

POETRY.

(Selected.)

THE WHITE LADY.

Translated from the German by Lord F. Leveson Gower.

Our troops went forth on Sarfeldt's morn,
Beneath their monarch's eye;
And merrily pealed the yager's horn,
As the guard was passing by.

And first and last the howitzers past,
And the battery's iron train;
And all to throw the desperate cast
Upon Jena's fated plain.

The march they play'd was sweet to hear,
The sight was fair to see;
It smother'd our Frederic's brow austere,
And Blucher smiled with glee.

That sight was fair to all but those
Who own'd prophetic fears;
And sweet that martial strain arose
To all but gifted ears.

And was there none in dream or trance,
Could follow the column's way;
And with the vulture's precient glance,
The death-doom'd troops survey?

Yes, close at hand she had taken her stand,
I saw and I mark'd her well;
'Twas she who wanders through the land,
Whose name I fear to tell.

They saw not her form, nor her visage of grief—
It was not that their sight was dim;
But fixed on his troops were the eyes of their chief,
And their glances were fixed on him.

But I knew her at once by the long lank hair,
And the garments as white as snow;
And she lingered there in her still despair,
And scowl'd on the troops below.

I knew her at once for a lady who wends,
Impell'd by the curse divine;
And who wanders abroad when woe impends,
Upon Prussia's regal line.

I have kept the night-watch, where she chiefly is
To roam by the ruinous stair;
I should not have trembled, I should not have fled—
For I could have faced her there.

For I fear'd not the sight of the lady in white
By the moonlight's spectral ray;
In the hall of our kings, at the hour of night,
But I shrunk from the vision by day.

Yet I thought that the fortunes of Prussia decreed,
By questioning her to know;
So right to that lady I spurred my steed,
Till no nearer he would go.

For he rear'd at the sight of the lady in white,
And he supp'd in his full career;
She spoke, and her words, when I heard them aright,
They curdled my blood for fear.

'Now trouble me not—! list to the shot—
On Sarfeldt I see thee dead;
Disturb me no more—I weep for your lot!
Was all that the lady said.

She strided away, and I could not tell where,
For a shuddering seized my frame;
And whither she vanish'd I cannot declare,
And as little know whence she came.

But at Sarfeldt's fight, since the morning light,
The Frenchmen had fired well;
And the lady had spoken the moment aright,
When Louis of Prussia fell.

VARIETIES.

THE IRON SHROUD—OR ITALIAN VENGEANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FIRST AND LAST."
(Concluded from our last.)

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio; but it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the THREE windows that now alone remained! The three!—there were no more!—and they seemed to number his allotted days.—Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter.—The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason, as to the end.—By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls, and roof, and windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew that he did so; as he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver, to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there, with anticipation, merely, of a fate, from which, in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be relieved.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matches inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering tortures—to lead him day by day to such appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted by all and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity! Alone he was to perish!—alone he was to await a slow coming torture, whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming.

"It is not death I fear," he exclaimed, "but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—all horrible and revolting as it is—if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come? How can I outlive the three long days and

nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence—none to make it familiar to my thoughts; or myself, patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh! for a deep sleep to fall upon me! That so in death's likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me, that my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed, as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed; and should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him, and within reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied; some one, perhaps, susceptible of pity.—Or if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate was to be what he foreboded, would be preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came; and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him!—He sprang up, and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused—the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air—all was hushed—no voice answered to his—he burst into tears; and as he sunk to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed,—"Oh, my God! you alone have power to save me now, strengthen me for the trial you permit!"

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows!—and two days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw!—The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head! The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrow area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folding arms and clenched teeth—with eyes that were blood shot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground—with a hard quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backwards and forwards in silent musing for several hours—What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe, the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man.—Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his head of straw. Words are inscribed there! A human language, traced by a human hand! He rushes towards them; but his blood freezes as he reads,—

"I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince of Tofsi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art.—When it was completed, the perfidious Tofsi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed me to be the first victim of my own pernicious secret; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to his unhallowed purpose!—Miserable wretch, whose thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy, who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tofsi, armed with his tremendous engine which, in a few hours, must crush you, as it will the needy wretch who made it!"

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears,—"Prepare!" Hope forsook him.—There was his sentence recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descending horror, his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowingly what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenches his throat in his convulsive grip, as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls, and his warring spirit demands, "Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims, "Why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do as much."

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link, that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought. As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them.—With one bound he was beneath them.—With one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista, cut through the solid rock, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his

sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm green sea, that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still clung to his hold! Sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loath to quit the smiling paradise outstretched before him; till exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes! he had looked once again upon the gorgeous splendour of nature! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive-tree, or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest; or a very wretch loathsome with disease, plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered!

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him, during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals, sleeping heavily; and when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called—the dim, obscure light which faintly struggled through the one solitary window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and, in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. "God's will be done!" was all he said, as he crouched by his body, and placed his head upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingenious contrived machinery, that effected the transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish, which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of its dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tofsi; and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning, that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once, Vivenzio screamed, and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt that a farther contraction of but a few inches only must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on, and on came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivenzio's smothered groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides—and the flattened bier was his Iron Shroud.

THE MAN THAT WISHED FOR DEATH.—The habit of avoiding personal danger, or the instinct that leads to the preservation of life, is

so strong, that persons who are resolved on suicide, sometimes conduct in a very ludicrous manner, under the fear of that death which they are desirous of procuring.

We have heard a story of a countryman, who had made up his mind to 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' and only waited until he had settled in his mind the most comfortable way of dying. Not being able to agree with himself on this important point, he informed a neighbour of his whom he met with an axe on his shoulder, that he was resolved upon death, and would take it as a great favour if he would assist him in the accomplishment of his purpose. His neighbour being willing to humour the candidate for a change of worlds, told him, he was just going into the woods to chopping, and that if he would accompany him, he would fall a tree upon him, and put an end to his life with very little trouble.

I'm very much obliged to you, said the weary of the world, and shall consider myself bound to you for life. I'll go and be killed directly.

Accordingly he followed the axe man to the woods. A tall tree was chosen and he was directed where to stand, so as to receive the full force of its fall. He fixed himself on the spot, folded his arms and prepared to wait the event. The chopper began to lay on with vigorous blows, while the death's candidate kept his eye upon the top of the tree, to see when it would fall. He stood very composed for a while; but at length began to appear uneasy and not perfectly satisfied with his prospects. And while the axe man seemed to him to redouble his blows, he kept winking and winking, he thought he perceived the tree begin to nod, and that the next moment would be his last. The cold sweat began to issue from his skin, his limbs trembled—he could stand it no longer! He took to flight and never looked behind him until he had got at least forty rods, when he ventured to stop. He was pursued by the axe-man, who on coming up, asked him why he ran away.

Oh, said he, I was afraid if I staid there I should be killed!

I thought returned the chopper, you came on purpose to be killed.

Ah true, replied the man with great simplicity, but I forgot that—O how I tremble! If I staid there a minute longer, I should have been a dead man. What a crash it made when it fell!

Crash! why the tree is standing yet. I merely chopped with the head of the axe.

With the head of the axe! do you say so? O you cheating rascal! but I'll never trust you to kill me again, I'll be hanged if I do.—New-York Constellation.

NOTICE.

THE demise of our late Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, having induced His Honor the President of this Province to dissolve the General Assembly, and to order new Writs of Election to issue—And I having thereupon received His Majesty's Writ for the Election of Four of the most able and discreet persons duly qualified to represent the said County in the GENERAL ASSEMBLY of this Province, do, in obedience thereto, hereby give Public Notice, that the said ELECTION will take place at the County Hall, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of October, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, when and where all persons interested therein will be heard, and are to attend accordingly. E. W. MILLER, Sheriff.

Fredericton, 21st Sept. 1830.

To the Electors of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN, WHEN I had the honor of addressing you, at the close of the last General Election, it was with a full determination, of not again offering myself as a Candidate for your suffrages; under the impression, (from the result of that contest,) that it was not the wish of the majority of the Electors, that I should represent the County, in our Provincial Parliament; and while I remained under that impression, nothing should have induced me, to come forward a second time—having no wish to force myself upon you. But having been informed, from various parts of the County, that it is now the general wish, that I should be chosen as one of your Representatives, I am induced to offer a gain—at the same time in doing so, I stand upon those strict constitutional principles, which prevent my personally soliciting a vote from any one. I have no selfish object to gain, in getting a seat in the House of Assembly. On the contrary, I know, I must, in going there, devote so much of my time to the public service, as to cause serious loss and inconvenience to myself. But this will not deter me, if I can be of any service to the County at large; that Gentlemen are a matter entirely for your consideration. I am pretty generally known among you, consequently you are able to judge how far I possess those qualifications, necessary to make a good and efficient member. I can only say, if you think proper to honor me with your confidence, in this respect, it will be my study to serve you faithfully, and to the utmost of my power—but my election must be the voluntary independent act of yourselves, and not the result of any undue influence or persuasion on my part. You must not therefore suppose my not canvassing for your votes arises from any want of respect for you, but from a conviction in my own mind, that the means, too generally resorted to, to obtain votes at an election, are highly unconstitutional, inconsistent with the true freedom of election, and as degrading to the electors to submit to, as they are to the candidate who practices them; added to which, many of you must have often enough experienced, that the promises and plausible professions of civility and friendship you generally receive at elections, are merely for the purpose of the present, calculated only to deceive, and lasting no longer than the vote is obtained; and I trust you have all too much good feeling and sound sense, to think the worse of a man, who respects both you and himself too much to attempt such a course, to obtain your support. I am Gentlemen, With sincere respect and good will, Your most obedient servant, GEO. FREDERICK STREET.

Fredericton, 15th September, 1830.

To the Freeholders of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN, AN opportunity will soon be afforded you, of electing Members, to represent you in the General Assembly of this Province.

Having, at the last General Election, been honored with your support in a manner far exceeding my most sanguine expectations, and conscious of having to the best of my abilities, endeavored faithfully to discharge the various duties connected with the high and important trust, then committed to me; I am induced to offer myself a second time, a Candidate for your suffrages, assuring you, that should I again be successful, my utmost exertions shall, at all times, be used to promote your interests, and protect your privileges. I have the honor to be Gentlemen Your most obedient servant, WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Fredericton, 15th September, 1830.

To the Electors of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN, THE death of our late lamented Sovereign having caused the dissolution of the House of Assembly, you will shortly be called upon to exercise your rights as British Subjects, in electing members to represent you in this County.

I take this method of informing you of my intention to offer myself as a candidate for your Suffrages, with assurance on my part, should your confidence in me induce you to place me in the high and responsible situation of one of your Representatives in General Assembly, you may rely on my utmost exertion on all occasions, to promote the best interests of the County at large.

I have the Honor to be Gentlemen, Your most obedient humble servant, JEDEDIAH SLASON, Fredericton, 15th September, 1830.

To the Freeholders of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN, THE demise of our much beloved Sovereign George the Fourth, of glorious memory, having made it necessary for you to elect four persons duly qualified, to represent you in General Assembly—I, Gentlemen, most respectfully offer myself to your notice as one of the Candidates for a share in that important trust. Should I meet your approbation, and be returned one of your Members, trust me, I shall never deceive you, nor desert the rights of the people. Should I err, I will be in judgment, and not from intention. I shall endeavor to maintain in its purity the British Constitution, which is the boast of our nation, and the admiration of the world; thereby secure and maintain the rights and privileges of the Inhabitants of this highly favoured Province. Next, my care and exertion will be, to promote to my utmost the best interests of this extensive inland County. How far I am qualified to take a part in this important matter, you Gentlemen, are the best and only judges. From the circumstances of my having in early life been instructed in the art of Farming, which I prosecuted with success, and having for the last ten years been engaged in an extensive mercantile business in this County, I trust an appeal for a liberal share of your suffrages on this occasion will not be made without success.

I am Gentlemen, Your most obedient humble servant, THOS. LEWIS LINGEN, Fredericton, Sept. 29th, 1830.

To the Freeholders of the County of York.

GENTLEMEN, AT the request of a number of my friends, I have come forward as a Candidate for your suffrages at the approaching Election. The strong assurances of support I have received from every section of this fine and extensive County, are the more gratifying to my feelings as being a pledge that my conduct, during the many years I have served you in an important public station, has met with your unqualified approbation; and be assured Gentlemen, that if I am by your free and unbiased suffrages, elected to the Honorable situation of a Representative for York County, I will serve you with zeal and independence, and my time and talents will be unflinchingly exerted for the advancement of your interests. I am Gentlemen, Your most obedient servant, JOHN A. BECKWITH.

Fredericton, 1st October, 1830.



NOTICE.

THOSE indebted to the Proprietors of the Steam Boat SAINT GEORGE, not having paid the amount of the several claims against them in pursuance of the Notice given; and it being necessary that the accounts should be immediately settled in consequence of the death of one of the Proprietors of the said Boat, the Accounts have been placed in my hands for collection, of which all Persons indebted will take due notice, and pay the several and respective balances forthwith. CHARLES P. WETMORE.

Fredericton, 15th March, 1830.

FOR SALE.

BY the Subscriber two span of large young HORSES, four yoke of good OXEN, also, one Farm WAGON, one new Market ditto, and one SOCIABLE. A liberal Credit will be given with good Security. JAMES BALLOCH.

Fredericton, 19th October, 1830.

LAST NOTICE.

THOSE Persons who are indebted to the Subscriber are hereby requested to make payment forthwith, or call and settle by Note of Hand, either with himself or the Agents for the Gazette, otherwise their Accounts will be put in suit. GEO. K. LUGRIN.

June 21, 1830.

FOR SALE.

THE House in which the under signed now resides; it is an excellent stand for mercantile business, or from the number of apartments it contains, is well adapted for a boarding House. For further particulars apply to GEORGE K. LUGRIN.

August 11, 1829.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive of Postage. Advertisements not exceeding Twelve Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Sixpence the first, and one Shilling and Sixpence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash, and the insertions will be regulated according to the amount received. Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

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