

POETRY.

(Selected.)

A WIFE WANTED.

Ye fair ones, attend! I've an offer to make ye;
In Hymen's soft hands I am anxious to live;
For better, for worse, a companion I'll take me,
Provided she fills the description I give.

I neither expect nor can hope for perfection,
For that never yet was a Bachelor's lot;
But choosing a wife, I would make a selection
Which many in my situation would not.

I'd have—let me see—I'd not have a beauty.
For beautiful women are apt to be vain;
Yet with a small share, I would think it a duty
To take her, be thankful and never complain.

Her form must be good, without art to constrain it,
And rather above than below middle size;
A something, (it puzzles my brain to explain it,)
Like eloquent language must flow from her eyes.

She must be well bred or I could not respect her,
Good nature'd and modest, but not very coy,
Her mind well informed—'tis the purified nectar
That sweetens the cup of hymeneal joy.

Her home she must love and domestic employment,
Have practical knowledge of household affairs;
And make it a part of her highest enjoyment
To soften my troubles and lighten my cares.

Her age I would have it at least to be twenty,
But not to exceed twenty-five at the most;
And the girls of that age being every where plenty,
I hope to get one of that numerous host.

Not fortune I ask, for I've no predilection
For glitter and show, or the pomp of high life;
I wish to be bound by the cords of affection,
And now I have drawn a sketch of a wife.

If any possess the above requisitions,
And wish to be bound by the conjugal band;
They will please to step forward, they know the
conditions,
Inquire of the Printer—I'm always at hand.

VARIETIES.

LETTER II.—BENITO DE SOTO.

Gibraltar, March 29, 1830.

I shall now, Gentlemen, resume the subject with which I concluded my former letter.

When the pirates who boarded the Morning Star had succeeded in effectually prostrating all the people on deck, they drove most of them below, and reserved the remainder to assist in their operations. Unless the circumstances be closely examined, it may be wondered how six men could have so easily overcome a crew of English Seamen, supported by about twenty soldiers, with a Major at their head; but it will not appear so surprising, when it is considered that the sailors were altogether unarmed, the soldiers worn out, and more particularly, that the Pirate carried a heavy long gun, ready to sink her victim at a shot.

Major Logie was fully impressed with the folly of opposing so powerful and desperate an enemy, therefore advised submission as the only course for the safety of those under his charge; presuming, no doubt, that something like humanity might be found in the breasts even of the worst of men. But alas! he was woefully deceived in his estimate of the villains' nature, and felt, when too late, that even death would have been preferable to the barbarous treatment he was forced to endure.

Boaten, bleeding, terrified, the men lay huddled together in the hold, while the Pirates proceeded in their work of pillage and brutality. Every trunk was hauled forth, every portable article of value heaped for the plunder; money, plate, charts, nautical instruments, and seven parcels of valuable jewels, which formed part of the cargo—these were carried from below on the backs of those men whom the Pirates selected to assist them, and for two hours they were thus employed, during which time Soto stood upon his own deck, directing the operations, for the vessels were within a hundred yards of each other. The scene which took place in the cabin exhibited the most licentious brutality. The sick officer, Mr. Gibson, was dragged from his berth, the clothes of the other passengers stripped from their backs, and the whole of the cabin passengers driven on deck, except the females, whom they locked up in the round-house on deck, and the steward, who was detained to serve the Pirates with wine and eatables. This treatment, no doubt, hastened the death of Gibson—the unfortunate gentleman did not long survive it. As the passengers were forced up the cabin ladder, the feelings of Major Logie, it may be well imagined were of the most heart-rending description. In vain did he intreat to be allowed to remain—he was hurried away from even the chance of protecting his defenceless wife, and battered down with the rest in the hold, there to be racked with the fearful apprehension of her almost certain doom.

The labours of the robbers being now concluded, they sat down to regale themselves, preparatory to the *chef d'oeuvre* of their diabolical enterprise, and a more terrible-looking group of demi-devils, the Steward declared could not be well imagined, than commanded his attention at the cabin-table. However, as he was a Frenchman, and naturally polite, he acquitted himself in the office of cup-bearer, if not as gracefully, at least as anxiously, as ever did Canymede himself. Yet, notwithstanding this readiness to serve the visitors in their gastronomic desires, the poor Steward felt ill-requited—he was twice frightened into an icicle, and twice thawed back into consciousness by the rudeness of those he entertained. In one instance, when he had filled out a sparkling glass for a ruffian, and believed that he had quite won the heart of the drinker by the act, he found himself grasped roughly and tightly by the throat, and the point of a knife staring him in the face. It seems the fellow who thus seized him, had felt between his teeth a sharp bit of broken glass, and fancying that something had been put into the wine to poison him, he determined to prove his suspicions by making the Steward swallow what remained in the bottle from which the liquor had been drawn, and thus unceremoni-

ously prefaced his command—however, ready and implicit obedience averted farther bad consequences. The other instance of the Steward's jeopardy was this, when the repast was ended one of the gentlemen coolly requested him to wave all delicacy, and point out the place in which the Captain's money was concealed. He might as well have asked him to produce the philosopher's stone. However, pleading the truth was of no use—his determined requisitor seconded the demand by snapping a pistol at his breast—having missed fire, he re-cocked and again presented—but the fatal weapon was struck aside by Barbazan, who reproved the rashness with a threat, and thus averted the Steward's impending fate. It was then with feelings of satisfaction that he heard himself ordered to go down to the hold, and in a moment he was bolted in along with his fellow sufferers.

The ruffians indulged in the pleasures of the bottle some time longer, and then having ordered down the females, treated them even with less humanity than characterized their conduct towards the others. The screams of the helpless women were heard in the hold by those who were unable to render them assistance, and agonizing, indeed, must their screams have been to their incarcerated hearers! How far the brutality of the Pirates was carried into this stage of the horrid proceeding we can only surmise: fortunately, their lives were spared, although, as it afterwards appeared, the orders of Soto were to butcher every being on board, and it is thought that these orders were not put into action, in consequence of the villains having wasted so much time in drinking and otherwise indulging themselves; for it was not until the loud voice of their chief was heard to recall them, that they prepared to leave the ship, they therefore contented themselves with fastening the women within the cabin, heaping heavy lumber on the hatches of the hold, and boring holes in the planks of the vessel below the surface of the water, so that in destroying the unhappy people at one swoop, they might make up for the lost time. They then left the ship, sinking fast to her apparently certain fate.

It may be reasonably supposed, had as their conduct was towards the females and pitiable as the suffering it produced, that the lives of the whole left to perish were preserved through it; for the ship must have gone down if the women had been either taken out of her or murdered, and those in the hold inevitably have gone with her to the bottom. But by good fortune, the females succeeded in forcing their way out of the cabin, and became the means of liberating the men confined in the hold. When they came on deck it was nearly dark, yet they could see the Pirate ship at a considerable distance, with all her sails set and bearing away from them. They prudently waited, concealed from the possibility of being seen by the enemy, and when the night fell, they crept to the hatchway, and called out to the men below to endeavour to effect liberation, informing them that the Pirate was away and out of sight. They then united their efforts, and the lumber being removed, the hatches gave way to the force below, so that the released captives breathed of hope again. The delightful draught, however, was checked, when the ship was found to contain six feet of water! A momentary collapse took possession of all their newly excited expectations; cries and groans of despair burst forth, but the sailors' energy quickly returned, and was followed by that of the others, they sat to work at the pumps, and by dint of labour, succeeded in keeping the vessel afloat. Yet to direct her course was impossible; the Pirates having completely disabled her, by cutting away her rigging and sawing the mast all way through. The eye of Providence, however, was not averted from the hapless people, for they fell in with a vessel next day that relieved them from their distressing situation, and brought them to England in safety.

We will now return to Soto, and show how the hand of that Providence that rescued his intended victims, fell upon himself and his wicked associates. Intoxicated with their infamous success, the night had far advanced before Soto learned that the people in the Morning Star, instead of being slaughtered were only left to be drowned. The information excited his utmost rage. He reproached Barbazan, and those who had accompanied him in the boarding, with disobeying his orders, and declared that now there could be no security for their lives. Late as the hour was, and long as he had been steering away from the Morning Star, he determined to put back, in the hope of effectually preventing the escape of those in the devoted vessel by seeing them destroyed before his eyes. Soto was a follower of the principle inculcated by the old maxim, "dead men tell no tales;" and in pursuance of his doctrine, lost not a moment in putting about and running back, but it was too late; he could find no traces of the vessel, and so consoled himself with the belief that she was at the bottom of the sea, many fathoms below the ken and cognizance of all Admiralty Courts.

Soto thus satisfied, bent his course to Europe. On his voyage he fell in with a small brig, boarded, plundered, sunk her and, that he might not again run the hazard of encountering living witnesses of his guilt, murdered the crew, with the exception of one individual, whom he took along with him, on account of his knowledge of the course to Corunna, whither he intended to proceed. But, faithful to his principles of self-protection, as soon as he had made full use of the unfortunate sailor and found himself in sight of the destined port, he came up to him at the helm, which he held in his hand, "My friend," said he, "is that the harbor of Corunna?"—"Yes," was the reply; "Then," rejoined Soto, "you have done your duty well, and I am obliged to you for your services." On the instant he drew a pistol and shot the man, then coolly flung his body overboard, took the helm himself, and steered into his native harbour, as little concerned as if he had returned from an honest voyage. At this port he obtained papers in a false name, disposed of a great part of his booty, and after a short stay set out for Cadiz, where he expected a market for the remainder. He had a fair wind until he came in sight

of the coast near that city. It was coming on dark and he lay to, expecting to go into his anchorage next morning, but the wind shifted to the westward, and suddenly began to blow a heavy gale; it was right on the land. He luffed his ship as close to the wind as possible, in order to clear a point that stretched outward, and beat off to windward, but his lee way carried him towards the land and he was caught when he least expected the trap. The gale increased—the night grew pitchy dark—the roaring breakers were on his lee-beam—the drifting vessel strikes, rebounds, and strikes again—the cry of horror rings through the flapping cordage, and despair is in the eyes of the demon crew. Helpless they lie amidst the wrath of the storm, and the darkened face of Heaven, for the first time strikes terror on their guilty hearts. Death is before them, but not with a merciful quickness does he approach; hour after hour the frightful vision glares upon them, and at length disappears only to come again in a more dreadful form. The tempest abates, and the sinners were spared for the time.

As the daylight broke they took to their boats, and abandoned the vessel to preserve their lives. But there was no repentance in the pirates; along with the night and the winds went the voice of conscience, and they thought no more of what had passed. They stood upon the beach gazing at the wreck, and the first thought of Soto was to sell it and purchase another vessel for the renewal of his atrocious plans. With the marked decision of his character, he proposed his intention to his followers, and received their full approbation. The plan was instantly arranged; they were to present themselves as honest shipwrecked mariners to the authorities at Cadiz; Soto was to take upon himself the office of mate, or *capataz*, to an imaginary captain, and thus obtain their sanction in disposing of the vessel. In their assumed character, the whole proceeded to Cadiz, and presented themselves before the proper officers of the marine. Their story was listened to with sympathy, and for a few days every thing went on to their satisfaction. Soto had succeeded so well as to conclude the sale of the wreck with a broker, for the sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars; the contract was signed, but fortunately the money was not yet paid, when suspicion arose, from some inconsistencies in the pirates' account of themselves, and six of them were arrested by the authorities. Soto and one of his crew instantly disappeared from Cadiz, and succeeded in arriving at the neutral ground before Gibraltar, and six more made their escape to the Carraças.

None are permitted to enter the fortress of Gibraltar, without permission from the Governor, or proper passport. Soto and his companion, therefore, took up their quarters at a Posada on the neutral ground and resided there in security for several days. The busy and daring mind of the former could not long remain inactive: he proposed to his companion to attempt to enter the garrison in disguise and by stealth, but could not prevail upon him to consent. He therefore resolved to go in alone; and the object of his doing so was to procure a supply of money by a letter of credit which he brought with him from Cadiz. His companion, more wise than he, chose the safer course; he knew that the neutral ground was not controllable by the laws either of Spaniards or the English, and although there was not much probability of his being discovered, he resolved not to trust to chance in so great a stake as his life; and he proved to have been right in his judgment, for had he gone to Gibraltar, he would have shared the fate of his chief. This man is the only one of the whole gang who has not met with the punishment of his crime, for he succeeded in affecting his escape on board some vessel. It is not even suspected to what country he is gone; but his description, no doubt, is registered. The steward of the Morning Star informed me, that he is a tall stout man, with fair hair, and fresh complexion, of a mild and gentle countenance, but that he was one of the worst villains of the whole piratical crew. I believe he is stated to be a Frenchman.

Soto secured his admission to the garrison by a false pass, and took up his residence at an inferior tavern in a narrow lane, which runs off the main street of Gibraltar, and is kept by a man of the name of Basso. The appearance of this house suits well with the associations of the worthy Benito's life. I have occasion to pass the door frequently at night, for our barrack (the Casemate) is but a few yards from it. I never look at the place without feeling a vivid and involuntary sensation of horror—the smoky and dirty nooks—the distant group of dark Spaniards, Moors, and Jews, their sallow countenances made yellow by the light of dim oil-lamps—the unceasing rattles of the rooms above, seen through unshuttered windows, and the consciousness of their having covered the atrocious Soto, combined this effect upon me.

In this den the villain remained for a few weeks, and during this time seemed to enjoy himself as if he had never committed a murder. The story he told Basso of his circumstances was, that he had come to Gibraltar on his way to Cadiz from Malaga, and was merely awaiting the arrival of a friend. He dressed expensively—generally wore a white hat of the best English quality, silk stockings, white trousers, and blue frock coat. His whiskers were large and bushy, and his hair, which was very black, profuse, and long naturally curled, was much in the style of a London preacher of prophetic and anti-poetic notoriety. He was deeply browned with the sun, and had an air and gate expressive of his bold, enterprising, and desperate mind. Indeed, when I saw him in his cell, and at his trial, although his frame was attenuated almost to a skeleton, his face pale yellow, his eyes sunken, and his hair closely shorn; he still exhibited strong traces of what he had been—still retained his erect and fearless carriage, his quick, fiery, and malevolent eye, his hurried and concise speech, and his close and pertinent style of remark. He appeared to me such a man as would have made a hero in the ranks of his country, had circumstances placed him in the proper road to fame; but ignorance and poverty turned into the

most ferocious robber one who might have rendered service and been an honour to his sunken country. I should like to hear what the phrenologists say of his head; it appeared to me to be the most peculiar I had ever seen, and certainly, as far as the bump of destructiveness went, bore the theory fully out. It is rumoured here that the skull has been sent to the surgeons of Edinburgh; if this be the case, we shall no doubt be made acquainted with their sage opinions upon the subject, and great conquerors will receive a further assurance of how much they resemble in their physical natures the greatest murderers.

When I visited the Pirate in the Moorish Castle where he was confined, he was sitting in his cold, narrow, and miserable cell, upon a pallet of straw; eating his coarse meal from a tin plate. I thought him more an object of pity than vengeance; he looked so worn with disease, so crushed with suffering, yet so affable, frank, and kind in his address; for he appeared to be in a communicative mood, a thing that was by no means common with him. He spoke of his long confinement, till I thought the tears were about to start from his eyes, and alluded to his approaching trial with satisfaction; but his predominant characteristic ferocity, appeared in his small piercing black eyes before I left him, as he alluded to his keeper, the Provost, in such a way that made me suspect his desire for blood was not yet extinguished. When he appeared in court on his trial, his demeanour was quite altered; he seemed to me to have suddenly risen out of the wretch he was in his cell to all qualities I had heard of him; he stood erect and unembarrassed; spoke with a strong voice, attended closely to the proceedings, occasionally examined the witnesses, and at the conclusion protested against the justice of his trial. He sometimes spoke to the guards around him, and sometimes affected an air of carelessness of his awful situation, which however, did not sit easy upon him. Even here the leading trait of his mind broke forth; for when the interpreter commenced his office, the language which he made use of being pedantic and affected, Soto interrupted him thus, while a scowl set upon his brow that terrified the man of words, "I don't understand you, man, speak Spanish like others, and I'll listen to you." When the dirk which belonged to Mr. Robertson, the trunk and clothes taken from Mr. Gibson, and the pocket-book containing the ill-fated Captain's handwriting were placed before him, and proved to have been found in his room—and when the maid servant of the tavern proved that she found the dirk under his pillow every morning on arranging his bed—and when he was confronted with his own black slaves, between two wax lights, the countenance of the villain appeared in its true nature,—not depressed or sorrowful but vivid and ferocious, and when the patient and dignified Governor Sir George Don, passed the just sentence of the law upon him, he looked daggers at his heart, and a horrid silence, more eloquent than words.

The criminal persisted up to the day before his execution in asserting his innocence, and inveighing against the injustice of his trial—but the certainty of his fate, and the awful voice of religion, at length subdued him. He made an unreserved confession of his guilt, and became truly penitent; gave up to his keeper the blade of a razor which he had secreted between the soles of his shoes for the acknowledged purpose of adding suicide to his crimes, and seemed to wish for the moment that was to send him before his Creator.

I witnessed his execution, and I believe there never was a more contrite man than he appeared to be—yet there was no drivelling fears upon him—he walked firmly at the tail of the fatal cart, gazing sometimes at his coffin, sometimes at the crucifix which he held in his hand; the symbol of Divinity he frequently pressed to his lips, repeated the prayers spoken in his ear by the attendant clergyman, and seemed regardless of every thing but the world to come. The gallows was erected beside the water, and fronting the neutral ground. He mounted the cart as firmly as he had walked behind it, and held up his face to Heaven, and the beating rain, calm, resigned, but unshaken; and finding the halter too high for his neck, he boldly stepped upon his coffin, and placed his head in the noose, then watching the first turn of the wheels, he murmured "adios todos" and leaned forward to facilitate his fall.

The black slave of the pirate stood upon the battery before his dying master to behold the termination of a series of events, the recital of which to the African countrymen, when he shall return to his home, will give them, no doubt, a dreadful picture of European civilization.—The black boy was acquitted at Cadiz, but the men who had fled to the Carraças, as well as those arrested after the wreck, were convicted, executed, their limbs severed, and hung on tenter hooks, as a warning to pirates.

"Farewell all."

THE HAUT TON.—Not a hundred years ago, a leader of the *Haut Ton*, whose father and mother, as Goldsmith says, had made a great noise in the world—the first by beating a drum, and the other by crying oysters, went to Washington to see the fashions, take the size of the rotunda, and taste Gadsby's canvases. He had, in early life, been quite a man of polish; at the taverns in a distant town, having been a boot black of great skill and genius; he was a man of polish still, and gave out the card of fashion for one of the most distinguished circles. One morning he wished to be introduced to the Senate of the United States. He wished to see the place where Randolph had uttered his jokes and sprinkled his sarcasm. He made his entrance at the side door of the Senate. At the very moment the full, rapid voice of the Vice President was heard—in other words, the question was taking—"The Senators in favour of the motion will please to rise." Half the Senate arose just as the "fashionable" was entering. "Gentlemen," said our man of fashion, "pray, don't rise: do be seated." The voice of the Vice President was again heard putting the negative of the question, and the other portion of the Senate rose. This mark of condescension overwhelmed the "leader of the ton." "Why

really, gentlemen," said he, "you do me too much honor; let me beg you to be seated." When our man of wealth and fashion returned to the banks of the Schuylkill, he told his friends that the Senate of the United States was composed of the politest gentlemen he had ever seen.

A STRIKING SITUATION.—Be it known then, that I was one of a crowd of skirmishers who were enabling the French to carry the news of their own defeat through a thick wood, at an infantry canton, when I found myself all at once within a few yards of one of their regiments in line, which opened such a fire, that had I not, rifleman like taken instant advantage of the cover of a fir-tree, my name would unquestionably have been transferred to posterity by that night's gazette. And, however opposed it may be to the usual system of drill, I will maintain, from that day's experience, that the cleverest method of teaching a recruit to stand attention, is to place him behind a tree and fire balls at him; as, had our late worthy disciplinarian Sir David Dundas himself been looking on, I think that even he would have admitted that he never saw any one stand so fiercely upright as I did behind mine, while the balls were rattling into it as if a fellow had been hammering a nail on the opposite side, not to mention the number that were whistling past, within the eight of an inch of every part of my body, particularly in the vicinity of my nose, for which the upper part of the tree could barely afford protection.—Kincaid's Adventures.

IN THE PRESS,
And shortly will be published—at the Office of the
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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 scope has never appeared upon such subjects. The style is remarkably easy, perspicuous and chaste. A fine vein of ornamental 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 exhortations, 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 commends 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 Strand 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 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
Frederickton, 15th March, 1830.

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Frederickton, July 14, 1830.

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