

Poetry.

THE WEAVER BOY.

"Oh stay, oh stay thou Lady gay!
And deign to lend an ear;
Fair Lady, seekest thou thy love?
Thy truest love is here."
"And how dost thou presume to love,"
(The Lady gay replied)
"A maid so much thy rank above,
Both rich and dignified?
Hence, simple boy! and learn to know
That ladies do not look so low."
"Oh stay, oh stay, thou Lady gay!"
With tears the youth did cry;
And the gentle maid once more hath stayed
Before the pleading boy:—
"My station thou art far above:
That truth too well I know,
Since thou hast bought with gold my love,
And yet contemn'st me so!"
"And how is that?" the maid did say;
"Speak, for I can no longer stay."
"Oh, Lady, as at work I sat,
Weaving that garment fine,
A rosy child, who lisp'd and smil'd,
Foretold it should be thine:
And with the fibres of my heart
He wrought that pattern dear,
And dyed it with my love-warm blood,
And wash'd it with my tear!"
With melting eye the maid did say,—
"I'll see thee on another day."

THE ZEPHYR.

Mid the bells of the lily, the buds of the rose,
Where the violet lurks, where the eglantine grows,
Where forest boughs wave, when the summer is nigh,
There, there is my home—for a Zephyr am I.

In the caves of the mountain, the birth-place of streams,
On the waves of the sea, in the sun's dying beams,
Mid the dews of the morn, when Aurora is nigh,
My dwelling is found—for a Zephyr am I.

Round the bright form of beauty I gently unfold
My wings, fringed with light, and bespangled with gold,
Kiss the cheek where young blushes for ever are nigh,
And live but for bliss—for a Zephyr am I.

Miscellaneous.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

From the Edinburgh Evening Post.

THERE lived in a country not a thousand miles from Edinburgh, a decent farmer, who by patient industry, and frugality, and without being avaricious, had made himself in easy circumstances. He enjoyed life without being profuse; for he tempered his enjoyments with moderation. At the age of sixty he still retained the bloom of health on his cheek. He lived till that age a bachelor; but his household affairs were regulated by a young woman, whose attentive zeal for her master's interest made it easy for him to enjoy his home without a wife. She was only in the character of his humble servant, but she was virtuous and prudent. Betty allotted the tasks to the servants of the house; performed the labour within doors during the harvest when all the others were engaged; she saw every thing kept in order, and regulated all with strict regard to economy and cleanliness. She had the singular good fortune to be at once beloved by her fellow servants, as well as respected and trusted by her master. Her master even consulted her in matters where he knew she could give advice, and found it often his interest to do so. But her modesty was such that she never tendered her advice gratuitously. Prudence regulated all her actions, and she kept the most respectful distance from her master. She paid all attention to his wants and wishes, nor could a wife or daughter be more attentive. When he happened to be from home, it was her province to wait upon him when he returned, provide his refreshment, and administer to all his wants. Then she told him the occurrences of the day, and the work done. It did not escape her master's observations, however, that, though she was anxious to relate the truth, she still strove to extenuate and hide the faults of those who had committed misdemeanors. Her whole conduct was such, that, for the period of fifteen years, the breath of slander dared not to hazard a whisper against her.

It happened, however, that a certain maiden lady in the neighborhood had cast an eye upon the farmer. She was the niece of a bachelor minister, and lived at the manse in character of a housekeeper. But with all opportunity to become a competitor with Betty, she could never gain her character. Those people who want personal attractions take strange means of paying court, and endeavour to open the way for themselves. What they cannot effect by treaty they endeavour to do by sapping. Scandal is their magazine, by which they attempt to clear their way from obstructions. This maiden lady made some sinister remarks, in such a way, and in such a place, as were sure to reach the farmer's ear. The farmer was nearly as much interested for the character of his servant as he was for his own, and so soon as he discovered the authoress, made her a suitable return. But he made ample amends to Betty for the injury she had suffered, and, at the same time, rewarded her for her services by taking her for his wife. By this event the lady, whose inten-

tions had been well understood, and thought of aggrandizing herself at the expense and ruin of poor Betty, found that she had contributed the very means to advance her to the realization of a fortune she never hoped for. May all intermeddlers of the same cast have the same punishment; they are pests to society.

Betty's success had created some speculation in the country. Though every one agreed that Betty deserved her fortune, it was often wondered how such a modest unassuming girl had softened the heart of the bachelor, who, it was thought, was rather flinty in regard to the fair sex. Betty had an acquaintance who was situated in nearly the same circumstances as herself, in being at the head of a bachelor farmer's house; but it would appear she had formed a design of conquering her master. If Betty used artifice, however, it was without design. But her neighbor could not, it would appear, believe that she had brought the matter to a bearing without some stratagem; and she wished Betty to tell her how she had gone about 'courting the old man.' There was, withal, so much native simplicity about Betty, and the manner of relating her own courtship and marriage, is so like herself, that it would lose its naivete unless it was told in her own homely Scotch way. Betty, into all had a lisp in her speech, that is, a defect in the speech by which the s is always pronounced as th, which added a still deeper shade of simplicity to her manner; but it would be trifling to suit the orthography to that common defect. The reader can easily suppose that he hears Betty lisping, while she is relating her story to her attentive friend:

"Weel Betty," says her acquaintance, "come gi'e me a sketch, an' tell me a' about it, for I may hae a chance mysel. We dinna ken what's afore us. We're no the waur o' hein' some body to tell us the road when we dinna ken a' the cruiks and thraws in't." "Deed," says Betty, "there was little about it ava. Our maister was away at the fair ae day selling the lambs, and it was gey late afore he cam' hame. Our maister seldom steys late, for he's a douce man as can be. Weel, ye see, he was mair hearty than I had seen him for a lang time, but I opine he had a good market for his lambs, and there's room for excuse whan ane drives a gude bargaen. Indeed, to tell even on truth he had rather better than a wee drap in his e'e. It was my usual to sit up till he cam' hame, when he was awa. When he cam' in and gaed up stairs, he fand his sipper redy for him. 'Betty,' says he, very saft-like—'Sir,' says I—'betty,' says he, 'what has been gaun on the day—a's right, I houp?'—'Ou ay, Sir,' says I. 'Verra weel, verra weel,' says he, in his ain canny way. He gae me a clap on the shoulder, and said he was a fortunat man to hae sic a careful person about the house. I never had heard him say sa muckle to my face afore, tho' he aften said mair ahint my back. I really thought he was fey. Our maister, when he had got his sipper finished, began to be verra joky ways, and said that I was baith a gude and a bonny lassie. I kent that folks arna' themselves when in drink, and they say rather mair than they wad do if they were sober. Sae I cam' doon into the kitchen. Na my maister never offert to kiss me, he was ower modest a man for that.

"Two or three days after that our maister cam' into the kitchen—'betty,' says he, 'Sir,' says I, 'betty,' says he, 'come up stairs, I want to speak t'ye,' says he. 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I. Sae I went up stairs after him, thinking a' the road that he was gaun to tell me something about the feeding o' the swine, or killing the keefer, or something like that. But when he told me to sit doon I saw there was something serious, for he never bad me sit doon afore but ance, and that was when he was gaun to Glasgow fair. 'betty,' says he, 'ye ha'e been lang a servant to me,' says he, 'and a gude and an honest servant.—Since ye're sae gude a servant, I aften think ye'll make a better wife. Ha'e ye ony objection to be a wife, betty?' says he. 'I dinna ken, Sir,' says I. 'A body canna just say hou they like a bargain till they see the article.' 'Weel, Betty,' says he, 'ye're verra right there again. I ha'e had ye for a servant these fifteen years, and I never knew that I could find fault wi' ye for onything. Ye're careful, honest and attentif, an'—' 'O, Sir,' says I, 'ye always paid me for't, and it was only my duty.' 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'betty, that's true, but then I mean to make amens t'ye for the evil speculation that Tibby Langtongue raised about you and me, and forby the world are taking the same liberty; sae, to stap a' their mouths you and I sall be married.' 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I, for what could I say.

"Our maister looks into the kitchen anither day, an' says, 'Betty,' says he, 'Sir,' says I, 'Betty,' says he, 'I am gaun to gi'e in our names to be cried at the Kirk this and next Sabbath.'—'Verra weel, Sir,' says I.
"About eight days after this, our maister says to me, 'betty,' says he, 'Sir,' says I, 'I think,' says he, 'we will ha'e the marriage put o'er next Friday, if ye na'e no objection.' 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I. 'And ye'll tak' the gray yad, and gang to the town on Monday, an' get your bits o' wedding braws. I ha'e spoken to Mr. Cheap, the draper, and ye can tak' aff ony thing ye want, an' please yourself, for I canna get awa' that day.' 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I.

"Sae I gaed awa to the town on Monday, an' bought some wee bits o' things, but I had plenty o' claes, and I cou'd na' think o' being 'stravagant. I took them to the mantymaker to get made, and they were sent hame on Thursday.

"On Thursday night our maister says to me, 'betty,' says he, 'Sir,' says I. 'To-morrow is our wedding-day,' says he, an' ye maun see that a' things are prepared for a dinner,' says he, 'for I expect some company, an' I wad like to see all things neat and tidy in your ain way,' says he. 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I.

"I had never taken a serious thought of the matter till now, and I began to consider that I must exert myself to please my maister and the company. Sae I got every thing a readiness, and got every thing clean; I couldna think ony thing was done right except my ain hand was in it.

"On Friday morning our maister says to me, 'betty,'

says he—'Sir says I—'go away and get yourself dressed,' says he, 'for the company will soon be here, and ye maun be decent. An' ye maun stay in the room up stairs,' says he, 'till ye're sent for, says he.—'Verra weel, Sir,' says I. 'But there was sic a great deal to do, and sae mony gran' dishes to prepare for the dinner to the company, that I could not get awa,' and the hail folk were come afore I got myself dressed.

"Our maister cam' doon stairs and told me to go up that instant and dress myself, for the minister was just comin' doon the loan. Sae I was obliged to leave every thing to the rest of the servants, an' gang up stairs, an' put on my claes.

"When I was wanted, Mr. Brown o' the Haaslybrae cam' and took me into the room among a' the gran' folk, and the minister. I was maist like to fent, for I never saw sae mony gran' folk thegither a' my born days afore, an' I didna ken whar to look. At last our maister took me by the han', an' I was greatly relieved. The minister said a great deal to us, but I canna mind it a', and then he said a prayer. After this, I thought I should ha'e been worried to death wi' folks kissing me,—mony a yin shook hands wi' me I had never seen afore and wished me much joy.

"After the ceremony was o'er, I slipped awa' doon into the kitchen again among the rest o' the servants to see if the dinner was a' right. But in a wee time our maister cam' into the kitchen, an' says, 'betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'betty,' says he, 'ye must consider that ye'er no longer my servant but my wife,' says he, 'and therefore ye must come up stairs and sit among the rest of the company,' says he. 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I. Sae what could I do but gang up stairs to the rest of the company, an' sit doon among them. I sat there in a corner as weel out o' sight as I could, for they were a' speaking to me or looking at me, and I didna ken how to behave among sic braw company, or how to answer them. I sat there till it was gey late, and our maister made me drink the company's healths, and they gae'd a' awa', and didna wait on the bedding, or ony thing like that, ye ken.

"When the company were a gaen awa' I went doon to the kitchen, and saw that every thing was right; and after I had put a candle into my maister's bed-room, I took anither and gaed awa' up to my ain wee room in the garret. Just when I was casting aff my shune, I hear our maister first gang into his ain room, and then come straight awa' up towards mine. I think I hear him yet, for it was sic an extraerd'ner thing, and every stamp o' his feel gaed thunt thunt to my very hert. He stood at the cheek o' the door, and said, very saftly, 'betty,' says he, '—'Sir?' says I—'but what brought ye here Sir?' says I—'Naething,' says he—'Verra weel, naething be it, then, Sir,' says I. 'But,' says he, 'remember that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he. 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I. 'I will remember that.' 'And ye must come doon stairs and sleep in my room,' says he. 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I, for what could I do? I had always obeyed my maister afore and it was nae time to disobey him now.

"Sae, Jean, that was a' that was about my courtship or marriage."

SCRIPTURAL USE OF THE WORD FORTY.—This numerical, which occurs so frequently, and in places where its introduction is manifestly at variance with passages that precede and follow it, is in the East constantly used as a general term, implying many, or an indefinite number, as we use the words score, or a dozen or two. A ruined palace at Persepolis is called Chalmir, or the forty pillars, though it has but nineteen standing, and when perfect, had two hundred and six. The Arabs also use one thousand and one in a similar manner. Thus Moses was in the mount forty days, means many days. The Israelites lived many, not forty years in the wilderness. This meaning explains many difficulties in Scripture history. Persians, Arabs, and Turks, still use the term forty in this sense.

"If Britannia rules the waves," said a qualmish writing master, going to Margate last week, in a storm, "I wish she'd rule 'em straighter."

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JOHN SIMPSON.

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