

POETRY. Selected.

THE FALSE ONE.

She is not happy, though she smiles,
And looks as free from care,
As if life's shadows could not frown
On one so young and fair.

Though pleasure seems to light her eye,
And on her cheek repose,
As beautiful and placidly
As sunbeams on the rose.

It is the semblance but of joy,
There's that within her breast,
Which takes from every bliss she woos,
The sweetness and the zest.

And like some rare sepulchral urn,
In which the dead are laid,
Without she's all surpassing bright,
Within all gloom and shade.

She loved and yet was false to one,
Young, ardent, kind and brave,
Whose spirit could not brook the wrong—
Self-doom'd he sought the grave.

Rank, wealth, and dotage brought her hand;
She's now a thing of art;
But though death doth soothe her brow,
It cannot light her heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TALE OF THE FORTY-FIVE. (Concluded from our last.)

Just as the word of command had been given to the Weigh-house guard, the sash of the window in the third floor of an adjacent house was pushed up, and immediately after a female figure was observed to issue therefrom, and to descend rapidly along a rope towards the pavement below. The commander of the guard no sooner perceived this than he sprang forward to the place where the figure was to alight, as if to receive her in his arms; but he did not reach it before the lady, finding the rope too short by several yards, dropped with a slight scream upon the ground, where she lay apparently lifeless. The officer was instantly beside her—and words cannot describe the consternation and sorrow depicted in his face, as he stooped, and with gentle promptitude lifted the unfortunate lady from the ground. She had fainted with the pain of what soon turned out to be a broken limb; and as she lay over the Highlander's arm, her travelling hood falling back from her head disclosed a face which, though exquisitely beautiful, was as pale and expressionless as death. A slight murmur at length broke from her lips, and a tinge of red returned to her cheeks as she half articulated the word "William." William Douglas, for it was he, hung over her in silent despair for a few moments, and was only recalled to recollection when his men gathered eagerly and officiously around him, each loudly inquiring of the other the meaning of this strange scene. The noise thus occasioned soon had the effect of bringing all to an understanding; for the father of the lady, in a night-cap and morning gown, was first observed to cast a hurried glance over the still open window above, and was soon after in the midst of the group, calling loudly and distractedly for his daughter, and exclaiming against the person in whose arms he had found her, for having attempted to rob him of his natural property. Douglas bethought himself for a moment, and then calling upon his men to close all round him and the lady, began to move away with his beloved burden, while the old gentlemen loaded the air with his cries, and struggled forward with the vain intention of rescuing his daughter. The lover might soon have succeeded in his wishes, by ordering the remonstrant to be withheld, and taken home by his men; but he speedily found that to take away his mistress in her present condition, and without the means of immediately relieving her, would be the height of cruelty; and he therefore felt himself reluctantly compelled to resign her to the charge of her parent, even at the risk of losing her forever. Old Mr. Lindsay, overjoyed at this resolution, offered to take his daughter into his arms, and transport her back to the house; but Douglas, heeding not his proposal, and apparently anxious to retain his mistress as long as he could, saved him this trouble by slowly and mournfully retracing his steps, and carrying her up stairs to her bedchamber—his company meanwhile remaining below. He there discovered that Helen had been locked up by her father, who had found reason to suspect her intention of eloping, and that this was what occasioned her departure from the mode of escape previously agreed upon. After depositing her still inanimate person carefully on a bed, he turned for a moment towards her father, told him fiercely that if he exercised any cruelty upon her in consequence of what had taken place, he should dearly rue it; and then, after taking another silent, lingering, farewell look of his mistress, left the house to continue his march.

After this, another and longer interval occurs between the incidents of our tale; and this may perhaps be profitably employed in illustrating a few of the circumstances already laid partially before the reader. William Douglas was a younger son of Sir Robert Douglas of Glenbervie, the celebrated antiquary, and had been bred to the profession of a writer, or attorney, under the auspices of a master of good practice in Aberdeen. Being, however, a youth of sanguine temperament and romantic spirit, he did not hesitate a moment, on hearing of the landing of the Chevalier, to break his apprenticeship, just on the point of expiring, and set off to rank himself under the banners of him whom he conceived entitled to the duty and assistance of all true Scotsmen. In consideration of his birth, and his connection with some of the very highest leaders in the en-

terprise, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Prince, in which capacity he had been employed to communicate with the city in the manner already described. As he rode up the High Street, and more than that, as he rode down again, he had been seen and admired by Helen Lindsay, who happened to be then in the house of a friend near the scene of his exploit. Soon after the Highland army had taken possession of the city, they had met at the house of a Jacobite aunt of the young lady, and a passion of the tenderest nature then took place between them. To her father, who was her only surviving parent, this was quite unknown till the day before the departure of the Highlanders, when some circumstances having roused his suspicions, he thought it necessary to lock her up in her own room, without, however, securing the window—that part of a house, so useful and so interesting above all others to youthful lovers, the chink of Pyramus and Thisbe not excepted. It only remains to be stated, that though the young lady recovered from the effects of her fall in a few weeks, she did not so soon recover from her disappointment, and she was doomed to experience a still greater affliction in the strange look with which she was afterwards regarded by her father and all her own acquaintance.

William Douglas performed an active part in all the scenes of the rebellion, and finally escaped the perils of Culloden almost without a wound. He fled to his father's house, where he was received joyfully, and concealed for upwards of a twelvemonth, till the search of the royal troops was no longer dangerous. His father frequently entreated him to go abroad, but he would not consent to such a measure; and at last, it being understood that government had passed an "act of oblivion" in regard to the surviving rebels, he ventured gradually and cautiously to appear again in society. All this time he had never communicated with Helen Lindsay; but his thoughts had often, in the solitude of his place of hiding, turned anxiously and fondly towards her. At length, to the surprise of his father, he one day expressed his desire of going to Edinburgh, and setting up there as a writer,—the profession to which he had been educated, and for which he could easily complete his qualifications, Sir Robert was by no means averse to his commencing business, but expressed his fears for the safety of his son's person in so conspicuous a situation in the capital, where the eyes of justice were constantly wide open, and where he would certainly meet with the most disagreeable recognitions. The lover overruled all these objections, by asking the old gentleman whether he would wish to see his son perish in the West Indies, or become a respectable and pacific member of society in his own country; and it was speedily arranged that both should set out for Edinburgh, in order to put the youth's purpose in execution, so soon as he should procure his indenture from his late Master. In this no difficulty was experienced; and in a few weeks the aged Baronet set forth, accompanied by his son on horseback, towards the city which contained all the latter held dear on earth.

On arriving at an inn in the Canongate, the first thing Sir Robert did was to send a card to his cousin, the Earl of—, informing him of his arrival, and begging his company that evening at his hotel. The Earl soon made his appearance, heartily welcomed the old gentleman to Edinburgh, and was introduced to young William. His Lordship was sorry, however, that he could not stay long with them as Lady—was to have a ball that evening, where his presence was, of course, indispensable. He begged, however, to have the pleasure of their company at his house as soon as they could dress, when he would endeavour to entertain them, and, moreover, introduced his kinsman to the chief beauties of Edinburgh. When he was gone, Sir Robert, alarmed at the idea of his son entering at once into an assemblage where many would remember his face, attempted to dissuade him from attending the ball, and offered to remain all the evening with him in the inn. But William insisted upon going, holding all danger light, and representing to his father, that, even though he were recognised no one, even an enemy, would think of discovering him, that being generally held as a sin of the deepest dye. The truth was, that the Earl's mention of beauties put him in mind of Miss Lindsay, and inspired him with a notion that she would be of the party, and that he might have an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with her, which he could not easily procure otherwise. Both, therefore, prepared themselves for the ball, and, in a short time, set off in two chairs for Gray's Close, in which the Earl's house was situated.

The fine old spacious alley was found to be, on the present occasion, as splendid as it was possible for any close in Auld Reekie to be, under the double advantages of fashion and festivity. Two livery men stood at the head, with torches, and served as a beacon to mark to the gathering company the entrance of the strait into which they had to steer their way. Between the head of the lane and the vestibule of his Lordship's house, other servants were planted with torches, so as to form an avenue of lights, along which the guests were ushered. All the guests, as they successively arrived, were announced at the head of the stair by a servant—a custom recently adopted from London, and of little service in Edinburgh, where all people knew each other by sight.

It served, however, on the present occasion, to procure for Sir Robert and his son, immediately on their entering the room, a general and instantaneous atten-

tion, which they would rather have dispensed with, and upon which they had not calculated. Both gentlemen were personally presented by their kinsman, the Earl, to many persons of distinction of both sexes, among whom Sir Robert, (though he had been for twenty years estranged in a great measure from society, in the prosecution of his studies, and the management of his goat,) soon recognised, and entered into conversation with some old friends, while his son set himself to observe if Miss Lindsay was in the room. She was not present; but as company continued still to arrive, he entertained hopes that she would yet make her appearance. Disengaging himself, therefore, from his father, he withdrew to a corner of the room, where he might see, without being easily perceived by any person entering; and there, in silence and abstraction, he awaited her probable arrival. Some minutes had elapsed after the last announcement, and, in the idea that all were assembled, the Earl had stood up at the head of a long double line of powdered beaux, and ladies with enormous hoops and high head-dresses, in order to lead of the first dance, when William Douglas heard the name of Mr. and Miss Lindsay proclaimed at the head of the stair, and presently after saw an old precise-looking gentleman lead into the room the elegant figure of his long lost mistress. He saw no more for some time; for while his blood rushed upward to the heart in tumultuous tide, a dimness came over his eyes, and obscured even the brilliant chandeliers that hung over the company. On recovering his powers of observation, the dance was done, and the floor cleared of its revellers, who now sat all round in full view. Some of the ladies were fanning themselves vehemently with their large Indian fans; others were listening, with head a-try, to the compliments of their partners; not a few were talking and coquetting with the gentlemen near them, and a great portion were sitting demurely and stiffly in groups, like hedge-row elms, under the awful patronage of their mothers or protectresses: all were companionable, and looked happy, except one—a silent and solitary one, who, less attractively dressed than any of the rest, yet more beautiful than them all, sat pensively apart from the throng, apparently taking little interest in what was going on. Douglas needed no one to inform him that this was Helen Lindsay, though she was very different from the vivacious, sparkling girl she had been eighteen months before. He was shocked at the change he observed, and hastened to discover the cause, by inquiring at a silly-looking young man near him who she was. "Oh! that is Miss Lindsay," quoth the youth, who was no other than her ancient admirer, Claver; "said to be the prettiest girl in Edinburgh, though Miss Pringle for my money—her you see with a flame-coloured sash, sitting next the Lord Justice Clerk. To be sure, Miss Lindsay is not what she has been; I was once thought in love with her, (here he simpered,) but she was one morning found on the tramp with a rebel officer, who is said to have been hanged, and she has never since then held up her head as she used to do; for indeed let me tell you, some of our great dames here affect to hold up their noses at mention of her adventures; so that, what with a hippit character, and a hanged sweetheart, you see she looks somewhat dismal on it." Douglas durst make no farther inquiries, but shrunk back into the seclusion and concealment afforded by a corner of the room, from whence he continued for some time longer to watch his unhappy mistress, his father being in the meantime completely taken off his hands by a spectacled old maiden of quality, who had engaged him in a genealogical disquisition. By watching his opportunities, he contrived to place himself almost close beside his mistress without being observed, and, gradually making still nearer approaches, he had at last the happiness of finding himself upon the very next seat to her's. Whatever change disappointment and woe had wrought in her, it did not amount to the fourth of that which William had achieved in himself by a change of clothes, and taming down, to the expression of domestic life, a visage which had shewed somewhat fierce and soldierly in the days of his acquaintance with Miss Lindsay. Instead of his former gallant and robust air, he was now pale and elegant; and though his eye still retained some of its fire, and his lip its wonted curve, the general change was such, and moreover, the circumstances under which he was now seen were so different from those which surrounded and characterized him, that before any but a lover's eye he might have passed without recognition. As the case was, Miss Lindsay discovered him at the first glance, and with difficulty suppressing a scream, had nearly fainted with excessive emotion. In the words of Scotland's national poet,—

She gazed—she reddened like a rose,
Sne pale as one lily.

But she expressed no further emotion. With presence of mind, which was not singular in those times of danger, she instantly recovered her tranquillity though her eyes could not but express that she half believed herself to be in the presence of a being not of this world. One affectionate look from William sufficed to put her alarm on that score to rest; but she continued to feel the utmost apprehension respecting his safety, as well as a multitude of other confused emotions, which fast awakened in her heart, as from his imaginary grave, where they had long been buried, and now thronged tumultuously through her breast. A few words, heard by no ears but her's stealing under cover of the noise made by the music and the dancers, like the rill under a load of snow conveyed to her the delightful intelligence

that he was still alive, and her lover, and that he was come thus late, when the days of peril seemed past, and under happier auspices than before, to claim her affections. When the dancers next arose upon the floor, he respectfully presented his hand, and led her, nothing loath, into the midst of the splendid assemblage, where Lord—, bursting about as master of the ceremonies, assigned them an honorable place, in spite of the surprised looks, and reprobatory winks of not a few matrons, as well as young ladies. The handsome, and well matched pair, acquiesced themselves to the admiration of the whole assemblage, excepting the censorious and the envious; and when they sat down together upon the same seats from which they had risen, the speculation excited among the whole throng by the unexpected appearance of such a pair, was beyond all precedent in the annals of gossip.

Not long after, supper was announced, and the company left the dancing-room, in order to go down stairs to the apartment where that meal was laid out. A ludicrous circumstance now occurred, which we shall relate, rather because it formed a part of the story, as told by our informant, than from any connection it has with the main incident.

Sir Robert had all this time been so earnestly engaged in the genealogical discussion alluded to, that, interesting as the word supper always is on such occasions to those not given to dancing alone, he did not hear it. It was not till all were gone that he and the old spectacled lady discovered at what stage of the proceedings they were arrived. Recollecting his old fashioned politeness, however, in proper time, the venerable antiquary made his conge, and offered his hand to the tall, stiff, and rigid looking dame, in order to escort her, *more magorum*, down stairs. Sir Robert was a man somewhat of the shortest, while a gouty foot carefully swaddled, gave an infirm and tottering air to his whole person. As they moved along, the two antiquaries would have reminded any one who saw them of Scanco Panza leading the distressed old spectacled duenna through the dark labyrinth of the Duke's castle. Thus they went along the room, down the Earl's narrow spiral stair, and through an ill lighted passage, he cringing and limping, as gouty men are wont, and she sailing along, erect and dignified after the manner of an old maid of 1750, who had seen good company at the Hunters' Balls in Holyrood House. Now, it so happened, that a servant, or, as some editions have it, a baker, had set down a small fruit pasty, contained in an oval dish, in a dark corner of the passage, intending immediately to return from the supper-room, to which he had carried some other dishes, in order to rescue it from that dangerous situation,—to which, indeed he had been compelled to consign it, on finding that his hands were already over-engaged. Before he returned, as ill luck would have it, Sir Robert's gouty and clouty foot alighted full in the middle of the pasty, and stuck in it up to the ankle—perfectly unconscious, however, in its swaddlings, of having so shed itself, so that the good Baronet walked on with it into the room. What was his surprise, and what the mirth of the company, and what the indignation of the old duenna, on finding that she shared in the ridicule of her esquire, may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be adequately described. Suffice it to say, that the whole assemblage were so delighted with the amusing incident, that not one face exhibited any thing of gloom during the subsequent part of the evening, and even the young ladies were tempted to forget and forgive the good fortune of Miss Lindsay, in having, to all appearance, so completely secured a first rate lover.

Our tale now draws to a conclusion, and may be summed up in a few words. William Douglas soon settled in business as a writer to the signet, and found no obstacle on the part of either his parent or his mistress in uniting himself to that amiable young lady. It was known to a few, and suspected by more, that, under the decent habit he now wore was concealed the very person who knocked down two of Gardner's dragoons in the Luckenbooths, and braved all Edinburgh to single combat. But he was never molested on this account; and he therefore continued to practice in the Court of Session for upwards of half a century, with great eclat, and with the credit of a respectable citizen.

LESSON TO LAWYERS.—An important jury trial took place in Edinburgh a number of years ago. The subject at issue was a property of considerable value in a northern parish; and a question on which the whole turned was the state of the intellect of the person who had disposed of it. A great many witnesses were examined on either side, and among the rest a shrewd old man, a cattle-dealer, who was chiefly versant in the language he was in the daily habit of hearing. Mr. Jeffrey—"I am given to understand that you have been long intimately acquainted with the late Mr. Badenach, and I wish you to state to the Court what was the estimate you formed of his intellectual character." Witness—"I kent the man brawly, but never heard any thing till his character. To be sure he seldom gae'd to the kirk." Mr. Jeffrey—"It is not his moral character I wish to know about, but I do wish to know, and I do insist on your stating, whether or not you consider the late Mr. Badenach a gentleman of peculiar quick parts or otherwise." Witness—"What's your will, Sir?" Mr. Jeffrey—"Did you think Mr. Badenach composed of?" Witness—"Compass mentus!" Mr. Jeffrey—"In other words, did you consider Mr. Badenach's mental faculties to be on a par with those of the generality of other men, or otherwise?" Witness—"A man of faculties and otherwise!" Mr. Jeffrey—"Why, my Lord, I can make no-

thing of this witness." Mr. Cockburn—"My Lord, my learned brother is himself in fault. I shall examine this witness myself." "Weel, Saunders," said he, in a most familiar manner, at the same time handing the witness a snuff-box to give him a snuff; "hoo ye been any thing lang acquainted wi' Badenach?" "Ever since he was the hieft o' my knee," was his ready reply. "Did ye think," says Mr. Cockburn, giving the witness a significant look, "that there was any thing intill the creature?" Witness—"Troth man, no; that muckle, nae mair indeed than the spunk stappet in him." Mr. Cockburn—"Could he have been trusted to sell cattle in the market?" Witness—"The body couldna have been lippit wi' the selling o' a calf. Ouy flesher's bairn might ha' cheated him." Mr. Cockburn—"The witness may retire, I have no more questions to put to him."

UN MOMENT DE PEUR.—Bonaparte lost four aide-de-camps during the short time he was in Egypt. One of them, Croisier, appearing to Napoleon to lack the proper degree of boldness at the proper moment, he burst out against him in one of his violent and humiliating attacks of abuse and contempt. The word "coward" escaped him; Croisier determined not to survive it; he sought death on several occasions, but did not succeed till the siege of Acre. He was in attendance on Napoleon in the trenches there, when such a sharp look-out was kept by the garrison, that if an elbow or feather showed itself above or beside them, it was instantly grazed by a bullet. Croisier watched his opportunity, and jumped upon the platform. "Come down, I command you," cried Napoleon, in a voice of thunder; but it was too late—the victim of his severity fell dead at his feet. Murat, the chivalrous braver of all danger, had also his moment de peur (moment of fear), which lost him the countenance of his general until displeasure could no longer resist the brilliancy of his achievements. It was at the siege of Mantua, in the first Italian campaign, that Murat was ordered to charge a body of troops that were making a sortie from the garrison. He hesitated, and in his confusion declared himself wounded—he was removed from the presence of the general—he was in every way discontented, in Egypt he was sent on the most distant and dangerous services; in short, he more than reconquered his character before the battle of Aboukir, on which occasion Napoleon himself was obliged to declare he was superb. The brave Marshal Lannes one day severely reprimanded a colonel who had punished a young officer for a moment de peur. "That man," said he, "is worse than a poltroon who pretends that he never felt fear."

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 intemperance 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, 1833.
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