

POETRY. Selected.

From the New-York American.

MY SISTER.
Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.
Scott.

Mine eyes have seen the beautiful,
Mine ears have heard their thrilling voice;
My heart hath felt their potent rule—
The tears of hope, the hope of joys—
But never has my sight approv'd
A fairer than my Sister—no!
None other sound so much hath mov'd
As her "Dear brother," spoken low.
O! could I wake that love again,
What would I not of wealth forego—
What dangers would I not disdain
And proffer'd honors from me throw?
Yet she was call'd but passing fair!
Nor ought of dower, save love, had she,
And others look as kind may wear.
But ah, the difference to me!

How swiftly pass'd the halcyon times!
No dread of ill, no fear, to tease—
No dread of parting, chilling climes!
Dissever'd ties, dividing seas!
Too brief is happiness below:
A worm in ever gourd there lies,
Each flow'r to fragrance only grows
To show, that as it blooms, it dies.

So all our promis'd bliss is fled:
And "Brother," "Sister," neither hears;
The games, the very sounds, are dead;
Lost, lost, in floods of burning tears.
Ah! where am I, and where is she—
Poor exiles—whither do we roam?
No looks of love, to her, or me,
No bliss'd assurances of home!

Yes, yes, there is a home for me!
My soul believes the promise true:
And there my Sister, will it be,
That I, ere long, will welcome you!
No sin—no separation—there!
Remember thine, the happy land,
Oh, let us soon its solace share!
We mourn—each on a foreign strand.

L. FRANKLIN.

VARIABLES.

A TALE OF THE FORTY FIVE.

Never, perhaps, did any city, upon the approach of a foreign enemy, betray such symptoms of consternation and disorder, as did Edinburgh on the 16th of September, 1745, when it was understood that Prince Charles Edward, with his army of Highlanders, had reached a village three miles to the westward, unopposed by the civic corps in which the hapless city had placed its last hopes of its defence. A regiment of dragoons, which had retreated on the previous day from Stirling, and another which happened to be encamped near Edinburgh, having joined their strength to that of the town-guard and volunteers, had, that forenoon, marched boldly out of town, with the determined purpose of opposing the rebels and saving the town; but, after standing very bravely for a few hours at Corstorphine, the spectacle of a single Highlander, who rode up towards them and fired off his pistol, caused the whole of these gallant cavaliers to turn and fly; nor did they stop till they had left Edinburgh itself twenty miles behind. The precipitate flight of regular troops was the worst possible example for a body of raw undisciplined citizens; who were too much accustomed to the secure comforts of their firesides, to have any relish for the horrors of an out-of-doors war with the unscrupulous mountaineers. The consequence was, that all retreated in confusion back to the city, where their pusillanimity was the subject of triumphant ridicule to the Jacobite party, and of shame and fear to the rest of the inhabitants.

In their dilemma, as band after band poured through the West Port, and filled the ample area of the Grass market, the magistrates assembled in their Council Chamber, for the purpose of "wondering what was to be done." The result of their deliberations was, that a full meeting of the inhabitants should be held, in order that they might be enabled to shape their course according to the general opinion. Orders were immediately given to this effect, and, in the course of an hour, they found a respectable assemblage of citizens, prepared in one of the churches of St. Giles's to consider the important question of the defensibility of the town.

The appearance of the city on this dreadful afternoon was very remarkable, and such as we hope it will never again exhibit. All the streets to the west of St. Giles's were crowded with citizen volunteers, apparently irresolute whether to lay down their arms or to retain them, and whose anxious and crest-fallen looks communicated only despair to the trembling citizens. The sound of hammers was heard at the opening of every lane, and at the bottoms of all important turnpike stairs, where workmen were busied in mounting strong doors, studded thickly with nails, moving on immense hinges, and bearing bolts and bars of no ordinary strength—the well-known rapacious character of the Highlanders, not less than their present hostile purpose, having suggested this feeble attempt at security. The principal street was encumbered with the large, tall, pavilion-roofed family carriages of people of distinction, judges, and officers of the crown, which, after being hastily crammed with their propertied burdens of live stock, and laden a-top with as much baggage as they could carry, one after another wheeled off down the High Street, through the Netherbow, and so on out of town. A few scattered groups of women, children, and inferior citizens, stood near that old accustomed meeting place, the Cross, round the tall form of which they seemed to gather like a Catholic population clinging to a sacred fabric, which they suppose to be endowed with some protecting virtue.

At the ordinary dinner hour, when the streets were, as usual, in a great measure

deserted, and while the assemblage of citizens was still deliberating in the new Church aisle, the people of the High Street were thrown into a state of dreadful agitation, by a circumstance which they witnessed from their windows. The accustomed silence of the hollow hungry hour was suddenly broken by the clatter of a horse's feet upon the pavement; and on running to their windows, they were prodigiously alarmed at the sight of one of their anticipated foes riding boldly up the street. Yet this alarm subsided considerably, when they observed that his purpose seemed pacific, and that he was not followed by any companions. The horseman was a youth, with a remarkably handsome figure and gallant carriage, which did not fail in their effect upon at least the female part of the beholders. The most robust Highland health was indicated in his fair countenance and athletic form; and, in addition to this, his appearance expressed just enough of polish not to destroy the romantic effect produced by his wild habiliments and striking situation. The tight tartan trews shewed well upon a limb, of which the symmetry was never equalled by David Allan, the national painter, so remarkable for his handsome Highland limbs, and of which the effect, instead of being impaired by the clumsy boot, was improved by the neat brogue, fastened as it was to the foot by the sparkling silver buckles. He wore a smart round bonnet, adorned with his family cognizance—a bunch of ivy, and from beneath which a profusion of light brown tresses, tied with dark ribbons, flowed, according to the fashion of the time, about half way down his back. He carried a small white flag in his hand, and bore about his person the full set of Highland arms—broadsword, dirk, and two silver mounted pistols. Many a warm Jacobite heart, male and female, palpitated at the sight of his graceful figure, and a considerable crowd of idle admirers, or wonderers, followed him up the broad noble expanse of the High Street.

By this crowd, who soon discovered that his purpose was the delivery of a letter from the Chevalier to the magistrates, he was ushered forward to the opening of a narrow passage, which, in those days, led through a pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, towards the door of Haddo's Hole Church, a passage called in the old Scottish language a stile, which, moreover, was traversed in 1628, by King Charles the First, when he went to open the Scottish Parliament in the High Tolbooth. Here the Highlander dismounted, and after throwing his bridle over the hook at the saddle's door close to the corner of the stile, was led forward into the lobby of the church, from which the hum of active discussion was heard to proceed. On requesting to be introduced to the magistrates, he was informed by an official wearing his livery, that the church was so very much crowded, that there would be no possibility of either getting him in to see the magistrates, or the magistrates out to see him; but that his letter might be handed in to them over the heads of the crowd. To this expedient the messenger consented, and accordingly it was immediately put into execution. In a few moments after it had left the keeper's hands, a dead silence seemed to fall upon the company, and, after a renewed tumult and a second silence, those who stood in the lobby heard a voice reading a few words aloud, apparently those of the letter. The voice was, however, interrupted in a few seconds by the clamor of the whole assembled people, who presently rose in confusion, and made a tumultuous rush towards the door. On hearing and observing these alarming symptoms, the city officer, with inconsiderate rashness, thought it his duty to seize the author of so much supposed mischief, and accordingly made a dash at the stranger's collar, calling upon the town guardsmen present to close in upon him and intercept his retreat. But the prompt and energetic Highlander was not to be betrayed. With a bound like the first movement of the startled deer, he cleared the lobby, and made for his horse. Two dragoons standing without, and who, observing the rush from the door, threw themselves in the stranger's way, were in the same instant felled to the ground: and before any other person could lay hands upon him, the maltreated messenger threw himself upon his horse, drew his sword, and in a transport of rage shouted defiance to all around. Whirling his weapon upon his head, he stopped a few seconds amidst the terrified crowd; and then, striking spurs into his horse's sides, rode along the street, still vociferating loud defiance to all the detached military parties which he met. No attempt, however, was made to prevent his escape, or to offer him farther violence. One symptom of offensive warfare alone occurred, and that originated in an accident; for an old guardsman, who was overturned on the causeway by the brush of the passing steed, could not help discharging his redoubted piece; the shot, however, doing no harm other than wounding a golden peacock, which overhang the window of a fashionable innkeeper in the fourth flat of the Luckenbooths. After clearing the narrow defile of the Luckenbooths, and getting into the full open street, the Highland cavalier for once turned round, and, with a voice broken by excess of indignation, uttered a thundering malediction against all Edinburgh for its breach of the articles of war, and a challenge to the proudest man in it who would meet him upon honourable terms. He then galloped briskly down the High Street, still brandishing his broadsword, the people making way for him on all sides, by running down the numerous alleys leading from the street, and terminated his daring exploit, unscathed and undaunted, by passing out

at the Netherbow Port, of which the enormous folding-doors, like the turnpikes in John Gilpin, flew open at his approach.

It is irrelevant to our purpose to describe the consternation under which the inhabitants of Edinburgh passed the whole of that evening and night, or the real terror which next morning had seized them, when they understood that the insurgents were in possession of the town. Moreover, as it would not be proper to encumber our narrative with well-known historical details, we shall also pass over the circumstances in this remarkable civil war which followed upon the capture of the city, and content ourselves with relating the simple events of a love tale, in which the hero just introduced to the notice of our readers acted a conspicuous part.

About a month after the rebels had entered Edinburgh, and while Prince Charles Edward was still fondly lingering in the palace which had sheltered so many of his ancestors, a young gentlewoman named Helen Lindsay, the daughter of a whig writer to the signet in Edinburgh, was one fine October evening taking a solitary walk in the King's Park. The sun had gone down over the Castle, like the fire shell dropping into a devoted fortress, and the lofty edifices of the city presented on the eastern side nothing but dark irregular masses of shade. The Park, which a little before had been crowded with idle and well-dressed people waiting perhaps for a sight of the Prince, was now deserted by all except a few Highland soldiers, hurrying to or from the camp at Duddingston, and by the young lady above mentioned, who continued, in spite of the deepening twilight, to saunter about seeming to await the hour of some assignation.

As each single Highland officer or group passed this lady, she contrived to elude their observation by an adroit management of her plaid; and it was not till the gathering darkness rendered her appearance at such a time and place absolutely suspicious, that at length one gallant mountaineer made bold to accost her. "Ah, Helen," he exclaimed, "how delighted am I to find you here!—for I expected you to be awaiting at the bottom of the Walk—and thus I see you five minutes sooner than I otherwise would have done!"—"I would rather wait near the Palace than at that fearsome place, at this time of night, William," said the young lady; "for, let me tell you, you have been a great deal later of comin' than you should have been."—"Pardon me, my angel!" answered the youth; "I have been detained by the Prince till this instant. His Royal Highness has communicated to me no very pleasant intelligence—he is decisive as to our march commencing on the morning after to-morrow, and I am distracted to think of parting with you. How shall I—how can I part with you?"—"Oh! never mind that, Willie," cried the lady, in a tone quite different from his, which was highly expressive of a lover's misery; "if your enterprise prove successful, and you do not get your head broken, or beauty spoiled, you shall perhaps be made an Earl, and marry some grand English countess; and I shall then content myself with young Claver, the advocate, who has been already so warmly recommended to me by my father, and who would instate me to-morrow, if I choose, as his wedded wife. In the fine house he has just bought in Forrester's Wynd."

"Away with that beast!" cried the jealous lover in Gaelic. "Do you think, Helen, that I could ever marry any one but you, even though it were the queen on the throne? But perhaps you are not so very resolute in your love matters, and could transfer your affections from one object to another as easily and as quickly as you could your thoughts, or the glance of your eyes?"—"Ah, Willie, Willie," said the lady still in a jocular tone, "I see you are a complete Heilanter—fiery and irritable. I might have known that the first moment I ever saw ye, when ye bravadoed a Edinburgh because a silly toad-officer tried to touch ye. Wad ye flee up, man, on your air true love, when she merely jokes ye a wee?"—"Oh, if that be all, Helen," said the youth humbly, "I beg your grace. Yet, methinks, this is no time for merriment, when we are about to part, perhaps for ever. How, dearest Helen, do you contrive to keep up your spirits under such circumstances?"—"Because," said the young lady, "I know that there is no necessity for us parting, at least for some time to come; for I am willing to accompany you, if you will take me to the very world's end!" There's sincerity and true love for you!" Surprised and delighted with this frank offer, the lover strained his mistress passionately to his bosom, and swore to protect her as his lawful wife till the latest moment of his existence. "You shall travel," he said, "in my sister Lady Ogilvie's carriage, and be one of the first British ladies to attend the Prince's levee in St. James's at Christmas. Our marriage shall be solemnized at the end of the first stage." The project was less than rational; but when was reason any thing to love? Many avowals of mutual attachment passed between the parties, and, after projecting a mode of elopement, they parted—William Douglas taking the road for the camp at the Duddingston, and Helen Lindsay hastily returning to the town.

The morning of the 1st November broke drearily upon Edinburgh, showing a dull frosty atmosphere, and the ground covered with a thin layer of snow. It was the morning of the march; and here and there throughout the streets stood a few bagpipers, playing a reveille before the lodgings of the great officers of the clans. One or two chiefs were already marching down the street, preceded by their pipers, and followed by their men, in order to join the army which was beginning to move from

Duddingston. The Highland guard, which had been stationed, ever since the Chevalier's arrival, at the Weigh-house, was now leaving its station, and moving down the Lawnmarket to the merry sound of the bag-pipe, when a strange circumstance occurred.

(To be continued.)

INOCULATING CHEESE.—What will the ingenuity of man not contrive? A method has been discovered of inoculating cheese: or, in other words, of transposing the character of an old cheese into a new one. This rather curious scheme is brought forward as a communication to the Agricultural Journal for March, by John Robinson, Esquire, Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. "If it be required," says he, "to communicate to a new cheese the flavour and appearance of an old one, it may be done by the insertion in the new cheese of portions of the old one containing blue mould. The little scoop which is used in taking samples of cheese is a ready-made means of performing the operation, by interchanging ten or a dozen rolls which it extracts, and placing them so as to disseminate the germ of the blue mould all over the cheese. A new Stilton treated in this way, and well covered up from the air for a few weeks, becomes thoroughly impregnated with the mould, and generally with a flavour hardly to be distinguished from the old one. I have sometimes treated half a Lancashire cheese in this way, and have left the other half in its natural state; and have been much amused with the remarks of my friends on the striking superiority of the English over the Scotch one." If this ingenious plan be found really successful on repeated trials by others, Mr. Robinson will deserve our thanks for bringing it forward. The next invention, I suppose, we shall hear of, will be that of inoculating legs of mutton, and turning them into beef!

SANDY WOOD'S PLAN OF SUPPORTING A WIFE.—The eccentric and well remembered Sandy Wood, an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, at the outset of his professional career, married Miss Veronica Chalmers, second daughter of George Chalmers, W. S., a highly respectable man, and to whose honesty and integrity his fellow-citizens bore the most ample testimony, by giving him the popular title of "Honest George Chalmers." This marriage turned out very fortunate for both parties, though, before it took place, there was a danger of its being impeded by the poverty of the intended husband. It is related that Mr. Wood, on obtaining the consent of the lady, proposed himself to Mr. Chalmers as his son-in-law, when that gentleman addressed him thus:—"Sandy, I have not the smallest objection to you; but I myself am not rich, and should therefore like to know how you are to support a wife and family?" Mr. Wood, putting his hand in his pocket, and taking out his lancet case, with a scarlet garter rolled round it, presenting it to him, said, "I have nothing but this, sir, and a determination to use my best endeavours to succeed in my profession." Mr. Chalmers was so struck with this straight forward and honest reply, that he immediately exclaimed, "Veronica is yours."

DR. CHALMERS'S PRAYER ON THE PESTILENCE.—Do thou, O Lord, ward off from us the farther inroads of that desolating plague, which, in its mysterious progress over the face of the earth, has made such fearful ravages among the families of other lands. Hitherto, O God! thou hast dealt mildly and mercifully with the city of our habitation. Do thou pour out the spirit of grace and supplication upon its inhabitants, and spare them, if it be thy blessed will, the inflictions of that wrath which is so rightfully due to a careless and ungodly generation. We pray, O Lord! in a more especial manner, for those patriotic men whose duty calls them to a personal encounter with this calamity; and who, braving all the hazards of infection, may be said to stand between the living and the dead. Save them from the attacks of disease—save them from the obloquies of misconception and prejudice—and may they have the blessings and acknowledgements of a grateful community to encourage them in their labours. Above all, we pray, O God! that the infidelity which places all its reliance on secondary causes, may never sway either the councils of this city, or the councils of this nation. May there, at all times, be the public recognition of a God in the midst of us. And let not the defiance or the levity of irreligious men ever tempt us to forget that mighty, unseen Being, who has all the forces of Nature at His Command—who sits behind the elements he has formed—and gives birth, and movement, and continuance to all things.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

RULES ON GOOD BREEDING.—A German prince who has recently published his Tour through Great Britain, informs us that the three following are the greatest offences which any one can commit against English manners:—"To put his knife to his mouth instead of his fork; to take up sugar or asparagus with his fingers; or, above all, to spit any where in a room. These are certainly laudable prohibitions, and well-bred people of all countries avoid such practices—though even on these points manners alter greatly; for Marshal Richelieu detected an adventurer, who passed himself off for a man of rank, by the single circumstance of his taking up olives with his fork, and not with his fingers. The ridiculous thing is the amazing importance which is here attached to them. The last named crime is so pedantically proscribed in England, that you might seek through all London in vain to find such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman who was very uncomfortable for the want of one, declared, with great

indignation, that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his stomach. These things are, I repeat, more than trivial; but the most important rules of behaviour in foreign countries almost regard trivialities. Had I, for example, to give a few universal rules to a young traveller, I should seriously counsel him thus:—"In Naples, treat the people brutally; in Rome, be natural; in Austria, don't talk politics; in France, give yourself no airs; in Germany, a great many; and in England don't spit. With these rules, the young man would get on very well."

BYRON ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

"Of the immortality of the soul," says Lord Byron, in a paper written towards the termination of his life, "it appears to me that their can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of mind: it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body—in dreams, for instance—incoherently and madly, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. Now, that this should not act separately, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The Stoics, Epicurus, and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state 'a soul which drags a carcass,'—a heavy chain, to be sure; but all chains being material, may be shaken off. How far our future life will be individual, or, rather how far it will resemble our present existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal, seems as probable as that the body is not so—but the whole thing is inscrutable."

BIBLE SOCIETIES.—It is singular fact, that the first Bible Society that ever existed was established by some Roman Catholic Priests in France in 1774.

PROSPECTUS OF A WEEKLY PAPER, TO BE ENTITLED THE CHRISTIAN REPORTER, AND TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

THE present era is one marked by the transpiration of events connected with the diffusion of religious knowledge and the establishment of pious habits. Christians of various denominations, awaking from the deep and lethargic slumbers of spiritual stupor into which they had fallen, and for a length of time remained, are now combining their energies, and zealously employing their efforts in the promotion of the present and future happiness of their fellow men. At a period, then, like the present when so much activity of a beneficial nature is evinced in other portions of the world, it is thought, by many respectable and influential individuals, that the circulation of a Religious and Temperance Paper, throughout the Provinces of New-Brunswick and Nova-Scotia, would add its quota towards the suppression of vice and the advancement of piety. With the desire of contributing, in a greater or less degree, to the securing of an object, so laudable as the one mentioned, through the efficient instrumentality of the Press, the present periodical will be commenced.

The *Christian Reporter and Temperance Advocate* will be composed of original matter, and Extracts, selected with the greatest possible care from the most approved authors and standard works, on the subjects of Religion, Temperance, Morals, Arts, Science, Natural and Moral Philosophy, and on any other topic calculated to interest and improve.

To the subject of Temperance, or the total abstinence from the use of ardent spirits special attention will be paid; assured that temperance presents a most formidable barrier to the extension of religion, and the enjoyments of personal, domestic and civil well-being, opening an actual floodgate to the overwhelming torrents of misery and vice in all their diversified shades and deplorable characters.

It may be also stated, that an abstract of passing events, or General Intelligence will be given.—The propriety of uniting in a condensed manner, general intelligence, with the more ostensible objects of the *Christian Reporter*, &c., is so evident as not to require, in the prospectus, a minute or particular illustration.

Of this the public may rest assured, that every exertion will be used, to render the *Christian Reporter and Temperance Advocate* worthy of their patronage—embracing in its pages all that variety of subjects which may have a tendency so to instruct and benefit them in things relating to their present and future existence.

As there is not, at present, a Provincial Periodical of a precisely similar character, the hope is indulged that the contemplated Paper, of which this is the Prospectus, will be favourably received by the friends of religion and temperance in both of the Provinces, and obtain from them such support as may ensure its establishment, perpetuity and prosperity.

TERMS.—The *Christian Reporter and Temperance Advocate* will be published Weekly, at the CITY GAZETTE OFFICE, Saint John, in folio form, on an Imperial sheet, at 12s. and 6d. per annum, exclusive of postage; one half payable in advance—the other in six months.—The paper will appear as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers to cover the expense is obtained. All arrears must be paid before any subscription can be discontinued, except at the discretion of the Editor.

N. B.—A limited number of advertisements, not inconsistent with the avowed principles of the paper, will be admitted.

Saint John, June 6, 1838.
Subscriptions for the above Paper will be received at the City Gazette Office.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale a VALUABLE FARM in the County of Carleton, situated only sixteen miles from the Shire Town, and adjoining the Military Post, at the Presque Isle. This Farm contains about 200 Acres, six of which are cleared and under cultivation; it is of the best description of land in this Province, and worthy the attention of persons wishing to purchase.

Also.—A block of 500 acres of the same description of Land, adjoining in the rear of this Farm, covered with the most valuable Timber, which would be sold with the above, or divided into smaller lots to suit purchasers.

Terms of payment would be made easy.
T. J. NICHOLSON.
St. John, 16th April 1838.

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July 17.