

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 faulting 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.

YORKSHIRE LEGEND.

Eight miles from the city of York, amidst picturesque 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 contemporary monastery of Monks at Acaster Malbis, and tradition relates, that a subterraneous passage afforded the inmates of these institutions access to each other. In the year 1281, the Lady Abbess of Nun Appleton called upon the Archbishop from Caywode, and the nuns of St. Mary's Abbey, 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 spirit appeared to them in their houses, glared then in the fields, or floated over their heads in passing the Wharfe; and if they attempted to fell a tree in the woods, a hideous form, in a Cistercian habit, presented itself, showing a wound in its breast; and the moving wind, raising its black veil, uncovered a ghastly countenance, and sunken eyes, raining incessant tears.

A tempest, with loud, dismal, and portentous howlings, shook the high craggy cliffs above Oley: fierce and more fierce it whirled along the river, and sent levelling 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 rooils. 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 beyond 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 crossed 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 Palmer, clad in grey weeds of penitence, strode within the threshold. The roaring thunder 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 chief knight of the Holy Rood; and the Paymos 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 ears: 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 the sinner taught is so fearful as the workings of Almighty wrath in our lower world. I have visited every shrine of penitence 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. Thomas's tomb my pilgrimaged ends. But for he wicked there can be no rest. The pelting hail-blast, the dark, red flashes of lightning, 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 dripping 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, haste 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 seven hallowed tapers, which burned in perpetual blaze before the altar, expired in blue hissing flashes—the full swelling choir sunk to awful silence—a gloomy light circled 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 that liveth and reigneth for ever. The cold dew of horror dropped from his cheeks; but in aspirations of prayer his courage returned, and in adjurations by the name of the Most High, he commanded the spectre to tell why she broke the peace of the faithful. Unearthly groans issued from her colourless lips; the dry bones of her was ed sarcasme rattled with a fearful agitation as 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 tapers; but sister Hylda and the Palmer vanished and were never seen more!

Unshipping a Dog's Rudder. A veteran tar, who had served under the late Lord Viscount 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-gardener, at his marine villa. Jack had not long been in possession of his new post, when he perceived every morning, on walking over the gardens, that several of the beds were pawed about, and the borders destroyed, indicating by their marks, the stealthy visits of some canine wanderer. Jack immediately communicated the news to his Lordship; who concurred with him in opinion 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 exploring with a deal of activity & keeness, the depth of a straggling fern. 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 prevented 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 seed him downe his bows into the strawberry 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 pugnandi." In the instance of Dr. Brecklesby, 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 ceremony 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. Extract 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, called a Sea Lion, in a sprat net. It had been in 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 fork, and battered him so much as to enable me to get him into the boat, where they kept him until he was dead. He measured 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 remarkably small, the nails in his fore paws even inches long and very strong, and on his hind paws are shaped like a goose foot. This animal is the wonder of fishermen, who come here in hundreds to see it, and some of them say it has been known in the bay these 40 years, tearing their nets constantly. I will try to preserve 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 suggested any thing to him while he was speaking public, without a moment's reflection, he most always involuntarily repeated the suggestion *literatim*. Sir Frederick was making a long speech in the Irish Parliament lauding the transcendent merits of Wexford Magistracy, on a motion for sending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. He was closing a most turgid oration by exclaiming "that the said Magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lieutenant's favour," John Egan, who sat rather mellow, and sitting behind him, softly whispered, "and be whipped a cart's tail!" "And be whipped a cart's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously amidst peals of uncontrollable laughter. Barrington's Sketches.

In the London Weekly review there is a most enterprising notice of the recently published History and Antiquities of London. In page 214-15 there is a definition of a sumptuous ornament, which has ushered in by an account of the life of a cook: "Richard Rose, cook to the Bishop of Rochester, according to his will, was boiled to death in Southwark 1531, for poisoning sixteen persons with porridge, which he had prepared for the destruction of his master, who fortunately escaped the intended mischief by the wretchedness, which prevented him eating it."

Fifth Generation.—Mrs. Funic, 94 years of age now living at Cape Island, Bermuda, can say, arise Daughter, and go to thy father, for thy Daughter's Daughter, has got a son.

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