

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
Its 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 accustom'd
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
Settling 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 1814.
The beautiful frigate lay in a port in
Spain, when orders were received for
transatlantic service. It was that event-
ful period, when Ferdinand the beloved
had just escaped from the fangs of his
kidnapper, Bonaparte. The enlighten-
ed part of the Spanish population,
friends to the liberal system as then es-
tablished 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 pre-
sented no immediate indication of in-
urrectionary movements, yet it wore
the appearance of an ominous calm, the
signs of which foretold a tempest in em-
bryo. 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 individ-
uals 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 en-
deavours to press upon the minds of
the soldiery the necessity of taking the
Constitutional oath; a measure which
they in general resolutely protested a-
gainst: 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 gen-
eral commotion arose. The military
either joining with, or taking no part a-
gainst 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 pre-
pared, ready to teach them good man-
ners, had any insult been offered to the
flag. The violent excitement was, how-
ever, of short duration, the victory of
the King and Church was so complete-
ly 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
imitable dancing of the Spanish sen-
oritas, had previously made arrange-
ments for a ball on board, which not-
withstanding the intervening *melee*, was
carried into effect. The Spanish gran-
dees, the British Consul General, lady
and daughters and the military of the
garrison, were of the party, and a
Spanish waltzing band of music accom-
panied them on board. To the admi-
rers of elegant dancing the spectacle
was superb; it was unanimously con-
ceded 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 gazel-
le-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 im-
mediately 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 breasted
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 mor-
tal remains of Britain's illustrious war-
rior, General Sir John Moore.

Having made a short step across the
Atlantic, we arrived in the Chesapeake
at the time the troops were re-embark-
ing 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 excite-
ment. The corps of marines, or C's
lamb as they were then termed, en-
joyed any thing but a sinecure on this oc-
casion; in fact they could scarcely be
said to have any domicile. No one over-
night, knew in what point of the com-
pass the morning would find them; they
seemed to possess the attribute of
ubiquity, and terror every where at-
tended their steps. Nor was the army
suffered to remain long afloat, the ex-
pedition 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 ar-
my at the mouth of the Patuxent, the
rest following in rapid succession. No-
thing was seen of the enemy, except-
ing two or three well mounted videttes,
who galloped off with the intelligence.
The landing was effected with that al-
acrity and regularity which merited un-
qualified 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 doubt-
ed the accomplishment of the object in
view. Jack's pipe was, however put
out, when he found the flats were taken
out of the muskets destined for the
sailors. He had fully made up his mind
to storm Baltimore, and all the little re-
flection he was capable of exerting,
could not reconcile him to the utility of
wooden flints!—he moodily hitched up
his trousers, 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 ex-
tremely 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 regu-
lars, or as he facetiously terms it,
"corporated with the land crabs; and
he would doubtless outrage all disci-
pline, 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 ves-
sels 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 re-
treat of the army was unexpected by

those who were not in the secret, how-
ever there was not the most trivial loss
occurred, all were re-embarked with
perfect order and regularity. The fleet
shortly afterwards leaving the Chesa-
peake on the expedition against New
Orleans, we were left with our com-
panion to watch the enemy's naval
force in that quarter, and protect cer-
tain 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 nu-
merous winding creeks which charac-
terize 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 sight
tantamount to possession. Pulling in
rapidly to seize our prizes, we were
encountered by a remarkably intelli-
gent pleasant man, Dr. J—, the pro-
prietor 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 mar-
auding 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 refreshed 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 diver-
sion from its objects. "Doctor," said
I "irksome and unpleasant to my feel-
ings 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 hand-
some 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 sup-
ply to the British shipping, would place
my life in peril to attempt to contro-
vert 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 coun-
tries will better understand their mu-
tual interest for the time to come." "J—"
said I, "be assured I lament this af-
fair; is there no mode—?" J—
rubbed his forehead abstractedly. At
last he said, "Why the fact is, the prop-
erty does not belong to me, but to that
aged lady you observed in the ad-
joining room; she may—but I don't
know; the loss of her property may
shorten her life." The hint was suffi-
cient. Having made a liberal calcula-
tion, and tied up a pretty large bag of
dollars, I deposited them in a little cor-
ner 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, un-
der 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 mel-
ancholy 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 re-
servation 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 slobber-
ty-gibbet, slobber-gibbet, beware of the
fowl 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 ruffled feath-
ers. 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, someting!"

"Ky Massa Quammino, what you do
em dere now? Why you no help shove
boat off; you no hab jiggery toe in Vir-
ginny?"—"No massa, me no hab jig-
gery toe; dat dam hangman dog salior
dere, him kick shin, poor Sambo."—"Well
never mind ther's a pistareen; we'll
put the rascal for a week, on six
water grog; dat worse dem bite ob
centerpee! oh, massa? Why you no
sing Sambo?"—"Hush massa; so be
Massa J— me see peek doffisare,
him give dam fum fum poor neger man.
You come massa, more beef cretur?"—"Certainly;
your master has thou-
sands 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 cabblerie
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 Cap-
tain was one of those who never con-
descended 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 sus-
picion of ambush. On reaching the
bush or shrubbery, which was within a
hundred yards of the dwelling, the car-
ronade was discharged, with the inten-
tion of disturbing any horsemen which
might lie there concealed. The crack-
ling 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 un-
provoked an act of hostility, on the part
of those who had received from him no-
thing 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 ex-
plained without subjecting, to perhaps
severe flagellation, the back of the un-
fortunate 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 trousers,
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. Confi-
dence and good humour being in some
measure restored, I assured the good
old lady, that her pets were most eligi-
bly and beautifully situated in their new
marine villa, and had the singular ad-
vantage 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 promi-
nent juxtaposition, the two bags swelled
almost to bursting with sugar and dol-
lars, 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 satis-
factorily 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 af-
ter signed, we became privileged in rum-
maging the American horn of plenty, and
failed not to avail ourselves of the change;
turning the office of cook into one of busi-
ness-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 Chesa-
peake, 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 distin-
guished frank cordiality, and admirable tact
in diffusing good humour wherever he ap-
proached. 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 de-
lighted in a joke, often took occasion in a
jocose way, to roast the Colonel on Ameri-
can subjects, and often got the *lex 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 unservice-
able American gun (field piece) lying on
the quarter deck, which attracted the no-
tice 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 "canoeuvres" were
going on. By some means, they became
acquainted with the object of the negotia-
tion, 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 riji-
culous 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 ne-
gociator in a different way. We had seen
as yet none of the beautiful American de-
moiselles, and we wished through his in-
strumentality 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
honey 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 appro-
priate mottoes and quaint and fanciful de-
vices, by a clever artist, who had chalked up
so much on shore, he was fain to try his
skill upon a different element! The super-
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 dis-
played, gracefully entwined, and tastefully
adorned with garlands in festoons and dra-
peries. The *tout ensemble* presented a
spectacle of delightful interest, every coun-
tenance beamed with pleasure, and every
heart appeared to be elated with a sponta-
neous feeling of joyous emotion. It was
manifest the American Ladies were sensi-
bly touched at the devoted and delicate at-
tentions 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 spend-
ing two days in festivity on the fine es-
tates of General C— and Colonel J—,
we finally left the American waters, im-
pressed, I believe, with a sincere wish that
the time might be far distant ere we entered
them again in an attitude of hostility, or
came 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 en-
abled to personify the initial D.

BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

IT being the intention of the
Subscriber to remove into
the new Building, which he is now
erecting, early in the ensuing
Spring, he will dispose of the House and Premises,
which he at present occupies, at a moderate price
and on favorable terms of payment.—This property possesses every requisite
convenience, and is so well known and so generally
admired, that any further description is unnecessary.

JOHN SIMPSON.
Frederickton, 15th July, 1834.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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