

POETRY.

SONG—WAVE THE THISTLE.

AIR—The Bonny Breast Knots.

Wave the thistle, blow the thistle,
Chant the sweetest note, man;
May freedom's wreath on valor's brow,
Ay bloom on bonny Scotland.

Her towering hills, though bleak and bare,
Her sons are brave, her lasses fair,
And love and freedom smiling there,
Proclaims her bonny Scotland.

Wave the thistle, &c.

And O! how fair her heather braes,
How soft and sweet her warbler's lays,
How bright her silver burnie plays
Through flowery vales in Scotland.

Wave the thistle, &c.

Her bonnet crows the hero's head,
Her cloak her bonnie tartan plaid,
Her sword is proud oppression's dread;
Her name is bonny Scotland.

Wave the thistle, &c.

Frae Greece an' Rome when freedom sped,
And ken'd na where to shield her head,
She flew where Bruce and Wallace led,
And found a hame in Scotland.

Wave the thistle, &c.

Where'er a tyrant would command,
May freedom find in every land
Sic chiefs to lead her guardian band,
As ay she found in Scotland.

Wave the thistle, &c.

Home of love and friendship true,
Land the foe could ne'er subdue,
Still may laurels deck thy brow,
And freedom smile on Scotland.

Wave the thistle, &c.

VARIETIES.

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA, an inhabitant of Athens, a contemporary of Socrates and Xenophon; one of the numerous instances of the inefficiency of superior talents, to regulate the conduct, and guard the heart against the grosser appetites.

This extraordinary woman, who devoted her earlier years to licentious pleasure, was roused by ambition, or satiated by enjoyment, and suddenly emerging from infamy and indecency, won the affections and secured the lasting esteem of Pericles the hero of his age and country,—was respected as the friend, and admired as the companion, of all that was illustrious and exalted, during the most refined and brilliant period of Grecian history.

Such circumstances excite our curiosity and we naturally wish to inquire further concerning this fair Milesian, who, with vices which would have banished most women to the noisome dens of prostitution, boldly claimed, and eminently enjoyed, that consideration which the world generally and properly bestows on virtuous and correct conduct alone.

Athenian Matrons, mothers of families, and the wives and daughters of respectable senators, and wealthy citizens, repaired without scandal to the entertainments of Aspasia, where society was enlivened by beauty, wit, and wine, while the graces with loosened zones, presided at her repasts.

Exhibiting, early in life, a masculine understanding, and uniting with it a bewitching form, no improvement had been spared, which expense and cultivation could bestow; but the same quickness and sensibility which made her progress in acquirement so rapid, rendered her an earlier and easy victim to the tender passions, so often fatal to youth and beauty, too soon they taught her it was no crime to love.

Plunged in the abyss of lawless indulgence, she imparted almost a dignity to loose desire, and often rushed from the couch of sensuality to the academic grove, where she outstripped in eloquence, the master of moral philosophy, and surprised, by the depth of her reflections, and the brilliancy of her metaphors, the author of the *Cyropædia*.

Such have been the glowing expressions of exaggerating partiality, perhaps of doating admiration; and that man must be formed of very obdurate materials, who has not, at certain moments of his life, imagined something uncommonly excellent, or very brilliant, in words issuing from a pretty pair of lips,—words which, from a plain woman, on the wrong side of six and thirty, would have passed without praise, and without notice.

The arts of this accomplished syren must have been wonderfully fascinating, or the domestic life of Pericles, who was already a married man, very uneasy; for, not satisfied with those clandestine snatches of enjoyment, so frequently preferred to the dull routine of lawful affection, he prevailed on his wife to consent to a separation, provided her with another husband, and led the polluted Aspasia to the altar,—a proceeding which did not escape the comic lash of Cratinus and Aristophanes.

"Tell me," said Aspasia to the wife of Xenophon, at a moment when her predominating powers had levelled every external distinction between them,—"Tell me, without reserve, if an acquaintance had more valuable jewels, or a more splendid sideboard of plate, than your own, should you not prefer them?" "Undoubtedly," replied the lady. "Suppose she had a handsomer and more sensible husband?" continued Aspasia.

Xenophon, to whom, after a short pause, the question was repeated, hesitated; his wife, who did not at first perceive to what the original question would lead, hung her head and blushed.

"You will neither of you," exclaimed Aspasia, "satisfy me on a subject, which, in a different way, has been a thousand times discussed. On certain points, you

expect other people to be all perfection, but are confused to find, on the question being properly put, that, in some respects, you are no better than your neighbours."

This article would be extended to an undue length, were I to produce every instance on record of the acuteness of this lovely Grecian, whose talents are repeatedly acknowledged by her contemporaries and successors; of her literary compositions, a slender portion only remains, as a quotation in an ancient writer.

Pericles, at first attracted only by beauty, had sought relief in her society from the sameness or the chagrin of matrimony; and expected, after the zest of novelty was dissipated, the usual frivolous, superficial, nauseating small talk of vicious absurdity.

He was, however, agreeably surprised, when he found her well acquainted with the present interests, and the past history of her country, and qualified to converse on any subject he introduced, as a scholar, a general, a politician, and a man of taste.

With a woman of this description, the giddy raptures of desire were naturally succeeded by warm esteem, by rational attachment; and this great commander, who, by arms and influence, governed Greece, confessed without reluctance, that he valued Aspasia far beyond all his honours and all his triumphs,—that he was indebted to her for much of the fame and success of his riper years, for the highest intellectual pleasures, and for the most blissful moments of his life.

If such is the magic charm of beauty without innocence, and accomplishment without correctness of conduct, what might not these gifts of Heaven achieve, under the salutary direction of prudence and virtue; how severely ought those women to be censured who misapply instruments, which might be so powerfully and effectually exerted in reforming the morals of the world?

This profane misapplication can no longer be laid to the charge of a beautiful but eccentric woman, in whose exemplary conduct as a wife and a mother, we forget the venial levities of her halcyon days.

"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

Of all the senseless cant phrases of the day, none is more offensive and sickening than that which stands at the head of this article. It seems to be used as a saying of wisdom, if not of scripture. It is always used as an authority for a covetous, niggardly spirit and conduct, and generally without the slightest regard to truth or propriety. You may go to a man of this character for "an alms," and he will put you off with—"I have nothing to give—charity begins at home." You may urge the necessity of the case, but the deepest affliction of a fellow creature, the sorrows of the widow and fatherless, cannot affect his heart; he tells you "charity begins at home," and with that he is quite easy.—If you apply to assist some charitable institution, some benevolent object they tell you, they can do nothing at this time, "charity begins at home." If you apply to them to aid in circulating the Bible in foreign parts, or to send Missionaries to the heathen, they are ready with their sage reply, "we have heathen enough among ourselves," and "charity begins at home."

Thus they have one reply for all occasions, "charity begins at home." Customs have changed within the last eighteen hundred years. The Jewish doctors taught their disciples to say, "It is *coban*, that is to say, given," and thus released them from the obligation to do for their parents. But with those it is not given, except to themselves. Themselves are the greatest, the only objects of charity in the world. With them "charity begins at home," and stays at home. And thus, as though the wisdom of all ages were concentrated in it, we continue to hear every call met with this trite saying, "charity begins at home."

Specious pretext of a covetous heart! and sign of a soul destitute of the heaven born principle of benevolence. Nothing can be more opposed to the spirit of the gospel than this niggardliness. The gospel bids us do good to others, and enforces the injunction by the example of the Saviour's love to us.—But the covetous heart continually says, "Don't give too much, for too soon, nor too frequently: take care of self first: lay up in store for many years: charity begins at home."

But how short sighted are these self-styled charitable souls! They are afraid to give, lest they should come to want in this world. They do not consider that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof—that what is given in the work of benevolence, is lent to the Lord and that he will repay it with interest. Much less do they consider that the time for getting and using this world's goods is short—that the time is at hand when they shall be called to give an account of their stewardship; and that the Judge of quick and dead will distinguish between the covetous and the benevolent person, saying to the latter, "Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For what ye have done in charity to the creatures for whom I died, I consider as done to myself." But to the former, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into the fire prepared for the devil and his angels. For what ye have withheld through covetousness, I consider as an insult offered to me, as a fraudulent application of so much of my property."—*N. E. Christian Herald.*

PETTICOAT POLITICS.—One of the worst symptoms of the present time is, that the women have gone mad as well as the men; we mean on the conservative side of the question. At the Queen's levee on Friday week, where, by the way, her Majes-

ty conducted herself with the greatest propriety, the Tory ladies refused to speak to or recognise the Whig ladies, and there was consequently a complete separation between these two classes of fair aristocrats at the Quaker meeting-house. Was not this too bad? All men of sense and rationality desire to keep politics, or whatever else is calculated to engender heats and animosities among men, "before the curtain," but if the ladies insist that it shall be otherwise, and, catching the contagion of party madness, employ their restless influence to embitter and alienate differences which men are apt enough, without any provocation, to carry beyond the bounds of moderation, the result will be to destroy the comforts of social intercourse, and set us male barbarians to the pleasant work of cutting one another's throats for the gratification of our wives and daughters. Now, whatever the ladies may think, while under the influence of this strange and most infemine infatuation, we can assure them that the gentlemen are quite capable of making mischief enough for themselves; and that they are never disposed to be more chary of their admiration and regard than when their fair partners and friends intermeddle with matters which in no wise concern them. Female society in this country has hitherto been like an oasis in the desert, to which every weary and wasted eye might turn for refreshment and delight; but if the hot breath of politics, like that of the samiel is to come upon, and parch up this green and verdant spot in the wilderness of life, then the prospect will be cheerless and desolate indeed. Meanwhile the fact we have mentioned is one of the signs of the times. It shows that the war of castes is begun, and that one at least must either destroy or be destroyed. The cup was already full, and this last drop has made the waters of bitterness overflow.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

THE MARQUIS D'AULAN.—On the 10th of June, 1790, M. Demanez, Marquis d'Aulan, the most esteemed man at Avignon, and the most deserving of such esteem, from the good he did, and from the practice of every virtue, was carried by the crowd towards a gallows fifty feet high, raised upon the Place du Palais, and upon which the mob were about to hang the Marquis de Rochegude, the Abbe Offraye, and one Aubert, a silkmercer, who possessed considerable property at Avignon. When M. d'Aulan saw his unhappy countrymen extorted by a sanguinary frenzy, which assimilated them to the most ferocious of wild beasts, he spoke to them with that accent of truth and virtue, which was wont to calm the most furious. But on that fatal day of murder, his voice was lost; nothing was listened to, and nothing heard, save the cries of the victims. M. d'Aulan was not discouraged; but, with a perseverance and courage, which many others would not have shown to save even their own lives, succeeded in getting close to the gallows tree. As he arrived, the executioner was struggling with a carrier belonging to the country, named Buffardin, whom the people had condemned to be executed upon suspicion of monopolizing corn. The poor man was innocent, M. d'Aulan knew it well. "Ye are a herd of monsters," he cried as he flew to the assistance of the carrier, whom he helped to get rid of the hangman. "Ye are worse than tigers. What has this unfortunate man done to you! Would you take his life! And what are to become of his wife and children—who is to provide for them! Thirst you still for blood! Do you require another victim! If so, leave that man and take me, but on condition that I shall be the last." "He is right! He is right!" cried the multitude. Among the latter, were many individuals who knew the worth of the Marquis d'Aulan, justly termed the father of the unfortunate. But their attempts to speak in his favour were unsuccessful; their voices were drowned in the cries and vociferations of the wretches who surrounded the gallows. "Yes! yes!" they exclaimed: "since he chooses to pay off the scores of the carrier, let him die!" And the noble minded Marquis was immediately hanged.—*Memoirs of the Duchess d'Angantes.*

NAPOLÉON AND JUNOT.—A woman of high rank and fashion was implicated in a conspiracy under the consulate, by the selfish thoughtlessness of a young hair-brained coxcomb, who asked her for an asylum. I forget whether it was in the affair of the infernal machine or that of Chevalier; but it is certain, that the lady had no concern whatever with the plot, of which she was totally ignorant. The young man was a lieutenant in Colonel Fournier's regiment. He was deeply implicated; and instead of giving a candid explanation to the person to whom he applied for concealment, and whom his application might involve in serious difficulties, he concealed from her the political motive of his proscription. The gendarmes, who traced him closely, soon found him out, and took him from under the protection of Madame Montesson; for his benefactress was no other than that distinguished lady. As soon as she knew the truth, she sent to request that Junot would come to her. The first Consul had the highest esteem and regard for this lady; Madame Bonaparte was much attached to her; she was herself deserving of the high consideration she enjoyed; and the idea of her name appearing in any judicial proceedings, was in the greatest degree painful to her. Junot immediately perceived that she was in no way to blame; the report was altered, and the name of Montesson did not appear in it, because it was unnecessary. Some time after this, the first Consul said to Junot, "in whose house was the young lie-

tenant of the twelfth arrested?" Junot was at first taken by surprise, but, soon recovering his presence of mind, he recollected that he had made the police officers put in the report, that the lieutenant was apprehended in the Champs-Elysees.—He made the same statement to the first Consul; the latter began to laugh. "Thy memory is none of the best, Friend Junot," he said, pulling Junot's ear. This caress, a strong voucher for the absence of angry feelings, tranquilized Junot. "Thou hast quite forgotten," he was taken at Madame Montesson's, then, looking serious, Napoleon added, "my dear Junot, thou didst well to comply with Madame Montesson's request; for she is a woman for whom I entertain the highest respect.—Thy conduct was, therefore, very proper, in causing her name to be omitted in the report; but thou shouldst have communicated it to me verbally." Here we have a specimen of that peculiarity of Napoleon's temper, which made him desirous of knowing everything, and evince displeasure at the least mystery. Junot begged to know the name of the secret informer—it was Fouché.—*Ibid.*

ORIENTAL MAGIC.—Among the strictly scientific residents in the court of Mahmoud at Ghizni, the most eminent was Abu Rihan, sent by Almona from Bagdad, where he was venerated almost as the rival of Avicenna. But besides metaphysics and dialectics, he studied and appears to have drawn his chief lustre from attainments in the magical art. Of this, D'Herbelot relates a remarkable instance. One day, Mahmoud sent for him and ordered him, to deposit with a third person a statement of the precise manner and place in which the monarch would quit the hall where he then sat. The paper being lodged, the king, instead of going out by one of the numerous doors, caused a breach to be made in the wall, by which he effected his exit;—but how was he humbled and amazed, when, on the paper being examined, there was found a specification of the precise spot through which he penetrated. Hereupon the prince with horror denounced this learned man as a sorcerer, and commanded him to be instantly thrown out of the window. The barbarous sentence was presently executed; but care had been taken to prepare beneath a soft and silken cushion, into which the body of the sage sunk without sustaining any injury. Abu Rihan was then called before the monarch, and required to say, whether by his boasted art he had been able to foresee these events, and the treatment through which he had that day passed? The learned man immediately desired his tablets to be sent for, in which were found regularly predicted the whole of the above singular transactions. This incident does not, it must be owned inspire a very lofty idea, either of the wisdom or the wit of the imperial court of the Ghiznevide.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. VI. History of British India, Vol. I.*

SOURCE OF THE GANGES.—The mountain-scenery which surrounds Gangoutri, where the infant Ganges bursts into view, is sublime. The traveller winds his way to this place, clambering over steep rocks or creeping along the face of precipices, flights of steps are formed by posts driven into the crevices. At length he reaches the village, consisting only of a few huts and the temple dedicated to Mahadeo. Here the naked and pointed cliffs, shooting up to the skies with confused masses of rock lying at their feet, and only a few trees rooting themselves in the deep chasm make the spectator feel as if he trode on the ruins of a former world. Vast shattered precipices, which frown over the temple, have strewn the vicinity with enormous fragments of granite, destined probably one day to overwhelm the edifice itself. A few old pines throw a dark shade over the troubled waters, whose roar is heard beneath, mingled with the stifled but fearful sound of the stones borne down by the current. Rocky heights that in the prospect on every side except towards the east, where, behind a crowd of naked spires, the view is bounded by the four snowy peaks of Roodroo Himala.—*Ibid.*

A ROYAL COOK.—Seated on the most splendid throne of the East, Mahmoud II. practised the austerity of a hermit. Applying all his revenues to the exigencies of the state, he continued to earn by the pen his own support, which was limited to a supply of the humblest necessities. He not only rejected the vain and culpable privilege of a numerous seraglio, and confined himself to one wife, but he compelled that lady to discharge the most menial functions. Even when her Majesty complained that she burned her fingers in the process of cooking, and asked for a maiden to aid her in that humble task, he rejected the request.—*Ibid.*

LANDED PROPERTY FOR SALE.
THE Subscriber being authorized to dispose of the following lots of Land, he offers them for sale on moderate terms.
Lots no. 15 and 25 and a lot adjoining no. 25, situate in the Parish of Kent containing 100 acres each.
Lots no. 14 and no. 15 on the Pennyack, Parish of Douglas; containing 400 acres.
Eight Glebe lots in the Parish of Fredericton, held by lease from the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry of the Parish, being the number 289 to 296 inclusive.
For particulars enquire of
Wm. TAYLOR Auctr.
Fredericton, 23d April, 1832.

FOR SALE.
THE Subscriber offers for sale the Property on which he resides, comprising 4 town lots, fronting upon King's and Brunswick Street.
Terms of payment will be liberal and further information obtained by application to
J. A. MACLAUCHLAN.
Fredericton, April 18th, 1832.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.
By private Contract.
TWO very valuable BLOCKS of LAND, adjoining each other, containing 2000 ACRES, and laid out in Lots of 100 acres each, to suit purchasers, situate in the Parish of Wakefield, near Jackson Town, in the County of York, granted to the Hon. S. D. Street, deceased.
The above mentioned Land is of the best quality for cultivation, and contains a very small proportion, if any, of waste land in the whole two tracts; it is well timbered and advantageously situated.
Terms of payment will be made easy.
For further particulars apply to the subscriber, at his Office, in Fredericton, or to Mr. Charles Perley, at his store in Woodstock, where plans of the Land may be seen, and all information required obtained.
GEO. F. STREET,
Fredericton, 21st Dec. 1831.

BLACKING.
THOMAS SIME has commenced Manufacturing, and offers for Sale, a superior quality of
LIQUID BLACKING,
which upon trial, will be found equal to any imported from the Mother Country. From the nature of the ingredients of which it is composed, it possesses an inherent quality of PRESERVING and SOFTENING the LEATHER, and from the fine SHINING LUSTRE it will produce, must be considered as a great desideratum to all who admire a highly POLISHED BOOT or SHOE.
As this article is one of Domestic Manufacture, and will be sold at a reduced price to that imported, although of equal quality, as certificates in his possession will satisfactorily prove. T. S. flatters himself that he will receive a liberal share of public support. The Blacking is contained in stone jars, similar to that of "Day & Martin," with printed Labels, and will be sold at 1s. 3d., 10d. & 6d., with a liberal reduction to Retailers.
* Made and Sold, Wholesale and Retail by Thomas Simes, Water-street, south side of the Market Wharf, Saint Andrews, N. B.
THOMAS SIME.
St. Andrews, 30th January, 1832.

STEAM BOAT
SAINT GEORGE
WILL make her first trip this season to Fredericton, for Freight, as soon as the River will permit. She will be at the end of the North or South Wharf, one or two days previous to starting, for that purpose. Rates of freight will be 10d. per Barrel, and 4s. 6d. per Hogshead, and other Merchandise in proportion.
This boat will come through the Falls during the ensuing season for freight, one day (which will be named hereafter) in every week, regularly. The proprietors have engaged part of a store, second from the end of the North Market Wharf, where any freight intended for the Boat will be received after the first of May next, and free of expense, upon application and delivery to Mr. GEORGE A. LOCKHART, on the spot.
J. JOHNSTON, Agent.
Saint John, April 24. 3 m.

REMOVAL.
PAINTING, &c.
THE Subscriber hereby intimates that he has removed from his former place of residence, to that House in KING'S STREET, owned by Mr. WILLIAM ROBERTS, and near the NEW METHODIST CHAPEL, where every description of HOUSE, SIGN, CHAIR, COACH, SLEIGH, FANCY, and ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, GILDING, GLAZING, VARNISHING, PAPER HANGING, &c. will be executed with the utmost despatch, in the best style of workmanship and on the most reasonable terms.
L. W. respectfully begs leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends and to a generous Public, for the very liberal support which he received during his former residence in Fredericton, and as he has since endeavoured to acquire a perfect knowledge of the most approved modes of BRONZING, TRANSPARENT SIGNS PAINTING, and Imitating Wood and Marble, of all kinds, as practised both in Great Britain and in the United States of America, he trusts that his efforts to give a general satisfaction in the exercise of these branches of his profession will be successful.
L. W. also begs the attention of the Public to various specimens of his work in all the foregoing Branches, which may be seen at his shop, and he flatters himself that they will be found superior to anything of the kind, which has heretofore been introduced into this Province.
N. B. Ixed and Dry Paints, Spirits of Turpentine, Varnishes, Painting Brushes, Gold Leaf &c. &c. may also be had at his Shop at moderate prices.
LAWRENCE WARREN.
Fredericton, 29th May, 1832.

COMFORTABLE BOARD AND LODGING,
can be obtained for two or three Gentlemen or a small Family, by applying to
Wm. MILLER.
Fredericton, 3d July, 1832.

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