

Poetry.

ST. PAUL.

(An Extract from a MS. Poem.)

THE night was stormy, and the angry clouds
 Roll'd black and clotted, while the full-orb'd moon
 Tug'd the broad darkness, but denied her beam
 To earth or sea; driving, with devious sail,
 One shatter'd galley sought the sheltering port
 Of the Piræus; on the slippery deck
 Sleepless and fearful stood the anxious crew,
 Midst men more anxious, who, unused to threats
 Of billowy tempests, bore impatiently
 The terrors of that dread and dismal time.
 From isles that studded thick th' Egean sea
 The galley came; the cheering breath of spring
 Speeded her course; and as she lightly sail'd,
 And touch'd at many a haven, eager crowds,
 Jocund and trim, mounted her glittering sides
 To visit Athens. For the year had brought
 The days of festival, when wild delight
 Ranges the streets, mixing young Bacchus' praise
 With all that art can show of fair and lovely,
 And all that sense can teach of base and vile.
 These voyagers of pleasure ill endured
 Darkness, and mutterings of the distant peal
 Of mighty thunder, and the raging breath
 Of uncurb'd winds, and the gigantic heaves
 Of the tumultuous wave. With mutable fear
 They crept about the deck, or idly shrunk
 From the thick shower of the dashing spray;
 Or murmur'd broken prayers for Neptune's aid.
 Unmov'd one stately form stood on the prow
 In sober majesty; serene he stood;
 And there were thoughts of grandeur round his heart,
 And there were smiles of trust upon his brow.
 And there were words of comfort on his lips,
 As thus he spake to one young, timid Greek,
 Who nestled to him for the pious hope
 A holy man may breathe in such an hour:—
 "Fear not; the voice that calls us up to watch,
 And hear its echoes, as they ride sublime
 On the full thunder-peal, or sweeping blast,
 It is the voice of God—a voice that speaks
 As solemnly to heaven-attemper'd souls,
 When the warm breeze sleeps on the flowery plain
 Or motionless sea, as when the rushing wind
 Shakes men with terrors. Dost thou tremble still?
 The Spirit that moves upon th' engulphing wave
 Upholds thee; here, upon this fragile bark,
 Thou stand'st as safely as in nights of peace,
 When thou hast rang'd in lightly-waving groves,
 And look'd upon the bright and placid stars,
 And all was gentleness. Man walks in danger;
 Whether the soothing calm be round his path,
 Or threatening storm, his way is still secureless,
 And he has need of that supporting Power
 Which governs all things; when God wills we fall."

With reverential awe
 The youthful Grecian fix'd his raptur'd eye
 Full on the sacred stranger; silent, Paul stood
 Like a blest genius, with his eloquent arms
 Stretch'd to the blacken'd sky. The Apostle seiz'd
 The moment when the young and zealous heart
 Kindles at truth. Amidst the fearful pause
 Of intermitting blasts, serene he spake
 Of the Eternal Mind, the infinite Good,
 Beauteous, omnipotent, and omnipresent,
 And filling all things;—of man's soul he spake,
 And of th' ineffable beam of light which shines
 Obscurely, while the blind and giddy sense
 Pores after knowledge, till the veil is drawn
 Back by dark death; of treacherous superstition,
 And rank idolatry, he next discours'd,
 And how the earthly eye had clouded worship
 With misplac'd symbols, and with rites profane;
 Of God reveal'd he then divinely taught—
 God the supreme, shedding the brilliant ray
 Of wisdom, and of prophecy, on souls
 Unsullied; last th' inspired preacher named
 Christ the Redeemer; the Athenian heard
 Wondering; and, as the holy man unroll'd
 The warrant of his mission, with full heart
 The youth exclaim'd, "O! teach me to believe!"

Communication.

(For the Royal Gazette.)

CHARACTER OF THE PURITANS.

[The following has been handed to us by a friend, to whom we agree, that towards the conclusion, in particular, beginning at the words "The very meanest of them was being, &c.," the ideas and the language are very beautiful.]

THE PURITANS were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an over-ruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was, with them, the great end of existence. They rejected, with contempt, the ce-

remorious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscurer veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied with a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent; on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: For they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events, which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly cause, had been ordained on his account. For his sake, empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake, the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the Prophet. He had been wrested, by no common deliver, from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Miscellaneous Articles.

WILLIAM CORDER.—The wife of this young man continues to visit him daily at the gaol. The interview, which lasts only ten minutes, is in the presence of a third person; and, according to the rules of the prison, they are obliged to converse at a distance of full five or six feet from each other. The prisoner, we understand, conducts himself very decorously, and is generally observed with a religious book in his hand. His wife expresses on all occasions the greatest anxiety to administer to his comfort; and is, indeed, unceasing in this respect. It is impossible to look to the conduct of this unhappy and ill-used woman without having the beautiful lines of the poet suggested to us—

"O what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Thro' joy and thro' sorrow, thro' glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not what guilt's in thine heart,
 I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!"

The statements which have appeared in this and the London Papers, Mrs. Corder still treats as calumnies, and expresses herself convinced of his innocence of the murder. She has taken lodgings in this town, and is a regular attendant at one of our churches, where prayers are read daily. It is understood that the 93*l.* which Corder drew upon a forged cheque has been refunded by his wife, and that, consequently, that affair is compromised. The bankers, Messrs. Alexander, belonging to the Society of Friends, who are forbid by their rules from prosecuting upon oath, perhaps affords a clue to the compromise. The sum of 80*l.* which Lea found in Corder's desk, it seems he put into his wife's hands, with an assurance that it was a present from an uncle in Suffolk. Mrs. Corder states that the act of forgery could not have been prompted by necessity, as at that time she had money in her banker's hand, which her husband knew he might have availed himself of at pleasure. It is not true that Corder has solemnly protested his innocence of the murder. Since his imprisonment he has never, we believe, except in his letters, alluded to the charge against him. Those letters certainly would give a virtual contradiction of such protestations, had he made any such.—*Suffolk Herald.* [The statement of the wife having recovered £500 for a breach of promise of marriage, is contradicted.]

MONTREAL, (Monday) June 19.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—According to intimation given in our last, a considerable number of persons assembled in St. Andrew's Church, St. Peter Street, on Monday evening, at half-past 7. The Assembly was addressed by the Rev. J. S. Christman on the subject of intemperance. The drift of his statements, many of which were novel and interesting to this community, may be seen from the three points that were discussed: 10. The ruinous effects of the abuse of ar-

dent spirits. Under the head of the mortality occasioned by them, Mr. C. stated that it had been ascertained, from authentic data, that upwards of 30,000 persons died annually in the United States of the effects of ardent spirits. Supposing drunkenness to be as prevalent a vice in this Province, (and we believe it is even more so) and estimating the population of the States at 10 millions, and that of Lower-Canada at half a million of inhabitants, there are 1500 persons who annually die in this province in consequence of the use of spirituous liquors. The second point maintained, was that, even the temperate use of ardent spirits is both useless and dangerous. The popular arguments in favour of their use were, we think, here successfully combatted. The concluding, and main point, was to establish the position, that it is the duty of every conscientious man, entirely to abstain from the use of ardent or distilled spirits, except as a medicine. At the close of the address, the following preamble was read, and signed by 29 persons, among whom we observed some of our respectable and elderly citizens.

"We, the subscribers, in view of the many evils resulting from the use of distilled spirits, do hereby promise, that we will entirely abstain from their use, except as a medicine; that we will banish them from our families; that we will not give them to persons employed by us; and that we will use our influence in discouraging their use among our friends."

POWERFUL LANGUAGE.—All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise and wonder, are instances of the resistless force of human perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canal. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick axe, or of one impression of a spade; with the general design or last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion. Yet these petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time, among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason, and their spirit, the power of persisting in their purposes—acquire the art of sapping what the cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.—*Dr. Johnson.*

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—On Thursday, the 17th April, were married at Mylor Church, England, Mr. Anthony Rowe, and Miss Mary Ann Richard, of that Parish; the bridegroom, who was one of the crew of the *Rinaldo* packet, unfortunately had both his arms shot off above the elbows, at Halifax, last July, on the anniversary of the King's Coronation, he was indebted to the help of the carpenter for a pair of wooden hands, encased in a pair of gloves, having a spring in the forefinger which enabled him to put on the ring.

Post Office, Fredericton, 15th July, 1828.
 GOVERNMENT CONTRACT.

TENDERS will be received at this Office until the 5th of August next, at noon, from persons willing to Contract for Carrying the Mail from Fredericton to Quebec, and from Quebec to Fredericton, for one, two, or three years, Commencing the 5th of October next. The Particulars of the Contract will be described by Mr. Phair.

FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE Lot of Land fronting on the River St. John, 40 rods in width, and extending back nearly one mile, situate in the Parish of Saint Mary's a little below the Nashwalk, and immediately adjoining the upper line of the farm of Henry Smith, Esq.—the Lot is too well known to require a more particular description. If the above should not be sold by private sale on or before the first day of September next, it will then be offered for sale by Public Auction.

WM. TAYLOR, Auctioneer.

Terms of payment, half the purchase money to be paid on delivery of the Deed, the remainder by two equal instalments in one, and two years with interest.
 Fredericton, July 14, 1828.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE is published every TUESDAY, by GEO. K. LUGRIN, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, at his Office in Queen Street, over Mr. Sloot's Store, where Blank Handbills, &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

CONDITIONS.

The price of this Paper is Sixteen Shillings per annum (exclusive of Postage)—the whole to be paid in advance.

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