

POETRY.

Selected.

From the Metropolitan.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky;
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.

But on that rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dew of night are shed,
As if the wept such waste to see;
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
In hold is frail—its state is brief—
Restless and soon to pass away.

Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print whose feet
Have left on Tempe's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
This track will vanish from the sand.

Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none shall ere lament for me.

VARIETIES.

AN ADVENTURE AT ST. HELENA, IN MAY 1816.

On a beautiful morning in May, the China (East India Company's) fleet was seen advancing toward the always interesting and now far-famed island of St. Helena.

The simple inhabitants had not yet recovered from their astonishment at the great and unwelcome event that had befallen them. Their imperial prisoner, their King's military governor, and his troops, the watchful, grim-looking vessels of war, the harassing interior regulations, the system of espionage, and the scarcity of provisions, were all great and crying evils that had fallen upon them unawares, without power to avert or hope to escape. The arrival of the China fleet had hitherto been an event of the first importance, the signal for trade and business, for joy and festivity. Among the fair sex too, an unusual degree of interest was excited; for marriages were sometimes made as well as bargains. But although its approach was welcomed now with as much warmth as ever, it could not dispel the effects, or ease the weight, of the huge nightmare that had settled on the island.

The shrouds and decks of the Company's ships were alive with human beings, regarding with intense interest the isolated rock they were approaching; the variety of age, sex, colour, and condition, produced but little difference in the individual feeling of the moment. The listless and delicate female, [scarcely to be recognised, from her long residence in voluptuous India, as belonging to the race of active and intelligent Englishwomen] raises herself from her couch, and with unusual excitement of mind and body, ascends the poop-ladder without assistance, and regardless of being jostled by the crowd, exclaims, "Is this really St. Helena, and is Buonaparte really here!" The spoiled, overdressed, yet lovely children cling round their dark and turbaned attendants, and half-fearful, half-curious, learned from them that a *burah-soib* of Europe, very powerful and very wicked, has been caught and chained down upon that rock.

But among the captain and his officers, together with the military gentlemen and civilians on board, scarcely a word was breathed; there they stood with their spy-glasses glued to their eyes: an occasional order, or the trying to make out the directions stuck up at different points of the island, in large white letters on black boards, alone broke their silence.

At last, under certain signals directions, and cautions, the Indians anchored; and then, again, after certain permissions and limitations, they were visited by boats from the shore, and by those of the ships of war. A list of regulations for their conduct was given, and a gentle hint that the shorter their stay, the more agreeable it would be considered by the presiding powers. The answers to the questions with which every one who came on board was overpowered, the strange stories, the mysterious warnings, excited rather than allayed the intense curiosity felt by all.

"Pray Sir," said a chief officer of one of the finest of the Indian men, to a gentleman in office, "is it possible to pay a visit to Buonaparte—to see and to converse with him?"

"It is possible, if you can procure the necessary permission, passport, and guides. Mine is the passport-office, and I dare say I shall be able to manage it for you."

The young man thanked him most warmly, and continued—

"To-morrow I shall not be able to leave the ship; but if I call on you early the following morning—"

"One shall be ready for you," interrupted his new friend.

In the meantime a movement of the same nature was taking place among the captains of the China fleet; they received a promise from the admiral that passports should be ready for them on the next morning; and they agreed to go in a body, and pay their respects to Napoleon.

Accordingly, the next morning the Captains, in full dress, assembled on shore: passports, horses, and escorts were ready; every thing was conducted in the strictest form, according to the regulations. They arrived at Longwood, and were ushered into the drawing-room, the curtains of which were very much closed, and it was some time before they could see any thing, after the dazzling light they had just emerged from. In a few minutes a door at the farther end was thrown open, and Napoleon entered. He advanced, they bowed—

"*Quel est votre plaisir?*" that is, "What do you want?"

"We are the captains of the China fleet which arrived yesterday, and are come, sir, to pay you our respects."

"Your ships are very large, are they not?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many guns do you carry?"

"Thirty."

"And you?" (to a second.)

"And what ship do you command?"

To a third.

And after one or two more abrupt, and not very pointed questions, he made a bow, and exit by the same way he entered. The captains moved off, mounted their horses, and had a very hot ride back.

During that day too, many of the officers and passengers procured passports: some were received and some were not, but all appeared dissatisfied. Nothing however, could damp the ardour of our friend, the chief. He had received that day during the absence of his captain, amongst other visitors, the military officer in immediate attendance on the person of Napoleon, and had an opportunity of showing him some civilities. A young naval officer had settled to accompany him, and horses were to be ready for both at an appointed hour the following morning.

The morning rose most splendidly; and full of hope and animation, and ripe enough for frolic, our young friend landed, and meeting his expected companion, they went to the office for the promised passports. Alas! who can describe their consternation and disappointment on being informed that an order had just been received from headquarters to grant no more passports, except especially authorized; as the privilege had been abused the preceding day, and had become a source of annoyance to the general. What was to be done? the case was hopeless; but as the horses were in readiness, it was decided they should ride up to the camp.

"At all events," said the lieutenant, "you will have an interesting ride, and a good tiffin; and who knows, but you may, after all, get a distant view of the great little man?"

With this the chief was forced to be satisfied, and off they went. It was not without interest that the stranger, having reached by the zig-zag road the top of the first hill, observed by the indication of his companion, the residences of Bertrand and Montholon; from thence the road led straight to the encampment, a distance of about five miles from the town, at which they arrived between one and two o'clock. Here the naval officer, who was well known, and the stranger, met with a kind reception, and came in for a capital tiffin.

Our friend, however, soon slipped away, and amused himself with strolling in and about the encampment, looking with a longing eye to the summit of the opposite hill, where stood Longwood. The side of that hill, he remarked, was potato-ground. On descending towards it from the eminence on which he stood, he entered a garden where several Chinese were busily employed; they looked surprised at the entrance of a stranger, but when he addressed them in their own language, he quite won their hearts, and after a little *confab* he strolled unquestioned quietly along.

He left the garden, and suddenly (without probably venturing to question himself as to his intentions) threw himself on his hands and knees, and began to climb the forbidden hill, under shelter of the large and thickly sown potato plants. He reached the summit, and creeping through a hole at the bottom of a hedge, found himself in an outer yard opposite the stable, where the horses were getting ready for the emperor's afternoon ride.

It so happened that the medical gentleman of his own ship had also taken tiffin at a friend's that day and afterwards had, like our hero, strolled out to stare about him. His eye caught the figure of his young chief in the garden, and observed it disappear amongst the potato plants on the opposite side. From a knowledge of his disposition, and of his uncontrollable whim to have an interview with Napoleon, which he was aware the order at the passport office had rendered it impossible for him lawfully to gratify, he felt convinced the young man was about getting himself into some serious scrape; and, without a moment's hesitation, down dived the good doctor into the ravine also, and was up the opposite side nearly as soon as the chief; but instead of emerging by the stables, he had made his *sortie* at the other end of the house, right through which he boldly walked, (to his own utter astonishment, and that of every body else afterwards,) and without question or hindrance, reached the stable-yard, and confronted the astonished chief.

After a few ejaculations, and explanations, and representations, the doctor was prevailed upon, as they were there, to stay and have a peep at the emperor; who they were assured, would be out presently, to take a few turns upon the terrace with Las Cases, before he mounted. Accordingly they sheltered themselves by the raised bank of the terrace, from which, when they stooped or sat down, they were not likely to be observed. At last, while peeping over they beheld two figures slowly advancing in earnest conversation from the farther end of the terrace; one was bareheaded, but the other wore that identical, small, plain cocked hat, never to be mistaken and never to be forgotten—this was Napoleon. He had on a green, single-breasted coat, with steel buttons, each button having a sporting device and all different; white waistcoat, nankeen knee-breeches with buckles, and handsome silk stockings, carefully put on, and showing to great advantage a leg and foot almost effeminately beautiful. Although short, Napoleon was well and strongly made, and was not then nearly so fat as he afterwards became; his appearance was far less striking and dignified than the two Englishmen expected; their eyes remained rivetted upon him until his nearer approach obliged them to dip, and they did not again look up until his back was turned; and there they waited patiently enough until the emperor and Las Cases had again reached the extremity of the terrace, and had again turned towards them.

"I tell you what," said the chief, "you may do as you please, doctor, but hang me if I stay here any longer, skulking and playing at bo-peep! Come doctor, follow me, and let us behave as men."

So saying, he sprang upon the terrace, and the poor doctor, with a heavy sigh, and "I see how it will end!" scrambled up too.

The sudden appearance of the two intruders brought Napoleon and Las Cases to a stand; the latter, however, immediately advanced, and met them.

"Do you wish to speak to the Emperor, gentlemen?" he inquired, politely bowing.

"We wish it very much indeed," said the chief.

"If we do not intrude," said the doctor.

"Permit me to have the honour of introducing you."

They took off their hats and advanced—it was an interesting moment; the count introduced them as two English Gentlemen; a glance of surprise and inquiry was exchanged between him and Las Cases, but no question as to how they had made their entry in that direction was asked. Napoleon, who was in high good humour, immediately began his questioning mode of conversation, he spoke in French, which was interpreted by Las Cases, but he seemed perfectly to understand, without interpretation their English replies.

"What ship do you belong to?" The East Indianman.

"What situation do you hold?" Chief Officer.

"How many guns do you carry?" Thirty-six.

"What tonnage?" Fifteen hundred.

"How many men?" A hundred and eighty.

"Indeed! why you could cope with a frigate?" We have already done so.

"How where?" In an action against Admiral Lincol.

"Were you in that action?" Yes, sir.

"His ex-Majesty looked glum, and turning to the doctor—What are you?" Surgeon on board the same ship.

"Where were you educated?" At Edinburgh.

"You could not have studied at a better school: have you observed much of the medical practice of the Chinese?" I have had occasional opportunities of doing so.

They are very fond of blistering, are they not? Yes: they have recourse to it in almost every complaint? How do they raise the blister? By the use of cantharides or by friction? By friction, mostly. What is your general opinion of Chinese medical practice? That it is very indifferent—very far behind the European. Napoleon again turned to the chief officer—What does your cargo principally consist of, besides tea? Nankeens, silks, and drugs. What is the proportion of tea? Four fifths of the whole. Can you name how many chests of tea you carry, and their average weight? Twenty-two thousand chests, weighing on the average ninety pounds each. This Napoleon repeated with a gesture of astonishment. And at how much do you value your cargo? At six hundred thousand pounds. The Emperor paused and took snuff—What other parts of the East have you yourself visited, besides China? Our presidencies of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; besides various islands, and different parts of the coast.

Remainder in our next.

BOSTON, JULY 11.

ACCIDENTS IN NEW-YORK.—The weather has been as hot in New-York as in Boston, and its fatal effects more general. The following is a chapter of accidents, (abridged from the Commercial) which happened on Wednesday.—A young man fell down in fits and was carried off upon a litter, without any chance of recovery; he had been bathing in the river, whilst in a state of great heat, and been otherwise imprudent. A colored man lost his life by drinking cold water. Another colored man fell down and expired from the bursting of a blood vessel, occasioned, as it was said, by the intense heat. An Englishman employed in tiling a roof was suddenly struck while on the roof with a coup d'soleil, and expired in a short time. In a lumber-yard, another man lost his life by drinking too profusely of cold water. On board the Schooner three Sisters, at Burling-Slip a man who had been at work below, came on deck, and was suddenly affected by the rays of the sun; he fell prostrate to the ground, and died in a few minutes. A woman employed as a cook, complained of sudden weakness, and immediately fainted. Medical aid was called in, but she expired in a few moments. A Mr. Aims, returning from his work at six o'clock, sent his daughter for some cold water, drank freely of it, and died at eight o'clock. A labouring man, a native of Ireland, employed in digging the foundation for a building was overcome by the heat about four in the afternoon. A labouring man engaged in digging a cellar, on coming out of it on the side walk, dropped down—he was carried to a bath where he soon expired. An inquest was held on the body of another labouring man who was sun struck. Another man was carried up Chatham-Street, in the morning, in a dying condition from the same cause. Thomas Farrell, employed at Astor's new building, went to the pump several times and bathed his head with cold water, though cautioned against doing so. He at length fell down senseless and died in less than an hour. A man who sold charcoal, drank freely of cold water and died in a few minutes. A labourer drank from the pump copiously of cold water, and died within a few minutes. A labourer at the new University, was carried home insensible, from drinking cold water, and died in a short time. The driver of a cart, died early in the morning from drinking water at a pump. A hod-carrier drank a tumbler of cold water about ten o'clock, and while carrying a load of bricks up a ladder, fell to the pavements and afterwards died. A man was carried up Carleton-street, from near the North River, and another died at the corner of Morton and Hudson. The latter had been digging gravel in a cellar, a very cool place, and suddenly came on the sidewalk, where the sun was shining with such power that the mercury rose to 125 degrees. He had but little more than reached the side-walk when he fell, and was directly in a state resembling the collapse by cholera. Two physicians were immediately called, who tried ineffectually to draw blood. Other remedies failed entirely, and after enduring excruciating distress for two hours, the man died. He had arrived from Ireland but two weeks ago. A man also died at the corner of 3d Avenue. Another fell in Broadway, towards night, and appeared nearly gone. In addition to the above we learn that three men lay dead yesterday afternoon in Henry-street, and two others at the coal yard, at the foot of Delancy street—all from the effects of heat and exertion. Two labourers also died on Mon-

day, one from extra labor, the other from drinking copiously of cold water. The loss of life was not confined to human beings alone. Many valuable horses fell in the streets, melted by the sun, and died—most of them belonging to the proprietors of omnibuses. Probably not less than eight thus expired in the course of the day.

A PITHY SERMON.

The following pithy sermon from a pithy text, has been published in England, and has met with a very extensive circulation in that country. It comes directly home to men's business and bosoms, and every man should read it and treasure it in his memory.—Temper Journal.

"Be sober, grave, temperate."—Titus ii. 2.

I. There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms:—

- 1st, Your Wife,
- 2d, Your Stomach,
- 3d, Your Conscience.

II. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by Temperance; Intemperance produces,

- 1st, Domestic Misery,
- 2d, Premature Death,
- 3d, Infidelity.

To make these three points clear, I refer you,

1st. To the Newgate Calendar, the Old Bailey Chronicle, and the Police Reports.

2d. To the hospitals, lunatic asylums, and work-houses, and

3d. To the past experience of what you have seen, read, and suffered, in mind, body, and estate.

READER, DECIDE!

Which will you choose.—Temperance, with happiness and long life, or Intemperance misery and premature death?

The Aerial Steam-boat, recently invented at Cincinnati, by a man named Mason, is thus described in a late American paper:—It is about ten feet long, the ribs being covered with silk, in order to render it very light. The engine, of two horse power, is placed in the middle, and turns four vertical shafts, projecting over the bow and stern into each of which are fixed four spiral silken wings, which are made to revolve with a sufficient velocity to cause the vessel to rise. Over the whole is fixed a moveable silken cover, designed to assist in counteracting the gravitating force, at the same time tending to assist in its propulsion forward. The whole boat, including the engine, weighs 60 pounds, and has cost \$300.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A Clergyman, while attending a funeral at Mary-le-bone, had gone on with the service, until he came to that part which says, Our deceased brother or sister, without knowing whether the deceased was male or female. He turned to one of his mourners and asked, if it was a brother or sister? The man very innocently replied, "No relation at all, sir, only an acquaintance."

To Emigrants.

THE Subscriber hereby notifies Irish men in America, who are desirous to send for their Families and friends, that they can always secure their Passages from almost all the principal Sea Ports in Ireland, on the most reasonable terms, without detention or disappointment. In all cases where the money is paid in advance, a liberal discount will be made, and should the persons sent for not come, the money will be returned, and if otherwise engaged, good security will be required for the payment of their passage money on arrival. Apply to GEORGE WOODS, Fredericton, 24th Jan. 1834.

ONE Ton of OAT MEAL for sale by JED. SLASON.

Fredericton, June 18, 1834.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive of Postage.

Advertisements not exceeding Twelve Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Sixpence the first and one Shilling and Sixpence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash and the Insertions will be regulated according to the amount received. Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice. AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| SAINT JOHN, | Mr. Peter Duff. |
| SANT ANDREWS, | Mr. G. Miller. |
| DORCHESTER, | E. B. Chandler. |
| SALISBURY, | R. Scott, Esq. |
| KENT, | J. W. Weldon, Esq. |
| MIRAMICHI, | Edward Baker, Esq. |
| KENT, (CO. OF YORK) | Geo Moorhouse, Esq. |
| WOODSTOCK, and | |
| NORTHAMPTON, | Mr. C. Raymond. |
| SHEFFIELD, | James Tilley, Esq. |
| GAGETOWN, | Doctor Barker. |
| KINGSTON, | Mr. W. F. Bonnell. |
| HAMPTON, | Mr. A. Davidson. |
| SUSSEX VALE, | Mr. Samuel Hall. |
| | J. C. Vail, Esq. |