

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### THE PILOT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Oh! pilot 'tis a fearful night,  
There's danger on the deep,  
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,  
I dare not go to sleep.  
Go down! the sailor cried, go down,  
This is no place for thee,  
Fear not, but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.  
Ah! pilot, dangers often meet,  
We all are apt to slight,  
And thou hast known these raging waves  
But to subdue their might;  
It is not apathy he cried  
That gives this strength to me;  
Fear not! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.  
On such a night the sea engulph'd  
My father's lifeless form;  
My only brother's boat went down  
In just so wild a storm;  
And such perhaps may be my fate,  
But still I say to thee,  
Fear not! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.

#### VARIETIES.

##### MARTIN FRANC AND THE MONK OF ST. ANTHONY.

The following tale, from the pen of Professor Longfellow, of Bowdoin College, is considered one of his best efforts. It is taken from one of his *Outre-Mer*, a publication of great promise, lately commenced, in imitation of Irving's *Sketch Book*.

Quoth hee, hee is a chance for the nones,  
For here hangeth the false Monk by cocks bones.

##### The merry Jest of Jane Hov.

In times of old there lived in the city of Rouen, a tradesman, named Martin Franc, who, by a series of misfortunes, had been reduced from opulence to poverty. But poverty, which generally maketh men humble and laborious, only served to make him proud and lazy; and in proportion as he grew poorer and poorer, he grew also prouder and lazier. He contrived, however, to live along from day to day, by now and then pawning a silken robe of his wife, or selling a silver spoon, or some other trifle saved from the wreck of his better fortune; and passed his time pleasantly enough in loitering about the market place, and walking up and down on the sunny side of the street.

The fair Marguerite, his wife, was celebrated through the whole city for her beauty, her wit, and her virtue. She was a brunette, with the blackest eye, the whitest teeth, and the ripest nut-brown cheek in all Normandy; her figure was tall and stately, her hands and feet most delicately moulded, and her swimming gait like the motion of a swan. In happier days she had been the delight of the richest tradesmen in the city, and the envy of the fairest dames; and when she became poor, her fame was not a little increased by her cruelty to several burghers, who, without consulting their wives, had generously offered to stand between her husband and bankruptcy, and do all in their power to raise a worthy and respectable family.

The friends of Martin Franc, like the friends of many ruined men before and since, deserted him in the day of adversity. Of all that had eaten his dinners, and drank his wine, and philandered with his wife, none sought the narrow alley and humble dwelling of the broken tradesman, save one; and that one was Friar Gui, the Sacristan of the Abbey of Saint Anthony. He was a little, jolly, red-faced friar, with a leer in his eye, and rather a naughty reputation for a man of his cloth; but as he was a kind of travelling gazette and always brought the latest news and gossip of the city, and besides was the only person who condescended to visit the house of Martin Franc: in fine, for the want of a better, he was considered in the light of a friend.

In these constant assiduities, Friar Gui had his secret motives, of which the single heart of Martin Franc was entirely unsuspecting. The keener eye of his wife, however, soon discovered two faces under the hood. She observed that the Friar generally timed his visits so as to be at the house when Martin Franc was not at home—that he seemed to prefer the edge of the evening, and that as his visits became more frequent he always had some apology ready, such as "being obliged to pass that way, he could not go by the door without just dropping in to see how the good man Martin did." Occasionally, too, he ventured to bring her some ghastly present—such as a picture of the Madonna and child, or one of those little naked images, which are hawked about the streets at the Nativity. Though the object of all this was but too obvious, yet the fair Marguerite persevered in misconstruing the Friar's intentions, and in dexterously turning any expressions of gallantry that fell from his venerable lips. In this way Friar Gui was for a long time kept at bay; and Martin Franc preserved in the day of poverty and distress, that consolation of all the world's affliction—a friend. But finally things came to such a pass that the honest tradesman opened his eyes, and wondered he had been asleep so long. Whereupon he was irreverent enough to tweak the nose of Friar Gui, and then to thrust him into the street by the shoulders.

Meantime the times grew worse and worse. One family relic followed another—the last silken robe was pawned—the last silver spoon sold; until at length poor Martin Franc was forced to "drag the d—l by the tail;" in other words, beggary stared him full in the face. But the fair Marguerite did not even then despair. In those days a belief in the immediate guar-

dianship of the saints was much more strong and prevalent than in these lewd and degenerate times; and as there seemed no great probability of improving their condition by any lucky change, which could be brought on by mere human agency, she determined to try what could be done by intercession with the pious saint of her husband. Accordingly she repaired one evening to the Abbey of Saint Anthony, to place a votive candle and offer her prayer at the altar which stood in the little chapel dedicated to St. Martin.

It was already sun-down when she reached the church, and the evening service of the Virgin had commenced. A cloud of incense floated before the altar of the Madonna, and the organ rolled its deep melody along the dim arches of the church. Marguerite mingled with the kneeling crowd, and repeated the responses in Latin, with as much devotion, as the most learned clerk of the convent. When the service was over, she repaired to the chapel of St. Martin, and lighted her votive taper at the silver lamp, which burned before his altar, knelt down in a retired part of the chapel, and with tears in her eyes, besought the saint for aid and protection. Whilst she was thus engaged, the church became gradually deserted, till she was left as she thought alone. But in this she was mistaken; for when she rose to depart, the portly figure of Friar Gui was standing close at her elbow!

"A fair good evening to my lady Marguerite," said he significantly; "Saint Martin has heard your prayer, and sent me to relieve your poverty."

"Then, by the Virgin!" replied she, "the good saint is not very fastidious in the choice of his messengers."

"Nay, good wife," answered the friar, "not at all abashed by this ungracious reply; if the tidings are good, what matters it who the messenger may be?—And how does Martin Franc, these days?"

"He is well, Sir Gui," replied Marguerite; "and were he present, I doubt not would thank you heartily for the interest you still take in him and his poor wife."

"He has done me wrong," continued the friar without seeming to notice the pointedness of Marguerite's reply. "But it is our duty to forgive our enemies; and so let the past be forgotten. I know that he is in want. Here, take this to him, and tell him I am still his friend."

So saying, he drew a small purse from the sleeve of his habit, and proffered it to his companion. I know not whether it were a suggestion of Saint Martin, but true it is, that the fair lady of Martin Franc seemed to lend a more willing ear to the earnest whispers of the Friar. At length she said:

"Put up your purse; to-day I can neither deliver your gift nor your message. Martin Franc has gone from home."

"Then keep it for yourself."

"Nay, Sir Monk," replied Marguerite, casting down her eyes; "I can take no bribes here in the church, and in the very chapel of my husband's patron saint. You shall bring it to me at my house, as you will, Sir Gui."

The Friar put up the purse, and the conversation which followed, was in a low indistinct undertone, audible only to the ears for which it was intended. At length the interview ceased; and, O woman! the last words the virtuous Marguerite uttered, as she glided from the church, were:

"To-night; when the Abbey clock strikes twelve!—remember!"

It would be useless to relate how impatiently the Friar counted the hours and the quarters as they chimed from the ancient tower of the Abbey, whilst he paced to and fro along the gloomy cloister. At length the appointed hour approached; and just before the convent bell sent forth its summons to call the friars of St. Anthony to their midnight devotions, a figure, with a cowl, stole out of a postern gate, and passing silently along the deserted streets, soon turned in the little alley, which led to the dwelling of Martin Franc. It was none other than Friar Gui. He rapped softly at the tradesman's door; and casting a look up and down the street, as if to assure himself that his motions were unobserved, slipped into the house.

"Has Martin Franc returned?" enquired he in a whisper.

"No," answered the sweet voice of his wife; "he will not be back to-night."

"Then all good angels befriend us!" continued the monk, endeavouring to take her hand.

"Not so, Sir Monk," said she disengaging herself. "You forgot the conditions of the meeting."

The Friar paused a moment; and then drawing a heavy leathern purse from his girdle, he threw it on the table. At the same moment a footstep was heard behind him, and a heavy blow from a club threw him prostrate upon the floor. It came from the strong arm of Martin Franc himself!

It is hardly necessary to say that this absence was feigned. His wife had invented the story to decoy the monk, and thereby to keep her husband from beggary and to relieve herself once for all, from the importunities of a false friend. At first Martin Franc would not listen to the proposition; but at length he yielded to the urgent entreaties of his wife; and the plan finally agreed upon was, that Friar Gui, after leaving his purse behind him, should be sent back to the convent with a severer discipline than his shoulders had ever received from any penitence of his own.

The affair however, took a more serious turn than was intended; for when they tried to raise the Friar from the ground—he was dead. The blow aimed at his shoulder fell upon his shaven crown; and in the excitement of the moment Mar-

tin Franc had dealt a heavier blow than he intended. Amid the grief and consternation which followed this discovery, the quick imagination of his wife suggested an expedient of safety. A bunch of keys at the Friar's side caught her eye. Hastily unfastening the ring she gave the keys to her husband, exclaiming—

"For the holy Virgin's sake, be quick. One of these keys unlocks the postern gate of the convent garden. Carry the body thither, and leave it among the trees."

Martin Franc threw the dead body of the monk across his shoulder, and with a heavy heart took his way to the abbey. It was a clear starry night, and though the moon had not yet risen, her light was in the sky, and came reflected down in a twilight upon earth.

Not a sound was heard through all the long and solitary trees, save at intervals the distant crowing of a cock, or the melancholy hoot of an owl from the lonely tower of the abbey. The silence weighed like an accusing spirit upon the guilty conscience of Martin Franc. He started at the sound of his own breathing, as he panted under the heavy burden of the monk's body; and if perchance a bat flitted near him on drowsy wings, he paused, and his heart beat audibly with terror; such cowards does conscience make even of the most courageous. At length, he reached the garden wall of the abbey—opened the postern gate with the key, and bearing the monk into the garden, seated him upon a stone bench by the edge of the fountain, with his head raised against a column, upon which was sculptured an image of the Madonna. He then replaced the bunch of keys at the Monk's girdle, and returned home with hasty steps.

When the Prior of the Convent, to whom the repeated delinquencies of Friar Gui were but too well known, observed that he was again absent from his post at midnight prayers, he waxed exceedingly angry; and no sooner was the duties of the chapel finished, than he sent a monk in pursuit of the truant sacristan, summoning him to appear immediately at his cell.

By chance it happened, that the monk chosen for this duty, was a bitter enemy of Friar Gui; and very shrewdly supposing that the sacristan had stolen out of the garden gate on some midnight adventure, he took that direction in pursuit. The moon was just climbing the convent wall, and threw its silvery light through the trees of the garden, and on the sparkling waters of the fountain, that fell with a soft lulling sound into the deep basin below. As the monk passed on his way, he stopped to quench his thirst with a draught of the cool water, and was turning to depart when his eye caught the motionless form of the sacristan sitting erect in the shadow of the stone column.

"How is this, Friar Gui, quoth the monk, is this a place to be sleeping at midnight, when the brotherhood are all in their dormitories?"

Friar Gui made no answer.

"Up, up!—thou eternal sleeper, and do penance for thy negligence. The Prior calls for thee at his cell!" continued the monk, growing angry and shaking the sacristan by the shoulder.

But still no answer.

"Then by St. Anthony I'll wake thee!" So, said Sir Gui.

And saying this he dealt a heavy blow on his ear. The body bent slowly forward from its erect position, and giving a headlong plunge, sank with a heavy splash into the basin of the fountain. The monk waited a few moments in expectation of seeing Friar Gui rise dripping from his cold bath, but he waited in vain—for he lay motionless at the bottom of the basin—his eyes open, and his ghastly face distorted by the ripples of the water. With a beating heart the monk stooped down, and grasping the skirt of the sacristan's habit, at length succeeded in drawing him from the water. All efforts to resuscitate him were unavailing. The monk was filled with terror, not doubting that the Friar had died untimely by his hand; and as the animosity between them was no secret in the convent, he feared that, when the deed was known, he should be accused of wilful murder. He therefore looked round for an expedient to relieve him of the dead body; and the well known character of the sacristan suggested one.

He determined to carry the body to the most noted beauty of Rouen, and leave it on the door step, so that all suspicions of the murder might fall upon the shoulders of some jealous husband. The beauty of Martin Franc's wife had penetrated the thickest walls of the convent, and their was not a Friar in the whole abbey of St. Anthony who had not done penance for his truant imagination. Accordingly the dead body of Friar Gui, was laid upon the monks' brawny shoulders—carried back to the house of Martin Franc, and placed in an erect position against the door. The monk knocked loud and long; and then gliding through a by lane, stole back to the convent.

A troubled conscience would not suffer Martin Franc and his wife to close their eyes; but they lay awake lamenting the doleful events of the night. The knock at the door sounded like a death knell in their ears. It continued at intervals, rap—rap, with a dull sound—as if some thing heavy were swinging against the panel; for the wind had risen during the night, and every angry gust that swept down the alley, swung the arms of the lifeless sacristan against the door. At length Martin Franc mustered courage enough to dress himself and to go down, whilst his wife followed him with a lamp in her hand; but no sooner had he lifted the latch, than the ponderous body of Friar

Gui fell stark and heavy into his arms. Here is the Monk again," exclaimed Marguerite, with astonishment.

"Yes, and dripping wet, as if he had just been dragged out of the river!"

"O we are betrayed—betrayed!" exclaimed Marguerite in agony.

"Then the d—l himself has betrayed us," replied Martin Franc, disengaging himself from the embrace of the sacristan; "for I met not a living being; the whole city was as silent as the grave."

"Holy St. Martin defend us!" continued his terrified wife. "Here, take this scapulary to guard you from the evil one; and lose no time. You must throw the body into the river; or we are lost! Holy Virgin! How bright the moon shines!"

Saying this she threw round his neck a scapulary—with the figure of a cross on one end, and an image of the Virgin on the other, and Martin Franc again took the dead man upon his shoulders, and with fearful misgivings departed on his dismal errand. He kept as much as possible in the shadow of the houses, and had nearly reached the quay, when suddenly, he thought he heard footsteps behind him, he stopped to listen; it was no mistake, they came along the pavement, tramp! tramp! and every step grew louder and nearer. Martin Franc tried to quicken his pace; but in vain; his knees smote together, and he staggered against the wall, his hand relaxed his grasp, and the monk slid from his back, and stood ghastly and straight beside him, supported by chance, against the shoulder of his bearer. At that moment a man came round the corner, tottering beneath the weight of a huge sack. As his head was bent downwards he did not perceive Martin Franc, till he was close upon him; and when on looking up, he saw two figures standing motionless in the shadow of the wall, he thought himself waylaid, and without waiting to be assaulted, dropped the sack from his shoulders, and ran off at full speed. The sack fell heavily on the pavement, and directly on the feet of Martin Franc. In the fall the string was broken; and out came the bloody head—not of a dead monk, as it first seemed to the excited imagination of Martin Franc, but of a dead hog! when the terror and surprise caused by this singular event had a little subsided, an idea came into the mind of Martin Franc, very similar to what would have come into the mind of almost any person in similar circumstances. He took the hog out of the sack and putting the body of the monk into its place, secured it with the remnants of the broken string, and then hurried homeward with the hog upon his shoulders.

He was hardly out of sight, when the man of the sack returned, accompanied by two others. They were surprised to find the sack still lying on the ground, with no one near it, and began to jeer the former bearer, telling him he had been frightened at his own shadow on the wall. Then one of them took the sack upon his shoulders, without the least suspicion of the change that had been made in its contents, and all three disappeared.

Now it happened that the city of Rouen was at that time infested with three street robbers, who walked in darkness like the pestilence, and always carried the plunder of their midnight marauding to the Tete-de-Bœuf, a little tavern in one of the darkest and narrowest lanes of the city.

The Tete-de-Bœuf was privy to all the host of the Tete-de-Bœuf was privy to all their schemes, and had an equal share in the profits of their nightly excursions. He gave a helping hand too, by the length of his bills, and by plundering the pockets of any chance traveller, that was luckless enough to sleep under his roof.

On the night of the disastrous adventure of Friar Gui, this little marauding party had been prowling about the city until a late hour, without finding any thing to reward their labours. At length, however, they chanced to spy a hog, hanging under a shed in a butcher's yard in readiness for the next day's market; and as they were not very fastidious in selecting their plunder, they took whatever they could lay their hands on, the hog was straightway purloined, thrust into a large sack, and sent to the Tete-de-Bœuf on the shoulders of one of the party, while the other two continued their nocturnal excursion. It was this person, who had been so terrified at the appearance of Martin Franc and the dead monk; and as this encounter had interrupted any further operations of the party—the dawn of day being now at hand—they all repaired to their gloomy den in the Tete-de-Bœuf. The host was impatiently waiting their return; and asking what plunder they had brought with them, proceeded without delay to remove it from the sack. The first thing that presented itself, on untying the string, was the monk's hood.

"The d—l take the d—l!" cried the host, as he opened the sack, "What is this? Your hog has got a cowl!"

"The poor fellow has become disgusted with the world, and turned monk!" said he, who held the light, a little surprised at seeing the head covered with a coarse grey cloth.

"Sure enough he has," exclaimed another, starting back in dismay, as the shaven crown and ghastly face of the Friar appeared. "Holy Saint be with us! It is a monk, stark dead!"

"A dead monk, indeed!" said a third, with an incredulous shake of the head. How could a dead monk get into this sack!—No, no; there is some diablerie in this. I have heard it said, that satan can take any shape he pleases; and you may rely upon it, this is Satan himself, who has taken the shape of a monk to get us all hanged."

"Then we had better kill the d—l than have the d—l kill us!" replied the host,

crossing himself. "And the sooner we do it, the better; for it is now near day light, and people will soon be passing in the street."

"So say I," rejoined the man of magic; "and my advice is to take him to the butcher's yard, and hang him up in the place where we found the hog."

This proposition so pleased the others, that it was executed without delay. They carried the Friar to the Butcher's house, and passing a strong cord round his neck, suspended him to a beam in the shed, and there left him.

When the night was at length passed, and day-light began to peep into the eastern windows of the city, the butcher arose, and prepared himself for market. He was casting up in his mind what the hog would bring at its stall, when looking upward, lo! in its place he recognized the dead body of Friar Gui.

"By St. Dennis!" quoth the Butcher, I always feared that this Friar would die quietly in his cell; but I never thought I should find him hanging under my own roof. This must not be; it will be said that I murdered him, and I shall pay for it with my life. I must contrive a way to get rid of him."

So saying, he called his man, and showing him what had been done, asked him how he could dispose of the body, so that he might not be accused of murder. The man, who was of a ready wit, reflected a moment, and then answered:

"This is indeed a difficult matter; but there is no evil without its remedy.—We will place the Friar on horseback—"

"What!—a dead man on horse back!" impossible!" interrupted the butcher.—"Who ever heard of a dead man on horseback?"

"Hear me out and then judge. We must place the body on horseback, as well as we may and bind it fast with cords, and then let the horse loose in the street, and pursue after him crying out, the monk has stolen the horse. Thus all who meet him, will strike him with their staves, as he passes, and it will be thought that he came to his death in that way."

Though this seemed to the butcher rather a mad project, yet as no better one offered itself at the moment, and there was no time for reflection, mad as the project was, they determined to put it into execution. Accordingly the butcher's horse was brought out, and the Friar was bound upon his back, and with much difficulty fixed in an upright position. The butcher then gave the horse a blow upon the crupper with his staff, which set him in full gallop down the street, and he and his man joined in pursuit, crying:

"Stop thief!—Stop thief!—The friar has stolen my horse!"

As it was now sunrise, the streets were full of people, driving their goods to market, and citizens going to their daily avocations. When they saw the Friar dashed in at full speed down the street, they joined in the cry of "Stop thief!—Stop that horse!" and many who endeavoured to seize the bridle as the Friar passed them at full speed were thrown upon the pavement, and trampled under foot.

Others joined in the halloo! and the pursuit; but this only served to quicken the gallop of the frightened steed, who dashed down one street and up another like the wind, with two or three mounted citizens clattering in full cry at his heels. At length they reached the market place.—The people scattered right and left in dismay—and the steed and rider dashed onward, overthrowing in their course men and women, and stalls, and piles of merchandise, and sweeping away like a whirlwind. Tramp—tramp—tramp! they clattered on; they had distanced all pursuit.

They reached the quay; the wide pavement was cleared at a bound—one more wild leap—and splash! both horse and rider sank into the rapid current of the river—swept down the stream—and were seen no more!

PROMOTION.—The late Duke of York once remarked to Colonel W. at the mess of the 11th regiment, that the colonel was uncommonly bald, and although a younger man than his royal highness, he stood more in need of a wig. The colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his royal highness, that his baldness could be easily accounted for. "In what manner?" asked his royal highness, rather eagerly. To which Colonel W. replied, "By junior officers stepping over my head." The Duke was so pleased with the reply, that the gallant Colonel obtained promotion in a few days afterwards.

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