



POETS' CORNER.

From the London Morning Post, July 4.

ADDRESS IN HONOR OF THE IMMORTAL WELLINGTON.

SPOKEN BY MRS. EDWIN, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, LAST NIGHT.

[Written by S. J. Arnold, Esq.]

Oh! for that "Muse of fire," whose burning pen Records the God-like deeds of valiant men!

But, poor the tribute of these atlefs lays, Superior deeds demand superior praise;

Oh! to that Power be praise! whose gracious hand Ouldretch'd to save the guardian of our land;

Lo! where our arms his oft-tried valour guides, High o'er his banner victory prefiles!

On either side, the marshal'd troops advance, Britannia's here, and there the files of France;

Now man on man, on squadrons, squadrons rush, And strong battalions, whole battalions crush,

Ill-fated soldier, not thy heart alone Deep pierc'd, must bleed—nor fingle be thy groan,

Still many a verse shall boast, with pitying pride, How British heroes bravely fought and died—

But brighter scenes proclaim the muse's lay, To load the war's tremendous day—

From the Dublin Evening Post.

CONDEMNATION OF IRISH TALENT. No less curious than satisfactory to serve a country, so forsaken, and depressed as Ireland—that a country "for which a man has done so little, and Providence so much"—that a country, left almost naked and abandoned to the tempest of irregular nature—without a fostering hand to raise—without a paternal voice to controul—without a resident Legislature to direct or cheer her spirit; it is we say, curious and

satisfactory, that, labouring under such disadvantages, Ireland should, by the mere strength of her genius and superiority of her talent, force her children into the most distinguished and honorable situations in the world! Let us see:

Lord Castlereagh, an Irishman, his Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs, Ambassador to the Congress of Vienna, negotiating with the most distinguished Ministers of the continent—himself considered the first negotiator and the main spring of the negotiation.

Duke of Wellington, an Irishman, the first General of the age, and Ambassador to the Court of France.

Lord Stewart, an Irishman, a distinguished General, a gallant soldier, a perspicuous writer, and Ambassador to the Court of Vienna.

Lord Clancarty, an Irishman, Ambassador to the Prince Sovereign of the Netherlands.

Sir Henry Wellesley, an Irishman, Ambassador to the Court of Spain.

Right Hon. George Canning, an Irishman, an eloquent senator, an able statesman, a witty writer, Ambassador to the Court of Lisbon.

Lord Strangford, an Irishman, the successful translator of Camæus, Ambassador to the Prince Regent of Portugal, holding his Court at the Brazils.

Lord Moira, an Irishman, a distinguished General, a gallant soldier, a patriot senator, an eloquent speaker, the friend of his Prince, the advocate of the people, Governor General of his Majesty's vast empire in India; a happy appointment for its inhabitants, for he will ameliorate their condition.

Lord Beresford, an Irishman, a brave soldier, a distinguished General; now appointed, by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, to command the British army in America.

In the Senate, we had a Burke and a Sheridan, and we have a Grattan, a Tierney, a Ponsonby, a Canning, a Plunkett, a Castlereagh, all Irishmen, and what Senate in the world can produce men of superior ability?

Wellesley Pole, an Irishman, a representative in the Commons, and a member of the Cabinet.

In the Church, we had a Kirwan, and we have a Magee, the most accomplished divine of the present day.

At the Bar we had a Burgh and a Curran, and we have a Plunkett, and a Basco, men, without a rival at any bar in the universe.

Perceval and Richards, Irishmen, in the Medical Departments, perhaps without an equal in any other country.

Thomas Moore, an Irishman, a distinguished patriot, ranking high among the best, and certainly the sweetest poet of the age.

Sir John Stephenson, the best musical Composer in the British empire.

On the stage, Miss O'Neil, an Irishwoman, hailed by a London audience as the first Tragic actress in Europe; Mrs. DeTouche late Miss Duncanson, and Mrs. Glover, Irishwomen, the first actresses in general Comedy.

But what will appear more strange than any thing yet stated, is, that the first dancer in Europe is an Irishman.—Oscar Byrne is now engaged as the first dancer at the Opera in Paris, at the unprecedented salary, of that capital, of fifteen hundred pounds sterling for the season.

We may, perhaps, return to this curious subject.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN. A FRAGMENT.

Dedicated to every Young Lady of Fashion. "In giving these pages to the Public, the Editor complies with the particular injunction of the writer of them. Her sun set a very early period of her day of youth, and the present Volume is the result of some of those hours of confinement that she is obliged to submit to."

a satire on the frivolities of a fashionable life, as written in the Journal of a Young Lady, whose early career in the vortex of dissipation had been checked by illness and a sprained ankle.

She at first manifests the utmost impatience under her confinement:

"January 1st, 18**.—New-year's day and I still laid up. I wonder how many more months I am to go on in this way like a piece of wax-work, contented to remain in any position they choose to place me in. My foot gets no better, nor will be that I see. Doctor C. says it must be pump'd upon—I wish he was pump'd upon; it does no good at all. If I ever am able to walk, (it is as much as I can expect) and then I shall not be fit to be looked

—my ankle is as big as a bolster—I shall never dance any more! What can I do to amuse myself? I am sick to death of morning calls; there is such a fuss getting in and out of the carriage—people are so awkward. I will write a journal—that is a capital idea; at any rate, it will remind one of past pleasures—there is something in that."

"But if I go on at this rate, I shall never get through January. What did I do besides go to the Opera? Nothing, positively, but odious morning calls—no routs, no balls, no company in town worth thinking of—the Park very dreary. Let me recollect—was it not in January that De V— had a ducking in the Serpentine? It was. Mercy! I never shall forget the fright I was in! Lady M—and I were in the carriage together; it was on a Sunday, of course; and we chanced to be both looking at him as he went in. One leg slipped in first,—I shrieked—Lady M—shrieked; but before we had time to recover ourselves, or indeed determine almost what had frightened us, he fell; and the weight of his body broke the ice still farther, and under water he was in a moment. Poor De V—!—how they got him out, I can't tell; but he was got out, and a terrible object he looked like. We drove home as fast as possible, for I thought he was going to die, or was dead; and I am sure I never should have recovered that as long as I live. I never saw a corpse, neither did Lady M—; I would not see one for all the world—I should die with terror. I remember, that day, Mrs. K— dined with us: she is what you call a very religious person, and bores you to death with preaching; and she would have it, that it was a judgment upon him for skating on a Sunday. I never heard such stuff in all my life; as if people could not be just as good skating as walking or sitting still. But then her notions are so very rigid, that she will not even allow of riding on a Sunday to be proper; and calls the Park—the dear delightful Park!—a scene of wickedness. Poor woman! these are the notions she has been bred up in, and therefore, I suppose, she cannot help them; but I pity her to my heart, and thank my stars that my friends are more liberal in theirs. I know very well, she thinks us monstrous wicked for not going to church sometimes, and having company, and taking rides, &c. on Sundays; and I dare say would not keep company with us, if it were not for the long acquaintance there has been between her and mamma, and what is perhaps a stronger motive still, the hope of converting us. Poor soul! she may spare herself the vexation; for we think ourselves as competent to judge of what's right as she does."

The solitary hours of sickness at length lead her to reflection, and she concludes in the following serious strain:

"Alas! that I could but recal a few, a very few, of my best days of health, to offer them a willing tribute to my Maker! 'Tis a poor testimony of our love, to yield him that which the world will not accept of any longer—a worn-out frame and sunken spirit. O most unworthy of his goodness and his care! O base return for benefits unspeakable! how hateful am I to myself! how vile, how thankless, how ungrateful!—He gave me every pleasure that the world bestows; and I accepted and enjoyed them all; nor once, nor even once, looked back to think upon the Giver, and refused the bounty tribute even of my thoughts, to thank him wherewithal.—Whence flow these unbidden drops? they are not tears of gratitude, of sorrow, of repentance—no, I cannot hope it. They are but the effusions of a disappointed heart and sinking frame, that longs even now, amidst its anguish, to renew the vain delusions that it cannot willingly relinquish.—Grant me, kind Providence, a few more years of health, that I may serve thee in the fulness of my strength, nor shun thy sacred precepts, and reject thy easy duty, until unfit for any other! Could I implore thee in thy holy temple, how different should be the workings of my thoughts to what they used to meditate on formerly! But I am excluded from his house!—the doors are shut against a wretch who only entered them to pass that time in listless inattention, that the Almighty dedicated to himself alone, nor left mankind the choice of how he should employ it, otherwise than in his praise. A scanty portion from our worldly cares, he only has demanded; and yet we think the boon too much to grant! Expect our every wish and pleasure gratified, and yet refuse the time, the pains to make them known, and humbly ask them of him!—O ye, who bask beneath the sun of health! think not with levity upon the blessing;—you cannot estimate its wondrous value, till time steals it in part away, and yields no profits of its years of durance: nor think it ill bestowed to lend a portion of it to your Maker. For

youth is his delight; and much it pleases his divine and condescending goodness, to receive the grateful homage of infantine praise."

CEYLON GOVERNMENT GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY, MARCH 6, 1815. OFFICIAL BULLETIN.

British Head-Quarters, Candy, March 2.

This day a solemn Conference was held in the Audience Hall of the Palace of Candy, between his Excellency the Governor and Commander of the Forces, on behalf of his Majesty and of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on the one part; and the Adikars, Dessaves, and other Principal Chiefs of the Kandian Provinces, on the other part on behalf of the People, and in the presence of the Mahottales, Cornals, Vidaans, and other subordinate Headmen from the different Provinces, and a great concourse of inhabitants.

A public Instrument of a Treaty, prepared in conformity to conditions previously agreed on, for establishing his Majesty's Government in the Kandian Provinces was produced and publicly read, in English and Cingalese, and unanimously assented to.

The British flag was then for the first time hoisted, and the establishment of the British dominion in the interior was announced by a royal salute from the cannon of the city. All the troops present in this garrison were under arms on the occasion of this important event.

By his Excellency's command, JAMES SUTHERLAND, Dep. Sec.

An Official Declaration follows this Bulletin—in which, some of the numerous crimes of the late King, are alluded to:—The massacre of 150 sick soldiers in the year 1803—the treacherous and barbarous murder of a whole British garrison commanded by Major Davie, who had surrendered on a promise of safety—the recent instance of the unprovoked mutilation of ten British subjects, by which seven of the lost their lives—the deplorable fate of the wife and children of Eheyapola Adikar—four infants cruelly butchered, and their heads bruised in a mortar by the hands of their distressed parent, succeeded by the execution of the woman herself and three other females:—Contemplating these horrid atrocities, his Majesty's arm would be trembled and disgraced by being instrumental to the restoration of a Dominion exercised in perpetual outrage of every thing sacred.

NOTICES.

ALL Persons having any just demands against the Estate of DONALD M'DONALD, Esq. late of St. Andrews, Charlotte County, deceased, are requested to render them duly attested within Three Months from the date hereof; and those indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to MARGARET M'DONALD, Administratrix. St. Andrews, Oct. 2d, 1815.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late ARTHUR DINGWALL, Merchant, of this City, deceased, are requested to furnish the same, duly attested, to the Subscribers, within Six Months from the date hereof; and those indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to ELIZABETH DINGWALL, Executrix. NEIL KENNEDY, Executor. St. John, 11th May, 1815.

ALL Persons having any just demands against the Estate of the late ANDREW CROOKSHANK, Esq. Merchant, of this City, deceased, are desired to render the same, duly attested, and all persons indebted to said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to ELIZABETH CROOKSHANK, Adm'r. ROBERT W. CROOKSHANK, Adm'r. St. John, 22d February, 1815.

ALL Persons having any just demands against the Estate of the late JOSEPH CANBY, Merchant, of the City Saint John, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within the space of six months from this date; and all those indebted to said Estate, either by Bond, Note, or Book debt, are desired to make immediate payment to RUTH CANBY, Administratrix to the said Estate.

ALL Persons having any Demands against the Estate of the late THOMAS H. GILBERT, deceased, are desired to present them for payment; and all Persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make payment to H. GILBERT, Adm'r. St. John, (N. B.) Dec. 30th, 1814.

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