

POETRY.

MERCY.

BY SELICK OSBORN.

To crown creation's mighty plan,
Th' Almighty mandate thundered forth,
"Let procreant earth produce a Man!"
And strait the creature sprang to birth.

Health, strength and beauty cloth'd his frame,
He mov'd with majesty and grace;
A bright, a pure, angelic flame
Illum'd each feature of his face.

Upon his brow sat calm repose;
His eyes with love and mildness, shone;
Till a grim band of irms arose,
And marked the victim for their own.

There *Hate*, in livid hues pourtray'd
The gnashing teeth, the bloodshot eye
There curst *Ingratitude* display'd
The foulest blot, the blackest dye.

And *Avarice*, ambitious too
To plant her odious image there—
Cast o'er his cheeks a sallow hue
And wrinkled marks of worldly care.

In wrath th' Eternal view'd the stain
Which marr'd the offspring of his word,
Spurn'd the weak wretch with high disdain,
And bade stern *Justice* lift the sword?

But *Mercy*, heaven's loveliest child,
Imploring, knelt before the throne:
Alternate pray'd, and wept, and smil'd,
With angel sweetness all her own.

Then turn'd to *Man*, with kind embrace,
And wept to see his dire decay;
Her tears fell piteous on his face,
And wash'd the hideous blots away!

POETRY AND REALITY.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

This is obviously directed against Mr. Southey, and the Poem which he published among his *Juvenilia*, beginning:

"Go thou unto the House of Prayer:
"I, to the woodland wend my way,
"And seek *Religion* there."

To this Miss T. replies at much length, endeavouring to prove, that the Creed of all who so think, is only *Deism* in disguise:—The following is a short extract from it:—

But we have seen a high-flown mental thing,
As fine and fragile as Libella's wing;
All soul and intellect—th' ethereal mind,
Scarcely within its earthly house confin'd;
On Heaven oft casting an enraptur'd eye,
And paying compliments to the Most High—
And yet, tho' harsh the judgment seem to be,
As far from Heav'n—as far from God is he:
Yet, might the bold assertion be forgiven,
A Poet's soul may miss the road to heav'n!

But, gentle Poet, wherefore not repair,
To yonder Temple?—God is worshipp'd there.

Nay, wherefore should he?—Wherefore not address,

The God of Nature in that green recess—
Surrounded by his works, and not confin'd
To rules adapted to the vulgar mind?
There can he sit, and thence his soul may rise,
Caught up by contemplation to the skies,
And worship Nature's God on Reason's plan—
Is it delusion, self-applauding man!

The God of Nature is the God of Grace,
The *Contrite Spirit* is his dwelling place;
And thy proud off'ring, made by Reason's light
Is all abomination in his sight.
Let him distinguish, (if he can, indeed)
Wherein his differs from the *Deist's* creed:
O, he approves the Bible—thinks it true,
(No matter if he ever read it through)
Admits the evidence that some reject—
For the *Messiah*, professes great respect;
And owns the sacred Poets often climb
Up to the standard of the true sublime.
Is this then all?—is this the utmost reach
Of what Man learns—when God descends to teach?

And is this all—and were such wonders wrought,
And tongues and signs and miracles, for nought?
If this be all his Reason's utmost scope,
Where rests his faith, his practice, and his hope?

From the New-York M. Advertiser.
RUINS OF BABYLON.

The arrival of Capt. Henry Austen, of the ship *Persia*,* from Asia, has afforded a most curious and uncommon treat to our biblican and antiquarians and historians. This gentleman is equal in intelligence and enterprise to any traveller that ever went forth to foreign parts. While he was navigating the Persian Gulf, he conceived the bold design of ascending the river Euphrates, from Basra to Bagdad. With great expense and labor, and at the risk of his life, from the difficulties of the ascent and the barbarous character of the inhabitants, he penetrated Persia for five or six hundred miles.

During this expedition he visited the territory on which ancient Babylon is supposed to have stood, and succeeded in bringing away fragments of the ruins which overspread the ground. These consist of several of the bricks which are supposed to have been materials in the temple of Belus; some of the cement with which they were connected; and a parcel of the broken reeds which were interposed with the mortar, to render the structure more firm and durable.

The bricks are in good condition, even after the lapse of three thousand years and

more. They are of large size, being thirteen inches square, and four inches thick. Being now of the softer quality, they appear to have undergone some process of decay; but they bear traces of fire, that is, of having been kiln burned, as well as sun burned.—Near the middle of each is a parallelogram of four and a half inches by six, impressed with literal or hieroglyphical characters.—They appear to have been very regularly and beautifully done. The characters are different from every known alphabet. All the lines are straight, and there are no crooked strokes. They are evidently arranged in perpendicular columns. All the bricks seem to be marked with the same signs. Of these signs or characters there are seven vertical rows, and seven distinct marks in each row, making forty-nine in the whole. Some of them are repeated several times.

It is believed that they are not susceptible of interpretation by any man living; but that they extend our researches far beyond the era of history or the period of known symbols.

The pilgrims of Persia, by permission lately obtained from the military despots of the country, made devout visits to the tomb of the prophet Daniel, situated many miles in the desert. Our intrepid and intelligent countryman, has brought to New-York, a brick, with its inscription, from the door of that resort of the religious. It is of secondary moment whether the legend is true or fabulous. Such a place is at this day famous in the East, and a relic of it is presented to the curiosity of the West.

There are various other remnants of oriental antiquities, which the writer forbears at this moment to mention.

* This vessel was built in Medford, and is partly owned in this town.

NEW-YORK, Nov. 13.

Singular Villainy.

One day last month, the following extraordinary act of atrocity was committed in the neighbourhood of Freehold, Green Co. in this state. A woman in a decent garb, travelling on foot with a child in her arms, stopped at a house on the road, (probably selected for the purpose) the mistress of which was busied in clearing off her dinner table from which the males of the family had just gone to their labour in the field, while her child lay sleeping in its cradle. The wanderer complained of great fatigue, and begged permission to stop with her burden and rest awhile. The good woman kindly consented, bid her put her child in the cradle with her own, offered her some food and proceeded on her work. The stranger kept the children quiet until she said she was well refreshed and ready to depart, when she took one of them and carefully wrapped it in its blanket, thanked her hostess very civilly for her entertainment, and left her house.—Half an hour after the infant remaining in the cradle waked, and the mother went to the cradle to nurse it, when upon opening its covering she was struck with horror at finding a *black child* instead of her own! The neighbours were alarmed, and the magistrates applied to and a search immediately commenced for the artful wretch who had perpetrated the nefarious act, but without success a fortnight after the event, when our informant was at the place.

THE KING.

The following original anecdotes of our beloved Sovereign, we are assured are authentic:—In the summer of 1814, the King had lucid intervals; the Queen desired to be informed when that was the case; she was so; and on entering the room she found him singing a hymn, and accompanying it on the harpsichord. When he had finished it, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her Majesty, then for his family and the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him; but if not, to give him resignation to submit to it.—He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.—One morning when the passing bell was tolling at Windsor, His Majesty enquired who was dead? His attendants at first did not answer him, but on his repeating the question, they said—"Please your Majesty, Mrs. S—." "Mrs. S—," rejoined the King, "she was a linen draper, and lived at the corner of — street, (naming the street)—aye, she was a good woman, and brought up her family in the fear of God—she is gone to Heaven—I hope I shall soon follow her."

ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

The following Anecdote is recorded of Admiral Keppel, which, at the present moment may be amusing to some of our readers:—While Admiral Keppel commanded the squadron up the Mediterranean, frequent complaints were made to the ministry by the merchants trading to the Levant, of the piracies of the Algerines. These complaints were passed over, till two ships richly laden were taken and carried into Algiers. This was so flagrant an infraction of treaty that the ministry could no longer be silent; accordingly orders were sent to the Admiral to sail into the harbour of Algier, and demand restitution of the Dey; and in case of refusal, he had an unlimited power to make reprisals.—The Admiral's squadron cast anchor in the offing, in the bay of Algier, facing the Dey's Palace. He went ashore, attended only by his Captain and barge's crew; proceeded to the Palace, demanded an immediate audience; and being conducted to the Dey's presence; he laid open his embassy, and, in his master's name demanded satisfaction for the injuries done to the subjects of his B. Majesty. Suprised and astonished at the boldness of the admiral's remonstrance, the Dey exclaimed that he wondered at the English King's insolence in sending him a foolish beardless boy." The Admiral replied, "That if his master had supposed that wisdom had been measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent his Deyship a he-goat." Unused to such language from the sycophants of his Court, this reply put him beside himself; and forgetting the laws of all nations in respect to Ambassadors, he ordered his mules to attend with the bow-string, at the same time telling the admiral he should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace the Admiral took him to the window facing the bay; and shewing him the English fleet, laying at anchor, told him if it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make a glorious funeral pile. The Dey was wise enough to take the hint; the admiral came off in safety, and ample restitution was made.

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COUNTING-HOUSE
CALENDAR
FOR 1817.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JAN.				1	2	3	4
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