

POETRY.

Selected.

MY BARK AND I.

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,

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.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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.

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 Angel's, 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.

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
unrepaired state of his fences, his
uncultivated tillage ground, and the
absence of a growing crop, upbraided him
with the charge of profligacy and idleness.

"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.
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 sar-
castic irony, which added poignancy to
his misery. While he was reflecting on
the wretchedness of his situation, he
received 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 af-
fections than any other of your sex, I
should accuse myself of falsehood. When
a matrimonial engagement between us
was formed, I entertained high expec-
tations of future happiness; but unwill-
ingly do I wound your feeling by stat-
ing; that your intemperate habits have
crushed those expectations, and blight-
ed the fond hopes of my early—my on-
ly 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 afflic-
tions. In this gloomy hour of desola-
ting 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-heart-
ed L.—whose villainy he no longer
doubted. His feelings were so strong-
ly 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 gate-
way, that led to the house, he entered
that which led into the grave-yard. Un-
conscious 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 up-
braided him with his crimes, and urged
repentance and seek the forgive-
ness of his God. Terrified at what he
saw he gazed around, he broke; 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 WOODBURNE,

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 circumstan-
ces, brought a crowd of recollections to
the mind of Frank, who remembered
the injunction of his dying father; re-
questing him to pay an occasional visit
to that spot, which he for years had ne-
glected. The guilt of sinful disobedience
had kept him away; but now by
accident he was once more led to be-
hold 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 in-
fancy, 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 as-
cended 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 diso-
bedience 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 re-
pent, rushed into his mind; and by a
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 for-
giveness. Ere he arose from his knees,
the morning began to dawn. He re-
paired 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 ex-
perience, that "the way of transgres-
sors is hard;" he also found God de-
scribed 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 backslid-
er; 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 o-
vercame 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 Tem-
perance Society, which he looked upon
as a life-boat to save those who had
been shipwrecked on the billows of dis-
sipation. Before that meeting he ac-
knowledged 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 deter-
mined, by the blessing of God "to lay
up treasure in Heaven;" and submit,
with uncomplaining fortitude, to those
misfortunes, which he by vice and fol-
ly 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 mercantile trade, offered to ad-
vance to him cash to the whole amount,
and take a bill upon his agent payable
in London. Frank hailed the intelli-
gence of this providential gift with tear-
ful gratitude. In a few days he obtain-
ed a remittance from Halifax, which
enabled him to rescue his house and
farm from the grasp of L.'s Mort-
gage.

Not long after, Frank received a let-
ter 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 prac-
tice of virtue in this world and to ever-
lasting happiness in that which is to
come.

L., finding himself foiled in his
endeavours to gratify his malignant re-
venge in the destruction of Frank,
strove to stifle the pangs of his disap-
pointment 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
man and wife. Their house is a house
of prayer; they are pious communi-
cants of the same christian church;
they are warm advocates in the Tem-
perance 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 bur-
ial-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 ex-
cept one, whose presence was a little
necessary to the business of the even-
ing, viz: the bridegroom. The guests,
chiefly natives of the "Green Isle,"
waited long and anxiously for his com-
ing; his brother, in particular, was
much irritated, and seeing the discom-
solate bride with the tear in her eye,
he kindly attempted to sooth her dis-
tress. 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 sailed to one of the clergymen 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 re-
turned, the bride smiling, and her spouse
in extacies. Dancing was set a-foot,
and the new married couple were pro-
ceeding down an Irish jig, when, thun-
der and turf? who should make his ap-
pearance, dripping with perspiration,
but the missing bridegroom, who was
not long in finding out how he had been
appersed, and instantly knocked his
brother down. A scene of serious con-
fusion ensued, all hands being at work;
matters, however, were made up, and
the bride was transferred to her origi-
nal 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 bro-
ther 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 knowl-
edge: but in youth there are circum-
stances which make it productive of
much higher enjoyment than at any o-
ther 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 anticipa-
tion of future utility and eminence.—
Even in the higher branches of educa-
tion, which we call mere accomplish-
ments, there is something always pleas-
ing to the young in acquiring.—They
admire, 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 hu-
manity and truth. Who is there, then,
that will not labor to acquire that
knowledge which will be essential bene-
fit either to himself or others?

DESPERATE REMEDY FOR A DESPER-
ATE DISEASE.—They tell a good story
of Dr. Rand.—He was called to visit a
hypochondriac 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 swallow-
ed a mouse!"

"Swallowed—nonsense," replied the
Doctor, in his mild and pleasant man-
ner.

"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, swal-
low a cat—if that don't cure you, no-
thing will."

It was effectual.

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 pre-
sent Session, and he was sorry to find he
had proved a true Prophet." My Lord
Conningsby who spoke in a passion de-
sired 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.

The widow of William Corder, of Red
Barn memory, has a strong penchant for
doing business by advertisements. It will
be recollected that she contracted the
matrimonial engagements which termina-
ted so happily and honourably by adver-
tisement. 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
observe an advertisement of certain ef-
fects of the late William Corder, who,
(we quote from the advertisement) was
executed at Bury for the murder at Pol-
stead, to be sold '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 ap-
propriate 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 Gam-
blers have renewed the old lottery game
of pigeoning. The employment of pige-
ons is now understood to be fully or-
ganized, 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 depres-
sion 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.
From 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 cour-
iers again from Dover to London. Many
persons have been on the watch to gain
an exact knowledge of the system pur-
sued, and to frustrate it, but without
success.

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 Holy-
land 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 Guern-
sey, 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 once in performing each
voyage within the time assigned to it—
consume about 30,000 tons of coal an-
nually.—Transcript.

ONE Ton of OAT MEAL
for sale by
JED. SLASON.
Fredericton, June 18, 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 in-
sertion. Advertisements must be ac-
companied 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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