

POETRY.

Selected.

SIR WALTER SCOTT IN ITALY.

In his declining years, Sir W. Scott was taken to Italy, in the hope that the interesting objects there presented to him might restore the dormant energies of his mind—but in vain. While there, his constant cry was, "Take me home!"

An aged man sat sighing
In a lofty marble hall,
Where gorgeously the setting ray
Of a southern sun did fall.
The perfume of the citron groves
Swept o'er his brow in vain,
It woke not in his slumbering mind
Its energies again.

And bear me hence, he murmured;
The sunshine is too bright,
The flowers are all too fragrant,
For my spirit's rayless night;
A gentle wind comes whispering o'er
The ocean's breast of foam,
It hath a sweet, but mournful voice,
Come home! it cries, come home!

I know this land is lovely;
It once made bright my dreams;
But I sigh for Scotland's glens,
Wild rocks and rushing streams.
The dreams that haunt my pillow now
Speak not of thee, oh Rome,
They have a voice, one only voice,
Come home! it cries, come home!

I listen to the nightingale,
Weary of its sweet lay,
The blackbird sings much sweeter
In the gloaming far away.
The wild strains of a prison bird
Float through this marble dome—
I know the burden of its song,
Come home! it cries, come home!

MISCELLANEOUS.

TURKISH SKETCHES.

By Rev. Walter Colton, Author of "Ship and Shore."

EFFECTS OF OPIUM.—The number of devotees to this drug of delicious delirium has of late very much diminished; not that there is less misfortune or wretchedness to be soothed or forgotten, but that wine, which ever maketh the heart of man glad, has been clandestinely substituted in its place. Whether the intellect, morality or health of the community has profited by the change, I leave to the decision of those who have had wider opportunities of witnessing the effects of both. My own conviction is that if a man will take to stimulants, the juice of the poppy is as harmless as any other source of excitement; and then it has this strong recommendation—it never makes a man foolish; it never casts a man into a ditch, or under the table; it never deprives him of his wits or his legs. It allows a man to be a gentleman; it makes him visionary, but his visions create no noise, no riots; they deal no blows, blacken no one's eyes, and frighten no one's peace. It is the most quiet and unobtrusive relief to which the desponding and distressed, who have no higher resource, can appeal.

I should want no stronger evidence of this, than the immediate effects on those whom I once saw using it at Constantinople. The change which diffused itself through the countenance, limbs and gait, was like the resuscitation of the dying to the energies and happiness of a fresh life. You could hardly persuade yourself that the man who now moved before you with a light elastic tread, and an eye kindling with secret rapture, was the same who a short time since approached with a faltering, feeble step, scarcely able to sustain himself upon his cane, and the arm of a less withered friend, while every feature seemed settled in that unrelieved despair which might make a word of hope sound like a mockery. Such was the change, such the total renovation produced, that one ignorant of the depression and despondency into which this dreaming, delicious excitement, if unrenewed, must ultimately sink, might have supposed that the tree of life had been discovered, and the immortal ambrosia of its fruits enjoyed. But as weariness will the sooner overtake the forced wing of the eagle, so depression will only the deeper weigh down the heart that has thus been too elated. The even stream pursues its way in cheerfulness and light, through smiling valleys to the deeper wave of the ocean and the lake, while the mountain torrent that foams from the cliff, though there it may have worn all the hues of Heaven, only plunges, perhaps, into some wild and sunless glen, whose solitude is never cheered by the tints of breaking day, or the song of early birds.

Few men, however, pass through life without testing some source of promised health and happiness, beyond the quiet motion of the heart. My imagination was once so kindled by the perusal of a little book called the "Opium Water," that I resolved to put its pleasing assurances to a practical test. So, sending to an apothecary's shop, I procured two enormous doses of the precious drug. One was taken by my young companion, who had become equally interested in making the experiment, the other by myself.

My comrade began immediately to feel extremely particular about the stomach, and soon in a retching agony, parted with all his anodyne expectations. My portion stuck fast as original sin; and I shortly lapsed into a disturbed slumber, in which it appeared to me that I retained my consciousness entire, while visions passed before me which no language can convey, and no symbols of happiness or terror can represent. At one time I was soaring on the pinions of an angel among the splendours of the highest Heaven, beholding at a glance the beauty of their unveiled mysteries, and listening to harps and choral symphonies, over which, time, sorrow, and death have no power; and then my presumption was checked—my cleaving wings, like the waxen plumes of Icarus, were melted away, and I fell down, till caught in the bosom of a thunder cloud, from which I was again hurled, linked to its fiercest bolt, upon the plunging verge of a cataract, that carried me down, frantic with horror, into the lowest depth of its howling gulf.

Thence again I emerged, with the placidity and power of Neptune over his troubled realm, and driving my watery team over the excited bosom of the ocean, harmonized its elements into the deep bass it sustained in the bursting anthem of the infant world. And then with the fleetness of a disembodied spirit, I seemed to float around just between the incumbent circle of the blue Heaven and the sea, discerning within upon the ebbing plain the motion of innumerable ships skimming with the lightness of the swallow, while without the circle I beheld far down in the twilight and lurid gloom of an immeasurable gulf, the wrecks of worn out worlds.

Still I floated on upon the frightful verge of the circle, till coming around near the North Pole I saw its steadfast star fixed in the darkened change of death; other planets were bending over it; and when they had sung its funeral hymn, they lowered it into a grave so dark, so fathomless and still, that the agonies and convulsions of expiring nature could not disturb its sepulchral sleep. While thinking of the dismayed mariner, rolling his eyes in vain to find his undeviating star, an iceberg with its mountain mass of frozen torrents came rolling on, and catching me in one of its dripping shelves, bore me through seas lashed by the hurricane, convulsed with the war of the whale and sword fish, and where the serpent, struck by lightning, lay trothed between two waves like a huge pine prostrated among the hills.

Being benumbed and paralyzed by the stiffening ice, I fell from my tumbling lodgment, descending through the sea, was carried by the wave of a submarine current quite within a little grotto, reared of coral and lined with pearls, where a mermaid was gently kindling a fire, beneath whose reviving ray I soon felt each frozen vein and limb slowly tingling back to life—when, as if to regain my bewildered thoughts, and soothe their delicious excitement, this daughter of the deep, raising her harp, struck one of those soft strains whose liquid flow melts into the heart like fragrant dew into the bosom of the folding rose.

But scarce had the last note of this sweet minstrel died away into the listless stillness of peace, when a call loud as the summoning trumpet of the archangel, sent its rending thunder through the hollow caverns of the astounded ocean, and the rent tombs of the shaking earth, starting even death itself from his sleep. The sheeted dead went up from their watery graves to stand on the sea, while the earth, from precipice to plain, from shore to mountain's brow, was covered with the shrouded myriads that had left their couches of clay.

The sun, with a changed, despairing aspect, disappeared, leaving a huge darkened chasm in the Heavens; the moon spun round and round, and slowly receded from view, leaving another fearful blank in the blue vault; the planets fell from their places, and were quenched as they sunk into the lifeless void beneath; and darkness in a thick palpable mass, filled all space, save where the forked lightning, arrested in its course, still preserved its terrific form and brightness; and save the lingering light of some loftier star that contended with its doom. The courses and powers of nature were suspended still and motionless; the mariner heard his relaxed sails fall against the idle mast, the breaker cease to lift his wandering voice over the fatal reef, while the sea bird, unable again to reach the wave, rested upon his immovable pin-

ions; the curling wave lay half broken on the shore; the torrent ceased to plunge from its wave worn steep; the war horse kneeled down and died; the monarch in his capital, disrowned, stood pale and speechless; the peasant in his field called aloud on his forgotten God; while the imploring shriek of nations went up like the last wail of a ruined world!

The agony is o'er; nature her debt

Has paid; the earth is covered with a clay
That once was animate, and even yet
Is warm with an existence left away
By him who gave; it were but yesterday
This clay peopled a happy universe
With beings buoyant, beautiful and gay;
But now alas!—of all things the reverse,
Earth is her winding sheet, and darkness palls
The hearse!

These lines were engraven on my heart at the time by the departing spirit of my dream; and I awoke, after having been lost to all the realities of this world for two days and nights. But Oh! the faintness, the thirst, and delirious weakness of that waking moment! I look back to it as a man who has been skating over the frozen bosom of a lake turns to the yawning chasm which he has miraculously escaped! I could not stand or sit; and even in a most inclined posture respiration itself seemed an effort beyond the grasping exhaustion of my frame. I should have turned on my pillow and died, but for the kindly efforts of one whom I can never love too much, or remember too long. Let no one test like me, the dreaming ecstasies and terror of opium; it is only scaling the battlements of Heaven, to sink into the burning tombs of Hell!

A Word for Boots.—There exists not in the kingdom, at the present day, a more industrious and trustworthy class of individuals than those functionaries whom custom has identified with their profession by the *soubriquet* of "Boots."—Those who sit in arm chairs and live quietly at home in their houses, can form but an imperfect idea of the extent of the responsibility that falls to the share of this part of his Majesty's subjects. Since the improvement in roads, and the increase of trade have set the commercial world in a state of perpetual locomotion, many and various are the wants of a traveller in the way of assistance and information on arriving at the place of his daily destination; yet no sooner does he plant his foot in an inn, than his objects, be they what they may, are immediately undertaken and accelerated by honest Boots—Whether it be that letters are to be delivered, or valuable parcels, or local matters of any sort to be attended to, application is always made in the first instance to Boots—Boots is the last person seen in the house at night, and first again on foot in the morning; of him it is required to know everybody and everything; to have not only a strong back, but a civil good humored countenance; to be able to work hard upon little pay; to possess a clear head and a light pair of heels, and in short, with never ceasing activity and time at command infinitely divisible, to officiate in every respect, and to the benefit of the travelling world, as the Mercury of the lower heaven. Hardly does the cock crow in the morning before Boots is on the alert—before the time of his repose arrives at night, every inmate in the house will have sunk down in leaden slumbers. Traveller remember poor Boots—you have given him his fee; yet peradventure some copper money may still jingle in your pocket; nay, if it be a sixpence it will not be ill bestowed on him who has welcomed your arrival, has sped your departure, has strained his sinews in your service, has done his duty, and now stands before you respectfully, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a lustian sleeve. Traveller, probably you are a bachelor; now then is the time to be liberal; remember poor Boots while no weightier claims upon your purse disturb you; wait not for the hour when, with your travels at an end, and locomotive faculties impeded by joint gravity, a life of peregrination concludes by short stages, like the days of an uxorious blue bottle fly at the close of summer.—*Sir G. Head's Tour.*

Jews in China.—There is a colony of Jews in China at Kaefoong-fob, of whom Mr. Davis, in his work on the Chinese, gives some interesting particulars. They are said to have reached China as early as two hundred years before Christ; the Chinese calls them, "the sect that plucks out the sinew." There is a place reserved in their synagogue for its chief, who never enters there except with profound respect. They say that their ancestors came from a kingdom of the west, called the kingdom of Juda, which Joshua conquered after having departed from Egypt, and passed the

Red Sea and the Desert; that the number of Jews who migrated from Egypt was about 600,000 men. They say their alphabet has 27 letters, but they commonly make use of only 22, which accords with the declaration of St. Jerome, that the Hebrew has 22 letters, five or which are double. When they read the Bible in their synagogue they cover the face with a transparent veil, in memory of Moses, who descended from the mountain with his face covered, and who thus published the decalogue and the law of God to his people; they read a section every Sabbath day. Thus the Jews of China, like the Jews of Europe, read all the law in the course of the year.

PARIS GAMBLING HOUSES.—I have visited, to know myself what they are, the HELLs of Paris. They are the great gambling houses. The thing that struck me most in them, was the apparent absence of every thing like what the name imports.—The scene is marked with decorum and modesty in the air of women, and composure and gravity on the part of men; and yet the company consists of the most vicious persons of both sexes. So far is this decorum carried at Frascati's, that servants were in attendance in the ante-chamber, who took our hats, overcoats, and over shoes, as if we were to enter an ordinary party. This was to me the most instructive feature of the scene; for, after all, I suppose it is true, that hell is not found so much in physical horrors, in lurid flames and frightful countenances, as in smooth faced, decorous wickedness; not so much in groans, and shrieks, and imprecations, perhaps, as in soft words and fair pretensions. In short, where hell is, it does not appear to the outward eye, and, perhaps, it never will. But who, from the silent depths of the soul, with the eye all spiritual has not perceived things worse than any outward form can show, or scene exhibit, or words express?—*Dewey.*

CUNNING.—The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves. As the ignorant and unsuspicious are often protected by their singleness of purpose, so are the crafty and designing not unfrequently foiled by their duplicity. It is not every rogue that, like a bowl, can gain his object the better by deviating from the straight line; although there is one straight line to which the rogue's deviations are very apt to conduct him.

From the London Watchman, August 3.

EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.—It is with sincere sorrow we have to record the receipt of very bad news from the Expedition down the River Euphrates. Our readers are aware that early in May, the steam-vessels, Euphrates and Tigris, after overcoming many obstacles proceeded on her voyage. We now learn that they descended the stream without accident, to the 21st, finding the natives, with whom they came into contact, not opposed to their progress. On the 21st, however, they were assailed by one of those sudden and terrible hurricanes which often arise in the deserts; and, unfortunately, while the Euphrates hardly escaped from wreck the smaller vessel, the Tigris, which generally led the expedition, was overwhelmed by the tornado, and went down with all on board. In a few minutes, not a vestige of her was to be seen, and only a small portion of her crew, including Colonel Chesney, were saved from a watery grave. The place where this calamity befel is near Wordie, and about eighty miles from Annap, whence the latest accounts, dated 23th May have been received. From the official report and private letters, it appears that fifteen Englishmen, including three officers, and five or six natives, perished. Among those we have to deplore, are Lieut. Cockburn, R. A. Lieut. R. B. Lynch, of the Bengal army, (a passenger who had joined his brother, Lieut. H. B. Lynch,) and Sarded, the interpreter. It is feared that the death of the latter may prove very detrimental to the Expedition, to which his services were of great value. We are assured that Colonel Chesney entertains the most confident hope of the ultimate success of his enterprise, notwithstanding this fatal and melancholy event.—*Literary Gazette.*

Several additional communications have been received of this dreadful catastrophe, for which we have not room. We cannot resist the temptation to subjoin the following extract of a letter from Lieutenant Lynch, the commander of the Tigris steamer. It is true poetry in prose,—touching and sublime.

"Euphrates Steamer, off town of Anah, in the river Euphrates, May 26, 1836.

"Poor Robert is no more! he went

down by my side, on the 21st of this month, in a dreadful storm that drove my vessel to the bottom in a few minutes, as we were running along, proud in leading the way, over the unknown stream, and confident in our vessel and the band around us. All was blighted in a few minutes; and even yet I can only look back with stupor to the dreadful event. Little did we think death was hovering so near. I saw the storm coming, and prepared for it, but preparations were not of any avail; it dashed us before it, amidst a cloud of sand, dark as midnight; and cleft to fragments by the racking lightning and echoing with the thunder that appeared to crash all around us, man's puny hand was powerless, the blast was irresistible, and the darkness passed away to leave a sinking wreck. We sunk together, thrice was I dragged down by some sinking sailor, and when I rose unencumbered from the last deadly struggle, nearly exhausted, I looked around in vain for Robert. A few minutes dashed me, clinging to the passing fragments, to the bank, where I climbed, not to find him; oh! we had parted for ever, he was never seen more. I cannot go on, suffice it to say, though I have lost all, the storm could not leave any stain on our name. The committee of officers appointed as usual in such circumstances, give me, with eagerness, in their report to his Majesty's Government, full credit for judgment to meet and intrepidity to face danger, and avert it as became an officer; and those who remain to mourn for their lost comrades, are as eager to soothe my loss, by testifying their belief that they were led through the danger by an officer, whom the appearance of death did not divert from his efforts to save them. Twenty of my fine crew went down with Robert; few, comparatively, were saved, not a third of the whole crew, which was above thirty five in all; and when I was dashed to the shore, I had hardly breath to return thanks for my safety to the Power by whose hand alone I could have been saved. Adieu."

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any just demands against the estate of the late Rev. Michael M'Sweeney, of Fredericton, are requested to render their accounts for adjustment within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

MARY ANN M'SWEENEY, Adm'r.
Fredericton, 15th June, 1836.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Stephen Bubar, late of the Parish of Mauderville in the County of Sunbury, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested, within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are desired to make immediate payment to.

CHRISTIANA BUBAR, Executrix.
THOMAS O. MILES, Executor.
Mauderville, 18th July 1836.

SODA WATER & MEAD.

iced Soda Water and Mead, had draught from the fountain, may be had at all times at the Subscriber's, who has just imported a machine for making the above articles.

JAMES F. GALE,
Chemist and Druggist.
Fredericton, July 19, 1836.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, (Connecticut.)

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for the Protection Insurance Company will insure Houses, Stores, Barns, and every sort of Goods and Wares against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE at the most reasonable rate of premium. The subscriber will also attend to the renewal of any Policies issued by the for-er Agent in any place.

JAMES TAYLOR, AGENT.
Fredericton, Sept. 25, 1835.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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