

POETRY.

(Selected.)

SUDDEN DEATH.

The following remarkable circumstance occurred in a circle of friends, who were debating what might be considered the happiest departure. One of the party thus suddenly expired.

Which is the happiest death to die?
"Oh!" said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,
With bright, celestial views.
Mine were a ling'ring death without pain,
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet would be
The victory I should gain!
Pain would I catch a hymn of love
From angel-harps that ring above,
And sing it as my parting breath
Quiver'd and expir'd in death;
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere;
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heav'nly life arise;
And gather from the death they view
A ray of hope, to light them through,
When they should be departing too."
"No," said another, "so not I:
Sudden as thought is the death I would die;
I would suddenly throw my shackles by,
For bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking:
So would I die!

All bliss, without a pang to cloud it!
All joy, without a pain to shroud it!
Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air!

Oh! how bright were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!
Even so I long to go—
These parting hours how sad and slow!"
His voice grew faint, and fix'd was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;
The hue of his cheek and lips decay'd;
Around his mouth a sweet smile play'd—
They look'd—he was dead!
His spirit had fled,
Painless and swift as his own desire:
The soul, undress'd
From her mortal vest,
Had step'd in her car of heav'nly fire,
And prov'd how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!

EDMESTON.

WAR AND LOVE.

War and Love have various cares;
War sheds blood, Love sheds tears,
War has swords, Love has darts;
War breaks heads, Love breaks hearts.
War makes foes, Love makes friends;
War's soon o'er, Love never ends;
War makes wrath, Love makes strife;
War takes wealth, Love takes life.

War moves bold, Love moves sly,
War makes us rave, Love makes us sigh;
War's ruled by men, Love's ruled by the fair;
War needs many soldiers, Love needs but a pair.

VARIETIES.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

It is now many years since the first battalion of the 17th Regiment of Foot, under orders to embark for India, that far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have left in what soldiers call "the bed of glory," were assembled in the barracks yard of Chatham, to be inspected previously to their passing on board the transports, which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely day-break, when the merry drum and fife were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen saluting forth from their quarters, to join the ranks; with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and the knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow.—Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance, or by some individual, with a dearest tie to his regard than either; and there was a strange and sometimes a whimsical mingling of weeping and laughter among the assembled groups.

The second battalion was to remain in England, and the greater portion of the division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their destiny prevailed—for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots that were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind.—Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbiter. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend Captain Loden, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure, has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The women had gathered round the flag-sergeant, who held the lots in his cap—ten of them marked "to go"—and all the others containing the fatal words "to remain." It was a moment of dreadful suspense, and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenances of human beings as in the features of each of the soldiers' wives who composed that group.—One advanced and drew her ticket; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing. Another, she succeeded; and, giving a loud huzzah, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hesitating step; tears were chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an unnatural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the sergeant's cap, and I saw by the

rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed.—She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and with a deep groan, fell back and fainted.—So intense was the anxiety of every person present, that she remained unnoticed, until all the tickets had been drawn, and the greater number of women had left the spot.—I then looked round, and beheld her supported by her husband, who was kneeling upon the ground, gazing upon her face, and drying her fast falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then pressing it to his own manly cheek.

Captain Loden advanced towards them, "I am sorry, Henry Jenkins," said he, "that fate has been against you; but bear up, and be stout-hearted."

"I am so Captain," said the soldier, as he looked up and passed his rough hand across his face; "but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, and she so soon to be a mother."

"Oh Captain!" sobbed the young woman, "as you are both a husband and a father, do not take him from me! I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him bide with me! Oh take me with him!—take me with him—for the love of God take me with him, Captain!" She fell on her knees, laid hold of the officer's sash, clasped it firmly between her hands, and looked up in his face, exclaiming, "Oh! leave my only hope, at least till God has given me another." "Oh, take me with him!" take me with him.

The gallant officer was himself in tears—he knew that it was impossible to grant the poor wife's petition without creating much discontent in his company, and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate.—At this moment a smart young soldier stepped forward and stood before the Captain with his hand to his cap.

"And what do you want, my good fellow?" said the officer.

"My name's John Carty, please yer honour, and I belong to the second battalion."

"And what do you want here?"

"Only yer honour," said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife there are sorrow-hearted at parting, I'm thinking."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why yer honour, they say I'm a likely lad, and I know I'm fit for service,—and if yer honour would only let that poor fellow take my place in Captain Bond's Company, and let me take his place in yours,—why yer honour would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of 'em I'm thinking."

Captain Loden considered for a few minutes, and directing the young Irishman to remain where he was, proceeded to his brother officer's quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of the soldiers, and returned to the place where he had left them.

"Well John Carty," said he, "you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife."

Thank yer honour," said John Carty, again touching his cap as he walked off.

Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose from the ground and rushed into each other's arms. "God bless you, Captain!" said the soldier, as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom.—"Oh, bless him forever!" said the wife: bless him with prosperity and a happy heart!—bless his wife, and bless his children!" and she again fainted.

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming, "May you never want a friend when I am far from you,—you, my good lad, and your amiable and loving wife!" passed on to his company, while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the country of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighbouring villages: but which now afforded no information to the traveller; for ages had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and inquired the way to the village of Eldenby.

The eldest, a fine intelligent lad of about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and asked if he were going to any particular house in the village.

"No, my little lad," said the soldier: "but it is on the high-road to Frome and I have friends there; but, in truth, I am very weary, and perhaps may find in your village some person who will befriend a poor fellow, and look to God for a reward."

"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat—if you come with me, you may be sure of a welcome."

"And you can tell us stories about foreign parts," said the young lad, a fine chubby cheeked fellow, who, with his watch coat thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every portion of the soldier's dress.

The boys gave instructions to their intelligent dog, who, they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence; and in a few minutes the soldier and his young companions reached the gate of a flourishing farm-house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The younger boy trotted on a few paces before, to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof; and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door, when he was received by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends, Henry Jenkins and his wife; and he was welcomed as a brother to the dwelling of those, who, in all human probability, were indebted to him for their present enviable station.

It is unnecessary to pursue this story farther than to add, that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby farm; and that at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling; and his care and exertions have contributed greatly to increase their pros-

perity. Nothing has been wrong with them since John Carty was their steward.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," said the wise man, "and it shall be returned to thee after many days."

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.—There are few with names inscribed on the imperishable records of genius, whose lives present a more melancholy subject for reflection, than that of Henry Kirke White. Endowed with poetical talents of the first description, and possessing that shrinking modesty and over-refinement of feeling which so frequently are the result of a poetical temperament, he had to struggle with poverty and obscurity until, in the language of Byron's beautiful description of him:

"Keen were his pangs but keener far to feel;
He cursed the pious which impelled the steel;
While the same plagues that had warmed his nest,
"Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

This delightful poet was born in Nottingham, March 21, 1785. His father was a tradesman in that city. He early discovered a great desire for reading; and, it is said by his biographers, that when he was about seven years of age, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; a practice he continued for some time before it was discovered that he had been so laudably employed. It was the intention of his father, to bring him up to his own business; but his mother, who was a woman of respectable family and superior acquirements, overcame her husband's desire, and made every effort to procure him a good education, and with this intention and by the request of her friends, she opened a lady's boarding and day school at Nottingham, in which she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations; and by these means accomplished her wishes.

It was, however, at length determined to make him acquainted with some trade; and as his father was the staple manufacturer of his native place, he was placed in a stocking-loom, at the age of fourteen. This employment was entirely unbecoming to his taste, and rendered him truly unhappy; his feelings at this period are portrayed in his address to Contemplation.

His mother, who was the repository of all his boyish sorrows, was extremely anxious to have him removed to some other business; and on his attaining his fifteenth year, had him placed in an attorney's office: but as no premium could be given with him, he was not retained until two years afterwards.

The law was now the chief object of his attention; but during his leisure hours he acquired a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and also made himself master of many of the modern languages. These employments, with the study of chemistry, astronomy, drawing, and music, of which he was passionately fond, served as relaxations from the dry study of the law.

He now became a member of a literary society in Nottingham, where his superior abilities procured him to be elected a professor of literature. He wrote occasionally for the Monthly Preceptor, (a miscellany of prose and poetical compositions,) and gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year, a pair of twelve inch globes, for an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh.

These little testimonies of his talents were grateful to his feelings, and urged him to further efforts, accordingly, we find him contributing to the Monthly Mirror, which fortunately procured him the friendship of Mr. Capel Lloft, and Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work. An anecdote is related of him, during his connexion with this work, which is highly interesting. His modesty prevented him from confiding the efforts of his muse to any other criticism than that of his own family. They, however, were proud of the young poet's talents, and would occasionally show portions of his works to their friends. The natural envy which genius is sure to excite, prevented these pieces from being justly appreciated, and Henry was subjected to some ridicule on their account. One friend, in particular, was extremely sarcastic on the occasion, and calling on the family one day, while the poet was present, he produced a number of the Monthly Mirror, and directed Henry's attention to a poem which it contained, saying, "when you can write like this, you may set up for a poet."

White cast his eyes over the article, informed his friend it was one of his own performances. He informed his friend of the fact; and it may well be imagined experienced no small gratification in thus disarming the satire of his ungenerous antagonist.

At the request of Mr. Hill, he was induced at the close of 1802, to publish a small volume of poems, with the hope that the profits might enable him to prosecute his studies at College, and qualify him to take holy orders; for which he had a strong inclination. He was persuaded to dedicate the work to the Countess of Derby, the once fascinating actress, Miss Farren, to whom he applied; but she returned a refusal, on the ground that she never accepted such compliments. Her refusal was, however, couched in kind and complimentary language, and enclosed two pounds as her subscription. The Duchess of Devonshire was next applied to, who, after a deal of trouble, consented, but took no further notice of the author.

He enclosed a copy of his little work to each of the then existing Reviews, stating, in a feeling manner, the disadvantage under which he was struggling, and requesting a favourable and indulgent criticism. The Monthly Review, then a leading journal, affected to sympathize with the penury and misfortune of the author, but spoke in such illiberal and acrimonious terms of the production, as to inflict a wound on his mind which was never wholly cured. Ample justice was subsequently done to his memory, through this very review by the laureate Southey, whose "Life and remains of White" is justly considered an ornament to British biography.

He now determined to devote himself to the church. His employers agreed to cancel the articles of his apprenticeship, and freely gave up the portion of the time that remained unexpired, and further exerted themselves in his

behalf. The difficulties that presented themselves were numerous. At length, with aid of a few friends, he was enabled to enter the University of Cambridge; where his intense application to study speedily brought on an alarming disease, which at length terminated in his death, on Sunday, October 19, 1803.

A generous tribute to his worth and talents has been paid to his memory by Frances Boot, Esq. of Boston, who, on a visit to Cambridge, caused a splendid monument, executed by Chantry, to be erected in All-Saints' church, Cambridge; and which remains as a striking contrast to the apathy and neglect with which the unfortunate poet was treated during his life.

THE GREAT ECLIPSE OF 1831.—This eclipse which will happen on the 12th of February, will be one of the most remarkable that will again be witnessed in the United States for a long course of years. The apparent diameter of the sun will be 32 1-2 minutes of a degree, that of the moon 31 1-2. Of course the eclipse will be annular; that is in all places where the sun will be centrally eclipsed, at the moment of the greatest obscuration, it will exhibit the appearance of a beautiful luminous ring around the moon.—Eclipses of this kind are of less frequent occurrence than those which are total. The centre of the eclipse will first touch the earth's disk in the great Pacific Ocean on the morning of February 12th, in lat. 31 deg. 55 minutes N. and long. 140 degrees 3 minutes west from Greenwich. At this point the sun will rise centrally eclipsed at 24 minutes past 6 o'clock; or at three hours 54m. P. M. apparent time at Greenwich. Thence proceeding by a gentle curve to the South and East in 16 minutes it will enter upon the coast of California, in lat. 27 degrees 30 minutes N. Thence curving Northwardly, 47 minutes more it will enter the United States near the S. W. corner of Louisiana, and in six minutes will cross the Mississippi; near St. Francisville, passing through the states of Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, in 27 minutes more it will arrive at a point in Pendleton county, South Carolina in lat. 34 degrees 37 minutes N. long. 82 deg. 38 minutes W. where the sun will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian. Thence passing over North Carolina into Virginia, in 14 minutes it will cross James' River, near Richmond, and continuing in nearly a direct line, in 8 minutes will leave the Jersey shore at little Egg harbour, passing a few miles east of Montauk Point, in 8 minutes it will leave the eastern shore of Cape Cod at Wellfleet, and in 6 min. will enter upon the South Western extremity of Nova Scotia. Thence passing over the island of Newfoundland, and increasing in velocity, as it approaches the verge of the earth; in 19 minutes more it will leave its disk in lat. 51 deg. 58 deg. 40 min. W. long. at which point the sun will set centrally eclipsed at 3h. 30 m. or 6 h. 25 m. Greenwich time.

The eclipse will have been 2 h. 34 m. in crossing the earth's disk, and about one hour from its entrance to the time of its leaving the United States. A line drawn thro' the above points on the Map of N. America, will pass thro' all those places where the eclipse is central. Two other lines on each side of the first, at the distance of 50 miles, will include all places in the United States where it will be Annular. Its penumbra will precede and follow the centre, at the mean interval of one hour and thirty minutes, making on the central track the beginning and of the eclipse.—Lines drawn on the map of the United States, parallel to the central track at intervals on the S. side of 200, 185 and 175 miles, and on the north at intervals of 225, 250, and 300 miles, will exhibit, nearly, the respective points where the sun will be 11, 10, and 9 digits eclipsed. By making proportions along the central path of the eclipse, of the intervals of Greenwich time, and protracting the hour lines at right angles, the time and phases of the eclipse may be found for very nearly any place in the United States, observing to reduce the Greenwich time to that of the place of observation.

This eclipse will be visible over every part of the North American continent and the West Indies, and will be seen as far south as the city of Quito in South America.—*Journal of Commerce.*

FATAL DUEL.—We have received a letter dated Arkansas Territory, June 22, detailing circumstances connected with an instance of single combat which took place there, whose severity has scarcely a parallel in history. The letter comes as it appears from a friend of one of the parties, Dr. D. H. Jeffries, with whom he had a brief acquaintance while he resided at Coffeeville; and the account is requested to be published, for the information of the friends of that gentleman in this State. The parties were resident at or near Iberville Louisiana. A challenge passed from a Doctor Smith to Doctor Jeffries, on the 1st instant, which was accepted; the interview was appointed for Thursday, the 17th, and the distance fixed at eight paces. When the time arrived the parties met, took their stations and exchanged shots, without injury to either. After this shot, it seems inferable, from the remarks of the writer, that some efforts were made by their friends to bring about an accommodation, but unavailingly, as Doctor Jeffries declared that he would not leave the ground till he had lost his own, or had taken the life of his antagonist. Their pistols were handed to them a second time, and at this fire the right arm of Dr. Smith was broken, which arrested the fight for a few moments, till he recovered from the exhaustion, when he declared as he was wounded he was ready to die, and demanded the seconds to proceed. The pistols were then put into their hands for a third time, Dr. Smith using his left hand. At this fire Dr. Jeffries was wounded in the thigh, and his loss of blood occasioned an exhaustion that again delayed the conflict for a few moments. He recovered, and both then desired to shorten the distance and continue the fight. They now stood up for the fourth time, covered with blood and at a distance of six feet. They were to fire between the words one and five, and the shot proved fatal to both

parties; they fell to the earth. Dr. Smith was dead when he dropped, the ball having penetrated to his heart, and Dr. Jeffries was shot through the breast, a wound he survived but four hours. They fought with perfect coolness, and thus fell, adds our correspondent, two good and brave men. When Dr. Jeffries saw that his antagonist had fallen, he asked if he was dead, and being assured so, he declared his own willingness to die. Before he expired he said that he had been a schoolmate with Dr. Smith, had been with him fifteen years, that they had been on terms of great intimacy and friendship, and he bore also honorable testimony to his character as a man of science and a gentleman. It is not stated distinctly in the letter, what originated the cruel hostility, which is exhibited in this melancholy affair, but it appears to have been a deeply wounded feeling on the part of Dr. Jeffries. Our Correspondent states that he had many personal friends in the section of country where he had fixed his residence, and was universally respected and beloved. He was engaged, at the time of this affair, to be married to a highly intelligent and amiable young lady of Mississippi, which circumstance appears to have had a connection with the duel; the lady reached the ground only in time to take her last earthly farewell of the object of her affection. Her frantic cries, mingled with the grief of the friends, the letter paints as a scene of the most heart-rending description.—*Mobile Register.*

IN THE PRESS,

And shortly will be published—at the Office of the City Gazette—

ADVICE TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN,

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF AIMING AT

AN ELEVATED STANDARD OF PIETY.

BY A VILLAGE PASTOR.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

BY THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER, OF PRINCETON, N. J.

"Feed my Lambs."

Re-Printed from the second New-York edition.

The following character of the Work, is copied from the Philadelphia Recorder, an Episcopal Religious Paper, of the 21st November, 1829:—

"Among the many useful publications which the press is continually furnishing for the building up of Christians in the faith of the gospel, one has lately appeared which deserves to be universally known and loved. I mean a little duodecimo volume lately published by Carvill, of New-York entitled 'Advice to a Young Christian, by a Village Pastor.' It consists in a series of letters to a young lady at the outset of a Christian profession. The object of the writer is to elevate the view and direct the efforts of the young disciple towards a high and effective standard of Christian attainment. In prosecuting his purpose, he enlarges especially upon secret prayer, self-examination and the devout searching of the word of God.—And a better book for its size and cost has seldom appeared upon such subjects. The style is remarkably easy, perspicuous and chaste. A fine vein of ornament and illustrative fancy work runs through the whole, giving to the style a liveliness, and to the meaning, a clearness with which the reader cannot but be pleased. But it is not with the dress, so much as the body and spirit, that this notice is most concerned. In both these respects, the book is admirable. The exhibition of Christian character is as it ought to be and may be; the enlargement upon the great means by which that character may be attained by all; the cautions, counsels, encouragements and exhortations, every where given, are all in the happiest manner and in the very spirit of a true Christian pastor. The book is worthy of the interesting and appropriate preliminary essay which introduces its letters. I need hardly say that this essay exhibiting the progress of a soul from darkness to light, will amply reward the purchase of the whole book, when it is known that its author is the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, whose letter upon the hindrances to the piety of students of divinity is now publishing in the Recorder. The book which this eminent theologian and christian has introduced to the public, though designed especially for the young Christian, will be found very useful to Christians of all ages and steps of advancement. I have read it in application to myself, with pleasure and profit. I find it admirable to circulate in my congregation. It suits every serious mind and commands itself to every pious heart.

My people have many copies already among them and want more. I commend it to the attention of those who wish to do good or to receive it."

St. John, August 4, 1830.

NOTICE.

THOSE indebted to the Proprietors of the Steam Boat SAINT GEORGE, not having paid the amount of the several claims against them in pursuance of the Notice given; and it being necessary that the accounts should be immediately settled in consequence of the death of one of the Proprietors of the said Boat, the Accounts of those who have placed in my hands for collection, of which all Persons indebted will take due notice, and pay the several and respective balances forthwith.

CHARLES P. WETMORE.

Fredrickton, 15th March, 1830.

FOR SALE.

A Revised copy of the LAWS of this PROVINCE, if applied for immediately. Enquire at the Gazette Office. Fredrickton, July 14, 1830.

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