

POETRY.

THE LETTER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

"A small spark attached to the wick of the candle is considered to indicate the arrival of a letter to the one before whom it burns."

Fare thee well, now thou art going
Over the wild and trackless sea;
Smooth be its waves and fair the wind
blowing.

Though 'tis to bear thee far from me:
But, when on the waste of ocean,
Some happy home-bound bark you see,
Swear by the truth of thy heart's devotion,
To send a letter back to me.

Think of the shore thou'st left behind thee,
Even when reaching a brighter strand;
Let not the golden glories blind thee,
Of that gorgeous Indian land:
Send me not its diamond treasures,
Nor pearls from the depths of its sunny
sea;

But tell me of all your woes and pleasures,
In a long letter back to me.

But while dwelling in lands of pleasure,
Think, as you bask in the bright sunshine,
That while the lingering time I measure,
Sad and wintry hours are mine;
Lonely by my taper weeping.

And watching the spark of promise to see,
All for that bright spark my night-watch
keeping.

For oh, 'tis a letter, love from thee!
To say that soon thy sail will be flowing,
Homeward to bear thee over the sea;
Calm be the waves and swift the wind
blowing.

For oh! thou art coming back to me!

STANZAS.

Lady, but once I saw thy face,
And then I gazed in silent sadness:
The joy to meet thee soon gave place
To thoughts of blighted peace and glad-
ness.

A form like thine I'd seen elsewhere,
When my young heart was free from care.

But once I heard thy voice—and yet
Of visions of the past it telleth;
Those well-known sounds can I forget
That mutely in the still grave dwelleth
The music of thy lips hath stole
Like angels' whisper to my soul.

Emblem of her I loved so dear!
Ah, why so soon hast thou departed
I claim from thee a kindred tear,
And pity for the broken-hearted:—
Let me but see thee once again,
Then welcome sorrow, bliss, or pain!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From *Friendship's Offering* for 1838.

THE LISBONESE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PROTEST OF BRUGES.

It is many years ago, yet the recol-
lection is in my mind as fresh as the
occurrence of yesterday. I was stand-
ing on the terrace in front of Greenwich
Hospital, looking at the wrecks of the
gallant fellows who had, for many years,
borne their country's flag through "the
battle and the breeze," now hobbling
about with such limbs as fate had left
or the doctor had supplied them; and
exercising all my ingenuity to trace,
through their quaint sober uniforms and
venerable grey hairs, the fiery heroes
of a thousand combats. The struggle
in the Peninsula was then at its height,
and a vessel with Portuguese colors
was passing up the river. I made some
remark on the subject to an old pen-
sioner who was standing by me. He
was a very old man, with a quiet ex-
pression of benevolence in his face,
and something in his manner that seem-
ed to stamp him a shade above the
common sailor.

"Ah sir!" said he, "I have seen
strange things in the country she comes
from! I was at Lisbon in the great
earthquake in fifty-five."

"Indeed!" said I. "That was an
event not to be forgotten."

"It was sir; but from more causes
than the earthquake,—to me, that is."

"How so?" I enquired.

"Why, you see, sir, it's quite a story;
but, poor thing, I like to talk about
her; so, if you'll sit down on this bench,
you shall have it from first to last."

"As I told you, I was in the city
when the earthquake began, and a
horrible thing it was to be sure. The
houses swayed up and down, just for
all the world like a ship at anchor in a
heavy swell; and then it got worse and
worse till down they came, first one,
then another, then a whole street; and
the poor creatures ran out by thousands,
and the walls fell and buried them, and
the earth opened and swallowed them;
—and the noise was like that of the
last day—crashes of ruin and destruc-
tion—shrieks, groans, and prayers, all
mixed up in one horrible din, till you
could not tell which was loudest. Ma-
ny a voice was then lifted to heaven
that never prayed before,—and the un-
finished prayer was buried with them
in the opening of the earth or the ruins
of the houses. Some went mad and
stood and laughed as the roofs nodded
above them,—and the laugh was stop-
ped as the prayer had been. Some
stood still with children in their arms,
hugging them to their bosoms with

their heads bent over them, till they
found a common grave. And then the
fire began; for the tapers at the altars,
and the lights in the houses set fire to
whatever fell on them, till a thousand
flames completed the horror of that
dreadful day.

"For my own part, staggering along
the heaving streets, and, at every other
step, thrown on the ground, with bricks
and stones rattling round me on all sides,
I scrambled, I did not know where.—
It was not exactly fear, for a British
sailor, you know, sir, is not used to
lose his bearings from such a cause;
but the darkness, and the dust, and the
smoke made such a confusion, one
born in the place could not have found
his way, to say nothing of a stranger.
However, as I was saying, scrambling
to make my way somewhere, any where
indeed where there was fresh air and
no houses, I ran against a lady with a
child in her arms. She was young,
and as beautiful a creature as ever I
set my eyes on.—She hurried past me,
and the next moment, the earth gave a
shudder, and I heard a scream louder
than all the uproar. I thought it must
be she, and turned round; when I found
the earth had split in a great chasm be-
tween us, even the very spot where, a
moment before, we had both been stand-
ing; and there she was, balancing up-
on the brink of it, with the child held
above her head. The ground was
crumbling under her, but where I stood
it was still firm. I held out my arms
—she said something to me in Portu-
guese which I did not understand, but
I know she was asking me to take care
of her child; and I told her I would—
I swore it! Nature, you know, sir, is
alike in all languages—so she under-
stood me, and giving one wild kiss to
the little one's lips, with a desperate
struggle she threw it across the chasm.

She saw the child was taught in my
arms, and she clasped her hands and
threw up her beautiful eyes to heaven,
when a fresh shake of the earth tum-
bled down a large building behind her,
and she rolled with it into the yawning
gulf—never to rise again in this world.
Perhaps you may imagine what I felt
—what I did I do not know; but, after
an hour of wandering and escapes more
than I could count, I found myself in
the open country, and, for the present,
at least, safe. I went on my knees to
thank God, and bade the little creature
do the same; but she did not stir, and,
as I laid her on the grass, I found a
deep wound on her head, and the blood
clotting her long beautiful black hair;
but still she breathed. To make short
of a long story, we got at last on board
the ship again, and the doctor after ex-
amining the wound, said there was no
harm done, and that she would soon be
as well as ever.

"She was a lovely little girl of about
six years old, and as we were to sail
directly, they wanted to send her ashore
again, to try if any of the family could
be found. But I thought of the vow I
had made to her poor mother, which I
am sure she understood; and I deter-
mined not to part with the sick wound-
ed little thing, that I loved now as if
she had been my sister; so I spoke to
the captain, who was a very good man,
and, moreover, had children of his own,
and he agreed to let me take her to
England with us. Well, sir, home we
got, and it was astonishing how soon
the little darling began to speak Eng-
lish. You could see she liked it, bless
her! And now, as she was a young
lady—for she said her father, who had
died about a year before, was Don
Somebody or other—it was such a long
name we never any of us could speak
it; so we told her to call herself Jack-
son, which is my name; but, somehow,
she always liked her long Portuguese
name best, so you see, sir, how early
prejudices grow—in foreigners, that is
to say. Well, as I said, seeing she was
a young lady, and we had undertaken
her education, I thought we ought to
do it as genteelly as we could; so I
took her to a cousin of mine, who kept
a public house in Wapping, a very nice
motherly woman—poor Sally! she's
dead and gone too, long ago.

"Well, sir, she treated her as if she
had been her own child; and because
she thought the company of the house
was too rough, and rude for her, she
sent her to a very genteel boarding
school in Mile End, and it was wonder-
ful how the little thing took to her learn-
ing; so that when I came back from
my next voyage, she could not only
speak English quite well, but read any
book she saw. And there I found that
with her little pocket money she had
bought Portuguese books, instead of
playing like other children. Poor thing!
it was the only tie that was left between
her and her native land; for it is a
strange thing, sir, but I have often
found foreigners, even Frenchmen,
love their country just as well as if it
had been Old England!

"Well, sir, years passed on, and she
was sixteen, and a sweeter or more
beautiful creature you never set eyes
on. She was as kind and gentle as an
angel, and so fond of me! and I am
sure I loved her better than my own
life,—not in the way of sweet hearing,
for though I was a pretty looking fellow
enough then, nobody could forget for a
moment that she was a young lady.
But then, I had saved her life you
know, sir,—and we used to talk about
her poor mother; that was gone, and
then she made me learn a little Portu-
guese that she might speak in her own
language to me; for her father's land
seemed always uppermost in her
thoughts. At last I joined a merchant's
ship that was to sail for Lisbon, and the
long nursed wish of her heart came out,
and she begged so hard to go with me,
that I could not find courage to refuse
her, but got a passage in the vessel.
And oh, sir! the grief there was among
the women when she went! You know,
sir, they are kind, soft hearted crea-
tures, and I thought they never would
have done crying. However, go we
did, and a very pretty voyage we had.

"When we came in sight of Lisbon,
I never shall forget how the poor dear
looked. She was as pale as a ghost,
and trembled all over; and while her
eye seemed to devour the shore, her
lips were white and quivering, murmur-
ing Portuguese words that I could not
catch the meaning of, except now and
then her mother's name. Well, sir, to
make short of it, we landed, and I got
leave to go with her over to town and
see if we could find any body we knew.
Poor dear, I thought she would have
fainted when she set her foot on the
land, she trembled so; for she was a
weak delicate little creature. But oh
—what a change we found when we
left there! Where the earthquake had
been, there was the grand Black Horse
Square, and all the straight regular
streets that the marquis of Pembal had
built, and we did not know where we
were. However, she soon began to
ask, and found that her uncle, Don
—, confound his long name, I never
could think of it, and I am sure it
is not worth remembering—but he was
living in a grand house they pointed
out to us—so there we went. Well, sir,
we found him with a parcel of fine ser-
vants around him, but we did not care
for that, and we told who we were;
and,—would you think it sir?—he would
not believe us; for, supposing her dead,
he had seized on all her property, and
was enjoying it. So the old scoundrel
called us impostors—called me and his
own brother's beautiful child impostors,
and threatened to send for a constable!
You may guess my blood began to rise,
and as for her, poor thing! she stood
speechless and trembling, for, in her
innocence, she had never dreamt of this,
nor, to tell the truth had I either.
Well, just at this moment a great old
mastiff dog came into the room. 'Oh
Bosto!' cried she, bursting for the first
time into a flood of tears, 'I am sure
you don't forget me! Would you be-
lieve it, sir?—the old brute looked at
her and growled—did not know his old
master's child. No English dog would
have done that sir! However, she
was so overcome at the sight of her fa-
ther's old dog, that she threw her beau-
tiful body on the ground, and clasping
her white arms around the beast, hug-
ged him to her heart. He bit her, sir!
I can hardly speak it—but he bit her!
I saw his teeth enter her soft flesh—I
saw the blood trickle down. I can't tell
you, sir, what I felt at that moment!
Even after all these years my blood is
in a boil talking of it. I flew at the
beast, and before you could count two,
dashed his brains out. The old Don
swore in Portuguese. I stormed in Eng-
lish. It was well some of the servants got
between me and him. I believe I
knocked down two or three of them,
but I don't know. I caught the darling
up in my arms, for she had fainted, and
I carried her to the ship.—We put her
to bed, but nothing could recover her
from the shock. There was all the
dream of ten years gone in a moment—
and so cruelly too! She was struck
to the heart. She lay quite still and
noticed nothing. She never cried, nor
spoke, nor ate, nor slept. I watched by
her day and night, and every day she
got weaker and weaker—hang it, sir—I
can't talk about it—she died! At first
I said the earth of this rascally country
should not hold her. But then I
thought how she had loved it, and that
perhaps she would not be happy any
where else,—so, as the priest would not
let her be buried in consecrated ground
because we had made a regular built
Christain of her, I and some of my
shipmates, (for they all loved her) club-
bed together, and bought a leave of a
farmer to bury her on the side of a hill
by his garden. So we laid her in the
ground with her face towards England;
for I thought she would like, poor thing

to be turned to that land that had been
a home to her, and would have been
again when her own refused her; and
we said a prayer over her—a prayer
might have said a better, perhaps, but
not an honest I am certain;—and we
planted the sweetest flowers we could
find round her grave; and giving the
farmer money, made him swear a so-
lemn oath never to neglect it, or let
it go to ruin—and I believe he kept
his promise. Talk of consecrated
ground, sir!—that girl's body would
have consecrated Constantinople!"

As a specimen of English wit and
punning, we give the following capital
sketch from a new work called *Lacon*.
It may serve as a looking glass for our
wittlings:—

LACONICS.
"The World we live in"—ENGLAND.
—Going out of town—Tories full of
oratory—Whigs given themselves airs.
IRELAND—Full of tithes, taxes, and
agi-tators, imitators, disputators, com-
montators, and commoner 'tators—do-
zens of families without a thirteener—
suspense, expence, dispence and every
pense but sispence.

FRANCE—King of the Barricades in
bad case from shooting pains—the
Court daily expecting a bullet in—all
Paris going out a gunning at the rabbit
monarchy.—Royalty in riches, and ma-
nufacturers in misery—popular demon-
strations of royalty very striking but as
yet mis-lead.

AMERICA—Ruination in ruins—the
republic by no means a commonwealth—
no trust but dis-trust—banks falling in,
every one of them like the mammoth-
specie's extinct—consequence dread-
fully dolorous, but remittances very an-
tidollarious—men of judgment losing all
there cents—the sovereign people with-
out a sovereign—Boston boys so poor
the girls say they can't even pay their
addresses.

SPAIN—Civil wars, civil warriors.
Seville oranges, servile people, and a
save-all Ministry—those who have li-
ved by stealing die by steel, or run off
by stealth—emigration, migration, ag-
gravation, deprivation, consternation,
starvation; and all the "ations" expect-
ing double rations. Dangerous pay;
within an ace of losing the queen by a
knave—general discontent—general
misery.

RUSSIA—Market very dull—Warsaw,
worse—autocrats riding like dead rab-
bits on bare poles—freemen, fools,
noodles, and knouts.

TURKEY—Turkeys of Sublime Porte
wish to do Bey Achmet brown, and
gobble him up—Bey, declining to obey,
will keep their will in obey-ance—Ba-
haws' tales manifold—the crescent in-
creasing in-tain.

AFRICA—Black man's home white
man's tomb—a desert whence are all
deserters—kingdom of sand and king's
in mud cabins—Morocco and Sirocco
—Gold coast and yellow fever—mis-
sions, commissions, and sundry omis-
sions—expedition goes on slowly—no
ingress, egress, regress or progress—
gropers after the source of the Niger
get sores from the niggers—travellers'
heads given for travellers' tales—
strange savages—stranger travellers,
ignorant wretches, both—natives good
body guards, but raw beefeaters—rise
of the Nile—*Et prateris nihil*.

POST BOYS AND DONKIES.—"Wos
you ever called in," inquired Sam, glanc-
ing at the driver, after a short silence,
and lowering his voice to a mysterious
whisper, "wos you ever called in ven
you was pretence to a sawbones to wisit
a post boy?" "I don't remember that
I ever was," replied Bob Sawyer.
"You never see a postboy in that 'ere
hospital as you walked (as they saw of
the ghost), did you?" demanded Sam.
"No," replied Bob Sawyer, "I don't
think I ever did." "Never know'd a
churchyard where there was a postboy's
tombstone, or see a dead postboy, did
you?" inquired Sam, pursuing his ca-
techism. "No," replied Bob, "I never
did." "No," rejoined Sam, trium-
phantly, "nor never will; and there's
another thing that no man never see—
that's a dead donkey—no man never
see a dead donkey, 'cept the gen'l'm'n
in the black silk smalls as know'd the
young 'ooman as kept a goat; and that
was a French donkey, so wery likely
he warn't vun o' the regular breed."
"Well, what has that got to do with
the postboys?" asked Bob Sawyer.
"This here," replied Sam: "without
going so far as to assert, as some wery
sensible people do, that postboys and
donkeys is both immortal, what I say is
this, that whenever they feels themselves
gettin' stiff and past their work, they
just rides off together, vun postboy to
a pair, in the usual vay: wot becomes
on 'em nobody knows, but it's wery
probable as they starts away to take
their pleasure in some other world, for
their ain't a man alive as ever see

either a donkey or a postboy a takin'
his pleasure in this.—*Pickwick for Oc-
tober.*

THE EARTH'S DIURNAL MOTION.—If
a line were carried round and round the
globe, it would require to be the length
of 24,855 miles, hence this is the actual
space which any given point on the
earth's surface travels over in the
course of twenty four hours, a rate ex-
ceeding somewhat 1,000 miles in the
hour. This velocity, with which every
person moves continually, is greater, by
140 times, than that with which a can-
non-ball issues from the mouth of a
cannon; and we do not perceive it be-
cause the earth, the air, and every thing
around, is carried with us.

NO NEWSPAPER?—The time is com-
ing when the man who has the means
and does not take a newspaper, will be
looked at by his neighbours as a fish
without a fin, a crow without a wing,
a blind horse, a mole, or whap you please.
Such an individual might do well
enough to live the life of Robinson
Crusoe, but he has no excuse for thrus-
ting himself amongst those who do take
newspapers and are better informed, to
gather whatever political or general in-
telligence they may chuse to drop for
him. We know many such men and
might name them, but we refrain; but
you gentle reader can point them out
yourself.

A western editor giving a description of
the effects of a late storm says:—It is ut-
terly impossible to describe the scene pre-
sented to the eye of the beholder; in the
vicinity of the building destroyed. We saw
as many as four hogs killed by the timbers,
while the thigh of a cat that had made a
precipitate retreat through one of the upper
windows was dislocated in the most shock-
ing manner.

Woodstock and Fredericton STAGE COACH COMPANY.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that
the above Company will continue to run
a STAGE three times a week between Wood-
stock and Fredericton, leaving Woodstock on
Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Fre-
dericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Satur-
days, at 6 o'clock, A. M. until further notice.
Persons desirous of securing a passage can
enter their names on Books kept at the Frede-
ricton Hotel, (Segee's), and H. Gould's
Woodstock. Persons travelling to or from the
United States will find immediate conveyance
from Woodstock to Bangor, or from Fredericton
to Saint John. Every attention will be given
to the conveyance and comfort of Passengers.
A reasonable portion of Baggage will be taken.
Parcels and Baggage at the risk of the Owners.
For further particulars, the public are referred
to J. W. Thompson, Esquire, Bangor,
G. E. Ketchum, Esquire, Fredericton, or to
the Subscriber, Woodstock.

CHARLES PERLEY, Agent,
January, 1837.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the under-
mentioned valuable tracts of Land, at
very moderate prices, for satisfactory pay-
ments, viz:—

600 acres fronting on the River Saint John
five miles below the Court House in Woodstock
Carleton County, and immediately opposite the
Caledonia Mills, in separate lots or together;
the anticipated Rail Road will go through the
rear of it.

Also—800 acres within seven miles of Fre-
dericton, on the Pennycook Stream, three quar-
ters of a mile above Smith's Mills.

Considerable improvements are made
on both these tracts, and the latter es-
pecially abounds with very large Birch and
Spruce Timber. Application for this tract
to be made either to William Irvine, or to
GEORGE WOODS.

Fredericton, July 17, 1837.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his
friends and the public generally, that he
has laid in his Fall Supply of best quality of
SHEET IRON, suitable for STOVE PIPES, at
his Shop, nearly opposite Mr. Clopper's;
where all orders will be executed with punctu-
ality and despatch, on the lowest terms for
cash only. As the Subscriber has employed two
first rate workmen, Stoves of any shape or
size will be made on the shortest notice.

Country orders will be particularly attended to.

Charges moderate.
WILLIAM MOORE.
Fredericton, October 9, 1837.

ALBION WORKS, NASHWASIS.

BRAITHWAITE, KAY & Co., MIL-
LERS, MALSTERS and BREWERS,
begs to inform their friends and the public,
that they have now in full operation, their
OAT and FLOUR MILLS, consisting of
three run of Stones, Smut Machines, &c.
to which they have newly added a DRY-
ING KILN. They are therefore enabled to
grind OATMEAL, CORN MEAL, and
FLOUR, of the finest description. Attached
to these is a BARLEY MILL, for mak-
ing Pot and Pearl Barley.

B. K. & Co. have always on hand at the
Brewery, and at their Store in town, a sup-
ply of the best Ales and Porter, in bottle and
casks.

They have also at present on hand, a few
tons of the best round yellow Corn-Meal;
and a quantity of excellent Rye-Flour,
which will be sold low, for cash only.

G. N. B. Several dozens best London
made twilled four bushel Sacks for Sale.
September 26, 1837