

POETRY.

(Selected.)

THE OCEAN.

The following lines, written on a truly sublime and poetic subject, are taken from an Irish Magazine.

Likeness of Heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim,
Shipwreck's thy bower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners
Are buried in thee!

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down
In thy deep waters shines?
Thy proud waves that cover
The conquering west—
Thou fling'st them to death
With one heave of thy breast!

From the hills that view
Thy wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar;
When like lambs in the tempest
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge broken billows
The canvas is cast:

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness
And list to its roll!
To think how that heart
In cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of Eternity
Rises from thee.

Yes! where are the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre;
Swept from the nations
Like sparks from the fire;
The glory of Athens,
The splendour of Rome,
Dissolved and forever—
Like dew in the foam.

But thou art Almighty,
Eternal—sublime—
Unweakened—unwasted—
Twin-brother of Time?
Fleets, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow,
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back as a scroll
Then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty—more lasting,
More chainless than thou.

VARIETIES.

THE MODERN ULYSSES.

(From the Humourist.)

No sooner was the hatchment mounted over the portico of Beechwood hall, announcing that its late proprietor Sir John Denvers, was dead, and that his widow had succeeded to the splendid mansion and broad lands, than it was hailed, as the signal for attack, by all the unmarried men within a circumference of twenty miles. They flocked to her by scores, arrayed in the mourning cloak of condolence, endeavouring to smuggle in their love under the disguise of sympathy. Her lawyer, a hale bachelor of 60, requested she would do him the honor to consider him less in the light of a professional adviser than a friend zealous for her interests, and would fain have presented her with a title to his services in his shrivelled hand; but he had already given her a surfeit of parchment; and the man of law discovered that, although his suit had frequently been successful in those courts where the presiding goddess is represented to be blind, it was quite another thing to plead his cause before a woman with her eyes open. In fact, ere she had worn the weeds of widowhood for six weeks, her paths were beset, and her dwelling besieged; and never, certainly, had woman a better chance of mending her luck, for there was not one of the whole five and forty lovers who was not willing to stake his life upon the sincerity and disinterestedness of his affection. She could not open a window in her house, but a myriad of billets doux came showering into it like a snow storm. She could not take a walk in her most private grounds, but a lover, started from behind every bush, and flung himself upon his knees in the path before her. Others, again affecting bucolics would wander forth into the fields, crook in hand, and carve her name upon every tree, to the great endangerment of her timber. Every domestic in her household was bribed by one or other of her suitors, and she was under the consequent necessity of changing her establishment twice a year, from the lady's maid to the stable boy.

While, however, there exists not a rebel in the citadel of the heart, the fortress will hold out long against external assaults; and the widow had got some antediluvian notions into her head about "first love," "respect for the memory of the dead," &c., which, although, no doubt, extremely silly, had the effect of disinclining her from a second speculation in the hazardous adventure of matrimony. As the number of her suitors increased, their individual chances of success, of course, diminished, and their audacity being in the exact ratio of their despair, her own mansion was no sanctuary against the intrusion of her unbidden guest. The matchless impudence of one of her visitors deserves particular record. It happened that one day the widow went out, for several hours, to call on a friend at some distance, leaving only two male domestics, the butler and a footboy, in the house. Towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hall door, and applied himself, with more than ordinary energy to the knocker. He was a tall military looking personage,

with a cast of features which might have been termed handsome, but for a certain cynical expression, which much detracted from their pleasing effect. The stranger flung his rein to the boy, desiring him to take his horse to the stable and have it well fed and littered down for the night, and then stalked into the house, and, notwithstanding reiterated announcements from the servants in the chorus of "Mistress is not at home sir," stopped not until he reached the dining parlour, when, turning to the butler, who had followed him, he said, "Here, let that valise be taken up into her ladyship's chamber, and let fire be lit there, for it's rather cool." "Very cool, indeed," said the domestic, applying the epithet to the speaker and not to the weather, and was meditating some impertinent observation, when the stranger carelessly, as if it had been his handkerchief, drew a pistol from each pocket, and placed it on the table before him. The butler who had a mortal dread of fire arms, quitted the apartment in haste but, in reality, to communicate to his fellow domestics, the females, his suspicions of the character of the guest. Their conversation was, however, soon interrupted by the violent ringing of the bell; and it was sometime before Geoffry could summon courage enough to answer it. "Your pleasure, sir?" said he, re-entering the dining parlour. "Some dinner!" responded the other. The butler passed, but, at length, said, "Very sorry, sir, but we have not got anything in the house." "Then look in the poultry yard," was the reply, "and let me have a broiled chicken in half an hour." The other stared, but the stranger's eyes happening to fall upon the pistols, Geoffry seemed to understand the appeal, and, being anxious to go off first, hurried out to counsel the sacrifice of a chicken to their common safety.

In the course of the half hour the dish was smoking before the guest, who, having no notion of glasses being placed on table for the mere purpose of ornament, pronounced the monosyllable "Wine." "If you please, sir," said Geoffry, "we can't get at any, for mistress has got the key of the wine-cellar in her pocket." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the other, "who ever heard of a wine-cellar with only one key?—why, keys in a great man's house are like pistols, there are always two of a pattern." The allusion had its effect; Geoffry vanished in an instant, and shortly re-appeared as Ganymede. In a few minutes afterwards the noise of wheels announced the return of Lady Denvers, who on being informed of the stranger's arrival, like a woman of spirit, went straight into the dining room to demand an explanation. On the next instant the servants heard a loud scream from their mistress, and, concluding that she was murdered, they, very dutifully, ran out of the house, and set off, at full speed, each in a different direction, for the doctor. It seemed that no sooner had the lady cast her eyes upon her visitor than she uttered a piercing shriek, and sank upon the carpet. Now, when a man faints away, the approved method of treatment is to kick and cuff him till he recovers; but with a woman the case is somewhat different. The stranger raised her in his arms, threw half a glass of water in her face, and poured the remainder down her throat, and, at last succeeded in restoring the patient.

"And is it really you, Sir John?" exclaimed the lady, when she became somewhat tranquil. "Ay, in very deed, Caroline," was the reply; "ghosts do not drink Madeira and devour chickens." "Then you were not killed and eaten by those frightful Ashantees?" "You greatly wrong that very respectable and much slandered people," said Sir John; "they have better tastes, and preferred my society to my flesh, inasmuch that I had some difficulty in escaping from their hospitalities." "I hope, my dear," said the lady, "you were duly sensible of their attentions?" "I was very nearly being insensible to them and every thing else, for the worthy gentleman who did me the honor to engross my society seeing me determined on quitting him, followed me as far as he could, and then fired a parting salute from his musket, into which he had inadvertently put a bullet, and left half an ounce of lead in my shoulder." "O dear!" exclaimed the lady, "how very horrid! and did you walk all the way in that state?" "I did not walk two hundred yards, my love, for I fell into a bush, exhausted from loss of blood when I was picked up by an Ashantee damsel of sixty, whose charms would have made your ladyship jealous, and who extracted the bullet, put a plaster of herbs to my wound, and smuggled me down to Cape Coast Castle, where I found the report of my death so well authenticated, that I was challenged by an Hibernian brother officer for presuming to doubt it." "And were you so rash as to fight with him?" "No, for I had no time, being anxious to embark for England, to relieve your anxieties and to save my executors as much trouble as possible. But how is my nephew?" "O, in high health and spirits, and inconceivably vain of the title." "I am very sorry for that, because I have not quite done with it."

At this moment a noise was heard in the passage, occasioned by the return of the domestics, bringing with them the posse comitatus and fourteen of the lady's lovers, who taking it for granted that the ferocious ruffian would have escaped before their arrival, valiantly rushed to her rescue. When, however, they heard the voice of the intruder in the parlour, it became a point of precedence among them which should enter first: at length, a clown in the back ground, pressing forward to get a glimpse of what was going on, inadvertently applied the stimulus of

a pitchfork to the rear of the man before him, who communicating the impetus to the next, it passed on to the van, and they all blundered into the room, where, to their utmost astonishment, they beheld the living Sir John tele a tele with his lady. Doubtless you will conclude the baronet enacted Ulysses on the occasion, and drove out his rivals at point of sword. Credit me, reader, he did no such thing: he was an old soldier, and a man of the world, and knew better than to make enemies of fourteen blockades; so he ordered up a dozen of claret, and they made a night of it.

PROGRESS IN CRIME.

(From the New-York Evening Post.)

William S. Jackson, whose conviction was noticed in a former report as having been had in the Court of Sessions upon three indictments for forgery, is a remarkable instance of the little influence which the present or indeed any other kind of penitentiary punishment has upon the minds of some men. It may be literally said of him, that his whole life from youth upwards has been one constant succession of crime and its consequent punishment.

At the age of seventeen he committed an offence of a character resembling those for which he now stands convicted, for which he was sentenced to the State Prison; but in consequence of his youth, and the hope of his amendment, he was pardoned on condition of leaving the state. He returned to this city in the winter of 1823-4. Here he recommenced his forgeries upon a scale almost too extravagant and too extensive to be credited. Although not very prepossessing in his appearance, and of a rather downcast look, he yet united in his character the indispensable requisites of a successful rogue; for to unparalleled audacity and intemperance of purpose, he united great presence of mind and an almost unlimited command of countenance. Even yet this last trait of character has not forsaken him, but seems rather to have improved with practice. He has the faculty of assuming an air of innocence and absence of alarm, when charged with crime beyond any other individual ever arraigned at the bar of the Sessions. To this he was frequently indebted for escapes, where others would have been betrayed by their embarrassment, and perhaps few have ever made so successful a use of it as the prisoner.

In the summer of 1824, in the midst of his career he married the daughter of a respectable though humble widow, who, subsequently to his imprisonment in the State Prison, obtained a divorce. At the period of his marriage he exhibited his ostentation by hiring a three story building, in a central and fashionable part of the city, which scores of upholsterers, cabinet makers, store keepers and others were employed to decorate and furnish. These were all paid with notes and checks forged on the occasion, and principally in the name of some fictitious person. It is even alleged, that on the day of his marriage he obtained \$40 from the keeper of a livery stable by the following pretext:—He stated that he was about to be married, and would require three or four carriages to attend his wedding in the afternoon; and another, with a good pair of horses and a careful driver, to escort the bride to Philadelphia, where he purposed remaining a week, after which he should return.

The keeper readily assented to furnish the carriages desired, when Jackson inquired the price, and proffered immediate payment of the bill, with a view, as he stated of having it off his mind. The bill was accordingly made out at the instant for \$50, which Jackson made a feint to pay from the bank bills in his pocket book; but not having enough to meet it, said, "Never mind—I have a check—you may as well take it out of that, and give me the balance." The check of 90 dollars was taken, and the balance of 40 dollars paid to Jackson, who immediately made off, with an earnest injunction that the keeper should be punctual in sending the carriages to the place appointed. The unsuspecting keeper, with many thanks for his custom replied he would, and in fact did; but neither the bride or bridegroom, or even the number of the house which had been given, could be found; and it was only after a fruitless search, during the afternoon and evening, that the keeper suspected himself to have been imposed upon, which to his sorrow was the fact.

Many other cases, of a character like that which we have related, occurring between the time we have stated and the month of October, he then found it necessary to secure a retreat, which, through the aid of a friend, he accomplished on the west side of the city, in the neighbourhood of Canal street. Here in a measure secluded from the world, he contented himself in the enjoyment of the spoil which his artifice and fraud had obtained from the credulous, without venturing abroad unless under cover of night, and with what he considered suitable disguises. At this time the public had been made acquainted too generally with his crimes, and the public officers were too much on the alert for him longer to elude their vigilance. He was surprised by Messrs. Hays and Conklin while amusing himself with a flute, upon which he is represented to be no inconsiderable performer; and escorted to prison.—A number of indictments succeeded his arrest, upon seven of which he was convicted, and sentenced to an imprisonment at hard labour in the State Prison for the term of six years upon each conviction, making in the whole forty two years.

The authorities of the State having made provision for building a prison at Auburn, and the removal of a portion of the prisoners confined in the one at Greenwich to the one then building, Jackson

was sent with others to serve out the remainder of his time at Auburn. His character, for mildness of manners, submission to the keepers, and general obedience to the discipline and rules of the prison, added to an apparent reformation, induced a recommendation of Jackson to the Executive for a pardon, which was granted. He was discharged about the middle of the month of September last, and immediately came to this city, the place of his nativity. Here, the reader, from the account of his trial and conviction published in the Evening Post a few days since, is fully aware he did not remain idle. The forgery perpetrated on Mr. Judd was committed on the 9th of October. With the fund obtained by his crime he went to the eastward, where, after various excursions about the country, he was finally arrested at Providence, and committed to jail in a civil suit of Mr. Judd. Afraid of being sent for by the executive of this state, and tried here for the forgery upon Mr. Judd, he deliberately perpetrated, while in prison, a similar crime, in the forging of three checks, under the impression that, as a criminal in that state, they would first require satisfaction for the violation of their laws, before they would hand him over to the punishment awarded by ours. He was consequently, as a debtor, transferred to be kept as a criminal, and artfully, as it is said, but in what manner we have not been precisely informed, effected his escape. Leaving his baggage behind him, he came directly here, and on the day of his arrival presented himself at the office of Mr. Judd's attorney, who, although informed of his arrest in Providence at the suit of Mr. Judd, had not been informed of the proceeding against him there for forgery, and naturally supposed he had given bail, and thereby effected his liberation from confinement.

His next offences were the forgery, of two checks, in the name of Dennis McCarthy, by which the sum of 486 dollars was obtained from General Borgadus. It is by no means a matter of wonder, that the bare recital of the plan, and the gradual development of it, by which the money was obtained, should convulse an audience with laughter—not at the crime, for that merits the gravest reprehension, but at the successful, adroit, and artful manner by which it was accomplished. This individual defrauded, himself admits, and confesses that Jackson managed the thing with such consummate art, as really to persuade him to the belief that they were former acquaintances. During the relation of his testimony, the court, counsel, jury, witness, bystanders, and we may add, the prisoner, joined in a hearty laugh.

After the commission of this latter fraud instead of leaving the city, he remained here at a public boarding house in the vicinity of the hall, where he abundantly supplied himself with the comforts and superabundantly with the luxuries of life. Here under the name of Captain Scott, with a splendid collection of charts, and a sextant that a circumnavigator might have been glad to possess, together with a flute he apportioned his time in the study of philosophy, navigation and music. It is to be hoped that he has acquired enough of the first to qualify him to dispense for the remainder of his life with the two latter, as in all probability they will be useless to him in his new employment.

Jackson is about five feet eight to nine inches in height, of rather dark complexion, but with regular features—black beard and eyes, and unusually bald for one so young, being now in his 28th year. His appearance when in public is by no means uniform, and he possesses great art in selecting his disguises, with which his uncompromising countenance gives him extraordinary facilities to elude detection. Sometimes he would appear in a roundabout jacket and glazed hat, and at others in a fashionable suit of black and blue—sometimes with a head extremely bald, having an appearance of a man of forty, and at others with an admirably made wig. His trunks exhibited a large assortment of wearing apparel, of almost every fashion and colour, with goggles, spectacles, &c. to assist more perfectly in his disguise. Mr. Hays, the elder, but a few days before his arrest, was in the room which Jackson occupied at his boarding-house, and examined the charts and nautical instruments which he found there upon the table; his disguise, however, was so perfect that he escaped recognition until apprehended by Mr. Burgardus, when pointed out to him by a lad. When brought to the Police Office, Mr. Hays looked at him with an air of incredulity, and it was only after a critical scrutiny and examination that he could be persuaded of his identity.

If Thomas and John SULLIVAN, Brothers, who left the County of Antrim, in the North of Ireland, about 23 years since, or either of them, will make known their place of residence, by letter addressed to C. R. H. at the Store of Mr. William Murdoch, in HALIFAX, they will be informed of something to their advantage.

The different Printers—in the neighbouring Provinces—and in the United States will do an act of kindness by giving insertion to the foregoing.—All letters to be post paid.

February 23.

CARD.

M. FRASER, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, and for several years, Principal Assistant to Dr. Thatcher, Physician to the Edinburgh Institution for Diseases of Women and Children, begs leave to intimate, that he intends establishing himself in Fredericton, and respectfully offers his professional services to his Friends and the Public.

Application to be made to Mr. Fraser, at Mr. Cox's Boarding House, corner of King's and St. John's street.

Fredericton, 20th Dec. 1830.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following Rate and Assessment for the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty, has been made upon the Real Property within the Parish of Manserville, in the County of Sunbury, belonging to the Persons severally whose names are mentioned against the several accounts of the said rate and assessment undermentioned: And unless the same are paid respectively without delay, the said Real Property of such as make default in payment thereof, will be disposed of as the Law directs, in order to discharge the said Assessment.

PROPRIETORS' NAMES.	AMOUNT OF ASSESSMENT.
All the Real Estate of James Tapley, £1 : 0 : 1	
All the Real Estate of George F. Nevers,	1 : 3 : 0
All the Real Estate of Charles Emery,	0 : 12 : 5
All the Real Estate of Samuel Nevers, deceased,	5 : 19 : 9
All the Real Estate of Anthony Barker,	0 : 13 : 2
All the Real Estate of David Mitchell,	0 : 9 : 7
All the Real Estate of John Mitchell,	0 : 4 : 9
JOHN BROWN, Junr. } Assessors.	
GAIN B. TAYLOR, }	

February 9

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having purchased the Farm adjoining below the Queensbury Church in the County of York, formerly owned and occupied by Mr. Michael McNally, all persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing on the said Farm, as they will be proceeded against to the utmost rigour of the Law.

MOSES McNALLY.

Queensbury, February 2d, 1831.

COMMISSARIAT, St. John, N. B.

November 12, 1830.

Notice to the Half Pay Officers, to Widows of Officers, and Out-Pensioners of Chelsea Hospital.

WHEREAS His Majesty's Government has directed, that the Military Year in future should coincide with the Calendar year. It is hereby notified to those persons in this Province, who have heretofore attested their affidavits, half yearly, are now required to attest them on or after the first day of January, and on or after the 1st day of July, in each year; and those persons who have attested their affidavits Quarterly, are now required to attest them on or after the 1st day of January, the 1st day of April, the 1st day of July, and the 1st day of October, in each year—as neither Half Pay, Widows' Pensions, Compassionate Allowances, nor Chelsea Pensions, will be issued from this Office, unless these directions are complied with.

LIST OF LETTERS.

Remaining in the Post Office at Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1830.

A

Wm. Anderson, James Armstrong, John Al

ler 2, Wm. Asham.

B

Lawrence Bent, Nathaniel Bulger, Mrs. Stephen Brown, Catharine Boyle 2, Mrs. Brumfield, Jacob Burr, Benjamin Blither, Mich. Brison, Mr. A. Brown, Miss A. B. Fowler, Jacob Barker, Mrs. Lucy Bullin, Peter Burchill, Sarah Brown, John Bradley, Dan. Byrne, Richard Beamish, Peter Bolt.

C

Mrs. Alex. Campbell, Ann Cole, Thomas Clagna, Robert Clarke, John Chunn, Wm. Creer, Sam. Clement, J. Carney, James Cameron, Wm. Charters, M. P. Costin, James Chapman, Eliza Cunningham, Joseph Coulter, Mathew Cavanaugh.

D

Geo. Dough, John Dougherty 2, W. Dollis, John Davies 2, John Dyer, James Duncan, George Davis 6, Geo. Davis 2,

E

Mary Easty, Emson Egget, Wm. Ed

gar

John Farish, John Foster, Tho. Fraser, Nathaniel Farley, John Forist, John Freely, Wm. Ferguson, John Fraser, Sarah Foster, David Faulkner, Saml. Farnum, Jos. Fergusson

F

Enoch Green, Alex. Gamble, David Gage, Mary Grames, Mary Given, Owen Gallaher, Joanna Garden, Jas. Goughler.

G

Wm. H. James Hanning, Elizabeth Hanning, John Harrison 2, Archibald Hammond, Aaron Hart, Adolph Humphreys, John Hunter, Robt. Hauld, Chas. Hues, Mrs. Jas. Hamilton, Bernard Heagney, Lawrence Hughes, Wm. M. Hazen, A. C. Hammond.

H

Hugh James, Mr. Johnston, John Johnston.

I

Rosanna Kelly 2, Jedediah Kimball, Oliver Knox, Alis Knencen.

L

Chas. Long, Geo. K. Lugin, Wm. Lindsay, Elizabeth Lewell, Benjamin Lovely.

M

Bernard Madden, Nancy McDead, Jeremiah Moore, James McLaughlan, Chas. McLaughlan, James Mara, Chas. Magee, Wm. Murphy, Robert Man, Jerry Murhy, David McGrath, Wm. McDonald, John McDonald, John Marks, Amos Middlemist, John McGrath, Wm. Murray, Isaac Morris, Geo. Mullin, Philip McCana, Miss McMichael, Wm. McFarland, Mrs. Jane Moore, James Moloney, James Pursey, Tho. McOckindale, Nancy McGuire, Manassess McDermont, Sally Maynes, Jas. Montgomery, Robt. McGruder, John McNeil, Danl. McPherson, Michael Murphy, Chas. Munro, John Mulholland, John Marsh Wm. Madigan, Chas. Munro.

N

Robt. Nickle, David Nickol, Samuel Nas

son, Jas. Noble.

O

Nicholas O'Neal, Timothy O'Brine, James Oliver, Chas. Obzine.

P

Peter Pickett, James Porter, Michl. Phelan, David Poor.

R

David Reth, Geo. Russell, George Richey 2, John Rees, John Rae, Jos. Reed.

S

Jos. Sloat, John Smith, David Strickland, Jean Sharpe, David Smith, Batharaba Shaw, Mr. Stuel, John Shelden, Jas. Stacy, Wm. Sanson, Saml. Sowden, Nathaniel Scott, Andrew L. Smith, Mr. Sloat, James Stimson, W. R. Scott, Edw. Seymour, John Stimam.

T

Patk. Tummony, Governor Toma, Wm. Towey 2, James Tweedie, Elihu Thorpe, John Treanor, Elisha Thorpe.

V

John Vickery.

W

Francis Weaver, Wm. Waters 2, Wm. Watts, Wm. Walsh.

Wm. B. PHAIR, Post Master.