

POETRY. Selected.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CHILD.

The following lines, by Burns, have only appeared in "Lives of illustrious Scotsmen," now publishing.

O sweet be thy sleep, in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel for ever—
For ever—oh, no! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be thy clay where thou pillow'st
thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Like the beam of the day-star-to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet
sorrow-form,
Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
When thou shrank from the scowl of the dark
winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

O, still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother;
When the tear trickled bright, when the short
stifled breathe
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy
rest,
Where suffering no longer can harm thee,
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns
of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm
thee.

While he, thy fond parent must, sighing, so-
journ,
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow—
O'er the hope and misfortunes of living to
mourn,
And sigh for this life's latest morrow.

TO THE PRINTER.

Permit a giddy, trifling girl,
For once to fill your Poet's corner;
She cares not how the critics snarl,
Or beaux or macaronies scorn her.

She longs in print her lines to see,
Oblige her, (sure you can't refuse it,)
And if you find her out—your fee
Shall be to kiss her—if you choose it.

VARIETIES.

ISBEL LUCAS. A HEROINE OF HUMBLE LIFE. Founded on Fact.

About fifteen years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who, at his death had bequeathed to her, as his sole surviving relation, about three hundred pounds, together with the furniture of a house. The latter part of the legacy suggested the propriety of endeavouring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life. She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two and forty.

Isbel had at no period of her life been a beauty. She had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace. She was now less a beauty than ever, and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, by abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which women wear, so long as they have any thoughts of matrimony. Where, however, is the woman at that, or any more juvenile period of life, in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recall? If any such there be, Isbel's was not of the number.

Among her lodgers was an individual of the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocer's shop of an inferior order in the neighbourhood. This individual gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as messenger to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business. He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about five and thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye. Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife. This, he said, was a great want. There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to. Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong, but with her all would go right. One point, however, he must be clear about: she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to add to his stock, and to buy the necessary household-furniture. He cared little about good looks, if there was good sense; and indeed a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best.

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn all these matters in her mind. She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that, though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind and found that it had a nice out-look upon Salisbury Crags. Fordyne observing that she glanced into his back shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished. Isbel very quickly saw that there was one capital bed-room, a parlour, a kitchen, and a variety of closets, where things could be "put off one's hand." One press Mr. Fordyne showed, was already furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram bottle, and a server full of short bread, which he

said had been lately required to treat his customers, on account of the New Year. Of this he made Isbel a partaker, drinking in his turn to her good health, and a good man to her before the next recurrence of the season. This exchange of compliments did not take place without some effect. Isbel ascended the stairs in a kind of reverie, and found herself entering the next door above, instead of her own, before she was aware. In a month thereafter, the two were married.

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs. Fordyne was sitting in her little parlour, waiting supper for her husband, and reflecting on the step she was to take next day, namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and the surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened, in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father, which hung opposite; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sourer. No doubt this was the mere effect of some inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself that the step, she had taken was not of that kind which her parents would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind, and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person come in. At first, she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening, however, she heard that the footsteps were accompanied by the sound of a walking-stick, which assured her it could not be Fordyne. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound as of an old man walking along the passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought to her recollection her departed father. She sunk into her chair the sounds died away in the distance, and almost at that minute her husband came in to cheer her, calling to the servant as he passed, in his loud and boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isbel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence. The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature, yet knowing, that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions. There could be no doubt that she had received, what in her native country is called a warning; yet, conceiving that her best course was to go on and betray no suspicion, she never flattered in any of her promises to her husband. She was next day installed in Mr. Fordyne's own house, to whom, in return, she committed a sum rather above four hundred pounds; for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment.

For some time matters proceeded very well. Her husband professed to lay out part of her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto drawn, began to frequent the shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife. Among the new articles he dealt in was whiskey, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of the neighbouring dealers. By and bye this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occasionally obliged to pay visits to the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the highest advantage. His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and, having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forego all her former misgivings.

On one occasion, he left her on what he described as a circuit of the Highland distilleries, intending, he said to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him money to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds, which he said he would probably spend upon whiskey before he came back. Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at her parting; but next day while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision. On inspecting it, she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time, to be a ready-money one. Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission house in Leith, with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions. There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases instead of being for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due. It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her, and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoil that his ingenuity could collect.

Isbel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotchwoman, with a stout heart for a difficulty; and her resolution was soon taken. She instantly proceeded to the Glasgow coach offices and ascertained, as she expected, that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before. The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure, she put into her pocket; the shop she committed to the porter and her old servant Jenty; and, having made

up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow. On alighting in the Trongate, the first person she saw was a female friend from Edinburgh, who asked, with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be travelling at the same time? "Why do you ask that question?" asked Isbel. "Because," replied the other, "I took hands with Mr. Fordyne yesterday, as he was going on board the Isle of Man steamboat at the Broomielaw." This was enough for Isbel. She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steamboat would next sail, and to her great joy found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island. On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back.

It was morning when she landed at Douglas. The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the street, in hope of encountering the faithless husband and in inquiring after him at the inns. At length, she satisfied herself that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles it began to border on the sea, in some places edging the precipices which overhung the shore and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity. Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and, after an hour's toilsome march, had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone.

Fordyne was certainly very much surprised at her appearance which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even, usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform too toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that information he had received at Glasgow, respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return. It was then his turn to ask explanations from her, but this subject he pressed very lightly, and for her part, she hardly dared, in this lonely place to avow the suspicions which had induced her to undertake the journey. "It is all very well," said Fordyne, with affected complaisance; "you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house, and she will be the better pleased to see me since I bring you with me." Isbel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to this, though it may well be supposed that, after what he had already done, and considering the wild place in which she was, she must have entertained no comfortable prospect of her night's adventures. On then, they walked in the dusk of fast approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness was hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea-worn precipice, over which a victim might be dashed in a moment, which hardly the least chance of ever being more seen or heard of, and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wilderness the work of murder might be silently and securely effected. Isbel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, opened her mind fully to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of a civil conversation, with the watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of a tiger from every brake. She contrived to keep upon the side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carry in her pocket an unclashed pen-knife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it. Thus did they walk on for several miles, till at length all of a sudden, Fordyne started off the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravine. This event was so different from any which she had feared, that for a moment Isbel stood motionless with surprise. Another moment, however, sufficed to make up her mind as to her future course, and she immediately plunged into the defile, following as nearly as possible in the direction which the fugitive appeared to have taken. On, on she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and over much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every moment threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue; which they certainly would have done very speedily, if the desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body. It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit, and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance. As she approached the place where this seemed to proceed she discovered a cottage, where she could hear the sounds of singing and dancing. With great caution she drew near to the window, through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse peasant-like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea-smug-

glers. And an old woman of most unsimply aspect, sat by the fireside, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing complimentary expression to Fordyne whom Isbel guessed to be her son. After the party seemed quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plentiful repast; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose. Some retired to an apartment at the opposite end of the house, but most stretched themselves on straw, which lay in various corners of the room which they had been feasting. The single bed which stood in this apartment, was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party; and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previously to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution beneath his pillow.

For another hour Isbel lay at the window, inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted very imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she uttered one brief, but fervent and emphatic prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment. Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew his large pocket book from behind the pillow. To her inexpressible joy, she succeeded in executing this manœuvre without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage.

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire. Transferring the precious parcel to her own bosom she set forward instantly upon a pathway which led to the cottage, apparently in the direction of Douglas. This she pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she proceeded with all possible haste. Fortunately she had not advanced far, when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help she reached Douglas at an early hour in the morning, where, finding a steam-boat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isbel Lucas returned, in a few days, to Edinburgh, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life. She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who, a few years afterwards, she had the satisfaction of hearing had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bedchamber of Tralee, in Ireland.

(The moral of this story (and it is a real one) is, that unmarried ladies should be particularly cautious about their hearts, when they reach the peculiarly tender age of forty-two.)

A jovial miller sitting one evening at the door of his mill, observed a changeling who frequented the town approaching, and resolved to crack a joke with him. "Come hither John," said he, "the people say you know nothing." "Well," said John, scratching his head, "I'll tell you." "Tell me what?" smilingly inquired the miller. "Why, don't please you, I'll tell you what I do know, and what I don't know." "Good!" exclaimed the maker of superfine and middling, "go on, honest John." "First, I know, said the imbecile, 'that millers hogs grow fat.' Very well," said the other, "now what is it you don't know?" "Why, said John, while a look of archness unexpectedly shot from his eye, 'I don't know whose corn they are fed on!'"

DESTRUCTION OF A SHARK.

A little boy happened to be washed from a catamaran which was managed by his father, who was early initiating him into the hardships of that mode of life which he intended him to pursue, and before he could be rescued from the turbulent waters, a shark drew him under, and he was seen no more. The father lost not a moment, but calmly rose, and placing between his teeth a large knife, which he had sheathed in his cummerbund, plunged beneath the lashing waves. He disappeared for some time, but after a while was occasionally seen to rise and then dive under the billows, as if actually engaged with his formidable foe. It was a period of painful suspense to those who were anxiously watching the issue from the boats outside the surf. After a while the white foam was visibly tinged with blood, which was viewed with a sensation of horror by those who could only surmise what was going on under the water. The man was again seen to rise and disappear, so that the work of death was evidently not yet complete. After some further time had elapsed, to the astonishment of all who were assembled on the beach, for by this time a considerable crowd had collected, the body of a huge shark was seen for a few moments above the whitening spray, which it completely crimsoned, and then disappeared; an instant after, the man rose above the surf, and made for the shore. He seemed nearly exhausted, but had not a single mark upon his body, which bore no evidence whatever of the perilous conflict in which he had been so recently engaged. He had scarcely landed, when an immense shark was cast upon the beach by the billows. It was quite dead, and was immediately dragged by the assembled natives beyond the reach of the surge. It presented a most frightful spectacle, exhibiting fatal proof of the terrific struggle which had ensued between this ravenous tyrant of the deep and the bereaved father. He had indeed taken a most signal revenge. On the body of the huge creature were several deep gashes from one of which the intestines protruded. The knife had been evidently plunged into the belly, and drawn downward with unerring precision, presenting an immense wound nearly a

yard long. There were also several incisions about the gills, and below the fins; in short it is impossible to describe the fearful evidences which the monster exhibited of the prowess and dexterity of its determined aggressor, who had so boldly perilled his life to revenge the death, as it was afterwards ascertained, of his only child. As soon as the shark was drawn to a place of security, it was opened, when the head and limbs of the boy were taken from its stomach. The body was completely dismembered, and the head severed from it; the different parts, however, were scarcely at all mutilated. It would seem that, after separation, they had been immediately swallowed without being submitted to the previous process of mastication. The moment the father saw the transcendent remains of the little object of his affection, the habitual coldness of the Hindoo merged in the tenderness of the parent, and he for the moment gave way to the agonies of his heart. He threw himself upon the sand and mourned his bereavement.

"With sad and unhelpful tears," but soon recovering his constitutional generosity, he emptied his dripping turban, and having placed the several remains of his child in the ragged depository, bore them to his fragile tenement of bamboo and palm-leaves, in order to prepare them for immediate cremation. Upon being asked to relate the particulars of his encounter with the shark, he stated, that as soon as he had plunged into the water, which he did a few moments after the child had been dragged by his powerful enemy, he saw the monster in the act of swallowing its victim. He instantly made towards it, and struck it with his knife upon the gills. By this time it had completely gorged its prey, and did not at all seem disposed to enter upon the encounter to which it had been so roughly challenged. Having received a second stroke in the gills, it rose towards the surface, followed by its assailant, who kept plunging the knife into various parts of its body. The monster turned several times to seize its adversary, who, dexterously evading the intended visitation by diving under it, renewed his attack with the knife. The shark's voracity had been so completely appeased by the meal which it had just made, that it showed little disposition to continue the conflict, until repeated trenchings from the formidable knife of its determined foe roused it to desperate resistance, when it turned again upon his back, though with less activity than these creatures are wont to do when craving for food; but the man dived rapidly under it, and, watching his opportunity, as soon as the shark regained his natural position, plunged the keen blade into his belly, and drew the weapon downward with all his strength, thus inflicting that mortal wound which the creature exhibited upon the strand. After this it made a tremendous splashing for a few moments, then sank apparently lifeless to the bottom. Seeing that the strife was at an end, the man made for the shore, as already stated, and shortly after the huge carcass was cast upon the beach.—*Oriental Annual.*

Painting, Glazing, &c.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Public, that he has removed to the Shop lately occupied by Mr. WARREN, where he will be always ready to execute any orders of his profession, such as HOUSE, SHOP, PAINTING, and ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, BRONZING, GILDING, and GLAZING,—IMITATIONS of WOOD and MARBLE, &c.

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Fredericton, 27th November, 1833.
C. P. S. will also give instructions in the Italian system of Painting on SATIN, VELVET, PAPER, &c. as taught by Mr. BERKLEY, provided a sufficient number apply to form a class. Terms made known on application.

As an APPRENTICE wanted to the above bus. ness.

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.

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BY MORRISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINES. THE Public are respectfully informed that Mr. WILLIAM SIMPSON, Apothecary, is appointed Agent for Fredericton, and Sub-Agent in New-Brunswick, for the sale of the above inestimable Medicines, and where, only they may be had genuine and directly imported from the British College of Health, London.

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