

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### THE DEAD CHILD.

She was my idol. Night and day to scan  
The fine expansion of her form and mark  
The unfolding mind, like vernal rose-buds,  
start  
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.  
To find her fairy footsteps following me,  
Her hand upon my garments,—or her lip  
Long sealed to mine,—and in the watch of  
night  
The quiet breath of innocence to feel  
Soft on my cheek,—was such a full content  
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.  
Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields  
To the slight finger'd breeze,—and as it held  
Long converse with her doll, or kindly  
soothed  
Her moaning kitten, or with patient care  
Conn'd ore her alphabet,—but most of all  
Her tender cadence in her evening prayer,  
Thrill'd on the ear like some ethereal tone,  
Heard in sweet dreams.—  
But now I sit alone,  
Musing of her,—and dew with mournful  
tears  
The little robes that once with woman's pride  
I wrought, as if there was a need to deck  
What God had made so beautiful. I start,  
Half fancying from her empty crib there  
comes  
A restless sound,—and breathe accustomed  
words  
"Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest."—Then I  
weep,  
As though it were a sin to speak to one  
Whose home is with the angels.  
—Gone to God!  
And yet I wish, I had not seen the pang  
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly  
white  
Setting around her lips. I would that  
Heaven  
Had taken its own like some transplanted  
flower,  
Blooming in all its freshness.  
—Gone to God!  
Be still, my heart!—what could a mother's  
prayer  
In all its wildest ecstasy of hope,  
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven!"

FROM THE MONTREAL GAZETTE.

#### ORIGINAL NAVAL SCRAPS.

A PEEP INTO THE CHESAPEAKE IN 1813.

The beautiful frigate lay in a port in Spain, when orders were received for transatlantic service. It was that eventful period, when Ferdinand the beloved had just escaped from the fangs of his kidnapper, Bonaparte. The enlightened part of the Spanish population, friends to the liberal system as then established by the Cortes, viewed the King's approach as rather an event of regret, than congratulation; sensibly judging that the mass of the people were not yet sufficiently imbued with the spirit of freedom, to ensure stability to the new established political system. On the other hand, the priesthood evinced the most extravagant joy at a change, which indicated the prospect of a return to the ancient government and usages. Although the city presented no immediate indication of insurrectionary movements, yet it wore the appearance of an ominous calm, the signs of which foretold a tempest in embryo. Groups of priests paraded the streets bareheaded, and appeared to claim and receive more than customary respect and reverence. Numerous bodies of the citizens were to be seen daily in procession, but observing the most profound silence. These individuals had nothing in common with the *canaille*; they were well dressed men, and all wearing the royal badge, the crimson rosette. The agents of the Cortes were indefatigable in their endeavours to press upon the minds of the soldiery the necessity of taking the Constitutional oath; a measure which they in general resolutely protested against: a pretty unequivocal symptom of their devotion to Ferdinand's cause. Such were the signs of the times, when the King entered Spain in 1814. One morning a simultaneous hammering of bells took place throughout the city, and amidst the astounding din, a general commotion arose. The military either joining with, or taking no part against the insurgents, they proceeded to the quarters of the Constitutional General, whom they dragged forth, and compelled him to carry across his shoulders a pole, to which was affixed a portrait of Ferdinand, which was thus borne through the city, accompanied by multitudes, whose thundering shouts rent the air with cries for the absolute King! As the ship lay close under the batteries, and there was no saying what acts of outrage might be committed by an infuriated rabble, a broadside was prepared, ready to teach them good manners, had any insult been offered to the flag. The violent excitement was, however, of short duration, the victory of the King and Church was so completely decisive over the adherents to the Cortes, that the following day every one was following his usual occupation. Our officers, anxious to afford them

selves the gratification of witnessing the inimitable dancing of the Spanish *senoras*, had previously made arrangements for a ball on board, which notwithstanding the intervening *melee*, was carried into effect. The Spanish grandees, the British Consul General, lady and daughters and the military of the garrison, were of the party, and a Spanish waltzing band of music accompanied them on board. To the admirers of elegant dancing the spectacle was superb; it was unanimously conceded by the officers, that in no part of the world had they ever witnessed that indescribable *tout ensemble* of native grace, dignity, and captivating elegance which so eminently adorned the gazelle-eyed beauties of Spain. The last of these Iberian sylphs had scarcely been handed over the ship's side into the pin-nace alongside, when the monotonous growl of the boatswain was heard, "all hands up anchor,"—the topsails were presently "sheeted home," and immediately the ship's band struck up the plaintive air of one of the most ancient of England's sea ditties:—

"Ah well and adieu! to all you Spanish ladies," while the stately ship buoyantly breast-ed the sparkling ripple, which seemed to sport in wanton gambols under her swelling bow, proudly glided past the long line of artillery, and gradually rounded the bastion, where lie the mortal remains of Britain's illustrious warrior, General Sir John Moore.

Having made a short step across the Atlantic, we arrived in the Chesapeake at the time the troops were re-embarking from the affair of Bladensburg. The *Menelaus* had just lost her gallant young Captain, Sir Peter Parker, in a skirmish on shore; the waters were covered with boats on various services, and the whole presented a spectacle of unceasing activity, bustle and excitement. The corps of marines, or *C—s* lams as they were then termed, enjoyed anything but a sinecure on this occasion; in fact they could scarcely be said to have any domicile. No one over night, knew in what point of the compass the morning would find them; they seemed to possess the attribute of ubiquity, and terror every where attended their steps. Nor was the army suffered to remain long aloof, the expedition against Baltimore was projected, and immediate measures adopted for victualling and landing the troops and stores. We were the first ship that disembarked our portion of the army at the mouth of the Patuxent, the rest following in rapid succession. Nothing was seen of the enemy, excepting two or three well mounted videttes, who galloped off with the intelligence. The landing was effected with that alacrity and regularity which merited unqualified praise, and never were troops in more robust health or finer spirits. The whole body of marines joined the regulars, and a large detachment of the finest seamen of the fleet. No one doubted the accomplishment of the object in view. Jack's pipe was, however put out, when he found the flints were taken out of the muskets destined for the sailors. He had fully made up his mind to storm Baltimore, and all the little reflection he was capable of exerting, could not reconcile him to the utility of wooden flints!—he moodily hitched up his trowsers, twirled his piece in silence, and casting a sorrowful glance at the lock, he inwardly most heartily d—d the whole congregation of Rals from the G—rals down to the Cor—rals. The precaution, nevertheless, was extremely proper, for although Jack, by many chalks, has no equal under the sun at a touch of the *coup de main*—such as titivating a craft from under the enemy's batteries, or forking the swaddies out of a fort, it is a species of limbo to him, to be tacked to the regulars, or as he facetiously terms it, "incorporated with the land crabs; and he would doubtless outrage all discipline, by giving chase to the first strange sail, whether in the shape of pigs or poultry, that appeared in the offing. Jogging along the river in advance of the army, we at length anchored in sight of the city and lines of defence, which had been like a forest denuded of foliage, so many masts of sunken vessels were sticking above water. A fort, apparently of great strength, built upon an island, protects the harbor, and here an ensign of extraordinary magnitude, proudly floated in the breeze and the active gunners amused themselves by throwing shells ever and anon amongst the British shipping; a desultory warfare we were not disposed to engage in, all being on the tip-toe of anxious suspense, momentarily expecting orders for a general assault. It was here we received the melancholy tidings of the fate of the gallant Ross, who was unhappily struck down by concealed riflemen, while reconnoitering on the march. The retreat of the army was unexpected by

those who were not in the secret, however there was not the most trivial loss occurred, all were re-imbarked with perfect order and regularity. The fleet shortly afterwards leaving the Chesapeake on the expedition against New Orleans, we were left with our companion to watch the enemy's naval force in that quarter, and protect certain stores left upon one of the islands. As we had been living for several weeks upon salt provisions, the boats were all sent, well manned and armed, upon a foraging expedition; and incredible as the fact may appear, after rowing about and landing in all parts of that abundant and fertile district, from sunrise until hours after meridian, not so much as a single chicken was obtained. As we were returning on board, and narrowly inspecting with the telescope the numerous winding creeks which characterize the waters of the Chesapeake, we observed, at a considerable distance, a very respectable residence, which was hidden by the rural scenery in the direction we before passed it. On our near approach, two or three head of cattle grazing, became objects of intense interest, because we considered slight tantamount to possession. Pulling in rapidly to seize our prizes, we were encountered by a remarkably intelligent pleasant man, Dr. J—, the proprietor of the property. "Gentleman," said he "I presume you have had a long pull; and from the appearance of your boats, a fruitless one; you must be in want of refreshment; your marauding parties have left us but slender fare, but that is quite at your service." In a few minutes we were ushered into a handsome dining parlour, where was spread a cold collation of turkey, ham, and excellent pumpkin tarts; all which were flavoured with indelible *gout*, particularly as there was an addition of several bottles of long-corked Chateau Margaux; so that in a short time we were just as comfortable as if we had been seated among the merry cavaliers of Old England. It was hard to turn the tide of joviality into the counter current of topics ungrateful; but the broad line of duty admitted of no diversion from its objects. "Doctor," said I "irksome and unpleasant to my feelings as is the business I am upon, my duty is of that imperative nature which admits of no blinking the question. The truth is, whatever you have in the shape of live stock upon the farm, must positively be sequestered for the use of the King's ship; but after your handsome conduct, my intention is to pay the full market price for the supply." He shook his head, at once waiving payment. "The proclamation of the President," said he, "against all supply to the British shipping, would place my life in peril to attempt to controvert it. The property is unfortunately in your power; regrets are futile in what cannot be avoided. Fill your glasses, and let us hope the two countries will better understand their mutual interest for the time to come." "J," said I, "be assured I lament this affair; is there no mode—" J— rubbed his forehead abstractedly. At last he said, "Why the fact is, the property does not belong to me, but to that aged lady you observed in the adjoining room; she may—but I don't know; the loss of her property may shorten her life." The hint was sufficient. Having made a liberal calculation, and tied up a pretty large bag of dollars, I deposited them in a little corner cupboard, in the room where the old lady sat, but without taking the slightest notice of her; and we were about taking a friendly departure, under the mutual impression that the point of honour and confidence had not been departed from. At this moment we heard a devil of a hurra amongst the sailors; some of them prowling about the distant out houses, had discovered, carefully nailed up, about twelve dozen of fine poultry of all descriptions, and were actually carrying them down to the boats, amidst a terrible uproar which the capture of course occasioned. When the old woman learned the melancholy fate of all her choice pet poultry, she was electrified with rage; and however inclined I might have been to have left her a tithe, in cases of this kind there is no entering into feelings; I had not the power of making the reservation of a single bird. She hobbled down to the water side, and finding her darlings all drawn upon the beach, ready to embark on foreign service, she fixed a withering glance upon me, and exclaimed like poor Tom, "Oh gibberity-gibbet, liberty-gibbet, beware of the foul fiend." Nor did the promise of a hundred weight of sugar, as a present, although it was then remarkably scarce, suffice to smooth down her rumpled features. As we were preparing to shove the boat off, I observed one of J—'s negroes ensconced in a little thicket, rubbing his leg or foot, and singing, in

a tone of half pain, half pleasure, the little "Badian ditty of  
"Monsieur du rong, wid his rong tong twa;  
Charite, something!"  
"Ky Massa Quammino, what you do em dere now? Why you no help shove boat off; you no hab jiggery toe in Virginny?"—"No massa, me no hab jiggery toe; dat dam hangman dog sailor dere, him kick shin, poor Sambo."—"Well never mind ther's a pistareen; we'll put the rascal for a week, on six water frog; dats worse dem bite ob centerpoe! eh, massa? Why you no sing Sambo?"—"Hush massa; so be Massa J— me see peek doffaire, him give dam fum fum poor neger man. You come massa, more beef cretur?"—"Certainly; your master has thousands of cattle, has't he?"—"Me lub de English massa; me tell you no come. You see dat bush; so be you come, Massa J— hab de cabblerly hide em in dat bush, and make you all prisoner." Now, although I could not reconcile to myself the idea that J— was capable of acting treacherously, I judged it prudent to report the black's observations and warnings. The Captain was one of those who never condescended to suffer fortune to interfere in matters over which he himself could exert control; the boats were therefore ready to start the next morning, on the first faint blush of Aurora, filled with marines, with several rounds of ball cartridge, and the launch cannonade, chock full of grape and cannister; the old lady's bag of sugar under the gun carriage, and a weighty bag of dollars in the stern sheet. I believe I was the only one who had not the slightest suspicion of ambush. On reaching the bush or shrubbery, which was within a hundred yards of the dwelling, the cannonade was discharged, with the intention of disturbing any horsemen which might lie there concealed. The crackling and shivering of the trees with such a profusion of point-blank shot, seemed like the effect of a hurricane, and filled J— with honest indignation at so unprovoked an act of hostility, on the part of those who had received from him nothing but the kindest hospitality. He presently descended the flight of steps, waving a white flag and walking with gravity towards the boats, to learn the motive of such aggression, which we lamented could not be satisfactorily explained without subjecting, to perhaps severe flagellation, the back of the unfortunate negro, whose impressions might have led him to the belief of the information given. On reaching the house, the old lady exhibited a face, puckered like a Dutchman's trowsers, and a long time elapsed before we were able to impress a colour of justification, for the sudden alarm into which the family had been thrown, through the officiousness of Massa Sambo. Confidence and good humour being in some measure restored, I assured the good old lady, that her pets were most eligibly and beautifully situated in their new marine villa, and had the singular advantage of being introduced almost daily to the best *picked* society. Then entreating her to condescend so far as to direct her *lunettes* to that quarter of the room, where were placed in prominent juxtaposition, the two bags swelled almost to bursting with sugar and dollars, I ventured to beg a private and confidential interview, on the plea, that she and I were the only two, had any pretensions to an acquaintance with the almost exploded conservative idea of "corner cupboard notions!" All things being at last most amicably and satisfactorily adjusted on the aforesaid good old principle, we bade a final adieu to this really worthy family, whom a lapse of twenty years has not obliterated from our memory.  
The preliminaries of peace being soon after signed, we became privileged in rummaging the American horn of plenty, and failed not to avail ourselves of the change; turning the office of cook into one of business-like importance, instead of remaining as it had been of late, a mere sinecure! While we were thus indemnifying ourselves for all assaults and aggressions committed on the belly, there came on board a Colonel J—, a Member of Congress, charged with instructions for negotiating on the subject of leaving undisturbed, extensive buildings on one of the islands of the Chesapeake, used as temporary barracks and store-houses. The Colonel was a shrewd, clever, communicative man, well adapted to accomplish the object in view, by a distinguished frank cordiality, and admirable tact in diffusing good humour wherever he approached. Besides, he possessed an infinite fund of anecdote, relating to recent affairs, which at that particular time were highly interesting. A cabin was fitted up for him as we lay a considerable distance from the shore; and he felt himself just as much at home in one hour, as if he had belonged to the ship for years. The Captain, who delighted in a joke, often took occasion in a jocular way, to roast the Colonel on American subjects, and often got the *lez talionis* from the man of Congress. Sometimes in a smart satirical set to, it was a moot point who had the best of the round. There

happened to be an old perforated unserviceable American gun (field piece) lying on the quarter deck, which attracted the notice of the Colonel. "Why surely," said he laughingly, addressing the Captain, "you do not mean to take as a trophy to England, this miserable old gingerbread pea-shooter?" "Yes, we mean to exhibit it as a choice specimen of your park of artillery!" "Ah well, I guess that's all right; when the old country folks see we are able to contend with you with such guns as these, what would they think us capable of, if we had good ones!" While the consultations were progressing, which formed the objects of the Colonel's visit, the sailors were lost in conjecture as to what "caneuvres" were going on. By some means, they became acquainted with the object of the negotiation, and in an hour or two after, the whole buildings were enveloped in flames; nor could any information be elicited as to the cause of the conflagration, beyond the ridiculous assertion which every man swore to, that it arose from spontaneous combustion of the purser's bread-bags. The object of our facetious friend, the Colonel, being thus frustrated, it remained to make him *our* negotiator in a different way. We had seen as yet none of the beautiful American *demoiselles*, and we wished through his instrumentality to attract them on board to a dance; but the frigate lay so far from shore, the ladies could not be perilled in open boats. To overcome this obstacle, he promised to procure decked schooners; and the night was fixed upon, when to our extravagant joy, a host of ladies were seen approaching in fine American clippers. As amongst the company was General C—, with his three lovely and accomplished daughters, a salute of artillery announced their arrival; and every officer strained his courtesy to give a double welcome to the fair and interesting strangers. The ship resembled a perfect howerly of evergreen, and every part was brilliantly lit up with wax. Our gallant and gallant Captain D—, gave up his cabin, which was fitted up to resemble a Turkish tent with cushioned floor, exclusively to the accommodation of the ladies, which sanctum was guarded by a marine sentinel with drawn bayonet. The quarter deck was chalked in bright colours, presenting appropriate mottos and quaint and fanciful devices, by a clever artist, who had chalked up so much on shore, he was fain to try his skill upon a different element! The supper tables were laid for a hundred and fifty, at the head of which presided the lady of one of our most distinguished naval officers, and the whole was canopied by the flags of all nations. The British and American ensigns were conspicuously displayed, gracefully entwined, and tastefully adorned with garlands in festoons and draperies. The *tout ensemble* presented a spectacle of delightful interest, every countenance beamed with pleasure, and every heart appeared to be elated with a spontaneous feeling of joyous emotion. It was manifest the American Ladies were sensibly touched at the devoted and delicate attentions of the officers, and it was noon on the following day, ere they parted to meet no more! They were again saluted by cannon at their departure, and as the smoke cleared away from the blazing guns, they were observed to the last waving their handkerchiefs in token of the gratification they had enjoyed, until the receding vessels sunk in the distant horizon. After spending two days in festivity on the fine estates of General C— and Colonel J—, we finally left the American waters, impressed, I believe, with a sincere wish that the time might be far distant ere we entered them again in an attitude of hostility, or come in angry conflict with this vigorous and flourishing scion of the Old British Oak.  
Should this faint descriptive outline, meet the eye of any of our old esteemed friends of the Chesapeake, they will readily be enabled to personify the initial  
D.

#### BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

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Frederickton, 15th July, 1834.

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