

POETRY.

THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY MISS C. GORE.

Why does my mother steal away
To hide her struggling tears,
Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd
The secret of her fears;
My father gazes on my face
With yearning, earnest eye;
And yet, there's none among them all
To tell me I must die!

My little sisters press around
My sleepless couch, and bring
With eager hands, their garden gift,
The first sweet buds of Spring!
I wish they'd lay me where those flowers
Might lure them to my bed,
When other Springs and Summers bloom,
And I am with the dead.

The sunshine quivers on my cheek,
Glittering, and gay, and fair,
As if it knew my hand too weak
To shade me from its glare!
How soon it will fall unheeded on
This death-dew'd glassy eye!
Why do they fear to tell me so?
I know that I must die!

The Summer wind breathes softly through
My lone, still, dreary room,
A lonelier one in the tomb!
But no soft breeze will whisper there,
No mother hold my head!
It is a fearful thing to be
A dweller with the dead!

Eve after eve, the sun prolongs
His hour of parting light,
And seems to make my farewell hours
Too fair, too heavenly bright!
I know the loveliness of earth,
I love the evening sky,
And yet I should not murmur, if
They told me I must die.

My playmates turn aside their heads
When parting with me now,
The nurse that tended me a babe,
Now soothes my aching brow.
Ah! why are those sweet cradle-hours
Of joy and fondling kisses
Not even my parents' kisses now
Could keep me from the dead!

Our Pastor kneels beside me oft,
And talks to me of heaven;
But with a holier vision still,
My soul in dreams hath striven:
I've seen a beckoning hand that call'd
My faltering steps on high;
I've heard a voice that, trumpet-tongued,
Bade me prepare to die!

They whisper:—Hark!—what stifling sobs
Burst from my mother's breast;
They should not grieve that one so young
Is hastening home to rest!
My brother bends with warning voice,
Oh! that his words were said!
If I should tremble now, he'd weep
When I am with the dead!

He clasps me in his struggling arms,
He strives to speak—in vain!
Ah! whence this bitter anguish!—God
Be with me in my pain!
Sisters, draw nearer!—Mother, raise
My head!—One kiss!—Reply—
I see ye not—I feel ye not—
Say! is not this die?

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New England Weekly Review.

The following story from the Hingham Gazette, unlike most other stories, is said to be true. It is given as related by the individual concerned—True or false, the tale will be read with interest:

About thirty years ago I moved into this country, which was then nearly all wilderness, no settlements having been made excepting in a few places on the borders of the lake. I arrived in the spring of the year, and commenced a clearing on the farm I now occupy. By fall, I had built a good log house, and temporary stables for my cattle, and put into the ground ten acres of wheat, and looked forward to the ensuing year for the reward of my labours. My wife and child, for I was married, were all my family, neighbours there were none nearer than five or six miles, so that visiting or amusement were almost entirely out of the question. You may therefore suppose that on the approach of a long northern winter I had ample time to gratify my love of hunting, for which I have always had a great fondness. Winter had set in early, and all my cares had been confined to keeping a sufficient stock of wood on hand for fuel, which you may imagine was not difficult when the trees stood near my door, and taking care of the few cattle I was then owner of.

It was one day I think in the fore part of December when having finished my morning's work I took down my gun, the same that now stands at the bar, and told my wife that I would on my return, please her with the sight of a fat deer. Deer are even now very plenty in this part of the country, but then they were much more so; so there was little merit or difficulty in achieving what I had promised.

I took my departure about north-west from my cabin, which led me direct into the forest. The snow was about a foot deep, and the wind blowing hard from the north; it drifted much in the evenings, but this I thought was in my favor, as the noise made by the wind among the trees, prevented the game from hearing my approach in "still hunting." But I was mistaken in my calculations, for I had travelled five or six miles from home, and had not got a single shot at a deer, though I had seen numbers of them, but they were always on the run, and at too great a distance, and all the traces that I saw showed that they had not walked during that day. I was then a young hunter, but I have since learnt that this animal is always on the move, and generally runs throughout windy days, probably from the apprehension of danger from wolves, which follow its scent through the snow.

At length I arrived at a large cedar swamp, on the edge of which I was struck with the singular appearance of a large stub, 25 or 30 feet high, with the bark off

From its scratched surface I had no doubt it was climbed by racoons or martins, which probably had a den in it, as from its appearance I judged it hollow. The stub at its base might have been seven or eight feet through, but eight or ten feet higher up its size was much diminished, so that I could grasp sufficiently to ascend it and ascertain what was within. My gun and great coat were deposited in a secure place and, being an expert climber, I soon gained the top. As I anticipated, I found the stub was hollow, the aperture being about two and a half feet in diameter. The day, you will observe, was dark and cloudy, and looking down the hollow I fancied that I could see the bottom at no great distance, but having nothing to put in to ascertain its depth, I concluded I would try to touch the bottom with my feet. I therefore placed myself in the hole, lowered myself gradually, expecting every moment my feet would come in contact with some animal or the foot of the hollow, but feeling nothing, I unthinkingly continued letting myself down until my head and hands and my whole person were completely within the centre of the stub.

At this moment a sudden and strange fear came over me, I know not from what cause, for I am not naturally timid, it seemed to me to affect me with a sense of suffocation, such as is experienced in dreams under the effect of the night mare. Rendered desperate by my feelings, I made a violent attempt to extricate myself, when the edges of the wood to which I was holding, treacherously gave way and precipitated me to the bottom of the hole, which I found extended to a level with the ground. I cannot wholly account for it, but probably from the erect position in which my body was necessarily kept in so narrow a tube, and my landing on my feet on a bed of moss, dried leaves and other soft substances. I sustained little or no injury from the fall, nor were my clothes but little deranged in my descent, notwithstanding the straightness of the passage, owing to the smoothness of the surface from long use by the animals ascending to and from their den, for a deer I found it to be.

After my fright, I had time to examine the interior, all was dark, and putting out my hands to feel my way, they came in contact with the cold nose of some beast and then with the fur which I immediately knew was a half grown cub, or young bear. Continuing to examine, I ascertained that there were three or four of these animals which, aroused by the noise made in my decent, came round and smelt of me, uttering a moaning noise, taking me at first no doubt, for their dam; but after a little examination, snuffing and snorting, as if alarmed, they quietly betook themselves to their couch on the moss, and left me to my own gloomy reflections. I knew they were too young to do me any injury, but with that knowledge came the dreadful certainty that the mother, whose premises I had so heedlessly invaded, was quite a different personage, and that my wife would date but a short period after she arrived, as arrive she certainly would before many hours could pass over my head.

The interior of the den grew more visible after my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and aided by a little light from the top, I discovered that the den was circular, and on the ground was five or six feet in diameter; its circumference diminishing, at the height of seven or eight feet, to a diameter of less than three, owing to the singular formation of the trunk, as I have before remarked. All my attempts to reach the narrow part of the hollow in the hopes of working my way out as a chimney sweeper might have done, if that had been practicable, were fruitless. My escape in this way was therefore impossible. To cut through the trunk a hole sufficient to let out my body with a small pocket knife, the only one I had, would have been the work of weeks and even months, as from the examinations I had made of both the exterior and interior, I knew that it could not be less than a foot thick. The knife was the only weapon I possessed, and one hug of my tremendous adversary would deprive me of the power to use even so contemptible an instrument; and even if I succeeded in killing the bear—which was not to be expected, my case was equally hopeless; for I should only exchange a sudden death for one if possible even more horrid—a lingering one of famine and thirst, for my tracks in the snow I knew were long since covered by the drifts, and there was no possibility of my friends finding me, by a wilderness of many miles in circuit.

My situation was indeed hopeless and desperate. I thought of my cheerful home, of my wife seated by the fire with our child in her arms, or preparing our evening meal, looking out anxiously from time to time, expecting my return, for the shades of evening were fast approaching. These and many more such thoughts rushed through my mind, and which way so ever they were turned, you may suppose they were teeming with horror. At one time I had nearly determined to wreak my feelings upon the cubs by destroying them, but the wanton and useless cruelty of the act, as they could be of no service to me then, prevented me. Yes, I would be merciful. Oh! you know how merciful one is, when he feels he would willingly himself be an object of mercy from others.

Two hours had probably elapsed, and to me too of the longest I ever experienced, when suddenly the little light which had illuminated the gloom of the den from above was gone. I looked up and could no longer see the sky. My ears which at the time were peculiarly sensitive, were assailed with a low growling noise such

as a bear makes on discovering an enemy and preparing for an attack. I thought my fate was at hand: as this was the moment descending to her cubs, having by her acute organs of smell discovered that her den had been entered by some enemy. From the time I had ascertained my true situation, I had opened my knife and held it ready for the encounter, come when it would. I now, therefore braced myself for a death grapple with my terrible antagonist, feverishly awaiting her descent.

Bears always descend in the same manner ascend trees, that is, the head is always upwards; consequently her most formidable part was opposed to me. A thought quick as light rushed thro' my mind that escape was possible, and that the bear might furnish the means. No time could be afforded, nor was it necessary, for deliberation.

Just as she had reached that part where the hollow widened, and by a jump I could reach her, I made a desperate spring and caught hold firmly with both hands, of the fur which covered her extremities, giving at the same time a scream, which in this close den sounded a thousand times louder than any human voice in the open air. The bear, and she was a powerful one, taken by surprise, and unable to get at me, and frightened too at the hideous noise I made, scrambled up the hollow. But the weight I found was no small impediment to her, for when about half way up I perceived she began to lag, and notwithstanding my continued screaming, she at length came to a dead stand, apparently not having strength to proceed. Knowing my life depended on her going on, I instantly let go with the hand in which I held my knife, driving it to the hilt into her flesh, and redoubling the noise I had already made. The pain and her fears gave her renewed strength, and by another effort she brought me once more to the light of day, at the top of the stub; nor did she there stop to receive my thanks for the benefit she conferred on me, but hastily descended to the ground and made her way with all speed to the swamp. I sat for some time on the stub out of breath and hardly crediting the reality of my escape. After giving thanks to that Providence which had so wonderfully preserved me, I descended to the ground, found my coat and gun where I had left them, and reached home after a fatiguing walk through the woods about 9 o'clock in the evening.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY.

AN EXTRACT.

In one of the mining districts of Hungary there lately occurred the following affecting and most extraordinary incident:

In opening a communication between two mines, the corpse of a miner, apparently of about twenty years of age, was found in a situation which indicated that he had perished by an accidental falling in of the mine.

The body was in a state of softness and pliability, the features fresh and undistorted, and the whole body completely preserved, as is supposed, from the impregnation with the vitriolic water of the mine. When exposed to the air the body became stiff, but the features and general air were not discomposed. The person of the deceased was not recognised by any one present, but an indistinct recollection of the accident by which the sufferer had thus been engulfed in the bowels of the earth more than half a century, was prolonged by the tradition among the miners and the country people. Further inquiry was here dropped, and the necessary arrangements made to inter the body with the customary rites of burial. At this moment, to the astonishment of all present, there suddenly appeared a decrepit old woman of the neighbouring village, who, supported by crutches, had left her bedridden couch, to which infirmity had for years confined her, and advanced to the scene with the feelings of joy, and grief, and of anxiety, so intensely painted on her aged face, as to give her the appearance of an inspired person, and with an alacrity which seemed truly miraculous.

The old woman gazed upon the corpse for an instant, in order to obtain a more perfect view of its features, her countenance became as it were supernaturally lighted up, and in the midst of piercing hysterical cries and sobs, she declared the body to be that of a young man to whom she had been engaged by the ties of mutual affection, and the promise of marriage more than sixty years before! In the intervals of gushing floods of tears, and the fainting fits of her exhausted frame, she poured out thanks to heaven that she had again beheld the object of her earliest affections, and declared she could now descend to the tomb content. The powers of life were now prostrated by her agitated feelings and exertion, and she was borne homewards, by the villagers; but ere she proceeded far from the object of her solicitude, she was in a state to join him. Her spirit, as if satisfied, had fled, and the affectionate pair, whom misfortune had rent asunder, were now hushed in one grave together.

In *The Life of a Sailor*, is the narrative of the wreck of a vessel off the Havana. The crew took to the boat, which upset; they succeeded in righting her, and while two men were bailing her with their hats a shark was seen to approach. No language can convey an idea of the panic which seized the struggling seamen. Every man now strove the more to obtain a moment's safety. Well they knew that one drop of blood would have been scented by the everlasting pilot fish, and the jackals of the shark; and that their destruction was inevitable if one only of these monsters should discover the rich repast

or be led to its food by the little rapid hunter of its prey. A few minutes after about 15 sharks came amongst them. The boat was again upset by the simultaneous endeavour to escape danger, and the 22 sailors were again devoted to destruction. At first the sharks did not seem inclined to seize their prey, but swam in amongst the men, playing in the water, sometimes leaping about and rubbing against their victims. This was of short duration. A loud shriek from one of the men announced his sudden pain; a shark seized him by the leg, and severed it entirely from the body. No sooner had the blood been tasted than a dreadful attack took place, another and another shriek, proclaimed the loss of limbs. Some were torn from the boat, to which they vainly endeavoured to cling, some, it was supposed, sunk from fear alone. The sharks had tasted the blood, and were not to be driven from their feast. By great exertions again the boat was righted, and two men were in her; the rest had all perished. The two survivors resolved, with gallant hearts, to redouble their exertions. They lightened the boat sufficiently not to be overset. The voracious monsters endeavoured to upset the boat; they swam by its side in seeming anxiety for their prey; but after waiting some time they separated. The two rescued seamen, in spite of the horrors they had witnessed, soon fell asleep, and were the next day fortunately picked up by a vessel.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—During Lord Exmouth's attack on the batteries of Algiers, in 1816, the Algerines used a great number of red hot shot, particularly in the early part of the action. On board His Majesty's bomb *Infant*, one of these comfortable articles came in, through Wallis the purser's cabin, in the after cockpit, and having bundled a shelf full of books on the top of the assistant surgeon, Jones, who was lying in the purser's cot, given over with the Gibraltar fever, it rolled a cross into the opposite cabin, and was there got into a bucket of water, by the gunner and some others stationed near the spot. This interesting amusement was but just concluded, when the men in the magazine, the door to which was close by, heard a desperate smash among the powder barrels, and were almost covered with a cloud of loose dust and powder, which was thrown all over them. Knowing the business which had employed the gunner in the cockpit but just the moment before, they naturally enough, in the confusion of the moment, called out to him, "a red hot shot in the magazine!" and were rushing out of it to circulate wider the same cry, should their new red-hot acquaintance permit them. The ill consequences of this may be easily conceived; the only chance for any one on such an occasion being at once to jump overboard. The gunner in an instant saw that if the cry was false it was folly to spread it; and if true, it was useless. He flew to the magazine, shoved the fellows back into it, and turned the key on them, stood there, with his hand on the lock, till he knew all danger must be past; rather a queerish situation, gentle reader! The chaps were afterwards a little laughed at; for, strange to say, we could not find this intruder on their equanimity of temper any where; and many doubted at last if any shot had come into it at all. To be sure there were the broken barrels and the spilled powder in favour of the narrators of the story; but this seemed still not fully to convince; for even the worst of dangers generally get laughed at when they are over, by our happy-go-lucky sons of Neptune. When however, she came to return her powder into store, after arriving in the Thames, the mystery was solved; it was then found that the said shot had gone through four barrels of powder, and lodged itself very comfortably in the middle of a fifth. The gunner's name was Coombs; and the last time I saw this man, who had shown such an unexampled presence of mind, was in 1824; he was then mending shoes in a room in the back lanes of Deptford to help out a precarious existence.—"Sic transit gloria mundi!"—United Service Journal.

IF YOU EVER NOTICED IT.—A young buck who had been living in Boston, in a counting house, for a length of time behaved so unruly that his master sent him home. On returning to his father's house, he was directed to take off his rattle traps and gawags, and go to work on the farm. "Why, father, I have been to Boston, if you ever noticed it." "Well, then, it is my orders that you go to work, if you ever noticed it." "I don't want to." "Well if you don't I'll give you a licking." Here the boy drew himself into a consequential posture, folding his arms—"Father, I don't care for you, if ever you noticed it." "That," says the Father, "I noticed some time ago."

A French artilleryman at Antwerp, was obliged to undergo amputation. Seeing the attendants carrying off his leg, he called out, "I say, comrade, give me back my shoe; I had only one pair, that will now make me two."

MARK NEEDHAM,
Auctioneer & Commission
MERCHANT.

ANNOUNCES to his friends and the Public that he has commenced business in the above line, at his old stand in Queen-Street opposite the Store Barracks, where he hopes to receive a share of the Public patronage. He intends to hold auctions once a month or oftener should sufficient business offer. Goods, furniture, &c. may be sent to his Store where they will be carefully attended to.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post-Office, at Fredericton, to this date, 5th March, 1835.

- A
Col. Allen, David Andrews, Robert Anderson
- B
Mary Bealy, Mrs. E. Brown, Michl Boyce, John Benn, Gould Bert, H. M. Bennett, Thos. Barker, Jas. Blair, Mrs. Converse Brown, John Brady.
- C
Edward Cliff, Wm. Croft, Samuel Carman, Jas. Cato, Jas. Crawford, George Cook, Mary Conway, John Connol, Stephen Carlisle, Wm. S. Clare, Mr. P. Costin, John C. Clark, David Carson, Andrew Coulard, Matthew Corbett, Wm. Candlermore, John Cameron, Miss Close, Anthony Canny, James Cashman, John Clapp, Sewal L. Crane, James A. Clare.
- D
James Dobbie, Patk. Duffy, Jeremiah Drisko, Daniel Donovan, John Dow, Mr. Drake, Jos. Dazley, Alexander Darah, Doctor Drew.
- E
James Evans, Edward Elliott, John Elliot, Jacob Eastbrook, Abel Easty.
- F
Margt. Fitzmoris, Thomas Faivy, Wm. Farquarson, James Funny, Dennis Finley.
- G
Seth. Griswold, Samuel Gullison, 2, Una Gallaher, Richd. Griffin, John Grahams, Town Goodin, Marcus Gunn, Mary Green.
- H
Bernard Harelin, Mrs. S. Hammond, Aaron Hart, Miss Maria Hanna, Thomas Horgan, Arthur Henry, Elizabeth Hood, Mather Hutchings, Isaac Hubbard, Thomas Heney, John How, of Mangerville, Thomas Hart, Mrs. S. Hammond, Simon Hibert, 2, Nehemiah Hooper, Charles Hurley.
- J
Lavinia Ann Jordan, Andrew Jamison, Jas. Johnston.
- K
Paul Kingston, Andrew Kelly, Francis Kilburn, Catharine Kelly.
- L
James Logue, John Little, Josiah Laurence, 2, David J. Lanson, Lieut. Latham, Lt. Col. A. N. Langworth, Peris B. Latham, Michael Lyons, Chas. Long, James Largey, Wm. Lator, Andrew Latter, 2.
- M
Miss E. McLaughlan, John Montrie, Donald Merchison, Conas McLaughlan, Daniel McKeeman, Miss Elenor McKennar, John McCallry, Oliver Morphy, James McMurray, John McGrouty, Rev. Michael Roy, Wm. McNight, Charles McPherson, Father McEver, James Mellroy, John Marphy, Michael McNelly, Rannald McInnes, Laurence Mulvey, Thomas McCabe, Mary Ann McPuney, Wm. Moore, Charles McLaughlan, John McDonald, Patk. McGiffes, Wm. Marshall, Patk. McDonough, John Moore, Jeremiah Moore, John McGeighal, Robt. McLaughlan, Alex. McLaughlan, James Taylor, of Mangerville, Thos. O. Miles, Edward McGool, Michl. McQuelin.
- N
Lemuel Nason, John Nicholson.
- O
John O'Brien, 2, John Osburn, Frances Orr.
- P
Samuel Pitfield, Colin Priestly, Humphrey Pickard, Wm. Peters, Jane Pidler, William Parker, James Patterson, Mrs. Pridfoot, Thos. Peppers, Mrs. Hephibah Phillips.
- Q
Charles Quinn.
- R
Wm. Russell, John Riley, John Rankin, Wm. Rodda, Gleaner Realey, Nicholas Rodont, James Rankin, Henry Reed.
- S
Wm. Sterritt, Thomas Shan, Andrew Stevenson, 2, Dr. Shelton, John Stillman, Wm. Steritt, James Stevenson, Mrs. Mary Smith, James Smith, 2, Miss Elizabeth Stevenson.
- T
Mary Thompson, James Tomison, 2, Mrs. Johannah Sweet, Patk. Toomy, Francis M. Thomas, James Thomas, Thomas Tamer, Robt. B. Taylor, Gain B. Taylor.
- V
Richard Verner.
- W
Wm. Waters, Matthew Willis, John Walsh, Thos. Whitfield, David Wark, John Wilson, James Wilson.

COLLEGE RENTS.

THE Lessees of the College are requested forthwith to pay to the Subscriber all arrears of rent due from them, respectively, up to the 24th day of March last, and notice is hereby given, that legal proceedings will be taken against all persons neglecting to pay the same, in one month from the date hereof.

GEO. FRED STREET,
Register of the College,
Fredericton, 2d April, 1835.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber hereby informs his friends and the Public generally, that he has removed his mercantile establishment to his Mills at the Pennycook, and as he will necessarily be from Town the most of the time, requests all persons having unsettled Accounts with him to call on Mr. Jonathan Taylor and settle the same: Mr. T. may be found at the Store of Smith and Coy. Regent Street.

THOMAS B. SMITH.
Fredericton, 1st April, 1835.

Blanks of various kinds for Sale at this Office.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive of Postage.

Advertisements not exceeding Twelve Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Sixpence the first and one Shilling and Sixpence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash and the Insertions will be regulated according to the amount received. Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| SAINT JOHN, | Mr. Peter Duff, |
| SAINT ANDREWS, | Mr. George Miller, |
| DORCHESTER, | E. B. Chandler, |
| SALISBURY, | R. Scott, Esq., |
| KENT, | J. W. Weldon, Esq., |
| MIRAMICHI, | Edward Baker, Esq., |
| KENT, (COUNTY OF), | Geo. Moorhouse, Esq., |
| WOODSTOCK, and | |
| NORTHAMPTON, | Mr. Charles Raymond, |
| SHEFFIELD, | James Tilley, Esq., |
| GAGETOWN, | Doctor Barker, |
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