

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!
GERTRUDE.

VARIETIES.

The Headman.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued.)

Again the weathercock croaked above him, and more intelligently than before. Florian, discovering the simple cause of his terrors, 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 fatal headman. Notwithstanding his urgency, he found his departure unaccountably delayed. The servants were not visible, and no landlady, insisting that he should take a room breakfast before his departure, was so busy in preparing it, that a full hour elapsed before Florian rode out of the stable-yard. His officious host then persisted in sending a boy to show him the nearest way to the town gate; and the patient traveller, who would hardly have declined the offer, found himself obliged to submit. His guide accompanied him to the extremity of the small suburb beyond the western gate, and quitted him; while Florian, whose ever ready apprehensions had been used by the tenacious civility of the landlady, slowly forward, looking round occasionally at his returning guide, and determining to take the first cross-road he could find. A little farther he discovered the entrance of a narrow lane, shaded by a double row of lofty chestnuts, and as he turned towards it his horse's head, and he saw the old man, whose promise he was endeavoring to escape, issuing from the lane on horseback. "I guessed as much," said the headman, smiling, as he rode up to the startled fugitive. "I knew you would try to escape me, but I cannot consent that you should thus run headlong into certain destruction. You have neither sanguine hopes nor a fixed purpose to support you, and I want firmness to answer with discretion the trying questions which will every where assail you. You are silent—you feel the full extent of your danger—why not then embrace a certain protection I offer you? Fear not that I shall either repeat or allude to my last night's proposal. My sole object is your immediate protection at this critical period, when you are doubtless tracked in all directions by the blood-hounds of the police. At the frontiers you will inevitably be stopped and identified; 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 renewed courage and confidence."

"Courage and confidence!" repeated to himself the timid Florian; "would Heaven I had 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 signs of his sincerity, and said, "I will accompany you; and may God reward your benevolence, for I cannot."

"We must return by the road I came," said the headman, turning his horse. "It takes us outside the town to my house; and, at this hour, we shall arrive there unperceived. Your landlady, who is under obligations to me, sent you this road at my request. I suppose 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."

reached the back entrance of the Gothic building before mentioned, and Florian entered this singular sanctuary with emotions not easily described. The old headman 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 suspicion that some treachery was intended. The table was promptly covered with an excellent breakfast, and the old man sent a message 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 attempts to ensnare him to the headman's purpose; and, notwithstanding his firm determination to resist them, he recoiled with fastidious disgust from the possible necessity of contending with the meretricious advances of a bold and reckless female, whose limited opportunities 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 companion, whom, in the terrors of the past night, he had forgotten, entered, in blushing embarrassment, with the bottle of wine. In a tumult of mingled apprehension and delight, he started 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 father to the table. It was obvious to Florian that she wished to conceal their previous acquaintance, and with a silent bow he resumed his seat, while the smiling maid, whom her father introduced to his guest by the name of Madelon, took a chair between them, and the conversation soon became general and exhilarating.

The continued fever of apprehension which had almost unhinged the reason of the timid Florian, now rapidly subsided. The cordial hospitality of the old headman 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 wove 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 secluded by her father's vocation from all society save occasional intercourse with relatives of the same degraded caste, the headman'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 reading, 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 innocent and active mind, untainted by the licentiousness and infidelity of French romance, acquired concentration and strength; the study of sacred and profane history induced habits of salutary reflection, and her character gradually 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, man in revenge for her firm rejection 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 headman. Circumstances somewhat similar, but not essential to his narrative, had induced her to accept a temporary asylum in the house of the executioner, whose mother was then living; and here in a moment of despair at her destitute and hopeless condition, she accepted the often tendered addresses of the enamored headman, and became his wife. The life of this amiable and accomplished woman was shortened by her calamities, and by a sense of degradation which she could never subdue. Secluded from all human society save that of an uncultivated husband, who but imperfectly understood 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 untameable vivacity. Thus happily moulded in early youth, and judiciously cultivated after her mother's death, Madelon combined, with clear and vigorous perceptions, a degree of personal attraction rarely seen in France, and no small portion of the feminine grace and fascination peculiar to well educated French women; while to these advantages were superadded eyes of radiant lustre, a voice rich in soft and musical inflections, and a smile of irresistible archness and witchery. Accustomed, from her limited opportunities of observation, to regard men as collectively coarse and uncultivated, she had been immediately and powerfully 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 further acquaintance, a charm in his comprehensive attainments and in the classic elegance of his diction, which compensated for the unmanly timidity and morbid infirmity of purpose, so easily distinguishable in his character and conduct.

In Florian, whose feelings were fortified by reminiscences of a prior attachment, the progress 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 intercourse 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 inexhaustible gratification. Her unceasing sympathy and kindness, her flattering anticipation

of his wishes, lulled the anguish of his recollections, and her sparkling gaiety never failed to rouse his drooping spirits. He soon learned to estimate at its true value the rare combination of gentleness and energy which her character displayed; while her courageous self-possession and unflinching resources, under every 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 power she had gained over his happiness, and their mutual affection was 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 headman 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 unobserved by the youthful pair, while the crafty headman, 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 opportunity to address him one morning as soon as Madelon had quitted the breakfast-room.

"I think it is high time, young man," he said, smiling, "that you should proceed to business. Come along with me into my workshop."

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 started back in dismay as he saw a number of executioner'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 headman took one of the swords from the wall, drew it from the scabbard, carefully wiped 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 earnest!" exclaimed Florian, retreating from him in deadly terror.

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

"God forbid!" exclaimed Florian with honest 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 Madelon."

"The only one?" timidly repeated Florian; "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 maintain a wife and family. Do, my good father, relinquish this dreadful vocation!"

"And my daughter!" exclaimed the headman, 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 society is irretrievably gone—and, if you attempt 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 wintry 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 student, 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. Glancing 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 fainted, against the wall.

"He is the very man!" muttered the headman, whose keen eye had been intently fixed upon him during the perusal. "I never asked your real name, young man," he continued, "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, support, and happiness."

"Happiness?" mournfully repeated Florian.

"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 generation 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 benefits I shall be deprived, when old and disabled, if my children disdain to follow my vocation; and if Madelon were to marry 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 hazard her destruction and your own, in preference 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 citizen, removes all self-reproach? With a due sense of the importance of your official duties, you will find yourself sustained in the performance of them; and a practised hand will soon give you firmness enough to follow a vocation attended with no personal risk; but, if you determine to leave me, where will you find resolution to face the perils which surround you? and, if you escape them, how are you to compete in the race of life with the daring and the fleet?"

The appalling alternatives held out to Florian by the politic headman, 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 of action which 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 ignorance 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 became palsied by despair, and his power of resistance began to fail him. The headman saw his advantage; but, satisfied with the impression he had made upon his hapless victim, he ceased to press any immediate decision, 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 insinuating and cogent arguments, which shamed him into temporary resolution. Thus alternately intimidated by the deep tones and stern denunciations of the father, encouraged by the specious reasonings of the daughter, or soothed by her resistless fascinations; assured, too, by the headman, that for some years sentences of decapitation, with rare exceptions, had been commuted for the galleys—his power to contend 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 abhorrence.

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 condescended to persecute and destroy him. He submitted in uncomplaining resignation to his fate, and ere long found relief in the growing attachment of the headman 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 incomparably superior to any she had hitherto known, delighted to cheer his hours of sadness, and watched his every wish with intense and unwearied 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 successor to the headman, 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 Sin 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 With 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
DISPENSATION 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 lads, for I'm determined to spend the last night I have 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. Cowdroy, many years superintendent of the picture gallery, in this University. 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 arrangements 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 disappointed at finding that his parents had long since descended into the tomb. Having ascertained their burying-place, he scaled the iron palings of the church-yard, and chose this cool and singular way of performing his promise, and paying respect to those who were the authors of his existence.

"Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even 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 opportunities of being assured that such stories are not exaggerated, but are bona fide true stories. One of these I shall here relate, because I heard it from good authority, and afterwards 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 detention of a day or two, was induced to relinquish 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 operation 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 overboard by the captain when about to be examined by the British cruiser. The fact was soon discovered; the papers were taken to Port Royal, where the American captain had actually commenced an action for damages against the British captain for unlawful detention. The tables were immediately turned on the astonished Jonathan, whose ship was condemned as a good and lawful prize. The shark was one of the largest size, and the jaws were preserved to this day in the Justice hall, at Spanish Town, to the annoyance of many a Yankee 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 significantly pointing to the shark, and saying—"Take care, the truth will out, though from the bottom of the sea." I have heard this story corroborated 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 measures, 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 Bayley told the Jury that the conduct of the defendants were extremely unjustifiable, and they found a verdict for her—damages £60!

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