

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### THE BRITISH NAVY.

The ships—the ships of England!—how gallantly they sweep  
By town and city, fort and tower—defenders  
Of the deep!  
We build no bastions 'gainst the foe, no mighty  
walls, of stone,  
Our warlike castles breast the tide—the bound-  
less sea's their own.

The ships—the ships of England! What  
British heart is cold  
To the honour of his native isle, to the death-  
less deeds of old;  
From quenched Armada's vaunted power to  
glorious Trafalgar—  
From Philip to Napoleon—when set Britannia's  
star?

The ships—the ships of England! Where'er  
the surges roar—  
Along the dark Atlantic, by the wild East In-  
dian shore—  
Where icebergs flash destruction down, or sul-  
try breezes play—  
The flag of England floats alone, and tri-  
umphs on her way!

Where sweeps the wind, or swells the wave,  
our vessels glad the view;  
The wondering savage marks their deck, and  
stays his swift canoe;  
The Greenlander forsakes his sledge, to watch  
each distant sail  
Pass, like a spilt of the deep, beneath the  
moonlight pale.

Oh, wives, that love your cottage homes—oh,  
maids, that love the green—  
And youths in whose firm, fearless limbs, a  
free born race is seen—  
Give honour to the noble ships, that fame and  
freedom lend,  
And bid your songs of gratitude from hill and  
vale ascend.

What horrors of the midnight storm our reck-  
less seamen know,  
When thunder rattles overhead, and billows  
plunge below;  
When howls the long ferocious blast, like some  
funeral strain,  
And fast and far the vessel drives along the  
dreadful main.

How oft the cannon of the foe hath struck  
their dauntless breast,  
While ye smiled by the social fire, or found  
the balm of rest—  
How oft the shriek of drowning men the startled  
vulture caught,  
When ye had closed your doors in peace, and  
home's sweet pleasures sought.

Then wake your songs of gratitude to those  
who brave the sea,  
And peril life that ye may live, and still prove  
fair and free;  
Amidst your harvest fields, oh, bid this earnest  
prayer prevail—  
"God guard the ships of England, o'er what-  
ever sea they sail."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A TALE OF IRELAND.

[Jerry Lynch is the father of Margaret Brennan, who marries against his will. Lynch in the bitterness of his rage, cursed the youthful couple. Brennan's business gradually failed, and his property was sold by the Tythe Gatherers, and he subsequently, through revenge, joined the "Shanavats."—He repents of this hasty step, and determines, cost what it may, to break off his connection with those whose nightly acts were of the most lawless description.—A burning has taken place, and the parties implicated; apprehended.—Lynch is an officer of the police.]

Three or four horsemen approached—Jerry Lynch at their head. O what a look of appealing deprecation did the daughter cast upon the father!—and how did the father return that look?—with the flushed smile of malignant exultation! Nor was he content with that. He turned his horse toward her; and while with clasped hands and a look of piteous distraction she regarded him—

"Remember the day when you married Phil Brennan!" he cried, in a tone that carried despair in it, even to my heart. "Remember it, and remember your father's curse!"

He turned again to go on, but the horse grew suddenly restive, reared—fell—and the rider came with violence to the ground!

Jerry Lynch lay insensible on a bed in his daughter's house. His head had sustained some injury in the fall—but what, the medical man, who was promptly in attendance could not immediately tell. But that angel of a daughter! How did she stand by the side of her unnatural father—forgetful for a time of the husband, who but a few minutes before, had been the subject of her, most harrowing apprehensions!

"Oh, not this way!" she would cry; O, not this way! If the curse is to fall, let it not be in this way! He has been unkind to me, but he is my father! Let him not be brought into his daughter's house to die!"

Thus she continued bemoaning him for upwards of an hour—when, a noise in the street attracted her attention, she thought of her husband seemed to flash upon her. She became almost breathless, and pressing her hand upon her heart, as though she felt it bursting, she falteringly asked me to go in the next room, which looked into the street, and bring her word what was the matter. I obeyed so far as to look out. I saw a flashing of bayonets at the farther end of the street, and a dense crowd approaching. I grew suddenly as cold as ice—sick—could hardly breathe. I heard the beating of my own heart—it was slow and heavy. The military were in a strong body, and were surrounding something. I looked for a head towering above all the rest, for I had entered into Margaret Brennan's dark forbidding—but, to my momentary relief, could not

see one. The concourse came slowly on. Three deep, as they call it, were the soldiers; their fire-locks sloping towards the crowd. A car, I saw, was in the centre; but, as yet, I could only perceive the horse's head, the soldiers were so thick about it. It drew nearer, and I could catch a glimpse now and then of some persons who were lying bound upon it. It was presently close to the house—at last right opposite to it. Two of the men, strangers, lay with their faces towards me; one with his back to me; I shook from head to foot. He turned as he passed. I heard a piercing shriek in the room, and a fall; Margaret Brennan lay lifeless upon the floor beside me. The man was Phil Brennan.

So absorbed was I in what was passing in the street, I was utterly unconscious of her having followed me. We were joined by some neighbors who had assisted in carrying her father into the house, and had remained there.

No sooner had she come to herself, than she got up from a settee, on which they had placed her, and went and put on her cloak.

"Take care of my poor father," she said; "I am going to Phil; I shall return the moment I have spoken with him. Don't care for me!—I know that the worst that can come will come, and now I am prepared for it!" She paused as she opened the door. "Where's my baby?" she enquired half abstractedly. "I have forgotten my baby! O, it is asleep in the next room!"—At this moment we heard the child move.—She went into the room, and retracing with the infant in her arms, proceeded direct to the jail. No one could be admitted to Phil Brennan! I had instinctively gone along with her.

People must do their duty. The jailer had his orders. The case was one of aggravated crime, and the prisoners must be kept alone.—Still, not a foot from the jail-door would Margaret Brennan stir, till the hour when the privilege of admittance ceased, and visitors were, at last, ejected for the night. A woeful wife, she then returned home, and ascended to the room whither her father had been conveyed.

Sensibility had returned, but there was partial paralysis. The use of the left side was gone. Neither the hand nor the foot of that side could the sufferer stir. There was also a difficulty of articulation, and an evident dullness of perception in the organs of hearing and of sight, but he knew his daughter the moment she plaintively accosted him. From her he glanced to her child—from her child to her and back again—and then he would throw his eyes around the room, and lift to his forehead the hand, the use of which he still retained—and press it there, moving it backward and forward, as one who tries to recall the recollection of something.

But I never saw any thing so striking as the change which had taken place in the expression of his countenance. All asperity had vanished, and meekness and deprecation appeared in its stead. At length he seemed to have found the impression he wished to recall. He beckoned to his unhappy child to come round to the other side of the bed. She did so, and bent her head to hear something which she thought he wanted to say. He showed by his looks that he was misunderstood, with difficulty raised his arm till he could get his hand round her neck, then drew her cheek towards his lips, and kissed it. This was what she did not expect; she withdrew her hand a little, with the impulse of surprise; but the next moment returned the hallowed salutation of reconciliation in a flood of tears, and sat down on the side of the bed. The old man looked as if he could have wept too: but power seemed to be gone.

"Your husband?" he articulated with difficulty.

Margaret Brennan, recalled to the situation of Phil, clasped her hands, and lifted her eyes to heaven.

"In prison," he added. "Heaven forgive me! send—send for Mr. — and Mr. —. Lose no time! for I have no time to spare; quick! quick! let me make what atonement I can."

The persons he named were sent for: they came. Jerry Lynch seemed to gain new strength when they entered the room. Other persons were also summoned. His will, drawn up and witnessed, was executed before twelve o'clock. He left his whole property to his daughter. This done, he sank into a state of stupor, rather than of repose. For several days no change took place in his situation. Injury: serious injury, had been sustained, and no one could calculate the issue.

Meanwhile, the time of Margaret was divided between her husband's prison and the sick bed of her father. Her duties to the latter discharged, hastily she repaired to the former; but not a foot within the walls could she obtain ingress. The magistrate could not allow it. The sheriff, a man of great benevolence, could not grant it. It was necessary that all communication with the prisoner should be cut off, and the commission was about to sit. The Judge came into town. In the eyes of Margaret Brennan, no funeral was ever half so dismal as the array of the cavalcade that ushered them into Clonmel. The howl of the *Ulls* gone was melody to the trumpets, whose flourish did the honours of their portentous procession. One day they sat: another. The third was appointed for the trial of Brennan and his accomplices. Numerous, that morning, was the crowd that surrounded the front of the prison: strong was the escort that waited to conduct the prisoners to the court-house. The unfortunate men appeared: the guard surrounded them; the march commenced. The slanting bayonets kept strangers, acquaintances, friends and relatives aloof; but there was one eye fixed upon Phil Brennan that was blind to the grove of steel that begirt him. In one and the same moment it saw him; and reckless

of the thronging populace and defying guard, closed in his arms: as Margaret Brennan sprang through and flung herself upon the neck of her husband. They did not try to force her away: they could not: they would not. The sheriff, a humane man, as I remarked before, happened to be passing at the time: he whispered the sergeant: she was permitted to walk beside her husband to the court: to enter the dock along with him.

At 11 o'clock, the trial commenced: at 5 o'clock it was concluded. One of the prisoners, an ill-favoured wretch, half brute, had turned informer. He swore positively to the fact that Phil Brennan and the other man were among the fore-most of the incendiaries. A member of the bar, able, as proverbially kind-hearted, volunteered his services on behalf of the accused. By this gentleman, the witness underwent a severe cross examination; but his testimony remained unshaken. Still the evidence was hardly sufficient in itself to found a verdict upon. The judge inquired if there were not any other witnesses?

"None my lord, of whose evidence we can avail ourselves. A boy, we find, escaped from the House, but flight has deprived him of power of speech; and he can neither read nor write."

"Is he in court?" inquired the judge.

"He is my lord. We are going to produce him; but he can be of no other service than to identify the prisoners by signs—provided he knows them."

"Let us try," said the judge.

A little boy was put into the witness box. He had a fine, open countenance, with a remarkably quick and intelligent eye; but he seemed to labour under a feeling of most oppressive uneasiness.

"Little boy," said the Judge, "do you know what an oath is?"

The witness nodded.

"Do you know where the person who takes a false oath, is likely to go?"

He nodded again.

"Is it to Heaven?" demanded the judge.

He shook his head with an expression which left no doubt as to his fitness for standing where they had placed him.

"Swear him!" said the judge. He was sworn.

"Bring all the prisoners to the front of the dock," directed the judge. It was done.

"Look there, little boy," resumed he, "tell me, if any of those persons are known to you?"

"Which of them?" demanded the judge.

"Give him your rod, Mr. Usher, that he may point the person or persons out."

The Usher did as directed, and the boy placed the rod upon the head of Phil Brennan.

"No other?" asked the judge.

He shook his head.

And that man you swear, was at the fire?"

He nodded.

"You have been unable to speak since that night?"

He nodded and then shook his head mournfully.

"The boy's face which was before as pale as ashes, now became as red as if every drop of blood in his body had rushed into it.

Alternately he stretched out his arms to the Judge, raised them to heaven, and pointed to Phil Brennan.

"Poor Boy!" cried the public prosecutor, "he appeals to us and to heaven for justice upon the man who murdered his family!"

Now the agitation of the little fellow became appalling. His chest heaved, and the muscles of his throat began to work as if he were in the act of strangulation: he wrung his hands—clapped them—threw his arms wildly about; and, at last, became perfectly black in the face; and, in this state, was removed.

The jury retired for half an hour; at the expiration of that time they returned into Court, and a verdict of guilty was recorded. Margaret Brennan lay lifeless on the floor of the dock! The prisoners were asked what they had to say, why sentence of death should not be passed upon them. Phil Brennan turned to his companion in misfortune.

The unfortunate man, overwhelmed by the announcement of his fate, looked as if the faculties of thought and sense were utterly suspended; he glared wildly in the face of the Judge. Phil, with a countenance still clear—still bland—still resolute and confident, bowed to the Judge and to the court, prepared himself to speak:

"I am an unfortunate man," said he; "but I am an innocent one. I belonged to the Shanavats; but I never yet joined them, nor would join them in a housebreaking or a burning. I was at the fire, but I did not know that it was intended. I went to their meeting at the risk of my life, to tell them that from that moment I withdrew myself from their association. I did tell them so. They threatened me with death! I dared them to do their worst, for I was well armed, and they knew me. Perhaps I had not been here to-day, or on this earth to-day had it not been for the burning of that cottage. I saw the blaze break out—a different party had set fire to the thatch. The house stood about a quarter of a mile from the place where we were talking. I forgot myself and them—every thing but the inmates of that house! I bounded from them. I reached the scene of destruction. Heaven forgive the destroyers! In defiance of those who surrounded the house, I burst open the door. I found a little boy at my foot. I snatched him up, and paused—then, for the first time recollected that death was without as well as within, for me as well as for him. I made up my mind to try to escape, with the boy, through the midst of them. I sprang to the door expecting their shots. Not one of the party was to be seen. Something, I knew not what, I since know, had scared them, and they had fled. I set the body down; and entered the house again, in the hope of rescuing some other of the inmates. In defiance of the burning thatch, which was fal-

ling fast and thick, I burst open the door of another room, but could see nobody. I called, but nobody answered me. I was choked with the heat of the smoke, and made a rush to the door. I stumbled into the arms of the military and was secured. I asked for the boy. They reviled me, and mocked me, and, taking my weapons from me, asked me, "what I had been doing with these?" They brought me to prison, from prison I have been brought here. I have been tried and found guilty by the jury, and no blame to them. The informer to save his own life, has made away with mine! You are going to pass sentence of death upon me, and I shall be hung. No matter how soon I die—my wife lies dead already upon the floor of the dock? I am as innocent as of the burning, as she is."

A dead silence ensued. The judge slowly took his cap and put it on. At this moment a considerable degree of confusion appeared to prevail in a quarter of the Court within a few paces of the dock.

"Silence," cried the official, whose duty it is to maintain order.

The confusion increased.

"What is the matter?" demanded the Judge, "that this interruption is permitted at such a moment as this? Who makes this noise?"

"The boy who was in convulsions," answered one of the spectators, "and was removed, has contrived to get back, and seems now to be falling into them again."

"Remove him again said the crier."

The command was obeyed; the boy was lifted, and way made for the person who was carrying him. The little fellow was about ten years old. His eyes were now read and staring. The muscles of his countenance were agitated fearfully. His mouth, agitated, was wide agape. As the person that had charge of him was passing the dock, the little fellow caught hold of the iron spikes with which it was surmounted, and there he held in spite of every effort to remove him.

"Remove him by the dock" directed the Judge.

"Give him to me," exclaimed Phil Brennan, extending his arms to lift him over. The boy instantly let go his hold, clasped Phil Brennan round the neck and bursting into tears, exclaimed, or rather shrieked, "Don't kill him! don't kill him! He saved me from the fire! Don't hang him! don't kill him!"

It is impossible to describe the sensation produced in the whole court by this extraordinary incident. As soon as silence was restored, the Judge demanded if any friend or relation of the boy's was present.

"Yes, and so please your honor," cried an old woman, who had kept as close to the boy as the throng would permit her. She was ordered to be conducted to the witness box. When there, she stated that the boy, who happened to be her grandson, had come to her house late on the night of the fire; that fear seemed to have utterly deprived him of the power of speech: that from that moment to this he had never spoken, or uttered any sounds save what were perfectly unintelligible; that she had accompanied her grandson to the court to take care of him, and that, as to the prisoners at the bar she had never spoken to any of them, nor knew any thing about them. The boy was then again put into the witness box and examined, and clearly corroborated that part of Phil Brennan's statement which related to the little fellow himself. The issue may be easily guessed.

At eleven o'clock that night, Phil Brennan and his wife—who, with prompt and active medical assistance, was at last restored to consciousness, and narrowly escaped a relapse upon hearing of the unlooked for happy turn that things had taken—presented themselves at their own door. Joyfully was it opened for them, but sad were the looks of Margaret when she heard that her father was past hope. His mind, within the last two days, had begun to wander; and it was evident that a crisis which would prove fatal, was fast approaching. She and her husband, on tiptoe entered the room where Jerry Lynch was lying on his death bed. His breathing was hard and loud, his face white, his eyes glazed and almost fixed. The clergyman and doctor, with some friends were standing at the other side of the bed.

"How are you, father?" inquired Margaret Brennan.

His eyes made a slight motion towards the quarter where the speaker stood.

"Have they hung him?" have they hung him?" was his reply.

"No, father! no! he is here!"

"Accursed be the witnesses! accursed be the jury! accursed be the judge!" he exclaimed; and his frame began to writhe, and the foam to rise from his mouth.

"Father! cried his child.

"Well, Margaret?" he uttered, suffocatingly.

"Phil Brennan is here, and alive and safe," rejoined Margaret.

"Ha! ha!" cried he, with a strength of voice far beyond what he could command several days before. Ha! ha! and there is the cart, and he in it. Stop the execution! Murder! murder! Why do they take him to the gallows? I never told them! I have no hand in hanging him. I cursed him, and I cursed you, but I recall the curse. Why do they tie him up? Murder! murder! They will not turn him off. They will! they do! There he is swinging!" Here the old man uttered a faint shriek. Cut the rope! cut the rope! cut it! cut it! cut it! He is dying! dying! he is dead!" The last breath passed with the word.

Phil Brennan was now a man possessed of a decent independence. Every thing began to prosper with him. Loving and beloved, he was the happiest and best of husbands. He became the father, too, of a numerous progeny. But his eldest child, and not his least dear, partook not of his blood. It was no other than the orphan witness whom Phil took home with him upon the

day of his trial; and from that time adopted and seated as his own.—*Irish Paper.*

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.—A person at Old Lenton named Francis Cheetham, having a horse to dispose of, entrusted it to a John Hubbard, who brought it to Nottingham on the fair day. The salesman trotted him through the busy scene of exhibition for some time to no purpose.

As the fair proved dull, the dealers were nice, Not even one enquired the horse's price.

At length an apparent honest countryman seemed to admire him, and expressing a wish to try his paces, he dismounted from a sorry beast, the appearance of which demonstrated that he had been no sinecure, and had entered upon that last stage of resistance to which these valuable animals are too commonly doomed; the customer having taken the saddle off, was allowed to put it upon the other horse, and, like a true judge, he started at a walking pace, then broke into a trot, until he had reached Parliament-street, when he was seen at full speed, making his way towards the North; his unfortunate dupe waited some time anxiously expecting to strike a bargain, mounted the Rozinante left in his care, but finding her quite a slug, and moreover painful to ride bare backed, he left her in the care of a third person, and took to his heels; his misgivings were soon confirmed upon being told by several people he met, that they had seen a man riding so fast that they thought the horse had run away with him. An active pursuit has been instituted, but at present to no effect. We fear the poor man did not receive quite so patient a rebuke upon his return to Lenton, as Moses did upon presenting his spectacles; the case must indeed have proved truly CHAGRINING, as we are informed that the runaway horse is worth 30 guineas.

## A WONDER.

HAVING replied to his enquiry what countrymen I was, by asking him to guess, he successively said, Dutchman, German, Englishman, and Irishman, and fearing he might lose patience, I at last told him a Scotchman. He had never heard of Scotchmen before, and insisted I must be one of the Scotch-Irish, which I afterwards learnt means in this part of the world, the inhabitants of the north of Ireland.—*Shirriff's Tour through North America.*

DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH COTTAGE.—"Tell me of the cottage, Loggin," God bless you, Ma'am dear you're cruel fond of hearing of cottages; sure the history of most them to this country is alike; a wedding and a little to begin with—a power of children and a little to give them—rack rent for the bit of land, turned out bag and baggage for that or the title!—beggary, starvation, sickness, death. That's the poor Irishman's calendar since the world was a world, barrin here and there, now and then, when he gets a sight of good fortune, by mistake.—*London New Monthly.*

## FOR SALE.

THAT two story HOUSE, situated on the corner of Regent and King Streets, lately owned and occupied by James Cumming, deceased. Terms of payment easy and liberal. For particulars enquire of JOHN F. TAYLOR, Esquire, or ROBERT FULTON, Frederickton, 26th May, 1835.

## LAND FOR SALE.

ROBERT RANKIN & Co. have a number of Lots of LAND in the County of Carleton, which they wish to dispose of. Any Person wishing to purchase will be informed of the situations and conditions, by applying to WILLIAM J. BEDELL at Frederickton. 24th March, 1835.

## FOR SALE.

A Valuable building Lot, 60 by 150 feet, belonging to the Subscriber, situate in Queen-street, adjoining the property of Mr. Thomas M. Wright. Terms and other particulars made known on application to JOHN BARRETT, 4w.

Frederickton, April 22d, 1835.

## NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any Legal demands against the Estate of the late *SILAS BRADBURY* of the Parish of Woodstock, deceased, are required to present the same, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to JOHN SHEA, Executor. Northampton, 1<sup>st</sup> June, 1835.—1m.

## 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 insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash and the Insertions will be regulated according to the amount received. Blankets, Handbills, &c. &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

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