

POETRY.

Selected.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

BY LAMAR BLANCHARD.

From the London Amulet for 1835.

Is there when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time—
When the raptur'd air is ringing
With Earth's music, heavenward springing
Forest chirp, and village chime?—
Is there, of the sounds that float
Minglingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:
Morn hath touch'd her golden strings,
Earth and sky their voices plighted,
Life and light are reunited.
Amid countless carollings:
Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all,—the human voice.

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone;
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer:
For it answereth his own.
But, of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the songs of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves and silver showers,
These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine ear there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round—
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier form'd to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer—
Hers, the mother, the endurer,
Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure:
Hers to hoard, a life-time after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

Yes,—a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious sense—
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honied tones untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought—
Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens with her heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OPINIONS OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS UPON THE CHANGE IN THE BRITISH MINISTRY.

The *Messenger* says:—"Let in our foreign relations all the supports of the state of things created in July, 1830, be thrown down, or at least so far undermined as to be ready to be carried away at the first signal; let in every country with which we come in contact, the government be torn away from those who sympathise with France, and be placed in the hands of the fosterers of absolutism, and the friends of the aristocracies of the purse and of birth, and, in fine, let us on all our frontiers, be delivered up to the alternative of either submitting or being invaded. And can it be said that we have not arrived at this point, when the man of Waterloo has become the Ruler of England, and the fugitive of Ghent introduces treason into the Royalty which the Revolution has created? It is more than our liberties that are at stake—it is our independence, our nationality."

The *Gazette de France* observes:—"That it is worthy of remark, that whenever a movement Ministry takes the helm of affairs in France, England responds by a Tory Cabinet. It remains to be seen whether the Duke of Wellington will not again recoil, before the difficulties which he has to surmount. Whatever disposition he may have not to retrograde, but merely to stop the movement—not to destroy the evil already done, but to impede its progress—whatever resolutions of prudence and moderation he may bring to the task, he will find himself in a violent position, and constrained to employ violence. His first act should be to dissolve the Parliament: and if the new one should be returned with a formidable Opposition, what line of conduct would he adopt? Retreat would be the signal given to the revolution to continue its work—Resistance would be a *coup d'état*, and the end of the British constitution. In either case, the body politic is in danger of destruction. Armies serve Kings and States for a day, and the victory often prepares a melancholy morrow."

The *Journal des Debats* says that, in the French Ministerial embarrassments and the crisis of the English Cabinet, there exists a coincidence of date with which it is impossible not to be struck—not indeed that one event can be explained by the other. The personal bias of the King, and the greater part of the Court towards the Duke of Wellington, and the principles he professes—the precarious and difficult position of

the late Cabinet in the presence of the collision of the two Chambers of Parliament—all this was not our work. As some may be disposed to consider the Tory Cabinet to be composed of the enemies of France, it may be well to remark that the Duke of Wellington was the first to acknowledge the government founded by the Revolution of July. We have not forgotten that the Duke of Wellington has several times failed in his attempts to form a Cabinet; at those periods, however, the assembled Parliament left no chance, excepting from its immediate dissolution and its re-election under the influence of excited passions; but now the Houses will not meet before February, and their convocation might even constitutionally be postponed to a more remote period. Is the interval calculated upon for calming or converting public opinion? We do not believe that any individual can make the political movement retrograde, notwithstanding it has a little too rapidly drawn the country out of its ancient Constitution. We think that reform may reckon on the same majority in the country as in the House of Commons, but we should fear to have it interrogated in a fit of passion.

The *Constitutionnel* leaves it to those who can, to explain the enigma of the dissolution of the British Cabinet in the absence of Parliament, and at a moment when England enjoys the most profound tranquillity. The death of Lord Spencer has served as an occasion for this Cabinet revolution. The embarrassment caused by this event was trifling, but what the Royal prerogative wanted was not a reason, but a pretext. The gauntlet is thrown down to the reformed Parliament, and unless there be one of those popular explosions—so frequent among our neighbours—a vote of the House of Commons will decide. We will not venture to affirm that the anarchy which has prevailed in the French Cabinet has not had some influence in producing the sudden resolution of King William. Thus the retirement of the Whigs, so serious and unexpected, has cast another dark shade over public affairs, which, both abroad and at home, throw impossibilities in the way of the existence of the Cabinet with which we are threatened. In England, the people rely upon the Parliament.

The *Impartial* apprehends that the revolution in the English Cabinet, in conjunction with the Ministerial crisis in France, may endanger the union of the two nations, and perhaps compromise the peace of the world. The King of England seems to have broken with the national majority, and to have abjured a policy that rendered him popular. The monarch seizes an opportunity afforded him, to declare his antipathy to the Ministry that aimed to continue the work of Lord Grey, he rejects with disdain the counsel of Lord Melbourne, relative to his successor, and, in the formation of a new Cabinet, consults the Duke of Wellington, the enemy of Reform, the defender of privileges, and the advocate of every kind of prejudice. Such an occurrence, unless the King should be enlightened by the unanimous reprobation of the English press, is calculated to perplex all the questions still under discussion by the diplomacy of Europe, and perhaps may produce a universal perturbation. It is to be hoped that warnings will not be wanting, and that his Britannic Majesty will not venture to engage in a struggle in which all the chances are against him. We cannot help remarking the strange coincidence between the news of the revolution in the British Cabinet and the recent triumph of our Doctrinaire Ministry.

The *Temps* discovers a coincidence between the efforts of the Tories to regain power and the success of the *Doctrinaires* in having effected that object. Whatever be the men who direct the Cabinets of England and France, the people of both countries are too enlightened not to continue in the path of amelioration which the Revolution of July laid open to them.

The *Courrier Francais*, referring to the Ministerial revolution in England, says—"Here is an event far more portentous and grave for Europe than the abortion of the Three Days. The necessity of providing a successor for Lord Spencer has afforded King William an opportunity of getting rid of the Whig Ministry, and moreover in so abrupt a manner as to prove that he has been long since waiting for a favourable moment to disentangle himself from a system which was not in conformity with his ideas. The King of Great Britain is devoted soul and body to the interests of the European Sovereigns. If he makes a show of being very constitutional when he cannot do otherwise, his sympathies for the Holy Alliance and the Aristocracy are undiminished. In one respect, however, the fall of the

Whig Ministry will do good. The country was fatigued with the contest between the adverse parties. A decisive solution, whether in favor of reform or Tory principles, was required, and the present occurrence will inevitably lead to it. Many persons believe that the Duke of Wellington, seeing the impossibility of checking reform, will make concessions, and, as far as concerns the Church and the Dissenters, will go still further than the Whigs. It is then for European interests that this Minister is to act. By giving something to the English people, he hopes to render them indifferent to the fate of other countries. Don Carlos would be suffered to bring Spain again under the yoke. Don Miguel and his scaffolds would return to Portugal, and France would submit to the humiliations heaped upon her.

The *Journal du Commerce* infers, from the aspect of affairs in England and France, that there exists a conspiracy to undermine, by degrees, the constitutional system. If the Tories should obtain the power in England, a dissolution of the House of Commons will be inevitable, but it feels convinced that the new return will teach the Government that England does not repent the pacific reform which has produced more fruit than the Revolution of July.

On this the *Morning Herald* of the 21st November, observes:—"The Paris papers of Tuesday are unanimous in viewing our Ministerial question as one of infinitely more importance than their own; and also, we regret to observe, in dealing with it in terms which betray a return to feelings of national distrust which we had hoped had been set at rest for ever. Even the *Journal des Debats* looks with apprehension at the probable consequences of the re-appointment of the Duke of Wellington to office, but flatters itself that no great danger may accrue from that circumstance, the Cabinet of which, in 1830, his Grace had been the head, having been the first in Europe, to recognise the Government founded in France on the Revolution. A report that Sir Robert Peel, not the Duke of Wellington, would be our new Premier, produced an improvement in the Funds on Monday."

The following letter is from the Brussels correspondent of the same paper:

"Brussels, 13th November."

"Ten o'clock, a. m."

"Last night various rumours of the dissolution of the British Ministry were circulated throughout every part of Brussels, but it was only this morning they were fully confirmed. In the course of yesterday Baron Stockmar's private courier brought the intelligence to the King, who, at once on receiving it, despatched a special messenger to Paris, and sent off expresses to all the garrison towns of the kingdom. The prevailing, indeed I might say the almost universal opinion here is, that a Ministry formed exclusively of Tories cannot possibly last in England, and such of the Journals as are the professed organs of the Belgian Government already begin to scout the idea of any thing of the kind. The only exception to this opinion is formed among the more sanguine and exalted Orangeists, who are in a state of high exaltation, and already take it for granted that England, under the new Administration, will either remain neutral, or coming to a rupture with France, once more form an alliance with the Northern Powers; while, in either of which cases, his Dutch Majesty must be certain of being restored to the throne of the united kingdom of the Netherlands. The sober and sensible adherents, however, of the House of Orange indulge in no such ardent speculations. These men are chiefly to be met with among the trading and mercantile classes. The utmost they expect from the change that has taken place in the British Cabinet is that it will have the effect of accelerating a final settlement between Belgium and Holland."

"Three o'clock, p. m."

"In the interval between the hour I have above mentioned and the present, I have visited the Exchange and conversed with some of the most intelligent and respectable merchants in this city. Several of them had the candour to avow themselves favourable to the expelled dynasty; but they all agree in giving it as their opinion, that whoever might be Minister in England, that country would not provoke a war with France for the purpose of restoring the King of Holland, even though it were not bound by treaty to support Leopold on the throne of Belgium. At the same time they said, and I have heard it asserted in higher quarters, that it was very probable the King of Holland would now be prompted to make some bold attempt which would involve Europe in a general war. But the best proof of the correctness of these observations is that the important intelligence just received from England has had little or no effect

upon the funds here, the variations being so slight at the closing hour this afternoon as to leave the market much in the same state as yesterday."

The following humorous examination of some British tars taken prisoners by the French, is from "Leaves of My Log Book."—"Comment vous appelez-vous?" inquired the French officer, addressing a thorough old tar of the Smollet school: "Comment vous appelez-vous?" "Ax the marine there," replied the veteran: "I no parley farstand, but the Jollies all speak Dutch." "Non, non mon ami," returned the Frenchman—"I no mean dusch—I no mean the centree—your appelez—Sacre! Comment vous?" "Nummy woo! who the—do you call nummy woo?" exclaimed the seaman angrily, and taking a severe turn with his quid—"I wants no purser's ammunition consarns to pass muster, My name's Zachariah Winchbolt." "Jacka—Jacka—Quoi?" inquired the officer—"Mon Dieu! le diable catch your pom Jacka Qui! Dit-es-donc?" "Jacky Quaw?" replied the old tar. "I wish my old mother could hear you call me so, and to be named the commander-in-chief at Jerusalem. Jacky Quaw indeed! my eyes but she'd quaw you, old chap—my name is Zachariah." "Zacka—Sacre! e'est bon," said the Frenchman, laughing heartily, in which he was joined by his attendants—"votre nom me fait rire en verite Zackarrie—e'est drole! mais de oder nom, mon ami?" "The other name, Mounseer?" reiterated the tar, "why it's Winchbolt at your service." "Eh bien, mon ami," returned the Frenchman, "Vinachebout." Then addressing his secretary or clerk—"Depechez-vous—mettez—Zackarrie Vinachebout." Then turning to the seaman he continued, "Qu'est le lieu de votre naissance?" "I'm blessed if this arnt a cut above my education," exclaimed Winchbolt. "I say, Jem can't you unlay the strands of it for me, and twist up again into twice laid." "Why in regard of the matter of that," replied the man addressed (an old boatswain's mate) "it's a long while since I learn'd the languages, but howsumeyer I'll try my hand at it—Quoi vous heavey beawoin, mounseer?" "Le lieu de sa naissance," answered the Frenchman. "He wants to loo of your nazeous, Zach," said the boatswain's mate, "which, as he seems to be logging down your marks and fashion pieces, I takes him to mean the length o' your nose."

DIABOLICAL OUTRAGE.—Within the last few days we have had numerous rumors of an attempt at the commission of a crime of the most dastardly character in Armenia, in our neighbouring county of Dutchess, which have now become amply confirmed. It appears that last spring, Mr. Abiah Palmer, an aged, respectable and wealthy gentleman, (who had formerly been married, but had no children,) married a young widow the niece of his former wife; that in the month of October the old gentleman died, leaving his young wife *enclente*; that he made his will and left his property in such a situation that the child might inherit it, or in case the mother should survive the child, the property should rest in her until her decease, when it should descend to some collateral heirs. Under these circumstances, in order to possess himself of a portion of the estate, it would seem that one of these collateral heirs, a young man about 22 years old, named Charles Palmer, a nephew, conceived the base purpose of destroying the life of the lady, and with her also the future heir. Accordingly as is believed, on Tuesday evening the 22d inst. between 7 and 8 o'clock, he prepared himself with a gun loaded with a heavy charge of buck shot—went to the house—and as the woman was sitting before the fire, (with a daughter by a former marriage on each side of her, and a brother reclining on a chair directly under the inner window,) discharged it through the window at her head; but as there were two windows to go through; it is supposed the charge glanced up, and only one shot grazed the top of her head. Her long hair was raised by her cap and comb above her head, and nearly the whole of it was cut off with the shot—one shot lodged among it. Suspicion soon settled upon young Palmer, as the perpetrator of the act. Tracks of stocking feet in the snow traced about half a mile, where he then put on his boots, then, foot tracks; both of which corresponded with those of Palmer's, buck shot similar to those found in the room, were also found upon him; and a gun of the same stamp as the mark of one made in the snow where the person had fallen in his retreat from the house. These circumstances, with some others, fixed

suspicion so strongly upon Palmer, that he was next day arrested, and after a very full investigation, sent to Poughkeepsie and committed to prison to await his trial. The elder Palmer left an estate worth 60 or 70,000. Surely "the love of money is the root of all evil."—*Litchfield Enquirer*.

REV. R. BAXTER.—Of Mr. Baxter it is related, that after he had spent many years in the advancement of the glory of God, by laborious and constant preaching, unceasing pastoral labours, and numerous publications from the press, he was yet unwilling to give himself ease, even amidst the infirmities of disease and age. An old gentleman who heard him preach, related, that when he ascended the pulpit, with a man following him to prevent his falling backward, and to support him, if needful, in the pulpit, many persons would be ready to say he was more fit for a coffin than for labour; but all this he would soon forget, and manifest the fervour and energy of youth in his labours. It was really supposed, the last time he preached, that he would have died in the pulpit. And yet such was his humility, that when reminded of his labours on his death bed, he replied, "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen."

VOLTAIRE.—How empty is popular applause! How insignificant the objects of ambition when attained! Voltaire stood at the head of literature in France—as a historian, dramatist and poet, he received the highest meed of applause. Mornmontel, his intimate friend and ardent admirer, visited him upon an occasion of literary triumph, and to use his own language:—"I saw him on his bed. Well, said I, are you satiated with glory?" "Ah! my good friend," he replied, you talk to me of glory, and I am dying in frightful torture!" The principal cause of this torture, we are told on other authority, was the dread of an approaching eternity.—*Presbyterian*.

FRATERNAL GENEROSITY.—The late Mr. Crawford bequeathed the bulk of his immense fortune to his three sons and one of his daughters, almost entirely overlooking his other daughter, Mrs. F. Wood. The three brothers and the sister of that lady with a fraternal affection which does them the highest honor, have, within the last week, each presented her with £5,000; which with the sum of £20,000, originally presented to her by her father, makes her fortune equal to £40,000.—*Merthyr Guardian*.

REV. E. ERSKINE.—A lady, who was present at the dispensation of the Lord's supper, where the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine was assisting, was much impressed by his discourse. Having been informed who he was, she went on the next Sabbath to his own place of worship to hear him. But she felt none of those strong impressions she experienced on the former occasion—Wondering at this, she called on Mr. Erskine, and stating the case, asked what might be the reason of such a difference in her feelings; he replied, "Madam, the reason is this: last Sabbath you went to hear Jesus Christ preached; but to-day you have come to hear Ebenezer Erskine preach."

A LAPLAND SUMMER.—Including also what in other countries, is called spring and autumn, consists of fifty-six days, as follows:

- June 23, Snow melts,
- July 1, Snow gone,
- 9, Fields quite green,
- 17, Plants at full growth,
- 25, Plants in full blow,
- Aug. 2, Fruits ripe,
- 10, Plants shed their seeds,
- 18, Snow.

From this time, to June 23, the ground is every-where covered with snow, and the waters with ice.

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