

POETRY.

Selected.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

BY W. C. BRANT.

The story of the African Chief, related in this ballad may be found in the African Repository for April 1825. The subject of it was a warrior of majestic stature, the brother of Yarrador, king of the Salama nation. He had been taken in battle, and was brought in chains for sale to the Rio Pongo, where he was exhibited in the market place, his ankle still adorned with the many rings of gold which he wore when captured. The refusal of his captor to listen to his offers of ransom, drove him mad, and he died a fanatic.

Chained in the market place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the glistening multitude
That shrunk to hear his name—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground;
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,
He was a captive now,
Yet prides that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Shewed warrior true and brave;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conquerer he spake—
"My brother is a king;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shroud his locks away;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the locks plated, and long,
And daintily hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
Long kept for soot need;
Take it—thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife, the long, long day
Weeps by the cocoa tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And when that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife will wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain:
At once his eye grew wild,
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at that day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

VARIETIES.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TONQUIN.—The Tonquin sailed from the Columbia on the 5th of June, 1811, on a trading speculation to the northward; and Mr. McKay, [brother of Lt. Col. McKay of Montreal,] took on board, as an interpreter, a native of Gray's Harbour, who was well acquainted with the various dialects of the tribes on the coast. From this Indian the following melancholy particulars were learned. A few days after their departure from the Columbia they anchored opposite a large village, named *New Whity* in the vicinity of *Nootka*, where Mr. McKay immediately opened a smart trade with the natives. He went on shore with a few men, was received in the most friendly manner, and slept a couple of nights at the village. During this period several of the natives visited the vessel with furs. The unbending manners of the captain were not calculated to win their esteem; and having struck one of their principal men whom he had caught in a theft, a conspiracy was formed by the friends of the chief to surprise and cut off the vessel. The faithful interpreter, having discovered their designs, lost no time in acquainting Mr. McKay, who instantly hurried on board for the purpose of warning the captain of the intended attack. That evening Mr. McKay told the interpreter that the Captain only laughed at the information, and said that he could never believe that a parcel of lazy, thieving Indians would have courage to attack such a ship as his. The natives, in the mean time, apprehensive from Mr. McKay's sudden return that their plans were suspected, visited the ship in small numbers, totally unarmed, in order to throw our people off their guard. Even the chief who had been struck by Captain Thorn, and who was the head of the conspiracy, came on board in a manner seemingly friendly, and apparently forgetful of the insult he had received. Early in the morning of the day previous to that on which the ship was to leave *New Whity*, a couple of large canoes, each containing about twenty men, appeared alongside. They brought several small bundles of furs; and, as the sailors imagined they came for the purpose of trading, were allowed to come on deck. Shortly after another canoe, with an equal number, arrived also with furs; and it was quickly followed by two others, full of men carrying beaver, otter, and other valuable skins. No opposition was made to their coming on board; but the officer of the watch perceiving a number of other canoes pushing off, became suspicious of their intentions,

and warned Captain Thorn of the circumstance. He immediately came on the quarter-deck, accompanied by Mr. McKay and the interpreter. The latter, observing that they all wore short cloaks or mantles of skins, which was by means a general custom, at once knew their designs were hostile, and told Mr. McKay of his suspicions. That gentleman immediately apprized Captain Thorn of the circumstance, and begged of him to lose no time in clearing the ship of the intruders. This caution was however treated lightly by the captain, who remarked, that with the arms they had on board they would be more than a match for three times the number. The sailors in the mean time had all come on deck, which was crowded with the Indians, who completely blocked up the passages, and obstructed the men in the performance of their various duties. The captain requested them to retire, to which they paid no attention. He then told them he was about going to sea, and had given orders to the men to raise the anchor; that he hoped they would go away quietly; but if they refused he should be compelled to force their departure. He had scarcely finished, when at a signal given by one of the chiefs, a loud and frightful yell was heard from the assembled savages, who commenced a sudden and simultaneous attack on the officers and crew with knives, bludgeons and short sabres, which they had concealed under their robes. Mr. McKay was one of the first attacked. One Indian gave him a severe blow with a bludgeon, which partially stunned him; upon which he was seized by five or six others, who threw him overboard into a canoe alongside, where he quickly recovered, and was allowed to remain for some time uninjured. Captain Thorn made an ineffectual attempt to reach the cabin for fire arms, but was overpowered by numbers. His only weapon was a jack-knife, with which he killed four of his savage assailants by ripping up their bellies, and mutilated several others. Covered with wounds, and exhausted from the loss of blood, he rested himself for a moment by leaning on the tiller wheel, when he received a dreadful blow from a weapon called a *pautumagan*, (a species of half sabre, half club, from two to three feet in length, six inches in breadth, and double edged,) on the back part of the head, which felled him to the deck. The death-dealing knife fell from his hand, and his savage butchers, after extinguishing the few sparks of life that still remained, threw his mangled body overboard. On seeing the captain's fate, our informant, who was close to him, and who had hitherto escaped uninjured, jumped into the water, and was taken into a canoe by some women, who partially covered his body with mats. He states that the original intention of the enemy was to detain Mr. McKay a prisoner; and after securing the vessel, to give him his liberty, on obtaining a ransom from Astoria; but on finding the resistance made by the captain and crew, the former of whom had killed one of the principal chiefs, their love of gain gave way to revenge, and they resolved to destroy him. The last time the ill-fated gentleman was seen, his head was hanging over the side of a canoe, and three savages, armed with *pautumagans*, were battering out his brains. In the mean time the devoted crew, who had maintained the unequal conflict with unparalleled bravery, became gradually overpowered. Three of them, John Anderson, the boatswain, John Weekes, the carpenter, and Stephen Weekes, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in gaining possession of the cabin, the entrance to which they securely fastened inside. The Indians now became more cautious, for they well knew there were plenty of fire arms below; and they had already experienced enough of the prowess of the three men while on deck, and armed only with handspikes, to dread approaching them while they had more mortal weapons at their command. Anderson and his two companions, seeing their commander and the crew dead and dying about them, and that no hope of escape remained, and feeling moreover the uselessness of any farther opposition, determined on taking a terrible revenge. Two of them therefore set about laying a train to the powder magazine, while the third addressed some Indians from the cabin windows, who were in canoes, and gave them to understand that if they were permitted to depart unmolested in one of the ship's boats, they would give them quiet possession of the vessel without firing a shot; stipulating however that no canoe should remain near them while getting into the boat. The anxiety of the barbarians to obtain possession of the plunder, and their disinclination to risk any more lives, induced them to embrace this proposition with eagerness, and the pinnace was immediately brought astern. The three heroes having by this time perfected their dreadful arrangements, and ascertained that no Indian was watching them, gradually lowered themselves from the cabin windows into the boat; and having fired the train, quickly pushed off towards the mouth of the harbour, no obstacle being interposed to prevent their departure. Hundreds of the enemy now rushed on deck to seize the long-expected prize, shouting yells of victory; but their triumph was of short duration. Just as they had burst open the cabin door, an explosion took place, which in an instant hurled upwards of two hundred savages into eternity, and dreadfully injured as many more. The interpreter, who had by this time reached land, states he saw many mutilated bodies floating near the beach, with heads, arms, and legs, together with fragments of the ship, were thrown to a considerable distance on the shore. The first impression of the survivors was, that

the Master of Life had sent forth the Evil Spirit from the waters to punish them for their cruelty to the white people. This belief, joined to the consternation occasioned by the shock, and the reproaches and lamentations of the wives and other relatives of the sufferers, paralyzed for a time the exertions of the savages, and favoured the attempt of Anderson and his brave comrades to escape. They rowed hard for the mouth of the harbour, with the intention, as is supposed, of coasting along the shore to the Columbia; but after passing the bar, a head wind and flowing tide drove them back, and compelled them to land late at night in a small cove, where they fancied themselves free from danger; and where, weak from the loss of blood, and the harassing exertions of the day, they fell into a profound sleep. In the mean time the terror of the Indians had in some degree subsided, and they quickly discovered that it was by human agency so many of their warriors had been destroyed. They therefore determined on having the lives of those who caused the explosion; and being aware, from the state of the wind and tide, that the boat could not put to sea, a party proceeded after dark cautiously along the shore of the bay, until they arrived at the spot where their helpless victims lay slumbering. Bleeding and exhausted, they opposed but a feeble resistance to their savage conquerors; and about midnight their heroic spirits mingled with those of their departed comrades. Thus perished the last of the gallant crew of the Tonquin; and in reflecting on their melancholy fate, it is deeply to be regretted that there was no person of sufficient influence at Astoria to bring about a reconciliation between Captain Thorn and Mr. McKay; for were it not for the deplorable hostility and consequent want of union that existed between these two brave men, it is more than probable this dreadful catastrophe would never have occurred. From the particular description given by our informant of the dress and personal appearance of Anderson and the two Weekes, we had no doubt of their identity. — *Ross Cox's Adventures on the Columbia River.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Sunday se'night a lad, whose name we have not heard, came by his death in a very extraordinary manner. Several acquaintances and he having been at the chapel wall, on the bank of the Spey, between Fochabers and Rothes, one of his comrades, in diversion, took off his hat. The lad ran after him to regain it, when the first having lost his balance, fell on the road. The other being close by him when he fell, and running at the time with all his might, fell over his acquaintance, and in the fall dislocated his neck. From the complete paralysis of the body below the place of injury, it is supposed that the spinal marrow had either been snapped across, or very much pressed upon by the vertebra. It is a singular fact, that from the time (Sunday) when the accident occurred, until Thursday, when the lad died, there was not the smallest sympathy between his head and any part of his body; in other words, though life existed all that time, and reason continued in the last unimpaired there was no feeling in the body; nor had the unfortunate lad the smallest command over it. He could not move a leg or arm, nor would he have felt the slightest pain, to use the words of a medical gentleman, who saw him, though any surgical operation, however excruciating, otherwise, had been performed on him. — *Elgin Courier.*

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.—The Emperor was accustomed to travel with the utmost rapidity. On a certain occasion his Majesty fatigued by having remained a long time in his carriage, alighted, and, unaccompanied by any of his suite, pursued his way on foot through a village that lay before him. The Autocrat of all the Russians was attired in his usual costume, a military great coat without any particular mark of distinction. Desirous of obtaining some information respecting the road he was pursuing, he accosted a military looking personage, who stood smoking a cigar, at the door of a house. To each of the Emperor's question the stranger replied in the most uncourteous manner; and by way of terminating the ungracious parley—"allow me to ask," said Alexander, "what may be your military rank?"—"Guess."—"Perhaps, sir, you may be a Lieutenant?"—"Higher if you please."—"Captain?"—"Another step."—"Major?"—"Go on, go on."—"Lieutenant Colonel, I presume?"—"You have hit it at last, though not without effort." These words were pronounced in a tone of arrogance; and the several answers in the preceding dialogue, were accompanied by a cloud of smoke puffed up in the Emperor's face. "Now comes my turn, good Mr. Traveller," said the Officer:—"Pray what may be your military rank?"—"Guess."—"Well, then, at the first glance, I should say—"Captain—"Go on if you please."—"Lieutenant Colonel?"—"Pray, go on."—"Colonel?"—"A little higher, if you please."—"The officer upon this threw away the stump of his cigar."—"Major-General?"—"Another step, if you please."—"The officer now stood immovable at attention."—"Your excellence is then Lieutenant-General?"—"You are not quite up to the mark."—"In that case I have the honour to address myself to his Serene highness the Field Marshal?"—"Do me the favour Lieutenant Colonel, to make another effort."—"Ah, sire!" cried the officer with emotion, will "your Majesty deign to pardon me? But could I imagine that the Emperor—"—"I am not offended; and to prove it, if you have a favour to ask I will grant it with pleasure."

CURRAN'S INGENUITY.—A farmer, attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the bailment, but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice:—"Have patience, my friend," said the counsellor, "and let the landlord tell you, and let him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me." The farmer, moved by the honest dupe, at such advice; however, moved by rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsellor, he followed it and returned to his legal friend. "And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsellor. "Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'm afraid; without my witness at my rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said the counsellor, "do as I bid you and return to me." The farmer returned with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe in his possession. "Now Sir, suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I am much better off." "Well, then," said the counsellor, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." We need not add, that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend (whom one would almost wish to have tried too the second time) returned to thank his counsellor exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket. — *Legal Advice.*

A TAR'S TIME PIECE.—As a thorough paced tar was passing St. Paul's the other day, the clock struck twelve; Jack instinctively put his hand to his pocket, and pulling out his newly bought watch, exclaimed with evident satisfaction and a few nautical embellishments,—"There! if this little chap hasn't beat that great lazy lubber an hour?"

A CHOLERA ANCHORITE.—A Clergyman residing not a hundred miles distant from Paisley, carried his dread of cholera so far that he resolved to have no intercourse with his brother man until such time as this fearful visitor should have quitted our shores; with this view he has lately got himself fortified with a high paling, that extends a considerable way round his dwelling, at a barrier against all intrusion; those however, who had messages or parcels to deliver were accommodated with a bell and a speaking trumpet. — *Glasgow Courier.*

A gentleman noticed an urchin devouring green peas, took occasion to caution him of the danger of subjecting himself to an attack of Cholera; and he replied, "I ain't afraid of Cholera, I live in a Drug Shop."

COURTESY OF THE LADY DR. E.—Dear Sir, I am sorry I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged; but I am sure my sister Ann would jump at it. Your obliged, Eliza L.—Dear Miss E., I beg your pardon but wrote your name in mistake; it was Miss Ann I meant to ask; and I have written to her per her. Hoping so to be your affectionate brother, J. R. T. Dr. and Miss Ann were married, and as they say in fairy tales, "lived very happy all the rest of their lives."

TAMPERING WITH AN INSOLVENT AFTER ARREST.—Thomas Keen, a builder, was opposed by Mr. James Smith, under the following circumstances:—The Insolvent, it appeared, and the opposing creditor, some time back, had considerable transactions with each other, confined chiefly to household property; and in the year 1830, the former finding himself in embarrassed circumstances, applied to the latter for advice, and was by him recommended to assign over his property to him, and to go to prison and take the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Act. Indebted at the same time to Smith, and wishing to get rid of his other obligations, the advice was approved of. The deed of assignment was drawn up, signed by the insolvent, and placed in the hands of Smith. The Insolvent managed to get arrested and lodged in prison within a week from the date of the assignment. He filed his petition, signed his Schedule, served notice on his creditors, and was a month in gaol, and in full expectation of soon appearing before the Court, when, at this period of his confinement, he was visited by Smith, who, dreading that the matter would be detected by the Court, observed to him:—"This property has not been assigned over to me long enough; you must send for your retaining creditor, and obtain your discharge." He then took the Insolvent's schedule, and with his pencil wrote the recommendation on it. The retaining creditor was settled with, and the Insolvent was accordingly discharged. Regarding possession as "nine points of the law," and the assignment as "waste paper," he refused to give up the property; and having now come in reality before the Court, was exposed in consequence to Smith.

During the greater part of the examination, the opposition made stood against the Insolvent, and his case appeared a very bad one in the eyes of the Court; when, being a cunning man, and resolved not to lose a favourable chance in the matter, he "turned the tables" by a relation of the above history. The Court astonished, asked Smith if he was; and he denied it in toto. The Insolvent was listed, and producing his old Schedule, said:—"Here it is in his own hand writing—let me deny it if he can." The Court ordered the Self-Jule into Smith's hands; and having heard him admit the writing to be his, expressed his surprise that a man under such circumstances, could appear to oppose an insolvent's discharge, and consequently put an end to the case by dismissing the opposition. Smith inquired if the Court would not com-

pel the Insolvent to give him up the property; and receiving an answer in the negative, retired, greatly mortified at the turn which the matter had taken. The Court then addressed the Insolvent, who was discharged, and having admonished him, cautioned him to take care in future not to be a party to similar acts of misconduct. — *London paper.*

On Thursday the 21st ult. Mrs. Rhoda Crowell left her home in Argyle at 10 o'clock in the morning on a visit to her grand daughter, about two miles distant—and melancholy to relate, lost her way in the woods—and as she was in the habit of staying from home all night, was not missed until the next day, when all the neighbours were alarmed and a strict search commenced by every person within four miles that was able to walk. The search continued with little intermission until Tuesday the 26th when she was at last discovered but not until the vital spark was quite extinct. She appeared to have been but a few hours dead, laid one handkerchief over her eyes and another under her chin.—She was 80 years of age, had been a widow 18 years and lived a life that justly entitled her to the appellation of what St. Paul called a widow indeed. She has left a numerous progeny to lament her fate. — *Yarmouth Telegraph.*

A great number of Bears have infested the woods near Tusket River this season, making great havoc among the Farmers Hogs. One large Bear was killed by Mr. William Andrews. The bone of his fore leg above the claws measured fourteen inches in circumference. The total number of those animals killed this season, in this Township, amounts to 17.—*Id.*

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF YORK.

Gentlemen,
I AM informed by public notice from the High Sheriff of the County, that you are called upon, without delay, to elect a fit and discreet person to represent you in the General Assembly, in the place of the late worthy John Dow.

This notice from the Sheriff appears to have been a signal for several modest young men to come forward, without hesitation, to offer their services to you to fill this vacancy in the representation of the County, and who will undertake to achieve mighty things, if you will only just place one of them in this seat for a few years.

You have formerly been addressed by me in this modest way without effect; permit me now to put on the garb of modest assurance, and to say to you that my desire to serve you in this most important and responsible situation (the most so of any that you can delegate to another) is still unabated; my prudence, integrity, and judgment, is at least equal to that of any one that has yet offered himself, and my experience in those matters that may be thought in a degree connected with the scenes of Legislation, greater than they all,—this you may say is bold.—Custom which binds us all, (I presume as it is) compels candidates to speak plainly.—I therefore speak boldly, credit me for sincerity or not, as you please; you have the truth, as I feel it. Send me, therefore, to the General Assembly, to speak for you and to act for you. The times—the situation of the mother country—and of this country—demand of you that you send a discreet man; a man from whose experience of the Laws, and his knowledge of the manners and customs of the great body of the good people of this County, you may entertain a reasonable hope that his exertions in your behalf will be crowned with success.

HENRY SMITH.
St. Marys, September 8, 1832.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF YORK.

BEING now called upon to select a Representative to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of your late worthy and honorable Member, John Dow, Esq., and being sensible of a man of the upper part of the County of York should, in a particular manner, send a member in his place, I had entertained a hope that some person not a sensible would come forward from this place, as a candidate to fill the vacancy; I have solicited several gentlemen to do so, who have all declined, with a particular and anxious request that I should offer myself to fill that important office, urging as a reason, that I know the local wants of the County; that I am a native here; that my interest is the interest of this new County, and that my property must be in proportion to its growth and increase.

Gentlemen,
I do consider and prize it as my native country, where so far I have spent my youthful days; and so anxiously do I wish its prosperity, that I can assure you, nothing but that anxious desire would induce me to offer my services at this present time. I feel dissident of my abilities, and gladly would I have placed the task on some more able person, but no such person would come forward in this part of the County. Under these considerations, Gentlemen, I now offer you my services; should I meet with your approbation, and be elected, I can assure you, that nothing shall be wanting on my part, as far as in my power lies, to promote the interests of the Province, and this County in particular: Should I err, it will be from judgment, but not from the feelings of my heart.

I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen,
Your obedient Servant,
J. M. CONNELL.
Woodstock, 23d August, 1832.

BLANK MUSTER ROLLS AND FIELD RETURNS for the Militia of this Province, may be had at this Office.

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