

Poetry.

BALLAD.

FROM THE SPANISH—UPWARDS OF TWO CENTURIES OLD.

Blow light, thou balmy air,
My lady's couch above,
Blow lightly there, ye winds, and spare
The slumbers of my love.
Let no rude blast be found
To mar her gentle sleep;
But all around, a dreamy sound,
And drowsy murmur creep.

O fly! thou balmy air,
And by her couch remain;
Go blend thee with her breath, and bear
Its balm to me again;
But lightly go, and gently blow—
Blow softly as my strain.

Blow gently—do not break
The stillness of her sleep:
I would not make my love awake,
Nor raise those lids to weep.
Ye winds, that borne in happier hour,
May wanton as ye will,
If round the bower, ye have the power
To creep and murmur still—
O lightly go, and gently blow,
And let her slumber still.

The following stanzas were written on a blank leaf of the Bible, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, the fair author of a pretty volume of Poems:

Has grief's rude hand thy bosom torn,
And dost thou weep some fatal truth?
Art thou untimely left to mourn,
The blighted visions of thy youth?
The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Flows it for friendship ill repaid;
Or does thy heart in secret sigh,
O'er hope deceived—or love betray'd?

Then, pilgrim! turn this soothing page,
Here find a solace for thy care;
That can life's darkest ills assuage,
And calm the tortures of despair!
And learn with gratitude to know,
This sacred book to man was giv'n,
To light his erring steps below;
But 'twill be realized in Heav'n!

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

A SCOTTISH SONG.—BY MR. PRINGLE.

The summer evening's caller breeze,
Refreshing nature's face around,
Made music 'mong the waving trees,
The burnie wimpled to the sound;

When on a green and bonny knoe,
Wi' modest gowans sweetly sprent,
Wi' tearfu' ee' and pallid brow,
Poor Jeanie rais'd her wild lament:

"Oh weary on the ruthless wight
That crush'd my fondest hopes and me;
O weary on the stormy night
That bore my laddie o'er the sea.

"Sigh on, thou breeze—ye birdies sing,
For me, your sweetest notes are vain;
O nought on earth can pleasure bring,
For he will ne'er come back again!

"Nae mair, nae mair at early morn
I'll meet him on yon sunny brae,
And dewy evening will return
Without a charm—he's far away!

The sad saut tear, I aye maun weep,—
My throbbing heart will soon be still—
And mine shall be the lang lang sleep
'Neath the green sward by yonder hill!

"Wha' murmurs at the Power aboon,
Why is the sob of sorrow rais'd?
O gin ye say God's will be done,
Ye soon shall sing his name be prais'd!"

In glad amaze, now Jeanie rose,
And joy beam'd in her bonny face,
As reddening like the summer rose,
She sank into her lad's embrace!

Miscellaneous.

THE CONVICTS WHO ARE CONDEMNED TO DIE.

Hunton bore the intelligence "that he was certainly to die" with apparent fortitude. He was lying on his pallet when the Ordinary entered his cell at a little after eleven on Monday night. Upon hearing the cell door open at so extraordinary an hour, he turned round slowly, and said, "Well, I suppose I know the news thou bringest." "Yes,"

replied the Ordinary, "Mr. Hunton, you are, I hope, prepared for that which you have expected—you are to be executed." Hunton said, "Indeed, I have been expecting that intelligence; it is no surprise, and yet my case has many palliatives which should operate with grace at the seat of mercy. Pray tell me who are doomed to die with me?" The Ordinary mentioned the other names enumerated in the Report, and Hunton observed that he should submit with calmness to his fate. "But," said he, "wilt thou do me the great favour, friend Cotton, to permit my wife to come and stay with me alone before the time arriveth for the change?" The Ordinary replied, that he had not the power to grant any favour, but the request should be communicated to the proper authority, and no doubt every indulgence of a reasonable kind would be granted. During this conversation, Hunton seemed to be perfectly resigned to his fate. It is singular that he never asked on what day he was to be executed. After the Ordinary assured him that he should be treated with kindness, he turned about, and said "Good night friend," and appeared to resign himself to sleep. In the morning he rose, evidently in a state of the most wretched dejection. His eyes were filled with tears, and he deplored the inhumanity of the laws, by which a man who had committed an act not deserving the name of fraud, was to suffer death. The spirits by which he was supported ever since his committal to Newgate altogether abandoned him. He wrung his hands in agony, and complained of the bitter aggravation of delay. When he first entered Newgate, he said, "I wish, after this day, to have communication with nobody. Let me take leave of my wife and family and friends. I have already suffered an execution. My heart has undergone that horrible penalty." A few days ago a person called upon him to request that he would explain some document relating to certain bills not yet due. In one instant he gave the required explanation, fully to the satisfaction of the person interested; and was asked by the same individual, what opinion he entertained of his own case. "Why," said he, "my case resembles the condition of this paper (holding the letter upon his finger,) a breeze of wind will turn it either way. Caprice may save or destroy me; but I rather think I shall live longer." He was yesterday visited by his wife, and several of the Society of Friends, and he told them he knew that to hope would be to court deception. He was, during the whole day, the most painful object to those who went to console him. He groaned as if his heart was bursting within him, and seemed to consider this life all that a human being could wish for. The intelligence that he must die seemed to add fresh vigour to the exertions of his friends. They were yesterday preparing fresh applications to his Majesty, and they still hope that the almost universal feeling of the public will find a corresponding sympathy in the Royal breast.

When the intelligence was conveyed to Abbott, who stabbed his wife in the throat, that he was among those who were ordered for execution, he seemed surprised, and was rather agitated. "I regret to inform you," said the Ordinary, "that you must lose no time in preparing yourself for death." "Indeed," replied Abbott, "I am surprised at that; but God's will be done. Oh! I had dreadful provocation." Since the conviction of this miserable man, circumstances have come to light which render the convict an object of the deepest commiseration. Affidavits have been made, to the effect that he was one of the mildest and most benevolent men, and that the provocation (that of jealousy) he received was greater than could be endured by any man of ordinary sensibility; that on the day preceding the night on which he inflicted the wound, his wife accused him of being attacked by another fit of jealousy, to which, in the first instance, she had provoked him. It is said that the Sheriff's have considered it most particularly incumbent upon them to use every exertion to save the life of this poor man. His wife has never appeared at Newgate, nor has she ever made any enquiry after his health or condition. He complains frequently of a violent pain in his head, from which he says he is in such a state of distraction as sometimes to be induced to wish for death as a relief to his sufferings. Those who are in the habit of conversing with him say, significantly pointing to the head, that he is "touched," and it is evident to all that he is an enthusiast. Although he observed no similarity between his case and that of Higgins who was executed on Monday, the fate of that person threw him into despair, but still he thought that his life would not be the forfeit for his violence.

John James, upon being told that he was ordered for execution, started out of bed, and paced up and down the cell in great perturbation. It was with difficulty he was prevailed on to lie down, and he was frightfully dejected during the whole day.

A turnkey remains with each of the unfortunate convicts who are doomed, both day and night. Hunton is particularly watched. There is every reason to suppose, that if he had the opportunity, he would put a period to his life. It is said, that while at the Giltspur-street Compter, he was making preparations for strangling himself with his garters. He seemed to be aware that he was suspected, at Newgate of an intention to commit suicide; for he most resolutely denied that he had, at that time, any thought of the kind, without having been questioned at all upon the subject. He has occupied himself, during a great part of the time of his imprisonment, in rendering services to the poor ignorant wretches by whom he is surrounded.—*Morning Chronicle*, December 3.

THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.

The late captain's old domestic, on whose face was painted the sincerity of sorrow, beckoned me into the back parlour, and having once or twice, with a stroke of his hand, driven away the tears that fell upon his furrowed cheek—"I thought, sir," said he "when I saw the lid of the coffin screwed down upon my good master, that I had lived too long. When I heard the hammer knock upon the last nail

my heart so sunk at every stroke, it made a coward of me, and I should have been glad to have skulked to the quiet garrison of death! But, then, when I thought of my poor mistress, and remembered how my poor master loved her, I scorned to be so cowardly as to desert my post, when by fighting with life a little longer, I might save her from being starved by want. I know all I can do is but a trifle—a nothing, as a body may say, to folks that are any ways above the world; but it may be of use to her for all that: and so, as I hear you are going to look into my master's papers, and to see what can be made out for my poor mistress, I thought best to tell you, to take my pension into the account."

"Your pension! Quinten: and what do you reserve for yourself?"

"Nothing, but what I can earn by my own labour. Thank God, I am not past working: you see how well I have dressed the captain's garden."

"Well, but honest Quinten, you do not consider that you are in the decline of life, and cannot long be able to do as you have done."

"I know it, sir; I am growing old apace; but Sam Webb, the old gardener, at Binfield, is ten years older than I am, and he still keeps his place; and so, d'ye see, I am determined not to touch a farthing of this here Chelsea pension, while I am able to lift a spade. Did I not get it by the good word of my master, who, then, has so good a right to it as his widow? Here are twelve guineas besides, which I humbly beg you will fall on some means to make her accept; for I know she would not touch it if she thought it came from me: so, pray, do not let her know who sent it, for folks in affliction ought to be tenderly dealt with so as not to hurt their pride—feelings, I believe, my young mistress would have called it, but I am not learned enough to know the difference."

"Honest worthy Quinten!" cried I, grasping his hand, "thou hast a heart that doth honour to thy species, and principles that are more estimable than all the learning in the world: at a period when neither talents nor learning shall avail, thy gratitude and thy virtue shall exalt thee to glory."

Varieties.

GLOW-WORM.

The glow-worm, or *cinclæla* of Linnaeus, is the wingless female of a beetle insect. The male is of a dusky hue, without much beauty or peculiarity of markings. The female is more like the larva or grub of a beetle, than a perfect full grown insect. The light, which is of a beautiful sulphur colour, proceeds from the three last rings of the body. It is phosphorescent, and is so strong that it will show itself through several folds of paper in which it may be wrapped. From the circumstance of the male being a winged animal, and the female not, it was necessary that some contrivance should be had recourse to for directing the amble to his sedentary mate. What more beautiful, and at the same time sufficient guide could possibly be contrived, than this self-lighted hymenial torch?

A curious fact in Natural History.—A few days ago four ravens were seen alighting on a dung hill in the vicinity of the General Hospital near this city. A person working at the frame of a building, remarked that there was a stir in the party, and soon saw that three of the ravens had attacked the fourth, and in a minute they tore it to atoms and were eating it. The person went up and took the carcass. The want of food, which the severity of the weather and depth of snow had caused, is supposed to be the reason of the ravens thus destroying each other.—*Quebec Gazette*.

The late cold weather and probably the great depth of snow which has fallen in distant parts of the country to the north of this city, have brought us some unusual visitors. Along the foot of the hills, and particularly at Valcartier, a number of that beautiful bird, the American ptarmigan or *perdrix blanche*, have been killed. The Indians say they saw *white bear*, and the rein-deer or *caribou* have been seen in a herd of ten to twenty.—*Id.*

Suicide.—On Friday last, a man named Taylor, a collier, walked into the canal at Walk Mill, near Ashton, and drowned himself. The body was found soon afterwards, and is said to have been warm when taken out; but instead of sending for a Surgeon, the person who found the body merely sent for the constable.—*London Paper*.

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. Sloat's Store, where Blanks, 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.; Monckton, S. S. WILMOT, Esq.; Sheffield, JAMES TILLEY, Esq.; Gage-Town, T. R. WESTMORE, Esq.; Woodstock and Northampton THOMAS PHILLIPS Esq. Miramichi, EDWARD BAKER.