

POETRY. Selected.

PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD.

Swifter and swifter, day by day,
Down time's unquiet current hurled,
Thou pass on thy restless way,
Tumultuous and unstable world!
Thou pass on! I time hath not seen
Delay upon thy hurried path;
And prayers and tears alike have been
In vain to stay thy course of wrath!

Thou pass on, and with thee go
The loves of youth—the cares of age;
And smiles and tears, and joy and woe
Are on thy history's bloody page!
There, every day, like yesterday,
Writes hopes that end in mockery;
But who shall tear the veil away,
Before the abyss of things to be?

Thou pass on, and at thy side,
Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
And o'er the dreams of human pride,
His misty shroud forever spreads:
Where all time's hand has traced
Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
With records ages since effaced,
Like them shall live—like them decay.

Thou pass on—with thee—the vain,
That sport upon thy flaunting blaze,
Pride, framed of dust, and Folly's train,
Who court thy love, and run thy ways.
But thou and I—(and be it so)—
Press onwards to eternity;
Yet not together let us go
To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea!

Thou hast thy friends—I would have mine;
Thou hast thy thoughts—leave me my
OWN:
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine;
I bow not at thy slavish throne;
I'll them pass without a sigh;
They make no swelling rapture now,
The fierce delights that fire thine eye—
The triumphs of thy haughty brow!

Pass on, relentless world! I grieve
No more for all that thou hast riven;
Pass on, in God's name—only leave
The things thou never yet hast given;
A heart at ease—a mind at home—
Affections fixed above thy way—
Faith set upon a world to come,
And patience through life's little day.

ABBOTSFORD.

Day springs from distant Ocean—calm and
bright,
Winds, like the glittering snake, the lovely
Tweed—
Rock, dewy forest, catch the rosy light—
The early bee is humming o'er the mead—
O'er white wall'd coots the smoke is trailing fair,
And the lark sings, and flowers scent all the
air.

The shepherd resting on his crook—the line
Of Cheviot mountains, distant, dim, and
blue—
The waters murmuring as they flow and
shine—
Towers, spires, the summer foliage glancing
through—
Enchant the gaze, till he dream he be
In Tempe's vale, or Pan's own Arcady.

And here stands Abbotsford—romantic dome!
Attracting more than all this lovely scene,
For glorious genius here hath made a home.
Its turret whitening o'er the woods of green,
Slopes, larches, to the small forlorn-meat,
A magic breathe, and tell of fame and Scott.

How sweet to view the scenes of his own song,
Reclined on his flower-damasked, shady
knoll!
Castles that held the gay and knightly throng,
Glens where, in silver, storied rivers roll,
And, faint as time long lapsed, mark Cheviot
fell,
And hear, in fancy, Melrose-Abbey bell.

Peace, Abbotsford, to thee, and him whose fame
Hath hallowed thee with interest ne'er to die!
Link'd with his immortality, thy name
With "Vaulse" and the "Hermitage"
shall vie;

Pilgrims from southern land, and o'er the sea,
When we are dust shall fondly bow to thee:
*The well-known retreats of Petrarch and
Rousseau.

VARIETIES.

THE ENCHANTED SLEDGE.

One of the most important employments
at a certain period of the pastoral year in
the south of Scotland, is the digging, dry-
ing, and driving home of the peat, which is
almost the only fuel in these parts.—
The tough surface is pared off with the
turf-spade, or flauter; the firmer moss
beneath is cut, by means of a spade of a
particular construction, into quadrangular
pieces rather more than a foot in length;
these are lifted and laid along, side by
side, till they acquire a certain hardness,
when they are set on end, into a multitude
of little pyramids, something in the same
way as soldiers pile their muskets. After
continuing in this position for some time,
the peats are collected and built into wind-
rows and rickles—small heaps, that is,
through which the wind sifts, and gives
them that degree of dryness that they are
fit for burning. They are then driven
home, built into large stacks for winter use,
and covered with thatch.

As the moss best fitted for furnishing this
kind of fuel is frequently found at the tops
of nearly inaccessible mountains, the
driving of the fuel home requires long
and patient labour; for a very small
load only can be removed at a time, and
that by a road where every step must be
looked to before it is ventured upon.—
Wheeled teams would be totally unman-
ageable on many of these trackless steeps.
What is called a slype is therefore used,
which resembles a cart dismounted from
its wheels, only the shafts have a curve
upwards, so as to bring them up to the
horse's sides, while the body of the vehicle
slypes, or slides, along the ground. In
places still more impracticable, where the
action of shafts would bring the horse to
the ground, or knock it about two unmer-
cifully, the sled, or sledge, is resorted to,
which has no shafts, but is drawn by chains
fastened with hooks, which may be lifted
out whenever the act of drawing is relaxed.

In this occupation of driving home peats

in a sled, Thomas Leytyle was employed
when a very odd adventure befell him.—
Thomas was a man that conducted his
horse and cart after a most primitive man-
ner. With the simple sort of carriage
which has been described, it will readily
be imagined that the harness was not of a
very tasteful description. The horse
was not taught with the curb bridle to
arch its neck proudly, but was led by a
halter of hemp, fastened round its head,
without either blinders or bit. This hal-
ter was of considerable length, and it was
the shepherd's practice to hold by its ex-
tremity, with both hands brought round be-
hind him, while he walked in front of his
equipe, pulling stoutly, and thereby
acting in some sort as a trace horse.—
The head of the animal was thus brought
into an horizontal position in a line with
its neck, and projected very much like
the mouth of a piece of ordnance over its
earrings.

In this way the good man saw any ob-
stacle which the rough track presented,
and avoided or removed it. Many a time
did he push over with his foot a large
stone, which bounded off down the side
of the mountain, to the no little risk and
very great terror of the sheep that hap-
pened to be feeding there—and all be-
cause he was a merciful man to his beast.
He seldom looked back. When the horse
wanted a few moments' rest, it made a
pause of its own accord, as, to be sure, it
best knew when such a pause was neces-
sary; and its conductor goodnaturedly
halted, too, till it was the horse's pleasure
to move forward again. Thomas did not
alter his position upon these occasions,
but stood in the middle of the path, keep-
ing the halter at the stretch, and ready to
proceed whenever he found the mass be-
hind him in motion. If, as it sometimes
happened, the horse was disposed to length-
en out these breathing times rather unrea-
sonably, it was admonished by one or two
tugs at the halter, and a "Pull, Croppy,
pull!"

One day that Thomas was bringing home
a load, he stopped when he came near the
door of his hut, and called out as usual,
"Eppie, come and help me to coup!"
His wife, thus summoned, came accord-
ingly to assist him in unloading; but when
Thomas turned round for that purpose,
there was nothing to be seen but his ve-
nerable white horse standing peacefully
behind him; the load he had piled up at
the peat hill was gone; the vehicle he had
piled it in was gone too. This to the
reader may appear strange—and so it was
no doubt; but Thomas understood at once
how the case stood: the fairies, he knew
well, were playing a prank with him, and
had cast glamour in his eyes; and in or-
der to confound him the more, had left all
other things visible while they concealed
the sled from his sight. It often happens
however, that no more than one person is
bewitched at a time in this way; and
Thomas made no doubt that the sled,
though not discernible by him, was in its
proper place, and palpable to his wife's
organs. He therefore saw no use it would
serve to make an ado about so simple a
matter; and walking round to the place
where the sled should have been, he de-
sired his wife to lift out the one hook which
he lifted out the other, that the horse might
go at liberty till the sled should be em-
ptied. An idea similar to that which oc-
curred to the husband struck his wife also;
namely that her eyes were under a spell;
and she passed her hand across them,
without moving from the spot on which
she stood. Finding that this operation did
not help her vision any thing, she was
compelled to say, but with some hesita-
tion, "really, Thomas, I canna just say
that I see the sled."

"Ye canna say that ye see't, can ye
no?" said Thomas, groping in the empty
space, evidently afraid that he should
knock his shins against something. "An
that be the case, I canna say that I see
it clearly myself."

Comparing notes, the couple now agreed
that it was most advisable to let the good
folks of Fairy finish their frolic; and that,
if they themselves adjourned to their mid-
day repast (for it was about the hollow
and hungry hour of noon), it was highly
probable the charm would be dissipated
on their return, and the load of turf restor-
ed to its place, visible as well as tangible.
The careful peasant observed, however,
that it would be an awkward thing if the
horse should go picking of grass among the
knolls, overturn the load, and perhaps
break the sled in some inconvenient spot.
To prevent this, he tied the halter to the
door post; and then both went into the
house together.

The pair cautiously abstained from
showing any signs of impatience, or even
curiosity, knowing that any thing of that
kind would only tempt their tormentors to
prolong the delusion. Not even a peep
from the window was indulged; but, in re-
turn for this exemplary submission, they
fully expected to find all as it should be
when the time for resuming the business
of the day came. That time did come
but it did not bring the realization of their
expectations. The horse, which they had
left tied to the door post, was still there,
and stood patiently with its head dropped
from the accustomed horizontal level, and
one of its hind feet lifted a little way from
the ground; but no sled nor peats appeared.
Thomas did not rest satisfied with appear-
ances, he knew how deceitful these often
are, and, repeating the proverb, that "see-
ing's believing, but feeling's the truth,"
he made assurance doubly sure by cautio-
usly groping all about the spot which the
vehicle should have occupied.

He did murmur a little on finding that
the case was hopeless. Granting that the
creatures had porridge to make and pots
to boil, he said, and did need fire in
the winter season, to be sure they must
have fuel, and he would not have grudged

them the peats—no, nor twice as many;
but to take the bit sled too! It was prob-
able the wretched things would just break
it up for firewood, and it would take him
a week to make a new one—that is, it
would have taken him so long if he had
had wood for the purpose, but he had
used the last spar about the house to mend
the handbarrow the week before. He
went on with these melancholy reflections.
"Winter was coming on, and the great-
er part of the peats were out on the hill.
It was true, his wife and himself might sit
in the nook, and try to keep their fingers
warm by blowing on them; yet what meth-
od they were to fall upon to make water
boil for their porridge, he did not pretend
to be able to discover. In this mood he
unharnessed the horse, and ordered his
wife to carry the furniture within doors
beside Christian folk—though, he added,
it was indeed of small value, now that the
sled was gone. He turned the horse to
grass, and spoke more disrespectful-
ly of the "folk in green" all the evening
than ever he had ventured to do before.
According to his view, such conduct was far
from being creditable to them; for, though he
had shown a willingness to acknowledge
their power, and to bear a harmless joke at
their hands, they had done him a serious
mischief. This, he knew, was quite contra-
ry to their usual practice; for, though
freakish, they are not malicious, and if
their frolics are patiently submitted to,
it commonly procures for the prudent rustic
a speedy cessation of them.

But if Thomas's despondency was for
some time great, it happened shortly af-
ter, to his unspeakable satisfaction, that,
being out on the hill to look after his
flock, he discovered his sled, filled with
peats, as he had loaded it, standing about
half way on the road betwixt the peat
hill and his house. He was at first char-
ry of believing that the thing was real;
for he argued, legitimately enough, that if
the fairies had the power to prevent him
from seeing what did exist, they might
also be able to make things appear which
were not; and the malicious spirit which
they had already displayed led him to sus-
pect that their persecution was not at an
end. Having satisfied himself, however,
by repeated inspection and handling, that
it actually was his lost sled which he now
saw and grasped, he determined not to
trust it again out of his sight, and, having
unloaded it, drew it home with great la-
bour, and then called his wife to watch
it, whilst he ran to put the horse in yoke.

It was now that he repeated of the
harsh expressions he had lately used to-
wards the "good neighbours." "They
had played him a foul plucky," he said,
but not so bad as he once thought it, and
had spoken over rashly against them.—
He thought it best, however, to place as
little confidence as possible in them for
the future. It is supposed that the eye
of a Christian person can protect any
thing it is fixed upon from being made
the sport or the prey of these little mis-
chievous imps; thus, if the nurses watch
a child with sufficient care, there is no
danger of its being stolen; and Thomas
determined to make use of this same pro-
tection for the preservation of his sled.—
The idea of keeping an eye upon it him-
self, however, while travelling to and from
the peat hill, was one that never entered
his head. A modern driver would have
found no difficulty in keeping his vehicle
in sight at the same time that he manag-
ed the horse; but Thomas considered the
assistance he rendered, and the example
he showed by tugging at the extremity of
the halter, to be indispensable—and there-
fore he proposed that his wife should ac-
company him and keep up the necessary
degree of surveillance. Still the couple
did not avow the fears which led to this
course: that would have been to fore-
speak the ill they dreaded. But the husband
said he had observed that the sled, in de-
scending any steep part of the road, rush-
ed upon the heels of the horse, which,
thus assailed, was apt to leap hastily for-
ward, to the great risk of being overturn-
ed, and doing him some injury. He there-
fore conceived that it would be advantage-
ous to have a person who might prevent
this by pulling backwards; and his wife
who had been no less alarmed than him-
self at the thought of blowing her fingers
in a cold corner through winter, readily
acquiesced in this arrangement.

Thomas related the whole circum-
stances of this affair to the minister of the
parish some time after they occurred. That
worthy man listened attentively to the full
detail, and then proceeded, with his habit-
ual solemnity of manner, to remark, that,
with respect to the existence of ghosts,
guardian angels, and other beings of a
purely spiritual nature, he was not called
upon on the present occasion to make any
observations. The question before him,
he said, was in regard to fairies. Now,
these creatures were sometimes accounted
to possess corporeal faculties, and some-
times the popular belief attributed to them
such as could be performed only by
ethereal essences, which involved a *reductio
ad absurdum*; for how could matter become
immaterial, and vice versa? for this reason,
he had no hesitation in giving it as his op-
inion that no such beings as fairies existed;
and therefore they could neither feloniously,
nor *per ludibrium*, abstract, or withdraw
in any manner, any goods or property of
any description. In explanation of the
particular case now submitted to him, he
suggested that the hooks which fastened
the chains to the sled might have slipped
out by some accident, and the thing never
have been observed, as Thomas acknow-
ledged that it was his practice to continue
his way without once looking behind him.

Our shepherd, however, by no means
agreed either to the argument for the non-
existence of fairies, or to the solution
which the minister gave regarding the
temporary abstraction of his sledge. "It
wadna do," he said, "for learned men
to confess the truth of sic cantrips, and
they needs must say something against it.
But the thing was as clear as day."

NOT OUR LAWFUL SOVEREIGN.—An
English regiment, stationed at Peterhead,
not long after the Rebellion of 1745, re-
ceived such polite attentions from the in-
habitants that the colonel determined, by
way of expressing his gratitude, to invite
some of the principal inhabitants to dinner.
Among those selected for invitation was Bishop
Dunbar; but some one, on being told so
by the colonel, remarked, that that person
was only a Scottish Bishop, and perhaps
unworthy of the honour he designed to
confer upon him. "Oh, never mind that,"
cried the Englishman; "my father was a
Bishop, and I respect the title, by what-
ever countryman it may be borne." Not
satisfied with this, he called upon the Bishop
in person, and requested, in very re-
spectful terms, the honour of his com-
pany. The Bishop, who was a man of a
very modest and retired mode of life, de-
sired to be excused, on the plea of his age
and infirmities; and also represented to
the colonel, that, as his principles forbade
him to join in certain public toasts, it
would perhaps be just as agreeable to all
parties that he should not attend. The
colonel would by no means listen to any
excuses; and, at last, succeeded in ob-
taining the old man's consent, though not
before he had promised, that no toast
should be given at all calculated to offend
the feelings of the guest. At dinner every
thing proceeded well: but on "The
King" being given, after the withdrawal
of the cloth, and the Bishop drinking it
with the preliminary addition of the word
"rightful," a cornet swore a violent oath,
and exclaimed, "That is not King George,
sir." "I take you all to witness," said
the old clergyman, placidly, but with tri-
umph beaming in his eye; "this young
gentleman says, King George is not our
rightful sovereign!" This good thing
was hailed by a burst of laughter, at the
cornet's expense.

WOLVES.—The following circumstance,
showing the savage nature of the wolf,
and interesting in more than one point of
view, was related to me by a gentleman of
rank attached to the embassy at St. Peters-
burgh: it occurred in Russia some few
years ago. A woman, accompanied by
three of her children, were one day in a
sledge, when they were pursued by a
number of wolves. On this, she put the
horse into a gallop, and drove towards her
home, from which she was not far distant,
with all possible speed. All, however,
would not avail, for the ferocious animals
gained upon her, and, at last, were on the
point of rushing on the sledge. For the
preservation of her own life, and that of
the remaining children, the poor frantic
creature now took one of her babes, and
cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pur-
suers. This stopped their career for a
moment; but after devouring the little in-
nocent, they renewed their pursuit, and a
second time came up with the vehicle.
The mother, driven to desperation, resorted
to the same horrible expedient, and threw
her ferocious assailants another
of her offspring. To cut short this
melancholy story, her third child was
sacrificed in a similar manner. Soon
after this, the wretched being, whose feel-
ings may more easily be conceived than
described, reached her home in safety.
Here she related what had happened, and
endeavoured to palliate her own conduct,
by describing the dreadful alternative to
which she had been reduced. A peasant,
however, who was among the bystanders,
and heard the recital, took up an axe, and
with one blow cleft her skull in two; say-
ing at the same time, that a mother who
could thus sacrifice her children for the pre-
servation of her own life was no longer fit to
live. This man was committed to prison, but
the Emperor subsequently gave him a par-
don.—*Lloyd's Field sports of the North of
Europe.*

EARL OF R.

The Earl of R., eighty years ago,
was so weak in his mind, or rather so un-
manageable, that his relations had to con-
fine him in the Canongate Jail—there be-
ing then no other asylum for the reception
of lunatics at Edinburgh. Some English
officers, belonging to the Duke of Cumber-
land's army, happening to visit the prison,
and being informed that it had no less dis-
tinguished a tenant than an Earl, asked
him his Lordship, in much surprise, how he
got into such a place as this. "Deed,
gentlemen," replied the lunatic, whose
mind, like that of other idiots, occasion-
ally gave forth strange flashes of wit, as the
darkest nights are illuminated by the
brightest lightning, "I got in here, in
some what the same manner that you got
into the army,—less by my ain deserts
than by the interest of my friends."

His lordship, being brother-in-law to
Lord Lovat, was suspected of Jacobitism,
and, after the Highland army had gone to
England, was examined, on that account,
by some of the state officers. On its be-
ing imputed to him, that he had wished
well to the rebels, while they remained in
Edinburgh—"Me?" he cried, "me wish
them weel! a pack o' nasty, lousy, low-
lified scoundrels—as I tell'd them they
were—that wad never do ony gude in this
world, but gang to the next on a widdy."
"How?" cried the examiners, "did you
really tell them so my lord?" "That
I did," said the Earl; "only I loot them
be twa mile awa first."

CARNEY OF BALNAMOON.—It was the
custom of old Balnamoon, a noted Jaco-
bite, when out drinking at a friend's house,
only to go home in case that he was able
to sit upon his horse. If, when brought
out and planted on horseback, he at once

tumbled off, he remained all night where
he was; but if he still preserved sufficient
strength to enable him to sit upright, or
even to hold by the mane, he trotted off.
On such occasions, he was always attend-
ed by a faithful old man-servant, who
rode behind him, and observed that he
did not drop himself by the way. One
night, as the loving pair were going home
in this way, Balnamoon tumbled off into a
bog, from which it required unusual efforts
on the part of John to extricate him.
When he was fished out, a new difficulty
arose—he had lost his wig. John imme-
diately began an elaborate search through
the neighbouring quegnies for Balna-
moon's wig; and at last he was so for-
tunate as to find it. He instantly clapped
it at random upon his master's head, and,
as it afterwards appeared, with the back
part foremost. He was then proceeding
to mount his own horse, in order to pur-
sue the way home, when Balnamoon's
voice was heard faintly to exclaim through
the dripping curls which hung round his
face, "Oh John, man, this is surely no
my wig; for it does na fit me ava."—
Deil care, Bonnymoon," cried John, "ye
maun just be content wi' what ye've got.
There's nae wale o' wigs here;" an ex-
pression which has since become prover-
bial in the country.

REPUBLICAN HEROISM.—At the siege of
Crema, 1160, four hundred Milanese had
thrown themselves into the town, to par-
take the combats and dangers of their al-
lies. The Emperor, who regarded the
besieged only as revolted subjects, sought
to terrify them by the spectacle of punish-
ments. Hostages had been sent to him
by Milan and Crema; he ordered several
of them to be hung before the walls of the
town. Some were children of the most
distinguished families: he caused them to
be bound to a moving tower, which was
brought so close to the attack that the be-
sieged could not repel it without killing or
wounding their own children. A cry of
despair resounded along the walls of Crema.
The wretched parents implored death
from their fellow-citizens, to escape wit-
nessing the agony of their children, and
at the same time cried out to their chil-
dren not to fear giving up their lives
for their country. The battle, in fact,
was not interrupted; and the moving tower
was repelled, after nine of the young
hostages who covered it with their bodies
had been killed. During six entire months
did the small town of Crema resist the
whole army of the Emperor. Famine at
length accomplished what force could not;
and on the 26th of January 1160, the he-
roic inhabitants capitulated, abandoning
their wealth to pillage, and their houses
to the flames. For themselves, wasted
by famine and fatigue, they obtained per-
mission to withdraw to Milan.—*Sismondi.*

CURIOUS RESULT OF INJURY OF THE
BRAIN.—There are instances, says Mr.
Green in his lectures, at King's College,
as reported in the *Medical and Surgical
Journal*, where a whole class of words,
nay, a language, was completely obliterated
from a man's memory. I remember
seeing a patient in St. Thomas's Hospital
who had an injury of the head. During
his illness he began suddenly to speak in
a language which nobody in the ward could
understand; very fortunately, in one of
the most valuable moments of this patient,
the milkman of the hospital was passing
through the ward and listening to the sick
man, who instantly recognised the Welch
language. A freer communication im-
mediately took place between the parties,
and it appeared, according to the account
delivered by the milkman, that the patient
understood and spoke English very well,
but that, in consequence of the accident,
that language had been fairly knocked out
of his head.

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AND SHOES AND SOLE LEA-
THERS, offered for Sale by the
Subscribers, who have formed a
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HOSEA LORD,
ELISHA A. DREW.
Frederickton, August 29, 1832.

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