

POETRY.

Selected.

CAN YOU NAME HER NOW SO LIGHTLY?

By Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Can you name her now so lightly,
Once the idol of you all?
When a star bath shone so brightly,
Can you glory in its fall?

Shall the friends who came around her
When her smile could bliss impart,
Now a shaft is raised to wound her,
Rush to guide it to her heart?

Shall these friends—oh profanation
Unto friendship's holy name!—
When they hear an accusation,
Make no struggle for her fame?

When the stigma is upon her,
Shall the proudest stand aloof?
When the crowd proclaims dishonour,
Will they listen without proof?

Will they trust the tale of evil,
Told by those who'd drag her down,
To their own degraded level
From her innocent renown?

Shall it almost seem a duty
Without proof to say she errs?
Tis alas! the fate of beauty
So pre-eminence as hers!

They who in its praise were loudest
Feared the homage that it found;
They who of her smile were proudest
Felt the obligation wound.

It is well when beauty's dwelling
Is a calmer, purer sphere,
Envy points at all exelling
Those in fashion's bright career.

And to fame the taint is surest
Mid the busy haunts of men,
As the snow remains the purest
On the mountain and the glen.

Shirley Park, July 2nd.

From the New York Mirror.

HOME AT LAST.

A shivering child, one winter night,
(The snow was deep, and cold the blast)
Hugging her ragged mother tight,
"Mother!" exclaimed, "we're home at last!"
And as she spoke, poor little one,
A ruinous hut she stood before,
Whence, ever since the morning sun,
They strayed—to beg from door to door.

Ye'er home at last! Sad home is this—
All torn without, all cold within;
The adder here might lurk and hiss,
Her poisonous web the spider spin—
But there's no fire to warm, nor light;
And crevices are yawning wide,
Through which the storm, this freezing night,
May lay you stiffened side by side!

And yet this wayward child had been
By many a gorgeous house—and past
Where mirth and music cheer the scene
Nor envies—for she's home at last?
Thus may the heart be trained below
To love the cot wherein was cast
Its fate or poverty or woe,
Like hers who cried "We're home at last!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE ESCAPE: A TALE OF THE SEA.

The morning broke hazily upon the Atlantic, with a fresh breeze from the eastward, attended by frequent squalls of light rain. The sea had assumed that dead lead-color which always attests the absence of the sun; and a dark curtain of clouds, that were slowly heaving up to windward, threatened an interval of heavier weather before the close of day. About an hundred miles from that part of the coast of South America situated between the Brazil shoals and Cape Frio, a large and beautiful ship was dashing along under a press of canvas. She had the wind abeam, and every thing the weather would allow was packed on aloft and aloft. On her quarter deck, a group, consisting of the passengers and officers of the ship, had collected to observe a strange sail, which, since daylight, had been discovered two or three points forward of the beam.

"Give me the glass," said a stout, good-looking middle-aged man, whose countenance betrayed, or, more properly, indicated, a fondness for glasses, and whose authoritative tone at once christened him skipper. Taking the proffered instrument, he adjusted it at the proper focus, and commenced studying the stranger, whose hull, by the aid of the telescope, was but just visible, as she rose upon the crests of the waves.

"He's edging away for us," muttered Captain Bangem; "just got a pull of his weather braces; devilish suspicious craft, too."

"A guineaman from the coast, perhaps," said Skysail.

"The fellow thinks it's getting too black to windward for all his duck," resumed the captain; "he's reefing his fore-top-sail, and we must follow suit."

"Passing the glass to a sailor at his elbow, he took up the trumpet, and looking at the mouth-piece for a moment, applied it to his lips, and gave the order to take in the studding-sails, royals, and flying-jib. When this movement had been executed, Bangem again thundered forth:

"Man the top-gallant clew-lines—

clear away the sheets—clew up—man the topsail reef-tackles and buntlines—clear away the bowlines; round in the braces—settle away the halliards—clew down, haul out the reef-tackles, and up the buntlines—trice up the booms—lay out, and take in the second reef."

The ever-ready seamen sprang upon the yards, and extending themselves along either extremity, caught up and secured to the spar the canvas contained between the first and second reef-bands. When all three of the topsails had been reefed, the yards were again mast headed and trimmed, the top-gallant-sails sheeted home, and the Niagara once more freshened her speed through the water.

In the meantime, the stranger was fast coming down, and so rapidly had he overhauled the Niagara, that those on board of the latter were able to distinguish her build and rig with the naked eye. She was a long, low clipper schooner, with spars that seemed much too taut and square for the little hull out of which they rose. Captain Bangem had been watching her for some moments with the utmost interest, when, turning to Skysail, he ordered him to hoist the ensign. "Now," said he, "we'll see what bunting the fellow wears. Ah, there it goes!—the stars and stripes." A rolling billow of smoke rose from the bows of the schooner, and the report of a gun thundered along the breeze.

"Man the weather main-braces—clear away the bowlines—put the helm down—ease off the jib-sheet!" shouted Bangem; and in another moment the Niagara was lying to, with the main-top-sail to the mast. The skipper again resumed the spy-glass; but scarcely had he raised it to his eye, when, relinquishing it to another, he seized the trumpet, and in a voice that betrayed unusual excitement, he sang out,—"Haul aft the jib-sheet!—hard up, hard up!"

"Hard up!" answered the man at the wheel, and the obedient ship fell rapidly off before the wind.

"Lay aft to the braces!" said Bangem, "meet her now, boy."

"She's got the lee helm," was the immediate reply. "Steady as you go—steady so."

"Steady so, Sir," responded the steersman.

The sullen report of a gun told how the stranger had received this manoeuvre; and when the smoke rolled off to leeward, the American ensign was no longer at his peak. Before the Niagara had been kept away, she was running along with the wind abeam; the stranger was on her weather-bow, and heading so as to near her at each moment, and eventually cut her off; but now the former had assumed the same position with regard to wind as the latter, and both vessels were running with the breeze sharp on their quarter. There were but few questions asked on board of the Niagara; the unlooked-for deviation from her proper course, and the subsequent manoeuvres of the schooner, at once told the real or suspected character of the vessel in chase; and the passengers gathered about the taffrail, regarding with a fearful silence the little object of their fears, that came down clambering and cutting the waves, like some hungry monster of the deep after its retreating prey.

"Gentlemen," said Bangem, "it would be superfluous for me to tell you the character of that vessel; you all know it, and you also know what mercy to expect, if we fall into their hands. A stern chase is a long chase, and as the Niagara sails better with the wind well aft, I have given her her fastest point: we are now heading for the coast of South America, and must keep out of his clutches as long as we can. If Providence does not send us deliverance in the mean time, why, it is even better to perish on the reefs, than to die by the knives of yon butchers."

Another gun from the pirate boomed over the water, but the shot fell harmless astern of the Niagara. "Ay, blaze away, you vagabond!" muttered an old veteran, who was assisting in running out of a sternport the only gun on board; "every shot you heave is four fathoms off your log."

"If it were eight hours later, we might be able to give her the ship during the night," said Bangem; "but if we continue to move along at this rate, we shall be high and dry on the coast of Brazil before the sun goes down."

Still the schooner kept overhauling the ship, but his advantage was not now as perceptible as before: every thing held out the prospect of a long chase; but so intently was the stranger bent on gaining her, that he sent aloft and set his light top-gallant-sail, although the wind was blowing a perfect gale, and shortly afterward men were seen

on his top-sail yard, turning out the reefs. As soon as Bangem perceived this, he gave the order to turn both reefs out of the top-sails, and get the starboard fore-top-mast-studding-sail ready for setting. In a few moments, an additional quantity of canvas was spread along the booms of the Niagara, and the gallant vessel rushed like some wild leviathan through the rolling sea, dashing aside its angry waters, and leaving broad streaks of boiling foam behind.

"Give him a round shot, Skysail," said Bangem; "we must try and cripple him, or it's all day with us."

"Ay, ay, Sir," muttered the tar, as he squinted along the sight, and elevated the gun for a long shot: the match was applied, and away sped the iron.

"Well done, old'un!" shouted Skysail, as the splinters flew from the bulwarks of the pirate.

"Try it again, my hearty!" continued Bangem; "give him a stand of grape along with it, this time."

The schooner yawed and fired, but again its shot fell harmless alongside of the chase.

"There go his stu'n-sail booms," said the mate, as two delicate spars glided out, as if by magic, from either extremity of his top-sail yard, while in another moment a sheet of white canvas arose and was extended on either side of his belling topsail. The pursuer had gained considerably on the pursued during the last half hour; and Bangem, who stood watching her progress with the eye of an eagle, now got down from the horse-block, and gave orders to set the starboard lower, and all the top-gallant-stu'n-sails. The seamen exchanged glances in amazement, but it was only for a moment; and the next beheld them spread in different parts of the rigging, making preparation to heap an additional pile of canvas upon the spars of the trembling ship. "Haul taut, rig out, and hoist away!"—but scarcely had the halliards been belayed, when snap! went the booms of the top-gallant and yard of the lower studding-sail. "Lower away—haul down!" shouted Bangem; make those sails up afresh, point the spare booms, and get them ready for setting again."

The two vessels continued to fly rapidly towards the coast of Brazil, and the pirate still continued to gain on the chase, although he yawed and fired at an interval of every half hour. Had the Niagara hauled her wind on either tack, she would have soon become the prey of the schooner, as she sailed faster with the wind abeam. Bangem accordingly thought it much better to keep nearly before the breeze, as the pursuer would then have to deviate from his course to bring his guns to bear, and consequently deadened at intervals his advance, as an escape was now almost hopeless. The cutlasses and fire-arms were got up on the quarter-deck, and every preparation made by the passengers and crew of the vessel for a desperate defence. There were in all about twenty fighting men on board of the ship, and judging by the masses that blackened the schooner's deck, she must have had five times that number.

For two hours longer the chase was kept up, and at the expiration of that time, the pirate was within about three quarters of a mile. Bangem had drawn his men up, and exhorted them to stand by him like men in the approaching conflict, when he was interrupted by a heavy crash, and the mizen-top-mast, top-gallant-mast, and all, went by the board. "Axes and knives here!" shouted he, at the top of his voice: "cut, men, cut!—stir yourselves, my livities!—the villain is coming down like a racehorse." Instantly the lanyards and stays were severed, or carried away, the braces and bow-lines unrove, and the wreck floating far astern: but the speed of the Niagara was by this accident considerably lessened, and the schooner, perceiving her advantage, put down her helm, and threw a raking broadside among the rigging and spars of the unfortunate vessel. At this moment the cry of "Breakers!" was heard from the fore-castle, and an exclamation of horror burst from every lip—but one. There was death on every hand, and the forms that peopled the deck of the Niagara stood as mute as statues, enveloped in the silent stupor of despair.

"Where away?" asked Bangem; and the cool self-possession of that voice seemed to mock the dangers by which they were surrounded.

"Right ahead!" replied the look-out, "and on both bows."

"True," mused the commander, bending his eye in the given direction; "you may hear them roar above the howling of the wind and waves, even at this distance."

"Shall I bring her to the wind, Sir?" asked the steersman.

"No!" was the stern and determined reply, and another volley of iron crashed among the spars of the Niagara. So eagerly had the pirate pursued the chase, that the danger ahead remained to him undiscovered. The day was unusually dark and cloudy, and the smoke rolling to leeward, perhaps screened the reef from his view. However, he saw it not, and now came rushing down upon the crippled ship, confident in his superiority.

"Ease the helm down!" said Bangem, keeping his eye steadily upon the pursuer; "and now men do your duty!"

The Niagara yawed, and the flying-jib-boom of the schooner burst through the bulwarks about the mizen-chains.

"Lash him there, my lads!" shouted Bangem, in a voice that was heard above every thing beside; "lash him there!—and if we perish, the blood-hounds shall keep us company. Hard up again!"

The obedient craft once more fell before the wind, and rushed onward towards the breakers, that roared and foamed not more than half a mile in advance, dragging in her wake the light-built schooner, like some giant spirit of death, urging an ignobler being to the shades of darkness. A howl of frenzy that broke from the decks of the corsair, told that they had for the first time become acquainted with the peril that awaited them; and twenty dark forms sprang out upon her bowsprit, armed with axes and knives, to free themselves from the hold of the ship.

"Now, my lads give it to the blood hounds!" shouted Bangem.

A volley was the reply, and every soul without the schooner's cutwater perished: as many more sprang to take their places, but again the fire from the the Niagara's quarter-deck swept them away, like chaff before the wind of Heaven. In the mean time, both vessels were rushing madly towards the reef; they were not a hundred yards from the breakers, and both parties ceased hostilities, to gaze upon the foaming waters and iron rocks that in another moment threatened to dash them into eternity. Hope had left every bosom; the pirates no longer endeavoured to separate themselves from the Niagara, but stood pale and trembling, waiting with horror to pay the last dark forfeit of their lives. Both vessels were now within the influence of the reef; the long, heavy rollers, in conjunction with the wind, were driving them rapidly upon the rocks, when the schooner's bowsprit, shrouds, boom-stays, and all gave way; the liberated vessel swung round and struck, while the Niagara forged by the ledge, unscathed! The next billow dashed the pirate higher upon the reef, where she was hid from view by the roaring and foaming seas that broke over her devoted hull. The crash of her falling spars was then heard, and the shrieks and wails of the drowning wretches, rose, for one moment, above the thunder of the surf; but it was only for a moment, and they were lost forever. When the Niagara passed the cluster of rocks upon which the schooner went to pieces she was hurled along in the very centre of the principal reef, where the eddies and currents rendered her totally unmanageable. She no longer obeyed her helm, but drifted along a disabled thing, at the sport of the wind and waves, the sea roaring the while like thunder around her, and the spray breaking in dense masses over her.

There were ten minutes of appalling anxiety, during which every one expected to feel her strike against the rocks; yet for ten minutes more she continued to drift through them in safety. The centre and principal ledge was passed, and she began to fall off before the wind. A beam of hope lighted up the countenance of Bangem. He sprang upon the bulwarks, and cast one quick, searching glance at the sea around him.

"Starboard a little!" cried he.

"Starboard a little," answered the man at the wheel.

"Steady so, meet her."

"Meet her it is, Sir," was the reply.

For five minutes more she flew through the intricacies of the reef, without deviation.

"Port! port!—give her the port helm, quick!" shouted Bangem.

"She's got it all, Sir!" was the response; and the gallant ship glided by the last rock that threatened her destruction and passed safely into the still water between the reef and the main.

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A most splendid bath is inclosed by a quadrangular platform of white sandstone, on which rests a handsome corridor. At each corner of the bath is a dressing room, and between each of these a magnificent divan, the canopy of which is supported by white marble pillars beautifully sculptured. In the centre of the bath is a seat for the Pacha himself, from which he may behold his innumerable wives floating in the water around him. A highly sculptured gallery extends all around in front of the divan, resting upon the heads of four large crocodiles of white marble, from whose mouths the bath is partly supplied with water. In the centre is a grand jet d'eau; marble vases filled with flowers are dispersed about; and large statues of lions guard the doors. Water for his enormous bath is brought from the Nile by Persian wheels. The interior of this place is rich with gilding, carved wood, embroidery, and velvet hangings. The dress of the Pacha's favourites corresponds to the splendour of their residence. Some American ladies, who recently obtained permission to visit his harem, say, that even the attendants wore head dresses covered with diamonds.

The lectures of baron Alibert, at the Hospital of St. Louis are drawing to a close. In one of his late addresses he highly interested and amused his hearers by a dissertation, which threatens to put an end to the fashion become almost universal among the young men in France, namely, that of wearing their beards long. He treated of a complaint called *La mentagre*—varus mentagre—from the chin the part affected with it. *Quoniam a mento fere oritur.* This affection was known in the time of the Romans. Pliny relates in terms of horror, that a new disease, unknown before his time, disfigured the faces of men in such a hideous manner, that, though not mortal, many would prefer death to the sufferings it produced. The medical men were so completely puzzled by it, that it became necessary to have recourse to the famous school at Alexandria. Baron Alibert entered deeply into the subject, and showed that this disease was spread in a remarkable manner amongst such monks as by the rules of their orders were forced to wear their beards. He remarked that the style of wearing the beard in the time of Henry the Third contributed largely to the propagation of the *mentagre*, which, however sensibly diminished during the reign of Henry IV., because there was a great improvement in this part of the toilet. The Baron loudly praised the late regulations of the army with regard to soldiers' beards and mustachios, interdicting them from retaining any under the chin.—Paris pap.

ANECDOTE.—John Kemble would correct any body, at any time, and in any place. King George said of him, "He was once speaking to me, and found himself out of snuff. He declined putting his fingers into the Royal box, upon which I said take some—I pray you will oblige me. Upon which Kemble replied, 'It would better become your royal mouth to say oblige me,' and took a pinch."

The elephant at the Zoological Gardens lately decapitated a dandy, who was gazing at him, of his hat, and swallowed the article to the amusement of the spectators.

Why is a love-letter like a *Copias*? D'y'e give it up? Because it is a warrant of attachment.

Industry and sobriety lead to wealth and happiness.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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