

POETRY. (Selected.)

A Subscriber sends the accompanying Stanzas for the Royal Gazette, should Mr. Simpson deem it worthy of insertion:

STANZAS.

By R. BERNAL, Esq. M. P.
Oh! Life! in thy confused, mysterious dream
Of bliss, some fleeting vision fondly rise,
Faint as those lights thrown o'er the braiding stream,
By fading sunbeams and by western skies.

What can thy ever changing scenes convey,
But grief, repentance, frequent sighs and tears?
What in thy length'ning course can man survey,
But disappointment, endless doubts and fears?

Oh, why are friendships form'd? Can they impart
A sure contentment, an enduring joy?
Ah no! too soon the mournful words, "We part,"
The fabric of our promised hopes destroy!

Hard, then, our lot! Alas! congenial minds,
As friendship's shrine, will weave the sacred tie;
Doubt, Absence, Death, each in its turn unbinds
The silken bonds that sway man's destiny.

Vain mortal, cease! Behold that Heav'n above!
Where countless saints one boundless Pow'r adore;
There in the realms of Mercy, Truth, and Love,
Shall Friendship's votaries meet to part no more!

THE SONG OF THE UNLOVED ONE.

Thine strange that I, though loving all,
Should still unloved remain;
And seek, in love, some heart to call
Mine own, yet seek in vain;
For, oh! the fountain of my love
Are free, and brightly shine;
Yet none I've found whose spirits, move
In sympathy with mine!

The winds—the hollow winds—that boom
Through trees of ancient years;
The rank weeds waving round the tomb,
Where Pity sheds her tears;
The glory of the sea at noon,
When all her waves are bright;
Its loneliness when stars adorn
The solemn brow of night!

The rocky hills, whose summits seem
To prop the lofty sky;
The lowly vales, where many a stream
In brightness wanders by;
The Spring with all its loveliness
And wealth of budding flowers;
The beauties which profusely dress
Young Summers leafy bowers!

The sombre hue which Autumn flings
Upon the forest trees—
Each leaf from off its parent springs;
And while upon the breeze;
The wildness of a winter's day,
Its long and cheerless night—
Give to my soul a transient ray
Of sorrowful delight!

To these—and things like these—I give
My love, strong as the sea;
For there are none on earth that live
In love that stops to me!
Oh! where there one—but only one—
On whom I might rely;
When I first fasted my joys are gone,
I would not now repine!

But there are none—and I must go
From earth unloved away;
And find a grave, where none may know
Who mingles with its clay;
For none will shed for me the tears
Which Love gives to the dead,
When those, the loved through length of years,
From loving souls have fled!

LITERATURE.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. 53.—Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte. From the French of M. Fausset de Bourrienne. By JOHN S. MEMES, L. L. D., author of "The History of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture." In 5 vols. Vol. II.

The portion of praise, sincere, but not very influential, which we can bestow, will not much affect the work which has received from that noble periodical—the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, such eulogiums as the following:—"Other books have given us Napoleon in the field, or in the Court; in the saloon, and in the privacy even of his apartment; but Bourrienne shows him in the cabinet, in the private cabinet, in the birth-place of all his vast conceptions, and the starting point of each of his great courses. The scene of his mental debates, and the asylum where he retreated to decide, to consider, and to give the first movement to his great designs." And again:—"They (the Memoirs) are in every respect the work of an able man, and we have given our opinions that they are also the production of an honest one. Napoleon is not represented in an amiable light: the question is—is it a true one? We may say of it, as is often observed of portraits of persons whom we have not seen—it looks a likeness—it bears all the strong marks of reality." This is not such an adulatory praise, but it is marked, characteristic, and tangible. It is not such as can be adapted to every work—it has an individuality leading us to one. It is more valuable than a volume of indiscriminate flattery.

We know of no book which has lately issued from the press so interesting as these Memoirs. They are to be classed among the productions which characterise an age. They stand alone, and unconnected with the general histories of the great man to whom they relate. They will be in the page of history what a strong and characteristic portrait is in an historical painting. We would comment for a moment on one of the passages just quoted—"Other books have given us Napoleon in the field or in the court; in the saloon, and in the privacy even of his apartment." True—all our histories consist of such things. With ordinary characters this would be well. The good they have done in their lives, as connected with society, is all we wish to hear—all that will be useful as a precedent; as to the rest, they are but beings like all the less fortunate part of the world. The insignificance of their public life shows us they are so—we do not seek to enquire. But with a

Cæsar or a Napoleon, the perpetual repetition of brilliancy of their public career dazzles and surprises us; we look upon it with a cold amazement, and almost consider them as a separate race of beings. It is only when some stern and penetrating inquirer lays bare the hero's heart that we discover there the same impulses ruling the events of nations, which cause our own joy or sorrow, our action or quiescence. This, with Napoleon, is perhaps more applicable than with any other man. If any person acted from a former principle, and almost stifled all feeling, it was he. A deep inquirer into the human heart, having more than any other, a knowledge of the French character, he knew how well mysticism and sublimity charmed the people, and how completely they were removed when the causes of action were laid bare—these then he tried to stifle. He wished to make himself appear a being of fate, beyond the control of human power; some have been weak enough to imagine he thought so himself, but Bourrienne has laid bare his principles of action.

In looking for a work to which we might compare these Memoirs, we must go back to an early period, to an insignificant country, and to events interesting but not grand. We allude to the period of history allotted to Mary Queen of Scots and her son James, and to the Memoirs of that period by Sir James Melville. It is difficult to institute a comparison between the produce of a dark, and of an enlightened age, but when we separate natural character from circumstance, we will find a great similarity. We find in both the produce of an elevated and enlightened character, although, in the Scottish statesman, this virtue had to combat with, and has frequently been overcome by the prejudices of his day. We find in both the same knowledge of the human heart, the same statesman-like wisdom, and, what is to both more honourable than all, the same unsullied honour in the midst of contamination and vice—an honour not the produce of a wreckless, careless, unworthy character, but of greatness of mind, knowing, but rejecting the finess of weaker men. There is in each much prudence, a desire to reconcile all parties, and forbearance becoming a courtier, although, in the unfortunate Secretary of Napoleon, this virtue was driven to its last extremity; it was part of the tyrant's will that it should yield, and it did so. Both had individual enemies. The national shrewdness of the Scotchman enabled him honourably to resist the black villainy of Bothwell, and the supercilious craft of Arran; but the envenomed tooth of envy had, in Bourrienne, sunk too deeply to be eradicated. We could pick out from Melville's Memoirs many instances of feeling, and disinterested attachment. Of the former we might adduce an instance in his kindness, towards the maltreated Ambassadors of Denmark; of the latter, his many regrets for the fate of his unfortunate Queen, and his constant wish to draw a cloak over her vices. Of Bourrienne we can find similar instances; Napoleon had, for an apparently trifling cause, assumed towards Bernadotte one of those growing hatreds which came across his self-interested temper, and which his pride, and a species of progressive animosity, never upon any occasion suffered him to dismiss. "Time," says Bourrienne, "augmented more and more Bonaparte's resentment against Bernadotte; and the go-betweens and flatterers were not idle in their insinuations concerning the latter. One day, on which a grand public reception was to take place, I saw the First Consul in such an impatient ill-humour, as induced me to ask the cause. 'I can no longer endure it,' replied he with violence. I have resolved on an explanation this day with Bernadotte. He will probably be here. I will break the ice, come what may; he may do his worst; but we shall see. It were time that this were ended.' Never had I seen him so angry; I dreaded the meeting. When he retired, before descending to the grand saloon of audience, I took advantage of a moment to descend before him, which was easily accomplished, since the saloon was not twenty paces from the cabinet. By good luck, the very first person I saw was Bernadotte alone, in the embrasure of a window looking into the Carrousel. Rapidly to cross the hall and to approach was the work of an instant—General, believe me, you had better retire; I have strong reasons for advising you thus." Bernadotte seeing my extreme anxiety, and knowing the sincere sentiments of esteem and friendship which attached me to him, consented to retire. This I regarded as a triumph; for, certainly, from the frankness of Bernadotte's character, and his quick sense of honour, he would not have borne the cutting remarks which Bonaparte appeared in humour to address to him. My stratagem had all the success I could have hoped; nothing was suspected; one thing only attracted notice—the victim had escaped. After the audience, the First Consul, on entering, exclaimed—"Can you conceive it, Bernadotte did not come." So much the better for him, General, I merely said. Nothing ensued; for, on re-ascending, after a momentary absence in Josephine's apartments, he found me in the cabinet, as if never having left it, five minutes sufficing for my little negotiation. Bernadotte always shewed himself sincerely grateful for this piece of friendship; and, in truth, from a feeling I cannot well explain to myself, the more I beheld Bonaparte's unjust hatred increase, the greater became my interest in the noble character which was its object.

Let us now give an instance of the noble justice of the author towards his master—we might say his oppressor. After Bourrienne's unreasonable dismissal, he received from the First Consul a singular invitation to attend him in his apartment. The subject of the meeting was equally extraordinary. The despot showed off towards his insulted friend an unusual degree of confidence, warned him of a perfidious friend, and went so far as saying, "Bourrienne, I sometimes think of recalling you; but as there exists no cause, people would still say I had need of you, and I would have the world know that I stand in need of no one." There was, indeed, "no cause" why he should be recalled, but there was cause why he should be recalled. The impulses of human kindness or justice never moved the heart of Napoleon; all his actions were calculated on a scale of self-interest. The mournful and friendly tone of his conversation at this interview had its aim. A foul and unmerited blot had been cast upon his fame, and he wished Bourrienne to remove it. "I expect from you, if ever you write any thing about me, that you will redeem my memory from this infamous slander; I would not that it accompany me to posterity," Bourrienne pledged himself. "I have," continues he, "already redeemed my pledge. Let his memory be freed from the imputation of evil he did not commit! Let imperial history reject this slander! His principles on this point were severely pure; and, to close the subject for ever, I declare, that such a connection accorded neither with his ideas, his manners, nor his taste. A father and a friend are names far too sacred to be sported with lightly." So much for Bourrienne's justice. In other actions, and especially in the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, the oppressor is not spared—but of this hereafter.

We now close the volume before us, with the hope of being able to continue our remarks on the appearance of the next. With regard to the merits of the translation, we may remark, that the style is clear, vigorous, and expressive, far superior to the other works of Dr. Memes.

DEMOCRITUS TERTIUS.

EXTRACTS

From Sir Walter Scott's "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft."

Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who is now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals and the like. It was when laying down the book, and passing into his hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw, right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend whose recollection he had so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as usually are found in a country entrance hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the allusion, and endeavoured, with all his power, to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured.

A patient of Dr. Gregory, a person it is understood, of some rank, having requested the Doctor's advice, made the following extraordinary statement of his complaint. "I am in the habit," he said, "of dining at five, and exactly as the hour of six arrives, I am subject to the following and painful visitation. The door of the room, even when I have been weak enough to bolt it, which I have sometimes done, flies wide open; an old hag, like one of those who haunted the heath of Forres enters with a frowning incensed countenance, comes straight up to me with every demonstration of spite and indignation which could characterize her who haunted the merchant Abudiah, in the Oriental tale; she rushes upon me; says something, but so hastily, that I cannot discover the purport, and then strikes me a severe blow with her staff. I fall from my chair in a swoon, which is of longer or shorter duration. To the recurrence of this apparition I am daily subjected. And such is my new and singular complaint." The doctor immediately asked, whether his patient had invited any one to sit with him when he expected such a visitation? He was answered in the negative. The nature of the complaint, he said, was so singular, it was so likely to be imputed to fancy, or even to mental derangement, that he had shrunk from communicating the circumstances to any one. "Then," said the doctor, "with your permission, I will dine with you to-day, *tele-a-tele*, and will see if your malignant old woman will venture to join our company." The patient accepted the proposal with and gratitude, for he had expected ridicule rather

than sympathy. They met together; and Dr. Gregory, who suspected some nervous disorder, exerted his powers of conversation, well known to be of the most varied and brilliant character, to keep the attention of his host engaged, and prevent him from thinking on the approach of the fated hour, to which he was accustomed to look forward with so much terror. He succeeded in his purpose better than he had hoped. The hour of six came almost unnoticed, and it was hoped, might pass away without any evil consequence; but it was scarce a moment struck when the owner of the house exclaimed, in an alarmed voice—"The hag comes again!" and dropped back in his chair in a swoon, in the way he had himself described. The physician caused him to be let blood, and satisfied himself that the periodical shocks of which his patient complained arose from a tendency of apoplexy.

A young man of fortune, who had led what is called so gay a life as considerably to injure both his health and fortune, was at length obliged to consult the physician upon the means of restoring at least the former. One of his principal complaints was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions, resembling a band of figures dressed in green, who performed in his drawing-room a singular dance, to which he was compelled to bear witness, though he knew, to his great annoyance, that the whole *corps de ballet* existed only in his own imagination. His physician immediately informed him that he had lived upon town too long, and too fast not to require an exchange to a more healthy and natural course of life. He therefore prescribed a gentle course of medicine, but earnestly recommended to his patient to retire to his own house in the country, observe a temperate diet and early hours, practising regular exercise, on the same principle avoiding fatigue; and assured him that by doing so he might bid adieu to black spirits, and white, blue, green, and grey, with all their trumpery. The patient observed the advice, and prospered. His physician, after the interval of a month, received a grateful letter from him, acknowledging the success of his regimen. The green goblins had disappeared, and with them the unpleasant train of emotions to which their visits had given rise; and the patient had ordered his town house to be disinfested and sold, while the furniture was to be sent down to his residence in the country, where he was determined in future to so end his life, without exposing himself to the temptations of town. One would have supposed this a well-devised scheme for health. But, alas! no sooner had the furniture of the London drawing-room been placed in order in the gallery of the old manor-house, than the former delusion returned in full force: the green *figurantes*, whom the patient's depraved imagination had so long associated with these moveables, came capering and frisking to accompany them, exclaiming with great glee, as if the sufferer could have been rejoiced to see them. "Here we all are—here we all are!" The Visionary, if I recollect right, was so much shocked at their appearance that he retired abroad, in despair, that any part of Britain could shelter him from the daily persecution of this domestic ballet.

"My visions," said the patient, "commenced two or three years since, when I found myself, from time to time, embarrassed by the presence of a large cat, which came and disappeared I could not exactly tell how, till the truth was finally forced upon me, and I was compelled to regard it as no domestic household cat, but as a bubble of the elements, which had no existence, sat in my deranged visual organs of depraved imagination. Still, I had not that positive objection to the animal entertained by a late gallant highland chieftain, who has been seen to change to all the colours of his own plaid, if a cat by accident happened to be in the room with him, even though he did not see it. On the contrary, I am rather a friend to cats, and endured with so much equanimity the presence of my imaginary attendant, that it had become almost indifferent to me; when, within the course of a few months, it gave place to, or was succeeded by, a spectre of a more important sort, or which, at least, had a more imposing appearance. This was no other than the apparition of a gentleman usher, dressed as if to wait upon a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, or any other who bears on his brow the rank and stamp of delegated sovereignty. This personage, arrayed in a court dress, with bag and sword, tambooured waistcoat, and champagne-bras, glided beside me like the ghost of Beau Nash; and, whether in my own house or in another, ascended the stairs before me, as if to announce me in the drawing-room; and at sometimes appeared to mingle with the company, though it was sufficiently evident that they were not aware of his presence, and that I alone was sensible of the visionary honours which this imaginary being seemed desirous to render me. This freak of the fancy did not produce much impression upon me, though it led me to entertain doubts on the nature of my disorder, and alarm for the effect it might produce on my intellects. But that modification of my disease also had its appointed duration. After a few months, the phantom of the gentleman-usher was seen no more, but was succeeded by one horrible to the sight, and distressing to the imagination, being no other than the image of death itself—the apparition of a skeleton. Alone or in company," said the unfortunate invalid, "the presence of this last phantom never quits me. I in vain tell myself a hundred times over that it is no reality, but merely an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination

and deranged organs of sight. but what avail such reflections, while the emblem at once and presage of mortality is before my eyes, and while I feel myself, though in fancy only, the companion of a phantom representing a ghastly inhabitant of the grave, even while I yet breathe on the earth? Science, philosophy, even religion has no cure for such a disorder; and I feel too surely that I shall die the victim to so melancholy a disease, although I have no relief whatever in reality of the phantom which it places before me." The physician was distressed to perceive, from these details, how strongly the visionary apparition was fixed on the imagination of his patient. He ingeniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions concerning the circumstances of the phantom's appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradictions and inconsistencies as might bring his common sense, which seemed to be unimpaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which produced such fatal effects. "This skeleton, then," said the doctor, "seems to you to be always present to your eyes?" "It is my fate, unhappily," answered the invalid, "always to see it." "Then I understand," continued the physician, "it is now present to your imagination?" "To my imagination it certainly is so," replied the sick man. "And in what part of the chamber do you now conceive the apparition to appear?" the physician inquired. Immediately at the foot of my bed; when the curtains are left a little open," answered the invalid, "the skeleton, to my thinking, is placed between them, and fills the vacant space." "You say you are sensible of the delusion," said his friend; "have you firmness to convince yourself of the truth of this? Can you take courage enough to rise and place yourself in the spot so seeming to be occupied, and convince yourself of the illusion?" The poor man sighed, and shook his head negatively. "Well," said the doctor, "we will try the experiment otherwise." Accordingly, he rose from his chair by the bedside, and, placing himself between the two half-drawn curtains at the foot of the bed, indicated as the place occupied by the apparition, asked if the spectre was still visible. "Not entirely so," replied the patient, "because your person is betwixt him and me; but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder." It is alleged the man of science started on the instant, despite philosophy, on receiving an answer ascertaining, with such minuteness, that the ideal spectre was close to his own person. He resorted to other means of investigation and cure, but with equal indifferent success. The patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; and his case remains a melancholy instance of the power of imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them. The patient, in the present case, sunk under his malady; and the circumstances of his singular disorder remaining concealed, he did not, by his death and last illness, lose any of the well-merited reputation for prudence and sagacity which had attended him during the whole course of his life.

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