

POETRY.

Selected.

THE MONARCH'S WISH.

"O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. Lo then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest."—Ps. lv. 6, 7, 8.

The wearied monarch sat apart, A moment from his troubles free; Saddened in soul and sick at heart With earthly pomp and vanity; And while with burdening cares he strove, And griefs were gathering in his breast; He sought for pinions like a dove, To flee away and be at rest.

He languished for a calm retreat, Some far-away and peaceful shore; Untrodden but by sinless feet, Where earth should vex his soul no more; Hate had usurped the bower of love,— Wild was the phrenzy of his breast— And oh! for pinions like a dove, To flee away and be at rest.

'Tis thus with life—its best estate Is but a feeble ray of joy; An hour of golden hopes elate, Which after clouds and storms destroy; And while the heart reluctant clings, And woes o'erwhelm the laboring breast— Oh! for the turtle's gentle wings, To flee away and be at rest.

And though the joys of earth invite To sip their flattering streams of pain; Who, that has tasted earth's delight, Would ever sigh to taste again? Its purest joys—its fairest things, But serve to wound the bleeding breast— Oh! for the turtle's gentle wings, To flee away and be at rest!

But there shall come a sweet release From all the storms that darkly roll; And Mercy's voice shall whisper "PEACE." Upon the tempest of the soul: For death the envied treasure brings, And calms the turmoils of the breast; And gives the spirit soaring wings To flee away and be at rest.

VARIETIES.

BALLOON ASCENT AT BOSTON AND PERILIOUS SITUATION OF THE AERONAUT.—DURANT.—The last ascension of Mr. Durant, at Boston, was attended with hair breath escapes, and unusual dangers. Many under the same circumstances, with less coolness and courage, would have perished beneath the accumulated troubles. The Bostonians betrayed great anxiety for the bold aeronaut, and on Saturday, in this city, when his fate was still a matter of uncertainty, many were the anxious questions asked, and great was the feeling displayed for his safety. He however succeeded in making a safe landing, after a miraculous escape from drowning, having been completely immersed in the water, during which time he tested the qualities and virtues of an india-rubber life preserver, which proved of essential service to him. Below will be found all the particulars, as detailed by him in a letter to the editors of the Boston Journal.

We give below Mr. Durant's account of his ascension. It is due to that gentleman that we should state—if imperfections should be discovered in it—that it was written yesterday forenoon, in about an hour, while he was surrounded by a regiment of anxious enquirers. He is as ready with the quill as with the balloon or parachute.

To the Editors of Morning Papers.

GENTLEMEN.—At 5 hours and 50 minutes by my time, I rose clear of the Amphitheatre, with barely sufficient buoyancy to keep the balloon in a horizontal position, until passing over the Common, I threw over two bags of sand ballast, when the ascending powers increased and the balloon rose finely, forming an angle with the horizon of, I judged 30 or 40 degrees. This gradual ascent continued till 9 minutes past 6, when the Ball fell to 23, 22.

The view now and a few minutes previous was the most varied and interesting that I ever beheld. On one side the vast ocean with hundreds of vessels, for miles around. The ocean presented an almost unbroken surface, covered apparently with a light mist or fog, and the sun striking the sails of vessels gave them much the appearance of feathers floating on the smooth surface of a pond. I could perceive in the wake of those nearly beneath me a difference in the appearance of the water; it was very perceptible in the wake of a steamboat which I passed a short distance from Nahant; it had much the appearance of heavy lines in engraving, diverging at or near right angles from the ground work. This gave me an idea of their course and probable wind, which I judged was more favourable for me to reach Cape Ann. I descended very slowly to ascertain at what height the wind would haul, yet perceived no sensible difference until within 1/2 of a mile from the ocean; here by ranging with a schooner which a few minutes before was a head of me, standing out, under a heavy press of sail, though now she had fallen in the rear, I could perceive from her that my course, within 1-8 of a mile from the ocean, would strike the eastern point of Cape Ann—but it was impossible to keep the balloon within that distance of the surface without a great expenditure of ballast, or without striking the water, or soaring above into the lower edge of the upper and more westerly current, which would have carried me to the eastward of Cape Ann; therefore I resolved on letting go both anchors to trail in the water. They struck at 6h. 30m. with 300 or 400 feet of cable, a few miles beyond Nahant, though the aërostat was moving with such velocity as to prevent the anchors sinking

more than 10 or 15 feet from the surface, and indeed the velocity frequently caused them to skip over the surface. This gave the balloon an undulating motion, sometimes 200 or 300 feet high, and sometimes barely touching the water; by this means I was enabled to secure all the advantages of the wind, and was making a straight course for the Cape, when a heavy flow of wind struck the balloon with such force as to throw it in a horizontal line with the car, which struck the ocean, and filled with water.

My car being of open wicker work, I judged by throwing out some ballast, the water would run out, and I should be enabled to rise clear, but it was drawn with such force that the water could not run out. This occurred at 6h. 37m. and left me partially immersed in water. Judging it difficult and dangerous to continue as far as Cape Ann in that situation, and seeing a sloop to the leeward of me, and within 1/2 of a mile from the course I was making, I judged by retarding its progress as much as possible, she would be able to intercept the line I was making, and arrest the balloon; but instead of bearing down with the sloop, the small boat was manned, and before they could intercept my course, I was a mile beyond them. A sheet, which I carried to fold the balloon, and my flag, I had spread as much as possible across the car to retard my progress for this boat. This sank me to the waist in water, and materially increased the danger and difficulty of reaching the Cape. At this time a schooner at the eastward was bearing down, and my car being so far in the water, that she came up with me at 7 o'clock, I exchanged a few words with the captain, requested he would pass me close under my lee, and throw a line. I saw a man attempting to throw a dippy line, and told them it would not hold me, when they caught up a very stout line which I made fast to the car. This line proved to be the halliards, and the schooner in the wind, with the wind on my balloon, and the line drawing from mast head, carried me up 300 feet, when I descended with such velocity as to be for the first time completely immersed in water. A second time it was carried up in like manner—and when about 300 feet high, a flaw of wind upturned the balloon so as to exhaust the gas in an instant. In falling, I was under water for half a minute, though I had on a gum elastic life preserver, which Mr. Dorr, of the Roxbury factory, had the kindness to lend me. Yet I was so entangled with the cords, that 30 seconds elapsed before I could extricate myself and come to the surface, where I was comfortably resting myself on the life preserver, when Captain Spaulding of the Schooner Miner, of Thomastown, came to me in the small boat, and took me and the aërostat on board. With so much fatigue, and having tasted nothing but water since breakfast, you may imagine, gentlemen, that I felt much relish in my new quarters. I was shown every attention by Captain Spaulding, who gave me clothes to shift, and soon prepared tea which I partook of with a fine appetite. I rested well on board, and this morning on arriving in the harbour, Captain Spaulding had breakfast prepared, which, with Mr. W. Patridge, a passenger, and Captain Spaulding, I partook of in fine cheer, and arrived at my lodgings, Tremont House, 1/2 past 9, enjoying my usual good health and spirits. I feel under many obligations to the citizens generally for their kind attentions, and to the gentlemen who kindly assisted me to fill the balloon. In consequence of the violent wind I deemed it prudent to leave the robbit and parachute, which would have been very cumbersome. When over Boston, I found my barometer half way through the car, the ring by which I suspended it having broken off; and while attaching a cord a few inches from the top, I broke the thermometer. This left me with nothing but bar, which at starting, stood 30. 10, ther. 77; at 6h. 1m. bar. 24. 2; at 6h. 5m. 23. 52; at 6h. 9m. 23. 32.

The balloon is much injured, and if it can be repaired, it must require two weeks. I shall ascertain in a few days; and if it can be done, I shall be ready and willing in three weeks to make another ascension for a liberal Boston public.

Yours, &c. C. F. DURANT. Tremont House, Boston, Aug. 1, 1834.

A FLEMISH TRADITION.

The following instance of the passion of revenge, when untempered by any thing like moral or religious influence, and incited by patriotism, is mentioned by Goldsmith in his publication called "The Bee," as being current as a traditional story in his time in Flanders:—"When the Saracens overran Europe with their armies, and penetrated as far even as Antwerp, Bidderman was lord of a city, which time has since swept into destruction. As the inhabitants of this country were divided under separate leaders, the Saracens found an easy conquest and the city of Bidderman, among the rest, became a prey to the victors.

Thus dispossessed of his paternal city, our unfortunate governor was obliged to seek refuge from the neighboring princes, who were as yet unsubdued, and he for some time lived in a state of wretched dependence among them.

Soon, however, his love to his native country brought him back to his own city, resolved to rescue it from the enemy, or fall in the attempt: thus in disguise, he went among the inhabitants, and endeavored, but in vain, to excite them to a revolt. Former misfortunes lay so heavily on their minds, that they rather chose to suffer the most cruel bondage, than attempt to vindicate their former freedom.

As he was one day thus employed, whether from information or from suspicion it is not known, he was apprehended by a Saracen soldier as a spy, and brought before the very tribunal at which he once presided. The account he gave of himself was by no means satisfactory. He could produce no friends to vindicate his character; wherefore, as the Saracens knew not their prisoner, and as they had no direct proofs against him they were content with condemning him to be publicly whipped as a vagabond.

The execution of this sentence was accordingly performed with the utmost rigor. Bidderman was bound to the post, the executioner seeming disposed to add to the cruelty of the sentence, as he received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the scourge, the other redoubling his blows, cried out, "Does the villain murmur?" If Bidderman entreated but a moment's respite from torture, the other only repeated his former exclamation, "does the villain murmur?"

From this period, revenge, as well as patriotism, took entire possession of his soul. His fury stooped so low as to follow the executioner with unremitting resentment. But conceiving the best method to attain these ends was to acquire some eminence in the city, he laid himself out to oblige its new master, studied every art, and practised every meanness, that serve to promote the needy or render the poor pleasing; and by these means, in a few years he came to be of some note in the city, which justly belonged entirely to him.

The executioner was, therefore, the first object of his resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud to gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plate, which Bidderman had previously stolen from the Saracen governor, he privately conveyed to the executioner's house, and then gave information of the theft. They who are any way acquainted with the rigor of the Arabian laws, know that theft is punished with immediate death. The proof was direct in this case; the executioner had nothing to offer in his own defence, he was therefore condemned to be beheaded upon a scaffold in the public market place. As there was no executioner in the city but the very man who was now to suffer, Bidderman himself undertook this, to him, most agreeable office. The criminal was conducted from the judgment seat, bound with cords: the scaffold was erected, and he placed in such a manner as he might lie convenient for the blow.

But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy the resentment of this extraordinary man, unless it was aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty. Wherefore, coming up the scaffold, and disposing every thing in readiness for the intended blow, with the sword in his hand he approached the criminal, and whispering in a low voice, assured him that he himself was the person that had once been used with so much cruelty; that, to his certain knowledge, he died very innocently, for the plate had been stolen by himself, and privately conveyed into the house of the other.

"Oh, my countrymen!" cried the criminal, "do you hear what this man says?" "Does the villain murmur?" replied Bidderman, and immediately, at one blow, severed his head from his body.

Still, however, he was not content, till he had ample vengeance of the governors of the city, who condemned him. To effect this, he hired a small house adjoining the town wall, under which he every day dug, and carried out the earth in a basket. In this unremitting labor he continued several years, every day digging a little and carrying the earth unsuspected away. By this means he at last made a secret communication from the country into the city, and only wanted the appearance of an enemy in order to betray it. This opportunity at length offered: the French army came into the neighborhood, but had no thought of sitting down before a town which they considered as impregnable. Bidderman, however, soon altered their resolutions, and upon communicating his plan to the general, he embraced it with ardour. Through the private passage above mentioned, he introduced a large body of the most resolute soldiers, who soon opened the gates to the rest, and the whole army rushing in, put every Saracen that was found to the sword.

FREEMASONRY IN THE 49TH REGIMENT.

Several of our regiments have lodges attached to them; and the annals of one, No. 227, under the Grand Lodge of Ireland, held by the distinguished 46th, furnish facts alike honorable to the craft and the human heart. During the services of the above regiment in America, General Washington was initiated into masonry in their lodge. The impression was of a highly wrought character, his after conduct proved; for when war broke out be-

tween the States and the mother country, and he became divided from the brothers of his adoption, in feeling—in communion of soul, he was their brother still. The Masonic Chest of the 46th, by the chance of war, fell into the hands of the Americans; they reported the circumstances to General Washington, who embraced the opportunity of testifying his estimation of masonry in the most marked and gratifying manner, by directing that a guard of honor, under the command of a distinguished officer, should take charge of the chest, with many articles of value belonging to the 46th, and return them to the regiment. The surprise, the feeling of both officers and men may be imagined, when they received the flag of truce that announced this elegant compliment from their noble opponent, but still more noble brother. It was a scene of moral beauty; a triumphant vindication of the purity of masonic principles. The guard of honor, with their flutes playing a sacred march—the chest containing the constitution and implements of the craft borne aloft, like another ark of the covenant, equally by Englishmen and Americans, who, lately engaged in the strife of war, now marched, through the opened ranks of the gallant regiment that with presented arms and colours hailed the glorious act by cheers, which the sentiment rendered sacred as the hallelujahs of an angel's song. This lodge offers another proof of the excellence and useful influence of masonry, nearly as distinguished as the former. When in Dominica, in the year 1805, the 46th was attacked by a French force, which it gallantly repelled; but in the action had the misfortune again to lose the masonic chest, which the enemy succeeded in securing on board their fleet, without knowing its contents. Three years afterward the French Government, at the earnest request of the officers who had commanded the expedition, returned the chest, with several complimentary presents, offering by that act the acknowledgement and homage of an enlightened nation to the purity, value, and usefulness of masonry, among the archives of this lodge are many interesting records of high value to its masonic character. It has been the parent of three other military lodges, and has had the honor of enrolling among its members many characters distinguished as much by their masonic attainments as their gallantry in the field, or value in the society which their highly polished manners and intellectual qualities adorned. The memory of one member of their lodge is particularly endeared to his brother masons by the bequest of a series of lectures on masonry; which, although not exactly based upon those delivered in the grand steward's lodge, or the London lodges, are beautiful illustrations, and serve as honorable proof that Captain James Saunderson considered the gallant bearing of the soldier derived additional splendour from the sentiments of the mason. The regiment has now about twelve brethren masons in its community, who have addressed the grand lodge of Ireland for a renewal of their original charter, setting forth their honorable claims upon the craft. Their request has been acceded to, on condition of sending in the names of three original members; but, alas! time and the hazardous events of a military life have but one survivor of this honorable band of brothers, whose name has been returned with the two senior masons of the regiment. They are now anxiously awaiting the return of their warrant to enable them to emulate the examples set them by their noble brother Washington and their gallant brethren of France.—Freemasons' Quarterly Review.

AN ACTIVE YOUTH.—In May, 1833, the British brig Active arrived at Philadelphia, and brought, among other passengers, a young Englishman, named Newman, who disembarked without a cent of money in the world, and possessing nothing else but the clothes he stood in. A week after his arrival, he was seen in the market without shoes, stockings, hat, or coat, and with only one sleeve to his shirt, and gnawing a bunch of radishes. Yet such was the activity of his disposition, and the facilities afforded him in this city of brotherly love for the display of his active nature, that he soon furnished himself with clothes, money, jewels, &c. boarded in a hotel, and kept the best of company. He went to Standard, Conn. where he stopped awhile, and figured somewhat largely, often hiring horses and gigs, (some of which, by-the-by, he never returned; but a mystery seemed to haug over the means by which he "raised the wind" to meet his expenses, for he was never known to apply himself to any of the dull pursuits of life styled business. Yesterday, he stood in the Police office, charged with forging a

check for \$700, on Arnold & Rose, 9 Cedar street. He had formed an acquaintance with a highly respectable British officer named Bedford, a young gentleman named Douglas, son of a lawyer in Philadelphia, and a young person possessed of an independent fortune named Randolph. Their acquaintance began in the steamboat, coming from Philadelphia, and they subsequently boarded together at the Philadelphia hotel. Yesterday morning, Newman gave Randolph the check, and asked him to present it at the Union bank, and meet him with the money on the Exchange. The forgery was so badly executed, that it was immediately detected, and Randolph was taken to Mr. Arnold. Newman, who was on the watch, immediately ran down Exchange street, and was seen by Benjamin F. Phelps, of New Rochelle, who recognized him as a horse thief and pursued him, but without success. Randolph was then taken to the Police office, and committed to Bridewell for offering to pass the check. A plan was then laid by Homan and Huntingdon, and in the course of the day, the latter arrested Newman, who stands fully committed. It is but justice to state that captain Bedford, as soon as he became acquainted with the character of Newman, did his utmost to assist the officers in capturing them.

DEAN SWIFT'S HATRED OF FOPPERY.—Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middling classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded. When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's Works, he went to pay his respects to him dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremonies as if he had been a stranger. "And pray sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London." "Pray sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer, sir." "You George Faulkner the printer! why, you are the most impudent bare-faced scoundrel of an imposter, I have ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself up in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of Correction." Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress he returned to the Deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," says the Dean, "I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why here you are an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

Strong waters may excite love in the beginning, but they will be sure to cool it in the end. The flame will burn better without the aid of alcohol than with it, and pure spring water is more nourishing food for it than any spirituous liquor. The legislature of Ohio have taken this view of the subject, and have passed a law authorizing the supreme court of that state to grant divorces to applicants, whenever it can be proved that either party has been an habitual drunkard for two years.—American paper.

A young Chinese lady that had been only three days married, seeing her husband return, ran behind him and snatched a kiss. He angrily reproached her for such a violation of etiquette: "Pardon me, my dear," answered she, "I did not think it was you."

A printer observing two constables pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, remarked, that 'it was a new edition of The Pursuits of Literature, unbound, but hot-pressed.'

'Timothy,' said a certain grocer to his clerk, 'I've joined the Temperance Society, and it won't look well to sell liquor in future before folks. So if any person calls for any, you must take them in the back room.'

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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