

## POETRY.

### Selected.

From the *Christian Guardian*, York, U. C.  
THE ADDRESS OF A CHILD'S DEPARTED SPIRIT  
TO HIS PARENTS.

We have been favoured with the perusal and discretionary disposal of the following touching lines, by a distinguished Member of the Assembly, to whom they were presented by a friend, on the late removal of his son—a most promising boy 8 years of age, at that early period, not only gave indications of superior intellect, but satisfactory evidence of experimental piety. Many a parent's heart will throb in reading these lines; but joy and gratitude must predominate, when they recollect that the departed of their infant offspring are now angel winged, and more than angel blessed.

Kind parents! why those tears?  
And why those bursting sighs?  
No weeping here befits me  
Your little ———'s eyes.

The shades of eve you know  
Were hastening along,  
When my freed spirit left  
To soar the stars among.

Yet long before the night  
Had drawn her veil around,  
The home I left below,  
A better had I found.

So rapidly the soul  
Unbodied, takes its flight,  
That scarce earth's scenery is laid  
When Heaven's broke on my sight.

Did not you, mother, see  
That bright celestial band  
That smil'd and beckon'd me,  
And held the inviting hand?

They let me stay a while  
To hear my mother pray;  
And see her close the eyes  
And kiss the unconscious clay;

And then to Heaven we flew:  
The cherubs led the way;  
But my rapt spirit smil'd  
As joyously as they.

Father! I never knew  
'Twas such a place as this;  
That Heaven you told me of  
Was quite so full of bliss.

Oh! there is music here!  
The softest, sweetest strains  
Float constantly around  
O'er those ethereal plains.

List, Mother! Father! list!  
A harp to me is given,  
And when I touch the strings  
'Tis heard all over Heaven.

And shall I tell you who  
Stood ready to embrace  
Your little darling one,  
In this most glorious place?

'Twas Grandpa's, honor'd name!  
No more with age oppress'd,  
Or toil, for in this world  
Are youth, and endless rest.

Those hoary hairs no more  
Stray o'er his furrow'd brow,  
But locks of brightest hue  
Adorn his temples now.

His trembling voice is changed;  
The trace of earthly cares  
Is banish'd from his cheek;  
And God has wip'd his tears.

And, Mary! sister's here;  
She has a cherub's wing—  
Can teach their loftiest flights,  
Their noblest anthems sing.

Dear Parents! weep no more  
For those you lov'd so well;  
For glories here are ours,  
And joys we may not tell.

Oh! live and serve the Lord,  
The dear Remember love;  
Then, when you've done with earth,  
We'll welcome you above.

## VARIETIES.

The life and writings of Major Jack Downing of Downingville, away down East in the State of Maine, written by himself. Boston: Lily, Wait, Colman, and Holden, 1833, pp. 200.

We have scarcely yet recovered from the effects which this celebrated work has upon our risible muscles, nor assumed our wonted composure, though two days have elapsed since we arrived at the "Finis." At this season of hilarity and good humor, we strenuously recommend to all our worthy friends a perusal of this most amusing and withal most original production. It abounds in sentiments remarkable for their application to all situations and ranks in life—it inculcates much excellent advice, concealed in humble guise—in politics it is an invaluable treasure, as pointing out to the candidate for office, either in the States or other parts of the world, the little tricks to which he must condescend, to obtain his desires;—to the world it points out how the destinies of a mighty nation are wielded; and with what a little stock of wisdom a people may be governed. There is no portion of moral and physical philosophy, that the Major does not elucidate, no difficulty into which the nation is thrown that he does not overcome. He is a *vide mecum*—a treasury of universal knowledge—a perfect cyclopaedia. The British at Madawaska, and the nullifiers in the Carolinas, are discomfited, and test his bodily prowess, while the enemies of his illustrious friend General Jackson, are annihilated by the powerful influence of his vigorous pen.

We shall favor our readers with a few extracts from that portion of the life of our hero which precedes his entry upon that public career in which he has so much distinguished himself. As the public are usually desirous of knowing the place where any illustrious character first saw the light, our author relieves that anxiety by telling that Downingville enjoys the honor of being his birth place. The "lo-

cation of this village, its appearance, and its inhabitants, are described by Jack himself in the following words:—

"Downingville is a snug tidy sort of a village, situated in a valley about two miles long, and a mile and a half wide, scooped out between two large rugged hills that lie to the east and west, having a thick forest of trees to the north, and a clear pond of water, with a sandy beach to the south. It is about three miles from the main road as you go back into the country, and is just about in the middle of down east. It contains by this time a pretty considerable number of inhabitants, though my grandfather Downing was the first person that settled there, just after he got back from sojourn in the revolutionary war. It has a school house and a tavern, and a minister, and a doctor, and a blacksmith, and a shoemaker, and folks that work at almost all sorts of trades. They hav'nt got any meetin house yet, but the school house is pretty large and does very well to hold meetings in, and they have meetings very regular every Sunday, the men fill up the seats on one side of the school house and the women on the other. They hav'nt got any lawyer in Downingville; there was one, come once and set out to settle there, and hired a room and put a sign up over the door with his name on it, and the word *OFFICE* in great letters, so big, you could read 'em clear across the road. A meeting of the inhabitants was called at the school house the next day, and after chawing the matter over awhile, it was unanimously agreed if the man wanted an office he should go somewhere else for it, for as for having an office-seeker in Downingville they never would. So they voted that he should leave the town in twenty four hours, or they would take him down to the pond, and duck him and ride him out of town on a rail. A committee of twenty of the stoutest men in Downingville was appointed to carry the message to him, at which he prudently took the hint, and packed up and cleared out that afternoon. All the quarrels, and disputes and law-cases are always left out to uncle Joshua Downing, and he settles them all, by and large, at two shillings apiece, except where they have come to blows, and then he charges two and sixpence a piece. The land in Downingville is most capital rich land, and bears excellent crops. I would not pretend to say it's equal to some land I've heard tell off in Ohio, where the corn grows so tall they have to go upon a ladder to pick the ears off, and where a boy fell into a hole where his father dug a beet out of, and they had to let down a bed cord to draw him up again, and where pigs are so plenty that they can run about the farms ready roasted, and some of 'em with knives and forks in their backs for any body who wants to eat. I would not pretend that Downingville is any such sort of a place as that; but this I do say, he that is diligent and will plant his potatoes and corn early, and hoe them well may always get a crop and live above board."

Zebadiah Downing who appears to be a descendant from Sir George Downing, one of the royalist party, was the grandfather of our hero, and the first settler in Downingville. He appears to have "squatted" down on the land, and commenced a settlement, under all the usual difficulties attendant upon a new establishment in the wilderness. He is blessed with a large family, and amuses his neighbours with long details of the defeat of "Burgwine" at which he was present. The father of Jack was a hard working man, "well to do in the world," but his uncle Joshua is rather of a different description.

"Uncle Joshua was the next oldest, and he was as different from father as a load that wants a tail. He was a clear shirk, and never would work if he could help it. But he was always good natured and full of his pranks, and kept his clock going the whole day long; so that the boys used to like him, and whenever they wanted to have any frolic or fun they always used to go to him to take the lead. As he grew up he took to reading considerable; and after they began to have newspapers at Downingville, he was a master hand to read newspapers and talk politics, and by the time he was twenty-five years old he knew more about politics than any other man in Downingville. When he was thirty years old he was chosen Moderator of the town meeting and has been chosen to that office every year since. He's been a squire a good many years, and has held most all the offices in the town one after another, and is on the whole considered the foremost man in Downingville. He is now Postmaster of the United States for Downingville, an office which I was the means of helping him to by my acquaintance with President. Uncle Joshua has been considerable of a trading sort of a character, and he's got pretty well afore hand, so that he lives in a nice two story house, painted red, with a good orchard round it, and owns a good farm, besides considerable wild land."

The illustrious Major was born in the year 1775, and if we are to judge from his mother's account, he was a remarkable smart youth; and in his infancy gave tokens of his future extraordinary career.

"She says before I was a week old I showed that I was real grit, and could kick and scream two hours upon the stretch, and not seem to be the least bit tired any thing about this. The first I remember, I found myself one cold November day, when I was about five years old, bareheaded and barefoot, sliding on the ice. It had been a snapping cold night, and in the morning the pond was all frozen over, as smooth as glass, and hard enough to bear a horse. All the boys in the

neighbourhood, and most all the gals, turned out and had a fine frolic that day, sliding and running on the pond. Most of the larger boys had shoes, but we little fellows that want big enough to wear shoes had to tuff it out as well as we could. I carried a great pine chip in my hand when my feet got so cold, I couldn't stand it no longer, I'd put the chip down and stand on that a little while and warm 'em, and then at it to sliding again like a two year old."

In another part of the work, the Major tells us that his education was wholly derived from a six months attendance upon school—that at fifteen he had got through Webster's spelling book, and at twenty was master of the rule of three! He also tells us,

"I got along in reading so well, that the master said I read better than some of the boys that were considerable older than I, and that had been to school a dozen winters. But the way I managed it was this. There was cousin Obediah, the best reader there was in school, and as clever a boy as one in a thousand, only his father had'n't no orchard. So I used to carry a great apple to school in my pocket every day and give to him to get him to set behind me when I was reading, where he could peek into my book, and when I came to a hard word, have him whisper it to me, and then I read it out loud. Well, one day I was reading along so, pretty glib, and at last I came to a pesky great crooked word, that I couldn't make head nor tail to it. So I waited for Obediah. But it proved to be a match for Obediah. He peaked, and squinted, and chucked, and I was catching my breath and waiting for him to speak; and at last he found he could do nothing with it, and says he, 'skip it.' The moment I heard the sound I bawled out, *skip it!* What's that? said the master, looking at me as queer as though he had caught a weasel asleep. I stooped and looked at the word again; and poked my tongue out, and waited for Obediah. Well Obediah gave me a hunch, and whispered again, 'skip it.' Then I bawled out again, *skip it!* At that the master and half the scholars yaw-bawed right out. I couldn't stand that; and I dropped the book and streaked it out of school, and pulled foot for home as fast as I could go, and I never showed my head in school again from that day to this. But for all that, I made out to pick up a pretty good education. I got so I could read and spell like a fox, and could cypher as far as the rule of three. And when I got to be about twenty years old, I was strongy talked of one winter for school-master. But as a good many of the same boys and gals would go to me, that were in the school when I read 'skip it,' I didn't dare to venture it for fear there would be sort of a snickering among 'em wherever any the scholars come to a hard word."

Dreams of future greatness disturb the quiet tenor of his life;—his future career is indicated to him by some itinerant fortune teller, and in the fall of 1823; Jack Downing leaves Downingville with a load of axe handles and other notions, determined to push his fortune in this wide world; his only means being a few shillings, and his baggage being limited to some dough-nuts, sausages and cheese, and another shirt with which his good mother had provided him. He wends his way to Portland, the capital of the State of Maine, where he calls upon the good natured Editor of the *Courier* of that city and receives his advice upon many important questions submitted to him. He is told to avoid *Hockler's Lane*, where the shopkeepers were as "cute" that they would in all likelihood "whip his eye teeth out." How he listens to that advice, our readers will best judge from the Major's own words.

"After I had walked about three or four hours, I came along towards the upper end of the town where I found there were stores and shops of all sorts and sizes. And I met a feller, and says I, what place is this? Why this says he, is Huckle's Row. What, says I, are those the stores where the traders in Huckle's Row keep? And says he, yes. Well then, thinks I to myself, I have a pesky good mind to go in and have a try with one of these chaps, and see if they can twist my eye teeth out. If they can get the best end of the bargain out of me, they can do what there ain't a man in Downingville can do, and I should just like to know what sort of stuff these are Portland chaps are made of. So I goes into the best looking store among 'em. And I see some biscuit lying on the shelf, and says I, Mister, how much do you ax apiece for them are biscuit? A cent apiece, says he, well says I, I shan't give you that, but if you've a mind to, I'll give you two cents for three of 'em, for I begin to feel a little as though I should like to take a bite. Well says he I wouldn't sell 'em to any body else so, but seeing it's you, I don't care if you take 'em. I knew he lied, for he never see me before in his life. Well he handed down the biscuit and I took 'em, and walked round the store awhile to see what else he had to sell. At last says I, Mister, have you got any good new cider? Says he, yes, as good as ever you see. Well says I, what do you ax a glass for it? Two cents, says he. Well says I, seems to me I feel more dry than I do hungry now. Aint you a mind to take these ere biscuit again and give me a glass of cider? And says he I don't care if I do; so he laid 'em on the shelf again and poured out a glass of cider. I took the cider and drank it down, and to tell the truth it was capital good cider. Then, says I, I think it's time for me to be going, and I stepped along towards the door. But, says he, stop Mister, I believe you hav'nt paid me for the cider. Not paid you for

the cider, says I, what do you mean by that? Did'n't the biscuit that I give you just come to the cider? Oh, ah, right, says he. So I started to go again; and says he, but stop Mister, you didn't pay me for the biscuit. What, says I, do you mean to impose upon me? do you think I am going to pay you for the biscuit and let you keep 'em too? Aint they there new on your shelf, what more do you want? I guess, sir, you don't whittle me in that way. So I turned about and marched off, and left the feller staring and thinking and scratching his head, as though he was struck with a dunderment. Howsomer, I didn't want to cheat him, only jest to show 'em it was no easy matter to pull my eye teeth out, so I called in next day and paid him his two cents."

The Legislature happen to be sitting when Jack arrives at Portland; upon their deliberations he is a constant attendant, and thus commences his political and public career.

We have no room at present for further selections, but shall recur to the Major at an early occasion. Meanwhile we would recommend our friends to obtain a copy from the booksellers, and read the work through.

### VILLAGE ENTHUSIASM.

"I recollect an anecdote told me by a highly-respected inhabitant of Windsor, as a fact to which he could personally testify, having occurred in a village where he resided several years, and where he actually was at the time it took place. The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of 'Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded,' and used to read it aloud, in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience. It is a pretty long-winded book; but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily according to the most approved rules—the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys actually set the parish bells ringing. Now let any one say whether it is easy to estimate the amount of good done in this simple case. Not to speak of the number of hours agreeably and innocently spent, not to speak of the good fellowship and harmony promoted, here was a whole rustic population fairly won over to the side of the good, charmed, and, night after night, spell-bound within the magic circle which genius can trace so effectually, and compelled to bow before the image of virtue and purity which (though a great expense of words) no one knew better how to body forth with a thousand life-like touches than the author of that book."

THE SAILOR PREACHER.—Most of our readers are probably aware that a gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, has for several years been preaching at Boston with great force, and to crowded auditors. His sermons are principally addressed to mariners; and as he was once a sailor himself, and familiar with their habits, condition, and turn of thinking, and possessed withal of uncommon powers of native eloquence, it is not surprising that his labours should be attended with marked and salutary effects. A writer in the *Western Monthly Magazine* gives the following sketch of one of his appeals to his seafaring hearers, which may be classed with the most eloquent effusions of Whitfield:—"I once heard him preach (says the writer) to them; he represented us as on board a ship in a tempest; with really wonderful power, he painted the coming on of the storm—the sky is hid; the ocean awakes; all is made fast; but the tempest becomes every moment more violent; the sails are torn from the yards; the masts are cut away; the ship settles down, as the waves break over her; and now," he said, in that low, calm, distinct tone, that goes more home to the soul than any other; "now my friends, that our canvas is gone; not a spar left for a jury-mast, and the leak gaining upon us, what shall we do? Hark! do you not hear the waters as they rush in below? Do you not see her settle by the head? Do you not feel her tremble? And now he leaned forward, and gradually raised his voice, till it seemed almost to be a roar; "one moment more, fellow sailors, and this good ship of ours will sink into the deep; a moment more, and we, who have laughed and sung, and made merry within the hour, will be struggling with the eternal waves; but we shall swim and struggle in vain; we must die, we must die if there be no hope at hand; and there is none; is there no way of escape? Save yourselves, save yourselves, if you can!" It was enough—I saw twenty arms thrown up, as if to catch at a rope, and an old gray-headed sinner by my side, hang to the bannisters, and trembled more by half than he would have done, had he been indeed wrecked. After a moment's pause, in a low distinct tone, the preacher continued: "yea, fellow mariners, you may be saved; you may escape; there is a life boat at hand; seize upon it, in the name of God; seize upon it, and make it yours, and live—that life boat is Jesus Christ."

We learn that the American Board of Missions intend to send out, during the year 1834, if practicable, sixty-four missionaries, as follows:—To Western Africa, 3; to Eastern Africa, including a physician, 5; to the island of Cyprus, 2; to Asia Minor, 6; to Syria, 4; to the Nestorians of Persia, a physician, 1; to the Mahomedans of Turkey, 1; to the

Mahomedans of Persia, 1; to explorers in Persia and the countries beyond, 4; to the Bombay missions, 5; to Riam, a physician, 1; to Southern Asia and in the Indian Archipelago, 10; to the Ojibwas, 2; to the Saur, Winnebagoes, and Sioux, 6; to the tribes west of the State of Missouri and the Territory of Arkansas, towards and beyond the Rocky Mountains, 6; to the Choctaws and Creeks, 5; to the Osages, 2; to the Senecas, 1; total, 64. The Board already have under their care, 150 mission families, besides unmarried adult labor and native preachers and assistants, amounting in all to 328 persons. The number of Missionary stations is 60; churches, 40; comprising about 2000 members; printing presses, 5; pupils in the schools about 55,000. *Journal of Commerce.*

LOSS OF A CHARACTER.—The following anecdote, which we give exactly as the fact occurred may be considered as an illustration of simplicity and integrity. A respectable farmer of Ross-shire, travelling a short distance on horse-back, having occasion to cross the river Conan, found on the banks of the stream a young woman also desirous of getting across. She informed the farmer that she was in quest of a situation, and had an excellent character from her last place. As the river was high, the good-natured farmer took the girl up behind him on his horse, and conveyed her over the water. Unfortunately, however, the written certificate of character fell out of the young woman's breast, where she had placed it for safety, and was carried off by the stream. She was in great distress at this mishap, till her kind conductor assured her that he would give her a character; and this pledge he redeemed, on their arrival at a house on the opposite side, in the following brief but pithy words:—"10th Sept, 1833—These certify that the bearer Peggy Mackenzie, lost her character this day, while crossing the river Conan with me, Andrew Munro." We need hardly add, that this equivocal statement was given in perfect good faith and sincerity. The girl accepted it with many thanks, but was soon convinced that the honest farmer's words did not correspond with his intentions, and that she required, what is generally difficult to obtain, a new character. *[Inverness Courier.]*

RAINY DAY CHAT.—"O father what does the printer man always say for?"

"Why my son, he means himself and the d—l—every printer is in league with the black art; which is very natural, you know if the d—l and Doctor Faustus invented it, and first set up the partnership."

"How funny you are, father—I thought he said WE because he felt as big as two common folks."

"Right the other way my son; recollect we is the Scotch word for little."

"La, papa, how you talk (says a boarding school Miss, who has been practising on the first mysticallable in the female vocabulary) we signifies consent—it is the French name for yes."

And this same compound of partness and prettiness, says the Reporter has got it wrong in the middle of the prospectus (putting it *you*, instead of *ours* as the French spell it) and says nobody can guess it, out of her school, and thinks 'we' had better learn French of somebody that knows."

ANECDOTE.—An eastern tin pedlar having fixed his waggon in a shed—no matter where it was—in Jersey city or at Hoboken—that is nobody's business—the stable, however, was noted for keeping horses as lean as Pharaoh's cows. As he walked from stein to stein, and discerned the bones on the horses' rumps projecting like so many small pyramids, says he: "Mr. Landlord, do you make horses here?" says the surly Dutchman, "what do you mean, Sir?" "Why, I thought as how you had just been setting up the frames?" *—New York paper.*

A NOTICE OF MOTION.—I rise, my lord, and a certain barrister noted for prolixity in the Court of King's Bench, to give notice of a motion. The judge interrupted him by saying, "Mr. S. your rising is always a notice of motion; for every one that can move off."

NEWS IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.—For Sale or to let, several Res. in St. Paul's Church. Apply to WM. TAYLOR, Frederick, 11th June, 1833.

### 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, and AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, Mr. Peter Duff, ST. ANDREW, Mr. George Miller, DORCHESTER, E. B. Chandler, SALISBURY, J. Scott, Esq., KENT, J. W. Weldon, Esq., MIRAMICHI, Edward Baker, Esq., KENT (COUNTY OF YORK) Geo. Moorhouse, Esq., WOODSTOCK, and Mr. Charles Raymond, NORTHAMPTON, Mr. James Tilley, Esq., SHEFFIELD, Doctor Barker, GAGTOWN, Mr. Wm. F. Bonnell, KINGSTON, Mr. Jas. Davidson, HAMILTON, Mr. Samuel Hollet, SUSSEX VALE, J. C. Fairbairn.

Frederick, 11th June, 1833.

It were needless to go through all the distressing details of what ensued. Dempster, however, became a *Downright* on the shoulders, and turn out of doors. Her mind was at first in such a whirl of pushing himself into her presence, whence distracted feeling, that she hardly knew the ends of creation, I propose with your honourable co-operation, to expunge these nuisances, aided in our pious

Blanks for Sale at this Office.