting, when the energies and softer  
feelings of a woman were alike called forth;  
when the proud and fearless soldier became  
dependent on her he had protected; laid on  
the bed of sickness; far from the affection-  
ate hands that would have smoothed, the  
tender eyes that would have wept o'er, his  
pillow. Isadore became his nurse, soothed  
with unremitting care the solitude and wea-  
riness of a sick-room; and when again able  
to bear the fresh air of heaven, her arm was  
the support of her too interesting patient.  
With Fitzalan the day of romance was  
over; a man above thirty cannot enter into  
the wild visions of an enthusiastic girl;  
blinded by the attachment which Isadore's  
every look betrayed, he trifled with her, re-  
gardless or thoughtless of the young and in-  
nocent heart that confided so fearlessly.  
Love has no power to look forward—the  
delicious consciousness to the present, a faint  
but delightful shadow of the past, form its  
eternity; the possibility of separation ne-  
ver entered the mind of his Spanish love,  
till, Fitzalan's instant return to England

became necessary. They parted with all  
those gentle vows which are such sweet an-  
chors for hope to rest on in absence—but  
alas such frail ones. For a time her English  
lover wrote very regularly. That philoso-  
pher knew the human heart who said, "I  
would separate from my mistress for the sake  
of writing to her." A word, a look may  
be forgotten; but a letter is a lasting memo-  
rial of affection. The correspondence soon  
slackened on his part. Isadore, tending the  
last moments of a beloved parent, had not  
one thought for self; but when that fa-  
ther's eyes were closed, and her tears had  
fallen on the grave of the companions of  
her infancy, the orphan looked round for  
comfort, for consolation, and felt, for the  
first time, her loneliness, and the sickness  
of hope deferred. Fear succeeded expecta-  
tion; fear, not for his fidelity, but his  
safety: was he again laid on a bed of sick-  
ness, and Isadore far away?—She dwelt  
on this idea, till it became a present reality;  
suspense was agony; at length she resolved  
on visiting England. She sailed, and, af-  
ter a quick voyage, reached the land;—  
a wanderer seeking for happiness, which,  
like the shadow thrown by the lily on the  
water, still eludes the grasp. It was  
not thus in the groves of Aragon she  
looked forward to the British shore; it  
was then the promised home of a beloved  
and happy bride. The day after her arrival  
in London, she drove to her agent's (for her  
father, during the troubles in Spain, had  
secured some property in the English funds),  
hoping from him to get some intelligence of  
the Colonel. Passing through a very  
crowded street, her coach becoming en-  
tangled in the press, occasioned a short stop-  
page. Gazing round in that mood, when  
anxious to escape the impressions within,  
the eye involuntarily seeks for others with-  
out, her attention became attracted to an e-  
legant equipage. Could she be mistaken?  
never in that form—it was surely Fitzalan!  
Well she remembered that graceful bend,  
that air of protection with which he support-  
ed his companion. The agitated Spaniard  
just caught a glimpse of her slight and deli-  
cate figure, of eyes blue as a spring sky,  
of a cheek of sunset: and, ere her surprise  
allowed the power of movement, the carriage  
was out of sight. Her entreaties to be al-  
lowed to alight, being only attributed to  
fear, were answered by assurances that she  
was safe. Gradually becoming more com-  
posed, she bade the coachman inquire who  
lived in the house opposite—it was the  
name she longed to hear—Colonel Fitzalan.  
She returned home, and with a tremulous  
hand traced a few lines, telling him how she  
had wept in silence, and entreating him to  
come and say she was still his own Isadore.  
The evening passed drearily away; every  
step made the colour flush her cheek; but  
he came not. Was he indispensably en-  
gaged? Had he not received her note?  
—any supposition but intentional delay.  
The next morning the same favoured anxie-  
ty oppressed her: at length she heard the  
door, and springing to the window caught  
sight of a military man—she heard his step  
on the stairs, a gentleman entered, but it  
was not Fitzalan; Too soon she learnt  
his mission; he whom she had loved,  
so trusted, had wedded another—the lady  
she saw the day before was his wife; and  
unwilling to meet her himself, he had charg-  
ed a friend to communicate the fatal intelli-  
gence. Edward B\*\*\* gazed with enthu-  
siastic admiration on the beautiful creature,  
whose pale lip, and scalding tears, which  
forced their way through the long dark eye-  
lashes, belied the firmness her woman's pride  
taught her to assume. Shame, deep shame,  
thought he, on the cold, the mercenary spi-  
rit which could thus turn the warm feelings  
of a fond and trusting girl into poisoned ar-

rows, could thus embitter the first sweet  
flow of affection. He took her hand in  
silence—he felt that consolation in a case of  
this kind was but mockery. They parted,  
one to despair over the expiring embers, the  
other to nurse the first sparkles of hope.  
The next morning scarcely aware what he  
was doing, or of the motive which actuated  
him (for who seeks to analyze love's earli-  
est sensations?) Edward sought the abode  
of the interesting stranger. He found  
with her Colonel Fitzalan's solicitor; that  
gentleman, suspicious of the warm feeling  
evinced by his friend for the fair Spaniard,  
had employed a professional man, for he  
was well aware that the letters he had writ-  
ten would give Isadore strong claims upon  
him. He arrived at the moment when she  
first comprehended that her lover's reason for  
withholding his letters restored originated in his  
fear of a legal use being made of them.  
Her dark eyes flashed fire, her cheek burnt  
with emotion, her heart-beat became audible,  
as she hastily caught the letters, and threw  
them into the flames. "You have perform-  
ed your mission," exclaimed she: "leave  
the room instantly." Her force was now  
exhausted, she sunk back on the sofa. The  
tender assidues of Edward at length re-  
stored her to some degree of composure.  
It was luxury to have her feelings entered  
into; to share sorrow is to soothe it. She  
told him of hopes blighted for ever, of  
wounded affection; of the heart sickness  
which had paled her lips, and worn to sha-  
dow her once symmetrical form. She had  
in her hand a few withered leaves. "It  
is," said she, "the image of my fate; this  
rose fell from my hair one evening; Fitz-  
alan placed it in his bosom; by moonlight  
I found it thrown aside, it was faded, but  
to me it was precious from even that mo-  
mentary caress; I have to this day cherish-  
ed it. Are not our destinies told by this  
flower? His was the bloom, the sweetness  
of love; my part was the dead and scent-  
less leaves." Edward now became her  
constant companion; she had found in him  
a kind and affectionate brother. At length  
he spoke of love. Isadore replied by  
throwing back her long dark hair with a  
hand whose dazzling whiteness was all that  
remained of its former beauty, and bade  
him look upon her pale and faded counte-  
nance, and there seek his answer. "Yes,  
I shall wed, but my bridal wreath will be  
cypress, my bed the grave, my spouse  
the hungry worm!" Edward gazed on  
her face, and read conviction: but still his  
heart clung to her with all the devotedness  
of love, which hopes even in despair, and  
amid the wreck of every promise of happi-  
ness, grasps at even the unstable wave. One  
evening she leaned by a window, gazing  
fixedly on the glowing sky of a summer  
sunset: the rich colour of her cheek, which  
reflected the carnation of the west, the in-  
tense light of her soft but radiant black  
eyes, excited almost hope; could the hand  
of death be on what was so beautiful? For  
the first time she asked for her lute; hither-  
to, she had shrunk from the sound of music;  
Fitzalan had loved it; to her it was the  
knell of departed love. She waked a few  
wild and melancholy notes. "These  
sounds," sighed she, "are to me fraught  
with tender recollections; it is the vesper  
hymn of my own country." She mingled  
her voice with the tones, so faint, so sad,  
but so sweet, it was like the song of a spirit  
as the concluding murmur died away. She  
sunk back exhausted; Edward for a while  
supported her head upon his shoulder;  
at length he parted the thick curls from off  
her face, and timidly pressed her lips;—  
he started from their chilling touch—it  
was his first, his last kiss—Isadore had ex-  
pired in his arms!

## BOW STREET.

## CHEAP DINING.

A PERSON of very respectable exterior  
was brought before the Magistrate, charged  
with assaulting the waiter, and destroying  
the property of an eating house proprietor  
in the neighbourhood of Covent garden.  
Eating houses, properly so called, are as  
well known to the initiated, vulgarly deno-  
minated "slap-bang shops;" and certainly  
the affair of the defendant, in the present  
case, was a genuine slap bang adventure.

The gentleman went into the house in  
question, and called for some roast beef,  
"under done, and not too fat." The  
waiter instantly brought him what they call  
"a plate" of roast beef—several good jolly  
flapping slices, swimming in twelve-water  
gravy, and duly displayed upon an ordina-  
ry-sized dinner plate. "What the devil  
do you bring me such an infernal quantity  
for?" asked the gentleman. "Do you  
think I'm a coal-porter, or a ploughman?  
Take it away you vagabond, and bring me  
a more christian-like quantity—about half  
as much." "Master doesn't make half  
plates, Sir," replied the waiter. "Then I  
shall have none!" rejoined the gentleman,  
and resuming his gloves, hat, and stick, he  
was about to make his exit in a rage;—but  
the waiter with plate of beef in hand, and  
napkin under arm, placed himself at the  
head of the stairs, seeking to cut off his re-  
treat with a "Please to pay me for the  
beef, Sir; it was cut by your orders, and  
you mustn't go till you've paid for it. It  
only comes to ninepence, Sir, wedgetables  
and all." "Stand out of my way, you  
scoundrel, or I'll knock you down!" said  
the gentleman. "I shan't, Sir; you only  
want to balk master, and bolt," replied the  
waiter. This was enough. In the next  
instant, a kick from the enraged gentleman  
sent the plate of beef spinning up to the  
ceiling; the waiter seized the gentleman  
by the collar, the gentleman grasped the  
waiter by the throat, and they struggled to-  
gether for a moment, and down stairs they  
trundled together, slap bang on to a table  
just covered with smoking hot dishes of  
roast and boiled: the table was upset with the  
concussion, and in the next moment, the  
half-strangled combatants lay sprawling upon  
the floor, in the midst of shoulders of mut-  
ton, pieces of beef, dabs of boiled cabbage,  
broken platters, capsized mustard pots, and  
many other odd things too tedious to mention.

The master-cook stood aghast at the hor-  
rible clatter occasioned this comical catastro-  
phe, and the ruin which accompanied it; but  
he was soon sufficiently recovered from his as-  
tonishment to gather the gentleman up again; and  
then having had him well wiped down, he gave  
him in charge to a constable. The constable car-  
ried him before the magistrate, as a matter of  
course, and the master-cook now sought com-  
pensation in damages for the injury done to his plates,  
dishes, and victuals, and the waiter sought a re-  
paration for the bodily injury he had sustained.

The magistrate directed the gentleman to find  
bail to answer the complaint of the waiter at the  
Sessions. But he refused to make any order with  
respect to the damages upon the eatables; inas-  
much as the waiter appeared to be as deeply im-  
plicated in that part of the business as the gen-  
tleman.

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