

POETRY.

(Selected.)

FROM THE MONTREAL GAZETTE.

THE COMPARISON.

To you, the world is as a rose
That decks a virgin's breast,
Perfuming every gale that blows
Round that sweet home of rest—
To me, 'tis as the wilted flower
Fast hastening to decay—
'Twas lovely in its summer hour,
That hour has passed away.

To you, the world is as a blade
Of bright Damascus steel,
With gold all gorgeously inlaid
New beauties to reveal—
To me, 'tis as the rusted brand
Corroding on the wall,
No more to flash in Valour's hand
In field or festival.

To you, the world is as the sea
When calm as summer lake,
And o'er its surface wantonly
The gentlest zephyrs wake—
To me, 'tis as the oceans' breast
When tempests hoarsely roar,
And billows rear their foaming crest
And lash the frightened shore.

To you, the world is as a song
Of joyousness and mirth,
Sung by the fairest of the throng
Of daughters of the earth—
To me, the world is sicklied o'er
With sorrow and disgust—
I would not live with heart so sore
But that—I must—I must.

VARIETIES.

The Headman.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued.)

For many months after this appointment, every arrival of a criminal in the town-prison struck terror into the heart of Florian. Happily, however, the assertion of the headman that it was a growing practice of the judicial authorities to substitute the galleys for decapitation, was verified by the fact, and Florian enjoyed several years of domestic happiness, disturbed only by apprehensions which he could never subdue, that sooner or later the evil he so much dreaded would certainly befall him. Meanwhile, his beloved Madelon had made him the happy father of three promising boys, and he began to experience a degree of tranquility to which he had long been a stranger; when, at a period in which the town-prison was untenanted, the long-dreaded calamity burst upon his devoted head like a bolt of lightning from a cloudless sky.

His father-in-law received one morning, at breakfast, an order from the town-authorities to repair early on the following day to a city at ten leagues distance, and there to behold a criminal whose execution had been delayed by the illness and death of the resident headman. At this unexpected intelligence, the features of Florian were blanched with horror, but the iron visage of the old executioner betrayed not the slightest emotion. Regardless of his son-in-law's terrors, he viewed this unexpected summons as a fortunate incident, and maintained, that any unskilfulness in decapitation would be of less importance at a distance than in his native town. He regarded also this brief summons as much more favorable to Florian's success than a longer foreknowledge, and urged in strong and decisive terms the necessity of submission to the call of duty. The blood of Florian froze as he listened, but he acquiesced as usual in timid silence. In the afternoon he yielded to the old man's wish, that he should give what the headman termed a master-proof of his skill in the science of decapitation, and with cold sweat on his brow severed a number of cabbage-heads to the satisfaction of his teacher; while the sympathizing but energetic Madelon prepared a palatable meal, and endeavored, more successfully than her uncompromising parent, to sustain and cheer the drooping spirits of the husband she so entirely loved. She could not, however, always suppress her starting tears, and as the night approached, even the firm nature of the old headman betrayed symptoms of growing anxiety, notwithstanding his endeavors to exhilarate himself by deep potations of his favorite wine.

After a night of weary vigilance and internal conflict, the miserable Florian entered at daybreak the vehicle which awaited him and his father-in-law under the arched gateway. With a view to prevent his trembling substitute from witnessing all the preparations for the approaching catastrophe, the old man so measured his progress as to enter the city a few minutes before the appointed hour, and drove immediately to the scene of action, without pausing at the church to attend, as customary, the mass then performing in presence of the criminal. Soon after their arrival, the melancholy procession approached, and Florian, unable to face the criminal, turned hastily away, ascended with unsteady steps, and concealed himself behind the massive person of the old headman, as the victim of offended justice with a firm and measured step mounted the scaffold. The old man felt for his shrinking son-in-law, but kept a stern eye upon him, in hopes to counteract the disabling effects of his rising agony. When, however, the decisive moment approached, he whispered to him encouragingly—"Be a man, Florian! Beware of looking at the criminal before you strike; but, when his head is lifted, look him boldly in the face, or the people will doubt your courage."

Florian fixed on him a vacant stare, but these kindly meant instructions reached not his inward ear. The remembrance of the executioner he had witnessed with his friend Bartholdy had flashed upon him, and he recoiled at the tanning prediction—that he might himself be condemned to the scaffold. His agony rose almost to suffocation; he compared his own destiny with that of the being whom he was about to deprive of life

and he felt that he could not unwillingly have taken his place. At this moment his attention was caught by the admiring comments of the crowd upon the courageous bearing and firm unflinching features of the criminal. Roused by these exclamations to a stinging consciousness of his own unmanly timidity, he made a powerful effort, and rallied his expiring energies into temporary life and action. The headman now approached him with the broad axe, and whispered, "Courage my son! 'tis nothing but a cabbage-head."

With desperate effort, Florian seized the weapon, fixed his dim gaze upon the white neck of the criminal, and guided more by long practice than by any estimate of place and distance, he struck the death-stroke. The head fell upon the hollow flooring of the scaffold with an appalling bounce, which petrified the unfortunate executioner. The consciousness that he had deprived a fellow creature of life, now smote him with a withering power, which for some moments deprived him of all volition, and he stood in passive stupor, gazing wildly upon the blood which streamed in torrents from the headless trunk. Immediately, however, his father-in-law again approached him, with a whisper. "Admirably done, my son! I give you joy! But recollect my warning, and look boldly at your work, or the mob will hoot you as a craven headman from the scaffold."

The old man was obliged to repeat his admonition before it reached the senses of his unconscious son-in-law. Long accustomed to yield unresisting obedience, Florian slowly raised his eyes, at the moment when the executioner's assistant, after showing the criminal's head to the multitude, turned round and held out to him the bleeding and ghastly object. "Gracious Heaven! what were his feelings when he encountered a well-known face—when he saw the yellow pock-marked visage of Bartholdy, whose widely opened milk-blue eyes were fixed upon him in the glassy, dim, and vacant stare of death!"

Paralyzed with sudden and overwhelming horror, he fell senseless into the arms of the headman, who had watched this critical moment, and, with ready self-possession, loudly attributed to recent illness an incident so puzzling to the spectators. He succeeded ere long in rousing Florian to an imperfect sense of his critical situation, and, supporting his tottering frame, led him to the house of the deceased executioner. For an hour after their arrival, the unhappy youth sat mute and motionless—the living image of despair. Agony in him had passed its wildest paroxysm, and settled down into a blind and mechanical unconsciousness. The old man, who began to suspect some extraordinary reason for emotion so excessive, compelled him to swallow several glasses of wine, and anxiously besought him to explain the cause of his impassioned deportment. It was long, however, before the disconsolate Florian regained the power of utterance. At length a burst of tears relieved him. "I knew him!" he began, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs. "He was once my friend. Oh, my father! there is no hope for me! I am a doomed man—a murderer! He stands before me ever, and demands my blood in atonement for his destruction. How can I justify such guilt? I never knew his crime—I cannot even fancy him a criminal—but I well remember that he loved and cherished me. Away, my father, if you love me, to the judges! I must know his crime, or the pangs I feel will never depart from me."

The executioner, in whose stern and inflexible nature feelings of pity, and even of repentance, were now at work, hastened to obtain some information, and returned in half an hour, with indications of anxiety, and doubt too obvious to escape the unhappy Florian, who, with folded hands, exclaimed, "For God-sake, father, tell me all—I must know it, sooner or later. Your anxiety prepares me for the worst. If you, a man of iron, are thus shaken?"

"I? Nonsense!" retorted the old man, somewhat disconcerted. "The fellow was a notorious villain, and was executed for two murders."

Florian, relieved by this intelligence, began to breathe more freely, and gazed upon the headman with looks which sought farther explanation. "Florian, continued the old man, fixing upon him his stern and searching look, 'when you told me the tale of your calamities at D., did you tell me all? Had you no reservations?'"

"None, father, by all I hold most sacred!" replied Florian, with emphatic earnestness.

"One of Bartholdy's crimes," resumed the headman, "was connected with your story. He is said to have slain the officer in whose murder you thought yourself implicated by suspicious appearances."

"He?" exclaimed Florian, gasping with horror. "No! by all that is great and good, he did not slay him! I have beheaded an innocent man, and the remembrance will cleave to me like a curse!"

"Can you prove that he had no share in that murder?" now sternly demanded the headman, whose suspicions had been roused by Florian's acknowledgment of former intimacy with Bartholdy.

"I can swear to his innocence of that murder," vehemently replied Florian, whose energies rose with his excitement. "And the other crime?" he eagerly continued. "In mercy, father, tell me whom else he is said to have murdered?"

"Yourself!" said the old man, turning pale as he anticipated the effect of this communication—"if the name inserted in the judicial summons from D. was really yours."

For some moments Florian gazed upon him in speechless despair; his eyes became fixed and glassy—his jaw dropped—and he would have fallen from his chair had not the old man supported him. The headman looked with anxious and growing perplexity upon his unfortunate victim. "After all," he muttered, "he is my daughter's husband, and a good husband. I forced him to the task, and must, if possible, save him from the consequences."

By an abundant application of cold water to the face of Florian, he succeeded at length in restoring him to consciousness. The miserable youth opened his eyes, and, leaning on the old man's shoulders, burst into a passion of tears. When in some measure tranquilized,

the headman asked him soothingly if he was sufficiently collected to listen to him.

"Yes, father, I am," he replied, with an effort.

"Recollect then, my son," continued the old man, "that you are under the assured protection of the sword, and that you may open your heart to me without fear of consequences. Say then, in the first place, who are you?"

"I am no other, father," answered Florian, with returning energy, "than I have already acknowledged to you; I was the early friend and school-fellow of the man whose blood I have shed upon the scaffold. But I must and will have clear proof of every crime imputed to Bartholdy," he exclaimed, in wild emotion. "Again I see his large dim eyes fixed on me in reproach; and if you cannot give me evidence that he deserved his fate, my remorse will goad me on to suicide or madness."

It was now evident to the old man that the suspicions he had founded on Florian's acknowledged intimacy with Bartholdy were groundless. Recollecting, too, the undeviating truth and honesty of Florian's character, he felt all the injustice of his suspicions; and his compassion for the tortured feelings of his son-in-law became actively excited. He clearly saw that nothing but the truth, and the whole truth, would satisfy him; he therefore determined to call upon the criminal's confessor; and, after prevailing upon the exhausted Florian to go to bed, he watched by him until he saw his wearied senses sealed up in sleep, and then departed in quest of farther intelligence.

After three hours of undisturbed repose, which restored, in some measure, the exhausted strength of Florian, he awoke, and saw his father-in-law sitting by his bed, with a confident and cheerful composure of look, which spoke comfort to his wounded spirit.

"Florian," he began, "I have cheering news for you. I have seen the confessor of Bartholdy, a good old man, who feels for, and wishes to console you. He has long known the habits and character of the criminal. More he would not say, but he will receive this evening at his convent, and will not only impart to you the consolations of religion, but reveal as much of the criminal's previous life as the sacred obligations of a confessor will permit. Meanwhile, my son, you must rouse yourself from this stupor, and accompany me in a walk round the city ramparts."

After a restorative excursion, they repaired, at the appointed hour, to the Jesuit convent, and were immediately conducted to the cell of the confessor, an aged and venerable priest, who gazed for some seconds in silent wonder on the dejected Florian, and then, laying a hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! Florian, is it possible that I see you alive?"

The startled youth raised his downcast eyes at this exclamation, and, recognised in the Jesuit before him the worthy superior of the school at which he had been educated, and the same who had congratulated him on the disappearance of Bartholdy. This discovery imparted instant and unspeakable relief to the harassed feelings of Florian. The years he had passed under the paternal care of this benevolent old man arose, with healing influence in his memory; and losing, in the sudden glow of filial regard and entire confidence, all his wonted timidity, he poured his tale of misery and remorse into the sympathizing ear of the good father, with the artless and irresistible eloquence of a mind pure from all offence. The confessor, who listened with warm interest to his recital, forbore to interrupt its progress by questions. "I rejoice to learn," he afterwards replied, "that Bartholdy, although deeply stained with crime, quitted this life with less of guilt than he was charged with on his conscience. The details of his confession I cannot reveal, without a breach of the sacred trust reposed in me. It is enough to state, that he was deeply criminal. Without reference, however, to his more recent transgressions, I can impart to you some particulars of his earlier life, and of his implication in the murder you have detailed, which will be sufficient to relieve your conscience, and reconcile you to the will of Him, who for wise purposes, made you the blind instrument of well-merited punishment. Know then, my son, that when Bartholdy was supposed by yourself and others to have absconded from the seminary, he was a prisoner within its walls. Certain evidence had reached the presiding fathers, that this reckless youth was connected with a band of plundering incendiaries, who had for some months infested the neighboring districts. Odious alike to his teachers and schoolfellows, repulsed by every one but you, and almost daily subjected to punishment or remonstrance, he sought and found more congenial associates beyond our walls; and, with a view to raise money for the gratification of his vicious propensities, contrived to scale our gates at night, and took an active part in the plunder of several unprotected dwellings. At the same time, we received a friendly intimation from the police, that he was implicated in a projected scheme to fire and plunder a neighboring chateau, and that the ensuing night was fixed upon for the perpetration of this atrocity. Upon inquiry it was discovered that Bartholdy had been out all night, and it was now feared that he had finally absconded. Happily, however, for the good name of the seminary, he returned soon after the arrival of this intelligence, and, as I now conjecture, with a view to re-possess himself of the knife he had left in your custody. He was immediately secured and committed to close confinement, in the hope that his solitary reflections, aided by our admonitions, would have gradually wrought a salutary change in his character. This confinement, which was sanctioned by his relations, was prolonged three years without any beneficial result; and at length, after many fruitless attempts, he succeeded in making his escape. Joining the scattered remnant of the band of villains dispersed by the police, he soon became their leader in the contrivance and execution of atrocities which I must not reveal, but which I cannot recollect without a shudder. In consequence of high winds and clouds of dust, the public walk and grove beyond the gate of D. had been

some days deserted by the inhabitants, and the body of the murdered officer was not discovered until the fourth morning after your departure from the university. A catastrophe so dreadful had not for many years occurred in that peaceful district: a proportionate degree of abhorrence was roused in the public mind, and the excited people rushed in crowds to view the corpse, in which, by order of the police, the fatal knife was left as when first discovered; while secret agents mingled with the crowd, to watch the various emotions of the spectators.

[To be concluded in our next.]

AN INCIDENT AT NAVARINO.—The firing having ceased at Navarino, Sir Edward Codrington, a Lieutenant on board Mahomed Bey's ship; to offer any medical or other assistance they might want. This vessel, with a crew of probably more than a thousand men, had but one medical officer on board, and he had unfortunately been almost the first man killed in the action. Her loss had been immense, and they had not thrown the dead overboard, nor removed their wounded to the cockpit, and the decks presented a most horrible scene of gore and mingled bodies. Amidst this frightful spectacle, about a dozen of the principal Turkish officers, superbly dressed, sat in the cabin upon crimson ottomans, smoking with inconceivable apathy, while slaves were handing them their coffee. Seeing the English uniform approach the cabin, they ordered ottomans and coffee for the Lieutenant, who, however, quickly told them that he had more important business to attend to. He gave the Admiral's compliments and offered any assistance. The Turk with a frigid composure, calmly replied, that they stood in need of no assistance whatever. "Shall not our surgeon attend to your wounded?" "No," gravely replied the Turk; "wounded men want no assistance, they soon die." Returning to the Asia, and communicating this scene, Sir Edward, after some meditation said, "Did you observe among them a remarkably fine, handsome man, with a beard more full and black than the rest?" "Yes, I observed him; he was sitting next to the Admiral." "Return then on board, and induce him or compel him, to go with you on board the Genoa and keep him there until I see him. He is the Admiral's Secretary. I must have a conference; and take with you any persons he may wish to accompany him. The Turk repaired on board the Genoa without any difficulty, accompanied by several persons whom he requested our officer to take with him. Sir Edward was closeted with him for a very long time, when he ordered the Lieutenant to put the Turkish Secretary and his companions on shore at day-break, wherever they might choose to land. Rowing on shore, they saw the wreck of a mast on which about a score of wounded or exhausted Turks were endeavouring to save themselves. I must rescue these poor fellows," said the Lieutenant anxiously. "They are only common soldiers, and will soon die; never mind them," said the Turk, with the most grave composure. It is my duty and, if I do not help them, I should disgrace the service, and be reproved by the Admiral," saying which, the Lieutenant pulled towards the mast, and succeeded saving about a dozen of these unhappy wretches. As soon as they were stowed in the bottom of the boat, the Turk, after a short, but apparently profound meditation, suddenly burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. "What is the matter?" cried the astonished Lieutenant; "Good heavens, what is there here to laugh at?" "Laugh!" exclaimed the Turk, with bitter sarcasm, "Laugh!—by Allah! you English are a singular people: yesterday you came into the Bay whilst we were quiet at our coffee; you knocked our ships to pieces, killed or mangled all our men till the fleet is one vast slaughter-house, and this morning you pretend to be so humane, that you cannot pass a score of wounded soldiers without putting yourself out of the way to save them. The Lieutenant was astounded, and having no reply to offer to this odd view of the case, they proceeded to shore in profound silence.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.—Don't be discouraged, if in the outset of life things do not go smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life, in the prospect, appears smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it to our disappointment, if we have built on any other calculation. To endure cheerfully what must be, to elbow our way as easily as we can, hoping for little, yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan. But, Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip by the way, and your neighbours tread over you a little; or in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you—accidents happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will often turn different from our expectation, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember, that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes clear and favourable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because the day is stormy, so it is equally unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since in the common course of things, she may be surely expected to smile again. But again, Don't be discouraged if you are deceived in the people of the world; it often happens that men wear borrowed characters, as well as borrowed clothes, and sometimes those who have long stood fair before the world, are very rotten at the core. From sources such as these, you may be unexpectedly deceived; and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions; but to those you must become used; if you fare as most people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow grey, and you will learn to trust men cautiously, and examine their characters closely, before you allow them great opportunities to injure you. Don't be discouraged, under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinions of men, though the last are not to be disregarded.

Be industrious—be frugal—be honest—do in perfect kindness with all that come in your way, exercising a neighbourly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse—and if you do not prosper as rapidly as any of your neighbours, depend upon it you will be as happy.—Trenton Emp.

MR. CANNING'S HUMOUR.—The following is told by the Edin. Review.—It is said that Mr. Canning met one of the late Lord Sheffield's innumerable pamphlets in the library of some country friend. The tract is stated to have begun with a sentence like the following:—"There can be no doubt, that, under a due system of protection, the growth of British Wools might be greatly increased, and that our domestic Wools might eventually be enabled to stand the competition of the Wools of the Continent." The day being gloomy, and society not brilliant, the witty statesman changed every W into an F, and in this shape he left the essay for the amusement and instruction of the neighbourhood.

Another example of the same lively turn appears in the annexed copy of a dispatch, to Sir Chas. Bagot, Ambassador at the Hague: In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much; With equalized duties the French are content, So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms full fifteen per cent.

SATISFACTORY ANSWERS.—"Is this the nearest road to Cork?"—"Is it to Cork you are going?"—"Yes; but the question is, as to the nearest road?"—"Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill; for neither of them is any road at all."—"Then which way ought I to go?"—"Oh, that depends on your honour's own liking.—Perhaps you would not like to go back again?"—"Certainly not.—But one word for all, my good fellow—do you know any thing about any kind of a road here?"—"There now, if your honour had asked me that before, I could have told you at once."—"Out with it then!"—"Why the truth is, your honour, that I am a stranger in these parts; and the best thing that you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all about the way."—"Stupid scoundrel! why did you not say so at first?"—"Stupid! that's all my thanks. But why did not your honour ask me if I belonged to the country? and that would have settled the business. Take a fool's advice, and stop where you are."

HORRIBLE ANECDOTE OF A WOLF.—The following circumstance, showing the savage nature of the wolf, and interesting in more than one point of view, was related to me by a gentleman of rank attached to the embassy at St. Petersburg; it occurred in Russia some few years ago:—"A woman accompanied by three of her children, were one day in a sledge when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and, at last, were on the point of rushing on the sledge.

For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes and cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but, after devouring their little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring. To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner. Soon after this the wretched being, whose feelings may more easily be conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endeavoured to palliate her own conduct by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bye standers and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two, saying at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life was no longer fit to live. This man was committed to prison, but the Emperor subsequently gave him a pardon.—Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe.

REFORMING A SCOLD.—In the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole waggon load of methodists, and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said, "Why they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they prayed from morning to night." The magistrate asked if they had done anything else? "Yes, sir," said an old man, "an't please your worship they converted my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb."—"Carry them back, carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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