

POETRY.

Selected.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

From the London Literary Gazette.

'Twas morn— but not the ray which falls the
When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all
her light and song;
'Twas morn— but mist and cloud hung deep
upon the lonely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were
out upon the gale.
For he whose spirit woke the dust of nations
into life—
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread
flowers and fruitage ripe—
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the migh-
ty realms of mind—
Had fled forever from the fame, love, friend-
ship of mankind!
To wear a wreath in glory wrought, his spirit
swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light
of moon or star;
To drink immortal waters, free from every
taint of earth—
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source
whence worlds had birth!
There was waiting on the early breeze, and
darkness in the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall,
a funeral train swept by!
Methought—St. Mary, shield us well!—that
other forms moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble,
young, and fair!
Was it a dream?—how oft, in sleep, we ask,
"Can this be true?"
While warm imagination paints her marvels
in our view—
Eden's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to that
which we behold,
When dreams enchant our sight with things
whose meanest garb is gold!
Was it a dream?—methought the "Dauntless
Harold" passed me by—
The proud "Fitz James," with martial step,
and dark, intrepid eye;
The "Marmions'" haughty crest was there,
a mourner for his sake;
And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet "Lady
of the Lake,"
The "Minstrel" whose last lay was o'er,
whose broken harp lay low,
And with him "glorious" Waverley, with
glance and step of woe;
And "Stuart's" voice rose there, as when,
midst fate's disastrous war,
He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave
"Ich lan Vohr."
Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the "Dom-
inie" stalk'd past,
With "Bertram," "Julia" by his side, whose
tears were flowing fast;
"Guy Mannering," too, moved there, o'er-
powered by that afflictive sight;
And "Merrillies," as when she wept on Ellan-
gowan's height,
Solemn and grave, "Monkbarns" approached,
amidst that burial line;
And "Ochiltree" leant o'er his staff, and
mourn'd for "Auld lang syne!"
Show march'd the gallant "Mintyre," whilst
"Lovel" mused alone;
For once, "Miss Wardour's" image left that
bosom's faithful throne!
With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came
"Mac Gregor's" clan—
Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd shrill and wild—
"Rob Roy's" bold brow look'd wan;
The fair "Diana" kissed her cross, and bless'd
its sainted ray;
And "Wae is me!" the "Baillie" sigh'd "that
I should see this day!"
Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre
vest and scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far renown-
ed "Black Dwarf;"
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks
flowing free—
The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old
Mortality!"
"Balfour of Burley," "Claverhouse," the
"Lord of Evandale,"
And stately "Lady Margaret," whose woe
might nought avail!
Fierce "Bothwell" on his charger black, as
from the conflict won;
And pale "Habakkuk Mucklewath," who
cried "God's will be done!"
And like a rose, a young white rose, that
blooms mid wildest scenes,
Passed she, the modest, eloquent, and virtuous
"Jennie Deans;"
And "Dumbiedikes" that silent laid, with
love too deep to smile,
And "Elfin" with her noble friend, the good
"Duke of Argyle,"
With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Rav-
enswood" advanced,
Who on the false "Lord Keeper's" mein with
eyes indignant glanced;
Whilst graceful as the lonely fawn, "neath cov-
er close and sure,
Approach'd the beauty of all hearts—the
"Bride of Lammermoor!"
The "Annet Eddy," the fairy queen of light
and song, stopped near,
The "Knight of Ardennoh," and he the gift-
ed "Howard Seer,"
"Dalgetty," "Runcan," "Lord Monteith,"
and "Ronald" met my view—
The hapless "Child of the Mist," and bold
"Mihk Connel-Dhue!"
On swept "Bois Guilbert"—"Front de Boeuf!"
"Debracy's" plume of woe,
And "Cœur de Lion's" crest shone near the
valiant "Ivanhoe,"
While soft as glades a summer cloud "Rowe-
na" clos'd her,
With beautiful "Rebecca"—peerless daugh-
ter of the Jew!
Still onward like the gathering night advanced
that funeral train—
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across
the shadowy main—
Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in no-
ble ranks were seen
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and
woman's beauteous mien!
A sound thrill'd through that lengthening host!
methought the vault was clos'd,
Where in his glory and renown fair Scotia's
hard reposed!
A sound thrill'd through that lengthening
host! and forth my vision fled!
But, ah!—that mortal dream proved true—
the immortal Scott was dead!
Manchester. C. SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

VICTIMS.

THE industrious classes of the middle rank
are, on the one hand, attracted onwards to
wealth and respectability, by contemplating
men, formerly of their own order, who

having, as the saying is, feathered their
nests, now lie at ease, a kind of conscrip-
ti patres; while they are, on the other
hand, repelled from the regions of poverty
and disgrace, by the sight of a great many
wretched persons, who having, under the
influence of some unhappy star, permitted
their good resolutions of industry and hon-
our to give way, are sunk from their for-
mer estate, and now live—if living it can be
called—in a state of misery and ignominy
almost too painful to be thought of. There
may be a use in this, as there is a use for
beacons and buoys at sea. But oh, the
desolation of such a fate! As different as
the condition of a vessel which ever bends
its course freely and gallantly over the
seas, on some joyous expedition of profit
or adventure, compared with one which
has been deprived of all the means of loco-
motion, and chained down upon some reef
of rocks, merely to tell its happier com-
panions that it is to be avoided; so different is
the condition of a man still engaged in the
hopeful pursuit of life, and one who has
lost all its prospects.

The progress of men who live by their
daily industry, through this world, may be
likened to the march of an army through
an enemy's country. He who, from fati-
gue, from disease, from ineptitude, from
severe wounds, or whatever cause falls out
of the line of march, and lays him down
by the way side, is sure, as a matter of
course, to be destroyed by the peasantry;
once let the column he belongs to pass on,
a little ahead, and death is his sure por-
tion. It is a dreadful thing to fall behind
the ever onward march of the world.

VICTIMS—the word placed at the head
of this article—is a designation for those
wobegon mortals, who have had the misfor-
tune to drop out of the ranks of society.
Every body must know more or less of
victims, for every body must have had to
pay a smaller or greater number of half-
crowns in his time to keep them from
starvation. It happens, however, that the
present writer has had a great deal to do
with victims, and he therefore conceives
himself qualified to afford his neighbours a
little information on the subject. It is a
subject not without its moral; nor, with
deference to the feelings of humanity, is it
without its humour.

A victim may become so from many causes.
Some men are wrong placed in the
world by their friends, and ruin themselves.
Some are ill married, and lose heart.
Others have tastes unsuited to the dull
course of a man of business, as for music,
social pleasures, the company of men out
of their own order, and so forth. Other
men have natural imperfections of charac-
ter, and sink down, from pure inability to
compete with rivals of a more athletic con-
stitution. But the grand cause of declen-
sion in life, is inability to accommodate
circumstances and conduct.

Suppose a man to have broken credit
with the world, and made that treaty of
perpetual hostility with it, which, *quasi lu-
cus a non lucendo*, is called a *cessio bono-
rum*—what is he to do next? One thing is
dead clear—he no more appears on Prin-
ces' Street or the Bridges. They are to
him as a native and once familiar land,
from which he is exiled for ever. His
migrations from one side of the town to the
other, are now accomplished by chan-
cels, such as Leith Wynd and the Cow-
gate, which, however well known to our
ancestors, are in the present day dreamt
of by nobody, except, perhaps, the Author
of the "Traditions of Edinburgh." Once
came full upon a victim in Collingridge,
a wretched ally near the Palace of Holy-
roodhouse: he looked like the genius of
the place! But the ways of victims are in
general very occult. Sometimes I have
together lost sight of one for several
years, and given up for dead. But at
length he would re-appear at a midnight
fire in the High Street, as salmon come
from the deepest pools towards the lighted
sheaf of the fisherman, or as some old re-
volutionary names that had disappeared
from French history for a quarter of a
century, came again above board on the
occasion of the late revolution at Paris.
At that said fire in the High Street, I ob-
served several victims, who had long van-
ished from the open daylight streets, come
out to glare with their bleared eyes upon
the awful scene—perhaps unwonted from
their dens by the progress of the "de-
vouring element."—But—what is a victim
like?

The progress of a victim's gradual de-
terioration depends very much upon the
question, whether he has, according to the
old joke, failed with a waiscoat or a full
suit. Suppose the latter contingency, he
keeps up a decent appearance for some
months after the fatal event, perhaps even
making several attempts to keep up a few
of his old acquaintances. "It won't do,
however; the clothes get worn and thread-
bare—slit—torn—patched—damned; let
ink, thread, and judicious arrangement of
person, do their best. The hat, the shoes,
and the gloves, fast first; he then begins
to wear a suspicious deal of whitey-brown
linen, in the way of cravat. Collars fall,
frills retire; the vest is buttoned to the
uppermost button, or even, perhaps, with
a supplementary pin (a pin is the most
squalid object in nature or art) at the top
Still, at this period, he tries to carry a
jaunty, genteel air; he has not yet all for-
got himself to rags. But, see, the buttons
begin to show something like new moons
at one side; these moons become full;
they change; and then the button is only
a little wisp of thread and rags, deprived
of all power of retention over the button-
hole.

His watch has long been gone to
supply the current wants of the day. The
vest by and by retires from business, and
the coat is buttoned up to the chin. A-
bout this period, he perhaps appears in a
pair of nankeen trousers, which notwith-
standing the coldness of the weather, he

tries to sport in an easy, genteel fashion
as if it were his taste. If you meet him
at this time, and inquire how he is getting
on in the world, he speaks very confident-
ly of some excellent situation he has a
prospect of, which will make him better
than ever; it is perhaps to superintend
a large new blacking manufactory which
is to be set up at Portobello, and for which
two acres of stone bottles, tea feet deep,
have already been collected from all the
lumber-cellars in the country—quite a nice
easy business—nothing to do but collect
the orders and see them executed—good
salary, free house, coal, candle, and black-
ing—save a pound a year on the article of
blackening alone. Or it is some other con-
cern equally absurd, but which the disor-
dered mind of the poor unfortunate is evi-
dently rioting over with as much enjoy-
ment as if it were to make him once more
what he had been in his better days. At
length—but not perhaps till two or three
years have elapsed—he becomes that la-
mentable picture of wretchedness which is
his ultimate destiny, a mere pile of
clothes without pile—a deplorable—a vic-
tim.

As a picture of an individual victim,
take the following:—My earliest recol-
lections of Mr. — refer to his keeping a
seed-shop in the New Town of Edin-
burgh. He has a remarkably smart ac-
tive man, and could tie up little parcels
of seeds with an almost magical degree of
dispatch. When engaged in that duty,
your eye lost sight of his fingers altogeth-
er, as you cease to individualize the
spokes of a wheel when it is turned with
great rapidity. He has the inventor of a
curious tall engine, with a peculiar pair of
scissors at top, for cutting fruit off trees.

This he sent through Prince's Street every
day with one of his boys, who was in-
structed every now and then to draw the
string, so as to make the scissors close as
sharply as possible. The boy would watch
his men—broad-skirted men, with top-
boots—and gliding in before them, would
make the thing play clip. "Boy, boy,"
the country gentlemen would cry, "what's
that?" The boy would explain; the gen-
tleman would be delighted with the idea
of cutting down any particular apple he
chose out of a thickly laden, and unap-
proachable tree; and, after that, nothing
more was required than to give him the card
of the shop. Mr. —, however, was not a
man of correct or temperate conduct. He
used to indulge even in forenoon potations.
Opposite to his shop there was a tavern,
to which he was in the habit of sending a
boy every day for a tumbler of spirits and
water, which the wretch was carefully en-
joined to carry under his apron. One day,
the boy forgot the precaution, and
carried the infamous crystal quite exposed
in his hand across the open and crowd-
ed street. Mr. — was surveying his
progress both in going and returning; and
when he observed him coming towards
the shop, with so damatory a proof of his
malpractices holden forth to the gaze of
the world, he leaped and danced within
his shop window like a supple Jack in a
glass case. The poor boy came in quite
innocently, little wotting of the crime he
had committed, or the reception he was
to meet with, when, just as he had depos-
ited the glass upon the counter, a blow
from the hand of his master stretched him
insensible in a remote corner of the shop,
among a parcel of seedbags. As no quar-
rels will succeed in business unless per-
fectly good conduct be among the number,
and, above all things, an abstinence from
drinking, — soon became a victim.

After he first took to the bent, to use Rob
Roy's phrase, I lost sight of him for two
or three years. At length, I one day met
him on a road a little way out of town —
He wore a coat buttoned to the chin, and
which, being also very long in the breast,
according to a fashion which obtained
about the year 1813, seemed to enclose
his whole trunk, from neck to groin. —
With the usual cataract of cravat, he
wore a hat the most wobegone, the most
dejected, the most melancholy I had ever
seen. His face was inflamed and agitated,
and, as he walked, he swung out his
arms with a strange emphatic expression,
as if he were saying, "I am an ill used
man, but I'll tell it to the world." Mis-
ery had evidently given him a slight craze,
as it almost always does when it overtakes
a man accustomed in early life to better
things. Some time afterwards I saw him
a little revived through the influence of
a new second-hand coat, and he seemed
from a small leather parcel which he bore
under his arm, to be engaged in some
sophistry. But this was a mere flash
before utter expiration. He relapsed to
the Cuvette—to rags—to wretchedness
—to madness—immediately.

When I next saw him, he was in that street,
the fine midnight. He lay in the bottom of
a stair, more like a heap of mud than a
man. A maniac curse, uttered as I stum-
bled over him, was the means of my recog-
nizing him to be —.

To be concluded in our next.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

The destruction of the French arm-
ament under the Duke D'Anville, in the
year 1746, ought to be remembered, with
gratitude and admiration, by every in-
habitant of America. This fleet consisting
of forty ships of war, was destined for the
destruction of New-England; being of
sufficient force to render that destruction,
in the ordinary progress of things, certain,
it sailed from Chebuco, in Nova-Scotia,
for this purpose. In the mean time, the
pious people apprized of their danger, and
feeling that their only safety was in God,
had appointed a season of fasting and
prayer, to be observed in all their churches.
While Mr. Prince was officiating in Old
South Church Boston, on this fast day,
and praying most fervently to God to a-

vert the dreaded calamity, a sudden gust
of wind arose, (the day had till then been
perfectly clear and calm,) so violent as to
cause a clattering of the windows. The
reverend Pastor paused in his prayer;
and looking round upon the congregation
with a countenance of hope, he again com-
menced, and with great devotional ardour,
supplicates the Almighty to cause that
wind to frustrate the object of their enemies,
and save the country from conquest and
Popery. A tempest ensued, in which the
greater part of the French fleet was
wrecked on the coast of Nova-Scotia.
The Duke D'Anville, the principal Gen-
eral, and the second in command, both
committed suicide. Many died with dis-
ease, and thousands were consigned to a
watery grave. The small number who re-
mained alive returned to France with-
out health and without spirits; and the en-
terprise was abandoned and never again
resumed.

With reference to this and other simi-
lar instances, the late President Dwight
remarks, in a discourse on answer to
prayer: "I am bound, as an inhabitant of
New-England, to declare, that there were
no other instances to be found in any other
country, the blessings communicated to
this would furnish ample satisfaction con-
cerning this subject, to every sober, much
more to every pious man.—Dr. Wisner.

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

JAMES BALLOCH.

St. John, 17th September, 1832.

BLACKING.

THOMAS SIME has commenced Manu-
facturing, 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 in-

LONDON. (contd.)

DR. JAMES'S FEVER POWDERS AND ANALEPTIC PILLS.

MICHAEL FITZGIBBON, of Kensington, in the County of Middlesex, maketh
Oath and saith, That he this Deponent was constantly employed by the late
George James and by the present Mr. Robert George Gordon James from the
14th day of February, 1816, to the 24th day of January, 1832, a period of nearly
16 years, in preparing and compounding the above well known Medicines, and that
he is perfectly acquainted with the method of preparing and the proportions of the va-
rious articles used in making the same (without having acquired such information in a
surreptitious or clandestine manner,) as the said Medicines have been made and offered
to public notice during the said period: That he this Deponent is fully aware of the
claims which individuals advance and hold out to the Public of their exclusive right
to articles which may or may not be deserving of the Public estimation, and that at-
tempts may be made by interested individuals to depreciate the value of the Medi-
cines which it is his intention to offer to the world: but feeling conscious of the rec-
titude of his own conduct during the period in which he was employed as aforesaid,
and being also aware of the futility of any attempts that may be made to disprove
his perfect ability to prepare the said Medicines, he is induced, in consideration of
circumstances not necessary here to detail, and, without any desire to injure the said
Robert George Gordon James, or any other person who may claim an interest in the
sale of the Medicines originally prepared by the said Dr. James, to announce his in-
tention of offering to the Public, at a reduced price, not a pirated or pretended imi-
tation of the Medicines hitherto sold by the said Robert George Gordon James or his
Agents, but Medicines of his own to be called "Fitz-Gibbon's Fever Powders" and
"Fitz-Gibbon's Analeptic Pills," articles which, he this Deponent is perfectly convinc-
ed, will be found to possess all the good qualities hitherto justly ascribed to the said
Dr. James's Powders and Analeptic Pills: And this Deponent further saith, that he
verily believes, in taking this step, he is rendering a benefit to Society, inasmuch as he
shall place within the reach of the community, at large, Medicines of equal value with
those for which such a price has hitherto been charged to the Public, as to preclude
the use of them in thousands of instances in which (if properly prepared) he believe
their good effects would have been manifest. And lastly this Deponent saith, that
he hath not imparted the secret of preparing the said Dr. James's Powders and Ana-
leptic Pills to any person or persons whomsoever.

Sworn at the Mansion House in the City
of London, this 16th day of March, 1832. MICHAEL FITZGIBBON.

JOHN KEY, Mayor. The deponent is now in Frederickton New Brunswick, where he intends to pre-
pare the above named medicines.

Medical gentlemen in all quarters of the world being already so thoroughly ac-
quainted with the inestimable qualities of these celebrated remedies—to them any re-
commendation would be superfluous; but to those ignorant of their virtues, refer-
ence may be had to the medical Journals, Pharmacopoeias, and other Journals of the
day, from some of which are extracted the following:

The 7th edition of the London Pharmacopoeia speaking of Pulvis Antimonialis says
—"In justice to the celebrated Medicine, Dr. James's Powder, I cannot help declar-
ing, that it appears to be both milder and more uniform in its Operation. And although
James's Powder may be given in as large a dose as Sixteen Grains, yet few Prac-
titioners will prescribe the Antimonial Powder in a Dose larger than Six Grains." Dr.
Fleming Pinkett, Surgeon of the Havana, an Indian, in a violent malig-
nant Fever, with which the Ship's Company were afflicted between Benecool and
China in the Year 1772, gave a dose of twenty Grains, and if that did not operate,
he gave another of ten Grains in an hour after. This second Dose never failed car-
rying off the Fever, and out of Forty Officers and Sailors who were taken ill,
and most of them delirious, he did not lose a single man. See also Captain Col-
netts account of the Yellow Fever who administered ten Grains every four Hours
—Sold in Packets at 1s 6d each.

DR. JAMES'S ANALEPTIC PILLS.

THESE Pills are a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism; and from their tendency
to Promote Perspiration, and all the natural Secretions, arises their peculiar
Quality of speedily relieving Colds, and other Complaints to which the Human Frame
is liable, from the Vicissitudes of our Climate. They are admirably calculated for Disor-
ders of the Stomach and Bowels, for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness,
troublesome Flatulencies, and Cholics; as also for Gouty Habits, where the Stomach
and Head are affected: Likewise for Giddiness or Rheumatic Pains in the Head; for
the Sick Head-Ach, as well as for Head-Achs occasioned by Indigestion or Free-Living;
thereby preventing Palsies and Apoplexies, so often the consequence of Intemperance.
In all female complaints they have been found singularly beneficial.

These Pills, moreover, are particularly recommended to those Persons whose Con-
stitutions are affected by too sedentary a Life, or by a Residence in hot Climates;
and Travellers by Sea or Land should never be without them, as they require neither
Confinement nor Alteration of Diet.

They gently open the Pores at Night and the Body by Day; quieting the Ner-
vous System, and thereby often promoting Sleep.—Recourse should be had to them
on the first attack of a Cold, or any slight Indisposition; and they should be always
taken at Bed Time, after any Excess of Eating or Drinking.—Thus their distin-
guished Characteristic will be maintained by promoting Longevity, (so remarkably ex-
emplified in their Inventor, who by the constant use of them; though a very free Liver
attained the age of Seventy-five.) for by assisting Nature in the Discharge of the
animal Functions, and by keeping the Constitution, as it were, in continual Re-
pair, they preserve the Body in Health and Vigor, and prevent premature Decay.

Sold in Boxes (containing 36 pills) at 2s 6d. each, or 2 Boxes in one for 4s. 6d.
or 6 Boxes in one large Box may be had for 12s. each, by WILLIAM SIMPSON, Drug-
gist, Frederickton, General Agent for the Proprietor, to whom all desiring Agencies
are requested to address with reference or remittance

herent 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 Ma-
nufacture, 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 con-
tained 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. and of Mr. William Simp-
son, Agent, Frederickton.

THOMAS SIME.

St. Andrews, 30th January, 1832.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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