

POETRY.

(Selected.)

(From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.)

THE GENTLE STREAM! THE HAPPY STREAM!
The gentle stream! the happy stream; that through
the greenwood strays!
How many thoughts are link'd with it of early golden
days,

When by its winding course I roam'd; and twined
its simple flowers,
A joyous, thoughtless, merry heart, in childhood's
rosy hours!

O! what would I not give once more upon its banks
to be,
A wanderer by its water blue, as careless and as
free!

The gentle stream! the happy stream! that
through the greenwood sings!
Time passes noiseless o'er its head, nor change nor
shadow brings;

How many a tear has dimm'd my eye, now many
clouds have past
Across my brow, since on its breast I fondly look'd
my last!

How many rainbows youth call forth, how many
hopes I nurs'd,
Like bells that float upon its tide have glanced since
then and burst!

The gentle stream! the happy stream! that
through the greenwood shines!
When falls the sunlight through the trees in rich
and fairy lines!

I see it dancing on its way, I hear its voice of
song,
I feel the summer breeze that plays its bordering
flowers among!

Alas! 'tis but in memory now its devious course I
see,
It shines, it wanders, and it sings, in vain—in vain
—for me!

The gentle stream! the happy stream! though sad
and worn my heart,
Methinks, at sight of it, once more, all sorrow would
depart,

And calm and holy thoughts would shed their moon-
light o'er my mind,
And, wandering by its course again, lost happiness
I'd find!

Away, fond theme! youth cannot come in fresh-
ness back to me,
I'll never roam, as once I roam'd, as careless and
as free!

VARIETIES.

The Headsman.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued.)

Again the weathercock croaked above him, and more intelligibly than before. Florian, dis-
covering the simple cause of his torments, rallied
his drooping spirits, and hastened down stairs to
order his horse, that he might leave the hotel
and the town before the promised visit of the
evil headsman. Notwithstanding his urgency,
he found his departure unaccountably de-
layed. The servants were not visible, and
no landlord, insisting that he should take a
breakfast before his departure, was so
dilatatory in preparing it, that a full hour elapsed
before Florian rode out of the stable-yard. His
official host then persisted in sending a
boy to show him the nearest way to the town;
and the patient traveller, who would
adly have declined the offer, found himself
obliged to submit. His guide accompanied him
to the extremity of the small suburb beyond the
stern gate, and quitted him; while Florian,
whose ever ready apprehensions had been
aroused by the tenacious civility of the landlord,
slowly forward, looking round occasion-
ally at his returning guide, and determining to
take the first cross-road he could find. A lit-
tle farther he discovered the entrance of a nar-
row lane, shaded by a double row of lofty chest-
nuts, and as he turned towards it his horse's
tail, he saw the old man, whose promise
it he was endeavoring to escape, issuing
from the lane on horseback. "I guessed as
much," said the headsman, smiling, as he rode
to the startled fugitive. "I knew you
could try to escape me, but I cannot consent
that you should thus run headlong into cer-
tain destruction. You have neither sanguine
spies nor a fixed purpose to support you, and
I want firmness to answer with discretion
to trying questions which will every where
ask you. You are silent—you feel the full
weight of your danger—why not then embrace
a certain protection I offer you? Fear not
at I shall either repeat or allude to my last
night's proposal. My sole object is your im-
mediate protection at this critical period, when
you are doubtless tracked in all directions by
the blood-hounds of the police. At the front-
ers you will inevitably be stopped and iden-
tified; but under my roof you will be safe from
pursuit and suspicion. I live secluded
on the world, I have no visitors, and your
presence will not be suspected by any one.
A few weeks the heat of pursuit will abate,
and you may then take your departure with
unmolested ease and confidence."

"Courage and confidence!" repeated to
himself the timid Florian; "would Heaven I
felt either!" The good sense, however, of
the old man's advice was so obvious, that he
determined to avail himself of so kind an offer.
Carefully pressing his hand, he dismissed all
thoughts of his sincerity, and said, "I will ac-
company you; and may God reward your bene-
diction, for I cannot."

"We must return by the road I came,"
said the headsman, turning his horse. "It
takes us outside the town to my house;
and, at this hour, we shall arrive there unper-
ceived. Your landlord, who is under obliga-
tions to me, sent you this road at my request.
He supposes that you are my distant relative,
and that, unwilling to appear in public with
an executioner, you had made an appointment
with me for this early hour on your way home-
ward."

After a ride of half an hour through the shal-
lows which skirted the ramparts, they

reached the back entrance of the Gothic build-
ing before mentioned, and Florian entered this
singular sanctuary with emotions not easily
described. The old headsman was in high
spirits; and the blunt but genuine kindness
and cordiality of his manners soon removed
from the mind of his guest every lurking sus-
picion that some treachery was intended. The
table was promptly covered with an excel-
lent breakfast, and the old man sent a mes-
sage to his daughter, requesting that she would
bring a bottle of the best wine in the cellar.

Florian fixed his eyes upon the door in
shrinking anticipation. He suspected new at-
tempts to ensnare him to the headsman's pur-
pose; and, notwithstanding his firm determi-
nation to resist them, he recoiled with fastidi-
ous disgust from the possible necessity of con-
tending with the meretricious advances of a
bold and reckless female, whose limited oppor-
tunities of marriage would impel her to lure
him by any means to her father's object. How
widely different were his emotions when the
door opened, and his lovely traveling com-
panion, whom, in the terrors of the past night,
he had forgotten, entered, in blushing embar-
rassment, with the bottle of wine. In a tumult
of mingled apprehension and delight, he start-
ed from his chair, but the cordial greeting he
intended was checked by a significant wink from
the lively fair one as she passed behind her fa-
ther to the table. It was obvious to Florian
that she wished to conceal their previous ac-
quaintance, and with a silent bow he resumed
his seat, while the smiling maid, whom her fa-
ther introduced to his guest by the name of
Madelon, took a chair between them, and the
conversation soon became general and exultat-
ing.

The continued fever of apprehension which
had almost unhinged the reason of the timid
Florian, now rapidly subsided. The cordial
hospitality of the old headsman soon made him
feel at home in an abode which he had once
contemplated with horror and disgust; while
the artless attentions and fascinating vivacity
of the pretty Madelon soon won around him
a magic spell, and invested the Gothic
chambers of her father's antique mansion with
all the splendors of Aladdin's palace.

Motherless from the age of fourteen, and se-
cluded by her father's vocation from all society
save occasional intercourse with relatives of
the same degraded caste, the headsman's
daughter had been early accustomed to rely
upon her own resources.

Most of her leisure hours had been devoted
to a comprehensive course of historical read-
ing, from which her unpolished but strong-
minded father conceived that she would derive,
not only amusement and instruction, but that
sustaining fortitude so essential to the station
in which her lot was cast. Thus her inno-
cent and active mind, untainted by the licen-
tiousness and infidelity of French romance,
acquired concentration and strength; the study
of sacred and profane history induced habits
of salutary reflection, and her character gradu-
ally developed a masculine yet unpretending
energy, which admirably fitted her to become
the helpmate of a man so timid and indecisive
as Florian. Her mother was a Parisian, of
good manners and education, but an orphan
and defenceless. Persecuted by a licentious
nobleman, who in revenge for her firm rejec-
tion of his honorable addresses, had accused
her of theft, she had effected her escape from
the chateau in which she resided as governess
to his daughters, to the same town in which
Florian had been discovered by the headsman.
Circumstances somewhat similar, but not es-
sential to my narrative, had induced her to ac-
cept a temporary asylum in the house of the
executioner, whose mother was then living;
and here in a moment of despair at her desti-
tute and hopeless condition, she accepted the
often tendered addresses of the enamored
headsman, and became his wife. The life of
this amiable and accomplished woman was shor-
tened by her calamities, and by a sense of de-
gradation which she could never subdue. Se-
cluded from all human society save that of an
uncultivated husband, who but imperfectly un-
derstood her value, she loved her only child
with more than a mother's idolatry; and, while
her strength permitted, devoted herself with
unceasing solicitude, to the formation of her
mind, and to the regulation of her untamable
vivacity. Thus happily moulded in early
youth, and judiciously cultivated after her mo-
ther's death, Madelon combined, with clear
and vigorous perceptions, a degree of person-
al attraction rarely seen in France, and no
small portion of the feminine grace and fasci-
nation peculiar to well educated French wo-
men; while to these advantages were superad-
ded eyes of radiant lustre, a voice rich in soft
and musical inflections, and a smile of irresis-
tible archness and witchery. Accustomed,
from her limited opportunities of observation,
to regard men as collectively coarse and un-
cultivated, she had been immediately and pow-
erfully attracted by the elegant person and the
refined and gentle manners of Florian, during
their four leagues' journey; and to one who felt
the value of knowledge, and eagerly sought to
extend her means of pursuing it, there was, on
farther acquaintance, a charm in his compre-
hensive attainments and in the classic elegance
of his diction, which compensated for the un-
manly timidity and morbid infirmity of purpose,
so easily distinguishable in his character and
conduct.

In Florian, whose feelings were fortified by
remembrances of a prior attachment, the pro-
gress of sentiment was slower, but not less
certain in its tendency. His silent worship
of Angolique had always been accompanied by
doubts and misgivings innumerable. He
thought her lost to him forever; he felt that
all his prospects of professional advancement
were blighted by the disastrous incident at D.
and his consequent flight; and insensibly he
yielded to the charm of daily and hourly inter-
course with the bewitching Madelon. The
consciousness of her admiring prepossession,
and of his own superior attainments, gave to
him, while conversing with her, a soothing
self-possession, an expansion of thought and
feeling, and a glowing facility of elocution,
which he had never before experienced, and
which proved a source of exquisite and inex-
haustible gratification. Her unceasing sym-
pathy and kindness, her flattering anticipation

of his wishes, lulled the anguish of his recollec-
tions, and her sparkling gaiety never failed to
rouse his drooping spirits. He soon learned to
estimate at its true value the rare combina-
tion of gentleness and energy which her char-
acter displayed; while her courageous self-
possession and unflinching resources, under ev-
ery difficulty, made him regard her as a woman
gifted beyond her sex with those qualities in
which he felt himself most deficient. In short,
feelings of deep and lasting attachment stole
insensibly into the hearts of the youthful pair.
Florian had surrendered all his sympathies to
Madelon before he was conscious of the pow-
er she had gained over his happiness, and their
mutual affection, as betrayed and sealed
by word and pledge before he reflected upon
the inevitable consequences. Too soon, alas!
he was awakened from this dream of bliss to a
long reality of terror and anguish. The spell
which bound him was broken, and the scene of
enchantment was abruptly changed into a chaos
of interminable dismay and anxiety.

Some weeks after his arrival in this asylum,
the headsman had advised him to prolong his
stay until all danger of pursuit had subsided;
and the fears of the fugitive soon gave way to
cheering sensations of security and confidence.
To lovers the present is everything: Florian
forgot alike the trying past and the menacing
future; weeks and months flitted past unob-
served by the youthful pair, while the crafty
headsman, who had silently watched their
growing attachment, crowded in secret over
the now certain success of his stratagem.

Several months had thus elapsed, and the
old man, after ascertaining from his daughter
that the affections and the honor of Florian
were irredeemably pledged, took an opportu-
nity to address him one morning as soon as Ma-
delon had quitted the breakfast-room.

"I think it is high time, young man," he
said, smiling, "that you should proceed to busi-
ness. Come along with me into my work-
shop."

Florian looked at him in silent wonder, but
unhesitatingly followed him into the capacious
cellars, where the old man unlocked a door
which his guest had never before observed.
Florian entered with his conductor, but start-
ed back in dismay as he saw a number of exe-
cutioner's swords and axes hanging round the
walls of a low vaulted room, in the centre of
which several cabbage-heads were fixed with
pegs upon an oblong block of wood. The
headsman took one of the swords from the
wall, drew it from the scabbard, carefully wi-
ped the glittering blade, and then offered it to
Florian. "Now my son," he began, "try
your strength upon these cabbage-heads. It is
easy work, and requires nothing but a steady
hand."

"Gracious Heaven! you cannot be in ear-
nest!" exclaimed Florian, retreating from
him in deadly terror.

"Not in earnest?" rejoined the headsman,
sternly; "I consider your compliance as a
matter of course. You love my daughter—
you have won her affections—and surely, Flo-
rian, you are not the man to play her false!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Florian with ho-
nest fervor. "I dearly love her, and seek no
happier lot than to become her husband."

"I offered her to you, my son!" said the
other, with returning kindness; "but you did
not like the conditions, and declined her.—
You have since, without my permission, sought
and won her affections, and you have no right
to flinch from the implied consequences. It is
high time to come to a conclusion, and to
apply yourself in good faith to the only pursuit
through which you can ever obtain my Made-
lon."

"The only one?" timidly repeated Flo-
rian; "I have, 'tis true, abandoned for your
daughter's sake the world and the world's
prejudices; but I am young and industrious;
I possess valuable knowledge; and, surely,
I may find some employment which will main-
tain a wife and family. Do, my good father,
relinquish this dreadful vocation!"

"And my daughter!" exclaimed the head-
sman, with loud and bitter emphasis. What is
to become of her? If even you could step back
within the pale of society, she would forever
be excluded. But you have neither moral
courage nor animal bravery enough for any
worldly pursuit—your original station in so-
ciety is irretrievably gone—and, if you at-
tempt to leave this safe asylum, the sword of
justice will face you at every turn. No, no,
Florian! I love my future son-in-law too well
to expose him to such eminent and deadly
peril. There; read that paper! the contents
will bring you to your senses."

With these words, which stuck like a win-
try chill into the heart of Florian, he took an
old newspaper from his pocket book. The
unhappy fugitive received it with a shaking
hand, and read judicial summons from the
authorities of D., seeking intelligence of a stu-
dent, who had on a certain day quitted the
university by the diligence for Normandy, and
unaccountably disappeared. His Christian
and surname, with an accurate description of
his dress and person, were appended. Glanc-
ing fearfully down the page, he distinguished
some particulars of a murder; his sight grew
dim with terror; and, after a vain attempt to
read further, he dropped the fatal document,
and reeled back, breathless, and almost faint-
ed, against the wall.

"He is the very man!" muttered the
headsman, whose keen eye had been intently
fixed upon him during the perusal. "I never
asked your real name, young man," he con-
tinued, "but now I know it. Your terrors
would betray it to a child. How then are you,
without fortitude to face the common evils of
life, and bearing in every feature a betrayer,
to escape the giant-grasp of the French police?
And had this calamity never befallen you, how
could you gain a support in a world, which,
by your own confession, you have ever found
ungenial and repulsive? Believe me, Florian,
here, and here only, you will find safety, sup-
port, and happiness."

"Happiness?" mournfully repeated Flo-
rian.

"Yes, happiness!" rejoined the tempter.
"You and Madelon love each other, and in
every station, from the highest to the lowest,
love is the salt of life, the balm and cordial of

existence. My office descends from genera-
tion to generation; it ensures to the holder,
not only a good house and landed property,
but an income of no mean amount. Every
traveller who passes my house pays me a
toll, because fifty years since an inundation
compelled the town to cut a high-road through
my grandfather's garden. Of all these bene-
fits I shall be deprived, when old and disabled,
if my children disdain to follow within the pale
of that society which regards her father with
abhorrence, my house and vineyard would be
destroyed by the bigoted and furious populace,
and too probably my innocent child along with
them. Have you the heart, Florian, to haz-
ard her destruction and your own, in prefer-
ence to an office essential to the existence of
civil society, and from which that obedience to
the laws, which is the first duty of a good citi-
zen, removes all self-reproach? With a due
sense of the importance of your official duties,
you will find yourself sustained in the perfor-
mance of them; and a practised hand will soon
give you firmness enough to follow a vocation
attended with no personal risk; but, if you de-
termine to leave me, where will you find resolu-
tion to face the perils which surround you?
and, if you escape them, how are you to com-
pete in the race of life with the daring and
the fleet?"

The appalling alternatives held out to Florian
by the politic headsman, and the consciousness
of his own inability either to escape the police
or to steer his way successfully through the
shoals and quicksands of life, rendered him
incapable of argument or reply. He had for
some months been cut off from all that freedom
has to bestow—he had neither relations nor
friends on whose interposition he could firmly
rely; he recollected with agony that every
heart beyond the limits of his present home
was steered against him—that every hand
was ready to seize and betray him. Should
he quit this safe asylum, and even establish
his innocence of the imputed murder, his igno-
rance of the world, and his invincible timidity
and self-distrust, would make him the prey
of any plausible knavery. Bewildered and
stupefied by contending emotions, his mind be-
came palsied by despair, and his power of re-
sistance began to fail him. The headsman
saw his advantage; but, satisfied with the
impression he had made upon his hapless vic-
tim, he ceased to press any immediate decision,
told him to consider of the proposal, and went
to his vineyard; while Florian, hastening to
his Madelon was assailed by all the witchery
of sighs and tears; by looks, which alternately
pleaded and upbraided; and by inspiring
and cogent arguments, which shamed him into
temporary resolution. Thus alternately inti-
midated by the deep tones and stern denun-
ciations of the father, encouraged by the spec-
ious reasonings of the daughter, or soothed
by her resistless fascinations; assured, too, by
the headsman, that for some years sentences
of decapitation, with rare exceptions, had been
commuted for the galleys—his power to con-
tend with his tempter abandoned him: he
dropped, like the fascinated bird, into the jaws
of the serpent; and, yielding to his destiny, he
commenced his training in a vocation from
which every feeling in his nature, and every
dictate of his understanding, recoiled with ab-
horrence.

It was no sacrifice, to one of his timid and
fastidious habits, to abandon a world in which
he had ever found himself an alien, and which
he now thought confederated to persecute and
destroy him. He submitted in uncomplaining
resignation to his fate, and ere long found re-
lief in the growing attachment of the headsman
and his daughter. His pure affectionate heart,
and the undeviating rectitude of his principles
and conduct, soon won the entire esteem of
the old man, whose better feelings had not
been blunted by his official duties; while the
light-hearted and bewitching Madelon, who
now loved almost to idolatry a man so incompar-
ably superior to any she had hitherto known,
delighted to cheer his hours of sadness, and
watched his every wish with intense and un-
wearied solicitude. Meanwhile, the old man
had quietly made every requisite preparation,
and a month after the assent of Florian to his
proposal, the lovers were united. The official
appointment of Florian, as adopted suc-
cessor to the headsman, took place some days
before the marriage, and it was stipulated by
the town-authorities that, on the next ensuing
condemnation of a criminal to death, he
should prove on the scaffold his competency
to succeed the executioner.

[To be continued.]

THE DRUNKARD'S TREE.

The
Sign of
DRUNKENNESS,
Expels Reason, drowns
Memory, distempers the Body
Defaces Beauty, diminishes Strength,
Corrupts the Blood, inflames the Liver,
Weakens the Brain, turns Men into walking
Hospitals, causes internal, external and incurable
Wounds; is a Witch to the Senses, a Devil
To the Soul, a Thief to the Purse, the
Beggars Companion, a Wife's woe,
And Children's sorrow; makes
Man become a beast and
A self-murderer, who
Drinks to others' good health, and
robs himself of his own! nor
is this all;
It exposes to the
Divine
DISPLEASURE HERE
and hereafter to
ETERNAL DAMNATION!
Such are
Some of the
evils spring-
ing from the root
OF DRUNKENNESS.

AFFECTING CIRCUMSTANCE.—As two young
men (says a late Oxford Paper) a short time
since were returning home from an evening
party between eleven and twelve o'clock, and
passing by the church-yard of the parish of St.
Mary Magdalene, in this city, they observed by
the light of the moon, a person stretched out
at full length upon a grave. Supposing him
one who had made to free with the "rosy god"
and expecting from the inclement state of the
weather, that if he remained there long he
would perish, they very humanely roused him,
when he called out, "Don't disturb me, ladies,
for I'm determined to spend the last night of
my life in Oxford, with my father and mother."
The young men still believing him to be under
the influence of liquor, resolved if possible to
ascertain the cause of his being in this
"dreary abode of death." They persevered,
and discovered to their astonishment, that the
man was a sailor, perfectly sober, and a son of
the late Mr. Cowdery, many years superin-
tendant of the picture gallery, in this Univer-
sity. He had been to sea, and for many years
had not received intelligence respecting his
family. As he was returning to his native
place after a long voyage, he made arrange-
ments in his mind how he should dispose of his
time, and promised himself that no inducement
whatever should prevent him from spending
his last night with his father and mother. On
his arrival here he was grieved and disap-
pointed at finding that his parents had long
since descended into the tomb. Having ascer-
tained their burying-place, he scaled the
iron paling of the church-yard, and chose this
cool and singular way of performing his prom-
ise, and paying respect to those who were
the authors of his existence.

"Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires."

There is not a creature, perhaps, of which
more extraordinary stories are told than that of
the shark; and to people who know no more
of these animals than what they may have seen
in a dried up skin in a Museum, such stories
may appear embellished; but those who have
any intercourse with seamen, have many op-
portunities of being assured that such stories
are not exaggerated, but are bona fide true
stories. One of these I shall here relate, be-
cause I heard it from good authority, and af-
terwards had it corroborated by still better.—
The principle facts are these:—Several years
ago in the West Indies, a British ship of war
fell in with an American merchant vessel,
which, from circumstances, was generally
supposed to be a good and lawful prize; but
no papers being found on board to condemn
the vessel, and her captain swearing that all
was correct, the British captain, after the de-
tention of a day or two, was induced to re-
linquish his capture. Shortly after this—I forgot
the precise space of time—a shark was caught
by another British ship of war on the same
station, and in cutting it up—a delightful op-
eration seldom omitted—a tin case containing
sundry papers, was found in its stomach. They
proved to have belonged to the merchant vessel
before mentioned, and had been thrown over-
board by the captain when about to be exam-
ined by the British cruiser. The fact was soon
discovered; the papers were taken to Port
Royal, where the American captain had actu-
ally commenced an action for damages against
the British captain for unlawful detention. The
tables were immediately turned on the as-
tonished Jonathan, whose ship was condemned
as a good and lawful prize. The shark was
one of the largest size, and the jaws were pre-
served to this day in the Justice hall, at Span-
ish Town, to the annoyance of many a Yan-
kee captain, who when swearing about the
destination of his ship and the correctness of
his papers, is reminded of this extraordinary
detection, by some one in Court signifi-
cantly pointing to the shark, and saying—"Take
care, the truth will out, though from the bot-
tom of the sea." I have heard this story cor-
roborated by several persons, and very lately
by an officer who was acquainted with the
commander of the ship, on board which the
shark that had swallowed the tin box was taken.—*Temple's Travels in Peru.*

VALUE OF A HEAD OF HAIR.—At the Sussex
Assizes, an action was brought by a female
pauper against the Governor of Ninfield Poor
house, and five of the overseers, for forcibly
cutting off her head of hair. It appeared that
the overseers had recourse to the measurer,
complained of to despoil her of her attractions,
and "to bring down her pride." The hair in
question was stated to have been a yard long
and extremely handsome. Mr. Justice Bay-
ley told the Jury that the conduct of the de-
fendants were extremely unjustifiable, and
they found a verdict for her—damages £60!

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