

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### BEAUTY IN THE GRAVE.

On seeing an ancient picture of a beautiful Lady.

By W. B. TAPPAN.

How loudly rang her ready praise  
In her ancestral hall,  
How beautiful at the revel, once,  
How graceful at the ball.  
It matters not—that fair one now  
The idol of the brave,  
The pageant of a former hour,  
Is beauty in the grave.

How much admired our sparkling wit,  
And prised for virtue, true,  
How by the multitude esteemed,  
Beloved by the foe.  
It matters not—alike the same  
To him, as to the slave,  
The sordid worm holds banquetting  
On beauty in the grave.

The well proportioned shape, the grace  
Of Woman's queenly tread,  
The sparkling eye, the budding lip,  
Of nature's dewy red—  
The thousand witcheries that still,  
Our warmest homage crave,  
What are they in Death's arms, and what  
Is beauty in the grave?

Go ye to whom are faultless forms  
And lovely features given,  
To manifest that still below  
Is something left of Heaven—  
Go! in humility forget  
The charms ye cannot save;  
Look hence a little hour and see  
Your beauty in the grave.

And look upon the laughing earth  
Where Spring in careless play  
Puts forth her fairest blossoms, but  
To deck them with decay,  
And look upon the face of all  
That's beautiful and brave,  
On every blessing lent to man,  
Are traces of the grave.

Yet gaze on one from whom that trace  
May never pass away,  
Though he corruption never saw,  
Nor in its realm could stay,  
And see him in the immortal scars  
That may the sinner save,  
The victory of him who came  
In beauty from the grave.

## VARIETIES.

#### AN ADVENTURE AT ST. HELENA, IN MAY 1816.

Concluded from our last.

At this moment another party was observed advancing along the terrace; it consisted of General and Madame Montholon, General and Madame Bertrand, and a stranger, whom one of the generals introduced as a supercargo from China; he had obtained his special permission, and had arrived with his passport. The two ladies were handsomely but not showily dressed; India shawls of great value, stylish Parisian bonnets, and very pretty well-dressed feet, were not lost upon our sea-faring gentlemen. Madame Montholon was dark, with fine black eyes, and a countenance of much intelligence; Madame Bertrand was fair; she was lively and graceful.

Napoleon addressed the supercargo:—“You are going home from China?” “Yes, sir.” “Then I suppose you have made a very large fortune?” “Not very large.” “Not a hundred thousand pounds?” “O no sir!” “Eighty thousand then?” “Not so much.” “Fifty thousand?” “Not more than forty.” “Not more! why that's not much of a fortune. Are you married?” “Yes, sir.” “Is your wife on board with you?” “No, she is not.” “Then where is she?” “She has already returned to England.” “Did you accompany her thither?” “No, I did not.” “What, did you allow her to go in a ship alone all that way?” “Yes—yes,” said the supercargo looking a little disconcerted. Napoleon shook his head, took snuff, and glanced round at the two ladies; the attention of both, however, was attracted by something on the ground, and Madame Bertrand, especially, was very busy making figures on the gravel with the point of her toe. The conversation was resumed.

“What is the opinion of the Chinese as to the English navy?” “Sir, I cannot exactly tell you; I have never had an opportunity of ascertaining.” I fortunately have interrupted the young chief. Napoleon turned towards him: “No nation can have a higher opinion of any thing belonging to another, than the Chinese have of the English navy.”

“It shows their good sense,” said Napoleon: “I, too, have the highest opinion of the English navy. Of what, continued he, addressing the chief, “of what kind are the Chinese vessels of war?” “They are large junks, carrying from three to five hundred men, and from twenty-five to thirty guns.”

“Indeed! how many would it require to take an English frigate?”

“Thirty would not take her.”

“How you talk! what, thirty manned and armed as you have described, not take a single frigate?”

“In my opinion they would not take her.”

“Why?” “Because the Chinese are ignorant of even the first principles of the management of a vessel of war; crowds of men are jammed together on the decks of their junks, without order or discipline, appearing to serve no purpose but that of interrupting each other, or that of being swept away by the well directed fire of their enemy. They have guns, always in wretched condition, and shot; but the latter of all sizes being mixed together, you will see the men running backwards and forwards until they can find a shot to fit—

Napoleon interrupted him by laughing, and cried out—“Oh! enough! enough! I yield the point.”

“Permit me, sir,” resumed the chief, “to relate an occurrence which will strongly confirm what I have stated. In the year 1803, an English eighteen-gun brig was dismantled in a typhoon, and in much distress. The piratical fleet of junks, lying of Macao observed her, and concluded she would become an easy prey. They made towards her; the brig, well knowing their character, prepared as well as she was able. They advanced and fired; she gave them a broadside; and notwithstanding the overpowering disadvantages under which she laboured, in a very short time several of the junks were sunk, and the rest made off disabled.”

Napoleon appeared interested by this anecdote. He then asked whether the French missionaries in China were getting on in their vocation. The chief replied that, “as far as his information extended, those who could teach somewhat else besides their religion were doing well: those among them who were masters of languages, mathematics, astronomy, &c., were encouraged and permitted to teach; the others were rejected.”

“Are there any Frenchmen in Canton?” “Not any.” “No—not one?” “Oh! I recollect there is one: the cook of the Factory is a Frenchman.” At this Napoleon laughed heartily, and the rest of the party joined in the mirth.

It was now time to think of departing. The supercargo took his leave, and accompanied by the generals and their ladies, left the terrace. Our two gentlemen then made their bow. Napoleon parted from them with much cordiality, repeatedly waving his hand, and saying, *Bon voyage, Messieurs, bon voyage!* Down plunged the two culprits amongst their friends, the potatoes, under whose shelter they were enabled to reach the bottom, as they had ascended unperceived, although sentinels were pacing about in all directions. On looking up they perceived Napoleon and Las Casas observing them with great attention. They reached the encampment in safety; and as their horses were put up in different directions, they parted, agreeing to waive all ceremony and each to make the best of his way. The officers, who when our friends had left them, had just finished dinner, had now just began dinner. The stranger was again hospitably invited in; but for good reasons of his own, civilly declined, took leave of his friend, the naval lieutenant, and mounting his horse, galloped away.

He spared not whip nor spur, and about seven in the evening he reached the town. He went to the house of the well known hospitable Jew, of St. Helena, and was not sorry to find himself in his comfortable parlour, assisting his fair daughter to the duties of the tea-table. A thundering rap at the door!—a rap so loud and unusual, that the master of the house rose, himself to answer it. A parley.

“Pray, sir, can you give any information concerning an officer of one of the company's ships who had been riding about the country to day—a very young man dressed in a blue surcoat, nankeen trousers, and a blue velvet waistcoat, with smart gold dangling buttons on it?”

“No sir,” said the trembling Jew, “I really cannot.”

“You have neither seen nor heard of any such person?”

“No, surely, sir.”

“Have you any visitors this evening?”

“No sir, not at present. Would you like to talk in, sir, and take a dish a tea?”

“No I thank you good night.”

“I wish you a very good night, sir, and the Jew gently closed his door.”

Shut up every window in de house, and every door; and give me some tea, girl; for my tongue is dry vid de lies I have been telling. I say, continued he, eyeing the culprit, where have you been vid your smart velvet waistcoat and your Maltese buttons? What have you been at to day? Hark, dont you hear? They are going rapping at every door in de street. What hash been de matter?

A candid explanation of the whole immediately ensued. The good Jew sighed, shook his head, and turned up his eyes; but his daughter, in spite of her filial sympathy, appeared vastly to enjoy the adventure.

At four o'clock, the next morning, our friend was disturbed from his sound sleep and comfortable bed by the Jew, who came literally to turn him out, and to get him on board without delay. He was just dressed, wrapped up in a cloak, and about taking leave of his worthy host, when the pursuer of one of the Company's ships requested admittance. I have come expressly to tell you, said he, addressing the chief to slip off as fast as you possibly can; nets are laying for you, in every direction.

In a few minutes after this hint, our friend was on the jetty. An Indianman's boat, but not belonging to his own ship, had just reached it, and landed the steward to look after his marketing.

“I say, my good fellows, give me a cast on board the—will you?”

“Ay, sir—come along. And in a very short time he drew breath on his own deck.

The story began to be buzzed about the ship in all shapes, and with many curious and valuable additions, until it settled down into a regular and well-spun yarn. “I say,” said Bill, the St. Helena fisherman, with a sly leer to his messmate, in reference to their former conversation, (on a suggested plan for Napoleon's escape), “what do you think of my scheme now,—no such difficult job, hey?—when people can walk like spirits up to Longwood, and down from Longwood, and among the stables and through the house, and then stand talking at their ease, as though they were bullet-proof, on an open terrace. I say, what became that day of all the eyes and ears on the Island?”

But after this time new and stricter regulations were enforced. The affair was not a little enjoyed when properly understood by the exile and his court; but we believe it was the first and the last amusement of the kind which was afforded them.—*Abridged from the new Monthly Magazine.*

TO YOUNG MEN.—Modesty is considered one of the chief ornaments of youth, and has ever been viewed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins of government as yet, into your own hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance or blast the prospects of its prosperity and greatness, more than self conceit. By checking its natural progress in improvement, it fixes it in immaturity; and frequently produces misery which can never be repaired. Yet this is a vice too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprises, and elated with hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Having confidence in their own abilities they treat with contempt the admonitions given them by their friends, thinking them to be rash counsels of a moment, or the timorous suggestions of age. With too much wisdom to be taught, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge headlong with precipitate indiscretion, into all the dangers with which life abounds. Positive as you are now in your own opinions, and your own assertions, be assured, the time will approach when both men and things will appear to you in a different light. Many characters which you now admire, will, by and by, sink in your own esteem; and many opinions, of which you are at present most tenacious, will alter as you advance in years. Distrust therefore, that glare of youthful presumption, which dazzles your eyes.—Pride yourselves not on your own sense. Put not yourselves forward with too much eagerness; nor imagine that by the impetuosity of youthful ardour, you can overturn customs which have long been established, and changed the face of the world. Seem not to think more highly of yourselves than you ought to think, but to think soberly. By patient and persevering progress in improvement, you may in due time command lasting esteem.—But, by at present assuming a tone of superiority which you have no title, you will disgust those whose approbation is most important to gain.—Forward vivacity may fit you to become companions of the idle. More solid qualities must recommend you to the wise, and mark you out for importance in subsequent life. There is nothing better calculated to preserve you from the contamination of low pleasures and pursuits, than frequent intercourse with the more intelligent and virtuous portion of the other sex.

The society of well educated ladies is sure to add dignity and refinement to the characters of a young man.—Without such society his manners can never have the true polish of a gentleman, nor his mind and heart the truest and noblest sentiments of a man. Make it an object therefore, to spend some portion of your leisure in the company of intelligent and virtuous ladies.

#### CALCUTTA OR THE CITY OF PALACES.

“This metropolis and commercial emporium of the East, (now containing one million and a half of inhabitants), so late as 1717 was a small straggling village, with a few clusters of huts; to the number of ten or twelve, the inhabitants of which were husbandmen, endeavouring to reclaim the surrounding forests and swamps which extended even to where Chandpaul Ghant now stands; it is not inaptly termed the “City of Palaces,” and the vast amount of trade carried on, will be seen in the chapter of commerce. The city is divided into streets at right angles with each other, with large and handsome squares throughout, particularly in the European part of the metropolis, each square having in its centre an extensive tank or reservoir of the Ganges water, with green sloping banks, planted with verdant shrubs. The residence of the Governor-General, is of nearly equal magnitude to any palace in Europe.—The architecture is of the Ionic order, with arcades all round on a rustic basement. The palace has four wings, connected by circular passages, in order to secure a free admission of air from whatever quarter the wind may blow. The grand entrance is at the North, where there is an immense arch of steps beneath which carriages drive up to set down, on the south side is a circular colonnade with a splendid dome. In the centre of the building are two magnificent state rooms, the lower paved with dark green marble, supported by numerous doric columns resembling Parian marble; the upper or ball room is floored with exquisitely polished dark grained woods, supported by beautiful Ionic pillars. The vice-regal canopy and chairs of state are of light and beautiful construction. The apartments are light by a profusion of cut glass lustres suspended from a painted ceiling, with gold mouldings. The entrance gates are of a grand and imposing appearance, and the square round the palace is tastefully laid, particularly since Lady William Bentinck's arrival in Bengal. The other public buildings are on a noble scale, and even the private mansions are built in the fascinating style of Grecian architecture.”—*History of the British Colonies.*

THE FATAL ESCAPE.  
We have seldom had to record a case of more melancholy, and indeed, romantic affliction, than one which has lately occurred in the Isle of Man. A Miss Fell, a beautiful young Lady, resident on that island, walked out to amuse herself on the cliffs near Douglass Head, from one of which she fell, and was precipitated upon a shelving rock at a considerable distance below. She was bruised by the fall; the sea almost surrounded her, and the part on which it was bounded by the land was precipitous, that escape was impossible. Here she remained for thirteen days and nights, that she could not have appeared larger than a bird, and her voice quite exhausted by her repeated attempts to render herself audible. A small well of spring water, which she fortunately found upon the cleft, afforded her only nourishment. On the fourteenth day, however, the waving of her handkerchief attracted the notice of a boatman, who rowed towards her, and found her insensible on her knees, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and her voice scarcely strong enough to disclose her residence. She was carried home, where she found her wretched mother, worn out by her brother's illness and her own absence, and was only just in time to receive her dying breath. The wretched young lady, agonized and exhausted, terminated her own existence in a fit of insanity.—*London Paper.*

There is a very fine horse in the possession of Sir Henry Meux & Co. the eminent brewers, which is used as a dray horse, but is so tractable that he is left sometimes without any restraint to walk about the yard, and return to the stable, according to his fancy. In the yard there are also a few pigs of a peculiar breed, which are fed on grain and corn, and to these pigs the horse has evidently an insuperable objection, which is illustrated by the following fact: There is a long deep trough in the yard, holding water for the horse, to which this horse goes alone with his mouth full of corn, which he saves from his supply. When he reaches the trough he lets the corn fall near it on the

ground, and when the young swine approach to eat it, (for the old ones keep aloof,) he suddenly seizes one of them by the tail, pops him into the trough, and then capers about the yard, seemingly delighted with the frolic. The noise of the pig soon brings the men to its assistance, who know, from experience, what is the matter, while the horse indulges in all sorts of antics, by way of horse laugh, and then returns quietly to the stable.—*London paper.*

Sheet-iron Gigs are continuing to grow as rapidly numerous as they are increasing in public estimation. A very beautifully fitted up one was this week finished by Messrs. Reid & Hanna, and Messrs. Walker, for the Paisley Canal. Two others are in a state of great forwardness for Dublin; and several others for various canals, are also in preparation. This business of gig making has extended to Johnstone also, where there are six or seven of them getting forward for various canals both in Ireland and Scotland. Steam coaches will find in these gigs most powerful competitors, to contend with. The increase of trade on all the canals on which they have been introduced is astonishing. The bustle at the basin here and at Port Eglinton, by the hourly departure, is quite enlivening; and we understand the travelling by the Forth and Clyde Canal is increasing in a most astonishing degree. Indeed, from the speed they have attained, and the low price charged to Edinburgh, Stirling, Alloa, &c. no other results could be expected.—*Paisley Ad.*

Among the curiosities which M. Ruppel has brought from Abyssinia, are two remarkable manuscripts. One is a Bible, said to contain a new work of Solomon, one or two new books of Esdras, and a considerable addition to the fifth book of Esther, all perfectly unknown in Europe. It also contains a book of Enoch, and fifteen new Psalms, the existence of which was already known to the learned. The other manuscript is a species of code, which the Abyssinians date from the Council of Nice (325) the epoch at which it was promulgated by one of their Kings. This code is divided into two books: the first relates to canonical law, and treats of the relations of the Church with the temporal power; the other is a sort of civil code. There are also some remarkable hymns, because they present the return of consocancy, the only feature of poetry to be found in Abyssinian literature.—*Eng. paper.*

A MODERN DICTIONARY.—*Accounts.*—Mercantile guns with which men in trade bring down their game. *Alderman.*—A consumer of turtle. *Barber.*—One who takes his friends by the nose. *Bonnet.*—A kind of inverted coal-hod, in which ladies' heads are carried. *Courtier.*—A species of deceit much practised. *Cursing.*—A fashionable method of complaining. *Cunning.* Modern judgment. *Composition.*—The art of using scissors. *Dr.*—Omnibus letters in a ledger. *Dandy.*—A thing resembling man—supposed to have descended from a race of animals who were frightened out of existence, by the ugliness of their posterity. *Eating.*—A tax collected by nature. *Fluent.*—A regular boarder at country taverns. *Gold.*—A kind of dirt in great demand (in our office.) *Humility.*—Obsolete. *Ink.*—Author's nector. *Misery.*—The life of an Editor. *Nothing.*—The conscience of a thorough going politician. *Piano.*—An instrument of torture. *Rascal.*—A discovered rogue. *Saddles.*—Fashionable stocks wherein people place themselves to be looked at. *Spirit.*—The blustering of intoxication. *The fumes of swallowing liquor.* *Umbrellas.*—Common poverty. *Words.*—Our dictionary, flat, stale, and unprofitable.

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