

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

COMBAT WITH A LION.

From a Work called *Salathiel*, written by the Rev. G. Croly.

A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by soldiery. The lion roared, and ramped against the bars of its den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look round the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty-bearing raised an universal sound of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses! Constantius was before me! All my rancour vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed; the man whom I had honoured for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was at worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in torture, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and this misery wrought by me—I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue was cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone, pale, paralyzed—the beating of my pulses stopt—my eyes alone alive. The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, couched for an instant as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible, and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared on its hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together.—Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with gore and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way: he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage yelled, and spouting out blood, flew howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane and his conquerer was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. An universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding at every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrunk from the hazard. At length the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless on the ground. What happened for some moments after I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing. The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted; men burst out into indignant clamours at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the Emperor. But Nero gave no sign. I looked upon the woman's face. It was Salome! I sprang upon my feet; I called on her name; I implored her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her. She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and, calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her gaze upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it as her only answer. I again abjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed into her eye—her cheek burned. She waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow. "I am come to die!" she uttered, in a lofty tone. "This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet," and she kissed the ashy lips before her, "yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil that you abandoned our quiet home. Yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty only thought how he might preserve and protect you." Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. "But," said she, in a tone of wild power, "he was betrayed; and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people pour down just retribution upon the head that dared—" I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child.—Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped on the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered forward a few paces, and fell. The lion gave a roar, and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him. I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring—I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me—An exulting shout arose—I saw him reel as if struck: gore filled his jaws.—Another mighty blow was driven to his heart.—He sprang high in the air with a

howl.—He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations. With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not to resist the strength of the popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.

GEORGE E. BALDWIN

SURGEON AND DRUGGIST.

HAS received part of his Spring supply of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Sauces, Paints, Dye Stuffs, &c., and is in daily expectation of more to complete his assortment.

This establishment will be conducted on a similar plan to those of the Mother Country, and arrangements made so that Physicians prescriptions will be carefully attended to by night as well as during the day. Practice attended to as usual, and advice given to the poor gratis.

Shop, the late Mr. KENDALL'S. Fredericton, 27th May, 1828.

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.

Fredericton, April 22, 1828.

JEDEDIAH SLASON

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.

NOTICE.

THE Co. Partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, in Woodstock, under the firm of English and Perley, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons having any demands against the said firm will present their accounts for adjustment, and all those indebted to the firm will make immediate payment to either of the Subscribers, at Woodstock.

RICHARD ENGLISH. CHARLES PERLEY.

Fredericton, July 28, 1828.

FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE Lot of Land fronting on the River St. John, 40 rods in width, and extending back nearly one mile, situate in the Parish of Saint Mary's, a little below the Nashwalk, and immediately adjoining the upper line of the farm of Henry Smith, Esq. The Lot is too well known to require a more particular description: If the above should not be sold by private sale on or before the first day of September next, it will then be offered for sale by Public Auction.

W.M. TAYLOR, Auctioneer.

Terms of payment, half the purchase money to be paid on delivery of the Deed, the remainder by two equal instalments in one, and two years with interest.

Fredericton, July 14, 1828.

ALL Persons having demands against the Estate of the late Donald Munro, late of the Nashwalk, in the County of York, deceased, will render their accounts duly attested to within Three Months from this date; and all persons indebted to the Estate of the said late Donald Munro, will make payment to Duncan McGregor, Courier between Miramichi and Fredericton, the Subscriber's Attorney in the premises, who is duly authorized to settle and wind up the affairs of the said Estate.

DONALD M'KAY, Executor.

Newcastle, 31st July, 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.

CONDITIONS. The price of this Paper is Sixteen Shillings per annum (exclusive of Postage)—the whole to be paid in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding Twelve Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Sixpence the first, and One Shilling and Sixpence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash, and the insertions will be regulated according to the amount received.

AGENTS FOR THE GAZETTE.

St. John, H. N. H. LUGRIN, Esq.; St. Andrews, JAMES CAMPBELL, Esq.; Dorchester, E. B. CHANDLER, Esq.; Kent, JOHN W. WELDON, Esq.; Moncton, S. S. WILMOT, Esq.; Sheffield, JAMES TILLEY, Esq.; Gage-Town, T. R. WETMORE, Esq.; Woodstock and Northampton, THOMAS PHILLIPS, Esq.

terary Gazette.

ATE.

ENT.

ship

ceze was hush'd,

to flapping shroud,

e sky;

w his hand

ie deck,

de;

for the breeze,

As

And aye they long
To waft them on their
And aye they long'd for the
To bear them to their prey.

But the breeze was hush'd, and the b. till,
And the sea was without stir or motion.
And the sea-bird slept as she floated along
Above the glassy ocean.

Merrily, merrily bounded the bark,
As she swept o'er the swelling tide;
And the billows they roared, and the billows they foam—
As they lash'd o'er the vessel's side.

And the grim old helmsman grin'd with joy
As he look'd on well-fill'd sail;
And the grim old earl he laugh'd outright
At the startled sea-bird's wail.

The seamen they look'd o'er the good ship's bow,
And they look'd o'er the white sea foam;
And they shouted aloud at the sight a head—
It was not the sight of home.

For no hon' had they; these men of blood,
But they shout'd at sight of prey:
And they swore they would capture the ship a head
Ere she reach'd the sheltering bay.

The pirate ship swept o'er the bellowing wave,
And the wind whistled hoarse in her sail;
She track'd the bark as the dark slot-hound
Tracks blood upon the gale.

And aye, and aye, they nearer came
To their trembling, flying prey:
And they seized and boarded the peaceful bark
Ere she reach'd the sheltering bay.

A few struggles for life
Ere they sink 'neath the wave
To sleep—the long sleep—
In their deep briny grave.
It is done—it is past,
The wave has closed o'er them;
Never more shall they look
On the mother who bore them.
The fishes sport round them,
In their deep lonely dwelling;
Swift bounds the bark o'er them,
When the white foam is swelling.

Deep, deep drank the pirates as they bounded along,
And deeply and loudly they swore,
And each irksome thought for the deed they had done
Was drowned in the wassail roar.

They reck'd not of heaven, they reck'd not of hell,
Nor thought they of future or past;
They tost off the cup, and they laugh'd at the jest,
Though beneath the gale quiver'd the mast,
Whilst the moon was lost,
And the vessel was tost
Aloft by the bellowing blast.

Dreadfully, dreadfully laboured the ship
Against the o'erwhelming wave,
And her timbers groan'd as if in fear
Of their fearfully yawning grave.

And despair was in each pirate's brow,
Distraction was in his eye,
He looked to heaven, and he thought on hell,
As the vessel was toss'd on high.

A single instant she hung on the verge
Of the dreadfully driven up wave,
And the yell of despair rang above the blast,
As they plunged to their foaming grave.

One stroke on that rock
And she floats again never,
But sinks 'neath the wave,
For aye and for ever.