

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### DINNA FORGET.

Here, put on your finger this ring, love,  
And when thou art far o'er the sea,  
Perhaps into thy mind it will bring, love,  
Some thought—some remembrance of me.  
Our moments of rapture and bliss, love—  
The haunts where so oft we have met,  
These tears, and this last parting kiss, love,  
It tells thee—O "dinna forget!"

We might look on yonder fair moon, love,  
Oft gazed on by us with delight,  
And think of each other alone, love,  
At one sacred hour every night;  
But, ah, ere she'd rise to thy view, love,  
To me she long, long would be set;  
Then look to this token more true, love,  
On thy finger, and—"dinna forget!"

Thou mayest meet faces more fair, love,  
And charms more attractive than mine—  
Be moved by a more winning air, love,  
Or struck by a finger more fine;  
But shouldst thou a brighter eye see, love,  
Or ringlets of more glossy jet,  
Let this still thy talisman be, love—  
Look on it, and—"dinna forget!"

And O when thou writest to me, love,  
The sealing impress with this ring;  
And that a sweet earnest will be, love,  
To which, with fond hope, I will cling,  
That thou to thy vows wilt be true, love,  
That happiness waiteth us yet:  
One parting embrace—now adieu love—  
O, this moment I'll never forget!

#### JACK'S COURTSHIP.

On Sunday eve when all was still,  
Safe but the whistling whippoorwill;  
Jack left his home in dashing style,  
To meet his sweetheart, with a smile.

Now she was very fond of beaux,  
And highly pleased in Jack to find  
A chap so true, and thus arose  
A thought to trifle in her mind.

She elicited all Jack's kind remarks,  
As trifling with her prey so sure;  
But Jack, as wise as other sparks,  
Such slight as these would not endure.

And thus the evening passed away,  
Jack spoke few words—but she said none,  
Jack's temper rose, and he rose too,  
And left his sweetheart all alone.

As on his horse Jack sat upright,  
Says she to him, "My dear, good bye!"  
I'll be at home next Sunday night?  
"Will you?" says Jack, "and so will I."

## VARIETIES.

**LORD ERSKINE.**—The eloquence of this remarkable man was an era of the bar. His addresses to juries have not been equalled; they, alike captivated their understandings, their imaginations and their passions. He often rose to the highest oratory; but it was always simple; and even in his sublimest flights there was much that was very familiar; but this rather set off than clouded their splendour, rather increased than diminished their general effect. His skill in the conduct of a cause, and in the examination of witnesses, has never been surpassed; his discretion never forsook him, even in his highest forensic enthusiasm; his manners were always the most gentlemanly; at the bar he was uniformly loved and admired; and when he accepted the seals, no one, as Lord Eldon justly remarked of him, could have a greater wish to discharge properly the Office which was conferred on him, or greater talents to qualify him for a proper discharge of it. A true friend to constitutional liberty, he was its constant and animated advocate; but he never failed in respect to the crown, or sacrificed to the prejudices or vagaries of the populace. It is highly to the credit of the two noble lords, that, though the difference of their politics repeatedly placed them in a state of forensic conflict, neither of them ever said that to the other, which it was unpleasant to him to hear. This circumstance Lord Erskine himself noticed to the Reminiscent.

**LORD CHATHAM.**—The nature of the eloquence of this extraordinary man, it is extremely difficult to describe. No person in his external appearance was ever more bountifully gifted by nature for an orator. In his look and his gesture, grace and dignity were combined but dignity presided; the "terrors of his look, the lightning of his eye," were insufferable. His voice was both full and clear; his lowest whisper was distinctly heard, his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate; he then had spirit stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose, on a sudden, from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort. His diction was remarkably simple, but words were never chosen with greater care; he mentioned to a friend of the Reminiscent, that he had read twice, from beginning to end, *Bailey's Diction-*

ary, and that he had perused some of *Dr. Barrow's Sermons* so often, as to know them by heart.

His sentiments too were apparently simple; but sentiments were never adopted or uttered with greater skill; he was often familiar and often playful, but it was the familiarity and playfulness of condescension; the lion that dandled with the kid. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the whole house sunk before him. Still he was dignified; and wonderful as was his eloquence it was attended with this most important effect, that it impressed every hearer with a conviction, that there was something in him even finer than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator; no impression of this kind was made by the eloquence of his son, or his son's antagonist.

The effects left by the late Mrs. Burns realised a handsome sum of money, apart from the plate, books, and pictures, and retained relics of particular value, such as the desk upon which the poet wrote, and shelled press that contained his small but well selected library. During the first day's sale the attendance was large, and included persons of the highest consideration. The auctioneer commenced with small articles, and when he came to a broken copper coffee pot, there was so many bidders even for that dilapidated relic, that the price paid exceeded twenty fold the intrinsic value. A teakettle of the same metal succeeded, and reached the high point of £2 sterling. Of the linens, a table cloth, marked 1792, was knocked down at £5. 7s., which, speaking commercially, may be worth half a crown or five shillings. Many other articles commanded handsome prices, and the older and plainer the furniture, the better it sold. Still not a few things went below their value, particularly such as were handsome, and of modern construction. The second day the attendance was much thinner, from the impression that very few, if any, relics remained on hand; this was a mistake, and, as the day advanced, the spirit of competition became keen. The rusty iron top of a showerbath, which Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, sent to the poet, when afflicted with rheumatism, was bought by a Carlisle gentleman for 28s. and what is more extraordinary, a low wooden kitchen chair, on which the late Mrs. Burns sat when nursing her children, was run up to £8. 7s. The crystal and china were much coveted, and brought, in most cases, splendid prices. Even an old fender reached a figure which would go far to buy half a dozen new ones, and every thing towards the close attracted notice, down to greybeards, bottles, and a half worn pair of bellows. The poet's eight day clock, made by a Mauchline artist, of the name of Brown, which stood originally in the house at Mossiel, and accompanied him in his removals to Ellisland and Dumfries, attracted great attention from the circumstances that it had frequently been wound up by his own hand, and for more than half a century chimed or struck "the wee short hour, ayont the twal," and every other in the twenty four. In a few seconds it was bid up to £15 or guineas, and was finally disposed of for £35. The purchaser had a hard battle to fight; but his spirit was good, and his purse obviously not a light one, and the story ran that he had instructed Mr. Richardson to secure a preference at any sum under £60. The said clock is a most interesting relic, and, however highly tempted, we trust the present spirited possessor will long be enabled to retain such a precious heirloom, directly or indirectly, in the family.

**FANNY KEMBLE.**—The *Philadelphia Enquirer* in a very kind and playful, yet delicate notice of the marriage, and retirement from the stage, of this accomplished woman, concludes as follows:—

"I saw the angel married in Christ's Church—I saw the wedding garments—I saw the veil raised—I saw the book opened—I saw her pale, interesting countenance—I heard the holy formula pronounced by the good Bishop. I would not have missed it."  
In a couple of brief hours the whisper went round town, that the most histrionic genius of the age was no more. She is gone—she is lost—she is away; and behind is only left the memory of her Julia, her Violante, her Bianca, her Juliet, and her Beatrice. Since the stage has been a stage among us, no woman has ever produced so deep, so lasting, so overwhelming a sensation, as Fanny Kemble has done. We may say this now, for she is beyond the reach of criticism, soon to be encircled among the delights of private life and private friendship. The cause of her high re-

putation was not alone her theatrical talents. These, indeed, were of a higher order; but these, unaccompanied by any other marks of genius, would never have roused the general enthusiasm that surrounded her track. She was a genius—the child of enthusiasm—the favourite of the graces. She wrote—she talked—she rode on horseback—and she did all with the same tone that she personated Bianca or Julia. She was a wit—a scholar—a slight *blasé*—a poetess, and philosopher. Her birth was in England, but civilization was her native country; and wherever talent and genius flourished, there was her home.

Her farewell appearance on the Philadelphia stage was one of the most enchanting ever witnessed among us. The house was crowded to excess; and, like the fabled bird that sings away its last throbs of existence with its last song, her last effort was the crowning glory of the whole. Who among us will not cherish the recollections that she has flung over our minds and heart from the Chestnut street stage? That she had a few faults as an actress, we will not deny; but in her they were the peculiarities of genius, not errors of taste. Her style was her own—the work of her own hands—the emanation of her own feelings. She had been taught the rudiments of the stage by her father: yet how different, how essentially unlike, was her whole style of impassioned acting from his!

**NATIONAL DEBT.**—Few persons, when speaking of the national debt, form to themselves just and adequate notions of its magnitude. Eight hundred millions is as easy spoken as eight hundred thousand, and even in figures it is but adding three ciphers more to the one, to transform it into the other. It is only when reduced to a comparison with our everyday measures, that we become fully sensible of the immensity of the sum that we owe; it is then, and then only, that we can view it in the full plenitude of its vastness: thus—The whole population of the world is about 800,000,000 or 900,000,000; of Great Britain and Ireland, about 25,000,000; and of London 1,500,000; therefore, our debt, equally divided, would be about £1, or, at least, 17s. 9d. to each man, woman, and child, in existence; £32 to every one in Great Britain and Ireland; and £53 3s. to every one in London. Consequently, with bread as it now is, at 2d. per lb.; and if, according to Cornaro, 12 ounces per diem be sufficient for the subsistence of an individual, our debt would maintain all the population of the globe 142 days, or nearly 5 months; all in Great Britain and Ireland above 14 years; and all in London nearly 234 years or from hence to the year 2066. Such is our debt, or what may not inaptly be called the bond of our union, or the people's security to government for their political obedience. It were devoutly to be wished, that should any future Pitt, or any other great debt-making minister, arise, that some effectual check may be put on his career; or, who knows but if, left to himself, after mortgaging the whole earth, he may proceed to mortgage the moon too, the sun, and all the planets, and at last not only leave us in debt, but in darkness also, without either of God's blessings, "the sun to rule by day, or the moon by night."—*The Times.*

**ANTIDELUVIAN MAN.**—The *Journal of Madrid, the Athenae*, publishes a very singular letter respecting a discovery recently made, and which particularly relates to natural history. It appears that in digging the canal of Sopena, a rock was found about eight feet under the surface, and beneath this rock at eighteen feet some argillaceous earth. At this spot a human body in a state of petrification was discovered, of which the bones, having marks of veins and arteries, resembled a whitish piece of stone. This body was eighteen feet long (ten inches and three lines French.) The head was two feet broad, and the chest three feet in breadth. A physician and surgeon examined the body, and recognised it to be a man. Several of the most respectable persons have visited this spot for the purpose of seeing the great curiosity. Several learned persons suppose that this man of eighteen feet must have lived before a deluge. There is no doubt that the authorities will take care that this relic will be preserved for future examination. [The poet, it would seem, was well justified in saying, "Vixere ante Agamemnona fortes."]

The last accounts from France represent Louis Philippe as being victorious over that country. Well indeed may he now call himself King of the French. They have not a chance a-

gainst him—at least, in Paris. He will soon teach them, that though he is fool enough to be King Log, he can play the part of King Stork. We do not think that the insurrection in Lyons is over, although the lying government of Thiers and Co. assure us it is done. The slaughter in that devoted town resemble that of the sack of Magdeburg, under old Tilly, or of Ismael under Suwarrow. The houses are torn down, and the streets loaded with the dead. The Rhone is almost choked with the bodies of the slain. And this is done in a French Town by French Soldiers! The blood of Lyons, however, will not be shed in vain. As Gustavus said of Tilly and Magdeburg, so say we of Louis Philippe—Lyons will yet lie heavy on his soul.—*Age.*

#### A VIRTUOUS FEMALE.

"Breathes there a man who never loved,  
Or felt soft woman's sigh,  
Is there a man can mark unmoved,  
Dear woman's tearful eye?"

Kind reader! go with me to the dwelling of the virtuous female. Let us spend a few hours with one who has been taught to know her place and the place of others. Have you ever seen her while watching the midnight lamp, in waiting for the return of her weary companion? Hours has she passed in fearful suspense, lest some misfortune had befallen him, while the cold storm without, told what the lonely traveller must suffer, and every sound which she heard, caused her heart quickly to beat and her soul to mourn, for fear that the friend of her bosom had returned in distress. Have you seen her welcome his safe return at such times, and the faithful care which she would take to please and make him comfortable and happy? A good husband could feel none other than the purest love for one who had been so attentive to his wishes. He had returned from a long and perilous journey, cold, wet and fatigued, and could be happy to find one anxiously waiting for and ready to receive him in her arms, while her lovely children had been carefully provided for, and laid upon the soft pillow to rest, and a voice raised to heaven in a sincere prayer, that the God of nature would protect them.

But have you ever witnessed the sorrows and tears of the faithful wife, who had been united to one regardless alike of her comfort and happiness and his own prosperity and honour? Have you seen her dealing to her half clad and half starved offspring, the only remaining morsels of provision at her command, and laying them upon a scanty bed of straw, while she meekly knelt beside them to offer up a humble prayer that better might be their condition, to him who holds the power of making a world bow to his purposes—herself left without the necessary food to satisfy hunger, shivering over a few expiring embers, while the creature who claimed to be her husband, is revelling at the grog-shop or lying in a deserted hovel or beneath a broken hedge, in a state of beastly intoxication? I need not repeat the question; you have witnessed the heart rending spectacle; you have wondered what could induce a man to lead such a life, when by following the dictates of reason and common sense, and the often repeated advice of a virtuous and affectionate wife he might share the comforts, the blessings, the honours of the world. Strange to tell—there are those who by flattery and false show, by solicitations and promises, will obtain the heart and hand of a virtuous female, only to bring upon her misery and disgrace, and by repeated instances of inattention and abuse—to erect in her bosom—a broken heart!

#### EDUCATION.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Fredericton, that he has this day opened a School in the large Room immediately over Mr. E. L. Moulton's Workshop, in Queen Street, where he is prepared to give instruction in the following branches, viz:—

Reading, Writing and Arithmetic.  
English Grammar, and Geography.  
Plain and Spherical Trigonometry.  
Mensuration, Surveying, and Navigation.  
Construction of Maps, Dialing and Algebra.  
He begs to assure those Parents who may intrust their children to his care, that no exertions shall be wanting on his part to merit their confidence.

JOHN M'LAUCHLAN.  
Fredericton, 30th June, 1834.

#### £10 REWARD.

WHEREAS Samuel B. Joslin, who was confined in the Gaol of this County, having escaped therefrom on the night of the 23rd inst. the above Reward will be paid to whoever will apprehend the said Samuel B. Joslin so that he may be brought to justice; and all His Majesty's subjects are required to use all diligence in retaking the above Prisoner.

J. F. W. WINSLOW,  
Sheriff of Carleton.  
Woodstock, June 24th 1834.

## To Emigrants.

THE Subscriber hereby notifies Irishmen in America, who are desirous to send for their Families and friends, that they can always secure their Passages from almost all the principal Sea Ports in Ireland, on the most reasonable terms, without detention or disappointment. In all cases where the money is paid in advance, a liberal discount will be made, and should the persons sent for not come, the money will be returned, and if otherwise engaged, good security will be required for the payment of their passage money on arrival.  
Apply to  
GEORGE WOODS.  
Fredericton, 24th Jan. 1834.

## Commercial Bank,

To be established by Royal Charter, at the City of Saint John, N. B.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a Subscription for Stock in the above Bank has been opened by direction of the Committee, and that a Subscription List is deposited in Fredericton, at the Office of

L. A. WILMOT,  
Barrister at Law.  
Fredericton, June 4th, 1834. 4w.

## CENTRAL BANK

OF  
NEW BRUNSWICK.

At a Meeting of the President and Directors, held on Monday the 30th day of June, 1834, it was

Resolved, That Public Notice be given, that a portion of the Stock in this Bank is still open, and that the Subscription Book will remain in the hands of the Cashier, where all persons desirous of taking Stock are requested to subscribe with as little delay as possible; and further.

Resolved, That the period for paying in the instalment of Fifty per cent be extended from Monday the 1st September to Monday the 30th day of October next.

By order of the Board.  
H. G. CLOPPER, President.

## For Sale,

THAT part of the Kingswood Farm, so called, belonging to the Estate of the late Thomas Wetmore deceased, situate about 3 miles from Fredericton, fronting on the River, and containing 166 acres; it being that part on which the buildings are erected, and the principal improvements made.

Also three Lots, other parts of the said farm containing each 293, 272 and 261 acres, fronting on the Hanwell Road, about the same distance from Fredericton.

Should the same not be disposed of by the first day of August next, they will then be sold at Public Auction.

Apply at the residence of Thos. C. Lee, Esq. Kingsclear, or at the office of the Subscriber.

C. P. WETMORE.

27th May, 1834.

## New Establishment.

GENTLE BOARD AND LODGING.

THE Subscriber most respectfully begs leave to inform the public, that he has opened an establishment in the house formerly occupied by Mr. A. Stewart, where he offers the public good accommodations and prompt attendance. Travellers and others, will find his terms reasonable, and can be accommodated with private apartments if required. A few permanent boarders will be taken. Good Stabling for horses.

P. PEDOLIN  
N. B. He would further intimate that he has again opened his business in the confectionary line: His goods are of the first quality and can be had either wholesale or retail.  
Lunches at noon as usual.  
Fredericton, 24th March, 1834.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Subscriber having received an appointment as agent for the Hartford Connecticut Insurance Company, will insure Stores, Houses, Mills, Factories, Barns, and every sort of Goods and Wares, against loss or DAMAGE BY FIRE, at the most reasonable rate of Premium. The subscriber will also attend to the renewal of any Policies issued by the former Agent in this place.

L. A. WILMOT, Agent.  
Fredericton, May 13th, 1833.

Blanks of various kinds for  
Sale at this Office.

## 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.

#### AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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