

POETRY.

Selected.

A FEW YEARS. From Blackwood's Magazine.

Oh! a few years! how the words come, Like frost across the heart! We need not weep, we need not smile For a few years, a little while, And we will all depart— And we shall be with those who lie Where there is neither smile nor sigh.

VARIETIES.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

If further proof were wanting that not unfrequently "truth is stronger than fiction," the inhuman atrocities detailed in the following bloody tale would present unanswerable testimony. The moral turpitude of the hardened villain who forms the subject of our story is almost without a parallel, and the agony and suffering resulting from his crime, shocking in the extreme; his situation drove him to desperation, and love of life prompted him to the execution of deeds at which we shrink from the mere recital.

paralyzed him; but instantly arousing all his energies, he resumed his labor, the stone yields to his efforts—it falls—a passage is made large enough for him to pass; but alas! to his sorrow, he finds that instead of the outer wall he had only penetrated another cell; he heard the moan of despair—it was the call of Dardeza!

of the broad red sun, as it sank beneath the far shining waves of the sea, still lingered on the verdant glade swelling up from the reedy banks of one of those narrow and rapid streams which issue from the highlands of Maine; the laurels along the hill side rustled gently in the welcome ocean air, now beginning to mingle itself in the sultry atmosphere of the long and fervid day; the birds were starting from the dim covert of noontide, to hail with gay songs the vespers hours; myriads of butterflies filling the fragrant air, and even the humble note of the little cicada, no less than the "mellow horn" of the honey-bee, grew louder in the fresh coolness which now settled like in the flower cups, crimson spotted cells and the green aisles of the forest.

and she stood erect before them with the glowing eye of a warrior, armed for fight. "Die, my countryman!" she said; "die here! die with a blow! No! no! ask shame!" "What can we do then?" asked a white haired old man, whose lips quivered as he spoke. "The monastery! make for the monastery—flee for your lives— and God help you—flee!" The Moslem bugle rose fearfully on the evening air. "The monastery!" shouted one, and then a monastery shrieked another; and then ensued a frantic rush for the bridge which crossed the stream at the bottom of the long, sloping hamlet green.

give the scoundrels their due!" The long line of polished barrels was leveled at command, and the old monk sank upon his knees. "Aim!" shouted the Turk. Scarcely was this word uttered, when the massy doors by which the Moslems had entered the galleries, burst violently open and swung back upon the walls on the side with a noise that made the chapel ring again; and a rush of rapid feet was heard and then the blast of a Kieft bugle, sounding the battle-charge. It was a band of Armatoli, led on by a young warrior, armed to the teeth. No time was lost in words. A desperate struggle ensued, the Greek leader engaged hand to hand with the Captain of the Turks. For a brief interval the issue was uncertain, but the victory of the young Greek over his fierce and intemperate antagonist soon decided the contest in favor of the new-comers. The Moslems, having lost about forty of their number, threw down their arms just at day dawn, and submitted to the conqueror's mercy.

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