

*The following has been handed us by way of a reply
to the verses from a lady in our last number.*

VARIETIES.
THE RECTOR OF EYAM.

BOWRING.

Very different were the feelings of those who fled from their habitations in Eyam, and escaped the advance of the infection, from the feelings of the refugees from a great city, in a similar visitation ; for here each one had lost a relative, a friend or at least an acquaintance — each had to mourn over the eternal absence of some familiar face. William Mompesson, the Rector of Eyam, was a man of elevated piety. He possessed that gentle and persuasive eloquence, so interesting and impressive — so becoming in one who ministers at the altar — and to the holy faith to which he had dedicated his life, the warmest aspirations of a pure heart, and the best energies of an expansive mind, were unceasingly devoted. He was blessed with a wife worthy of all his affection, and with two children, a boy and a girl. His health was delicate, and the paleness of his cheek, and his somewhat attenuated form, seemed to indicate the insidious approaches of that disorder, which so often selects its victim from among the young, the beautiful and the intellectual.]

of the pestilence, whose existence had been developed, and whose fatal infection was spreading. "My dear Mompesson," said his friend, "you surely will not remain in this seat of disease—you cannot, you certainly cannot have made up your mind to this. Think of your wife, your children!"—"I do, I do, my dear friend," said Mompesson, "and they must be removed from this afflicted place; but for my own part, my duty commands me to remain. I have given myself to the altar, and must not shrink because the service is perilous. Many of my parishioners are unable to depart; some of them are now on dying beds. This is a time when the consolations of religion are peculiarly needful; and should their pastor—their spiritual guide—should he flee from his flock when he should stand as a watchman on the tower, and warn them to prepare for their eternal state? No, my friend; here I must remain; here I must perform the work my Master has for me to do. But Catherine, my wife, you must depart; no imperious duty require your stay—no, no, my dearest wife—you must go with our children from this smitten land." "William" said his wife, "I will not leave you. The children—yes—our dear children, they shall go; but with you I will remain. Your fate I shall share, what e'er that may be. Shame on the wife who would leave her partner at such a time, when she should be by his side, his comfort and support!" Her resolution was fixed, and could not be changed.—George, and young Elizabeth, were called. They were blessed with the uttered and silent prayer.—The parents' tear wet their bright and innocent brows. They were given to the cure of the friend, the carriage drove off, and William Mompesson and his wife returned with a heavy heart, and went into their now solitary dwelling.

From yonder cave rises the sound of prayer and supplication in the sublime ritual of the English Church. It is William Mompesson and the remnant of his flock. And in this cave he has gathered together those whom the pestilence has spared, to worship the God of their fathers and receive the holy ordinances of the Christian faith. It was indeed a solemn scene—like a dying man expounding the word of life to a dying man—a congregation worshipping within the portals of the grave—for who might be called next? who might be the next individual summoned to swell the dead catalogue of the departed? Yet the eye of the preacher aileth not; his cheek of the preacher blanches not; his voice does not tremble; it is as firm as when he spoke from the sacred desk in his own parish church; but his cheek is thinner—there is a shade of sadness upon his brow—a deeper gravity in the tones of his always solemn voice—a deeper prostration of his soul before the Almighty Chastener who is visiting the land with his presence. Solemn was the sacramental rites administered in this consecrated cave—consecrated by the holy purposes for which it was now appropriated. In this assembly of christians, there was nothing of the careless indifference, the irreverent gazing, the sluggish devotion, the forced attention, so often conspicuous in the listless congregations of too many of our churches; it was no time or place to catch the gaze of admiration, to sport in fashionable dress, or to give and receive the signs of gay and cheerful recognition. A solemnity almost awful there its shades over every countenance; and when the melody of adoration rose it was seriously devout, with none of the flippancy and flourish of vocal display: it was felt, it was sincere, it ascended from the heart and was not the mere exercise of the lips.

William Mompasson had used his authority and influence to prevent the inhabitants of Nyam from removing beyond a certain district ; prevent, if possible, the spread of the pestilence ; and within this district, he and his faithful Catherine had exerted themselves with almost unexampled industry, in works of kindness, piety, and active benevolence. The Rector of Nyam was their legislator ; the decider of their vital differences ; the physician of their corporeal sufferings ; and the physician who poured upon their desponding souls the light and consolation of celestial hope. No fear of contagion appalled him ; no apprehension of disease abated his footsteps. He entered the noisome abitation of wretchedness and poverty, and by the bedside of him who had just sunk a prey to the destroyer, he called upon the living to prepare to meet their God in judgment. William Mompasson took the plague ; but his life was spared, and he recovered, again to pursue his heroic work of well-doing. Catharine, his heroic wife, his nurse, the companion of his heroisms, the soother of his cares, she fell a victim.—With suppressed, but indescribable emotion, Mompasson watched the last quivering of life in this devoted woman. When he had beheld the change of death come over her, and glaze her eye, and spread its moisture upon her consoled and pallid countenance ; when he had caught the last murmurs of that dear voice which had so often cheered the gloom of his solitude, and animated him in the duties of his sacred calling ; the fortitude of the man and the christian was overcome. He sunk down by the bed-side, and covered his face with his hands, and felt as if indeed the last ray of hope had departed, and the only tie that bound him to earth was snapt for ever. He had cause to expect that the calamity must come upon him ; he had endeavoured to prepare his mind for it ; he had thought himself successful ; but

that it had arrived, now that he felt the threatening stroke, he found, with anguish of soul, that his wain was all his fancied preparation — and he knew that they would not be separated for ever; and the anticipation of a joyful and eternal re-union, when he too had left this scene of sorrow and pain, of change and sorrow, came over him like a balm and a salve to his woes; and William Mompesson returned to his round of duty; and again knelt and prayed in the chamber of the living and the dead; again led the devotions of the parishioners in the church of the cavern of refuge; and his sweet children — the dark-eyed George, and Elizabeth, with her golden locks and sunny smile — were they not in his thoughts? O yes! his soul now clung to those who increased affection; for they were his all, his dear, dear orphans, the pledges of their mother's love. O, there was a glow of grati-

tude to Heaven in the inmost recesses of his soul, that they were left to him, and beyond the reach of the devouring pestilence ; and fervent was the aspiration that rose to the Almighty Protector, for the safety and prosperity of his orphans.

In the autumn, the plague began to abate ; and as the winter approached, the pestilence departed, and the inhabitants of Eyam returned to their deserted residence. The town began to put on its former appearance ; but it was still a melancholy place. Friends, neighbours, relations, met and greeted each other ; but like those who had escaped from a wreck, it was in serious, almost sad gratulation. Each had his own bereavements, his own griefs ; each, a tale of suffering, to hear or to relate. Kindly and reverentially did they look upon their Rector. His unshrinking fidelity to the cause of truth went to their hearts. When they thought upon his virtues, and listened to the story of his visits of mercy, benevolence, and expansive charity ; when they dwell upon his perseverance and unwearied patience in the midst of contagion and of death ; they regarded him as something above the level of weak and sinful humanity ; and when they thought of his wife—they felt a true compassion ; and treated his sorrows with silent respect, not with an offensive display of condolence.

William Monpesson received his children with a warm pressure, and a yearning embrace, for them and their welfare in life; but he resolved not to resign himself to the gloom that was settling upon his spirit. He filled his pulpit as before. He preached, and fervently attended to all the duties of his office with his wonted assiduity. But it was plain to the observer, that the life of William Monpesson was waning fast. Consumption had taken hold upon him; and the occasional flush upon his cheek, and his eye's of wild unhealthy brightness, told that his days were numbered, and that his footsteps were nigh unto the tomb. His frequent debility and his exhaustion after the discharge of the functions of his profession, convinced him that he was approaching the dark valley of the shadow of death. But he approached it calm, composed, completely resigned to the will of his heavenly Father. His wish was, to die with his armour on, and his weapon in his hand, as a good champion of the faith; that when his Master called him, he might be found watching. His wish was granted: the Rector of Eym faint-ed at the altar, and was born to his house by a weeping congregation. He recognised his children before he died; and with his thin arm around them, and his lips moving in inaudible prayer, the spirit of William Monpesson left its tenement of clay, to join the spirit of his Catherine in the realms of perfect and eternal bliss. "Sweet is the death of the Christian."

The memory of William Mompesson still
lives ; and in the fertile fields and shady walks
of Derbyshire, when the graves of those who
died of the plague are pointed out, by the hill
side, and in the solitary vale, tradition will long
continue to tell of the cavern of devotion, and
of the pious philanthropy of the Rector of
Yam ;

" But there are those, to whom we bring,
Delighted heart and soul ;
Whose strength is sweetness—love to man
The centre of the whole.

Whose beaming eye assures the heart.
No being breathes, too small
To meet the comprehensive glance
Of Christian love for all.

Like their own land, first seen from far,
By men long tossed at sea ;
Like fountains in the wilderness,
Are minds like those to me." J. B. S.

MILITARY EXECUTION.—A general Court martial, Lieutenant-Colonel Rogers, of the Royal Artillery, President, was held at Gibraltar, on Thursday, the 3d of June last, when private Richard Butts, of the 94th Regiment, was arraigned on the following charge, viz.—that he, said Richard Butts, did, on the 21st of May, 1835, unlawfully and maliciously shoot a musket, loaded with a ball, at Colour-Sergeant James M'Connel, of the 94th Regiment, with intent to murder him, while in the execution of his duty, which ball tore the coat-sleeve of the said Colour-Sergeant James M'Connel. The Court, after mature deliberation, found the prisoner guilty, and adjudged him to be "shot to death," at such a time and place as His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor might appoint. This sentence was carried into execution at Windmill-hill, on the morning of the 9th of June, at six o'clock. The prisoner never spoke from the moment he arrived on the ground until the termination of his religious duties, when he audibly aspired—"Amen." He was placed on the open side of the square, kneeling behind his coffin, and facing the 94th regiment. The Provost-Marshal having tied a white handkerchief over his eyes, immediately gave the fatal signal, and the execution party fired. He fell ; but, though only six yards distant, from the muzzles of the muskets, the shot did not instantly deprive him of life. He struggled frantically and shrieked out, "Oh, my God" whereupon one of the party who had reserved their fire, advanced close to him, and discharged the contents of their pieces into his head and body, which terminated his existence.

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.—Once upon a time a traveller awoke in a post coach. He was a young man, just starting in life. He found his fellow passengers about him, all of them gray-headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller was struck with the old and singularly happy aspect which distinguished all his fellow passengers, and determined to ascertain the secret of long life and the art of making old age comfortable. He first addressed the one who was apparently the oldest, and who told him that he always lead a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather disappointed at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of this life. He addressed the second, who astonished him by saying that he had al-

ways ate roast beef and gone to bed regularly—
saddled for seventy years—adding that all de-
pendent on regularity. The third had prolonged
his days by never seeking or accepting of
—the fourth by resolutely abstaining from
political and religious controversies, and the
fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising a
dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger
than the other five—his hair was less gray,
and there was more of it—a smile denoting a
perfect, easy conscience mantled his face, and
his voice was jocund and strong. They were
all surprised to learn that he was by long years
the oldest man in the coach. “How,” ex-
claimed our young traveller “how is it that
you have thus preserved the freshness of life—
where there is one wrinkle on your brow, there
are fifty on that of each and every one of your
juniors—tell me, I pray, your secret of long-
life?” “It is no great mystery, said the old
man; “I have drunk water and drunk wine—
I have eat meat and vegetables—I have held
public offices—I have dabbled in politics and
written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes
gone to bed at sunset and sometimes at mid-
night, got up at sunrise and at noon—but I AT-
WAYS PAID PROMPTLY FOR MY NEWSPAPERS!”

Craftsmen.

A CURE FOR A PASSIONATE TEMPER.—A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into Court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant, hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stair—"Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, looking up towards him calmly, said, well, friend, God grant thee a better mind." The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that he the Quaker was right, and he in the wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, said, "I have one question to ask you—how were you able, with such patience on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee; I was naturally as hot and as violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful; and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always speak foul; and I thought if I could control my voice should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper." The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one also may do, benefited by his example.

ANECDOTE OF JEMIMA WILKINSON AND THE INDIAN.—The high claims of *Jemima Wilkinson* that Christ has descended the second time and dwells in her,) are generally known. Her place of residence is in the town of Jerusalem, Ontario county, and state of New-York.

—A few years past, a religious Indian paid her a visit, with intention to find out wherein her great strength lay. After discoursing with her some time, in English, he changed his dialect, and spake in his own mother tongue to which *Jemima* replied, in her plain manner of speaking, 'Thee must not speak to me in Indian language for I do not understand it.' 'Ah !' said the Indian, 'then know you are not my Saviour; for my blessed *jesu* understands poor Indians.' —How significant the words, and how marvellous the power of the Indian !

MISSENT TIME.—Hours have wings, and fly to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot intreat one of them either to return or slacken its pace. The mispense of every minute is a new record against us in Heaven; sure if we thought so we would dismiss them with better report, and not suffer them to go away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy every hour could convey up, not only our message, but the fruits of good, and stay till the ancient days, to speak for us before the glorious throne.—*Milton.*

HEBER ON GOOD ACTIONS.—He had so much pleasure in conferring kindness, that he often declared it was an exceeding indulgence of God, to promise a reward for what carried but its own recompense. He considered himself as the mere steward of God's bounty; and felt that in sharing his fortune with the poor, he was only making proper use of the talents committed to him, without any consciousness of merit. Once when a poor woman, whom he had given three shillings, exclaimed, 'The Lord reward you, and give you four,' he said, 'How unreasonable are the expectations of men! This good woman's wish for me, which sounds so noble, amounts to but three shillings; and we, when we give such assistance are apt to expect heaven as our reward, without considering how miserable a proportion of best-meant actions bear to the eternal recompense we are vain enough to think we deserve!'—*Life of Bishop Heber.*

FOR SALE,
THE following Tracts of LAND, viz:—A Lot on Grimross Neck, adjoining Mr. Henry Bulyea, which cuts from 8 to 12 tons of good Hay, with an upper Key-hole—1 1/2 Lot on the Grand Lake, containing 300 acres, well known as a good fishing stand, in upper Key-hole—Also, a lot on the Gage-Town leading to the Nerepis, about 4 miles from Gage-Town. The property of the late Daniel Babbitt of Gage-Town.

Public Auction.—Further particulars may be known
 applying to the Subscribers; or, either of them.
SAML. S. BABBIT. }
DANL. S. SMITH. } *Executors.*
 Gage-Town, Q. C. 15th September, 1830. pd 4 6 tf

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THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the Firm of **NEERITT & VANHORNE**, terminates by mutual consent this day. All Persons therefore having demands against the said Firm, will render the same for adjustment and payment; and those indebted thereto, are requested to make immediate payment.

NEHEMIAH MERRITT,
G. VANHORNE.
St. John, N. B. March 10, 1830.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Co-partnership lately existing under the firm of **WILLIAM GRAY & Co.** in Bathurst Chaleur Bay, is this day dissolved; and the Books and Papers of said concern placed in the hands of **J. A. STRAKER, Esq.** for adjustment.

(Signed) **WILLIAM GRAY**

Bathurst, 30th January, 1830.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, agreeable to intimation published in the Royal Gazette, being fully delegated to settle all the outstanding affairs of the late firm of *William Peters & Co.* of Fredericton, and having occasion to be absent for some time on the said business, he hereby informs all persons whom it may concern, that he has constituted and appointed **JOSEPH ESTABROOKS, Junr.** as his Agent, and invested him with full power and authority to arrange, settle and grant discharges in his name and in his behalf, whose receipt shall in every case be considered fully sufficient until otherwise revoked.

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**ADVICE TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN,
ON THE
IMPORTANCE OF AIMING AT
AN ELEVATED STANDARD OF PIETY.**

BY A VILLAGE PASTOR.

WITH
AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,
BY THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER, OF PRINCETON, N. J.

"Feed my Lambs."

Re-Printed from the second New-York edition.

The following character of the *Work*, is copied from a *Philadelphia Recorder*, an Episcopal Newspaper, of the 21st November, 1839:—
“The *Young Christian*, a new publication which the press is continually furnishing for the building up of Christians in the faith of the gospel, one has lately appeared which deserves to be universally known and read. I mean a little duodecimo volume lately published by Carvill, of New-York entitled ‘*Advice to a Young Christian, by a Village Pastor*.’” It consists in a series of letters to a young lady at the outset a Christian profession. The object of the writer is to give a view and direct the efforts of the young people towards a high and edifying standard of Christian attainment. In prosecuting his purpose, he enlarges especially upon secret prayer, self-examination and the devout searching of the word of God, and a better book for its size and cost has seldom appeared upon such subjects. The style is remarkably pure, perspicuous and chaste. A fine vein of ornament and illustrative fancy work runs through the whole, lending to the style a liveliness, and to the meaning, a earnestness with which the reader cannot but be pleased. But, inasmuch as the dress, so much as the body of the work, is of a popular nature, the subject of these remarks, that the book is admirably adapted to the condition of Christian character is as it ought to be and by it, the enlargement upon the great means by which that character may be attained by all; the cautions, counsels, encouragements and exhortations, wherever given, are all in the happiest manner and the very spirit of a true Christian pastor. The book is worthy of the interesting and appropriate preliminary essay which introduces its letters. I need hardly say that this essay exhibiting the progress of a soul from darkness to light, will amply reward the purchaser of the whole book. I believe that the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, whose letter on the hindrances to the piety of students of divinity now publishing in the *Recorder*. The book which this eminent theologian and christian has introduced to the public, though designed especially for the *Young Christian*, will be found very useful to Christians of all ages and steps of advancement. I read it in application to myself, with pleasure and profit. I find it admirable to circulate in my congregation, to every serious mind and commands me to try every possible means to save souls. I find many people have many copies already among them and want more. I commend it to the attention of those who wish to do good or to receive it.”
J. John, August 4, 1830.

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