

(Selected.)

STANZAS

From a MS. Sketch—"THE NORTHERN JUAN."

FORGET THEE ! No—while beauty weaves it's spell
Or life is mine, fond memory will trace
The form belov'd in other days too well ;
As if I still could meet thy pure embrace,
Still to thy willing ear could proudly tell
My lay of love, and e'en thy blushing face
Could mark the sweet approval of my theme,
And in that fleeting hour think happiness no dream.

O'er thy pale brow and spotless bosom fell
The gold-stain'd tresses of thy flowing hair,
And thy blue eyes beneath their sunny veil,
Beam'd with a "living light" too purely fair ;
On thy young cheek the rose and lily pale
Vied with their richest tints to mingle there ;
And in the music of thy love-fraught tongue
There lurked a thrilling charm as if a Syren sung.

And on thy parted lips there played a smile,
That told how calm and peaceful all within ;
Thy heart yet in its wanderings knew not guile,
Ne'er yet had trembled with wild passion's din :
Even now its silent thoughts were heaven-ward, while
It's earthly home was linked with erring sin,
Ye: humbly, meekly waiting for that hour [loud]
THE CHRISTIAN cannot fear—though doubt and darkness

Yes ! on that brow, and on that downy cheek,
Death's icy hand had set its dread seal there,
The bright'ning tint, the flashing eye—these speak
Consumption's traces round thine image fair :
Thy lily's hue, the rose's blushing streak
With them no flattering hopes can gladly bear—
'Tis mockery all—flowers even thus will bloom
Around the dark opening portals of the tomb.

Sleep on, fair Child of Beauty ; I have paid
The heart's full tribute to thy gentle worth,
All that remains for thee, whose love-smile made
This home to me a paradise on earth :
Sleep on—the simple tablet at thy head
Tells thou art not forgotten at the hearth,
Where oft in other days I sat with thee,
And clasp'd thee to my throbbing heart exultingly.

VARIETIES.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

THE MERCHANT AND THE BLIND MAN.
 "Fact—not fable."—*Halleck.*

Ogilvie was born at Edinburgh, in Scotland, and bred a watchmaker. Being wrecked in his fortunes, his eye-sight gone, and his wife dead, he resolved to quit his native country and seek for new friends in the city of London. The sister of his deceased wife requested that she might take his only child, an infant, and adopt it as her own; he consented, and she called the child Julia. Ogilvie soon prepared to bid adieu to Scotland; and that he might have a companion in his misfortunes, he bought a dog, named him Pompey, and put a brass collar on his neck, with these words, in large letters engraved upon it, "Pompey asking alms for his blind master."

Thus equipped, Ogilvie and Pompey set out on their journey, and arrived at the Red Lion inn, on the 20th of June. The next day Ogilvie was conducted to the parish of St. Giles, where he took lodgings at two shillings and sixpence per week. Being now settled, his host accompanied him and Pompey to the piazza of Covent-garden theatre, where by the side of the pillars, he took his stand. This situation he occupied on all business days for upwards of 18 years. Ogilvie's custom was never to speak, but always to hold his hat in his hand, with Pompey by his side. When any person dropped money into his hat he made a bow, but never uttered a word, unless he was first spoken to, and then his answer generally was "aye" or "no."

Mr. Lovel, a merchant in the West India trade, whose counting-rooms were at old Cite Chambers, and his dwelling in Soho-square, was in the daily habit of passing under the piazza. One afternoon, observing the blind man and his dog, he stopped, and taking hold of the collar, read aloud the inscription.—He then addressed the blind man thus, "Pray tell me, sir, by what means you lost your sight?"

"By that scourge of mankind, the smallpox," he answered.

Love, putting in a one pound note into his hand, bid him good afternoon and walked off. On his way home, his thoughts dwell on what he had just seen and heard, which filled his bosom with deep sorrow; and what aided to create greater sympathy for the blind man in the mind of Love, was the circumstance of his having only six months previous lost his own wife by the same disorder, leaving him and his little son John, then six years of age, to bemoan her untimely death. That very night Love resolved that he would ever after, either in going into the city or on returning to his house, throw into the blind man's hat a shilling or more, and for eighteen years he kept his determination. During this time Mr. Love was prosperous in business, he gave his son a collegiate education, bred him at the Temple, and he became a distinguished barrister.

The earl of Derby having employed the young barrister in a suit of consequence, in which the interest of the crown was concerned, on the trial of the cause the principle contended for by the young barrister was argued with so much ability and eloquence that the result proved favorable to his client. The information of the fact coming to the ear of the king, his majesty was pleased to confer on him the honour of knighthood.

Mr. Lovel had occasion to apply to the under-writers at Loyd's to effect an insurance on a large ship and its cargo, of great value bound to London from the island of Jamaica. But a letter of advice had been received that morning at Loyd's stating the total loss of his vessel and all on board in a hurricane, the day after she sailed from port. This information was overwhelming, and drove Mr. Lovel almost to despair. He called his creditors together, and gave them a just and true account of

his affairs; he told them that he could pay them ten shillings in the pound, by delivering up all his property, which he was ready to do. The creditors cheerfully accepted his offer, and executed to him a general release.

Five years previous to the failure of Mr. Lovel, a most singular and extraordinary occurrence happened to the advancement of Mr. Ogilvie's fortune. A celebrated duchess of Piccadilly, with a few friends, one evening attended Covent-garden theatre, to hear Kotzebue's play of Pizarro, which had been adapted to the English stage by Mr. Sheridan. When the amusement was ended, her grace on leaving the house, and just as she was stepping into her carriage, discovered that she had dropped from her finger a diamond ring, of the value of 1200 guineas. She instantly proclaimed her loss, with an offer of 50 guineas to the person who might find it. Ogilvie who stood near, and heard all that had been said, requested her grace to extend her hand and let Pompey see the finger on which she wore the ring, to which she instantly complied, and then drove off for her palace. In less than two hours after all was quiet in and about the theatre, and the flambeaux in the vicinity were extinguished, Pompey found the ring, and delivered it to his master, who early next morning went to the palace of her grace, who received him with joy and gladness. On Ogilvie's presenting her the ring, she offered him the 50 guineas as promised, but he wholly refused receiving the money. She then gave him a half ticket in the lottery then drawing. Ogilvie accepted the ticket, thanked her, bid her good morning, and returned to his stand in the piazza. Eight days after this interview the ticket drew a prize of 20,000*l*. The money he deposited into the hands of Mr. Newland, president of the Bank of England, made that gentleman his confident agent, and banker, and the public were ignorant, of his good luck, as well as the Duchess of Piccadilly, who did not know the number.

Ogilvie still continued in his old place under the piazza; his friend the merchant as usual, day by day, dropping his shilling into this hat, until the whirlwind came, and all the treasures of this man of humanity were drowned; were sunk in the bottom of the ocean.— Thus driven by misfortunes Mr. Lovel had to abandon his walk under the piazza, and had not passed that way in 15 days. This circumstance very much alarmed the mind of Ogilvie: he felt that he could not be mistaken, because he knew his voice, and could distinguish his walk from that of all other persons. Fortunately he knew his name. “I will not delay a moment,” said Ogilvie, “to search out and find my friend! my benefactor! Perhaps that benevolent man may now stand in need of the very charity which he has so long and so bountifully bestowed on me?”

He prepared himself with money, called a hackney coach, and drove direct to the house of the merchant, in Soho-square. On his arrival Mr. Loveless was not a little confused, and began to apologize for having neglected him so long, but observed there was a cause.

"I hope you will pardon me, sir," said the blind man, for the liberty I have taken, when I assure you that I am actuated by the purest motives of gratitude, in coming to inquire the cause of your absenting yourself from the piazza.

"I believe you, sir," answered Lovel. "I shall most willingly give you the particulars, of my losses and misfortunes, which he fully related.

As he ended, Mr. Ogilvie put into Mr. Lovel's hand two bank notes, each of five thousand pounds, which he had that morning received of his agent, Mr. Newland, and requested his acceptance of the money as a token of his affection and gratitude, observing, at the same time, "I do not my friend, consider this sum sufficient to discharge the debt I owe you; but I hope it will enable you to begin business again; and be assured, I shall seek every opportunity to do you good all the days of my life."

So saying he departed, and went to his stand in the piazza. Mr. Lovel commenced business de novo, and in a little time he stood as the first West India merchant on the royal exchange.

The following season Sir John (the son of Mr. Lovel) visited the city of Bath, being the scene of summer amusements for all the people of fashion, and at that time was principally crowded with the company of the nobility and gentry from all parts of Europe. While at Bath, Sir John became acquainted with Lady Erskine, from Edinburgh, and her ladyship introduced him to Julia, whom she had adopted as her own daughter on the death of Julia's aunt, which happened two years before. Julia was the most celebrated beauty and belle of Scotland. The expression of her countenance, the exquisite propriety of her stature, and the exact symmetry of her shape, attracted the fixed admiration of Sir John. In her air, walk, and gesture, she mingled dignity with grace. Her eyes, which were of a dark grey, spoke the great sensibility of her mind, and the sound of her voice was like the sweetest music. Sir John was a man of stirring integrity, deep learning, mildness of temper, and greatness of soul. At the assembly he had the good fortune of having Julia for a partner in the dance, and the next day he met her at the Font. The nectar of the waters of these wells, as Beau Nash, the old king of ceremonies at Bath, used to say, produced a pulsation of the heart which "none but lovers feel." Sir John declared his passion for Julia, and became her accepted lover, and the consent of Lady Erskine to their union was readily obtained.

The next day they set off for London. On their arrival, Lady Erskine took the lovers with her direct to the palace of her grace the Duchess in Piccadilly, who received them with open arms. When she was informed of the intentions of Sir John and Julia, she insisted on their being married at her palace, as soon as the parties had made their arrangements, and so it was settled. The next day Mr. Gilvie, the father of Sir John, met at the palace, when the lovely Julia for the first time in her life had the happiness of seeing her father. On her being introduced to him, the old

man lost the power of utterance. Copious tears were shed, and the scene was truly affecting, although it was a joyous meeting to them and to all the company present. Mr. Ogilvie gave his full consent to Julia's union with Sir John, and settled on her ten thousand pounds. Mr. Lovel settled on Sir John an elegant house in Golden Square of the value of ten thousand pounds, and gave him twenty thousand pounds in money. Sir John and Julia insisted that their fathers should retire from business, and live with them in Golden Square, and that Pompey should accompany them, to which they consented.

Her grace gave them a most splendid wedding and just before the ceremony commenced which was performed by the Lord Bishop of London, as a token of love and esteem, she put on the finger of Julia the diamond ring which her father and Pompey found at the theatre.

From the New York Standard.
THE WHITE WEASEL.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.
By a Gentleman at New-York, for his little
grand sons to emulate

In the reign of King George the III. there lived a boy in London, who was born in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the name of Curtiss. He was left an orphan child at the age of ten years—destitute—not a penny in the world. The question was with him, although so young, what shall I do? He resolved that he would run of errands for any one who would employ him; early one morning he sallied forth from the hovel where he had slept the night before, in quest of employment. He had walked but a few minutes in the strand, near Somerset House, when a gentleman met him, who accosted him thus, "My lad, would you oblige me by carrying this note to Chancery Lane?" at the same time handing him the note, with an English shilling saying, I will give you this shilling for so doing. Curtiss instantly took the money, and punctually delivered the note to whom directed. On his return he met a poor woman near Temple Bar, who apparently was in great distress, and although but a boy she solicited charity of him. Curtiss asked the suppliant what it was she had under her arm; to which she replied, by showing him, a little white kitten; he immediately offered her all the money he had for it, being the shilling he had just earned, with which she was highly pleased. Curtiss then set off with his kitten for Charing Cross; on his way thither a gentleman met him near Exeter Change, not far from the Adelphi, who spying the kitten, asked he had what it was he had under his ragged blanket? Curtiss told him it was a kitten.—the gentleman requested to look at it, which he did, and examined it most critically, then said, my lad you are very much mistaken, it is no kitten, but a *white weasel*; will you sell it? Yes, sir, says Curtiss; what will you give for it? Five guineas, said the gentleman; the kitten then sir, is yours; Curtiss received the money, delivered over the kitten to the stranger, then walked off with his guineas in his pocket. The day following Curtiss (who by the bye, was a very handsome little boy) hastened to Cranbourne Alley to procure for himself proper and respectable clothing, so that he might appear as well dressed as any of the respectable boys in London, which he fully accomplished with two guineas. Being thus entirely equipped and hearing the bells ring for divine service at White Hall, where King Charles the first was beheaded by that arch hypocrite and tyrant Oliver Cromwell, he repaired thither and paid strict attention to what fell from the lips of the Lord Bishop of Durham, who on that occasion delivered an eloquent sermon. On leaving the Royal Chapel

lady apparently of great distinction dropped her white cambric handkerchief, which young Curtiss observed as it fell. He instantly picked it up and ran to the carriage just as it was going to drive off, and presented to the owner, her handkerchief (who proved to be her grace the Duchess of Devonshire.) The politeness and gallantry of the boy was highly pleasing to her grace, and she directed him to take a seat in her carriage, that she might inquire into his situation and circumstances. The boy most readily accepted the kind offer, and had the honor of remaining in her Graces Palace until she placed him in the Westminster school—where by her bounty and goodness he received an excellent education. As he grew up, he was distinguished for talents and worth, so much so, as to become at length a member of Parliament, where he did himself great honor, particularly in advocating the abolition of the African slave trade. In the recess of Parliament Mr. Curtiss visited the watering place at Margate, where by mere accident he fell into company with a most beautiful and accomplished young lady, about twenty years of age—by name Deodama, who possessed every grace and virtue that man could wish or desire to make him happy.—In declaring to the fair one his passion, Deodama was equally pleased with Mr. Curtiss, who was of elegant form, graceful manners, and of the most manly beauty. It was agreed between them that the matter should be made known to the father of the lady, which was done

The father not only gave his consent to their union, but also settled upon his daughter *twenty thousand pounds sterling* and appointed Mr. Curtiss her trustee. On the day of her marriage he put a *diamond ring* on the finger of his beloved daughter, of the value of *two thousand guineas*, as a token of his love and affection, which ring had some time previously been presented to him by the great *Catherine Empress of Russia*. To Mr. Curtiss he presented a *bank Note* of the Bank of England of *five thousand pounds*, observing at the same time Mr. Curtiss, I verily believe that you have the greatest love and esteem for my beloved *Deodama*, (my only child) and she having signified to me her attachment for you—I give her to you towife. But, first, I must tell you Mr. Curtiss, that independent of your great worth and talents—you had stronger claims on me than my beloved daughter, than any other gentleman whomsoever. The facts are these—An attachment subsisted between you and her, I

immediately applied to her grace the Duchess of Devonshire, your friend and patroness, to make some enquiry of her grace into your history and character. The Dutchess gave me with other matters perfectly satisfactory—the most irrefragable proof of your being the ideal boy of whom I purchased the *White Weasel* near Exeter change in the strand ; out of which I made my fortune as follows : I disposed of the *White Weasel* to the great Bashaw of Egypt in exchange for ten hogheads of opium, which I sold in the old city of *Byzantium* which was built by a colony of Athenians (now vulgarly called Constantinople) to a great tea-merchant of Canton in the East Indies and received of him teas and spices of that country in payment for the opium—my teas and spices I shipped, and brought them safe to London (the queen of all cities) where in a short time after their arrival, I had the good fortune to sell them to the London East India Company for *one plumb*, alias one hundred thousand pounds sterling—which was paid me in specie, at the Bank of England. Under all these circumstances Mr. Curtiss I could not refuse you my beloved daughter, and at my death I shall leave you and her all my fortune, which is considerable.—Go ! and be happy.

SAFETY IN STEAM-BOATS.—"We greatly fear the explosions will never be entirely prevented; and while several of them occur every year—while many valuable persons are thus torn from life and from their friends, in a manner even more agonizing than by the casualties of war—while general anxiety pervades the community, and we know that (like the Parisians of late) we are reposing over a volcano,—no time should be lost in adopting such means of prevention or of safety, as cannot fail to be in a good degree successful, at least in preserving the lives, now so often sacrificed; and the number of which will be greatly augmented whenever an explosion shall happen among the congregated hundreds, who now tempted by a mischievous nominal fare, crowd the decks of many of our steam-boats, so that they resemble transport ships, in a time of war, more than vessels for safety and pleasure, in a period of peace. The double remedy now pointed out is worthy of the more consideration from the proprietors of steam-boats, because all those now in use, (with a great addition to their accommodations as well as safety) can be furnished with double boilers and the protecting bulwarks, which, to afford every possible security to their people, should be adopted, even where the safety-barges are added. Then all the protection will be afforded, which the present state of our experience admits; and it will probably be sufficient, even should science and art do no more for mankind on the subject of steam; explosions will be diminished in number, because the boilers will be smaller, and more anxiously watched; and the victims, few in number, will be those who like soldiers and sailors in time of war, encounter a known danger, and have a right to, and will obtain a reward in some measure proportionate to the risk incurred. The proprietors of steam-boats must answer it to their country and to God, if they neglect any practicable means of defending their fellow creatures from the most awful and afflictive casualties to which the confluent traveller is exposed. No scheme will answer which does not either remove the passengers from the danger, or remove the dreaded boiler from the crowd which surrounds it, and from the possibility of eluding men, women and children, in boiling water—in boiling brine—in an atmosphere of ever-heated steam—or of destroying them by the fragments, or by the entire boiler projected among the crowded ranks. The boat which will first be ascertained to afford absolute security, will be a fortune to its proprietors."

BELLS.—The practice of ringing bells in change, or regular peals, is said to be peculiar to England: whence Britain has been termed the ringing Island. The custom seems to have commenced in the time of the Saxons, and was common before the conquest. The ringing of bells as a recreation is not in itself curious. The tolling a bell is nothing more than the producing a sound by a stroke of the clapper against the side of the bell, the bell itself being in a pendant position and at rest. In ringing, the bell, by means of a wheel and rope, is elevated to a perpendicular; in its motion to this situation the clapper strikes forcibly to one side, and in its return downwards on the other side of the bell, producing on each stroke a sound. There are societies of ringers in most towns or parishes in England, and where the Churches are furnished with peals of bells, in London there are many such, particularly one known by the name of College Youths; of this it is said Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench was, in his youthful days, a member, and in his life, by Bishop Burnet, some facts are mentioned which favour his reputation. In England the practice of ringing is reduced to a science, and peals have been imposed which bear the names of the inventors. Some of the most celebrated peals now known were composed about 50 years ago by a man named Patrick, a maker of barometers. In 1684, one Abraham Rudhall, of the city of Gloucester, brought the art of bell-founding to great perfection. His descendants in succession have continued the business of casting bells, and by a list published in 1774, the families in peals and odd bells, had cast to the amount of 3594. The peals of St. Brides, Fleet Street, and St. Dunstan's in the east, amongst the most celebrated in London were their casting.

The music of bells is altogether melody ; the pleasure arising from it consists in the variety of interchanges, and the various succession and general predominance of the consonances in the sounds produced. Musical theorists have written but little on this subject.—*anc. Brit.*

AN ANECDOTE, ILLUSTRATING THE COOLNESS AND FIRMNESS OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.—In the year 1787, when the King—at that time not 22 years of age was Captain of the *Agassus*, and in the fleet under the command of Admiral Sawyer, who was then at Quebec.

Lord Dorchester, the Governor, determined on receiving the son of his Royal Master in a manner due to his rank. On the occasion, therefore, of the Prince's coming on shore to dine with his Lordship at the Castle, the troops were all ordered out, and a guard prepared to receive him. A young officer, who had to superintend the discharge of some pieces of cannon on the Prince's landing, stood so long observing his Royal Highness's approach, that he forgot his own particular duty till the Prince was within not more than three paces of the muzzle of one of the guns, and exactly in a line with it, when confused and alarmed at his neglect of duty, and orders, he hurriedly ordered the gun to be fired. The Royal Captain was in an instant enveloped in the discharge; a portion of the gun-wadding struck his Royal Highness's hat, which he carried in his hand. The young officer, supposing he had killed him, exclaimed, "Oh, my God, I have shot the Prince!" and with difficulty supported himself in the arms of our gallant informant who that day commanded the guard. His anxiety, which as well as every one present was great, was the next moment relieved by observing the Prince's head rather sternly elevated above the rolling cloud of smoke, his eye firmly and inquiringly fixed on the young man; and when, even before the smoke had altogether dispersed, he became satisfied with his scrutiny, and turning (the first movement he had made since the commencement of the accident,) to General Hope, his Royal Highness coolly remarked, "Oh, I perceive—a little too late;" and then calmly resumed his course along the line, to the Castle of Quebec.—*Morning Herald.*

A lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman, how it happened that the Scots who came out of their country were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home. "O madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that, for the honor of the country no one be permitted to leave, who is not a man of understanding." "Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled."

The famous Dr. Clarke, one of the most learned men of his time, was one day amusing himself with some seniors of his own kind and standing, with feats of agility, jumping over chairs and table, and playing like mere school-boys; some one knocked at the door; Clarke reconnoitred from his study window, and observing that the well known Beau Nash had come to pay him a visit, he called out to his merry companions, "Boys, be serious, here comes a fool."

A newspaper, dated January, 1682, contains the following account of some of the amusements of which Hyde-park was then the field:— "This day his Majesty [Charles II.] with most of the Court went into Hyde-park, where the Guards exercised before the Morocco Ambassador. His Excellency seemed highly pleased with our manner of military discipline. The soldiers were gallantly accoutred, and the officers magnificently. In return, the Ambassador's followers exercised after their manner which, though strange to us, was most excellently performed, and with most admirable agility, their horses being very tractable and well managed. Some of their performances were growing of lances : which, with incredible swiftness and agility, they would catch again before they fell to the ground. They did, likewise, upon full speed, take off a ring [being hung up for that purpose] upon the end of their lances, very rarely missing. Scarce ever was seen in the park so great an appearance of coaches."

SUNDAY.—The daily occurrences of a week's business absorb the mind so much that were it not for the regular return of the sabbath, majority of human beings would nearly forget that anything else was necessary to this world, but money when it is needed, provisions when hungry, clothing to cover, and luxuries to feed our pampered appetites. But christianity has consulted the wants of man and the weakness of his nature, by the institution of one day in seven.

How happy the virtuous man must feel to escape from the trammels of a bad world, to a day of sober reflection, or pious indulgence, of religious consolation ! The mariner, who after a week of storms and gloom, happens to spend one day on the sunny shore of some remote island that rises out of the main, cannot feel more grateful for his good fortune than you, who having weathered the misgivings of a week, sits down in his own pew, in his own church, and joins in the service and praise his great Maker.

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