

POETRY.

Selected.

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOT.

Though life's a dark and thorny path,
Its goal the silent tomb,
It yet some spots of sunshine hath,
That smile amidst the gloom;
The friend who weal and woe partakes,
Unchanged what'er our lot,
Who kindly soothes the heart that aches—
Is sure a sunny spot.

The wife, who half our burden bears,
And utters not a moan;
Whose ready hand wipes off our tears,
Unheeded all her own;
Who treasures every kindly word,
Each harsher one forgot,
And cares blithely as a bird—
She's, too, a sunny spot.

The child who lifts, at morn and eve,
In prayer its tiny voice;
Who grieves when 'tis its parents grieve,
And joys when they rejoice;
In whose bright eye young genius glows,
Whose heart without a blot,
Is fresh and pure as summer's rose—
That child's a sunny spot.

There's yet, upon life's weary road,
One spot of brighter glow,
Where sorrow half forgets its load,
And tears no longer flow;
Friendship may wither, love decline,
Our child dishonor blot;
But still undimmed, that spot will shine,
Religion lights that spot!

OH! SKY-LARK, FOR THY WING!

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! sky-lark, for thy wing!
Thou bird of joy and light,
That I might soar and sing
At Heaven's empyreal height!
With the heathery hills beneath me,
Where the streams in glory spring,
And the pearly clouds to wreath me—
Oh, sky-lark! on thy wing!
Free, free from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed skies,
Through the blue divinely clear,
Where the low mists cannot rise!
And a thousand joyous measures
From my chainless heart should spring
Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
As I wandered on thy wing.
But oh! the silver chords
That around the heart are spun,
From gentle tones and words,
And kind eyes that make our sun!
To some low sweet nest returning,
How soon my love would bring,
There, there the dews of morning,
Oh, sky-lark! on thy wing!

VARIETIES.

(Concluded from our last.)

Mrs. Macfarlane, while she sunk from the society of gentlemen of her own rank, still retained such acquaintance as she had ever happened to possess, of their wild sons and brothers. With them, she was, in her turn, an object of great interest on account of her transcendent beauty, or rather its fame—for the fame with such persons is of far more importance than the reality. It was not disagreeable to Mrs. Macfarlane, when she walked with her husband on the Castle Hill, and found herself passed with dry recognition by persons of her own sex, to be made up to by some long-waisted Sir Harry Wildair, who, in language borrowed from Congreve Farquhar, protested that the sun was much aided in his efforts to illuminate the world by the light of her eyes. A rattle of the fan was the least favour that could be dispensed in reward for such a compliment; and then would ensue a conversation, perhaps only interrupted by a declaration from Mr. Macfarlane, that he felt the air getting rather cold, and was afraid to stay out any longer on account of his rheumatism. The society of these fops was never further encouraged by Mrs. Macfarlane; indeed, it was only agreeable to her in public places, where it consoled her a little for the ungenerous slights of more respectable persons. Yet it had some effect upon her reputation, and was partly the cause of all her misfortunes.

About two years after the insurrection of 1715, the host of Edinburgh fops received an important accession in Mr. George Cayley, a young Englishman, who was sent down as one of the commissioners upon the forfeited estates. Cayley brought with him a considerable stock of cash, an oath of recent coinage, said to be very fashionable in Pall Mall, and a vest of peculiar cut, which he had lately got occupied at Paris from an original belonging to the Regent Orleans. As he also brought a full complement of the most desecrating habits, he might be considered as recommended in the strongest manner to the friendship of the native beaux; if, indeed, his accomplishments were not apt rather to produce displeasure from their superiority. Some days after his arrival he was introduced to Mrs. Macfarlane, to whom he was an object of some interest on account of his concern in the disposal of her father's estate. If she felt an interest in him on this account, he was not the less struck by her surpassing beauty and elegant manners, which appeared to him alike thrown away upon her husband, and the city in which she dwelt. He rushed home from the first interview in a state of mind scarcely to be imagined. That such a glorious creature should squander her light upon the humble house of an attorney, when she seemed equally fit to illuminate the walls of a palace, was, in his eyes, a perversion of the designs of nature. He wished that it was in his power to fly with her away—away from all the scenes where either was known, to some place far over this world's wilderness, where every consciousness might be lost except that of mutual love. Over and over again he deplored the artificial bonds imposed by human laws, and protected by the virtuous part of the human race, by

which hearts the most devoted to each other were often condemned to eternal separation. His heart, he found, was possessed by sensations such as had never before moved it. It worshipped its object as a kind of idol, instead of, as formerly, regarding it as a toy. He flung himself in idea before the shrine of her splendour, in breathless, boundless, despairing passion.

It is probable that if Cayley had been fortunate enough to meet Mrs. Macfarlane before she was married, he might have been inspired with an attachment equally devoted, and which, being indulged innocently, might have had the effect of purifying him from all his degrading vices, and raising him into a worthy member of society. As it was the passion which, in proper circumstances, is apt to refine and humanize, only lent a frantic earnestness to his usual folly. He made it his endeavour to obtain as much of her society as possible—an object in which he was greatly favoured by his official character, which caused him to be treated with much less coolness by Mr. Macfarlane than was otherwise to have been expected. That individual had not altogether lost hope of regaining the property to which his wife was entitled, and he therefore met Mr. Cayley's advances with more than corresponding warmth, every other sentiment being for the time subordinate to this important object.—The young Englishman, in order to cultivate this delightful intimacy with the greater convenience, removed from his former lodgings to a house directly opposite to Mrs. Macfarlane's, in the High Street, where, at such times as a visit was out of the question, he would sit for hours watching patiently for the slightest glimpse of her through the windows, and judging even a momentary gleam of her figure within the dim glass as an ample compensation for his pains. He now became much less lively than before—forsook in some measure, the company of his gay contemporaries—and seemed, in short, the complete beau-ideal of the melancholy, abstracted lover. It was his custom to spend most of his evenings in Mr. Macfarlane's house; and, except during those too quickly flying hours, time was to him the greatest misery. Existence was only existence in that loved presence; the rest was a state of dormancy, or watchfulness only to be spent in pain. If he applied at all to the business for which he was commissioned by the government, it was only to that part of it which related to the inheritance of Mrs. Macfarlane, in order that he might every night have an excuse for calling upon that lady, to inform her of the progress he was making in her cause. His attachment in that quarter was soon whispered abroad in society; and, while it served as a grateful theme for the tongues of Mrs. Macfarlane's former competitors, the favour with which he seemed to be received was equally the subject of envy to the young men, few of whom had ever found much countenance in her house for want of something to recommend them equally to her husband.

Scarcely any thing is calculated to have so deteriorating an effect upon the mind as the constant fret of an unlawful passion. In every one of the clandestine and stealthy operations by which it is sought to be gratified, a step is gained in the downward descent towards destruction. Cayley, who was not naturally a man of wicked dispositions, and who might have been reclaimed by this passion, had it been virtuous, from all his trivial follies, gradually became prepared, by the emotions which convulsed his bosom, for an attempt involving the honour of his adored mistress, and consequently her whole happiness in life, as well as that of many innocent individuals with whom she was connected. This he now only waited for any opportunity of carrying into effect; and it was not long ere it was afforded.

Called by the urgent request of a Highland client, Mr. Macfarlane had left town somewhat suddenly, and was not expected to return for upwards of a week. During his absence, Mrs. Macfarlane endeavoured to repress the attentions of Mr. Cayley as much as possible, from a sense of propriety, and contented herself with a kind of society—dumb, yet eloquent—which she felt to be much more fit for her situation—the society of her infant child. One evening, however, as she sat with her tender charge hushed to sleep upon her bosom, Mr. Cayley was unexpectedly ushered in, notwithstanding that she had given directions for his exclusion after a certain hour, now past. To add to her distress, he appeared a little excited, as she thought, by liquor; but, in reality, by nothing but the burning and madly imprudent passion which had taken possession of him. He sat down, and gazed at her for a few moments without speaking, while she remonstrated against this unreasonable intrusion. She then rung her bell, in order to chide her servant for disobedience of her orders; but Mr. Cayley tranquilly told her, that he had taken the liberty of sending the girl away upon an errand.

"In the name of heaven," said the lady, "what do you mean?" "I mean, my dear Madam," answered he, "to have a little conversation with you upon a subject of great importance to us both, and which I should like to discuss without the possibility of interruption. Know, Madam, that, ever since I first saw you, I have fondly, madly loved you. You are become indispensable to my existence; and it depends upon you whether I shall hereafter be the most happy or the most miserable of men."

"Mr. Cayley," cried the lady, "what foolery is this? You are not in your senses; you have indulged too much in liquor. For heaven's sake, go home; and to-morrow you will have forgot that such ideas ever possessed your brain."

"No, never, my angel!" cried he, "can I forget that I have seen and loved you. I might sleep for ages; and, if I awakened at all, it would be with your image imprinted as strongly as ever upon my heart. You now see a man prepared for the most desperate courses in order to obtain you. Listen for a moment. In the neighbourhood a coach stands ready to carry us far from every scene where you have hitherto been known. Consent, and I procure for you (which is now within my power) a reversal of your father's attainder. You shall again possess the domains where your fathers for ages back have been held in almost regal veneration; and where you spent the pleasant years of your own youth. Deny me, and to-morrow your reputation is blasted for ever. The least plausible tale, you well know, would be received and believed by society, if told respecting Mrs. Macfarlane."

"Profligate wretch!" exclaimed the unfortunate lady; "can I believe my ears when they tell me that such wickedness exists in a human bosom? Look, Sir, at this infant—were there no principles of virtue within me to dictate a contemptuous rejection of your proposals, do you think that I could leave this innocent to pine and die under the cold neglect of strangers, or to survive to a less blessed life with the stigma of a disgraced mother fixed for ever upon her? Were I the basest woman that ever lived, as you seem to think me, would nature permit so awful a violation of her laws? Could I leave my child, and not next moment be struck dead by fire from Heaven for my crime? The alternative, indeed, is awful. Well you know the point upon which I am most easily affected. Base, however, as you avow yourself, I cannot yet suppose that you could be guilty of a trick so worthy of the devil himself, as to blast the reputation, where you could not fix the real cause of infamy."

"Do not flatter yourself too much on that score," rejoined Cayley; "you do not see a man actuated by ordinary principles. I am tortured and confounded by an impetuous passion, which you have excited. If you take from me all hope of a consent to my first proposal, I must endeavour to bring you into my power by the second. To-morrow did I say? Nay, I will go this night and tell every man I know that you are the slave of my passion. Not a lady in Edinburgh but will know of it to-morrow before she has left her pillow. You will then, I think, see the necessity of consenting to the scheme of flight which I now put into your power."

He pronounced these words in such a disordered and violent manner, that the unhappy lady sat for some time unable to reply. She hardly recovered her senses till she heard the outer door clang behind him, as he went upon the demoniac purpose which he had threatened.

The first place that Mr. Cayley went to was John's coffee house, a fashionable tavern in the Parliament Square, where he found a large group of his dissolute young friends, drinking claret out of silver stoups. The company was in an advanced stage of intoxication and riot, very much to the annoyance, apparently, of a few smaller knots of decent citizens, who were indulging in some more moderate potations after the fatigues of the day, and endeavouring to understand as much as they could of the London Intelligencer, the Flying Post, and other little sheets of news which lay upon the various tables. "Well, Cayley," cried one of the young roisterers, "come and tell us how you are getting on now with the fair lady over the way—husband not at home—must be making great advances, I suppose." "Make yourselves quite at ease on that subject," said Cayley; "I am so, I assure you." This he said in so significant a tone that it was at once understood. A flood of raillery, however, was immediately opened upon him; no one would believe what he said, or rather implied—and thus, as they designed, he was drawn to make much more explicit declarations of his supposed triumph. No attempt was made by himself or others to conceal the subject of their conversation from the rest of the individuals present. It was understood distinctly by the sober citizens above-mentioned, some of whom shrugged their shoulders, knocked their cocked hats firmly down upon their heads, took staff in hand, and strode consequently and indignantly out of the room.—As Cayley had predicted, the whole affair was blazoned abroad before next morning.

Mrs. Macfarlane, as might be supposed, enjoyed little sleep after the agitations of the preceding evening. She could hardly believe that any thing so wicked as what had been threatened by Mr. Cayley could be perpetrated by a being in human shape; but yet, recollecting the extraordinary state in which he seemed to be, she could not altogether assure herself of the contrary. In the forenoon she went to pay a visit in a distant part of the town; and she could not help remarking, that while she seemed to have become an object of additional interest to the male sex, the ladies, even those with whom she had formerly been on terms of civil recognition, averted their eyes from her, with an expression, as she thought, of contempt.

The lady upon whom she called received her in the coldest manner, and, on explanation being asked, did not hesitate to mention what she had heard as the town's talk that morning, namely, that Mr. Cayley professed himself to be her favoured lover. The unfortunate lady burst into a passion of tears and lamentations at this intelligence, protested her innocence a thousand times, and declared herself to be only the victim of a profligate; but still she saw that she did not produce an entirely exculpatory effect upon the mind of her friend. She went home in a state of

distress bordering on despair. Her early misfortunes through the severity of the government; her dependant situation in the houses of her kinsfolk; her unhappy marriage to a man she could never love; and, finally, the cruel coldness with which she had been treated by her former friends in the days of her depression, all recurred upon her mind, and, united with the more awful grief which had now overtaken her, prepared her mind for the most desperate resolutions.

Early in the afternoon she sent a note to Mr. Cayley, requesting in the usual terms, the favour of his company. The receipt of her billet threw him into a transport of joy, for he believed that his scheme had already taken effect, and that she was now prepared to accede to his proposals. He therefore dressed himself in his best style, and at the proper hour (he felt too secure of his prey to go sooner), walked across the street to his appointment. He was shown into a room at the back of the house, where he had never before been; and where there was little furniture besides a picture of Mrs. Macfarlane, painted by Sir John Medina, an Italian artist who long practised his trade at the Scottish capital. This portrait, which he began to gaze upon with all the enthusiasm of a lover, represented his mistress in a style and manner strikingly beautiful. The utmost serenity, united with the utmost innocence, shone in those sweetly noble features. The fair open brow glowed like the summer sky, calmly and cloudlessly beautiful. The eyes shone with the lustre of gladness and intelligence, and the whole expression was resolved into an exquisite and killing smile. The lover stood in a sort of transport before this image of all he held dear on earth, as if he were yielding to an idolatrous contemplation of its extraordinary loveliness, when the door was opened—and behold the original! Instead of the voluptuous smile which shone on the canvass of Medina, a beautiful Fury stood before him—a Hecate not yet grown old. He started with horror; for not only did she bear in her countenance the most threatening ensigns of passion, but she carried in her hand two large pistols, one of which she held extended to him, while with the other she locked the door behind her, at the same time keeping a watchful and glaring eye upon her victim.

"Wretch," she said, "you have ruined one who never did you wrong. You have destroyed me as completely as if you had stretched me lifeless beneath your hand. More than this, you have rendered others who are dear to me unhappy for ever. My child—you have deprived her of the nurture of a mother; you have fixed upon her name a stain which will never be washed out. And yet for all this, society, cruel as it is to the victims, provides no punishment—hardly even any censure to the criminal. Were it now my will to permit you, you might walk away scatheless from the fair scene you had ravaged, with nothing to disturb your triumph, but the lamentations of so many broken hearts. You shall not, however, enjoy this triumph—for here you shall die!"

Cayley had stood for a few moments, gazing alternately at her face and at the weapon she held extended towards him. He heard her address as if he had heard it not. But at the last word, he recovered a little of his presence of mind, and made an effort to approach her. She at that moment fired, but without effect. The effort of drawing the trigger had depressed the muzzle of the weapon, and the ball entered the floor at his feet.—She lost not an instant to present and fire the other, the shot of which penetrated his breast, and he fell next moment before her, with but one indistinct murmur of agony—and then all was still.

One brief embrace to her child—a moment at the toilette to arrange her travelling dress, which she had previously prepared, and the beautiful murderess was ready to fly. She instantly left town for the south, and, as already mentioned, received shelter and concealment in the house of her distant kinsman, Sir John Swinton. How long she was there protected is not known; but it was probably as long as the search of justice continued to be in the least eager. It was always understood, by those aged persons who knew her story, and from whom the preceding facts have chiefly been derived, that she ultimately escaped to some remote continental state, where she was supported by contributions from her relations. So close one of the most tragical tales that stain the domestic annals of Scotland during the last century.

JAMES F. GALE,

Chemist & Druggist.

BEGS leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has succeeded Geo. E. Baldwin, Esq. Surgeon, &c. in the above business, in the Shop lately occupied by him, in Queen Street, opposite Mr. J. T. Smith's, where he intends to keep on hand an assortment of the most genuine Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Pickles, Sauces, &c.

Having served a regular apprenticeship to the business, and for a considerable time, engaged as an Assistant in a respectable Chemist and Druggist's shop in London, he hopes by moderate charges and attention to business to merit a share of public confidence. Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes accurately prepared. Country Practitioners supplied on the lowest terms for Cash.

N. B. An Apprentice wanted. Frederickton, 21st August, 1832.

THE Subscriber, in addition to his former stock, has now received a supply of articles in his line of business including Perfumery, Pickles, Sauces, &c. which he hopes may be found worthy of the attention of the Public.

JAMES F. GALE, Chemist & Druggist.

Queen St. August 26, 1832.

Post Office, Fredericton, Sept. 10, 1832.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in this Office this date.

A
Amos Arnold, George Asherton, 2. William Adams.

B
James Bresland, Ruth Brymer, James Blair, David Baldwin, James Brown, Henry Blocker.

C
John Conroy, Bryon Connolly, Samuel Chamberlain, Peter Cameron, Wollard Collings, Thomas Christy, Charles Crooker, William Cimler, Eleanor Coyle, Charles Coulson Heist Carter.

D
Doins Delaney, 2. Martha Davis, William Dorr, Patrick Diver, John Dow, 3. Thomas Dyer, William Dunn, 2. William Davis, Quinon Donaghy, Andrew Darcas, George Dean, John Dec, 2. Mary Dalouche, John Donnelly.

E
Charles Emery, Joseph Easterbrooks, Isaac Esty.

F
Janet Ferguson, John Feely, Thomas Fairman, Alexander Fleming.

G
William Grigg, 2. Charles Good, Benjamin Glazer, Mrs. Gray.

H
William Healey, Daniel Hickry, Simon Hammond, Margaret Hart, David Hunter, David Hamilton, Margaret Hill.

J
James Johnston, 8. Mr. Jovett, H. Jackson.

K
James Kerney, 2. John Kelly, Mrs. T. Kirk.

L
Evan Lewis, Daniel Lapee, Joseph Lusk, Denis Leary, Catherine Longworth, William Lendra, 2. John Landery, William Dewill.

M
Garret McGeverin, John McLean, John Miller, Angus McBean, Joseph Mentley, Alan McLean, Mary McBrien, William Moore, Daniel McNamara, Thomas Murray, William Moffit, William McAdam, John McMonagle, Nicholas Murray, Alexander Macolough, Hugh Munro, Arthur McKiver, Samuel McIntire, William McLachlan, John Melvne, James McCormick, Duncan McLeod, Peter Murphy, James Magray, Catherine McCarty, Andrew McDonald, Hugh McMaster.

N
Daniel Nichols, Elijah Newcomb, Daniel Newcomb, Samuel Newcomb, James Nelson.

O
John Oliver.

P
Mr. Poulting, William Powell, John Phillips, Henry Paris, E. W. Parkins, James Poor.

Q
Catharin Quin.

R
John Robinson, John Reynolds, John Pealy, John H. Ryan, James Redmond, 2.

S
James Shortell, J. Slason, Jeremiah Sullivan, 2. Samuel Stelle, Samuel Smith, Thomas Saxton, George Spence, Daniel Sweeney.

T
William Tovey, 3. James Tumilson, Pat Tolan, James Tweedy, Adam Tedlie, Josiah Thomas.

W
George Wheatley, Benjamin Wheeler, Robert Walsh, Edward Wheeler, Rosa Waters, Richard Williams.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber, either by Note or Book account, are requested to call and settle the same with L. A. Wilmet Esq. forthwith; and all persons having any claims against the Subscriber, are requested to render their accounts to the same person, who is duly authorized to settle the same.

JAMES BALLOCH.

St. John, 17th September, 1832.
DANIEL JOHNSTON offers for sale at his Store, near the upper Steam Boat landing, a general assortment of CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE. Also, GROCERIES &c. very low for cash.
Fredericton, 10th September, 1832.

NEW GOODS.

(per Eleanor from LIVERPOOL.)
THE Subscriber has just received part of his Spring supply comprising;

BOMBAZEENS, Bombazette, Gingham, white, brown and printed Cottons, Cheek, Cantons, colored Jean, Molekin, Fustian, Barragan, Vesting, Silk and Cotton V-lvet, Persian, black Crape, Gauze Handkerchiefs, Jaconet Mull and Book Muslins, Muslin and Cotton Handkerchiefs, white and coloured Linen Cambricks, rascals, Silk and Cotton Umbrellas, Morrisell Quilt, Counterpanes, brown and black Holland, Thread, Tapes, Bobbin, Cotton Spools, Bonnet Wire, Silk and Cotton Braes, black and coloured Kid Gloves, white and coloured Cotton Stockings, Worsted and Silk, do. black and coloured Socks, Ladies Kid Lasting and Morocco Shoes, Childrens do. Men's Hats, Cloth Caps, Soap, Putty, Glass, Paint, &c. &c.

—A L S O—

(per Lavinia from HALIFAX.)

25 Boxes Hyson, Souchong, and Congee
Teas
AND ON HAND
50 Kegs of Crackers,
10 Barrels Pilot Brand,
10 do. Indian Meal,
Country Flour &c.

F. E. BECKWITH.

Fredericton, 15th May, 1832

Blanks of various kinds for Sale

at this Office.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive of

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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.

AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

SAINT JOHN, Mr. Peter Duff,

SAINT ANDREWS, Mr. George Miller,

DORCHESTER, E. B. Chandler, Esq.

SALISBURY, R. Scott, Esq.

KENT, J. W. Weldon, Esq.

MIRAMICHI, Edward Baker, Esq.

KENT, (COUNTY OF YORK) Geo Moorhouse, Esq.

WOODSTOCK, and

NORTHAMPTON, Mr. Charles Raymond,

SHEFFIELD, Mr. James Tilley, Esq.

GAGETOWN, Doctor Barker,

KINGSTON, Mr. Wm. F. Bonnell,

HAMPTON, Mr. Samuel Hall,

SUSSEX VALE, J. C. Vail Esq.