

POETRY.

Selected.

"THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW."

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given,
There is a tear for souls distressed;
A balm for every wounded breast—
"Tis found above—in heaven!

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven!

There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When lost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven!

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There divine dispense the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven!

VARIETIES.

FROM THE SAINT ANDREWS' STANDARD.
4th September, 1834.

A FOREST FOUNDLING.—Averse as we are to the practice of seizing on any little local incident and rendering it the subject of embellished detail, yet we occasionally hear of occurrences so touching and pathetic in their nature as to awaken our sympathies and interest us in their narration. Of such a nature is that which we now present to the reader.

Mr. Charles Bearghan left the north-east part of this Province a short time ago, and took what is called the upper road from Fredericton to St. Stephens, on his way to the United States. On the 5th August, he passed the thriving village at Hart's Mills on the Ruskagoneis very early in the morning and expected to reach Trew's tavern, at the Piskabagan, by night. Properly equipped for the woods, furnished with suitable provisions, his blanket, his axe slung behind, and his gun on his shoulder, he trudged gaily along until he arrived at Shin Creek which is unbridged, and was at that time much swollen with late rains. A woodman seldom hesitates at such obstacles: he proceeded up the bank of the stream and set about falling a tree across it to serve as a temporary bridge; it swung aside in falling, and, launching into deep water, it moved away majestically down the stream. Our traveller "looked and looked, and wist not what to do." He was not inclined to resume the axe, and therefore resolved to proceed upstream in hopes of finding a favourable place for crossing. At length he arrived at one of those placid-looking pools which form deep stretches in our rivers and are generally termed still water places. Here he made a kind of raft sufficient to bear up his clothes and gun and keep them dry, while he swam over and drew them after him.—He was soon busily engaged rehabilitating his limbs, and refreshing himself with a bit of biscuit, seated on the flowery margin of a natural meadow which extended along the banks of the stream, when his ears were startled by a whining noise resembling the sounds frequently uttered by young bears. He instantly seized his gun, examined the touchhole and reprimed; then clapping a ball into the barrel.

"with look intent,
"and eye and ears attentive bent,"

he cautiously stole towards the spot whence the sound issued. They were no longer uttered, but he now and then heard a crackling noise among the underbrush and perceived a twitching motion of the twigs and spray, but could not discover what caused them. Convinced, however, that he had some animal to encounter, his gun was at his shoulder and his finger on the trigger. He then silently reasoned with himself whether or not he should fire at random, but experience cautioned him against so harsh an action, for no animal is more ferocious than a wounded bear. As thus he mused, his eyes became suddenly dilated, his heart throbbed violently, he raised himself erect, and let the butt of his gun drop quickly to the ground! What had he seen? what did he gaze at? Behold! among the raspberry bushes—and seen through the interstices of their many twinkling leaves of the dewy green—behold! he sees a beautiful infantile arm fitfully stretched out, and little taper fingers plucking the rich, ripe, crimson fruit.

After he had experienced the first flush of the mingled emotions of surprise at the extraordinary sight—of horror at the bare idea of his gun and his intended act—and of pleasure in the expectation of meeting society in these deep and

solemn solitudes, our traveller advanced and beheld a little girl, about seven years old, sedulously engaged in pulling and eating of the abundant wild berries which were spread in great variety over that naturally rich and verdant spot. She appeared to be an interesting child; her clothes had a respectable look, albeit they were most woefully rent and worn; her fair hair played in disordered ringlets over her cheeks, which were begrimed and pale, and her soft blue eyes were red with weeping. She burst out into wild hysteric wailings which sunk suddenly into convulsive sobs.

The traveller was lost in utter amazement, and hemmed aloud, to attract the child's attention. Alarmed, in her turn, at his appearance, half habited as he was, she screamed—fled a few steps—fell, and covered her face with her hands. He was quickly by her side, and used the kindest and most soothing expressions to gain her confidence and calm her fears. She had fallen more from bodily weakness than from fear, altho' she had been greatly alarmed at the unexpected appearance of the stranger. At length she ventured to look up, and with a sweet but languid smile, said slowly and faintly, "O now—I am sure you won't hurt me—O I am very sure you will not kill me." "Kill you! God forbid," was the full-hearted reply. "O I am very tired—I've been very very hungry, but I got plenty raspberries here—I only eat the good ones; I never take them as have the spiders on 'em, mother bid me not to." "Where is your mother, my dear child?" eagerly required the traveller, and he was answered in great simplicity, "she's at home, sir, I guess—but mam don't know where I be—I can't find out the way home ever so long." "What! my child, have you strayed and are lost? Come to the flowery knoll with me—God has sent me to preserve your life, come, and I will give you some nice biscuit and a bit of meat—you are weak and worn, but I will take care of you." The poor innocent's soul burst forth in a flood of grateful tears, not attended with that hysteric affection which she had lately suffered. She derived great relief from weeping, and prepared to follow her new benefactor, but the excitement she had just experienced, acting on her sensitive, delicate and exhausted frame, had shaken every nerve and completely prostrated her strength. She was unable to walk, but the kind generous Bearghan carried her to the bank of the river where he had left his store, and judiciously regaled her with spare and gradual portions of food.

As soon as she was moderately refreshed, her artless answers to his enquiries informed him that her name was LYDIA HARPER; her parents lived near Hart's mills; she had been sent with dinner to her father, who was making shingles a little way in the woods, but missed the right tract, got bewildered and wandered astray. "When I knew I was lost" she said "O I was very frightened—I screamed, and ran about, and threw away father's dinner." It appears that she walked the first night until she sank down nearly stupified with fatigue. The traveller asked if she was not afraid when it grew dark and she was all alone and lost in the woods, to which she replied, "I was a kind of frightened all the time, but when I lay down I said my prayers that mam learnt me, and then I want frightened." "Do you remember the prayer?" "O, I does, sir, it is—

"I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety; and into thy hands I commend my spirit, my soul, and my body, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, though God of truth! Amen."

Mr. Bearghan next began to consider how the child was to be brought along.—He was 16 miles past her father's, and his business would not allow him to return: he was about 12 miles from Trew's, and no house between. The child was unable to walk; he rigged out a contrivance by means of his blanket, and carried her forward on his back. The delightful consciousness of performing a good action buoyed up his spirits and nerved his frame, and he beguiled their igour of his laborious task by the prattle of his little foundling, who had now become more sprightly and free.

As he journeyed along he inquired if she had seen any wild beasts in the woods, and she answered "No, I didn't—only once—two black dogs were coming to me—they were not Mr. Burpe's dogs—they stooped, and one stood up on its hind feet—they didn't bark, but run away again." Our traveller smiled at the child's simplicity, while she continued to say "O sir last night—O when I awoke in the middle of the night, O how glad I was—I thought I was

close to home, for I heard the cattle trampling close about me.—I could not see nothing—none of them had bells—and when I called Star and Bright they lay still—O I was glad and my heart was beating and beating—I lay very still too to listen, and so I just dropt away to sleep again, was't it a pity—they were all gone in the morning."

"Providence seems to have defended you in an especial manner, my child, against hidden dangers and death," said the traveller.

Having carried his helpless charge until daylight was gone, his fatigue was increased by the difficulty of walking on an almost trackless road in the dark, and the moon did not rise until near ten o'clock. At length he arrived at a deserted log hut, within two miles of Trews, and being almost exhausted, he determined to make a short stoppage to recruit. Here he thought to leave the child, wrapped in his blanket, whilst he should hurry on, and send back immediate relief. He struck a light, partook of some refreshments with her, but found great difficulty in getting her to consent to remain behind. After he had prepared a very comfortable bed for her, and placed her snugly in it, he sat down to watch until she should fall asleep. The moon had just risen, and before he started, he gently approached the child to find if she was perfectly composed; he held the light towards her, she opened her blue eyes full upon him, she averted her head, and sobbed. "No!" exclaimed the traveller, "By all that's sacred, I swear I will not leave you behind!" He forthwith slung his axe and his gun, resumed his former equipment, raised little Lydia from her lonely couch, and carried her safely to the long-looked-for house of entertainment. Altho' it was quite late, Capt. Josiah Trew was easily aroused to admit the toilworn traveller and his little companion, who now stood beside him at the threshold; for something told him that it was more seemly that she could walk than be carried into the house. He had also tied a handkerchief under her chin, in the fashion of the gypsy head dresses.

They were soon placed by a comfortable fire in a good house, well-stored, and blessed with a hearty and hospitable landlord. The females, as is the custom of the country, were speedily afoot and busy preparing the required repast. We fancy we can see the mirth-lit countenance of facetious Josiah, beaming with downright exultation, as he issued his multifarious orders for every viand the house could afford to comfort the weary travellers. We can also fancy that we see his features o'erclouded and his eye glistening with genuine feeling, as he related that the whole country side had been up and in search of a child lost in the woods; that parties had gone in all directions, but unhappily without success; and that one of the people deeply distressed on the occasion was now in the house. Our traveller immediately exclaimed that Providence had made him the happy instrument of recovering that lost child who now sat before them. Every one flew round the little girl, examined and fondled her, and vented exclamations of amazement and satisfaction. During this sudden bustle, a person from the adjoining chamber rushed wildly in among the company, snatched the hand of little Lydia, gazed on her for a moment, then clasped her to his bosom. It was her father!

What a scene was here! what an overflowing of the finest feelings which adorn humanity! what a giddy interchange of those pure affections which spring from sincerity and truth! But what tongue can tell, what pen portray the varied emotions which flitted in rapid succession through the minds of that painfully happy group? The half-frantic joy and gratitude of the parent—the wondering bliss of delight of the enfeebled little sufferer—the conscious self-satisfaction of the deliverer—the officious but sincere congratulations of the excited inmates—must all be estimated by the susceptibility of the reader.

The beautiful train of circumstances which Providence employed in this affecting story is worthy of serious consideration. If the traveller had passed Hart's Mills when the people were stirring abroad; if Shin Creek had been bridged; if the tree had fallen across; if he had no gun when he thought a bear was by—if these facts had happened, the child might have perished.

He who sustains the mighty planets in their courses and controls the motion of a particle of dust—He who rules the awful storm and sends forth the smiling sunbeam, works his wise purposes in mystery to us—

"Come then expressive silence, muse his praise."

The learned hath hitherto endeavoured to derive the word CHOLERA, from the Greek Language, viz. from CHOLE, bilis; and ZO, flux; it is well known, however, that there is no BILE

in Cholera; and I am equally at a loss to find out how they will form RA from the verb REO.

I am disposed therefore, to turn the Etymology of this word to the Hebrew, and I consider it to be compounded, thus, CHOL (pronounced like I in machine, CHOLE,) a disease; and RA evil; hence CHOLERA, evil disease, and such it has indeed proved itself to be?

In this sense the word is to be found in the Old Testament, both in the singular and in the plural number, separately and compounded; viz. Deut. 28 59 "AND SORE DISEASES;" in the Hebrew, "CHOLERAS;" 1 Kings 17, 17, "AND HIS SICKNESS WAS SO SORE;" Hebrew, "his CHOLERA;"—Eccles. 6 2. (metaphorically) "IT IS AN EVIL DISEASE," Hebrew, "it is CHOLERA;" 2 Chron. 21. 19; & PASSIM.

It appears, likewise, from the TALMUD (NIDA) that this evil disease raged to an alarming extent about 1800 years before the birth of Christ. It is there called Cholera, its predisposing causes are enumerated, and among these, irregularity, intemperance, excess, uncleanness, fear, &c. the symptoms of the disease are clearly described, and these accord in every respect with those of the Asiatic Cholera; the regimen to be followed is laid down; and the very medicines which ought to be taken are fully prescribed, and these have proved most efficacious in stopping the progress of the disease in the present day.

I would only add, that in the year 1831 a learned physician in Vienna, pursued the mode of treatment recommended in the TALMUD, and that he was so successful in his practice, with regard to this disease, that the Emperor of Austria presented to him a gold Medal of great value. He has since published a most interesting pamphlet upon this subject in the German language. Let us no longer ask, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" but let them go even to the TALMUD for advice, if any useful instruction may be gathered from it. Above all let us not lean upon an arm of flesh, but let us look up to the Great Jehovah, who is all our salvation? "Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth," will be the pious ejaculation of every well-thinking mind. And that these remarks may be useful, is the fervent prayer of the author. In Asia, this disease is emphatically called the "DEATH-BLOW DISEASE."

A BROAD HINT.—The Editor of the Lynn Record, has written a very appropriate article on Matrimony, which concludes with the following very sensible direction:—"When a couple have passed from a state of single blessedness into that of holy wedlock, as it is sometimes called,—that is having taken each other for better or worse, and wish to have it made public (as they always should,) in order to have the business done correctly, it is deemed necessary to accompany the notice with a slice of cake,—and as there is often some mistake in this respect, we would offer the following directions:—"Cut from the loaf a modest slice, say six or eight inches long, two thirds as wide, and two inches thick. Enclose it neatly, and direct it to THE EDITOR, who will always place this mark ☞ " after the notice, when such is received."

CHINESE BARBERS.—The barbers in the towns of China, go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, a basin, a towel, and a pot containing fire. When any person calls them, they run to him; and planting their stool in a convenient place in the street, shave the head, clean the ears, dress the eyebrows, and brush the shoulders;—all for the value of a little more than a halfpenny. They then ring the bell again, and start in pursuit of another customer.

One of the Desmonds of Ireland being mortally wounded, was taken prisoner by his inveterate enemy, one of the Butlers, who threw him triumphantly on his shoulders, and tauntingly asked him "Where are you now, Desmond?" The brave but expiring chief exultingly replied, "Where I ought to be—on the neck of my enemy."

BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

IT being the intention of the Subscriber to remove into the new Building, which he is now erecting, early in the ensuing Spring, he will dispose of the House and Premises, which he at present occupies, at a moderate price and on favorable terms of payment.—This property possesses every requisite convenience, and is so well known and so generally admired, that any further description is unnecessary.

JOHN SIMPSON.
Fredericton, 15th July, 1834.

Cheap Reading.

BLACKWOOD'S Edinburgh Magazine, The London Metropolitan, do. The Foreign Quarterly Review.

Are Reprinted in *New Haven, Conn.* and issued in Weekly numbers.

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Public attention is respectfully invited to specimens of these various Works, which will be seen by application to either of the Agents.

ROBERT GOWAN, Fredericton,
ALEX. ROBERTSON, St. John.
August 19th 1834.

To Emigrants.

THE Subscriber hereby notifies Irishmen in America, who are desirous to send for their Families and friends, that they can always secure their Passages from almost all the principal Sea Ports in Ireland, on the most reasonable terms, without detention or disappointment. In all cases where the money is paid in advance, a liberal discount will be made, and should the persons sent for not come, the money will be returned, and if otherwise engaged, good security will be required for the payment of their passage money on arrival.

Apply to
GEORGE WOODS,
Fredericton, 24th Jan. 1834.

New Establishment.

GENTLE BOARD AND LODGING.
THE Subscriber most respectfully begs leave to inform the public, that he has opened an establishment in the house formerly occupied by Mr. A. Stewart, where he offers the public good accommodations and prompt attendance. Travellers and others, will find his terms reasonable, and can be accommodated with private apartments if required. A few permanent boarders will be taken. Good Stabling for horses.

P. PEDOLIN
N. B. He would further intimate that he has again opened his business in the collection line: His goods are of the first quality and can be had either wholesale or retail. Lunches at noon as usual.
Fredericton, 24th March, 1834.

NOTICE

WHEREAS David Fisher, formerly one of the Partners in the late Partnership concern carrying on Business under the firm of FISHER WALKER & Co. at Fredericton, having some time since gone out of the said concern, and conveyed the whole of his right, property, share and interest therein to the Subscriber;—Notice is hereby given, that the said Partnership concern is this day dissolved; and the undersigned requests all Persons having any demands against the said Firm, will send in their accounts for adjustment, and all Persons indebted to the same are hereby required to make immediate payment thereof, either to me, or to the Honorable George Fred. Street, who is appointed solicitor to collect in the debts.

NATHANIEL WALKER.
Fredericton, November 29th, 1833.

STAGE.

THE Subscriber grateful for the patronage he has obtained as a Courier on the road to Fredericton, returns his sincere thanks to the public for the support he has hitherto received; and begs to inform them, he intends in future to run a Stage during the Summer as well as Winter months. Due attention will be paid to the comfort of passengers, and any orders entrusted to his care, will be promptly and faithfully executed. He will leave Newcastle every alternate Thursday, at 10 a.m. and Fredericton every alternate Tuesday, at 3 p.m. Fare—45s.

JACOB CARVELL.
Fredericton, June 30, 1834.

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.

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SAINT JOHN, SAINT ANDREWS, DORCHESTER, SALISBURY, KENT, MIRAMICHI, KENT, (CO. OF YORK) WOODSTOCK, and NORTHAMPTON,	Mr. Peter Duff. Mr. G. Miller. E. B. Chandler. R. Scott, Esq. J. W. Weldom, Esq. Edward Baker, Esq. Geo Moorhouse, Esq. Mr. C. Raymond.
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