

## POETRY.

## THE WAKENING.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

"While day arises, that sweet hour of prime,"  
How many thousands are waking now!  
Some, to the songs from the forest bough,  
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,  
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid sea,  
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,  
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,  
That holds thro' the tumult her path of pride.

And some—oh! well may their hearts rejoice,  
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice;  
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,  
When from the board and the heath 'tis gone.

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,  
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,  
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,  
Which tells that a field must e'er night be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict cell,  
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,  
As it heavily calls them forth to die,  
When the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,  
And some to the sounds from the city borne;  
And some to the rolling torrent floods,  
Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,  
Each unto light hath a daily birth,  
Tho' fearful or joyous, tho' sad or sweet,  
Be the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But One must the sound be, and One the call,  
Which from the dust shall awake us all!  
One, tho' to sever'd and distant dooms—  
How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs!

## PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRIES.

## [Concluded.]

*Instinct of Animals.*—The *Ostrich* lays and hatches her eggs in the sands; her form being ill adapted to that process, she has a natural oven furnished by the sand, and the strong heat of the sun. The *Cuckoo* is known to build no nest for herself, but to lay in the nests of other birds; but late observations show that she does not lay indiscriminately in the nests of all birds; she only chooses the nests of those which have bills of the same kind with herself, and therefore feed on the same kind of food. The *Duck*, and other birds breeding in muddy places, have a peculiar formation of the bill; it is both made so as to act as a strainer, separating the finer from the grosser parts of the liquid, and it is more furnished with nerves near the point than the bills of birds which feed on substances exposed to the light; so that it serves better to grope in the dark stream for food, being more sensitive. The bill of the *Snipe* is covered with a curious network of nerves for the same purpose; but a bird, (the *Toucan* or *Eggsucker*), which chiefly feeds on the eggs found in birds' nests, and in countries where these are very deep and dark, has the most singular provision of this kind. Its bill is very broad and long; when examined it is completely covered with branches of nerves in all directions; so that, by groping in a deep and dark nest, it can feel its way as accurately as the finest and most delicate finger could.—Almost all kinds of birds build their nests of materials found where they inhabit, or use the nests of other birds; but the *Swallow of Java* lives in rocky caverns on the sea, where there are no materials at all for the purpose of building. It is therefore so formed as to secrete in its body a kind of slime with which it makes a nest, much prized as a delicate food in eastern countries.

*Plants*, in many remarkable instances, are provided for by equally wonderful and skilful contrivances. There is one, the *Muscipula*, *Fly trap* or *Fly-catcher*, which has small prickles on the inside of two leaves or half-leaves, joined by a hinge; a juice or syrup is provided on their inner surface; and acts as a bait to allure flies. There are several small spines or prickles standing upright in this syrup and upon the only part of each leaf that is sensitive to the touch. When the fly therefore settles upon this part its touching as it were the spring of the trap occasions the leaves to shut and kill and squeeze the insect; so that its juices and the air arising from their rotting serve as food to the plant.

In the West Indies, and other hot countries, where rain does not fall for a length of time, a kind of plant called the *Wild-pine* grows upon the branches of the trees, and also on the trunk. It has hollow bag-like leaves so formed as to make little reservoirs, the rain falling into them through channels which close at the top when full to prevent it from evaporating. The seed of this useful plant has small floating threads, by which when carried through the air, it catches any tree in the way, and falls on it and grows. Wherever it takes root, though on the under side of a bough, it grows straight upwards, otherwise the leaves would not hold water. It holds in one leaf from a pint to a quart, and although it must be of great use to the trees if grows on, to birds and other animals, it is even used by some of the latter.

ed the *Water* with, in Jamaica, has similar uses; it is like a vine in size and shape, but growing in very parched districts, is yet so full of clear sap or water, that on cutting a piece two or three yards long, and merely holding it to the mouth, a plentiful draught is obtained. In the East there is a plant, some what of the same kind, called the *Bejuco*, which grows near other trees and twines round them, with its end hanging downwards, but so full of juice, that on cutting it, a plentiful stream of water spouts from it; and this, not only by its touching the tree so closely must refresh it, but is a supply to animals and the weary herdman on the mountains.

*REINDEER MILKING.*—View from a *Laplander's Tent*. Evening.—It is a new and pleasing sight to see the evening herd assembled round the *Gamme*, to be milked. On all the hills around every thing is full of life and motion. The busy dogs are barking every where, and bringing the mass nearer and nearer, and the reindeer bound, and run, stand still, and bound again in an indescribable variety of movements. When the feeding animal, frightened by the dogs, raises his head, and displays aloft, his large and proud antlers, what a beautiful and majestic sight! And when he courses over the ground, how fleet and light are his speed and carriage. We never hear the foot on the earth, and nothing but the incessant crackling of his knee joints is heard, as if produced by a repetition of electric sparks; a singular noise, and from the number of reindeer, by whom it is at once produced, it is heard at great distance. When all the herd, consisting of three or four hundred at least, reach the *Gamme*, they stand still, or repose themselves, or frisk about in confidence, play with their antlers against each other, or in groups surround a patch of moss browsing. When the maidens run about with their milk vessels from deer to deer, the brother or servant throws a bark halter around the antlers of the animal, which they (the maidens) point out to him and draws it towards them. The animal generally struggles, and is unwilling to follow the halter, and the maiden laughs, and enjoys the labor it occasions, and sometimes wantonly allows it to get loose, that it may again be caught for her, while the father or mother are heard scolding them for their frolicsome behaviour, which has often the effect of scaring the whole flock. Who, viewing this scene, would not think on *Laban*, on *Leah*, *Rachel* and *Jacob*.

## BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES.

We cannot help extracting an account of an election duel, in the *Queen's County*, between a secondary sort of *Squire*, named *Frank Skelton*, and an *Exciseman* of *Maryborough*:—

Frank was prevailed on much against his grain, to challenge the exciseman for running the butt end of a horse- whip down his throat the night before, whilst he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open. The exciseman insisted that sitting at a dinner-table was a personal offence to every gentleman in company, and would therefore make no apology.

Frank, though he had been nearly choked, was very reluctant to fight; he said "he was sure to die if he did, as the Exciseman could snuff a candle with his pistol ball; he himself was as big as a hundred dozen of candles, what chance could he have?" We told him jocosely to give the exciseman no time to aim at him, by which means, he might perhaps hit his adversary first, and thus survive the contest. He seemed somewhat encouraged and consoled by the hint, and most strictly did he adhere to it.

Hundreds of the towns-people went to see the fight on the green of *Maryborough*. The ground was regularly measured; and the friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton having taken his ground, and at the same time two heavy drams from a bottle his foster-brother had brought, appeared quite stout till he saw the balls entering the mouths of the exciseman's pistols, which shone as bright as silver, and were nearly as long as fuzils. This vision made a palpable alteration in Skelton's sentiments; he changed colours, and looked about him as if wanted some assistance.—However, their seconds, who were of the same rank and description, handed to each party his case of pistols, and half-bellowed to them—blaze away, boys!

Skelton now recollected his instructions, & lost no time: he cocked both his pistols at once; and as the exciseman was deliberately and most scientifically coming to his "dead level," as he called it, Skelton let fly.

"Halloa!" said the exciseman, dropping his level, "I am battered by *Jesus*!"

"The devil's cure to you!" said Skelton, instantly firing his second pistol.

One of the exciseman's legs then gave way, and down he came on his knee, exclaiming, "Holloa! holloa! you blood thirsty villain! do you want to take my life?"

"Why to be sure I do!" said Skelton. "Ha! ha! have I stiffened you my lad?" Wisely judging, however, that if he staid till the exciseman recovered his legs, he might have a couple of shots to stand, he wheeled about, took to his heels, and got away as fast as possible. The crowd shouted; but Skelton, like a bear when started, ran the faster for the shouting.

Jemmy Muffin, his own second, followed, overtook, and fired at Skelton, but he was so fast that he escaped him.

a disgraceful rascal, asked, "why he ran away from the excisemen?"

"Ough, thunder!" said Skelton, with his chasteest brogue, "how many holes did the villain want to have drilled into his carcase? Would you have me stop to make a riddle of him, Jemmy?"

The second insisted that Skelton should return to the field, to be shot at. He resisted, affirming that he had done all that honour required. The second called him "a coward."

"By my sowl," returned he, "my dear Jemmy Muffin, may be so! you may call me a coward, if you please; but I did it all for the best."

"The best! you blackguard?"

"Yes," said Frank: "sure it's better to be a coward than a corpse; and I must have been either one or 't'other of them."

However, he was dragged up to the ground by his second, after agreeing to fight again, if he had another pistol given him. But, luckily for Frank, the last bullet had stuck so fast between the bones of the exciseman's leg that he could not stand. The friends of the latter, then proposed to strap him to a tree, that he might be able to shoot Skelton; but this being positively objected to by Frank, the exciseman was carried home; his first wound was on the side of his thigh, and the second in his right leg; but neither proved at all dangerous.

*The late Mr. Canning.*—The following is an extract from a sermon on Mr. Canning not yet printed:—

What a singular instance has lately occurred of the vanity of all human grandeur and ambition, in the sudden death of our late Prime Minister, Mr. Canning, a man whose lofty genius, vivid wit, graceful utterance, and classic eloquence, held senates (bound as by a spell) in one common admiration, and constrained even his adversaries to pay the tribute due to his unrivalled excellence; a man whose liberal policy and expanded mind, called forth a general exultation of feeling from surrounding nations; a man whose gigantic and towering intellect made despots tremble on their thrones, and fear the vessel which had such a pilot. Yet this colossus of the nineteenth century is gone! this glory of our country is no more! this brightest star of the Western hemisphere has set for ever! No sooner had he attained the summit of his wishes, and the height of his ambition, than he was cut off out of the land of the living, his soul was required of him by a gracious God; his body was returned to the dust from whence it came, and his spirit to God who gave it. This distinguished character was accompanied to the tomb not with the insignia of power, the paraphernalia of greatness, and the glare of heraldic pomp, but by a British public, who with grateful sympathy, dropped a generous tear upon his failings, which for ever blotted them from the tablet of their recollection.

*The wandering Jew.*—This man's original name was *Calaphilus*, *Pontius Pilate's* Porter. When they were dragging *Jesus* out of the door of the *Judgment Hall*, he struck him on the back, saying, "Go faster, *Jesus*! Go faster, why dost thou linger?" Upon which *Jesus* looked on him with a frown, and said, "I am indeed going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after he was converted, and took the name of *Joseph*. He lives for ever; but at the end of every hundred years falls into a fit or trance upon which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when our Saviour suffered, being about 30 years of age. He always preserves the utmost gravity of deportment. He was never seen to smile. He perfectly remembers the death and resurrection of *Christ*.—See *Caimel's History of the Bible*.

## THE SERJEANT'S WIFE.

The Drama of this name, though taken from one of the *O'Hara Tales*, is founded, as well as the tale itself, on an occurrence which took place in 1813, in Ireland, and which is thus described in the confession of the assassins:—

The discovery of this murder, as decreed by the Admiralty, was made by *Magister*

*Armstrong*, the wife of *Sergeant Armstrong*, of the 27th Regiment of Foot, on the recruiting service in *Athlone*. She was going to her husband, when she was overtaken by this dealing man. He asked her how far she was going—she answered, to *Athlone*, to her husband, and said as it was getting late, and being scarce of money, she would make good her way that night. He then replied, "my poor woman let not that hurry you, I am going to *Athlone* myself, and there is a lodging at the next cross at which I mean to stop, be advised, and go no farther to-night, and I will pay your expenses." When they came to the house, he asked for a bed for himself and another for the woman, and called for supper; when that was over, he paid the bill, and taking out his pocket-book, he counted £150, which he gave in charge to *George Smith*, and retired to bed; the woman (likewise went to her's, the family sat up till twelve; after which when the man was fast asleep and all was silent, we (the three Smiths) went into the room where the man lay; we dragged him out of bed, and cut his throat from ear to ear; we saved his blood in a pewter dish, and put the body into a flaxseed barrel among feathers, in which we covered it up. Take care and do the same with the woman said our mother.—We accordingly went to her bed-side, and saw her hands extended out of the bed; we held a candle to her eyes but she did not stir during the whole time, as God was on her side; for had we supposed that she had seen the murder committed by us she would have shared the same fate with the deceased man. Next morning when she arose, she asked was the man up? We made answer, that he was gone two hours before, left sixpence for her, and took her bundle with him. "No matter," said she, "for I will see him in *Athlone*." When she went away, I (*George Smith*) dressed myself in my sister's clothes, and having crossed the fields, met her. I asked her how far she was going? She said to *Athlone*: I then asked her where she lodged? She told me at one Smith's, a very decent house where she met very good entertainment. "That house bears a very bad name," said I. "I have not that to say of them," said she, "for they gave me good usage." It was not long until we saw a sergeant and two recruits coming up the road: upon which she cried out, "Here is my husband coming to meet me; he knew I was coming to him." I immediately turned off the road, and made back to the house. When she met her husband she fainted, and on recovering she told him of the murder, and how she escaped with her life. The husband went immediately and got guards, and had us taken prisoners; the house was searched, and the mangled body found in the barrel. The three monsters were, it is mentioned, ordered for execution from the dock.—*Mirror*.

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