

POETRY.

Selected.

I WISH I COULD FORGET HER.

A BALLAD. From "Scrapes and Sketches" by J. H. Willis. I wish I could forget her—I wish I could forget That she is all so beautiful—that we had ever met!

I wish I could forget her—forget the fairy spell That floated in each melting tone which from her sweet lips fell— The touching song of hopeless love she sang to me alone.

I wish I could forget her—the many things which make Remembrance of past fleeting hours a torture for her sake— Her look—and smile—and song—and sigh—and tears—all haunt me yet, And dreaming wild as this, my heart, 'twere mercy to forget.

I wish I could forget her,—forget I e'er enshrined Her loveliness and gifted-worth above her gentle kind So far—that from proud Beauty's train I ever turned away, In humbleness to kneel to her, more brightly fair than they.

I wish I could forget her,—could bring my heart to deem The bliss it knew in loving her was only passion's dream— A fleeting ray of joyful hue from some sweet star that shined Its brightness o'er a darkling dome a moment ere it fled.

I wish I could forget her,—how sad and weary years Were fading fast the morning bloom of her young life in tears, How blighting grief had early flung her shadow o'er her hours, —Which should have won her gentle steps with light and song and flow'rs

I wish I could forget her,—and vainly fly to all The world can give of pleasure here to satiate and pall The gasping and the weary heart,—but mine must covet yet, A refuge from a fierce despair which dares it to forget.

I wish I could forget her,—could win me to forget The thousand thoughts that fondly twine her round my memory yet, And I would cherish hope that life at last might cease to be A changeless scene of dreary gloom and hopelessness to me.

I wish I could forget her,—but oh! how idly vain To think—to hope—to pray that e'er this heart may feel again One pulse that breathes not all of her,—and dreams which linger yet So deeply there—that in the grave alone I can forget.

VARIETIES.

EXPIATION.

ADAM FLEMING, the son of a little farmer in Scotland, during the reign of the frail, the unfortunate Mary. Inheriting from nature an attractive person and a vigorous mind, and receiving, from the kindness of a maternal uncle, an education superior to what is generally bestowed on persons of his rank in society, he had won the affections of a beautiful and wealthy heiress in the shire of Dumfries.

But, as it seldom happens that we can enjoy any pleasure, or any happiness, without exciting envy or discontent in those who are less fortunate, or less deserving, the preference given to Fleming by Helena Irvine, before a host of suitors, excited, in one of the disappointed candidates, inveterate malignity and vows of vengeance.

Observing, that a favourite evening walk of the happy lovers was on the banks of the Kirtle, a romantic little stream, skirted with shrubs and overhanging rocks, flowing in a serpentine course near the Abbey of Kirkconnel, the villain procured a carbine, and at their accustomed hour, concealed himself in a thicket near the place.

The fond pair soon approaching, he levelled the instrument of death at his unsuspected rival; but occasioning as he moved, a rustling of the leaves, Helena turned quickly round, saw his deadly purpose, and defeated it by throwing herself before her lover; but, in preserving him, she received the contents of the gun in her own bosom, and sunk a bloody and lifeless corpse into his arms.

Neither love nor justice admitted a moment's delay: placing his murdered mistress gently on a bank, Adam pursued the flying,—the cowardly assassin, with the fury of a hungry lion, soon overtook him, and seized the merciless ruffian by the hair of his head, planted a dagger in his heart.

The report of the piece, and the cries of the dastardly fugitive, drawing several peasants to the spot, Fleming, instead of submitting his conduct to the justice of his country, which must have considered it as justifiable homicide, and without well knowing what he sought, fled towards the sea coast, where he saw a vessel outward bound; throwing himself into a boat, he went on board, made a confidant of the captain, and sailed with him to Lisbon.

Careless of life, and probably wishing to shorten it, he entered into the service of the King of Portugal, and distinguished

himself in a military capacity, at some of the distant possessions of that monarch in the Brazils.

Receiving, after many years, ample rewards, and an honourable dismissal, he resolved, in the spirit of the times, and forgetting that for sinners like him a Saviour had died, he resolved to expiate the crime of murder, to which he had received such urgent provocation, but for which he could not forgive himself, by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Having accomplished his purpose, he was anxious to pass the short period of life which remained, in his native country, trusting for safety to the mercy or to the oblivion of his former neighbours.

Soon after landing in Scotland, he determined to visit the spot where his beloved,—his long-lost Helena, was interred: Worn down by years, sorrow and the toils of war, and naturally agitated by recollecting the circumstances, and viewing the place of her death, his debilitated frame was not equal to such emotions; reaching with difficulty her tomb, in the Chapel of Kirkconnel, he sunk on the earth which covered her remains, and expired without a groan.

This little narrative, which the scrupulous critic may consider as the romantic fiction of a novelist, is founded on fact, supported by the evidence of authentic family documents, in the possession of a worthy baronet who resides near the spot, and corroborated by the remains of a monumental inscription in the chapel, which is now in ruins.

Two modern poets have been inspired by the melancholy subject; but forgetting that the pathetic is always most powerful in the unadorned language of simplicity and nature, their attempts of improvement, by fictitious additions, have spoiled an affecting story.

GAMING.

GAMING is a species of insanity, under whose ruinous influence, men in the full enjoyment of splendid independence and domestic happiness, have suddenly quitted their families, and all that was respectable in life, for the disgraceful association of rapacious sharpers and indigent adventurers, who, with no one recommendation of body or mind, but fraudulent dexterity in packing a card, and manœuvring a dice-box, have not suffered the pigeon to escape from their talons, till they have plucked the silly bird of its last feather.

To the long list of these disinterested martyrs, who risk their all here and hereafter, without a change or probability of securing any thing in return, but mockery and ruin,—to this melancholy list may be added, the name of a Mr. Porter, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in the country of Northumberland, the fee of which, in less than twelve months, he lost at hazard.

The last night of his career, when he had just perfected the wicked work, and was stepping down stairs to throw himself into his carriage, which waited at the door of a well-known house, he suddenly went back into the room where his friends were assembled, and insisted, that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him; his rational proposition was this,—that his carriage, the trinkets and loose money in his pocket, his town house, plate and furniture, should be valued in a lump, and be thrown for at a single cast. No persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose; he threw, and conducted the winner to the door, told his coachman, that was his master, and heroically marched forth, without house, home, or any one creditable source of support.

He retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the substitute of a marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as helper at a livery stable.

In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries.

He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the other five he repaired to a common gaming house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to White's, sat down with his former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning the next night, he lost it all, and after subsisting many years in abject and sordid penury, died a ragged beggar, at a penny lodging-house in St. Giles's.

Had he fractured his leg on quitting the gaming house with 20,000 pounds, or been doomed by a lettre de cachet, to straw, bread and water, and a shaved head, for six months, in a dark room, in might have brought him to his senses, and have prevented so ignominious a relapse.

THE PANTHER HUNTER.

BY WILLIAM PLATT.

On the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, lived, some years ago, an individual whose life seemed to have been devoted to the woods and the stream. He had grown old in the forest, but like the aged and knotty oak, a vestige still remained of his antiquity and hardihood. When I saw him first, he reminded me of a dilapidated and deserted fortress, decaying but still strong. I courted his acquaintance, and many is the time I have warmed myself, during the dreary winter months at the bright fire the industry of age had kindled. I loved this old man, but that love could not have originated in pity for his misfortunes—no, he was happy as the spring birds; and the only regret he ever experienced was that the "clearings" around had driven away the game. He was himself the pioneer of the forest, and civiliza-

tion had deprived him of half of its charms, yet he would tell over the tales of his eventful life, and weep and laugh as he recounted them. "Oh," said he once to me "I have seen foot-prints of the Indian and the panther, where now the fields are white with the harvest; they have both passed away with the wilderness, and my own grey head will soon lie down in the dust—I must not murmur—yet I shall be the last who has witnessed Nature on this spot with her simple and solitary grandeur; but if I could once again exhibit a panther's skin as the trophy of my age, I could forget even that." There was something so pathetic in the manner this was uttered—something so melancholy in the idea, that it was in vain I attempted a reply; it was an all-absorbing thought, and I gave the wings of Fancy to the reflection—it might have been prophetic of the old man's end, for on the next day the villagers were roused by a report, that a panther had been seen in the neighbourhood. His eyes brightened at the intelligence—he seemed to have shaken off his years, and I shall never forget the firmness of his step as he shouldered his rifle with the hope of gaining the trophy he desired. "I'll find the creature," said he, "I can go to the spot, and if an old man's eyes do not fail him I shall have an easy task—but there's no knowing what may take place, they are dangerous animals." I wished him success, and he departed, accompanied only by his dog.

The day was fast waning away, and the shade of surrounding trees enveloped the watchful hunter as he paced the margin of an almost inaccessible ravine, eager to discover his prey; but the panther appeared not, and he began to fear he was doomed to watch in vain. At length, he leaned his rifle against a tree, and commenced partaking a scanty repast he had provided, all was still around him—his dog lay quietly by his side—a few yards beyond him the clear and sparkling waters of the West Branch might be seen meandering in loveliness beneath a craggy bank or perceptive, lifting itself toward the skies more than an hundred feet. Thitherward the hunter strayed, looking upon the stream and the valley below crimsoned with the rays of the setting sun, while thoughts of other days chased one another across his brain as summer clouds cast their flickering shadows over a harvest field. He was aroused from his lethargy by a rustling in the shrubbery near him, and turning, he beheld a panther crossing his path. He shuddered, for his rifle still leaned against the tree where he had left it, and the panther was then between him and the tree. "Oh God!" he cried, "be thou merciful to me." The animal seemed to have observed, and springing into a tree, with a growl now surveyed the horror-stricken hunter, while its fierce and fiery gaze made him recoil to the very brink of the precipice. He cast his eyes over the abyss—there was no retreat—death stared him in the face on either side, and he gave himself up to the hopelessness of despair. Yet there might be hope—he held his knife open in one hand, whilst unconscious of what he did, he firmly grasped a small sapling in the other; his dog, however, instead of relieving his fears only excited him, irritating his foe by an angry bark, as it lay crouched upon the hump like a cat ready to spring upon her prey; but still that spring was delayed, as if it felt conscious that its prey was sure, and a pleasure in holding its victim in terrific suspense. At length, ripping up the bark, with a ferocious and quick growl, it drew its recumbent length together, then suddenly expanding itself, sprang through the air towards its victim. The hunter, who had eagerly watched its motions, with a shriek of horror sprang aside, but fortunately held to the sapling with an almost convulsive grasp. The sharp claws of the animal fixed in his clothing, and seemed nigh to have carried him headlong with it over the dread abyss—for a moment it seemed that the panther would recover its footing, but with an intuitive presence of mind, the old man with his knife ripped it assunder and it fell from crag to crag, marking the sharp projection of the rocks with its blood, till the welcome sound of its fall to the earth, struck on his ears as joyfully as the sounds of liberty to a captive.—He rushed forward to his rifle fearful perhaps that life was not yet extinct in his enemy. Soon, however, the contents of the rifle was lodged into the head of his foe, while a prayer went up to Heaven from his lips, in gratitude for his preservation.

The hunter exhibited his trophy, but the terror and toil had been too great—his age could not endure it, and his remains now rest in the earth near the scene of his terrific achievements. From the Journal of Health of November. THE OLD AGE OF A TEMPERATE MAN. Lewis Cofnaro, a Venetian nobleman, memorable for having lived to an extreme old age, he being 105 years old at the time of his death, wrote a treatise on "the advantages of a temperate life." He was induced, it appears, to compose this at the request and for the instruction of some ingenious young men, for whom he had a regard; who seeing him, then 31 years old in a fine florid state of health were extremely desirous to be made acquainted with the means by which he had been enabled to preserve the vigour of his mind and body to so advanced an age. He described to them, accordingly his whole manner of living and the regimen he invariably pursued. He states, that when he was young he was very intemperate—that this intemperance had brought upon him

many grievous disorders; that from his 35th to his 40th year, he spent his days and nights in the utmost anxiety and pain—and that, in short, his life had become a burthen to him. His physicians, told him, that there was but one medicine remaining, which had not yet been tried; but which, if he could but prevail upon himself to use with perseverance, would free him from all his complaints—and that was a regular and temperate plan of life. Upon this he immediately prepared himself for new regimen, and confined himself to a very moderate portion of plain and wholesome food. This diet was at first very disagreeable to him, and he longed to return to his former mode of living.—Occasionally, indeed, without the knowledge of his physicians, he did indulge himself in a greater freedom of diet; but, as he informs us, much to his own uneasiness and detriment. Compelled by necessity, and exerting resolutely all the powers of his mind, he became at length, confirmed in a settled and uninterrupted course of the strictest temperance; by virtue of which, as he states, all his disorders had left him in less than a year, and he enjoyed, subsequently, perfect and uninterrupted health.—Some sensualists, it appears, had objected to his mode of living—insisting that it was useless to mortify one's appetites, as he did, for the sake of becoming old, since all that remained of life after the age of 65, could not properly be called *vita viva, sed vita mortua*—not a living, but a dead life. "Now," he says, "to show these gentlemen how much they are mistaken, I will briefly run over the satisfactions and pleasures which I now enjoy, in this 83d year of my age. In the first place, I am always well, and so active withal, that I can with ease mount a horse upon a flat, and walk to the top of a very high mountain. In the next place, I am always cheerful, pleasant, perfectly contented, and free from all perturbation, and every unpleasant thought. Joy and peace have so firmly fixed their residence in my bosom as never to depart from it. I have none of that satiety of life so often met with in persons of my age, for I am enabled to spend every hour of my time with the greatest delight and pleasure. I frequently converse with men of talents and learning, and spend much of my time reading and writing. I have another way of diverting myself—by going every spring and autumn to enjoy, for some days, an eminence which I possess in the most beautiful part of the Euganean hills, adorned with fountains and gardens; and above all, a convenient and handsome lodge, in which place I also, now and then, make one in some hunting party, suitable to my taste and age. At the same season of every year, I revisit some of the neighboring cities, and enjoy the company of such of my friends as live there, and through them the conversation of other men of parts, who reside in those places—such as architects, painters, sculptors, musicians, and husbandmen. I visit their new works; I revisit their former ones, and always learn something which gives me satisfaction. I see the palaces, gardens, antiquities; and, with these, the squares and other public places, the churches, the fortifications—leaving nothing unobserved, from which I may reap either entertainment or instruction. But what delights me most, is, in my journeys backwards and forwards, to contemplate the situation and other beauties of the places I pass through; some in the plain, others on hills, adjoining to rivers, or fountains, with numerous beautiful houses and gardens. Nor are my recreations rendered less agreeable and entertaining by my not seeing well, or not hearing readily every thing that is said to me—or by any other of my senses not being perfect; for they are all, thank God, in the highest perfection, particularly my palate, which now relishes better the simple fare I meet with wherever I happen to be, than it did formerly the most delicate dishes, when I led an irregular life. I sleep too, everywhere soundly and quietly, without experiencing the least disturbance, and all my dreams are pleasant and delightful. "These are the delights and comforts of old age, from which I presume, that the life I spend is not a dead, morose, and melancholy one; but a living, active, and pleasant existence, which I would not change with the most robust of those youths, who indulge and riot in all the luxury of the senses,—because I know them to be exposed to a thousand diseases, a thousand unavoidable sources of unhappiness, and a thousand kinds of death. I, on the contrary am free from all apprehensions—from the apprehension of disease, because I have nothing for disease to feed upon—from the apprehension of death, because I have spent a life of reason. I must be dissolved by a gentle and gradual decay, when the radical moisture is consumed, like oil in a lamp, which affords no longer life to the dying taper." Truly did this philosopher, for so he may be called, prophecy concerning his future health and happiness, for he lived as has been remarked, to be upwards of a hundred years old after publishing another tract in his 95th year.

PROSPECTUS

Of a new PERIODICAL PUBLICATION, to be published Monthly by Henry Chubb, Saint-John, N. B. AND ENTITLED, THE NEW-BRUNSWICK MONTHLY MAGAZINE, AND HISTORIC INTELLIGENCER; Under the Patronage of the EPISCOPAL Clergy of the Province.

It has long been the wonder and regret of many enlightened inhabitants of New-Brunswick, both clerical and secular, that at this advanced period of the establishment of the Province, and more especially in this peculiarly illuminated era of the world, so little attention is

paid to, and so little anxiety evinced for, the literary improvement of this fast-increasing community. No publication exclusively devoted to the interests of morality and literature—the pre-eminently best interests of the rising generation—no channel of communication between the religious, scientific and learned men scattered throughout the Province; no medium through which the ideas, reflections and researches of the wise and good among us may be imparted to the general mass, for their edification and improvement, at present exists in New-Brunswick. It cannot fail to be acknowledged by all who are just and rational, and free from the delusion of mere selfishness, that it is the bounden duty of every man, as far as in him lies, to promote the welfare of his fellow creatures, peculiarly of his own immediate community. Various are the means by which this general co-operation and mutual benefit may be effected:—careless as the fluctuating circumstances in which the individuals who compose the living world are placed; for these circumstances engender and determine those means. One medium, however, is ever open to all; ever available to every one who has sufficient mind to reflect, and sufficient skill to impart the result of his self-communications. The Press offers an easy and effectual vehicle for the conveyance to the multitude at large of whatever good or useful may present itself to the minds of individuals. In this manner, the very humblest may contribute something to the moral or mental improvement of his fellow subjects or citizens, and may in so far fulfil his duty towards men and towards God: how much more may the talented, the holy, and the wise improve the qualifications with which Providence has gifted them, and advance the dearest interests of society. Such men have long felt and deplored the absence of means by which they might discharge this obligatory duty. They have long lamented their inability to "trade with the talents" God has given them: they have grieved that their abilities of doing good should be thus buried and unventured; and they have felt more and more the necessity of yet attempting to satisfy their conscience, by active exertion in the cause of universal instruction and cultivation. Especially, also, the members of the Established Church have felt the disadvantage of possessing no medium of general communication, and have long desired the establishment of such a mutual benefit; so important an aid to the well-being of society. These considerations have induced some individuals to endeavour to supply this great hiatus in New-Brunswick. They feel confident that this Province both can and will support a publication so devoted to the best interests of its inhabitants; and that the number of intelligent men within its who limits, will duly appreciate the design and the utility of such a Magazine, is amply sufficient to ensure its success; and on their part, therefore, they pledge themselves to use their utmost efforts to deserve the encouragement and patronage of their supporters and the public at large, and to promote the intellectual and religious advancement of their fellow subjects.

THE NEW-BRUNSWICK MONTHLY MAGAZINE will be conducted by a literary Gentleman from London, as Editor, assisted by the stated contributions of a number of the most talented inhabitants of the Province. Its principles will be those of the ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND, in its evangelical purity. This will be a sufficient guarantee for the total exclusion of bigotry and partiality, and for the candid, dispassionate and fraternal discussion of the views of every Christian, whatever may be his denomination or sectarian distinction. In the consideration of religious matters, the writers of the New-Brunswick Monthly Magazine can acknowledge but one Church, and one HEAD of that Church, which is CHRIST; regarding its various divisions merely as members of one common body.

Subordinate and auxiliary to Religion, GENERAL LITERATURE will be a leading feature of the New-Brunswick Monthly Magazine. This comprehensive head will include Original Literary essays, sketches, and information in general; notices and reviews of new and interesting books; selections from approved works, ancient and modern; Poetry, and light productions; in short, everything that may improve and amuse, consistently with the nature of the work. To these will be added, whatever intelligence respecting religious and literary affairs in general, can be procured by the diligence of the Editor and his collaborators. Politics, and that heterogeneous conglomeration usually denominated "News," will be excluded, as contrary to the spirit and intent of a Magazine, which aspires to a more durable and intrinsic character than can be conceded to the ephemeral pages of a Newspaper. Party principles or discussions can never be admitted into this publication, which aims at something more than the gratification of a momentary feeling; its intention is lasting utility. The only discussions admissible into its pages, are those which have for their object the eliciting and demonstrating permanently useful truth.

These few explanations premised, the Editor and Publisher of the New Brunswick Monthly Magazine respectfully submit their project to the favourable consideration of their friends and the public at large, in the confident hope that an attempt to aid the diffusion of religious principles and general intellectual improvement, which they humbly conceive to be the best means of benefiting a rising community, will be duly appreciated and fostered by men of discernment and good feeling.

The Editor, being intimately connected with various literary gentlemen in England, possesses peculiar means of obtaining resources from the fountain head of literature; but as this Magazine is especially designed to encourage and foster native talent, original contributions are most earnestly solicited, and to them every possible attention shall be paid.

The Editor and Publisher would now merely add, that to any enterprise delay is fatal, more especially to the incipient literary efforts of a new country. It is therefore, only by prompt and decided patronage that this attempt can be effectually established. For the honour of the Province it is to be hoped, that it will not be suffered to fail on any other ground than its own demerit, and this cause it will be the business and study of its conductors to prevent.

The Magazine will be printed in 8vo, with new type, and on fine paper. Each monthly number will contain 32 closely printed pages, stitched in a neat wrapper. The price will be only Fifteen Shillings per annum. The publication will commence immediately that such a number of subscribers is obtained, as will render it prudent, and it will thenceforward continue to appear regularly on the first day of every successive calendar month. All communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed, "To the Editor of the New-Brunswick Monthly Magazine, N. B." Publishers, desiring books to be reviewed, will please to forward such books similarly addressed. All postages and carriage must be paid by the senders, or their communications cannot be received. St. John, N. B. November 27, 1830.

NOTICE TO PEW-HOLDERS.

At a meeting of the Vestry of Christ Church, Fredericton, this day, it was Resolved, that all the Pews in the said Church, the rent of which is not paid on or before the first day of January next, be closed and forfeited to the Church, and to be sold by Public Auction, on a day, to be hereafter named. Fredericton, 27th December 1830.