

POETRY.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

I saw an outcast—an abandoned boy,
Whom wretchedness, debased, might call its
own;
His look was wan, and his sad sunken eye,
Mute pleading—told a bosom harrowing tale;
For he was one, unknown to fostering care,
Which should have shielded and protected him
In childhood's dangerous hour. No father's
prayer,
In midnight orison, had risen ever,
Before the viewless throne, to fall again
In blessings on the lad. No mother's tear
Had dropt in secret for the wand'ring. He,
Dejected, stood before me, and methought
Resembled much a flower, a ruined flower.
The morning sun
Shone gladly out—but all to him was dark,
His soul was in eclipse—the energies
Of mind lay dormant, with'ring in their prime.
I look'd—but he had pass'd me—He stole on
Depositing, irresolute his pace,
As on forbidden ground. The world seem'd
not
For him, haply its frigid boon were much
To yield the sufferer misery's sheltering grave.

I saw the outcast—but to fancy's view
Methought a vision, fair and bright, appeared,
So changed, I mus'd—but the intelligence
Darting in lustre from his mild, full eye,
Assured my throbbing heart 'twas he indeed—
Gone was the sallow hue, the sombre cast
Of wretchedness, and in its stead the glow
Of cheerfulness shown out. His parting lip
Disclos'd the smile content delights to wear,
When peace within sits revelling. His step
erect,
Told of a heart at peace. He walk'd in the
beauty
Of reckless boyhood. Wondering, then I ask'd
The cause. He pointed meekly to a dome.
Whose hallowed portals tell the passenger
That the Eternal deigns to call it his—
Known to all nations as the house of prayer:
Here, said the youth, while glistening drops
bedew'd
His beautiful cheek—here Pity led my way,
And he that knew no father soon found one
Able and sure to save. And he whose tears
No mother's hand had kindly wip'd away,
Found one who said, "Come thou forsaken,
come,
Into my bosom—rest, poor wand'ring here!"
He ceased—My full heart as I went my way,
Call'd down God's benison on the Sunday
School.

VARIETIES.

THE MARRIAGE AGAINST CONSENT.

In the last received number of one of our London Magazines, we have a story of considerable length, exhibiting the disagreement of opinion between Mrs. St. Leger and her son Leslie, on the question of his matrimonial alliance. Its introduction is tiresome. The mother was urgent that the son should make choice of one of her favourites, recommended by their wealth or family connections, and as Leslie thought, by those alone; while the latter had the very reasonable wish (as it appears to us,) to please himself—having both wealth and rank enough in his own proper right. Mrs. St. L. especially favoured a Miss Jernyngham; while her son, without her knowledge, had fixed his affections on a Miss Fielding, and one day sought out his mother to ask her consent to his match with the object of his choice. The story proceeds:
Poor Mrs. St. Leger! Had he asked her consent to cut his throat, she could not have looked more agast, or felt more heartstricken, than she did. Leslie kept his eyes fixed as attentively on that part of the carpet immediately under them, as though he had taken an inventory of the stitches or forming a synopsis of the colours. The "Morning Post" dropped from Mrs. St. Leger's little aristocratic, thin white hand, which seemed within the last minute to have grown thinner and whiter. She leaned, or rather sunk back in her bergère—she looked at her son for some seconds with as much intensity of despair, as though the grave, or the perdition beyond it, had yawned before him. At length a pale smile cast a faint gleam over her countenance, which had been actually palsied with horror, and she said, "Oh, no, no! surely, Leslie, I might have known you were jesting."

Long and bitter was the scene which ensued. Leslie defended and eulogised Florence Fielding with all the eloquence of a lover. Mrs. St. Leger warned him, and inveighed against her with all that sophistry of parental devotion which convinces itself the more that it fails in convincing others—that the happiness of her child alone actuated her—that she was totally unbiassed by any other or more worldly motive—she even went so far as to say (what parents generally do, on such occasions) that it was not money, it was not rank, she wished for her son—it was only happiness; and even had he preferred any one more portionless, and less well born than Miss Fielding—provided she had been in herself amiable and likely to make him happy—she would have willingly consented; but the daughter of such a woman! brought up as she had been! what could he expect? In vain Leslie pleaded that Florence's mother had never liked her, and that on no one subject had they an opinion in common; in vain he brought innumerable instances to prove how much affection for the individual's opinions—how almost impossible it is for us to think those wrong in any thing who are never wrong to us—and how nearly equally impossible it is to think those right in any thing who are never just or kind towards ourselves; thus it is that affection ever makes the very failings, and even vices, of those we love a haven to run into, while dislike to the object make us light up the very same vices as a beacon to be shunned; in vain Leslie told of the many good traits he had noticed in Florence's character—in vain he urged his mother to know before she condemned her. As for her good qualities, Mrs. St. Leger was convinced they only existed in his imagi-

nation—and as for knowing her, he was quite a sufficient proof of her art, without another member of his family being subjected to it. She was convinced, too, that she did not care one straw for him; for in her was that strange anomaly (that exists in most parents' minds) which, while it made her think her son more loveable, more amiable, more beautiful, more clever, and more attractive than any one else ever was, or ever will be, would not allow her to believe that any body could love, admire or appreciate him but herself. Her pet scheme about him and Miss Jernyngham was at an end, for that morning's paper had announced her marriage with Sir George Erpingham; so Mrs. St. Leger was fain to close this conference with a sigh and a hope, that "her dear Leslie, to whom she had always given credit for sense beyond his years, would take some time to consider before he sealed his misery for life, by marrying a woman who every body said had not a good quality, and who, to say the least of her, she was certain, would run away from him at the end of six months."

A year elapsed after the conversation, during which time Leslie St. Leger vainly tried to gain his mother's consent to his marriage—and by the end of that time he contrived (by arguments best known to himself) to persuade Florence to become his wife without it, and consequently against her own conviction of right. The day of their marriage Mrs. St. Leger gave a large dinner party—certainly not to celebrate the event, but chiefly to show the world in general, and her son in particular, that from that time he was as nothing to her—and she would henceforth take refuge in crowds, which she had hitherto shunned, and seek in the many all that she persisted in thinking she now lost in the one. The dinner passed off as English set dinners usually do, which for the most part seem modelled on the plan of the banquet of the old Florentine painters, who Vasari tells us used, even with their confectious, deserts, and ambrosial wines, to introduce the most appalling skeletons, spectres and images from the infernal regions, for at the dinner in question, fire, robberies, murders, diseases and elopements, were duly discussed.

About four years after her marriage, as Florence was sitting alone one evening, during one of the frequent absences of her husband, who was then in Leicestershire, busy about his election, a servant entered and said, Ma'am, Mrs. Charlton is below, and wishes to speak to you.

"Who is Mrs. Charlton?" asked Florence.

"Mrs. St. Leger's housekeeper, Ma'am."

"Let her come up," said Florence, trembling violently, as a vague idea that her husband was in some danger flitted across her; for his mother had persisted in not seeing her since her marriage, and therefore she could not suppose it was any message from her. Mrs. Charlton at length came curtseying into the room—the very incarnation of an apology for having intruded upon her at all, much less at so unseasonable an hour—"but, Ma'am, Mrs. St. Leger is so dangerous a hill, and Mrs. Lewyn (that is her maid, Ma'am) being in the fever too, Ma'am, and therefore, as the saying is, of no use, Ma'am—and my own poor girl being seized not an hour ago—and one must look to one's own, Ma'am)—and a nurse not to be had to-night for love or money—and Dr. B— saying as Misses might not live through the night, if so be she was not properly tended—and Master Leslie—I beg pardon, Ma'am—Mr. St. Leger being out of town—and hearing I would call, thinking as you might be able to get a nurse Ma'am—and that—then Mr. Leslie need not be written to, as he is so busy about his 'lection—and as I knew he loves his mother dearly, it would sally vex him, as his interest like would pull one way and his duty Ma'am another."

"You did quite right, Mrs. Charlton, not to write and alarm Mr. St. Leger," said Florence, "and I hope Mrs. St. Leger will be quite well before he hears that she has been ill. I will endeavour to send a nurse to Grosvenor-street in less than half an hour. I suppose you are going back there immediately?"

"Oh, dear no, Ma'am, I am going on to my poor girl, who is lying so dangerous ill in Igh Obery—and that's chiefly what made me come to you, Ma'am, as I could not stay and do for Misses myself, poor dear lady!"

No sooner had the worthy Mrs. Charlton departed on her maternal mission to Igh Obery than Florence repaired to her own room, put on a morning cap, poke bonnet, and baptiste dress, and then, under a strict injunction of secrecy, "confided to her astonished Abigail her intention of herself going to nurse Mrs. St. Leger. The maid could not suppress her surprise and horror. "What? at this time of night, Ma'am?" "That is the very reason; for no one else can be got."

"And the typhus fever and all! Dear, dears Ma'am if you should catch it, and die of it, and all, before Mr. St. Leger returns, what would he say?"

"And if his mother should die through my selfish fears, because I was afraid to go near her, Gerald, what would he say then?"

"I don't know, Ma'am, what he would say; but I should say," cried the tirewoman somewhat pertly but still more indignantly, "that if it had been you, she would have let you die before she would have gone to you."

Florence arrived in Grosvenor-street as fast as fear and anxiety could take her. For four nights, and four days, which the darkness of a sick room made like night, she watched by the bedside of Mrs. St. Leger. Never did nurse tread so noiselessly,

never did leech administer his anodynes so carefully;—and never did a mother smooth the pillow of a sick child more tenderly than did Florence that of her mother-in-law; and though in the ravings of the poor sufferer, she often heard her own name coupled with epithets of reproach and aversion, yet this was more than atoned for by unbounded affection for her son, which even on the brink of the grave Mrs. St. Leger evinced was her ruling passion; and Florence actually loved her for not thinking that she herself was good enough for him. The worst of her trials, in her new capacity, was the incessant praises of Dr. B—, his endless enquiries as to the hospitals she had attended, his surprise at her youthful and anti-professional appearance, and his reiterated promises of patronage and recommendation! On the evening of the fifth day Mrs. St. Leger was pronounced out of danger. The fever had quite left her thanks to Dr. B— for his unremitting attention, of which she said she had a confused but strong impression.

"Not at all, madam, not at all," said the Doctor, "it is to this young woman you are indebted, for never did I see so indefatigable a nurse; she has not left you night or day these five days, and many a thing has she anticipated, which I was not here to order; yet which nevertheless was of more importance than medicine itself."

"Come hither child," said Mrs. St. Leger, putting aside the curtain, as far as money can repay your services, you shall not find me ungrateful; but you look very young for a nurse, and rather of a different rank of life too; but how long have you been a nurse? and where did Dr. B— hear of you?"

"I am not a regular nurse, madam," said Florence, blushing and stammering, "and it was not Dr. B—, but Mrs. Charlton who found me out, for her own daughter being ill, she was obliged to go to her, and as it was so late at night she could not get any body else, I came, and thought I might be able to nurse you if I was but wakeful and careful."

"And God knows you have been both," cried Dr. B—

"And I shall not forget either," said Mrs. St. Leger; and then added, with a sigh, "but Leslie—has he not been here? Surely if he can think of anything but his wife, he might have come when I was so ill."

"Oh, for that matter," said the doctor, Mrs. Charlton and I held a cabinet council, and as he was electioneering, we determined not to harass him by letting him know of your illness till you were out of all danger; but I wrote to him yesterday, and should not be surprised if he were here to night, he could not be here before—do you think he could, Mrs. Charlton?" addressing the housekeeper, who had returned that morning, and now came into the room with some arrow-root.

"O! dear no, Sir, by no manner of means," said Mrs. St. Leger, seemed appeased at this but could not retreat without aiming one more shaft at Florence.

"I think Mrs. Leslie St. Leger, in common respect, putting humanity out of the question, might have sent to enquire after me."

"Mrs. Leslie St. Leger has enquired after you four or five times a day, Ma'am, said the housekeeper, darting a look at Florence's crimson cheek, as she thus pointedly alluded to her almost hourly inquiries in her capacity of nurse: the good woman stirred the arrow-root somewhat more vehemently than it seemed to require; and Mrs. St. Leger turned to Dr. B— with a sigh of resignation at her son's wife having for once actually done what she ought to do—and enquired if there was any news?

"No, nothing, except that Lady Erpingham has gone off with Lord Rentall."

"Lady Erpingham! and left her two children!—you amaze me!" said Mrs. St. Leger sinking back upon her pillow, as if she had been electrified.

"Humph!" quoth the Doctor, she was much too automaton a personage for me to be surprised at any thing she did; but it is a common error to mistake vacuity for virtue, and ignorance for innocence. Why, here is Mr. St. Leger, I have no doubt," cried the doctor, as a carriage stopped at the door. In another minute a step was heard up the stairs, Florence attempted a precipitate escape into the dressing room, but was detained by Mrs. St. Leger laying her hand upon her arm, and ordering her not to go. In another minute Leslie was in the room, and at his mother's bedside: he did not see his wife in his anxiety to see his mother; and poor Florence had fainted for fear of the de nouement that must inevitably take place. Dr. B— put out his arm to prevent her falling to the ground. Mrs. Charlton ran for some water. Leslie turned to see what was the cause of the commotion—he saw a woman lying across the bed with her face downward. As he helped to raise her, the dim light from a solitary candle gleamed upon her face, and he beheld his wife to all appearance dead.

"Good God! Florence, my poor Florence! how came you here? and they have murdered you!" continued he, send—go—bring a physician—every physician—bring them all!"

"Gently, sir," said the Doctor, "she will recover soon, if you do not all crowd round her, and keep the air from her."

"On your peril do not trifle with me," said Leslie, looking wildly on his wife's wasted form, and the wan cheek, where want of sleep, and so many nights and days of watching had wrought a change that appeared fearful in his eyes—"you think she will recover."

"She is recovering," said Dr. B—, dashing a tear from the corner of his eye, for he now began to comprehend the whole

scene, and how Florence had been so good a nurse, although she had not walked the hospitals.

"Mother, mother," said Leslie, willing to grasp at hope from every one, "do you think she'll recover?"

"I do, Leslie," said Mrs. St. Leger, bursting into tears, as she placed Florence's cold hand in Leslie's burning palm, and pressed them both within her own—and I do think, although every body does not say so, that she is an angel.

H. G.

The Blessings of Matrimony.—I nevertheless think that the blessings of matrimony, like those of poverty, belong rather to philosophy than reality. Let us see—not one woman in fifty marries the man she likes—and though it may be safest—why I could never understand—it is not pleasant to begin with a little aversion. Let us just go through a day in married life. First, an early breakfast—for the husband is obliged to go out. On the miseries of early rising, like those of the country, I need not dwell: they are too well known. He reads his newspaper, and bolts his roll—she takes care that Miss Laura does not dirty her frock, and that master Henry does not eat too much; he goes to his office or counting house—she to market—for remember, I am speaking of a good wife—some pounds of beef or mutton are to be ordered at the butcher's, the baker has charged an extra loaf, and the green-grocer has to be paid four shillings and twopence. On her return home, there is the housemaid to be scolded for not scouring the front bed-room—and the cook's conduct requires animadversion for yesterday's underdone veal. Perhaps, in the course of the morning, Mrs. Smith calls with an account of Mr. Johnson's elegant new pelisse; and when Mons. la Mari returns to dinner, he suffers the full weight of the discontent one woman's new dress never fails to inspire in another. Evening comes, and a matrimonial *le tele* is proverbial—what can I have to say to my wife, whom I see every day? Well he reads some pamphlet or sleeps—she brings out the huge work-basket, doomed to contain and repair the devastations of seven small children—she has given up her maiden accomplishment—and, of course, a married woman has no time for music or reading. Perhaps by way of agreeable conversation, she may say, "My dear I want some money!"

"Oh, sound of fear
Unpleasant to a married ear!"

On which he wakes, and goes to bed—She follows; and Mrs. S.'s pelisse is the foundation of that piece of exquisite eloquence, a certain lecture. Now, who can deny that this is a faithful and exact picture of three hundred out of three hundred and sixty-five days that constitute a year of married life?—Miss London's *Romance and Reality*.

CONGREVE ROCKETS.—When the Congreve Rockets were first introduced into the Navy, the Admiral on the Brazil station proposed to exhibit to the King, Don Juan VI. the effects of these formidable projectiles. His Majesty consented and the whole Court were accordingly assembled in the balconies of the Palace, at the Rio, for the purpose of witnessing the spectacle. By some mishap, of very frequent occurrence in the early history of these missiles, at the moment of firing the tube veered round, and the rocket, instead of flying over to Praia Grande, took the opposite direction and fell and exploded in the great square, almost beneath the windows of the palace. The consternation of the King was only equalled by the mortification of the Admiral, who, immediately despatched an officer on shore to explain the cause of the *contre temps* to His Majesty, and offering to let off another; but the terrified Monarch would not hear of it. "I have a great respect," for my good allies the English, but after dinner they are absolutely fit for nothing; an observation which clearly indicated to what cause His Majesty attributed the unfortunate result of the exhibition.—*Mirror*.

BEAVERS.—Such is the sagacity of the beavers, that a tribe of the American Indians consider them as a fallen race of human beings, who in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape, but that in due time, they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the power of speech, and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals, with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months; but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race.—Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking. To see them anxiously looking up, watching the leaning of the tree, when the trunk is nearly severed, and when its creaking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scamper off in all directions, to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip off its branches; after which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet, across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the

others, and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness; should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe, to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere. These outlaws are, therefore, obliged to pass a miserable winter, half starved on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them "lazy beaver," and the fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose persevering industry and precocity secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the severity of the winter.—*Cor's Adventures on the Columbia River*.

BLACKING.

THOMAS SIME has commenced Manufacturing, and offers for Sale, a superior quality of

LIQUID BLACKING,

which upon trial, will be found equal to any imported from the Mother Country. From the nature of the ingredients of which it is composed, it possesses an inherent quality of PRESERVING, and SOFTENING the LEATHER, and from the fine SHINING LUSTRE it will produce, must be considered as a great desideratum to all who admire a highly POLISHED BOOT or SHOE.

As this article is one of Domestic Manufacture, and will be sold at a reduced price to that imported, although of equal quality, as certificates in his possession will satisfactorily prove. T. S. flatters himself that he will receive a liberal share of public support. The Blacking is contained in stone jars, similar to that of "Day & Martin," with printed Labels, and will be sold at 1s. 3d., 10d. & 6d., with a liberal reduction to Retailers.

* Made and Sold, Wholesale and Retail by Thomas Simes, Water-street, south side of the Market Wharf, Saint Andrews, N. B.

THOMAS SIME.

St. Andrews, 30th January, 1832.

STEAM BOAT

SAINT GEORGE

WILL make her first trip this season to Fredericton, for Freight, as soon as the River will permit. She will be at the end of the North or South Wharf, one or two days previous to starting, for that purpose. Rates of freight will be 10d. per Barrel, and 4s. 6d. per Hogshead, and other Merchandise in proportion.

This boat will come through the Falls during the ensuing season for freight, one day (which will be named hereafter) in every week, regularly. The proprietors have engaged part of a store, second from the end of the North Market Wharf, where any freight intended for the Boat will be received after the first of May next, and free of expense, upon application and delivery to Mr. GEORGE A. LOCKHART, at the spot. J. JOHNSTON, AGENT. Saint John, April 24. 3m.

REMOVAL. PAINTING, &c.

THE Subscriber hereby intimates that he has removed from his former place of residence, to that House in KING'S STREET, owned by Mr. WILLIAM ROBERTS, and near the NEW METHODIST CHAPEL, where every description of HOUSE, SIGNS, CHAIR, COUCH, SLEIGH, FANCY, and ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, GILDING, GLAZING, VARNISHING, PAPER HANGING, &c. will be executed with the most despatch, in the best style of workmanship and on the most reasonable terms. L. W. respectfully begs leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends and to a generous Public, for the very liberal support which he received during his former residence in Fredericton, and as he has since endeavoured to acquire a perfect knowledge of the most approved modes of BRONZING, TRANSPARENT SIGNS, and imitating Wood and Marble, of all kinds, as practised both in Great Britain and the United States of America, he trusts that his efforts to give a general satisfaction in the exercise of these branches of his profession will be successful.

L. W. also begs the attention of the Public to various specimens of his work in all the foregoing Branches, which may be seen at his shop, and he flatters himself that they will be found superior to anything of the kind, which he heretofore been introduced into this Province. N. B. Mixed and Dry Paints, Spindles, Turpentine, Varnishes, Painting Brushes, Gold Leaf &c. &c. may also be had at his Shop at moderate prices.

LAWRENCE WARREN.

Fredericton, 29th May, 1832.

COMFORTABLE BOARD and LODGING can be obtained for two or three Gentlemen or a small Family, by applying to W. M. MILLER.

Fredericton, 3d July, 1832.

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.

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