

Selected.

Blow low, blow high—no land is nigh ;
But what care we, my bark and I ?
Now, before the rushing gale
My graceful beauty bows her sail,
As if she were a feathered thing
That stooped to dip its snow white wing
A moment in the wave, and then
Rose to its airy home again.

She flies, she flies, as if behind
She sought to leave the very wind.
On, on—she dashes through the spray
Like sea bird seeking for its prey
Speed thee, speed thee, my weariless one,
Though fleet thy race, it is not done ;
For as we distance far the shore,
I long to leave it more and more.

It is, it is a glorious thing
E'en of a waste to be a king.
No land marks here our course to stay,
But on, still on away, away.
Here is a home without a rest :
Oh, well it suits this wayward breast.
Companionless, my bark, are we ;
This is the world for thee and me !

From the Halifax Temperance Recorder.

THE FATHER'S GRAVE.

Concluded.

There came into the neighbourhood a stranger, a kind of West-Indian trader, who, through the introduction of L —, insinuated himself into the good opinion and friendship of Frank. They spent much of their time together, and were boon companions over the midnight bowl. Frank became bound for the payment of a large sum of money in behalf of the stranger, who shortly after clandestinely disappeared, and left his debt to be liquidated by the man, who in the hour of unsuspecting confidence, had become responsible. The debt was soon called for : and Frank, not having the money to meet it, was obliged to mortgage his house and farm in order to procure a sum from L —, who affected to sympathize with his friend in this misfortune.

Miss Crosbie was too much interested in Frank's welfare not to perceive the change, which had taken place in his moral habits; and often was her warning voice (like the Angels', who, according to Milton, was sent to Paradise to warn our first parents of their danger) employed in striving to allure him from that degradation, which awaits the intemperate. Her intreaties at times led him to consider the impropriety and perilous nature of the course of life he was pursuing;—and sometimes did he resolve on reformation; except he was the influence which L—— resolved over him; that all his virtuous resolutions were unavailing.

In these were unavailing. In the meanwhile, rumour was busy in circles, and Frank had little melancholy truth, that he had sold his soul for a bad bargain; and that his old habitual drunkard for more than its value mortgaged his friendship and esteem. Those, formerly enjoyed, began to forsake him, and poverty and want were already looking upon him as their victim. At this deplorable juncture of his affairs, Frank, in a secret way, used every effort to stigmatize his character in the view of the public, and especially, in that of Miss Crosbie. In fact, Frank's personal appearance indicated that either his resources, or sense of decent pride had greatly diminished.

One morning about the latter end of May, Frank arose from his bed, and sailed forth to take a ramble through his fields; but wherever he went, the unrepaid state of his fences, his uncultivated tillage ground, and the absence of a growing crop, upbraided him with the charge of profligacy and idleness. Although his orchard was adorned with a profusion of blossoms—although his meadows betokened a luxuriant growth of grass—although a glow of rural loveliness was spread over the surrounding landscape; yet he felt unhappy and comfortless. For a moment, he thought of Miss Crosbie but there was a chilling hopelessness in the thought. He returned to his house gloomy—melancholy—miserable. In the course of the morning, he received the following letter:

"Dear Frank,
I exceedingly regret that necessity
compels me to call upon you for the
small sum due to me on your mortgage.
You will no doubt find it convenient to
make payment without delay.

I remain, my dear friend,
Yours sincerely,
FREDERICK L.—
P. S. Perhaps I may wait a week or
ten days. F. L.

Frank read the letter with surprise and dismay. He knew that it was out of his power to meet the demand; and the sacrifice of his property for the first

time, stared him in the face. In L.—'s letter, he imagined that he discovered something like a taunting vein of sarcastic irony, which added poignancy to his misery. While he was reflecting on the wretchedness of his situation, he received and another letter, which he opened and read as follows :

"Mr. Woodburn,
Dear Sir.—Were I to deny that you have occupied a larger space in my affections than any other of your sex, should accuse myself of falsehood. When a matrimonial engagement between us was formed, I entertained high expectations of future happiness; but unwillingly do I wound your feeling by stating, that your intemperate habits have crushed those expectations, and blighted the fond hopes of my early—my only love. Could any sacrifice of mine reclaim you to the sober pursuits of christian virtue, I would gladly make it, and once more be happy; but until your habits are reformed, you must consider our former engagement to be void.—In sorrow I subscribe.

“Ah!” exclaimed Frank, “no new calamity can add to the misery of my sufferings : my cup of anguish is now full !” — But in this he was mistaken — for scarcely had the exclamation passed his lips, when he heard the rattling of a vehicle passing along. He looked from his window, and lo ! it was L — and Miss Crosbie taking a morning drive. This circumstance added fresh fuel to the tormenting flame of anguish, which was raging in his distracted bosom, and threatening to consume even the hope of relief from his unsupportable afflictions. In this gloomy hour, of desolating agony, his imagination magnified the horrors of his situation ; and he in anticipation saw himself driven from his home, from society, and from her he loved, to be “a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth.” In fancy, he beheld Miss Crosbie the wife of the false-hearted L —, whose villainy he no longer doubted. His feelings were so strongly agitated, that suicide, like a vision of destruction, passed through his mind.

To mitigate his sufferings, he flew to a neighbouring grog-shop, where he buried his woe in inebriation. In the midst of his drunken companions, whom at an early hour, he found at their usual haunt of degrading wickedness, Frank passed the day in a kind of maniac mirth, forgetful of his transgressions, and of the retributive misery, which rendered his sober moments intensely intolerable. When evening came, he left the grog-shop, intending to return home, but he was too much intoxicated to know whither he went. He however staggered along ; and instead of entering the gateway, that led to the house, he entered that which led into the grave-yard. Unconscious of the place he was in, and overcome by the liquor he had drunk, he sank down upon his father's grave where he lay till towards morning. In his slumbers, he dreamed that he saw his father's spirit ; and that it sternly upbraided him with his crimes, and urgedness of repentance, and seek the forgiveness in his dream, terrified at what he saw as he gazed around, he hurried away ; and whether what he had seen and heard was an illusion or a reality. He saw the full moon in the western part of the firmament, smiling on all around her, and shedding a light and loveliness on earth and sky. The night breeze gently stirred the branches of the trees, which flung their dark shadow over the undreaming repose of the dead. Frank started upon his feet ; and as the moon-light fell on his father's tomb-stone, he read the inscription engraved upon it :

THIS STONE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ARTHUR WOODBURN.

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE APRIL 6,
A. D. 1822,

IN THE 76TH YEAR OF HIS AGE,
WAS ERECTED BY HIS ONLY SURVIVING SON.

The time, the place, the circumstances, brought a crowd of recollections to the mind of Frank, who remembered the injunction of his dying father; requesting him to pay an occasional visit to that spot, which he for years had neglected. The guilt of sinful disobedience had kept him away: but now he

accident he was once more led to behold his Father's grave.—As he cast his eye around he looked upon the place where lay the ashes of her, on whose maternal bosom he had reclined in infancy, by whom he had been taught the duty and necessity of calling upon God in childhood, and over whose coffin he had wept, while the burial prayer ascended to heaven from the very spot on which he was now standing. He also looked upon the graves of his brothers, who had lain upon the breast of the same mother with himself; who had

been rocked in the same cradle, and lulled to sleep by the same lullaby song who had been the playmates of his early years; who had been the participators of his childish joys and sorrows; and who had not been left on earth, to pollute their soul with the sin of disobedience and drunkenness.

He remembered the letters he had received the morning before and the poignancy of the woe they inflicted. His dream in which he had heard the voice of his father exhorting him to repent, rushed into his mind ; and by kind of mysterious influence drew from his eyes the tears of penitence. In the midst of his grief, he recollected the parable of the prodigal son : and almost unconsciously, he knelt down by the side of his father's tomb-stone, and his voice as it called upon the name of the Lord broke upon the silence of the night. Fervently did he confess his transgressions at the footstool of Divine Mercy, and confess and humbly in the name of the Saviour, supplicated forgiveness. Ere he arose from his knees, the morning began to dawn. He repaired to his house, and once more opened the long forsaken Bible ; and although he therein found the truth of what he had learned from painful experience, that " the way of transgressors is hard ; " he also found God described as too compassionate to withhold his pardoning mercy from any who come to him in the name of his Son.

Frank was now a returning backslider; and when he was about to sit down to his breakfast, he craved a blessing upon the food. The remembrance of the days that had passed away since he last acknowledged the care of Divine Providence in the mercies of life so overcame him; that he ate but little. When he arose from the table, upon the long neglected family-altar, after reading the 51st Psalm, he offered up the sacrifice of a broken heart. That day he attended the meeting of a Temperance Society, which he looked upon as a life-boat to save those who had been shipwrecked on the billows of dissipation. Before that meeting he acknowledged the deplorable situation to which he was reduced by intemperance, and solicited the society to take him under its protection. Amidst the congratulation of his friends, he was joyfully received as a member of this excellent life preserving institution. He returned home, enjoying a peace of mind, to which he had long been a stranger.

In the evening by his own fire side, he reflected on the perplexed state of his pecuniary affairs; and he saw no way by which he could pay the amount of the Mortgage that L— had upon his estate. He therefore relinquished the hope of effecting its redemption, and of ever having it in his power to make Miss Crosbie his wife. However, he determined, by the blessing of God "to lay up treasure in Heaven," and submit, with un murmuring fortitude, to those misfortunes, which he by vice and folly had brought on himself. While Frank was revolving these matters in his mind, he received a letter from his friend in Halifax, who informed him that his Aunt had recently died in England, and had left him in her will, a large sum of money. His friend, being engaged in the L— trade, offered to advance to him cash to the whole amount, and take a bill upon his agent payable in London. Frank hailed the intelligence of this providential gift with thankful gratitude. In a few days he obtained a remittance from Halifax, which enabled him to rescue his house and farm from the grasp of L—'s Mortgage.

Not long after, Frank received a letter from Miss Crosbie, who therein congratulated him on his good fortune, and affectionately expressed her joy that he was once more walking in that pathway of piety, that leads to the practice of virtue in this world and to everlasting happiness in that which is to come.

L—, finding himself foiled in his endeavours to gratify his malignant revenge in the destruction of Frank, strove to stifle the pangs of his disappointment by habitual intoxication. This threw him into a fever of which he soon died. Before his death however, he sent for Frank, confessed his perfidy, and implored forgiveness.

Frank and Miss Crosbie are now a man and wife. Their house is a house of prayer; they are pious communicants of the same christian church; they are warm advocates in the Temperance Cause; and they often together at "evening's silent hour," when the moon and stars are in the sky, and the dew upon the grass, visit the burial-ground, and kneel in prayer by the side of that tomb-stone, which stands at the head of A FATHER'S GRAVE.

Pleasant River, Oct, 1834.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—The annexed curious incidents, which we are assured are substantially correct, are related in one of the late London newspapers, handed us by Capt. West. Not long since a marriage party assembled in a house in one of the interior towns of England.—All the persons invited had come forward at the hour appointed except one, whose presence was a little necessary to the business of the evening, viz: the bridegroom. The guests, chiefly natives of the "Green Isle," waited long and anxiously for his coming; his brother, in particular, was much irritated, and seeing the disconsolate bride with the tear in her eye, he kindly attempted to sooth her distress. It was soon apparent that he had a winning tongue, for the bride lent a willing ear; and, after a short time, it was announced, to the astonishment of all present, that she had accepted the brother, and that he was to take the place of the bridegroom. Away the party sallied to one of the clergy men in the town, and, producing the certificate of proclamation; the nuptial knot was soon tied, the brother passing himself off as the bridegroom. The party returned, the bride smiling, and her spouse in ecstasies. Dancing was set a-foot, and the new married couple were proceeding down an Irish jig, when, thunder and turf? who should make his appearance, dripping with perspiration, but the missing bridegroom, who was not long in finding out how he had been superseded, and instantly knocked his brother down. A scene of serious confusion ensued, all hands being at work on matters, however, were made up, and the bride was transferred to her original flame, seemingly nothing loth at the second change; and when the party broke up the two retired together to their repose, and the too-officious brother to his lonely pillow, to seek solace for his disappointment. —*Phil. Gaz.*

ON ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.—In every period of life, one of its greatest pleasures is the acquisition of knowledge: but in youth there are circumstances which make it productive of much higher enjoyment than at any other season. Then every thing has the charm of novelty. Then curiosity and fancy awake to passing scenes, and it is then the heart swells in the anticipation of future utility and eminence.—Even in the higher branches of education, which we call mere accomplishments, there is something always pleasing to the young in acquiring.—They adorn, if they do not dignify humanity; and what is more, while they give an elegant employment to hours of leisure, they afford a means of contributing to the innocent amusement of domestic life. The pursuits of knowledge lead not only to honor but to happiness. "Length of days are in her right hand, and in her left riches and honor."—Knowledge is the means of raising the most obscure to esteem and attention. The great end of knowledge is to serve the cause of humanity and truth. Who is there, then, that will not labor to acquire that knowledge which will be essential benefit either to himself or others?

DESPERATE REMEDY FOR A DESPERATE DISEASE.—They tell a good story of Dr. Rand.—He was called to visit a ~~hypochondriacal patient~~, who fancied she had swallowed a mouse. On entering the room, the lady exclaimed:

"Dear Doctor—I'm so glad to see you—I am in such distress—such pain—oh! Doctor—Doctor—I've swallowed a mouse!"

"Swallowed—nonsense," replied the Doctor, in his mild and pleasant manner.

"Oh! no, Doctor," said the patient, "it is not nonsense, it is a mouse, a live mouse—he ran down my throat when I was asleep, with my mouth open, and I feel him now, creeping about my stomach, and trying to gnaw out.—Oh! Doctor, do prescribe something quick, or I shall die."

"Prescribe," said the Doctor, "yes, I'll prescribe something that will cure you in a minute."

"What is it, Doctor? what is it?"
 "I'll take any thing you order."
 "Well, then, my dear madam, swallow a cat—if that don't cure you, nothing will."
 It was effectual.

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A REPARTEE.—Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, when a bill was brought into the House of Lords, said among other things, 'that he prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present Session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true Prophet.' My Lord Coningsby who spoke in a passion desired the house to observe—'that one of the Right Reverends had set himself forth as a Prophet'; but for his part he did not know what Prophet to liken him

to, unless to that famous *Balaam*, who was reproved by his own *Ass*.' The Bishop in reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus;—'Since the noble Lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the Prophet *Balaam*; but my Lords I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his Lordship.

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The widow of William Corder, of Red Barn memory, has a strong *pentant* for doing business by advertisements. It will be recollected that she contracted matrimonial engagements which terminated so happily and honourably by advertisement. She is again attempting to make the worst of her bad bargain by advertisement—and that with a delicacy worthy of her former contract. In the Suffolk Chronicle of Saturday last we observed an advertisement of certain effects of the late William Corder, who, (we quote from the advertisement) was executed at Bury for the murder at Polstead, 'to besold 'by order of his widow, who is leaving this part of the country.' Amongst a host of other articles, of which the hangman appears to have been defrauded, we observe mentioned 'a pair of elegant convex spectacles, worn by Corder during his trial at Bury; his snuff box, with Maria's likeness.' The advertisement closes with an appropriate N.B.—'The auctioneer pledges his honour the articles specified to be the property of the late William Corder is perfectly correct.'

CITY PIGEONING.—The City Gamblers have renewed the old lottery game of pigeoning. The employment of pigeons is now understood to be fully organized, and to convey regularly the transactions of the Paris Market in time to effect business in this on the following day. Thus the fall in Spanish Stock which occurred in Paris on Monday was known here on Tuesday, and immense sums were made by selling on our high prices, and repurchasing at the depression which the regular report of the Paris Market necessarily produces, without the slightest risk. All attempts to discover the parties engaged in this notable scheme have hitherto failed. Froth observations that have been made, however, their plan is supposed to be to send the pigeons to within sixty miles of Calais, express thither and across the Channel, and employ the winged couriers again from Dover to London. Many persons have been on the watch to gain an exact knowledge of the system pursued, and to frustrate it, but without success.

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THE BRITISH POST-OFFICE has 24 steam-vessels regularly employed in its service. Four between Liverpool and Dublin, of about 300 tons each, and 140 horses power; six between Holyland and Dublin, of 235 tons each, and 100 horse power; four between Milford and Waterford, of from 189 to 287 tons and 80 horses power; two between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, of 110 and 130 tons, and 40 horses power; three between Weymouth and Guernsey, and Jersey, of 150 to 165 tons, and 60 horses power; and five from Dover to Calais and Ostend, of 110 tons each, and 40 and 50 horses power. They perform 2282 voyages annually—never failing one in performing each voyage within the time assigned to it—consume about 30,000 tons of coal annually. — Transcript.

ONE Ton of OAT MEAL
for sale by
JED. SLASON.
Fredericton, June 18, 1884.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.
TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive
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