

## Poetry.

## WHO LOVES ME BEST?

[FROM "REPENTANCE," BY MISS BROWN.]

Who loves me best?—my mother, sweet,  
Whose every look with love is replete;  
Who held me, an infant, on her knee,  
Who hath ever watched me tenderly;  
And yet I have heard my mother say,  
That she some time must pass away:  
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill?  
Some one must love me better still.

Who loves me best?—my father dear,  
Who loveth to have me always near;  
He whom I fly each eve to meet,  
When past away is the noontide heat;  
Who from the bank where the sunbeam lies  
Brings me the wild-wood straw-berries.  
Oh! he is dear as my mother to me,  
But he will perish even as she.

Who loves me best?—the gentle dove,  
That I have tamed with my childish love,  
That every one save myself doth fear,  
Whose soft coo soundeth when I come near;  
Yet perhaps it but loves me because I bring  
To its cage the drops from the clearest spring,  
And hang green branches around the door:  
Something, surely, must love me more!

Who loves me best?—my sister fair,  
With her laughing eyes and clustering hair;  
Who flowers around my head doth twine,  
Who presseth her rosy lips to mine,  
Who singeth me songs in her artless glee,  
Can any love me better than she?  
Yet when asked, that sister confesseth  
Of all she did not love me the best!

Who loves me best?—my brother young,  
With his healthy cheek and his lisping tongue;  
Who delighteth to lead me in merry play  
Far down the green wood's bushy way;  
Who showeth me where the hazel nuts grow,  
And where the fairest field flowers blow;  
Yet perhaps he loves me no more than the rest,  
How shall I find who loves me the best?

My mother loves me,—but she may die;  
My white dove loves me,—but that may fly;  
My father loves me,—he may be changed;  
I have heard of brothers and sisters estranged;  
If they should forsake me what should I do?  
Where should I bear my sad heart to?  
Some one surely would be my stay—  
Some one must love me better than they.

Yes, fair child! there is One above,  
Who loves thee with an unchangeable love;  
He who formed those frail dear things,  
To which thy young heart fondly clings,  
Even though all should forsake thee, still  
He would protect thee through every ill,  
Oh, is not such love worth all the rest?  
Child! it is God who loves thee best!

## Miscellaneous.

## SCOTTISH NATIONAL FEELINGS.

While the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar  
But bind them to their native rocks the more.

Goldsmith.

The beautiful and pathetic song of *Lochaber*, is known to, and admired by, all who have an ear for music or a soul for poetry; but heard by a Highlander in a distant land, and amid other scenes, the effect is similar to that produced on the Swiss by their national air, the *Ranz des Vaches*—it inspires a sad and earnest longing to return to the place, of their nativity, the early haunts of their youth. The following anecdote was related to me by the medical gentleman who witnessed the effect: and at the same time that it tends to corroborate my assertion, it also proves how powerful is the sympathy existing between this our "element of clay" and its celestial inmate, the soul.

It was the fate of Dr. C. to accompany a Highland regiment across the Atlantic, to "a far distant shore." The station where the troops were encamped was very healthy, the climate particularly good; judge, then, of the surprise of this good doctor to find his soldiers falling sick daily, and his hospital filled with invalids,—whilst, as he could not discover the disease, he could apply no remedy.

One evening the moon shone so unusually bright, the scene from his window was so lovely, as the beams played upon the rippling water, or gave light and shadow to the magnificent forest-trees near his abode—that he was tempted to take a solitary ramble.

Musing on days long past,  
And pleasures gone for ever by,  
The sound from the bagpipe struck upon his ear, and attracted him towards the barracks, where the piper was playing, in the most touching manner.

"Lochaber no more!  
May be, to return to Lochaber no more!"  
Dr. C. approached the large room unobserved, and, looking round all his men assembled, and all in deep emotion—some recumbent on the floor, some reclined against the wall, many in tears, and one, burying his face in his hands, sobbed

aloud: My friend retired to his quarters: on the following morning he sent for the piper, and bribing him to secrecy, commanded him in future to play nothing but lively airs, reels, strathspeys, and marches; but never, on pain of his displeasure, to breathe Lochaber again. The piper obeyed: the effect was magical—the invalids revived, and in a very short time not one remained in hospital.  
This anecdote which I know to be true, inspired me with a most ardent desire to see Lochaber—scenes must be beautiful which produce such a powerful effect upon the mind. Last summer, passing through the magnificent scenery of the northern lakes of Scotland, I came upon Lochaber: Ben Nevis reared his crowned head—at his base stood a cluster of miserable hovels, in a swamp where every breeze that passes by whispers "Agnie"—each hut is formed of wood and turf gathered from the morasses beneath their feet—a hole in the roof forms the chimney—a hole in the side is the window, and in some of the huts window and door in one—not a tree to be seen—yet dear as life to the Highlander is the memory of Lochaber.

## MR. THOM, THE NEW SCULPTOR.

(From the London Courier, April 21, 1829.)

## TAM O'SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY.

Our Scotch friends, resident in the metropolis, and the admirers of the Northern Shakespeare, Robert Burns, will thank us for announcing the safe arrival of the above important personages in London. We had the pleasure, in common with many other distinguished individuals, of paying them a special visit by invitation yesterday; and we recommend all who have a desire to look upon the actual incorporation of the Poet's imaginings in the creation of these celebrated boon companions, to lose no time in paying their respects to them. Such of our readers as may not have heard of these remarkable characters, will require to be told that they are two pieces of Sculpture from the untutored chisel of a rude mason, a townsman of Burns, who, guided solely by the inborn light of genius, and his enthusiastic admiration of the Poet, has produced specimens from which the first masters of the Art may take a lesson. It is seldom that the honours of Sculpture are given to any order of beings below the rank of deities, kings, heroes, and warriors; but those who go to see honest Tam and his companion must shake off all recollection of the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de Medicis, and the Three Graces, and anticipate simply what the poet has delighted to paint, two ranting chieftains celebrating the orgies of "John Barleycorn," whose cheery features he certainly never imagined could be moulded to the same mockery of reality in the stubborn produce of the quarry as in his own plastic verse. Such, however, is the case—the sculptor, it will be found, is worthy of his unrivalled author. The figures are cut out of dusky Ayrshire stone, which is so far suitable to the subject, that it gives a natural appearance to the habiliments, which no art probably could have imparted to Parian marble. Tam O'Shanter is seated at his ease in a spacious arm chair with a cherished jug of "tippenny" in his hand, his legs eased in a huge pair of Shetland ribbed hose, and armed with spurs at the heel, stretched out at length; and his countenance beaming the unspeakable delights of the inspiring liquor. The hero's friend, Johnny, appears in equally happy mood, and the pair give as lively a representation of the original characters sketched out by Burns, as can be well imagined.

Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
Tam to'd him like a very brither:  
They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;  
And aye the ale was growin better;

The Souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;  
The storm without might rare and rustle,  
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.  
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way of pleasure:  
Kings may be blest, but TAM was glorious,  
O'er all the illso' life victorious!

Eminent sculptors, who were incredulous of the reported merits of these productions, have confessed their unmingled surprise and pleasure on viewing them. So admirably chiselled are the hose of Tam, that the spectator can hardly persuade himself, without touching them, that they are not genuine knitted woollens. The same may be said of other parts of the dress, which fit so naturally to the body, that it is hard to believe they are not real. In conception of the design, as well as in the execution, it may indeed be said, that the sculptor has cast his material in the identical mould of the poet's fancy.

The Sculptor's name is THOM. The Statues now on exhibition are intended to form part of Burns's monument near Alloway Kirk, for which purpose solely it is understood the artist entered upon his undertaking, as a tribute of disinterested admiration to the memory of his countryman. His generous toil will not, however, go altogether unrequited. He has already received orders to execute five pairs of his figures.

## AFFECTING ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

Mr. Steel, of Peebles, had such an implicit dependance on the attention of this animal to his orders, that whenever he put a lot of sheep before her, he took a pride in leaving it to herself, and either remained to take glass with the farmer of whom he made the purchase, or took another road, to look after bargains or other business. But one time he chanced to

commit a drove to her charge at a place called Willenslee, without attending to her condition, as he ought to have done. This farm is five miles from Peebles, over wild hills, and there is no regularly-defined path to it. Whether Mr. Steel remained behind, or took another road I know not; but on coming home late in the evening, he was astonished at hearing that his faithful animal had never made her appearance with the drove. He and his son, or servant, instantly prepared to set out by different paths in search of her; but on their going to the street, there she was coming with the drove, no one missing; and marvellous to relate, she was carrying a young pup in her mouth! She had been taken in travail on the hills; and how the poor beast had contrived to manage her drove in her state of suffering, is beyond human calculation; for the road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and effected; but she was nothing daunted; and having deposited her young one in a place of safety, she again set out full speed to the hills, and brought another, and another, till she brought her whole litter, one by one; but the last one was dead. I give this as I heard it related by the country people; for though I knew Mr. Walter Steel well enough, I cannot say I ever heard it from his own mouth. I never entertained any doubt, however, of the relation; and certainly it is worthy of being preserved, for the credit of that most docile and affectionate of all animals—the shepherd's dog.—*The Shepherd's Calendar*, by James Hogg, just published.

## GROTIUS.

The Life of Grotius has been written by De Burigny. The following anecdotes I select, because they appear interesting, and form a biographic sketch, which instructs the mind. They shew the singular felicity of a man of letters having a father who promoted his studies; and in what manner a student can pass his hours in the closest imprisonment. The gate of the prison has sometimes been the porch of fame.

Grotius was born with the happiest dispositions: he was studious from his infancy. He received from Nature, says Burigny, profound genius, a solid judgment, and a wonderful memory. He was so fortunate as to find in his father, a pious and able Mentor, who at once formed his genius and his heart. The young Grotius, in imitation of Horace, has celebrated in verse his gratitude for so good a father.

One of the most interesting circumstances in the life of this great man, and which most strongly marks the power of his genius, and the fortitude of his courage, is displayed in the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment. It does honour to religion and to science: it eminently proves the consolations which are reserved for the philosopher. When another is condemned to exile and captivity, if he lives, he despairs: the man of letters counts those very days as the sweetest hours of life.

De Burigny informs us, that when he was a prisoner at the Hague, he laboured on a Latin essay, on the means of terminating religious disputes, which caused so many infelicities in the State, in the Church, and in families; when he was carried to Louvesstein, he resumed his law studies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy, which engaged him to translate the maxims of the ancient poets, collected by Stobæus, and the fragments of Menander and Philémon. Every Sunday was devoted to read the Scriptures, and to write his Commentaries on the New Testament. In the course of this work he fell ill, but as soon as he recovered his health, he composed his Treatise, in Dutch verse, on the Truth of the Christian Religion. Sacred and profane authors occupied him alternately. His only mode of refreshing his mind, was to pass from one work to another. He sent to Vossius his Observations on the Tragedies of Seneca. He wrote several other works, particularly a little Catechism, in verse; for his daughter Cornelia; and, to conclude, he gathered materials to form his Apology. Add to these various labours, an extensive correspondence he held with the learned, and his friends; and it is observed, his letters were so many treatises. Although his talents produced thus abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim here, in rather a trite expression, that his soul was not imprisoned.

Perhaps the more sincere eulogium, and the most grateful to this illustrious scholar, was that which he received at the hour of his death.

When this great man was travelling to Holland, he was suddenly struck by the hand of Death, at the village of Rostock. The parish minister, who was called in his last moments, ignorant who the dying man was, began to go over the trite and ordinary things said on these occasions. Grotius, who saw there was no time to lose in frivolous exhortations, as he found himself almost at the last gasp, turned to him, and told him, that he needed not those exhortations; and he concluded by saying, *Sum Grotius*—I am Grotius. *Te magnus ille Grotius?* What! are you the great Grotius? interrogated the Minister. What an eulogium!

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