

## POETRY.

(Selected.)

### THE FATHERLESS.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY.

From the New Monthly Magazine for Sep.—

"Come hither, tis thy father, boy!  
Receive him with a kiss!  
"Oh, mother, mother! I do not jest  
On such a theme as this:  
Though I was but a little child,  
How bitterly I cried,  
And clung to thee in agony,  
When my poor father died."

"Come child, this is no time to weep,  
Partake thy mother's joy,  
The husband of my choice will prove  
A parent to my boy."  
"Oh mother, mother! say not so,  
Least no blame on thee,  
But you gay stranger cannot feel  
A father's love for me."

"Come boy, 'tis for thy sake I weep—  
"No, mother, not for mine,  
I do not ask in all the world  
One smile of love save thine.  
O say, why is the widow's veil,  
So early thrown aside,  
The hateful rumor is not true;  
Thou wilt not be a bride."

"Oh, mother, canst thou quite forget  
How hand in hand we crept  
To my own honour'd father's bed,  
To watch him as he slept;  
And do you not remember still  
His fond but feeble kiss?"  
"Alas such thoughts but little suit  
A day-of-joy—like this."

"Of joy! oh, mother, we must part,  
This is no home for me,  
I cannot bear to breathe one word  
Of bitterness to thee.  
My father placed my hand in thine,  
And bade me love thee well,  
And how I love, these tears of shame  
May eloquently tell."

"Thou say'st you stranger loves thy child,  
I see he strives to please;  
But mother, do not be his bride,  
I ask it on my knees.  
I used to listen to his voice  
With pleasure I confess:  
But call him husband! and I shrink  
Ashamed of his caress."

"Had I been younger when he died,  
Scarce conscious of his death,  
I might have smiled perhaps to see  
Thy genius and bridal wreath:  
My memory would have lost a tie  
So very lightly link'd,  
Resigning that dear form which now  
Is vividly distinct."

"Had I been older,—more inured  
To this world's cold career,  
I might have sought a festival  
To cheer a filial tear;  
Gave banners full of gay followers—  
But from their station hurried,  
The gay forget them, and pursue  
The next that is unfurl'd."

"But I am of an age to prize  
The being in whom blind,  
The love and the solicitude  
Of Monitor and Friend:  
He plan'd my boyish sports and shared  
Each joy and care I felt,  
And taught my infant lips to pray  
As by his side I knelt."

"Yet deem not mine an impious grief,  
No, mother, thou wilt own,  
With cheerfulness I spoke of him  
When we have been alone,  
But bring no other father here—  
No, mother we must part;  
The feeling that I'm fatherless  
Weighs heavy on my heart."

## VARIETIES.

A DAY IN PARIS.  
DURING THE FIGHTING IN JULY, 1830.  
By an American Seaman.

My dear Sally Ann,—When I agreed to go super cargo to the Mary Jane, I was fully convinced of the importance of the situation. The winds was baffling, we got into port as quick as the regular packets, and I disposed of our staves and heading in no time, I promise you. I got the hard money all down, and as I looked after the interests of the owners, I told the captain to hold on, till I could go to the metropolis, and there I expected I could lay out a leetle of the cash in Gullion water, O de ves, paper boxes, and such like notions, which our people pays the money for like nothing. But I never expected to be kitched as I was. I am sure such a thing never entered my head, or I should never have gone to parish, not I indeed. It is the most unaccountable place I ever see. Our parishes in New England are real shams come paired with this ere. Its worth a trip just to go and see it. Many of our American travellers are like Jonah in the whale, they travel a darned deal, and see nothing after all. But let me tell you what a time I have had since I got here. Such doings I never see afore. I suppose you have heard all about the biggest part on't, and for ought I know, the papers has something about me, for every body's noticed in the papers that has been extinguished in this affair. I did know nothing about the troubles; I was walking in the morning, after I had come in the diligence, on the brink of the river Seine, to look at the navigation. I was going to cross the Ponty disharts, when I seen the people running along like crazy folks, bare headed and bare legged, and thousands of 'em in a bunch. Says I to a man that was walking along, what's to pay? says I, "Vivally Shurt," says he, and walked on. So I walked on too, for I expected something or other was to pay. Just then I heard the cannons roar, and small arms rattle, just as they did at Stun-nington. All at once I seen another great mob, with sticks and staves, not your merchantable staves, I dont mean, but

such as they could lay their hands on, and some of them had flags of three different colours. Then they set up a great shout, but darad a thing could I understand the meaning of "Vivally Shurt," and sure enough some of them hadn't such a thing to their backs as I could see. I joined in with them, and then they cried Tooleries, Tooleries, which I thought was not necessary, for they seemed to have all sorts of tools in their hand already. But what a scene.

The streets all bombarded and barricaded with coaches, all the paving stones dug and carried off! Think I, here's a pretty job for the selectmen. Then they pulled down all the flowers & lice that they find, the royal crowns, and every thing the like of that. Then I saw the whole thing as plain as day. The Bourbons are down. There's going to be a new election for king, and a revolution is taken place. Perhaps there's been a convention, or the like of that. My father being one of the revolutionary characters, I tho't I ought to be one too, so I picked up a stick and followed the people down Rue-street. We hadn't got very far when bang, bang, a whole valley of musketry was fired at us. I tell you I never heard whistling that was so unpleasant as that ere. Sure enough there was an attachment of light dragons, and foul tigers they called them, right in our way, blazing away at us as fast as they could, and we hadn't much more than a priming amongst the whole of us. We fell back, as you may guess, and they arter us; but here they got it handsomely. The paving stuns came rattling among the soldiers from the windows like a hailstone thunder storm. They fell like old trees before a hurricane, and it staggered them pretty considerably I promise you.

Just at this minute, a young chap with a handsome uniform on him and a sword in his hand, run up to the front where I got shoved somehow or other in the scrape, and clapping his hand on my shoulder, says, Ma Brave. Sir, says I, my name is Thomson. Then, says he, allons Mous. Tonson en avance! Vivally Shurt! Then they seemed to be struck by his bravery, and cried out Vivally Polly Tecknicke, which I understood is his mother's name. And if it is, she need not be ashamed of it, for such a dey as that she may be proud of any day in the year. Backwards and forwards we rolled like the waves on the beach at Sachem's head, but after a while we drove the soldiers off and we picked up fine lots of muskets, they left behind them. Then they began to cry Tooleries more than ever, and on they went. And I got so much concerned about the business that I thought my dear Sally Ann, no more about the Mary Jane. So on I goes. By and by we comes to eternal big guardians all full of walks, with houses bigger than Funnal hall and the state house both together. Here was a terrible sight. Thousands of people firing at the windows and doors, and thousands of soldiers firing back at them. The trouble was pretty much over though for all. We scrouged up closer and closer, and by and by the people broke in. What a crush was that ere. Pell mell we went in.—Down fell the Swiss boys—blood flowed in torrents. All that wasn't killed surrendered or cut stick and cleared.

The grands Sloons were filled with the most tremendous elegant things. It seemed all silver and gold, but it went out of the windows faster than ever it went in at the doors. Such a ruin as I never see.—I could have made a speculation out of some of that stuff if I had had it snug at Boston, I tell you. We saw one room with a kind of throne in it, and one of our fellows with his face all black and bloody like the king of spades got into it and cried Vivally Roy, at which they set up a hurrah, and cried louder than ever, Vivally Shurt! but he looked so plaguy shamed and beat down when we laughed at him, that I felt sorry for the poor parley vus. Pretty soon it began to grow pretty peaceable. The people acted just as though nothing had happened, and they began some to do duty as sentry boxes, others walked off to join the comrades somewhere else. I went along though I was pretty tired I promise you. I did my share, but at present dont like to say any thing about it, for fear the grand jury should find a bill agin me; but I know there's no law for revolutions.

Well on we went, and at last we came to Rue Honorey street. Then all at once they cried Vive la Fayette. Oh, oh, says I, here's where the Marquis lives. I says nothing, but steered for the door, which sailor like they called a port, and in I went. I went from one room to another for some time before I found the right one. But at last I found it, and there sure enough stood the old marquis, dressed in his uniform like old General Trotter, and ever so many more around him. What astonishing old man! he knew me before I said a word, and though I looked me like a chimney sweep than a genovine American! Says he, "My good friend how do you do? when did you come to the city?"—So I told him what I'd been about, and he shook me by the hand, and so did the rest of them, called me a brave American. Only think now Sally Ann of that ere. Then one of his vallies was called and he came mountain up the stairs and took me to a room where I had something that was nice and cold, and lots of good wines and so forth. I felt pretty tired, and so I wished them all a good evening and went home to my lodgings and stole into bed. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Here I was a French patriot, helping the people to their freedom and didn't know nothing about it. But on this pint I will say something in my next letter. My dear Sally, I remain yours till death,

and that was not far off this day I tell you.

No person can possibly understand the true operation of laws which effect the wealth of the nation, without advertent to the accumulative power of capital.—Two men sometimes begin life together, with the same extent of property, and in a period of fifty years, one shall be rich and the other a beggar, merely owing to a trifling difference in their annual expenditures. Capital is like a snow ball, which the boys in winter make in their hands, then put on the ground, and roll over and over, until it gets to be four or five feet diameter; and it is of as much importance to a nation as to an individual, to see that none be uselessly wasted, as is constantly done in cases where roads and canals are constructed before they are really wanted; that is before their real utility is equal in annual value, to the annual value of the capital required to make the work.

According to the calculation of the late Jacob Shoemaker, of Philadelphia, formerly Actuary of the Pennsylvania Life Insurance Company, money annually accumulated double at compound interest as follows;

At 3 per cent. in	25 years and	164 days.
4 do.	17 do.	245 do.
5 do.	14 do.	75 do.
6 do.	11 do.	326 do.
7 do.	10 do.	89 do.
8 do.	9 do.	2 do.
9 do.	8 do.	15 do.
10 do.	7 do.	99 do.

Now, it will be seen, that if capital, in the hands of farmers, merchants, or manufacturers, can be made to produce 10 per cent. per annum, and if \$100 should be expended seven years and ninety-nine days, in the making of any Internal Improvement, before the country was ripe for it, it would be tantamount to an annihilation, at the moment, of one half, or \$50, because fifty dollars in hand, if left to accumulate for seven years and ninety-nine days, would amount to \$100. The inhabitants of Philadelphia are several millions of dollars poorer than they would have been, had not a capital of several hundred thousand dollars been prematurely wasted by the abortive attempt to cut canals from the Chesapeake to the Delaware, and from the Delaware to the Susquehanna, commenced as far back as the year 1790, or soon after.

As an illustration of the accumulative power of capital, by repeated doublings at compound interest, we give the following story copied from "Smart's Tables," printed in London in 1726.

"One Sessa, an Indian, having invented the game of chess, taught it to his prince, who was so highly pleased with it, that he desired him to ask what he would, for the reward of his invention.—Whereupon, Sessa, requested that, for the first square of the chess board, he might have one grain of wheat given him; for the second two, and so on, doubling continually according to the number of squares in the chess board, which was 64. But the Prince, who intended to give him a very noble reward, was much displeased that he had asked so trifling a one. Sessa declares, however, that he should be very well satisfied with it. So the reward he desired, was ordered to be given him.—But the Prince was greatly astonished on finding it would rise to so vast a quantity that the whole earth itself could not furnish so much wheat."

Those who have never heard this story before, and who have forgotten the trick played by the blacksmith as related in the "School Master's Assistant," upon a man who agreed to pay him for shoeing his horse, a farthing for the first nail, two farthings for the second, and so on for the rest, will be surprised at the apparent extravagance of this calculation, but it is nevertheless true. Nay, not only is it true, but it is also true, that the quantity of wheat ordered to be given to Sessa, was sufficient to feed the whole present population of the world, estimated at eight hundred millions of souls, and allowing ten bushels of seventy pounds to each individual, for four thousand six hundred and eleven years.—Of this fact any one may satisfy himself, who will take the trouble to wade through the calculation, as we have done. He will thus find that sixty-three doubles of the one grain, make 13,446,744,073,709,551,616 grains.

In Smart's Tables, 491,520 grains are taken as the number contained in a bushel of seventy pounds. Of the correctness of this estimate, it is easy to form a judgment, when it is told, that this would give 1,920 grains for a gill, which is near a thousand for a common wine glass full, which holds usually about half a gill. For the sake of simplifying the calculation, we will take 500,000 grains as the contents of the bushel, and the result will be 36,893,488,147,419 bushels of seventy pounds.

Now, divide this quantity by 8,000,000,000, the number of bushels consumed in a year by eight hundred millions of people, and the result will be 4,611 years and a fraction.—Banner of the Constitution.

CURIOUS SURGICAL OPERATION.—M. Maunoir, Professor of Surgery at Geneva, having performed the operation for catarract, by extraction, upon a man 82 years of age, weakened by an operation from hernia, which he had endured six weeks before, perceived to his regret that although the pupil remained beautiful black and perfectly intact, the anterior and posterior chambers of the eye were not replenished, the cornea became sunk and wrinkled, a few bubbles of air penetrated the anterior chamber, and the patient had no vision. Without yielding to the first melancholy impression, the operator, by a happy presence of mind, conceived the

hopes of filling the cavity: he sent immediately for some distilled water, warmed it, placed the patient on his back, and filled the external orbit of the eye with the water, opened the eyelid, and raised the flap of the cornea. The water then penetrated into all the accessible cavities, the folds of the cornea disappeared, and its convexity was restored. Having kept the eye shut for some minutes, he then directed the patient to open it, and found it in the most satisfactory condition; the patient distinguished all the objects presented to him as well as after the most successful operation. A slight pain was felt after the introduction of the water, which went off after a short time. From that time the eye healed without difficulty, and when opened a week after the operation, it was free from swelling and inflammation; the cornea was perfectly united, but the pupil was a little obscure, the sight feeble, and the patient complained that he did not see so well as immediately after the operation. But six days after the bandage was removed the shade of the pupil was much diminished, the sight grew stronger from day to day, and no doubt was entertained that the patient would soon be able to read common print.—Journal Royal Institution.

BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE.—Mr. Dunlap, one of the keepers of the New England Museum, in the act of rousing the den of Rattlesnakes which are there exhibited, in connexion with the thousand and one wonders of that establishment, on Tuesday afternoon, met with a very alarming accident. Having introduced a feather brush by raising the lid about an inch, and getting them sufficiently roused, to set their rattles going, like the buzz of a cotton factory,—a bystander, at his elbow, asked a question, which Mr. Dunlap, not precisely understanding, turned his eye towards the gentleman,—and at the same instant, one of the largest snakes ran his head through the opening and thrust his fangs into the little finger of his right hand, with such prodigious force as to reach the bone at one of the punctures. The sufferer had presence of mind enough to cord the finger immediately; in a short time an excision of the flesh, including the wounds, was made by a physician, who also prescribed a dose of spirits of turpentine and sweet oil. Not only the finger, but the whole hand, swelled exceedingly, accompanied with a prickling sensation, of, as commonly termed, the sensation of being asleep. About eight o'clock in the evening there was a partial stricture about the lungs, and difficulty of taking a free respiration, together with the prickling sensation over the whole system and an ague fit, that gave fearful indications of a free diffusion of the poison through the circulation. A large dose of opium relieved the patient of the spasm—and a continued use of it has probably overcome the tendency to such paroxysms. An application of salt and vinegar, constantly applied to the hand, and arm, has kept the inflammation under subjection. The limb is still very much swollen—the tongue coated, and a slight degree of fever exists, but a happy recovery is fully anticipated.—Boston Traveller.

### THE JUNGLE.

By Miss Roberts—From the New-Year's Gift.

"It was in the cold season that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station of Agra, agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra; and gave occasion to an animated scene. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents, beneath the spreading branches of a huge banyan; peacocks, glittered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinned and chattered above. The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their long flowing tails, and pawed the ground with their graceful feet; farther off stood a stately elephant, watching the progress of his evening repast prepared by his driver, and taking under his special protection the pets of his master, a small dog, a handsome bird six feet high decked in plumage of lilac and black, and a couple of goats, who, knowing their safest asylum, kept close to his trunk, or under the shelter of his huge limbs. Beyond, reposed a group of camels with their drivers,—some lying down, other standing or kneeling. Numerous white bullocks, their companions in labour, rested at their feet; while pack-saddles, panniers, and sacks, piled round, completed the picture. Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing,—fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling and frying, were going on in the open air. Every fire was surrounded by a busy crowd, all engaged in that important office—preparation for the evening meal. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night; they were lighted with lamps, the walls hung with clintz or tiger skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze (a necessary precaution against insects) became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver mounted pistols and guns, with knives, bow spears, and the gilded bows, arrows, and quivers, of native workmanship, were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers; so that it was necessary to be continually reminded by some savage object, that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an Indian forest. The vast number of persons—the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party, collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them. While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full-grown tiger, of the largest size, sprang suddenly into the centre of the group, seized one of the party in his extended jaws, and bore him away into the wood with a rapidity which defied pursuit. The loud out-cries, raised by those persons whose faculties were not entirely paralysed by terror and consternation, only served to increase the tiger's speed. Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained, so impenetrable was the thicket through which he had retreated; but, notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of the case, no means which human

prudence could suggest was left untied.—Furrows were instantly collected, weapons hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest—some beating the bushes on every side, while others pressed their way through the tangled underwood, in a state of anxiety incapable of description. The victim selected by the tiger was an officer whose presence of mind and dauntless courage, in the midst of this most appalling danger, providentially enabled him to meet the exigencies of his situation. Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already inflicted, the horrible manner in which he was hurried along through bushes and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating, with the most coolness, upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt. He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, his arms were con-sequently left at liberty. Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of the heart; then drawing out one of his pistols, he placed the muzzle close to the part, and fired. Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and brisk pace of the animal, caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter gripe and an accelerated trot, alone announced the wound he had received. A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued; yet undismayed by the ill success of his effort, though painfully aware that he now possessed only a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared with more careful deliberation to make a fresh attempt.—He felt for the pulsations of the heart a second time, placed his remaining pistol firm, against the vital part, and drew the trigger, with a steadier hand, and with nicer precision.—The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead beneath its burden! The triumph of the victor, as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal stretched upon the ground, was somewhat subdued by the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds. He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he could be certain of finding the way to it; but his anxiety upon this point was speedily ended by the shouts which met his ear, those of his friends searching for him. He staggered onward in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and issued from the thicket, covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wounds of a mortal nature."

### FRANCIS BEVERLY.

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER AND BINDER.

HAS received per late arrivals from Britain, a new assortment of STATIONERY AND BOOKS, which he offers low for cash or short credit, consisting of—Antiquarian, Double Elephant and Atlas Drawing Papers; Super Royal, Royal, Medium and Demy do; wove and laid Folio Post; thick and thin wove and laid Hotpressed Letter Paper; do Gilt do black edged; wove and laid note papers; gilt do; black edged do; coloured Note Paper; do embossed; extra superfine thick laid Foolscap hotpressed; superfine Foolscap; common do; fine and common Pott; Visiting Cards; plain do; gilt edge do; do black edge; Ledgers, Journals, Day Books and Cash Books; Ink and Ink Powders; extra superfine black and red Wax; superfine do; common do; English first rate and common Quills; black Lead Pencils and Crayons; improved patent silver Pencil Cases; Deep Seals and Penknives; Card Cases; Portfolios, Bill Books and Pocket Books; Colours in boxes and single cakes; Tooth and Nail Brushes; ebony and ivory Parallel Rules, from 2s. 3d. to 35s.; Mathematical Instruments, from 10s. to 95s. per case; cake and bottle Indian Rubbers; Card Racks; Hand Screens, and other fancy articles.

### ALSO,

An assortment of Books in Law Practice; Greek and Latin Classics; Hebrew Grammars; Ainsworth's Dictionary; Murray's Grammar, large and small; Key and Exercises to do; Murray's English Reader; do Spelling Book; do First Book; Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant; Gough's Arithmetic; do Vosters; Goldsmith's Geography; Dilworth's Spelling Book; Universal do; Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary; Jones's do; Fulton and Knight do; Pocket Bibles and Prayer Books, in elegant bindings; Catholic Prayer Books; Works of the most approved English authors; English Classical Literature; the published volumes of Murray's Family Library; Album's; Crocker's Land Surveying; Song Books and Pamphlets; New Brunswick Primer, newly published; a large assortment of Valentines; Single Sets of Chess Men.

BOOK-BINDING done in the neatest manner. Pocket Books and Portfolios made and repaired. Parchment of different sizes.

Frederickton, Dec. 29, 1830.

### 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.

### AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

SAINT JOHN, Mr. Peter Duff.  
SAINT ANDREWS, Mr. George Miller.  
DORCHESTER, E. B. Chandler, Esq.  
KENT, J. W. Weldon, Esq.  
MIRAMICHI, Edward Baker, Esq.  
KENT, (COUNTY OF) Geo Moorhouse, Esq.  
WOODSTOCK, and  
NORTHAMPTON, Mr. Jeremiah Connell,  
SHEFFIELD, James Tilley, Esq. &  
GAGETOWN, Doctor Barker.  
KINGSTON, Mr. Wm. F. Bonnell Jun.  
HAMPTON, Mr. Aa Davidson, Jr.  
SUSSEX VALE, Mr. Samuel Halliell,  
J. C. Vail Esq.