

POETRY.

Selected.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed all her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

VARIETIES.

THE STRANGER GUEST.

AN ENGLISH TALE.—There was in my neighbourhood a farm-house which was remarkable, as well for the peculiarity of its structure, as the very beautiful country by which it was surrounded. It was very ancient, and had the appearance of being of Saxon Architecture. The farm attached to it was of considerable extent, and formed part of the estate of a nobleman who had large possessions in the county, but who rarely visited them. As a young man, he was conspicuous for the generosity of his disposition, a nice sense of honour, and the mildness and affability of his manners. His classical and intellectual attainments were of a high order; and his wit, like Yorick's, was wont to "set the table in a roar." He formed an attachment to a young lady, who, a month before the day fixed for their union, suddenly, and without assigning a reason for the alteration in her sentiment, married a nobleman of higher rank. He received the intelligence of her faithlessness without uttering a syllable, or betraying an indication of anger or sorrow; nor was he ever known to allude to the subject; but, from that hour, he was a changed man. He withdrew entirely from female society, and became a member of a fashionable club, where a great portion of his time was passed. He engaged for a season in play; but, although his losses were insignificant, he soon grew disgusted with the pursuit and his companions. He then plunged deeply into politics, and was constant in his attendance at the House; but the vacuum in his mind was too vast to be filled by such expedients. He then quitted England, and travelled rapidly through France, Italy, and Germany, but could not outstrip the phantom that pursued him. At length he took up his residence entirely on the Continent, and thus his talents were lost to his country, whose senate he had so often charmed by his eloquence, and enlightened by his wisdom. The management of his estates, in the meantime, was confided to his steward, Mr. Giles Jenkins; a man who, although he would have made a grefader among Lilliputians, was but a Lilliputian among grenadiers, being in stature exactly five feet two inches. His sallow complexion and forbidding aspect were by no means improved by an obliquity of vision, and a red nose, which latter decoration was obtained at the expense of his temperance. He had been originally bred to the law, to the tortuosities of which his mind was admirably adapted. Dismutative as was his person, there was room enough in his bosom for the operation of some of the fiercest passions that deform humanity. His insatiable arrogance, grasping avarice, and insatiable revenge, made him the terror of all who were subjected to his influence, particularly of the tenants among whom he exercised the most tyrannical sway. He was, moreover, a consummate hypocrite, and, as far as regarded his master, a successful one.

The farm at the period of which I am writing was tenanted by Andrew Hodson, whose ancestors had cultivated the same soil for more than a century.

Andrew had passed his fiftieth year; but the temperance of his habits, and the healthful nature of his employment had protected him, in a great degree, from the inroads of time, and gave him the appearance of being much younger. His complexion exhibited the ruddy hue of health; and, although naturally fair, was imbrowned by the sun of many summers.

Andrew's wife, who had been pretty, and was then a very comely dame, was somewhat younger than himself. Her domestic virtues and acquirements were admirably adapted for a farmer's wife; and although a shrewd, she was a very kind-hearted woman. They had two children, a son and a daughter; the former about one and twenty, and the latter about two years younger.

Frank Hodson, very like his father in person was an industrious, good humoured lad; and, when dressed in a smart green riding frock, light corduroy breeches, and long leather gaiters, or leggings, as they are called, was a very likely object to draw a second look from the village maidens, or from dames of higher degree, as, mounted on his rough-coated forester, he passed on his way to the market town.

Those who, in their estimate of a rustic belle, are unable to separate the idea of vulgarity from the character, would do gross injustice to Amy Hodson, both as regards the style of her beauty, and the gentleness of manner by which it was graced. Nature is no respecter of persons; and, in the formation of our race, has little reference to the stations we are destined to fill; since she as often bestows the fair heritage of beauty on the child of a peasant as on the heiress of a peer. Nor am I aware of any thing in the habits or occupation of a farmer's daughter, which has not a tendency rather to improve than to impair the symmetry of the form. Amy rose with the lark, breathing as sweet a hymn to the portals of heaven, and returning the first glance of Aurora with an eye as bright, and a smile as rosy as her own. Nor is Nature always aristocratic in dispensing understanding, and Amy was an excellent one, on which the few advantages she had derived in point of education had not been thrown away.

The family, parents, and children, were bound together, not only by links of the strongest affection, but by the firmer bands of religion, of which they had all a deep and influential sense. The voice of contention was never heard in their dwelling.

Andrew Hodson for many years had prospered in the world, but on the expiration of the lease, which had descended to him from his father, a reluctance to quit a spot which so many recollections had endeared him, induced him to take the farm at a rent above its value; so that, instead of saving money every year as he was wont to do, he began to find it a losing concern. At length, however, the failure of a provincial banker deprived him of the few hundreds he had laid by, and placed him in circumstances of much difficulty. Thus it happened, that, in lieu of having his homestead surrounded by wheat-stacks, the growth of former years, his sheaves were transferred directly from the harvest-field to the thrashing floor, and the produce was sent to market under all the disadvantages of a forced sale, to meet his Michaelmas rent. Again, if a horse died, or was worn out, he was unable, for want of money, to supply its place; and thus the strength on his farm became gradually so much reduced, that many acres of his land, which might have been made productive, remained uncultivated.

Andrew and his family met his reverse of fortune as became them, by the sacrifice of very many comforts, in which, under more prosperous circumstances, they were warranted in indulging. The old man exchanged his favourite hackney for a cart-horse, and superintended the operations on his farm on foot. Frank gave up his foggy galloway to the harrow and light plough; and poor Amy's pony was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had taken a fancy to it for his daughter. The privation, however, which most lamented was the necessity of contracting, not only the scale of their hospitality, but the sphere of their charity. It is true, the wayfarer man never passed the door unrefreshed, nor the houseless wanderer unrelieved; and their hearts still shed its genial warmth upon the poor dependent, whom they had not the heart to displace from his seat in the chimney corner; but there were many who were left bitterly to regret that liberal hand should ever be closed by the pressure of calamity.

Under the influence of all these inauspicious events, they had sources of comfort of which the world could not deprive them. The sound of the dance, and the voice of innocent hilarity, were no longer heard in their hall, but the still small voice of an approving conscience consoled them for the loss. Where a family are thus united, their home, although it were a hovel, cannot be desolate. Instead of sitting down in despair under their misfortune, each strove to support the other beneath its weight. They had all been early taught to look up to their God, and to put their trust in His mercy and wisdom under every dispensation; nor, at the morning and evening sacrifice, were their hearts less fervent in their thanksgivings which were left to them, than when they were showered down with a profuse hand. Another source of consolation was supplied to them in the uniform respect of those around them, who regarded their calamity with that silent sympathy which is worth all the condolence that proud prosperity ever dinged into the ears of the unfortunate. Often would the neighbouring farmers, aware of the difficulties he laboured under for want of strength upon his land, club together, each contributing a horse, and thus furnish him with the use of a team for several days, in the busy seasons of seed-time and harvest.

One evening towards the close of the summer, as Andrew Hodson and his family were sitting at the window, they observed a horseman riding along the road, which lay within a few yards of the house. Frank, whose admiration of a fine horse was in no degree diminished by the circumstance of his no longer possessing one, exclaimed to his sister, "Look, Amy! is not that a fine creature? what action he has! and see how he throws his feet out: a little ewe-necked, to be sure, but that is a sign of blood."

In the meantime, the traveller had arrived nearly opposite to the house. He was rather tall, somewhat in years, but sat very erect on his horse, whose appearance justified the encomiums which Frank had bestowed on it. The gentleman's dress consisted of a blue coat, not remarkable for its lustre, and of a fashion almost coeval with the wearer; it was buttoned close up to his throat. His legs were encased in riding boots, and his intermediate habiliment was of buckskin, which however did not fit its present pro-

prietor quite so tightly as it did its deceased one.

"I wish, Frank," said the farmer, you would keep that dog tied up, alluding to a small terrier which ran out at the gate, and barked at the heels of the traveller's horse. The animal reared in consequence, and then, in plunging, one of its feet alighted on a rolling-stone; it stumbled and fell, throwing its rider to the ground with considerable violence. The steed was soon on its legs again; its master rose more slowly, approached his horse, passed his hand over its knees, and the tempted to remount, but in vain, and he was compelled to lean against the saddle for support.

By this time, all the family were at his side, expressing much regret for the occasion of the accident, and apprehensions for the consequences. The stranger was with difficulty conducted into the house, and placed upon a sort of coach, where he remained for some minutes, without uttering a word, although his countenance was sufficiently indicative of his feelings, in which vexation appeared to predominate over pain. On his making a movement, which those around him interpreted into an attempt to rise, he was earnestly entreated not to think of quitting the house until the following day. He replied, in no very conciliatory tone: "No, no, you have me safe enough; I shall be your guest for some time to come, to my comfort, and no doubt to yours; and if that abominable cur be not hanged or shot, I think your house stands a fair chance of becoming a hospital."

Frank expressed himself deeply concerned for the accident, but alleged that the dog had been tied up, and had broken its chain; he added, however, that the animal should not commit a similar offence, and, taking a gun from over the chimney-piece, declared his intention of destroying the culprit immediately. "I pray you, young gentleman, forbear," said the stranger; what warrant have I that the animal is not mad? He may have bitten my horse, and my horse may go mad also and bite me. No, no, sir, tie the brute up again, securely, if you please, and when he foams at the mouth, you may shoot him and the horse together." Perceiving that the gentleman being in great pain, the farmer enquired if he would prefer being conducted to bed to remaining on the couch. He replied, "Yes; and the sooner you take me there the better, if you wish to have the assistance of my legs in transporting me, for they are growing confoundedly stiff, I can tell you."

As soon as the difficulty of conveying him to bed was surmounted, Frank, borrowing a neighbour's horse, rode off to the village for the assistance of Mr. Blanford, the only surgeon within some miles. He unfortunately being from home, Frank applied to me, supposing that a physician would answer the same purpose. It was a case scarcely within my province, but conceiving that I might be of some use, I put a lancet in my pocket, and accompanied the messenger on his way back to the farm. I ascended to the apartment which the stranger occupied, and found him stretched upon the bed, apparently suffering very much from the effects of his accident. He regarded me, for some seconds with a most acrimonious expression of countenance, and answered the questions which I found it necessary to put to him, at the least possible expense of words; differing very much, in this particular, from the generality of patients who have come under my notice. Every allowance, however, was to be made for his temper, the equilibrium of which, it must be confessed, such a tumble as he had met with was very like to derange. I bled him, as a precautionary measure, and ordered some simple applications to his ankle, which had been severely sprained, and was much swollen. After assuring him that he need not entertain any apprehensions for the result of his accident, for that a few days' confinement would be the extent of the inconvenience, I promised to call on him again in a few days, and took my leave.

(To be continued.)

THE BISCUIT.

[FROM THE MILITARY SCRAP BOOK.]

Our advanced guard had been skirmishing with the enemy for five days, and with empty stomachs. The commissary of the division had either missed us in his march with the provisions, for which he had been dispatched to the rear, or else had not been successful in procuring a supply. But whatever might have been the cause, the consequence was trying to us; for the men, officers and all, were wholly without provisions for three days. At the time the commissary went to the rear, two pounds of biscuit, one pound of meat, and a pint of wine, were served out to each individual; and upon this quantity we were forced to exist five days; for nothing was to be bought. If we had been loaded with gold, we could not have purchased a morsel of any sort of food.

Most of the men, from having been accustomed to disappointment in supplies of rations, managed their little stock so economically, that it lasted nearly three days, but the greater part finished it in half the time. As the men grew weaker, the work grew heavier; and as hunger increased, so did the necessity for physical exertion. The enemy were constantly annoying us, and every hour of the day brought a skirmish, either with their little squads of cavalry, their riflemen, or their voltigeurs. The latter were troops of very short stature and strong make, very much esteemed by Napoleon. They wore short breeches and half gaiters, and none of the men were more than five feet three inches high. The rifles would advance by the cover of a hedge, or hill perhaps, while the volti-

geurs would suddenly dart out from a ditch, into which they had crept under cover of the weeds, and fall upon our picquets with the ferocity of bull-dogs; and when they were mastered, would (if not killed, wounded, or held fast) scamper off like kangaroos. In like manner the cavalry would try to surprise us; or, if they could steal upon us, would dash up, fire their pistols, and, if well opposed, gallop off again.

On the fifth morning after the commissary had delivered the rations above mentioned, we had a very sharp brush with the enemy. A company of infantry and a few dragoons were ordered to dislodge the French from a house in which they had a party, and which was necessary to the security of our position; for, from this house, they used to sally upon our picquets in a most annoying manner. The French, not more than fifty in number, made a considerable resistance; they received the English with a volley from the windows, and immediately retreated to a high bank behind the house. From this point they continued to fire until their flank was threatened by our dragoons, when they retreated in double quick disorder, leaving about fifteen killed and wounded.

Our men were then starving. The poor fellows although they had forgotten their animal wants in the execution of their duty, plainly displayed in their faces the weakness of their bodies. Every man of the crowded encampment looked wan and melancholy; but all kept up their flagging spirits by resolution and patience. Many a manly fellow felt in silence the bitterness of his situation. There were no upbraidings, for all were sufferers alike.

In about an hour after the taking of the old house in front, I went out from our huts in a crowd to see the place of action. I met four or five of our men wounded, and carried by their comrades. The officer commanding the party now joined me, and walked back to the house, to give farther directions regarding other wounded men not yet removed. When we had gone about fifty yards, we met a wounded soldier carried very slowly in a blanket by four men. As soon as he saw the officer who was along with me, he cried out in a feeble but forced voice "Stop! stop! lay me down—let me speak to the captain."

The surgeon, who was along with him, had no objection, for, in my opinion, he thought the man beyond the power of his skill, and the sufferer was laid gently down upon the turf, under the shade of a projecting rock. I knew the wounded man's face in a moment, for I had often remarked him as being a steady, well-conducted soldier; his age was about forty-one or two, and he had a wife and two children in England. I saw death in the poor fellow's face. He was shot in the throat, or rather between the shoulder and the throat; the ball passed apparently downwards, probably from having been fired from the little hill on which the French posted themselves when they left the house. The blood gurgled from the wound at every exertion he made to speak. I asked the surgeon what he thought of the man, and that gentleman whispered, "It is all over with him." He said he had done every thing he could to stop the blood, but found from the situation of the wound, that it was impossible to succeed.

The dying soldier, on being laid down, held out his hand to my friend the Captain, which was not only cordially received, but pressed with pity and tenderness by that officer. "Sir," said the unhappy man, gazing upon his Captain with a look such as I shall never forget—"Sir, you have been my best friend ever since I entered the regiment—you have been every man's friend in the company, and a good officer. God bless you! you saved me once from punishment, which you and all knew afterwards that I was unjustly sentenced to. God bless you! Here the tears came from his eyes, and neither the captain, nor a young man around, could conceal their kind sensation.

The poor sufferer resumed—"I have only to beg, Sir, you will take care that my dear wife and little ones shall have my back pay as soon as possible;—I am not many hours for this world." The Captain pressed his hand, but could not speak. He hid his face in his handkerchief.

"I have done my duty, Captain—have I not, Sir?"

"You have, Tom, you have, and nobly done it," replied the captain with great emotion.

"God bless you!—I have only one thing more to say." Then addressing one of his comrades, he asked for his haversack, which was immediately handed to him. "I have only one thing to say, Captain," said he. "I have not been very well this week, Sir, and did not eat all my rations. I have one biscuit—it is all I possess. You, as well as others, Sir, are without bread: take it for the sake of a poor grateful soldier—take it—take it, Sir, and God be with you!"

The poor good-natured creature was totally exhausted as he concluded; he leaned back—his eyes grew a dull glassy colour—his face still paler, and he expired in about ten minutes after on the spot. The captain wept like a child.

Few words were spoken. The body was borne along with us to the wood where the division was bivouacked, and the whole of the company to which the man belonged attended his interment, which took place in about two hours after. He was wrapped in his blanket, just as he was, and laid in the earth. The captain himself read a prayer over his grave, and pronounced a short but impressive eulogy on the merits of the departed. He showed the men the biscuit, as he related to them the manner in which it had been given him, and he declared he would never taste it

but keep the token in remembrance of the good soldier, even though he starved. The commissary, however, arrived that night, and prevented the necessity of trial to the captain's amiable resolution. At the same time, I do believe that nothing would have made him eat the biscuit.

This is no tale of fiction: the fact occurred before the author's eyes. Let no man, then, in his ignorance, throw taunts upon the soldier, and tell him that his gay apparel and his daily bread are paid for out of the citizen's pocket. Rather let him think on this biscuit, and reflect, that the soldier earns his crust as well as he, and when the day of trial comes, will bear the worst and most appalling privations, to keep the enemy from snatching the last biscuit out of the citizen's mouth. It is for his countrymen at home that he starves—it is for them he dies.

EELS TRAVELLING OVERLAND.

The eel (says Mr. Jesse, in his "Gleanings in Natural History") is evidently a link between the fish and the serpent; but unlike the former, it can exist a long time out of the water, which its nocturnal migrations prove, though probably a certain degree of moisture on the grass is necessary to enable it to do this. That they do wander from one place to another, is evident. I have been informed, upon the authority of a nobleman well known for his attachment to field sports, that, if an eel is found on land, its head is invariably turned towards the sea, for which it is always observed to make in the most direct line possible. If this information is correct (and there seems no reason to doubt it,) it shows that the eel, like the swallow, is possessed of strong migratory insting. An annual migration of young eels takes place in the river Thames, in the month of May; and they have generally made their appearance at Kingston, in their way upwards, about the second week in that month. These young eels are about two inches in length, and they make there approach in one regular and undeviating column of about five inches in breadth, and as thick together as it is possible for them to be. As this overland procession of eels generally lasts two or three days, and as they appear to move at the rate of nearly two miles and a half an hour, some idea may be formed of their enormous number.

DISCOVERY OF A MURDERER ON BOARD THE SHIP BRUTUS.

The melancholy affliction which occasioned the return of the Brutus to this port has been the providential means of securing a man who has, to all appearance, been engaged in the murder of one of his fellow creatures.

Amongst the passengers on board the Brutus were two individuals who went by the name of Daly, and also a pensioner of the Garrison Battalion, named Jer. Whelan. When the vessel had proceeded some distance from land, Whelan had some conversation with the Dalys, from which he was led to conclude that they had been concerned in a murder, or at least something not far short. He also ascertained that they had come from the neighbourhood of Portlanning, in Queen's County. His suspicions were so strongly confirmed that, as soon as the opportunity presented itself, by the return of the ship to Liverpool, he dispatched a letter to Lieutenant Ray, the Chief of Police at Maryborough, Ireland, in which he stated the circumstances we have mentioned, and also, that one of the men had declared, after they put back, that he would go by the first vessel to Quebec as he durst not return home.

The result of this letter was the arrival of an officer from Ireland, with a warrant for the apprehension of Richard Connor, a labourer, aged about 26, William Connor, a blacksmith, aged 24, Richard Connor, jun., and James Connelly, who were charged with having assaulted a person named Peter Dowling, at Ship House, in Queen's County, and beaten him so severely that he died. The warrant for their apprehension was received at the police-office, in this town, on Wednesday forenoon, and placed in the hands of Turner, the police officer, for execution. The passengers and crew of the Brutus had been removed to the Newcastle lazaretto, and as he would not have been allowed to make a search there, the officer proceeded to the parish-office, where he learned that no person of the name of Connor had applied there; but on looking at the description of the applicants, he found one belonging to Queen's County under the name of Daly. He was told that he had applied for relief and would shortly call again; in about five minutes he accordingly made his appearance, when Turner tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him his name. He answered without hesitation, "Richard Connor," but had hardly uttered the word, before he tried to recall it, and added "Daly." When asked why he had at first said Connor, he replied that he had made a mistake.

From these circumstances Turner was satisfied he was one of the men included in the warrant, and immediately brought in the prisoner to identify him. He was then taken into custody. Thus in less than twenty minutes after the arrival of the warrant, the diligence and promptitude of the police-officer had enabled him to discover and secure the object of his pursuit.

The prisoner was sent off to Dublin on Wednesday afternoon in custody of an officer. William Connor fell a victim to the cholera after the Brutus put back, and of the other two prisoners nothing has yet been heard, nor is it understood that they were on board the vessel.

A FEW SETS of the revised edition of the Laws of the Province of New-Brunswick, are for sale at Mr. Francis Beverly's Book Store.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

Terms—10s. 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.