

## POETRY.

### Selected.

**VOLTAIRE.**—It is said that an English gentleman, being in Paris when a subscription was circulated by a number of the philosophers of the Voltaire school, for the purpose of erecting a statue to the memory of their oracle, put a stop to the whole proceeding by writing the following:—

*Inscription for an intended monument of Voltaire.*

Behold Voltaire! deserving of stone,  
Who in poetry was great,  
In history little,  
Still less in philosophy,  
And in religion  
Nothing at all.  
His wit was acute,  
His judgment precipitate,  
His dishonesty extreme.  
Lose women smiled upon him,  
The half learned applauded him,  
And the profane patronized him.  
Though he spared neither God nor man,  
A juno of Atheists,  
Who call themselves philosophers,  
Scraped some money together  
And raised this stone to his memory.

**A BARD'S ADDRESS TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.**

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

Come to my arms, my dear wee pet!  
My gloom, my gentle harriet!  
The sweetest babe art thou to me,  
That ever sat on parent's knee;  
Thy every feature is so cheering,  
And every motion so endearing,  
Thou hast that eye mine ewe while,  
Thy mother's blithe and grateful smile,  
And such a playful, merry mien,  
That Care flies off where'er thou'rt seen.

And if aught I read thy mind,  
The child of nature thou'rt design'd  
For, even while yet upon the breast,  
Canst cry like Maggy o'er her book,  
And crow like cock, and caw like rook,  
Boo like a bull, or bleat like lamb;  
And when a field, in sunshine weather,  
Thou minglest all these sounds together—  
Then who can say, thou happy creature!  
Thou'rt not the very child of nature?

Child of my age and dearest love!  
As precious gift from God above,  
I take thy pure and gentle frame,  
And tiny mind of mountain flame:  
And hope that through life's chequer'd glade—  
That weary path that all must tread—  
Some credit from thy name will flow  
To the old bard who loved thee so:  
At least thou shalt not want thy meed,  
His blessing on thy beautiful head,  
And prayers to him whose sacred breath  
Lighten'd the shades of life and death—  
Who said, with sweet benignity,  
"Let little children come to me!"

And now, sweet child, one boon I crave—  
And put not, for that boon I'll have—  
One kiss I ask for grandam's sake,  
Who never saw thy tiny make;  
And one for her who left us late,  
Laid low, but not forgotten yet;  
And thy sweet mother, too, the nearest,  
To thee and me, the kindest, dearest—  
Thou sacred, blest memorial  
When I kiss thee I kiss them all;

"Thy very strange, my little dove;  
That all I ever loved, or love,  
In wondrous visions still I trace,  
While gazing on thy guileless face,  
Thy very name brings to my mind  
One, whose high birth and soul refined  
Withheld her net from naming me,  
Even in life's last extremity,  
Sweet babe! thou art memorial dear  
Of all I honour and revere!"

Come, look not sad: through sorrow now  
Broods on thy father's thoughtful brow,  
And on the reverie he would dwell—  
Thy prattle soon will that expel—  
How darest thou frown, thou freakish fay!  
And turn thy chubby face away,  
And pout, as if thou lookest at amies  
Thy partial parent's offer'd kiss?  
Full well I know thy deep design;  
'Tis to turn back thy face to mine,  
With tripple burst of joyous glee,  
And fifty strains at mimicry!

Crow on, Sweetchild! thy wild delight  
Is moved by visions heavenly bright:  
What wealth from nature may'st thou gain,  
With promptings high to heart and brain!  
But hope is all—though unimproved  
Thou art a shepherd's best beloved:  
And now above thy brow so fair,  
And flowing films of flaxen hair,  
I lay my hand once more, and frame  
A blessing, in the holy name  
Of that Supreme Divinity  
Who breathed a living soul in thee.

## VARIETIES.

The discovery of a river navigation into the interior of Africa—a country near, and equal in its natural advantages to India—promises to do more for Europe than any possible improvement of our communication with the East. It is not from its oriental position that India presents such an advantageous field for commerce; but rather from its populousness, and its situation within the tropics. In the latter point, Africa has always, of course, been known to have the same advantages; but it is now discovered that, even in richness of soil and numbers of people, she is fully equal to India. The countries of Bonou, Loggon, Benhami, Kashna, &c. brought to light by Denham and Clapperton, and those of Yariha, Wawa, and the others farther down the Niger, which were seen both by Clapperton and the Landers, are both in respect of populousness and fertility, equal, nay, superior to any lying on the Ganges. Agriculture seems to be as well understood, and property as secure, in the neighbourhood of Boussa, Yaorie, and Kano, as in Oude, Cutch, or any part of India, not under the dominion of the British. In one place, the Landers, when approaching a large town on a market day, heard the hum of the multitude, two miles off; and at another, they mention that in the markets there were stands, where blacksmiths exposed their commodities for sale. In the fields they saw large flocks of cattle feeding under the care of children; and they frequently

met long strings of females with baskets on their heads, proceeding tranquilly to market with the produce of their dairies or gardens. Gowa nuts were brought in large quantities, on the backs of cattle, to some districts from others very remote. There were no strong fortifications or bodies of organized soldiers, showing a state of habitual disturbance among the people. These are things that indicate a country where civilization has made a considerable progress, and where the people's habits are formed on the occupations of peace and of trade. If we do not find in Africa such cities as Benares, where there are magnificent temples and swarms of priests, nor such gorgeous edifices as the Ta Mubal, erected by a conqueror of the world (Shah Jehan) as he calls himself, to the memory of his concubine; these things do not so much prove that there is less wealth or individual comfort among the people of Africa, as that superstition and despotism have been less deeply systematized among them than in India.

But, however this may be, the great fertility, populousness, and internal trade of Africa, as they have been brought to light by the late travels, are beyond dispute. Indigo is a regular article in every market. Ivory, gums, dye-stuffs, cotton, sugar, and other tropical commodities, are either produced in abundance, or would be forthcoming on any steady demand; for people who, like the African cultivators, have been accustomed to supply the markets of large towns by the produce of their lands, are not slow in perceiving what will afford them profit. There are, besides, none of those prejudices or vicious institutions of caste, which clog the extension of commerce in India, by rendering it unlawful for a man to change his occupation, or even to touch the materials of certain manufactures. Again—with regard to the demand for European goods in the interior of Africa, Maqueen, who was at the pains to procure lists of articles most in demand, mentions that the prices given for these goods, in the present state of the communications, will five times cover the prime cost and cost of carriage. This shows at least that a demand exists; and the farther evidence given by Clapperton and the Landers, of the value set by Africans on showy articles of dress, firearms and cutlery, shews to what extent the trade might be carried under efficient protection.

The water communications through this rich country are such as will give a full command of all its resources. Two magnificent rivers, stretching out their arms to both extremities of the continent, and meeting in its centre, send their united current down to the sea, and there offer an inlet to the ships of the world. It is needless to recapitulate what we stated formerly on this subject; but we may repeat, that with the exception of about one hundred miles of broken navigation, like the rapids of the St. Lawrence, the Niger presents a water way to the west of sixteen hundred miles; and the Tchadda offers a similar channel both to the east and northward, through countries hitherto unknown. There has been no discovery of similar interest or importance since the first voyage of Columbus.

These circumstances are notorious to all who have taken an interest in African discovery; and we are glad to see that the merchants of Liverpool and London have already prepared a steam vessel to take advantage of their existence. In order, however, that the country should be able to avail itself of the prospects thus opened, it is absolutely necessary that something should be done by government. A settlement established at the confluence of the two rivers we have mentioned, would afford a point d'appui to the enterprise of our merchants, and enable them to deal on firmer terms with the petty rulers of the country, while it would give them, at the same time, a place of security for their depots of merchandise both exported and imported. Such a place of rendezvous for traders would, under the British flag, soon become the emporium of Africa; and would send the ramifications of commerce and civilization through a whole quarter of the globe. Its expense would be trifling compared with the useless grandeur of some of our West Indian pagodas—bishopsricks and others.

The establishment of some British post in these rivers is now hardly a matter of choice with our government. What they have already done makes it imperative that they should do this also. If they decline it, all that they have performed by the enterprise of their travellers will have been but the means of inoculating Africa still more deeply with the plague of the slave trade, and will immediately introduce the demon, which has hitherto only hovered on her coasts, into the very heart and vitals of that unfortunate quarter of the world. The Niger, now laid open, will be instantly occupied by the dealers in human cattle from all parts of the world; and the slave markets already formed on its banks will be increased both in magnitude and number. It is only necessary that the virus be introduced, in order to give the African traders and petty princes a distaste for all the pursuits of regular industry, and to render it impossible in the present age, to introduce among the people of the Niger that attention to the produce of the soil—the raising of new commodities, and the improvements of those which they already possess—which can ever render the late discoveries beneficial either to African civilization or European commerce. Instead of a blessing to Africa and Europe the discovery of the Niger will become a boundless curse to both. It is in the power of this country and its government, and of no other, to prevent such a consummation. The establishment of a British port at the confluence of

the two rivers we have mentioned, would at once afford encouragement to the fair trader and terror to the slave smuggler; and, without such an establishment, the river will swarm with desperadoes preying on the inhabitants, and converting their rulers into such manhunters as the ruffianly chiefs who torment the sea coast.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

**SINGULAR ADVENTURE.**—About 35 years ago, Mr. McLeod of Guiness, the venerable Sheriff of Ross-shire (whose estate is to be disposed of by way of toutine,) rented from Sir Charles Ross, a very extensive Highland farm, stocked with many thousand sheep, with a compliment of shepherds under the charge of Mr. Alexander McCallum, a native of Glenlyon, Perthshire. As piquet of the shepherds, Mr. McCallum was, of course, a good deal abroad, and one day, while traversing the hills, he unexpectedly came upon a brace of eagles, to all appearance engaged in deadly combat—beak to beak, talons to talons, and wing to wing—after a manner beautiful to witness, and partaking largely of the aerial sublime. For some time he remained a fixture on the spot, and then approached a little nearer, under the impression that his appearance would instantly scare the belligerents, and thus save the lives of two of the noblest birds that "motionless lean on the breast of the sky," and enliven with their voices, and even their shadows the unbroken calm of a huge alpine solitude. Mr. McCallum, though careful enough of his lambs, cherished no grudge against eagles, for a great extent he personated Rob Roy himself.

"The eagle he was lord above,  
And Rob was lord below."  
But in his estimate he was mistaken; so far from quailing at the presence of man, the combatants appeared to be so equally matched, that the battle raged more fiercely than ever, until from sheer exhaustion something like a temporary truce ensued. And then, idea seized Mr. McC that it would be possible to capture both the belligerents. By this time they were quietly seated or resting on the ground, and though the act was a rash one, he succeeded in seizing the bipeds by the neck. Here was a wail worth making a song of—an explicit nailing the deeds of the bold outlaw; but his joy though great, was not destined to be of long continuance. The eagles, unaccustomed to human interference, at once forgot their own feud, and rallying a little, attacked the Highlander so fiercely that they succeeded in inserting their claws into his body, even to the ribs. The flapping of their wings, and the pain he felt, speedily rendered him quite powerless, and had not a shepherd hove in sight, and, alarmed by his cries, hastened to his assistance, there is no saying what the consequence might have been. In fact, his situation resembled that of the man who, after catching the Tartar, could not move a peg himself so far from bringing the enemy along with him. But his ally turned the tide of battle, and, after a hard struggle, the eagles were secured and forwarded to Mr. McLeod, in whose possession they remained for a number of years, if not up to the present moment. Mr. Callum's wounds were very severe—so much so, that he was conveyed home with the greatest difficulty, and invalided for the better part of two months. Never to his dying day, did he forget his daring adventure on the hills; and the gentleman from whom we obtained the anecdote (a near relation) so late as yesterday has heard him repeat it at least 50 times.—*Dumfries Courier.*

**FROM THE PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS.**  
**A HORRIBLE INCIDENT.**—On Friday the spectators who usually attend the levees of His Honor the Mayor, were thrown into a state of excitement which baffles all power of language to describe, by an incident of the following description. Among the prisoners brought up by the watch in their nightly round was a young gentleman of highly respectable connexions, who had been taken up in the streets about midnight shockingly drunk, the result of a regular frolic. He was dressed in odd style, wearing buckskin small clothes, which fitted as tight upon his person as the skin itself, and elegantly worked with white silk. His hat had been cut off near the crown, and had been sewed down close to the brim with coarse wax end, over which a broad yellow ribbon was tied. He wore boots with red tops, and flourished a whip in his hand. The watchman, Hines, was attracted by hearing him a passenger of Baccostreet near that den of infamy. Wagner's alley, and as it was impossible to keep him quiet, Hines set off to conduct him to the watch-house. On the way the prisoner amused himself with laying his whip over the shoulders of the officer, who finally conducted him to the general receptacle. When bro't up for examination this morning, he had not slept off the fumes of the liquor he had swallowed in such copious draughts; and while waiting his turn to be questioned, he was seized with sickness at the stomach, followed by a dreadful fit of vomiting. "He's got the cholera," immediately issued from the mouths of all present, and a shudder ran through the veins of all the spectators. He was conducted into the yard adjoining the Mayor's office, where the vomiting continued, so violent that the Mayor directed a physician to be sent for immediately, and despatched another messenger to inform the prisoner's father of his son's situation. The physician arrived, and pronounced him in a dangerous condition. His father soon after came, but refused to allow his son to be taken home, declaring that he was unworthy of his notice. He was accordingly removed to a cholera hospital.

**SATURDAY 12 O'CLOCK.**—The person mentioned in the above report is now convalescent. The greatest possible care was taken of his case, and a speedy recovery was anticipated. His case should serve as a striking warning to persons of similar habits.

**AMIRAL WILLIAMS FREEMAN.**—The following anecdote of the late venerable Admiral of the Fleet, Peere Williams Freeman, whilst a youth, is extracted from a late Number of the Athenaeum.

"When a midshipman serving on a foreign station, young Williams (for he did not take the name of Freeman until late in his life), and a brother Mid, had each a favourite dog on board their vessel. Williams's dog had by some means given offence to the other quarter, who threatened to throw the animal overboard. 'If you do,' rejoined Williams, 'then yours shall follow,' and he accordingly kept his word. Enraged at the loss of his dog, the other Mid came up to Williams, and demanded satisfaction, challenging him to fight. 'Be calm sir,' said Williams coolly; 'you have acted most brutally towards my poor dog, and I have retaliated on yours, as I promised I would do; you are entitled to no satisfaction from me, but your offending dog is: I therefore propose to save the life of yours, if you will do so by mine. This proposal being acceded to, young Williams instantly leaped overboard, swam to his opponent's dog, secured him in preference to his own, returned to the vessel, and with the animal under his arm, was hoisted up by a rope which had been thrown over the side for him to hold by. His comrade then took his ensuing in turn, to his high delight of young Williams, and was equally successful in saving the life of the other poor brute. The matter did not rest here; the youths had been guilty of a breach of orders in thus risking their lives, and were each sent to the mast head by way of penance. When far advanced in years, the kind hearted admiral declared, that there was scarcely any circumstance in his life he reflected on with greater satisfaction than that of having been instrumental in saving the lives of these dogs: so true is it, that bravery and humanity are closely allied.

**COLONIAL SLAVERY.**—Five or six hired orators, having parcelled out his Majesty's dominions into so many circuits, are at this moment roaming through every town and hamlet of the empire—from Caithness to Cornwall, and from Kerry to Derry—delivering 'Lectures on Colonial Slavery.' Their instructions are to prepare the way by means of public lectures, for a general expression of the public feeling, to report to their employers the names and addresses of persons, likely to influence the approaching elections, and to spare no exertions to prevail on the editors of the provincial papers to lend their columns. These stipendiary agents, as they are called, are hired, paid, instructed, and controlled, by a regularly organized association sitting in London, and calling itself 'the agency committee.' The colonial proprietors, it is to be presumed, regard this new mode of attack as beneath their notice; for of the numberless instances in which these emissaries have appeared in various parts of the kingdom, in scarcely one of them does any body seem to have thought it worth the while to oppose their operations. There is, however, one exception; and it serves to show, that if the scheme ultimately succeeds, it will be mainly indebted for its success to the indifference or forbearance of those against whom it is levelled. The case in question occurred last week at Nottingham, where, it seems, a West India proprietor did so far shake off the characteristic indolence as to attend the lecture, and contradict its statements. From the facility with which he appears to have disposed both of the facts and the interferences adduced, the auditory, and perhaps the worthy orator himself, had reason to believe that the one story was a good one, just so long as the other remained untold, and no longer.—*Times.*

**SIR ISAAC NEWTON.**—The modesty of Sir Isaac Newton, in reference to his great discoveries, was so founded on a profound indifference to the fame which they conferred, or upon an erroneous judgment of their importance to science. The whole of his life professes that he knew his place as a philosopher; and was determined to assert and vindicate his rights. His modesty arose from the depth and extent of his knowledge, which showed him what a small portion of nature he had been able to examine, and how much remained to be explored in the same field in which he had himself laboured. In the magnitude of the comparison he recognised his own littleness; and a short time before his death he uttered this memorable sentiment:—"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell, than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." What a lesson to the vanity, and presumption of philosophers,—to those especially who never even found the smoother pebble of the prettier shell! What a preparation for the latest inquiries, and the last views of a decaying spirit, for those inspired doctrines which alone can throw a light over the dark ocean of undiscovered truth.—*Family Library.*

**SINGULAR FACT.**—One day this week, a cat, belonging to some of the good people of Pittendreich having been deprived of her kittens, uttered such wild and fearful sounds, and appeared otherwise so enraged, that the inmates were afraid to stay

under the same roof with her. All of a sudden, however, the animal ceased her "din." Struck with the circumstance, after the tremendous noise she had been making, one of the servants went into another apartment, where it was known puss was, to ascertain if possible, the cause; when, to the maid's surprise she beheld a large rat in the affectionate embraces of the cat, and sucking her apparently with as much act as her own kitten could have done. The rat seemed to feel so safe in the embraces of puss, that the presence of the servant did not in the least discompose it.—*Elgin Courier.*

**Than Burns, perhaps no man more severely inflicted the castigation of reproof. The following anecdote will illustrate this fact. The conversation one night at the King's Arms, Inn, Dumfries, turning on the death of a townsman, whose funeral was to take place on the following day. "By the bye," said one of the company, addressing himself to Burns, "I wish you would lend me your black coat for the occasion, my own being rather out of repair." "Having myself to attend the same funeral," answered Burns, "I am sorry that I cannot lend you my sables; but I can recommend a most excellent substitute; throw your character over your shoulders—that will be the blackest coat you ever wore in your lifetime."**

**BENEFIT OF EARLY INSTRUCTION.**—A lady observing a little girl apparently lost in the street, accosted her with the question of "Whose child are you?" "Child of wrath, ma'am," cried the little arch, dropping a curtsy as if addressing the person. "Where were you born?" resumed the lady. "Born in sin, ma'am," persevered the diminutive theologian.

**Post Office, Fredericton, Sept. 10, 1832.**

## LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in this Office this date.

- A  
Amos Arnold, George Asherton, 2. William Adams.
- B  
James Bresland, Ruth Brymer, James Blair, David Baldwin, James Brown, Henry Boker.
- C  
John Conroy, Bryon Connolly, Samuel Chamberlain, Peter Cameron, Wollard Collins, Thomas Christy, Charles Crooker, William Kimber, Eleanor Coyle, Charles Coulson, Heish Cather.
- D  
Deins Delaney, 2. Martha Davis, William Dunn, Patrick Diver, John Dow, 3. Thomas Dyer, William Dunn, 2. William Davis, Quinton Dougherty, Andrew Darcus, George Dean, John Dies, 2. Mary Dalouche, John Donnelly.
- E  
Charles Emory, Joseph Easterbrooks, Isaac Esty.
- F  
Janet Ferguson, John Feely, Thomas Fairman, Alexander Fleming.
- G  
William Grigg, 2. Charles Good, Benjamin Glazer, Mrs. Gray.
- H  
William Healey, Daniel Hickey, Simon Hammond, Margaret Hart, David Hunter, David Haslton, Margaret Hill.
- J  
James Johnston, 3. Mr. Jovett, H. Jackson.
- K  
James Kerney, 2. John Kelly, Mrs. T. Kirk.
- L  
Evan Lewis, Daniel Lapee, Joseph Lusk, Denis Leary, Catharine Longworth, William Lendra, 2. John Landery, William Lewill.
- M  
Garret McGeverin, John McLean, John Miller, Angus McBean, Joseph Merithew, Allan McLean, Mary McEwen, William Moore, Daniel McNamee, Thomas Murray, William Moffitt, William McAdam, John McMonigle, Nicholas Murray, Alexander Maccollough, Hugh Munro, Arthur McKiver, Samuel McIntire, William McLachlan, John Melvine, James McCormick, Duncan McLeod, Peter Murphy, James Magary, Catharine McCarty, Andrew McDonald, Hugh McMaster.
- N  
Daniel Nichols, Elijah Newcomb, Daniel Newcomb, Samuel Newcomb, James Nelson.
- O  
John Oliver.
- P  
Mr. Poulting, William Powell, John Phillips, Henry Paris, E. W. Parkins, James Poor.
- Q  
Catharin Quin.
- R  
John Robinson, John Rynolds, John Bealy, John H. Ryan, James Redmond, 2.
- S  
James Shortell, J. Slason, Jeremiah Sullivan, 2. Samuel Stelle, Samuel Smith, Thomas Saxton, George Spence, Daniel Sweeney.
- T  
William Tovey, 3. James Tumilson, Pat Tolat, James Tweedy, Adam Teddie, Josiah Thomas.
- W  
George Wheatley, Benjamin Wheeler, Robert Walsh, Edward Wheeler, Rosa W. Lera, Richard Williams.

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