

## POETRY.

(Selected.)

### TO A CITY PIGEON.

From the *Tokien* of 1831.

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove!  
Thy daily visits have touched my love!  
I watch thy coming and list to the note  
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,  
And my joy is high,  
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.  
Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,  
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?  
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,  
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?  
And canst thou bear  
This noise of people—this breezeless air?  
Thou alone of the feathered race,  
Dost look unscarred on the human face;  
Thou alone, with wings to flee,  
Dost love with man in his haunts to be;  
And the 'gentle dove,'  
Has become a name for trust and love.  
A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!  
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word;  
Thou'rt kind with all that is fresh and wild  
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child—  
And thy every wing  
Are its brightest image of moving things.  
It is no light chance, Thou art set apart  
Wisely by him who tamed thy heart—  
To stir the love for the bright and fair,  
That else were sealed in the crowded air;  
I sometimes dream  
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.  
Come, then, ever when day-light leaves  
The page I read, to my humble eaves,  
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,  
And murmur thy low, sweet music out—  
I hear and see  
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

## VARIETTES.

CLAUDE DU VALL—THE HIGHWAYMAN.  
(From "The Journal of Lue," a new periodical,  
conducted by an Association of Members of the  
Bar in Philadelphia.)

This celebrated highwayman was born at a place called Domfront, in Normandy. His father was a miller, and his mother the daughter of a tailor. By these parents, he was brought up strictly in the Roman Catholic religion, and his genius was cultivated with as much learning as qualified him for a footman. Neither father nor mother took any notice of young Claude after he was about thirteen years of age. Perhaps their circumstances might then oblige them to send him abroad to seek his fortune. His first stage was at Rouen, the capital city of Normandy, where he fortunately met with the post horses, to be returned to Paris, upon one of which he got leave to ride, by promising to help to dress them at night. At the same time, falling in with some Englishmen, who were going to the same place, he got his expenses discharged by those generous travellers.

They arrived at Paris in the usual time, and the gentlemen took lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the English at that time generally quartered. Du Vall was willing to be as near as possible to his benefactors, and by their intercession he was admitted to run errands and do the meanest offices at the St. Esprit, in the Rue de Bourchier, a house of general entertainment, something between a tavern and an ale-house. In this condition he continued till the restoration of King Charles II. in 1660; at which time, multitudes of all nations flocking into England, among them came Du Vall, in the capacity of footman to a person of high quality.

The universal joy on the return of the royal family, made the whole nation almost mad; every one ran into extravagances, and Du Vall, whose inclinations were as vicious as any man's soon became an extraordinary proficient in gaming, drunkenness, and all manner of debauchery. The natural effect of these courses is want of money; this our adventurer experienced in a very little time, and as he could not think of labouring, he took to the highway to support his irregularities. In this profession he was within a little while so famous, as to have the honour of being named first in a proclamation for apprehending several notorious highwaymen. And here we have reason to complain that informations are too short for our assistance in writing the life of such a celebrated offender. However, such stories as have been delivered down to us, we shall give our readers faithfully, and in the best manner we are able.

He had one day received intelligence of a knight and his lady that were travelling with four hundred pounds in his coach. Upon this he took four or five more along with him, and overtook them on the road. The gentry soon perceived they were likely to be beset when they beheld several horsemen riding backwards and forwards and whispering one another; whereupon the lady, who was a young sprightly creature, pulled out a flageolet, and began to play very briskly. Du Vall took the hint, and played excellently well upon a flageolet of his own, in answer to the lady, and in this posture made up to the coach door. "Sir," said he to the knight, your lady plays charmingly, and I make no doubt but she dances as well; will you please to step out of the coach, and let me have the honour to dance one court with her on the heath?" "I dare not deny any thing," the knight replied, to a man of your quality and good behaviour; you seem a man of generosity, and your request is perfectly reasonable. Immediately, the footman opened the door, and the knight came out; Du Vall leaped off his horse, and handed the lady down. It was surprising to see how gracefully he moved upon the grass; scarce a dancing master in London but would have been proud to have such agility in a pair of pumps as Du Vall showed in a great pair of French riding boots. As soon as the dance was over, he waited on the lady back to the coach, without offering her the least affront; but just as the knight was stepping in, "Sir," said he,

"you have forgot to pay for the music."—His worship replied, that he never forgot such things, and instantly put his hand under the seat of the coach, and pulled out a hundred pounds in a bag, which he delivered to Du Vall, who received it with a good grace, and courteously answered—"Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this hundred pounds given so generously, is better than ten times that sum taken by force; your noble behaviour has secured you the other three hundred pounds which you have in the coach with you." After this, he gave him his word he might pass undisturbed, if he met any more of their crew; and then very civilly wished them a good journey.

Another time, as Du Vall and some of his companions were patrolling upon Blackheath, they met with a coach full of ladies. One of them had a young child in her arms, with a silver sucking bottle. The person appointed to act in this adventure, robbed them very rudely, taking away their money, watches, rings, and even the poor baby's sucking bottle. The infant cried as was natural on such an occasion, and the ladies entreated him only to return the bottle; but the surly thief refused to give an ear to their request, till Du Vall observing that he staid longer than ordinary, rode up, and demanded what was the matter. The ladies, here upon, renewed their petition in behalf of the child, and Du Vall threatened to shoot his companion, unless he restored what they required—adding these words—"Sirrah, can't you behave like a gentleman, and raise a contribution without stripping people; but, perhaps, you had some occasion for the sucking bottle, for, by your actions, one would imagine you were hardly weaned." This sharp reproof had the desired effect; and Du Vall took his leave of the ladies in a courteous manner.

A little after the above mentioned action, another lucky turn in Du Vall's favour happened, as much as that to his advantage. In the course of his rambles, he came into the Croup Inn, in Beaconsfield, where he heard great singing, dancing and playing upon the hautboy and violin. He instantly inquired into the reason of it, and found that there was a wake or fare kept there that day, at which there were present most of the young men and maids for several miles about. This, he thought, was a promising place; and therefore, he put up his horse for that evening, went into the kitchen and called for a pint of wine. Here he met with an old rich farmer, who had just received a hundred pounds, tied up in a bag, and put it into his coat pocket. Du Vall was very attentive to all that passed, and by this means he heard the farmer tell an acquaintance what money he had about him, which he sharper immediately set down for his own; more especially did he depend upon it, when the countryman asked leave to go into the room where the music was, to see and hear the diversions. It was his next business to ask the same favour, which he easily obtained, and very innocently, to all appearance, entered to see the country dancing, making an apology to the company when he came in, and telling them that he hoped it would be no offence. They replied as courteously, that he might stay there and welcome.

His business now was more to watch the old farmer's bag of money than to mind the diversions of the young people; and after considering for some time for a way to execute his design in the most dexterous manner, he observed a chimney with a large funnel, which he thought would favour his project. Having contrived the whole affair, he went out and communicated it to the hostler, who, being a downright rascal, consented, for a reward of two guineas, to assist him. He was to dress up a great mastiff dog in a cow hide, which he had in the stable, placing the horns directly in his forehead, and then by the help of a ladder and a rope, to let him down the chimney. All this he performed while the company were merry in the chamber. Du Vall being returned from the yard, the dog howling as he descended, came down the chimney, and, pushing among them in this frightful manner, they were all put into a hurry and confusion. The music was silenced, the table overturned, and the drink spilt; the people all the while screaming and crowding down stairs as fast as they were able, every one struggling to be foremost, none of them being willing to risk the fate of the hindmost. Their heels flew up, and the pipe and the fiddle were trod to pieces. While they were in this condition, the object of their dread got over them all, and got into the stable, where the hostler instantly uncased him; so that when the company came to examine the matter, as they could hear no more of him, they concluded he was vanished into the air.

Now was the time for Du Vall to take care of the farmer's hundred pounds, which he very easily did by diving into his pocket. As soon as he had got the money, he took horse and spared neither whip nor spur till he came to London, where he thought himself safe.

One time Du Vall met with Roper, master of the buck-hounds to King Charles II., as he was hunting in Windsor forest. As their rencontre happened in a thicket, Du Vall took advantage of the place, and commanded him to stand and deliver his money, or else he would shoot him. Mr. Roper, to save his life, gave our adventurer a purse full of guineas, containing at least fifty, and Du Vall afterwards bound him neck and heels, and fastened his horse by him, and rode away across the country.

But the proclamation which we spoke of at the beginning of his life, and the large reward that was promised for taking him, made Du Vall think it unsafe to stay any longer in England; whereupon he retired into France. He had not long been there before he relapsed into his old disease, want of money, which obliged him to have recourse to his wits again. He had an uncommon talent at contrivance, particularly at suiting his stratagems to the temper of the person they were designed to ensnare, as the following instance will prove:—

A learned Jesuit, who was confessor to the French king, was as much noted for his avarice as he was for his politeness; by which latter, he had rendered himself very eminent. His thirst

for money was insatiable; and though he was exceeding rich, his desires seemed to increase with his wealth. It came immediately into Du Vall's head, that the only way to squeeze a little money out of him was to amuse him with the hopes of getting a great deal, which he did in the following manner:—

He dressed himself in a scholar's garb, to facilitate his admittance into the miser's company, and then waited very diligently for a proper time to make his address, which he met in a few days. Seeing him alone in the piazza of the Faubourg, he went up to him very confidently, and said: "May it please your reverence, I am a poor scholar, who have been several years travelling over strange countries, to learn experience in the sciences, purely to serve my native country, to whose advantage I am determined to apply my knowledge, if I may be favoured with the patronage of a man so eminent as yourself." "And what may this knowledge of yours be?" replied the father: "if you will communicate any thing to me that may be beneficial to France, I assure you no proper encouragement shall be wanting on my side." Du Vall, emboldened by this answer, proceeded: "Sir, I have spent most of my time in the study of alchemy, or transmutation of metals, and have profited so much at Rome and Venice, from great men learned in that science, that I can change several base metals into gold, by the help of a philosophical powder, which I can prepare very speedily."

The father professor appeared elated with joy at this relation: "Friend," said he, "such a thing as this will be serviceable indeed to the whole state, and peculiarly grateful to the king, who, as his affairs go at present, stands in some need of such a curious invention. But you must let me see some experiment of your skill, before I credit what you say so far as to communicate it to his Majesty, who will sufficiently reward you, if what you promise be demonstrated." Upon this, he conducted Du Vall home to his house, and furnished him with money to build a laboratory, and purchase such other materials as were requisite, in order to proceed in this invaluable operation, charging him to keep the secret from every person as long as he thought proper, which Du Vall promised to perform.

The utensils being fixed, and every thing in readiness, the Jesuit came to behold the wonderful operation. Du Vall took several metals and minerals of the basest sort, and put them into a crucible, his reverence viewing them as he put them in. Our learned alchemist had prepared a hollow stick, into which he had conveyed several sprigs of pure gold, as black lead is in a pencil. With this stick he stirred the preparation as it melted, which with its heat melted the gold in the stick at the same time, so that it sunk imperceptibly into the vessel. When the excessive fire had consumed in a great measure all the lead, tin, brass, and powder, which he had put in, the gold remained pure to the quantity of an ounce and a half. This the Jesuit caused to be assayed, and finding that it was really fine gold, he was immediately so devoted to Du Vall, and blinded with the prospects of future advantage, that he believed every thing our impostor could say, still furnishing him with every thing he demanded, in the hopes of being at last made master of this extraordinary secret; the whole fame as well as profit, of which, he did not question would redound to him, as Du Vall was but an obscure person.

The confessor was as open as Du Vall could wish. He showed him all his treasure, and among it, several rich jewels, which he had received as presents from the king, hoping, by these obligations, to make him discover his art the sooner. In a word, he grew by degrees so importunate and urgent, that Du Vall began to apprehend a too close inquiry, if he denied the request any longer: And, therefore, he appointed a day when every thing was to be communicated. In the mean time, he took an opportunity to steal into the chamber where all the riches were deposited, and where his reverence generally slept after dinner, and finding him fast asleep, with his mouth wide open, he gagged and bound him, then took his keys, and unhoarded as much of his wealth as he could conveniently carry out unsuspected; and thus bade farewell to both him and France.

Du Vall had several other ways of getting money besides these already mentioned, particularly by gaming; no man living could slip a card more dexterous than he, nor better understood all the advantages that could be taken of an adversary; yet, to appearance, no man played fairer.

He was remarkable for laying wagers, and no less successful in this practice than any of the former. He made it a great part of his study to learn all the intricate questions, deceitful propositions, and paradoxical assertions, that are made use of in conversation.

How long Du Vall followed his vicious courses in England, after his coming from France, before he fell into the hands of justice, is uncertain. At length he was taken, drunk, at the Hole-in-the-wall, in Chandos-street, committed to Newgate, arraigned, convicted, condemned, and, on Friday, the 21st day of January, 1669-70, executed at Tyburn, in the 27th year of his age.

Crowds of ladies, among whom were many of rank, visited him in prison, and interceded for his pardon. And not a few accompanied him to the gallows, under their vizards. After he had hung the usual time, he was cut down, and, by well dressed persons, conveyed into a mourning coach. In this he was carried to the Tangier Tavern, at St. Giles's, where he laid in state that night. The room was hung with black cloth, the hearth covered with escutcheons, eight wax tapers were burning, and as many tall gentlemen attended with long cloaks. All was in profound silence, and the ceremony would have lasted much longer, had not one of the judges sent a messenger to interrupt the pageantry.—*Court Trials.*

THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF A WEST COUNTRY BAILIE, DURING THE LATE WAR OF THREE DAYS IN PARIS.—During the canvass for a Scotch county which has lately changed mas-

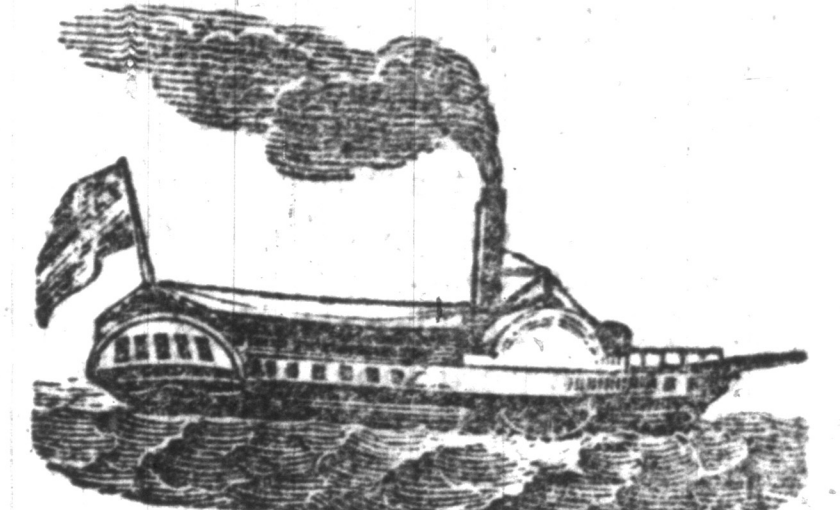
ters, it occurred to the doers of a noble ex-prior that there was a voter at that time resident in Paris, whom they supposed favourable to their master's interests. To secure this vote, the Bailie, of a respectable burgh in the west country, which is neither so large as Glasgow, nor so little as Lanark, but, as it were, between the two, was dispatched to that capital, having been appointed to this mission for no other qualification than that we have been able to learn, than his utter ignorance of the French language. Delighted at the idea of seeing Paris, he set off, with drafts both upon Lafitte and Rothschild, little thinking of the perils that awaited him. He entered Paris on the second day of the conflict, the continual patter of musketry, and the thick boom-booming of the cannon telling plainly, even if the news of what was going forward had not met him on the road, that civil war and devastation were busy within its walls. The diligence passed through the faubourgs, but scarcely had it entered the city when it was stopped at one of the barriers which the constitutionalists were forming. The diligence was emptied, and made a constituent part of the barricade, the luggage deposited in the hall of a neighbouring hotel. Messieurs the passengers told to decamp—all in the brief space of a minute, with the utmost military order and precision, and with true French politeness. But now the unhappy Bailie discovered that his luggage had been left behind, and what was worse, when left to himself, he found that his drafts had been removed from his pocket, and that no person was near who could or had time to understand him. He entered a house upon chance, and told his story: the mistress was an Englishwoman, but either did not believe him, or was too much engrossed with her own horrors to give advice or assistance. Whilst remonstrating at her door, a shabby genteel sort of a person came up and, after listening to his complaints, volunteered to conduct him to Rothschild. In effect he did convey him to a place where sat a man with a pen behind his ear, who inquired very minutely respecting the nature of the drafts he had lost, whether they were payable to any person or only to himself. The appearance of the place and persons by whom he was surrounded inspired suspicion; he attempted to leave them, but was detained forcibly.—After being kept prisoner for a considerable time, he was liberated upon giving a pledge that he would not inform. He wandered onward, without knowing whether, through streets deserted as in a plague city, while all around was heard the whistling of musket bullets, and ever and anon the abrupt stern knell of artillery shattered the air. The Bailie heard it not, he walked on with his hands in his pockets, absorbed in reflections upon his own forlorn condition. An armed man approached, and half-leveled his musket at his breast with a "qui vive?" The Bailie was desperate; he folded his arms across his breast and cried "Oh then! fire away!" The man laughed, and passed on muttering "c'est un drôle!" Chance conducted our hero to the Thuilleries just as the victorious citizens were pouring in. As he approached, a young man was looking from an upper window. A brick fell at this moment accidentally from the building upon one of the assailants, who looked up, and fancying the missile had been thrown with a hostile intent, took aim at this person and shot him. The Bailie was horror-struck, but the crowd of entrants caught him in its vortex, and he was hurried into the interior of the building. He arrived just as the wine was handing about, and a long deep draught, the first thing he had tasted since an early breakfast, somewhat revived him. His tranquility, however, was not destined to be of long duration. A cry arose that the Swiss guards were upon them; and the Bailie, along with some other non-combatants, rushed in haste from the Thuilleries.—He was panting down the first street that offered itself, when a cannon ball struck a piece of railing a little way in advance. This was too much for a frame already suffering under the accumulated pressure of hunger, fatigue, grief, fear, and a bottle of wine; he rushed on in desperation and threw himself into the first open door he saw. It was the shop of a traiteur. He sat down, leant his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands, and abandoned himself to despondency. He was roused by the entrance of some men.

It was one or two persons who, like himself, had been present, at the storming of the royal cellars; but who, more provident, had carried off a few bottles along with them. They called hastily for a cork-screw; and, when the instrument was procured, one of them, upon tasting the contents of the first drawn bottle, pronounced it to be rum. The word fell on the ear of the west-country Bailie like the songs of childhood on the exile's ear in a far distant land. He involuntarily grasped a tumbler, and extended it towards the bottle-holders, who, good humouredly laughed, filled it to the hilt with rum. The Bailie declared that it was the best old rum he ever tasted. He procured a little warm water and sugar, and after sipping once or twice found himself sufficiently restored to call for something to eat. The Frenchmen, who sat benevolently enjoying his happiness, seeing the tumbler nearly empty, came round, replenished it, and sat down beside him.—There they sat two happy mortals, nodding and smiling at each other, shaking hands, and clattering each in a language quite unintelligible to the other. "A votre sante, Monsieur!" "Its gude rum." "N'est ce pas bon?" "Odd I begin to feel comfortable." The rum being finished, an experiment was made upon another bottle of ample dimensions, and whose cobwebbed exterior had a most venerable appearance. It proved to contain excellent Burgundy. To cut a long tale short, the Bailie, who luckily had told his story to the waiter before the second bottle was drawn, was conveyed in a state of considerable elevation to Maurice's hotel, where he slept away his fatigue. He next day got a valet de place to conduct him to the hotel near which the diligence had been stopped. The landlord put into his hand a small parcel which had been left for him. It contained the drafts on Lafitte and Rothschild, returned probably by the thieves on finding that they could not cash them.—Our readers think no doubt that the Bailie's

annoyances were now at an end. They are mistaken: the worst remains to be told. The gentlemen in search of whom he was sent, agreed most readily to come to Scotland the moment he heard there was a contested election. He came and voted for the other party.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

THE SOLILOQUY.—At Plymouth, "Mrs. Barnard, on her benefit night received an unexpected compliment. We were playing *The Chances*, in which my wife enacted the second Constantine; and in the soliloquy upon her escape from Antonio, she exclaimed, 'Well I'm glad I've got rid of that old fellow, however; and now, if any handsome young man would take a fancy to me, and make me an honest woman, I'd make the best wife in the universe.' A lady in the ships, who had never seen a play before, and took a deep interest in the scene, immediately started up, and leaning over the box in a manner which made him conspicuous to the whole house, clapped his hands and cried out—'I'll have you, ma'am—I'll have you.—I have three years' pay to receive, besides prize-money.'—*Barnard's Retrospections of the Stage.*

AN ECCENTRIC MANAGER.—Jemmy was not particular, in poor communities, as to whether he received the public support in money or in "kind." He would take meat, fowl, vegetables, &c., value them by scales, &c., and pass in the owner and friends for as many admissions as they amounted to. Thus his treasury very often, on a Saturday, resembled a butcher's warehouse rather than a banker's. At a village on the coast the inhabitants brought him nothing but fish; but, as the company could not subsist without its concomitants of bread, potatoes, and spirits, a general appeal was made to his stomach and sympathies, and some alteration in the terms of admission required. Jemmy accordingly, after admitting nineteen persons one evening for a shad a peice, stopped the twentieth, and said, "I beg your pardon, my darling; I am extremely sorry to refuse you; but if we ate any more fish, we shall all be turned into mermaids!"—*Ibid.*



## 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 said Boat, the Accounts have been 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  
Fredericton, 15th March, 1830.

## LAST NOTICE!

THOSE Persons who are indebted to the Subscriber are hereby requested to make payment forthwith, or call and settle by Note of Hand, either with himself or the Agents for the Gazette, otherwise their Accounts will be put in suit.  
GEO. K. LUGRIN.  
June 21, 1830.



## FOR SALE.

BY the Subscriber two span of large young HORSES, four yoke of good OXEN, also one Farm WAGON, one new Market ditto, and one SOCIABLE.  
A liberal Credit will be given with good Security.  
JAMES BALLOCH.  
Fredericton, 19th October, 1830.

FOR SALE.  
THE House in which the under signed now resides; it is an excellent stand for mercantile business, or from the number of apartments it contains, is well adapted for a boarding House. For further particulars apply to  
GEORGE K. LUGRIN.  
August 11, 1829.

## FEATHER BEDS.

A FEW Good new FEATHER BEDS for sale cheap by  
THOS. C. EVENITT.  
Fredericton, Oct. 27th 1830.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY  
HARTFORD.  
THE Subscriber continues to Insure Dwelling Houses, Stores, Barns, Mills, &c. &c. against Loss or Damage by FIRE, for the above Insurance Office, on moderate terms.  
JAMES BALLOCH, Agent.  
Fredericton, 16th April 1830.

A SITUATION WANTED.  
A YOUNG MAN that is well acquainted with the business of this Country, he will engage to take charge of an Establishment or sell Goods upon Commission.—Every satisfaction can be given as to ability and character.—Apply at the Gazette Office.  
Fredericton, 26th Oct. 1830. p. 1v.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.  
TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive of Postage.  
Advertisements not exceeding Twelve Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Sixpence the first, and one Shilling and Sixpence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash, and the insertions will be regulated according to the amount received. Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

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