

## POETRY.

### Selected.

From "Silly Flowers," By James F. Clarke.

A FATHER'S LAMENT FOR HIS CHILD.

I look in vain to find thee now,  
In spots that thou hast graced before;  
I miss the brightness of thy brow,  
And meet thy sunny glance no more.

The music of thy silvery voice  
Is gone also, for ever gone;  
Where once it bade the heart rejoice,  
Drear gloomy silence reigns alone.

My child! I miss thee when at night  
From worldly toil I seek my home,  
Thou wast the first with fond delight,  
That to my eager arms would come.

I watched thy couch with anxious care,  
And wiped the chill damps from thy brow;  
I breathed for thee the fervent prayer,  
Thou'rt blest, no prayer thou needest now.

I watched thee till upon thine eye  
The glassy film of death was spread;  
Thy gentle bosom breathed no sigh—  
"Little thought my child was dead!"

But thou wast gone;—death came to thee  
And gazed upon thine angel face;  
Thou thought'st not he a foe could be,  
And sunk into his cold embrace.

I saw them lay thee cold and low  
Within the grave's dark narrow bed,  
My heart could scarcely bear the blow,  
For hope seemed in thy coffin laid.

## VARIETIES.

### IS IT TIME? OR THE HEROINE OF THE TYROL.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

(Concluded from our last.)

Accordingly, I pushed on my way, not relaxed in my pace, although I had to struggle with sundry steep ascents and rude crags, until I found myself at the foot of the immense rock whereon the castle stands. The grand difficulty now was, to discover the direct rough-hewn flight of steps leading up to the structure, in seeking which I explored the entire circumference, and lost so much time that it had grown dusk all around me. What my sensations were during this interval it is impossible to describe!

Thus situated, my quick ear detected the voice of Ruse. It sounded from beyond a projecting corner of the cliff. Favoured by the darkness, I groped round, and had scarce doubled the point, when the transient gleam of a lantern fell on three figures, in whom I recognised Ruse, Dorothea, and a female whom I did not remember to have seen before. This momentary light likewise enabled me to attain a spot whence I could hear, at least, whatever passed.

Complete silence was maintained by all three for some time—and in the doubtful light their outlines reminded me of a group of marble statues. "Hear me," at length exclaimed Ruse in a rough and angered voice, "and let us fully understand each other. I am as you know, not a Tyrolean. I have no personal feelings to gratify by setting this unhappy country in a blaze. On the contrary, these peaceful plans of commerce which have brought me hither thrive best when public tranquillity is established. If, therefore, I stand committed to this confederacy, and throw into the scale my money, influence, and credit, my reward must be rendered certain. Pronounce therefore the word, Dorothea; say that to-morrow you will be my wife, and this moment will I spring up the rocky height. Speak clearly and firmly; for no longer, and least of all, here, will I be trifled with."

A few moments elapsed ere Dorothea answered, and when she did, her tones were so faint and tremulous that it was quite impossible to distinguish them. "She has consented," exclaimed the other female; "up then if you be a man!" So intense was my excitement, that the whole scene was, as it were, branded upon my heart. The parties moved away, and with stealthy pace I followed. A minute after, the light was seen ascending, as if spontaneously the face of the cliff. Its position enabled me to hit upon the steps, which, without a moment's hesitation, I began to mount. They were almost perpendicular—slippery and dangerous; but, as if by instinct, my feet fixed themselves firmly in the friendly cavities. I quickly gained upon the light, whilst I felt my strength redoubled by that tigerlike feeling which works on man when he finds almost within his grasp a deadly foe. Immediately above us was a narrow platform running round the base of the building, and here I overtook my rival.

My advancing footsteps induced him to turn in surprise, and at the same instant I rushed on him and seized him by the throat. "Jean Maria!" cried he, as his fingers convulsively sought some firm hold upon me. "Is it not time?"

"Yes!" I rejoined, "it is time!" and as the gleam of the lantern showed him my features, his own expressed a mingled feeling of exultation and horror. "In the name of the King," I pursued, "I apprehend you as a traitor. Will you resign yourself my prisoner?"

"Never!" shouted he.

"Then down with!" and with my collected strength I dragged him to the brink of the precipice.

The Italian struggled desperately, and we hung together for several minutes over the abyss. A complexity of passions nerved my arm. Personal antipathy to the man, loyalty to my King, love of Dorothea, all combined to animate me; but my antagonist possessed considerable muscular power, and I doubt whether the issue

would have been successful for me, had he not relaxed his hold in order to draw a poniard. This action was fatal to the unfortunate Ruse. I had obtained considerable celebrity in wrestling, with which manly exercise, we often beguiled a wearisome hour in garrison, and the instant he loosed his gripe, I got my foot between his, and fairly tripped him up.

He fell heavily and headlong from the platform upon the mass of rocks beneath, uttering a piercing yell. I stood a moment almost petrified; but having recovered from this stupor, my next step was to descend again the rocky stairs and discover whether my victim yet lived. On reaching the spot whereon he had fallen, I found already there Dorothea and her friend, bending with speechless horror over the motionless body of Ruse, at whose breast the lantern still remained suspended and unextinguished.

"Are you here, captain?" exclaimed Dorothea, half shrieking; merciful heaven, is this a dream?"

"Let us think of it hereafter—but as one," replied I. "You at any rate, must have no share in this scene of crime and death."

She answered not, but knelt and unloosed the lamp from the body of Ruse. "Leave me, leave me, Captain Lieber. I must hence, to obey the call of a sacred duty. As poor Ruse, Alas! no longer lives to perform it, I must complete his intention."

"Dorothea!" exclaimed I, "this is the language of madness. You are at present strongly excited, and not able to think for yourself. I must therefore insist on conducting you from this accursed spot. Come, let us begone! my duty summons me away."

"What duty?" rejoined she, firmly but sadly. "You go to be the means of betraying, perhaps to death, the ill-fated being that you have said you loved."

"Never, by heaven!" cried I; "not by a word, not by a look."

"But there may be other witnesses of this transaction, and—" she paused a moment, and then resumed—"In the centre turret of the castle above us are deposited certain papers, which I am resolved to demolish with the flame of this lamp; otherwise I cannot rest in peace."

"If that be all, I will accompany it. Give me the lamp,"—and she shuddered as she spoke.

"Nay, dearest Dorothea, hesitate no longer; time presses."

The maiden wrung her hands and wept aloud. "Do you fear," resumed I, scarce knowing what I said, "that I should examine the papers, and betray their contents?"

"I confess that is my fear," she replied lingeringly.

"Shall I then swear not to do so?"

"No, but promise by your honour, by your love for me, that when you have ascended the turret, and found the packet which is placed upon a small box on a flat stone near its top, you will—without looking for any inscription—instantly burn both box and packet, and watch their gradual consumption to ashes. Do you promise this?"

"I do, on the honour of a soldier."

The agitating occurrences of the night had thrown my mind into a state of chaos. I was incapable at the moment of any connected train of thought, and my predominant feeling was the renewed hope of at length attaining Dorothea's heart and hand.

I seized the lamp from the grasp of the heroic though trembling girl, having once more climbed the precipitous steep, gained its pinnacle without accident. I felt dizzy for a moment on reaching the level from whence the unfortunate Ruse had been dashed; but with unflinching resolution waded over broken stones and rubbish, until I was at the foot of the ruined central tower. Its winding stair was imperfect and dilapidated and I was half dead with fatigue ere I had reached the top. The fresh air, however, which then blew unimpeded over my head, did much to revive me, and at length I approached the mysterious packet. It was deposited on a stone which projected a little from the wall.

True to my promise, I averted my eyes whilst applying the flame to the objects mentioned. The paper, however, having probably become damp, would not readily ignite, and I was thus unwillingly forced to turn and look toward the stone whereupon it rested, when I perceived its surface to be—completely blank!

An icy coldness shot through every vein as I made this discovery. Meantime, the paper had taken fire, and as it blazed, emitted sundry sparks as if from gunpowder, and having communicated to the box beneath immediately a large column of blue flame ascended, steadily, high into the air.

My mental perceptions became clear on the instant. All traces of confusion vanished from my brain, and the whole truth was at once developed. With sudden impulse and supernatural strength, I drew the stone from the wall, and hurled it box and all into the void below; but it was too late!—the signal was given. From the summit of every hill, far and near, fires arose, as if simultaneously;—tossing about their flames like so many hell-spirts, in the blackness of night, replying to each other's call. The next moment were heard the drums of the infantry, and the trumpets of the dragons, and these were quickly succeeded by the thunder of small arms and cannons which echoed from valley to valley.

How I desisted, first the turret, and then rock, I have not the most distant knowledge.—Tearing myself from the

outrotted arms of Dorothea, I sprang like a mine into the village. Alas! I just arrived in time to see my brave fellows, subdued and overwhelmed, cut to pieces by armed peasantry. Every where around is shouted the signal cry—"It is time!—On that fatal night the Tyrol was lost, Bavaria!"

Struck by a bullet I fell; and when, after gro and protracted suffering, I was once more enabled to conceive what passed around me, I found the mountain-land restored to the arms of Austria, and recognized in my nurse its heroic patriot, Dorothea; who—hostilities having ceased and a further national jealousy existing between us—shortly afterwards became my wife!

EMIGRATION.—"I know of nothing in the world" (says the Etick Shepherd) "so distressing as the last sight of a fine, industrious, independent peasantry taking the last look of their native country never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes, and I wish I may never witness another; for each of them has more tears burst every now and then into my eyes for days and nights, and all the while in that mood of mind that I could think about nothing else. I saw the children all high spirits, playing together and among themselves with trifles; and I would if those dear innocents, in after life, would remember anything at all of the land of their nativity. They felt no regret, if they knew they had no home but where their parents were, no staff or stay but on them. They were beside them, attending to all their wants, and they were happy.—How different the looks of the parents! They looked back towards their native mountains and glades with the most rueful expression of countenance. These looks can never be cancelled from my heart; and I noted always the older the men were, the more regretful and desolate were their looks. They thought without doubt of the tombs of their parents and friends, whose heads they had laid down in an honored grave, and that after a few years of the toil and weariness collateral with old age, they were going to lay down their bones in a new world, a far distant clime, never to mix their ashes with those that were dearest to them. Alas! the days are gone that I have seen. It is long since emigration from the Highlands commenced; for, when slavery was abolished, as far as government edicts could abolish it, the Highlanders were obliged to emigrate; but never till now did the borderers rush from their native country, all with symptoms of reckless despair. It is most deplorable. The whole of our most valuable peasantry and operative manufacturers are leaving us. All who have made a little money to freight them over the Atlantic, and procure them a settlement in America, Van Diemen's Land, or some other distant place, are hurrying from us as from a place infected with the plague. Every day the desire to emigrate increases, both in amount and intensity; in some parts of the country the movement has taken place to an immense extent. In the industrious village of Galashiels, fifty-two are already booked for transportation. In the town of Hawick, and its subordinate villages, are double that number. My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, all are gone away; and were I not the very individual that I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland and Etick Forest, that, though I must die as I have lived, I cannot leave them."

HOUSEKEEPER AND ROBBER.—About twenty or thirty years since, a gentleman named Webster, who lived in the woodlands, a wild uncultivated barren range of hills in Derbyshire, had occasion to go from home. The family besides himself, consisted of a servant man, a young girl, and the housekeeper. At his departure he gave his servant a strict charge to remain in the house, along with the females, and not on any account absent himself at night until his return. This he promised to do; and Mr. Webster proceeded on his journey. At night, however, the man went out, notwithstanding all the earnest entreaties and remonstrances of the housekeeper to the contrary, and not coming in she and the servant girl went to bed. Some time in the night, they were awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The housekeeper got up and went down stairs, and enquired who was there and what was their business? She was informed that a friend of Mr. Webster's being benighted, and the night wet and stormy, requested a night's lodging. She forthwith gave him admittance, roused up the fire, led his horse into the stable, and then returned to provide something to eat for her guest, of which he partook, and was then shown to his chamber. On returning to the kitchen, she took up his greatcoat, in order to dry it; when perceiving it to be, as she thought, very heavy, curiosity prompted her to examine the pockets, in which she found a brace of loaded pistols, and their own large carving knife! Thunderstruck by this discovery, she immediately knew what sort of a guest she had to deal with, and, his intentions. However, summoning up all her courage and resolution, she proceeded softly up stairs, and with a rope, fastened, as well as she could, the door of the room in which the villain was; then went down, and in a great perturbation of mind awaited the event. Shortly after a man came to the window, and in a low but distinct tone of voice, said, "Are you ready?" She grasped one of the pistols with a desperate resolution, presented it to his face, and fired. The report of the pistol alarmed the fellow above, who at-

tempted to get out of the room but was stayed in his purpose by her saying, "Villain, if you open the door, you are a dead man." She then sent the servant girl for assistance, while she remained with the other pistol in her hand; guarding the chamber door. When help arrived, the villain was taken into custody; and, on searching without, they found the servant man dead. Another villain, who was taken shortly after, met with his despatch; and the housekeeper, who had acted with such fidelity and unparalleled intrepidity, was soon after united to Mr. Webster.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

The Niagara Gaol was lately broken by eight inmates, one of whom, John Fitzgerald, was charged with the crime of murder, and had been awaiting orders from the Home Government to convey him to Ireland, where it was alleged to have been committed several years ago—the others were charged with offences of less magnitude—principally larcenies. The escape was effected while the gaoler was cleaning the cells of the debtors who were locked up in one room, while the criminals were walking about in the hall allotted to them, separated from the debtors by wooden gratings. The criminals amused themselves by dancing and singing, while Fitzgerald sawed off his irons with a razor converted into a saw, and subsequently forced the padlocks of the door with a sharp spike. The division between the debtor and criminal side of the hall, was of strong oak grating and the entrance secured by a heavy door well ironed by two padlocks, which could not be forced in the inside and was not attempted, but one of the large pieces of wooden grating had been sawed nearly through and so completely as to avoid detection, for the gaoler was in the habit of examining each one. When all were prepared, this opening was made, and a number found their way into the debtor's side of the Hall where the gaoler was, and after some struggling succeeded in closing the door of the debtor's cell while he was at work with a young woman, and thus prevented his making such opposition as might have occurred to some of them; but being a prisoner he could effect nothing. The next door being open they gained the outer entrance and made good their escape, in their route knocking down the Gaoler's wife, an old woman, who made but a feeble resistance, and whose head being severely cut by one whom she seized and attempted to prevent escaping, she was left lying incapable of relieving her husband from his situation, who, having no assistant except a woman who stood inactive, and inattentive to his orders to put the padlock on the outer door, their retreat to the Gaol Yard was made good, where some scaled the high board fence in the rear, while others who from weakness were unable to accomplish this, remained and went out of the front gate. Some other criminals might have made their escape, but they appeared not to be in the secret, and became astonished and bewildered. There were no soldiers in the gaol and from the circumstance of the gaol being at a great distance from town, assistance is not easily obtained. Fitzgerald was subsequently taken in the streets of Niagara. During the day of the escape he was concealed in a house not far from the prison, and made his appearance in great distress at St Catharines where he received shelter. He returned again to Niagara to his own house, drank a large quantity of brandy, and walked deliberately through the streets with a cigar, until he was seized by two Constables and secured after a mile's chase and severe contest. Two others of the criminal's have been taken.—*Montreal Gazette.*

AGITATION IN EDINBURGH.—Last week, Mr. Tait, the Edinburgh bookseller, allowed himself to be imprisoned, rather than pay the annuities for maintaining the Presbyterian Clergy at Edinburgh. Mr. Tait in a letter which he published, says that the tax was imposed in 1661, and was to be applied to the maintenance of only six of the twelve Edinburgh Clergymen whereas a sum much larger is now collected under the name of annuity tax, and applied to the maintenance of all the Edinburgh Clergymen. Altogether, by the annuity seat rents, &c. about 21,000 were collected, while only half that sum is applied to its legitimate purposes—18 clergymen receive about £9000. For these reasons, and also on account of the inequality of the assessment, Mr. Tait opposed the payment of the tax. At a meeting of the inhabitants of Edinburgh it was agreed to request Mr. Tait to allow himself to be liberated; to which he assented. A large crowd conducted him to his residence.

EVERY BODY HAS HIS BUBBLY JOCK.—The following anecdote of Sir Walter Scott, has a genuine appearance, and we do not recollect of ever seeing it published. A gentleman in conversation with the illustrious author, remarked that he believed it was possible that perfect happiness might be the lot of somebody or other. Sir Walter dissented. "Well," said the Gentleman, "I am an idiot, who, I'm certain, will confirm my opinion; he seems the very beau ideal of animal contentment." The daff individual was sniggering along, humming to himself, when Sir Walter Scott addressed him. "Well, Jamie, how are ye the day?" Brawley, answered he. "Now Jamie, have you plenty to eat and drink?" "O, ay, and keep you warm?" "O, ay." Their said the poet's antagonist, is a perfectly happy creature!" Not so last, continued Sir Walter. "Is there anything, Jamie, that bothers ye at?" "O, ay, said the idiot, changing his merry looks, 'there's a muckle Bubbly Jock that follows me wherever I gang.' Now, said Sir Walter, 'you see by this, that the very simplest and stupidest of mankind are haunted by an evil one of some kind or other; in short every one has his Bubbly Jock.'

LOAN TO A HIGHWAYMAN.—A Quaker was stopped between Brentford and London by a highwayman, who demanded his money.—The Quaker answered "Well friend if thou art in want of money I will lend thee some."

The same demand and answer were repeated several times, till the highwayman became impatient, and the Quaker reluctantly gave up his cash which was very considerable. The highwayman then perceiving the Quaker to have a better horse than his own insisted on his changing. The Quaker answered, "Well, friend, if thou thinkest my horse will be of more service to thee than thine own, thou shalt have him,"—and accordingly they changed.

On the Quaker's arrival in London, he slackened the reins of the highwayman's horse, and let the animal take its course—the horse stopped at a livery stable in Holborn, the Quaker alighted, and when the hostler came, inquired if he knew the horse? The hostler answered in the affirmative, and that he belonged to Mr. —, who lived in — square.

The Quaker took no further notice, but left the horse and his address.

The next day the highwayman brought the Quaker's horse, and told the hostler he had sold his own horse and purchased another—when to his great surprise, the hostler informed him of his horse being brought home, and what passed at the time.

The highwayman went to the Quaker's house, who accosted him with, "Well, friend, hast thou brought the money I lent thee?" The highwayman said he had, and "lending on his knees, implored mercy and secrecy."

"I lent thee the money," said the Quaker, "because my principles allow me not to swear even to a robbery; I will conceal thy name in hopes of thy amendment; beware how thou spendest thy money in future, and thou wilt have the less occasion to borrow."

WIFE.—There is no combination of letters in the English language, which excites more pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man than the word wife. There is magic in this little word. It presents to the mind's eye, a cheerful companion, a disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comforter in misfortunes, and a faithful and ever affectionate friend. It conjures up the image of a lovely confiding woman, who cheerfully undertakes to contribute to your happiness to partake with you the joy, whether of wealth or woe, which destiny may offer. The word wife is synonymous with the greatest earthly blessings; and we pity the unfortunate wretch, who is condemned by fate's severe decree to trudge along through life's dull pilgrimage without one.—*Lowell Journal.*

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGER.—Through some mistake a gentleman in the south of Ireland left off the dance at a country ball, out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honour challenged the intruder, and received the following reply: "Sir I cannot understand why, because I opened a ball at night, a ball should open me in the morning.—Yours, &c."

An Irish woman called at a grocer's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured off, and put into her gallon jug. She then asked for another quart, to be put in the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gallon and done with it?" said the grocer. "Och! bless your little bit of a soul," answered she, "it's for two persons."

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