

## Poetry.

## THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.\*

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

Then the hunter turn'd away from that scene,  
Where the home of his fathers once had been  
And burning thoughts flash'd o'er his mind  
Of the white man's faith and love unkind.

BRYANT.

In the silence of the midnight,  
I journey with the dead :  
In the darkness of the forest boughs,  
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,  
As by mighty wings upborne ;  
The mountain eagle hath not plumes  
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,  
By the whiteman's path defiled,  
On to th' ancestral wilderness  
I bear thy dust, my child !

I have asked the ancient deserts  
To give my dead a place,  
Where the stately footsteps of the free  
Alone should leave a trace :

And the rocking pines made answer—  
Go, bring us back thine own !  
And the streams from all the hunter's hills,  
Rush'd with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters,  
That yet untamed may roll ;  
The voices of those chainless ones  
With joy shall fill thy soul,

In the silence of the midnight  
I journey with the dead,  
Where the arrows of my father's bow  
Their falcon-flight have sped.

I have left the spoiler's dwellings  
For evermore behind ;  
Unmingled with their household sounds,  
For me shall weep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,  
I watch'd my child's decay ;  
Uncheer'd I saw the spirit light  
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank in my bosom,  
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,  
Was there one to say—"A friend is near?"  
There was none!—Pale race farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,  
To the warrior and his bow,  
Back, back! I bore thee laughing thence,  
—I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear him unto burial  
With the mighty hunters gone ;—  
I shall hear thee in the forest breeze,—  
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight  
I journey with the dead ;  
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,  
My father's path I tread.

F. H.

\* "A striking display of Indian character occurred some years since in a town in Maine. An Indian of the Kennebec tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the state, and fixed himself in a new township, where a number of families were settled. Though not ill treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shewn on the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly after, he gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians."

Tudor's letters on the eastern States of America.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE FIRE SHIP.

I now, Sir, come to the night on which our brave Canaris took his signal vengeance on the Turks for the cruelties they had committed, and were then committing against us. A terrible night, Sir, it was. When I look back to it, it seems like some horrible dream; such a dream as might visit a guilty soul, when labouring under remorse of conscience, and the dread of everlasting retribution; a vision of the day of judgment; a scene of the deep abyss of unquenchable flame, from which may the Virgin and saints deliver us! The Turkish fleet was lying quietly and unsuspectingly at anchor off Scio, on a fine night, in the month of June; the hour was waxing very late; the coffee shops on board had ceased to give out the chibouques and cups; the Turks were reposing, huddled together like sheep, on the decks; the Captain Pacha had retired to his splendid cabin, his officers had followed his example; no regular watch being ever kept on board a Turkish man of war. I, and a few Greek lads, still lingered on the upper deck, and, for want of better amusement, were watching the progress of a dark sail, which we

saw emerge from the Spalmadore Islands, and bear down the channel in our direction. She came stilly on, approaching us nearer and nearer, and we kept gazing at her, without, however, apprehending any thing, until we saw another sail in sight, and perceived that the vessel we had first made out was hauling up in such a manner as would soon bring her right alongside of our lofty three-decker. I then ventured to go below and speak to one of the Turkish officers. This gentleman cursed me for disturbing him, and called me a fool, and after speaking disrespectfully of the mother that bore me, grumbled out that they must be merchant vessels from Smyrna, turned himself on his other side, and fell again to sleep. Still the suspicious ship came on nearer and nearer; I spoke to some of the men, who replied much in the same manner as the officer had done, wondering what I had got into my head, to be running about breaking people's rest at such a time of the night. What more could I do?

When I again ascended the quarter deck, the vessel was close astern—within hail. She was a large brig, as black as Satan, but not a soul could I see on board except the man at the helm. Of my own accord, I cried out to them to hold off, or he would be split to pieces against us. No answer was returned, but, favoured by a gentle breeze, on came the brig, silent and sombre as the grave. Whilst fixing my eyes intently on these incomprehensible proceedings, I saw the helmsman leave his post, having secured his teller hard a-port—the next instant I heard a noise like that made by the manning of oars—then I saw a boat drop astern from under the lee of the brig—and ere I could again draw breath, the brig struck violently against our side, to which (by means I could not then conceive,) she became at once attached like a crab, or the many armed polypus. Before one third of the slumbering Turks were aroused, before a dozen of them had seized their spikes and spars to detach their dangerous neighbour—she exploded!—A discharge—a fire—a shock, like the mighty eruption of some vast volcano, rose from the dark, narrow bosom, and quickly she was scattered in minute fragments, high in the astonished, but placid heavens, wide over the sea, and among our decks and rigging—destroyed herself in the act of destroying, though we could see the hands that had directed and impelled the movement of the dreadful engine pulling fast away in the boat. They might have taken it more coolly, for the Turks had other matters to think of, than pursuing them—our ship was on a blaze—the flames were running like lightning along our rigging, and had seized on so many parts at once, that the confused crew knew not where to direct their attention. The Captain Pacha rushed upon deck like a man who had heard the sound of the last trumpet; he did not, however, lose much time in beating his forehead and tearing his beard; he proceeded with great firmness of mind to give judicious orders, but the fire was too widely spread, and the consternation of the crew too excessive to admit of any good being done. While he gave commands to intercept the flames that were already playing down the main-top-mast, he heard the cry from below, that the lower deck was on fire, and numbers of his men rushed by him and leaped into the sea. It was in vain he ran from place to place, attempting by prayers and threats to establish something like a unity and purpose of action—the fellows had lost their reason in their extreme fear.—It was all in vain that he drew forth his splendid purse, and scattered its rich contents before them—what was money to a man who felt that, if he lingered for a minute, he should be sent into the air on the wings of gunpowder! Some of our boats had caught fire; others were lowered, and you will not wonder that these were all swamped or upset by the numbers that rushed into them. Meanwhile the fire spread, and spread—at each instant it might reach the powder magazines—the guns too, that were all double-shotted or crammed with grape, began to be heated; and as the flames flashed over them, already went off at intervals with tremendous roar. The wild shrieks, curses, and prensions actions of some of the crew; the speechless despair, and stupid passiveness of others; and the shrill, reckless maniac laugh (for many of them were downright mad) were horrible to witness. People may talk about Mahometan resignation, and the surprising influence of their doctrine of fatalism, but for my part, I saw little result from their boasted equanimity or firmest belief: they seemed to be affected just as other mortals would have been in a similar trying situation, and indeed, (with the exception of a few of superior rank among the Turks,) the despised Greeks shewed infinitely more firmness than their masters. The far greater part of the latter leaped into the sea without reflecting whether they could swim two miles—or, indeed, whether they could swim at all, (among nearly eight hundred Turks,) and without calculating the certain havoc to be committed on them in the water by the terrible discharges of the guns. I shall not attempt to vaunt my own courage; I was a worn-out spirit-broken man—I was going to throw myself overboard, when a Greek, a townsman of mine, as brave and clever a lad as ever lived, caught hold of my arm, and drew me aside. "What! are you mad, like the stupid Turks?" said he in an under tone of voice; "if you leap into the water now, you will be either drowned in the dying grasp of some heavy Osmanli, or have your brains knocked out by the cannon shot—the ship may not blow up yet awhile; and do you not see, that now as the cables are cut, and the wind is towards shore, we are every moment drifting nearer to the Island? Come along, Yorghi!" I followed my adviser to the bow of the ship—here I saw a number of Greeks, hanging on the bowsprit and on the rigging outside of the bows. We took our station with them, awaiting in almost breathless silence the moment when the powder magazine should explode. I should tell you, though, that before I left the deck I saw the Captain Pacha make an attempt to leave the ship, in a boat that had sustained little injury. His attendants succeeded in embarking his treasures and valuables, and he was descending the ship's side, when a number of frantic Turks leaped into the boat, and down she went, mahmoudiers.\*

\* Mahmoudier, a coin, value 25 piastres.

golden coffee-cups, amber pipes, shawls, Turks, and all! It has been generally said that the Captain Pacha was killed in the boat by the fall of part of the ship's masts; but this I can assure you, is not correct—he was blown up with the ship. As I was getting over the bows, I saw him through the smoke and flames, standing with his hands crossed on his breast, and his head raised towards the heavens, which looked pitilessly and on fire; and one of my companions afterwards assured me he saw him in the same position the very moment before the final explosion. Of the explosion itself I can say little, but that it was indeed tremendous. I remember nothing but a dreadful roar, an astounding shock, a burst of flames that seemed to threaten the conflagration of the globe, and a rain of fiery matter that fell thick, and hissed in the troubled sea like ten thousand serpents. The shock threw us nearly all from the bows; some, though not many, were killed by the falling timbers, the rest swam off for shore, from which we were still distant more than a mile. My limbs had no longer the strength and activity that in former times enabled me to swim from Stanchio to Calymna, but, with the assistance of a floating fragment, I did very well, and was among the foremost of the Greeks who reached the little light house, that stands on Scio's ancient and ruined mole. On looking back at the wreck, the fore-part of the ship appeared still afloat, and the foremost erect, but they soon parted, and the next day nothing was seen of the immense ship, but minute and innumerable fragments scattered on the water and on the shore of the Island. Of about nine hundred persons in all, who were on board, only eighty-three escaped, and among these, as far as I could ascertain, there was not one Turk! Many unfortunate Greek prisoners perished with the ship, and among them, three young Scioite children.

## Varieties.

## A SHOT FROM A LONG BOW.

"Capital Salmon this," said the Captain; "where does Billet get it from? By the by, talking of that, did you ever hear of the pickled salmon in Scotland?" We all replied in the affirmative. "Oh, you don't take. D—n it, I don't mean dead pickled salmon; I mean live pickled salmon, swimming about in tanks, as merry as grigs, and as hungry as rats." We all expressed our astonishment at this, and declared we never heard of it before. "I thought not," said he, "for it has lately been introduced into this Country by a particular friend of mine, Dr. Mac——. I cannot just now remember his d—d jaw-breaking Scotch name; he was a great chemist and geologist, and all that sort of thing—a clever fellow, I can tell you, though you may laugh. Well, this fellow, sir, took nature by the heels and capsized her, as we say. I have a strong idea that he sold himself to the d—l. Well, what does he do, but he catches salmon and puts them into tanks, and every day added more and more salt, till the water was as thick as gruel, and the fish could hardly wag their tails in it. Then he threw in whole pepper-corns, half a-dozen at a time, till there was enough. Then he began to dilute with vinegar until his pickle was complete. The fish did not half like it at first; but habit is every thing; and when he shewed me his tank, they were swimming about as merry as a shoal of dace: he fed them with fennel, chopped small, and black pepper-corns." "Come Doctor," says I, "I trust no man upon tick; if I don't taste I won't believe my own eyes, though I can believe my tongue."—(We looked at each other.) "That you shall do in a minute," says he; so he whipped one of them out with a landing-net and when I stuck my knife into him, the pickle ran out of his body like wine out of a claret-bottle, and I ate at least two pounds of the rascal, while he flapped his tail in my face. I never tasted such salmon as that. Worth your while to go to Scotland, if it's only for the sake of eating live pickled Salmon. I'll give you a letter any of you, to my friend. He'll be d—d glad to see; and then you may convince yourselves. Take my word for it, if once you eat salmon that way, you will never eat it any other."

In the neighbourhood of Glasgow lately an honest Hibernian came up to his employer, and thus addressed him with an air of triumph:—"Well, have ye heard the good news, master?" "What news?" "Why, that Dan O'Connell's got into the Parliament House: an' when he was in, the King comes up to him, an' tak's him by the fist, 'an' well Dan,' says he, 'sit you there,' says he, 'an' d—the man dare say a word to ye,' says he.

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