

POETRY.

(Selected.)

THE BRIDE.

With gentle step and modest air,
She entered the wide aisle;—
Her friends were placed on either side,
To cheer her with a smile.
A placid and confiding brow,
Spoke dignity and youth;—
While myrtle and a spotless rose
Revealed her bosom's truth.
Her beaming eye was scarcely raised,
To meet the circle near,
And while before the sacred place,
'Twas moistened with a tear.
And as she vowed eternal faith,
Before the Altar kneeling,
Each witness tried, the tear to hide,
Of sympathetic feeling.
Each breath'd a benediction then,
All joining in the prayer:—
And if there's purity on earth,
I'm sure it centers there.
A long and happy life attend
The faithful groom and bride,
And may each find a bosom friend
Forever to abide.

VARIETIES.

The Headman.

A TALE OF DOOM.

About the middle of the last century a murderer was condemned to suffer death by the sword, at a town in western Normandy, and, on the morning of the execution, two senior pupils of the Jesuit seminary went, by permission of their superiors, to view a spectacle of rare occurrence in that province. The cordial intimacy subsisting between these youths had long been a problem, both to their teachers and schoolfellows. So widely different, indeed, were they in appearance and character, and so harshly did the ferocity and cunning of the one contrast with the pure and gentle habits of the other, that they were called the "Wolf and the Lamb."

The older of them, named Bartholdy, was a native of Strasburg, tall and robust in person, but high shouldered, stooping, and in dress and gait slovenly and clownish. His yellow visage was deeply furrowed with the small pox, and his remarkably large and staring eyes, which were of a pale and milky blue, indicated a dullness bordering on imbecility. This appearance, however, was belied by his habitual cunning, and by the dexterity with which he often contrived to exculpate himself under criminatory circumstances. His spreading jawbones, large mouth, and coarsely-moulded lips, truly betokened his proneness to sensual gratifications; and the collective expression of his forbidding features was so remarkable, that a single glance sufficed to fix it in the memory forever. It was rumored in the seminary, that this youth had been sent by his friends to a school so remote from Strasburg, in consequence of some highly culpable irregularities; and certainly these rumors were justified by occasional instances of wolfish ferocity and deliberate duplicity, for which he was severely, but vainly, punished.

Florian, the friend of Bartholdy, although nearly of the same age, was shorter by the head. His figure was slender and elegant—his countenance eminently prepossessing and ingenious. His complexion was that of pure red and white, through which every fitting emotion is instantaneously legible. His hazel eyes sparkle with intelligence; looks of glossy chestnut curled round his fair and open forehead; and there was about his lips and smile a winning grace, which, at maturer age, would have been thought too feminine. Although not regularly handsome, there was in his form and features that harmonious configuration which is termed beauty of character, and which, when accompanied by the correspondent moral graces of gentleness and refinement, often lays a more enduring hold of the affections than beauty of a more dignified masculine order. An habitual and blushing timidity of address, of which he was painfully conscious, made him shrink from a free and general intercourse with his fellow pupils. He had few friends, because his bashful habits had made him fastidious and reserved; but his gentle and unassuming deportment, and the invariable sweetness of his temper, endeared him to the few who had penetration enough to discern his real merits,—and so far recommended him to all, that the existence of an enemy was impossible.

Thus widely opposite in physical and moral attributes were Florian and Bartholdy; and yet, so cordial appeared their attachment, so incessant was their intercourse, that the presiding Jesuits could only solve this psychological enigma by conjecturing that Bartholdy, whose fierce temper and great bodily strength made him detested, and shunned by every other boy, had found in the gentle sympathies of the unspoiled and credulous Florian a relief, which long habit had made essential to him. It is probable, too, that the often guilty and ever equivocal Bartholdy had found a protecting influence in the warm adherence of one whose purity of mind and character were universally acknowledged. His specious reasoning rarely failed to convince the confiding Florian that he was unjustly accused, and on several occasions he was screened from well-merited punishment by the favourable testimony of a friend whose veracity was above all suspicion.

Florian, on the other hand, was flattered by the consciousness of his power to protect one so much feared by all but himself, and whom he thought unjustly persecuted. He was bound to him also by the tie of gratitude, for the protection which he derived from the size and strength of Bartholdy when insulted or aggrieved in the quarrels which so often occur in large seminaries. Gradually, however, this exclusive intercourse with one so generally detested, alienated from Florian the goodwill of his schoolfellows. Even the few who

had most esteemed him, now shunned his society; and the two friends, finding themselves excluded from all participation in the sports and feelings of others, became more than ever essential to each other. This, during intimacy of two beings so opposite had been long watched by the Jesuits who conducted the establishment; but, with their wonted sagacity, they forbore to check this singular friendship, not, however, in the hope of any amelioration in the habits of Bartholdy, but with a view to learn from the unqualified sincerity of Florian, what the duplicity of the other would have concealed. Hoping that the trying spectacle of a public execution would make a salutary impression upon the hitherto callous feelings of Bartholdy, the Reverend fathers had permitted him and his friend to be present on this awful occasion. Florian, who, at the urgent and often repeated entreaties of Bartholdy, had applied for this permission, followed him with reluctant steps, and a heart beating with terror; and was prevented only by the jeers and remonstrances of his companions from running back to school, and burying his head under his bed clothes; until the rash of the excited multitude, and the deep rolling of the drums and deathbells, had ceased. As usual, however, his complying temper yielded to the persuasion of his plausible and reckless friend, with whom he gained an elevated station, and so near the scaffold as to enable them to discern the features of the hapless criminal. Florian saw him kneel before the headsman; the broad weapon glittered in the sunbeams, and the assumed firmness of the trembling gaze utterly failed him. An ashy paleness overspread his features; his joints shook with terror; and closing his eyes, he saved himself from falling by clinging to the arm of Bartholdy, who, with unshaken nerves, opened to their full extent his large dull eyes, and glared his savage curiosity by gazing with intense eagerness on the appalling scene. "In a few seconds the severed head fell upon the scaffold; the headman's assistant, grasping the matted locks, held it aloft to the gazing crowd; and Bartholdy exclaimed, with heartless indifference, 'Come along, Florian!—this all over, and capitally done! I would bet a louis that you saw nothing, and yet your face looks as white as if it had left your shoulders. Be more a man, Florian! If thus daunted at the sight of another's execution, how would you face your own, if destined to mount the scaffold?'

"Face my own!" exclaimed Florian, shuddering at the suggestion. "God forbid! I shall take good care to avoid it."

"Say not so," rejoined Bartholdy; "no man can avoid his doom; and it may be yours or mine to die upon the scaffold. Avoid it, indeed! I wish from my heart that you had never uttered those unlucky words. How often do the very evils we most carefully shun, fall upon our devoted heads. My mind has been long made up to avoid nothing; and, as soon as I become my own master, I will throw myself on the world, and grapple with it boldly. Avoid your destiny, indeed! Beware of using those words again; for, trust me, Florian, they bode no good to you."

The timid Florian felt his blood freeze as he listened; but, recollecting himself, he was about to express his perfect reliance upon the integrity of his life and principles, when he shuddered with new dismay as he recollected the judicial murder of Calas, and considered the complexities of human and circumstantial evidence. In deep and silent dejection, he walked homeward with his friend. He felt as if his existence had been blighted by some sudden and dreadful calamity; and even fancied that he saw his future fate rising before him in storm and darkness, through which menacing images were indistinctly shadowed. Bartholdy, meanwhile, appeared as much exhilarated as if retreating from a comedy, and amused himself with making sarcastic and ludicrous remarks upon the saddened countenances of the returning spectators.

The lapse of several months gradually weakened the strong hold which the execution, and the strange comments of Bartholdy, had laid upon the imagination of Florian; but they tended to increase the timid indecision of his character, and induced a disposition to endure in complaining silence many school annoyances, which more energy of character would have easily repelled. An extraordinary incident, however, gave a new turn to his situation. About six months after the execution, Bartholdy suddenly disappeared from the seminary; and this unaccountable event, by which Florian was the only sufferer, was neither explained nor even alluded to by the reverend fathers. To the scholars, who in vain sought an explanation of this mystery from the friend of Bartholdy, it was for some weeks a subject of wondering conjecture, which soon, however, subsided into indifference with all save Florian. He had lost his only, and, as he firmly believed, his sincerely-attached friend and companion; and, as this friendship had deprived him of the sympathy of every other schoolfellow, he had now no alternative but to retire within himself, and lean upon his own thoughts and resources. For some time he brooded incessantly upon the strange disappearance of his friend. He recollected that for several days preceding the event, the spirits of Bartholdy were so obviously depressed as to create inquiries, to which his replies were vague and unsatisfactory. Notwithstanding the guarded silence of the reverend fathers, it was evident to Florian that his friend had not absconded from the seminary, as not only his clothes and books, but even his bed, had disappeared with him. One article only remained, which had been left in the custody of Florian. It was a large clasp-knife, of excellent workmanship and finish. The handle was of the purest ivory, wrought in curious devices, and the long blade, which terminated in a sharp point, was secured from closing by a powerful spring, thus serving the double purpose of a knife and a dagger. The owner of this remarkable weapon had told Florian that it was precious to him, as the legacy of a near relative, and requested him to take charge of it, from an apprehension that if discovered in his own possession, it would either be stolen by the boys, or taken from him by the Jesuit fathers. "And now," sighed Florian, as he gazed with painful recol-

lections on the knife, "it is too probably lost to him forever. But if he is still in being, I may yet see and restore to him his favorite knife; and, that I may be always ready to restore it, as well as in remembrance of the owner, I will henceforth always carry it about me."

During the remainder of Florian's stay at the seminary, his thoughts continually reverted to his lost friend, who had, he feared, from a mysterious expression of the presiding Jesuit, met with some terrible calamity. During confession, he had once expressed his grief for the sudden deprivation of his friend, when, to his great surprise, the venerable priest, placing his hand upon the fair and innocent brow of Florian, exclaimed, with fervent emphasis, "Thank God, my son, that it has so happened!"

Florian often pondered upon these remarkable words, which, until some years after his departure from school, he could never satisfactorily interpret. For a long period he fondly cherished the memory of Bartholdy, and this feeling was prolonged by the knife, which, from habit, he continued to carry about him, even when the lapse of time had reconciled him to the loss of his early friend, and his ripper judgment told him that that friend had unworthily imposed upon his credulity, and that the consequences of their exclusive intimacy still exercised a pernicious influence upon his character and his happiness.

About three years after the disappearance of Bartholdy, the guardians of Florian, who had been an orphan from infancy, removed him from the seminary, and placed him as a law student at the university of D.; but here again, although advantageously introduced and recommended, he found himself a stranger, unheeded, and desolate. His timid and now invincible reserve, which prevented all advances on his part towards a frank and social communion with his fellow students, chilled that disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, which his graceful person and intelligent physiognomy had excited; while his hesitating indecision, at every trivial and commonplace incident, made him ridiculous to the few who had been won by his prepossessing exterior; to occasional intercourse. Thus, amidst numbers of his own age and pursuit, and in the dense population of a city, the timid Florian continued as deficient as a child in all practical acquaintance with society. Without a single friend or associate, he acquired the habits of a solitary recluse; and, yielding supinely to what now appeared to him his destiny, he became anxious, disconsolate, and misanthropic. Conscious, however, that in France a sound and comprehensive knowledge of jurisprudence was a frequent avenue to honorable civic appointments, and yet overlooking his own incompetency to make any degree of legal knowledge available for this purpose, he pursued his studies for some years with indefatigable assiduity; and, during the last year of his stay at D. his endeavours to ensure himself by accumulated knowledge, an honorable support, were stimulated by a growing attachment to the lovely daughter of a merchant, through whose agency he drew occasional supplies of money from his guardians.

But even the passion of love, which so often rouses the latent powers of the diffident into life and energy, failed to inspire the timid Florian with that external ardor and prompt assiduity so essential to success; and, although the fair object of his regard did not appear insensible to his silent and gentle homage, he never could collect resolution to reveal his feelings. His diffidence was increased, too, by the unmeaning gallantry of two young and lively officers of the garrison, who, although precluded by their nobility from marriage with the daughter of a citizen, employed a portion of their abundant leisure in making skirmishing experiments upon the affections of the lovely Angelique. While these military butterflies were fluttering round the woman he loved, poor Florian, daunted by the painful consciousness of his comparative disadvantages, rarely presumed to enter the villa in which her father resided, about half a league beyond the city gates, and endeavored to console himself by wandering in a pleasant grove immediately contiguous. Here a majestic elm was endeared to him by the knowledge that his beloved Angelique often took her work to a turf seat beneath its spreading branches. Here, too, he sometimes left a flower, or other silent token of his regard, the ascertained acceptance of which did not, however, encourage him to any decisive measure. At length arrived the autumnal vacation, which closed his academic studies; and he determined to pass the winter in his native province, where he thought the influence of his guardians, and the favorable testimony of his Jesuit teachers, would procure for him such recommendations as would render his extensive legal knowledge available for his future support. He proposed to return in the ensuing spring to D.; and should his mistress have stood the test of six months' absence, and still regard him with an eye of favor, he would then openly declare himself. He called upon her father at his country-house, and after explaining to him the probable advantages of his visit to Normandy, bade him farewell, and hastened with a beating heart to the villa, where he had the good fortune to find his Angelique alone. Always timid and irresolute in her presence, the fear of betraying his feelings on this occasion made him tremble as he approached her. Her young cheek glowed with unaffected blushes, as she observed a confusion which led her to anticipate an avowal of his attachment; and when he merely told her that he was going to pass the winter in Normandy, and had called to say farewell, her fine eyes became humid with the starting tears of sudden and uncontrollable emotion. Yet even this obvious proof of sympathy failed to encourage the timid and ever-doubting Florian. Persuaded that he had nothing but his sincerity to recommend him, he dreaded a repulse; and, pressing with gentle fervor her proffered hand, he hastily quitted the apartment, without daring to take another look.

After having secured a place in the diligence for the following morning, he called upon the few acquaintances he had in D., and

late in the afternoon repaired with eager haste to the grove behind the abode of Angelique. He had determined that his favorite elm, hitherto the only witness of his love, should become the medium of a more palpable declaration of his feelings than he had hitherto dared to convey. Intending to carve in the bark the initial letters of his own and his fair one's names within the outline of a heart, he drew from his pocket the ivory clasp-knife of Bartholdy, which, after seven years of faithful custody, he had begun to consider as his own; and kneeling on the bank of turf, he was enabled, by the sharpness of the point, to cut in deep and firm characters the initials of the name so dear to him. Laying down the knife upon the seat, he gazed, with folded arms, upon the beloved cipher, and fell into one of his accustomed reveries. An hour had thus elapsed, when suddenly he was roused from his dream of bliss by tones of loud and vehement contention at no great distance from the elm. Prompted by his natural aversion for scenes of violence, he concealed himself behind the tree, from whence he was enabled to discern his two military rivals, out of uniform, approaching the elm, and indicating, by furious tones and gestures, feelings of mutual and deadly animosity. Florian, whose sense of the awkwardness of his situation was increased by his timidity, fancied that he should be accused of listening to their conversation, and, retreating unobserved into the wood, he had gained the high-road before he recollected that he had left his knife on the seat of turf. Ashamed of his cowardice, he determined to return and claim it, in the event of its having been discovered and taken by one of the contending parties. He was sollicitous, also, to complete the intended cipher on the bark of the elm, while there was light enough for his purpose; and, concluding that his angry rivals had walked on in another direction, he hastily retraced his steps. Looking over some tall evergreen shrubs, which were separated by a footpath from the elm, he observed that the turf seat was unoccupied. Supposing, from the total silence, that the hostile youths had quitted the grove, he emerged from the evergreens with confidence, and approached the tree, but recoiled in sudden horror, as he almost stepped upon the body of one of his rivals, who lay dead on his back, while the blood was issuing in torrents from a wound in his throat, inflicted by the knife of Bartholdy, the remarkable handle of which protruded from the deep incision. His blood froze as he gazed on this sad spectacle; and, covering his face with his hands, he stood for some moments over the body in stolid and sickening horror. Soon, however, his strong antipathy to scenes of bloodshed and violence impelled him to rush, with headlong precipitation, from the fatal spot. Leaving his knife in the wound, he darted forward through the wood, and fortunately without meeting any one within or near it. When he reached the high-road, the darkness had so much increased as to render his features undistinguishable to the passengers, and, running towards the city, he soon reached the public promenade without the barriers, where he threw himself upon a bench, exhausted with terror and fatigue. Looking fearfully around him through the darkness, he endeavored to collect his reasoning faculties, and immediately the recollection that he had left his knife in the throat of the murdered officer flashed upon him. With this fatal weapon were connected many old associations, which now crowded with sickening potency upon his memory. Again he saw the sarcastic grin with which his friend had said, "What we most carefully shun is most likely to befall us." And would not the remarkable knife of Bartholdy too probably verify the malignant prophecy of its owner? Forgetful of the impossibility that any one had seen in his possession a knife which, before that evening, he had never used, his senses yielded to an irresistible conviction that this instrument of another's guilt would betray and lead him to the scaffold. Immediate flight was the only resource which presented itself to his bewildered judgment; and, rising from the bench, he hastened to his lodgings, to complete his preparations for departure the following morning. After a sleepless night, during which he started at every sound with apprehension of a nocturnal visit from the police, he proceeded at day-break, with a heavy heart, to the post-house, where, observing a carrier's waggon on the point of departure for Normandy, he availed himself of the opportunity to facilitate his escape, by putting a few essentials into a cloak-bag, and forwarding his heavy trunk by the carrier. After some delay, of which every moment appeared an age, the diligence departed; and when the church towers were lost in distance, the goading terrors of the unhappy fugitive yielded for a time to feelings of a comparative security. His apprehensions, however, were renewed by every rising cloud of dust behind the diligence, and by every equestrian who followed and passed the vehicle. In vain did he endeavour to console himself with the consciousness that he was innocent, and under the protection of a just and merciful Providence. The judicial murder of Calas, and of other innocent sufferers, detailed in the "Causes Celebres" of Pitaval, were ever present to this fevered fancy; and when he closed his eyes and assumed the semblance of sleep, to avoid the conversation of his fellow travellers, his imagination conjured up to the staring orbs and satanic smile of Bartholdy, who pointed at him jeeringly, and exclaimed, "In vain you seek to shun your destiny! In France, the innocent and the guilty bleed alike upon the scaffold." And then he shouted in the ear of Florian, "Why did you part with the knife I confided to you? Why provoke me to become your evil genius?" Or, with a hoarse and fiendish laugh he seemed to whisper to the shrinking fugitive—"You are a doomed man, Florian! doomed to the scaffold!"

[To be continued.]

DR. JOHNSON'S PUDDING.—Last summer I made an excursion to Scotland with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building, I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried Mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down, and partake of a bowl of whiskey-punch. I found him to be the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdotes, of which the following may serve as a specimen.—"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard bottom chairs (in which we are now sitting) were years ago, filled by the Great tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the Doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a poney.—"My dear sir," said Boswell out of breath with joy, 'good news! I have just bespoken a comfortable and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton, it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself that we shall make an excellent meal.'—Johnson looked pleased.—'And I hope,' said he, 'you have bespoken a pudding.' 'Sir, you will have your favourite pudding,' replied the other.—"Johnson got off the poney, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the Doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for a delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting-ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time, he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced; Boswell exclaimed, 'My dear doctor, here comes the mutton—what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The Doctor tittered. After a short grace Boswell said——"I suppose I am to carve as usual; what part shall I help you to? The Doctor replied—'My dear Boswell I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.'—"O dear! this is a great disappointment," said Boswell.—"Say no more; I shall make myself amply amends with the pudding. Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. 'How the gravy runs; what fine flavoured fat, so nice and brown too. Oh, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.'—"The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly finished all the pudding! The table was cleared and Boswell said—"Doctor, while I was eating the mutton you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray tell me what tickled your fancy?"—"The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy, and the basting. Boswell then turned as pale as a parsnip, and sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried, the doctor laughed.—"You little, filthy, snivelling hound," said Boswell, when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?"—"I couldn't, sir," said the boy.—"No! why couldn't you?" said Boswell.—"Because my mammy took it from me, to boil the pudding in!"—"The doctor gathered up his hereculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared or squinted—indeed looked any way but the right way. At last with mouth wide open (none of the smallest) and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looked at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out with the lungs of a Stentor—"Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing, and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living while you breathe."—"And so, sir," said mine host, "you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant."—Angelo's Reminiscences.

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