

POETRY.

Selected.

FORGIVE.

By Lady E. S. Wortley.

I weep the hour when I was born,
Since thou canst find it joy to grieve me;
Yet, even if I've deserved this scorn,
Forgive me—O, forgive me!

I but desired thy faith to prove,
To try if thou'ldst the heart to leave me;
I only wished to try thy love—
Forgive me—O, forgive me!

Let peace and rosy joy return—
Ah! spurn not thus the flowers I weave thee;
By day I weep, by night I mourn—
Forgive me—O, forgive me!

And must this prayer be prayed in vain?
Wilt thou not pity nor believe me?
My heart dies for that smile again—
Forgive me—O, forgive me!

O! of that smile's sweet rosy ray
Wilt thou not evermore bereave me?
While still, with choking sobs, I pray,
Forgive me—O, forgive me!

If thou wert woe—if thou wert sad—
I'd give my life-blood to revive thee;
O say! my breaking heart to glad—
I do—I do forgive thee!

VARIETIES.

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

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

My regiment was quartered in the ancient town of Trent for the year 1806, when the Tyrol was annexed to the realm of Bavaria, until 1809; and the latter part of this period will ever exist in my recollection as the most eventful epoch I have hitherto encountered.

The Bavarian army, as is well known, was exceedingly unpopular throughout the newly-incorporated country; and, in consequence, our sojourn was none of the pleasantest; in fact, for a long time we were sedulously cut by the inhabitants of Trent and its neighbourhood; and when at length they condescended to notice us at all, it was most frequently to pick quarrel, and to show their teeth at least, if they did not bite.

It will readily be imagined, that this state of things was particularly irksome to a party chiefly consisting of young officers eager in the pursuit of diversion, and wearied with the monotony of a garrison life. We were compelled to contract our enjoyments within a very narrow circle, which almost prohibited the change of variety; when, one evening, after a jovial mess, it was proposed by two or three of the most volatile amongst us, that we should, at any risk, assist at a *soiree* which we had heard was to be given the same night, at a mansion within a mile or two of town. This mad-headed project was adopted—despite the remonstrances of the more sober and reflecting of our cloth—by myself and some half dozen swaggering, or rather staggering youths, who modestly deemed themselves the *élite* of his Bavarian Majesty's—regiment of light dragoons.

Amidst continued and boisterous merriment at the idea of a Tyrolean *assemblee*, we pursued our route; and reached the *chateau*, penetrated, ere the wonder-stricken domestic had time to announce us, into the principal salon, which, to our surprise, was filled with a company as well-dressed and well-bred as might on an average be found at the *conversations* of Munich itself. Our sudden and unexpected presence seemed to paralyze the whole assemblage; and many eyes were turned upon us, as glancing at those of Tybalt at the intrusion of the hostile Montagues. As in that instance, however, so now, the host—a benevolent and sensible man—betook himself to soften matters; and politely advancing, both welcomed and invited us to sit. We had prepared ourselves for every circumstance save one—which one was precisely that I have just related. We should infallibly, flushed as we were with wine, have persisted in exchanging some chit-chat with the country belles, even had we been subsequently obliged to retreat, sword in hand, to our quarters. But thus received by the master of the house, our heroism fell fruitless, and we certainly cut but a sorry figure; it was fortune that one of our party possessed presence of mind enough to extricate himself and comrades from so embarrassing a dilemma.

In candid terms, he begged pardon of the host for our unauthorized and unmannerly intrusion; pleaded in excuse, the miserable monotony of our quarters; appealed to the ladies indulgently to step forward as peacemakers between us and their male friends; and in short, succeeded in placing all parties finally on easy and good humoured terms.

Amongst the numerous damsels present, one in particular attracted and fixed my notice. She was very young; but her whole contour, and the sweet intellectual light of her countenance, impelled me to devote her my entire attention; nor did the fair Dorothea—for I found she was so called—seem disposed to repel these advances. In fact, the whole company grew more and more sociable, with one solitary exception; that of an individual called Rusen, whose dark complexion and wily features looked more Italian than German, and formed a striking contrast to the smiling, sunny aspect of Dorothea. It was indeed difficult to imagine that any thing could exist in common between two persons apparently so opposite; but I observed that in proportion to the increase of my familiarity with the latter, the sinister countenance of Rusen waxed more and more gloomy.

The lady evidently remarked this change; and when it became so palpa-

ble as not to be mistaken, she made up to him, and tried sundry little arts and enticements to win him back to complacency. This undoubtedly looked like love; and the strange suspicion was confirmed by a bystander, who, on the young lady's quitting my neighbourhood, laughingly said, "Take heed; you will incur the vengeance of Rusen, who is a scheming sort of a fellow, if you continue to flirt with his betrothed." The words sounded unaccountably; for even at the moment as I gazed on the fair, her anxious, agitated manner bore rather the semblance of fear than affection. Indeed, from a feeling I could scarcely define, I resolved that this alleged contract should not prevent my offering to escort the fair one home—which, when the hour of separation arrived, I accordingly took occasion to do. She declined the offer with a bland smile. I did not press it, under the circumstances, but turned away to saunter once more through the rooms. On returning, however, toward the spot, my surprise was great to see Dorothea still seated there, alone, and apparently much chagrined. "Captain," said she, as I approached, and striving to assume a tone of gaiety, "I fear you will accuse me of caprice, but were your offer now repeated, I should accept it." Of course, I lost no time in profiting by this alteration, and having summoned Dorothea's attendant, we at once set forward for her home, which I understood to be at some little distance on the Botzen road.

The night was dark and the streets deserted. The domestic preceded us with a torch, and by its rays I could perceive that my companion's features were thoughtful and abstracted. To all my efforts to engage her in conversation, she answered by monosyllables; until at length she suddenly exclaimed, "Captain Lieber, I am now near home, and have no further cause to dread interruption or molestation. You on the contrary, being unfortunately a *Bavarian*, (and I thought I could detect a sigh as she spoke), are obnoxious to many around us. Tread with care, therefore, to return to your quarters; do so as expeditiously and quietly as may be, and forget a weakness which has possibly caused me to lead you into peril." She uttered these words, though whispering, with much earnestness; and, as if to give them greater force, at the same time pressed my arm with fervour. That pressure thrilled through my heart; but its effect was different from what she intended, for I was the more determined to escort her safe to the door.

On reaching the *chateau*, we found it enveloped in darkness and silence, but Dorothea having knocked at the window, it was gently opened, and after a moment's whispering, a large cloak and elouched hat were handed down to the box. "Take these," said she to me, "disguise may now be necessary. They will serve to conceal your uniform and cap." I enquired somewhat startled. We Bavarians and the Tyrolese now form one people; we are not at war with each other, and even the peasantry will soon become friendly to a government which requires nothing but order and submission to lawful power.

"Lawful power," responded the lovely rebel, "can proceed neither from the sword nor pen—from the issue of battles nor negotiations of peace."

"From whence, then, does it proceed?"

"From the will of the people. But I must not argue with you," pursued she smiling; "all I seek just now is a sound night's repose, which I am sure you will not, by neglecting my caution, deprive me of."

By way of answer, I enveloped myself in the ample folds of the mantle. I raised her delicate little hands to my lips; and, tempted by her acquiescence, exclaimed, "You are obeyed; but ere I go, dear Dorothea, tell me—are you indeed betrothed to that gloomy-looking Rusen?"

"Yes—no?" replied she and rushing into the house, put a stop to all further communication.

Transported with an indistinct emotion of hope, I quitted the dwelling of the lovely Tyrolean, and commenced my journey homewards. For a while my imagination wandered into all sorts of delightful prospects for the future, until the obscurity of the path recalled me to the passing moment. I fancied that, through the prevailing gloom, I could distinguish, in the distance, the faint lights of the little town of Trent; and thus encouraged, was walking briskly onward, when my progress was arrested by coming close upon a human figure apparently muffled like myself, and gliding forwards with noiseless steps. Whilst listening for some signs of life in this object, it suddenly disappeared. I paused in surprise; and a moment after, a voice behind me murmured softly, "Is it time?" Instinctively distinguishing my tones, I replied, "Time to be snug in bed, friend," on which the challenger, as it mistaken in the party she had addressed, without another word retired.

There was something about this circumstance coupled with the preceding ones, that I did not altogether like—particularly as I thought I recognized, in the voice I just heard, that of Rusen. Grasping the hilt of my sabre, I struck out of the main road, and took a bye-path, which, at the expense of a little *détour*, might, I conceived, save me from the hazard of being waylaid. This path led through some conventual ruins, and I resolved, on reaching them, to play the sentinel for a few minutes, and reconnoitre, before I penetrated through the valley before me. I threaded my way among the rotting walls cautiously and in silence—and it was well I did so, or I should have stumbled right upon a man, who, with folded arms, was leaning over a parapet.

He must have been dozing, for the next moment he started at the voice of a person (who approached from another quarter) uttering the question I had before heard, "Is it time?" The voice was certainly Rusen's, and his interlocutor answered with the word, "Salurn!"

"No; not a mouse could have gone by me unobserved," rejoined the watchful sentinel, "much less an accursed Bavarian."

"Come back with me then to the high road, and we will go onward, for he cannot be much longer, and the more distant we are from town the better."

The conspirators (whose purpose was now evident) retired, and as soon as their footsteps grew faint in the distance, I emerged from the friendly buttress which had concealed me, and hastened, with returning confidence, to my quarters.

On enquiry, next morning, I learnt that Rusen was a native of Verona, but possessed of great property and influence in the neighbourhood of Botzen. He was considered as the accepted lover of Dorothea, who, however, it was generally suspected, in receiving his addresses, was swayed more by political motives than the hope of conjugal happiness. This remarkable young creature, at that time just budding forth a delicate and fragile maiden, had distinguished herself three years previously, when her country fell into the hands of Bavaria, by her ingenuity in suggesting continual obstacles to the domination of the Bavarian government. Yet urged by my hopes, I could not help imagining (from the interest she took in my preservation) that her hostility to my native land was either decreased or had been exaggerated.

Some time elapsed, after these occurrences, ere I could again obtain an interview with Dorothea. Meanwhile, I one evening received orders to escort with my troop a supply of money to Botzen. As I must pass her father's *chateau* on the route, I resolved at all hazards to attempt to see the object of so many both of my waking and sleeping thoughts. I therefore gave instructions to my lieutenant to await me at a village a little further on, and dismounting, struck into a circuitous path which led to the hall door of the mansion. Finding this open, I was in the act of presenting myself unannounced in the parlour, when I was fixed to the spot by the startling voice of Rusen. "To-morrow night then!" he exclaimed to some other person in the apartment, "to-morrow night, in the *Salurn Castle*!"

"Agreed!—but stay—hear me!" and I recognized the tones of Dorothea.

I recollect not the precise train of thoughts that whirled through my brain—there was something of jealousy—of disappointment—of indignation; when my consciousness flowed again in a clear stream, I found myself at full gallop after my troop in advance.

Upon our return the following afternoon, I shifted the quarters of my company to the village of Salurn, and having seen both men and horses properly billeted, crossed, towards twilight, a wild and terrific chasm, forming one of the natural defences of the ruined castle which towered high over head, its turrets glowing with the rays of the setting sun, whilst beneath all was quickly becoming immersed in gloom. Having never beheld these majestic remains at so favourable a moment, I was some time absorbed by the contemplation; from this reverie, however, I was aroused by the sudden apparition of a young mountaineer, who leapt from crag to crag with inconceivable agility. To avoid any risk of insult from the peasantry, I had laid aside my regimental dress, and therefore watched the boy's progress, heedless whether or not he should be followed by a train. He passed swiftly as the wind, but impressing threw towards me a scrap of paper, which he took from a small basket on his arm. I eagerly examined it, but found nothing more than the enigmatical words—"Is it time?"

I turned over and over in my mind the probable meaning of these enigmatical syllables. Their reference to Rusen's mysterious question was palpable; but what did both conjointly imply? Although the Tyrolese were known to be generally disaffected to their existing rulers, yet no evidence had been given of open and organized hostility. It is true—for my suspicions now aggravated every occurrence I could not thoroughly explain—that I had latterly observed several groups of persons engaged in close and anxious conversation; and, in one instance, saw a considerable body of men fixing their eyes intently on the summit of *Salurn Castle*; but these were vague circumstances, which yielded no positive deduction.

What was to be done? At first, I felt strongly disposed to return to the village and get my troops under arms; but my interest to discover whether Rusen and Dorothea met at so strange a time and in so strange a place, was unconquerable, heightened too by their manifest connexion with what I now began to consider a watchword. I resolved, finally, since I was so far on the road, to satisfy myself first in this matter, and then hasten to Salurn and Trent and take the necessary precautions.

(Concluded in our next.)

HUMAN ARLOAT.

MARRIAGE AT SEA.—In the ship *Economist*, which left Cronstadt about ten days ago with emigrants for Quebec, a marriage took place under circumstances of an unusual description. After the vessel had been at sea a day, a discontented damsel made her appearance on deck from the hold, in which she had contrived to secret herself amongst the luggage. With her lover by her side, the young lady proceeded to inform the Captain that she was privately married to her companion; but that in order to

frustrate the connexion, the relations of the bridegroom had determined in sending him off to America. On learning this intelligence, she resolved to embark with him for the wilderness of the west, and had entered on board the vessel. She now wished the Captain to perform a sort of marriage ceremony to satisfy the passengers on board, and render her situation more agreeable and respectable. The Captain entered into the spirit of the scene; a wag on board drew up a contract, a rich and rare document, and in presence of all on board, assembled on the deck, the pair were declared duly and indissolubly united. After the ceremony the happy couple were saluted by the ship's artillery, and by three long and loud cheers from the crew and passengers.—*Inverness Courier*.

(From the Baltimore Visitor.)

DELIRIUM PETICATIUM.

Mr. Jeremiah Swipes entered an apothecary store a few nights since, with a pale, haggard and wo-begone countenance; and after three or four heavy sighs, asked a young man behind the counter if he had any "poison?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "we have a variety of poisons."

"Well fill this 'ere bottle with laudanum—I'm sick and want some poison. Oh! my heart." The last ejaculation somewhat astonished the apothecary, and rather put him on his guard, for the wo-begone appearance of Jeremiah was well calculated to excite suspicion; he therefore filled the bottle with coloured water, and handed it to the customer.

"Will this do the business?" asked Swipes shaking the mixture and looking volumes of despair.

"I think it will," replied the young man, "I have never known it to fail yet, even in the most desperate cases of your complaint, which appears to be *delirium peticati*."

"Oh! I'll—I'll take all; and here's a quarter of a dollar, adieu, sir."

The young man was determined to see the effect of his new nostrum, followed the desperate lover through a number of streets, until they reached a rickety old building in Essex street which had from time immemorial borne rather a doubtful character. Jeremiah knocked at the door, which was soon opened by a striding-looking wench, who if she did not as Byron said it, "walk in beauty's light"—at least walked in the light of a two-cent candle, which she held rather gracefully in her hand.

"Oh! Susan! I exclaimed Swipes, drawing his hand across his eyes, 'I have come to bid you a long and last farewell. This 'ere bottle what I've got in my hand, holds the stuff what will 'soothe time and eternity. I told you you treated me so cruelly, I mean to take poison.'"

"Take it and be hanged," replied Susan, snubbing up her nose, "but before you do I think you had better settle up your seat with the widow for six weeks board and lodging—washing into the bargain."

"But Susan, won't you have me?"

"You'll ha' ha! why I'd walk barefoot all the days of my life, and die in the Alms house afore I'd have you."

"Then the thing's settled!" groaned Jeremiah, behold the victim of your cruelty."

"Sitting the action to the word, he swallowed the contents of the phial, and he lay down on the pavement as he expressed it to sleep the sleep of death; when the silent less fair slammed the door and retired to sleep "perchance to dream."

THE HOLY LAND.

In proceeding from Jerusalem to the banks of the Jordan, I travelled in one part through a rocky and perilous defile, and came to a frightful desert of hills, tossed as it were and jumbled together in the wildest confusion by some violent agitation of nature. On one of these, which of great altitude, or in the language of the Evangelist, "an exceeding high mountain," it is said our Saviour, after being baptized in Jordan, was led and tempted by the devil. There are various caverns or cells dug in the sides of horrible precipices, the abode of the religious who inhabited them, but particularly during the period of Lent, after the example of our Lord's rigorous fasting in the wilderness wherein he set us a glorious example of triumphing over the vanities of this world, and the most powerful temptations of hell. The utter wildness, awful silence, and bleak sterility of this extensive wilderness where no house of any description, nor much as a single tree, was visible to a ford shelter from the scorching beams of a meridian sun, or the note of a bird heard, caused me to sympathize in the wish of the Prophet, that I might find some place of refuge. Never did I behold spot of earth more secluded, or better suited for the votaries of abstinence; or to form the abode of such anchorites as Peter the hermit, or Simon the Misanthrope. It was impossible to behold these caverns without being forcibly reminded of that interesting detail given by the great Apostle of the unparalleled sufferings endured by the early Christians who had set their seals to the word of God; which is the testimony of Jesus, as who in a state of destitution were forced to wander in deserts and to hide from the sanguinary persecutors in dens which in a probability might have been those identical caves I was now visiting, and who had before their eyes the example of their Lord himself who despised the shame of enduring the cross. Indeed, after such vengeance had been visited by the Jews on the Messiah, it was not to be supposed that the least mercy would be extended to those who followed his blessed steps. Whatever opinion, however, we may entertain of that spirit of persecution which had been directed towards the little flock, we must at the same time contemplate with astonishment exact fulfillment of their divine teacher. Notwithstanding these persecutions, eternal truth to the Almighty, the word of God might prevail, the cross of Christ was triumphant, and his prophecy of the growth of his church ranked among his remarkable predictions. *Rae Wilson's Travels in the Holy Land*.

HEALTH SECURED.

MORRISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE. THE Public are respectfully informed that Mr. WILLIAM SIMPSON, Apothecary, is appointed Agent for Fredericton, and Agent in New-Brunswick, for the sale of above inestimable Medicines, and where they may be had genuine and directly imported from the British College of Health, London.

In the matter of Chesley and Elisha Drew. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a General Meeting of all the Creditors of C. and E. Drew, is requested to be held at the Counting House of Messrs. James Taylor & Co. Fredericton, on Monday the 14th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, A.M. for the purpose of seeing the debts due to each person correctly ascertained, when it is expected that each Creditor will be prepared to support his claim by proper evidence.

Dated this sixth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty three.

H. G. CLOPPER, }
W. M. TAYLOR, } Trustees.

ALL Persons indebted to the Estate of the late Elisha Miles, Esquire deceased, are hereby notified, that unless they call and settle their Accounts within two months from the date hereof, legal steps will be taken to recover the same.

THOS. O. MILES, } Executors
GEORGE MILES, }

Maugerville, 24th June, 1833.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of Simon Brooks, late of the Parish of Northampton, in the County of York (now Carleton), deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested within twelve months; and all persons indebted to said estate, are desired to make immediate payment to BENJAMIN BROOKS, Executor, Northampton, Carleton, 1st August, 1833.

Valuable Property for Sale.

A VERY valuable Tract or Parcel of Land, situated, lying and being in the Parish of Wakefield, County of Carleton, well known and distinguished by the name of the *Lower Peckanick Island*, in the River St. John containing 50 acres, more or less, for terms and further particulars, application to be made to JOHN V. THURGAR, St. John, or to C. S. PUTNAM, Fredericton.

July 24, 1833.

UNITED STATES MAIL COACHES.

FROM EASTPORT TO BOSTON.

THROUGH IN FOUR DAYS.

THE public are informed that a New Line of Fast-built SAFETY COACHES, have commenced running between EASTPORT and BOSTON. Leaves Eastport every morning at eight o'clock, and arrives at Portland in three, and Boston in four days. Careful, obliging, and experienced Drivers are employed. For elegance and speed, this line of Post Coaches is not surpassed by any in the United States.

Fare from Lubec to Bangor, \$ 3
" " to Portland, \$16
" " to Boston, \$24

August 14, 1833. Sw.

A CARD.

THE Subscriber having received instructions from Mr. HUTCHINSON, Dentist, respectfully tenders his services to those who may require them in that capacity.

HE HAS FOR SALE—

Mr. H's VEGETABLE EXTRACT, which gives immediate and permanent relief to the most violent Toothache; and VEGETABLE DENTIFRICE, an excellent preservative for the Teeth and Gums.

—ALSO—

Best Permanent Water Colours, Gilding Caps, and Brushes, used in the Italian system of Painting taught by Mr. FRANK.

JAMES E. GALE, Draughtsman.
Fredericton, Sept. 2, 1833. 4w

TO SELL OR TO LET.

THAT well known and valuable Property in the Parish of Woodstock, (situate between the properties of John Bedell, senior, and Benjamin P. Griffin) lately owned by John and Walter Bedell, on which there are extensive clearings, and various improvements, and fit for immediate cultivation, there is also upon this Lot a Dwelling House high the Bank of the River, and an excellent House adjoining the highway, well adapted for a Tavern, with out houses, barns, &c. This Property will either be sold in one Lot, or in small parcels to suit purchasers.

Several Lots of Land, with improvements, near Eel River, in the parish of Woodstock.

A Lot of Land in the Richmond Settlement, in rear of Woodstock, adjoining to the road between Woodstock and the Houlton plantation, upon which various improvements have been made; lately owned by William Bell.

A Lot of Land in the parish of Brighton, contiguous to Charles McMullin's Lands, with considerable improvements, formerly owned by Jacob Reader Gray.

And also all the right, title and interest of James McGee, to the undivided property of the McGee's, in Brighton.

All the above described properties will be sold by private sale, or let upon the most lib by oral contract; particulars may be known on terms of Mr. J. C. BEDELL, at the Store of

R. RANKIN & CO.

FOR Sale by the Subscriber—A neat and substantial second-hand GIG, with patent axle-tree; newly imported.

THOMAS STEWART.
August 13, 1833. 4w

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. Blankets, Handbills, &c. &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

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