

POETRY.

Selected.

SONG—THE HOME BOUND BARK.

'Tis the winter deep!
And the sea foul sweep
Afar o'er the gloomy tide;
And the wild waves dash,
Neath the signal flash,
Where the foamy tempests ride.

And dark and drear
On the seaman's ear
Hears the vulture's ravening cry;
Like the startling breath,
Of some fiend of death,
In wait for the souls that die.

The sails are rent—
The stout masts bent—
And the helm and bowsprit gone;
And fast and far,
Midst the billowy war,
The foundering bark drives on.

The shriek and prayer
And the wan despair
Of hearts thus torn away,
Are seen and heard
By the ravening bird,
In chase of his drowning prey.

Oh! many a sire,
By the low red fire,
Will wake through this night of woe;
For those who sleep,
Neath the surge's deep,
Ten thousand fathom low.

And many a maid,
In the lonely glade,
For her absent love would mourn;
And watch and wait,
For the homebound sail
That will never more return.

Mourn not for the dead,
On their sandy bed
Nor their last long sleep deplore;
But mourn for those,
In whose home of woe,
Who weep for evermore.

C. SWAIN, *Lit. Gaz.*

VARIETIES.

REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AT ST. HELENA.

By the Lady of an Officer of the 53rd.

My first introduction to Bonaparte was in the island of St. Helena, at the place called the Briers, in the month of December, 1815, about six weeks after his arrival at the island.

This introduction was by chance, and through the means of two young and lively English ladies, who had lately returned from a boarding-school in England, daughters of the proprietor of the Briers.

We went, by invitation, to dine at the Briers, where Bonaparte resided for some weeks after his arrival, until the House at Longwood was put in order and prepared for his reception. I was walking with my little daughter (eight years of age,) and the two young ladies before mentioned, in the garden before the Briers, when Bonaparte came forth from his tent (which was pitched on one side of the house, accompanied by his Secretary, Count Las Casas.

Bonaparte was a little man, stout and corpulent, of a dark olive complexion, fine features, eyes of a light bluish grey, and, when not speaking or animated, of an abstracted, heavy countenance. But when lighted up and interested, his expression was very fine, and the benevolence of his smile I never saw surpassed. He was dressed, on the day of my first introduction to him, in a green coat, silk stockings, small shoes, large square gold buckles, and a cocked hat, with a ribbon of some order, seen through the button hole of his coat.

The two young ladies, who were respectively about thirteen and fifteen years of age, were quite familiar with the Emperor, ran playfully towards him, dragging me forward by the hand, and saying to him, "This lady is the mother of the little girl who pleased you the other day by singing Italian canzonets."

"Madame," said he, "you have a sprightly little daughter; where did she learn to sing Italian songs?" On my replying that I had taught her myself, he said, "Bon." He then asked me what countrywoman I was? "English." "Where were you educated?" "In London." "What ship did you come out in to St. Helena? What regiment is your husband in? And what rank has he in the army?" And a variety of like questions, as quick as possible, did Bonaparte make to me, and all in Italian. After walking some time in the garden, Bonaparte requested me to go into the house at the Briers, where a piano-forte stood open, to sing some Italian songs.

Behold me now seated at the piano-forte, with the Conqueror of the World standing behind my chair. I forgot my fears in my astonishment, and got through the song of "Ah che nel Poggio" tolerably well. "Ben," cried Bonaparte; "C'est de Pacello," which shewed he was well acquainted with the style of the composers. "Ah," said he, "in my youth I could also perform a little on the piano-forte." He then ran over the keys of the instrument in tolerable style, to show that he was not boasting of what he could not perform.

"The Italians," said he, "have certainly the first taste for music and composition in the world; then the Germans, then the Portuguese and Spanish, then the French, and, lastly, the English; but really I do not know which of these two last have the worst taste in composition. But stay! I had nearly forgotten the Scotch. Yes; they have composed some fine airs. All this he said in French, with his usual rapidity. "Madame," said he, "you no doubt delight in performing musical pieces and in singing?" I bowed affirmatively. "I was certain of it," said he; "we all delight to do what we know we

do well." With this flattering speech he made a sliding bow, and departed.

When we arrived at Longwood, we found Count and Countess Montholon, Baron Gourgaud, and Count Las Casas, and Sir George Bingham, assembled in the drawing room. Bonaparte soon after entered, and sat down at the chess-table, for he always played a game at chess before dinner. He asked me to play with him, which I declined, saying I was a bad player. He then asked me if I could play at backgammon. "You must teach me," said he, "for I know but little of the game." So down he sat. I was in considerable agitation at the idea; but luckily, as soon as he had placed the backgammon men, a servant entered, saying, "Le diner de sa Majeste est servi."

The instant Bonaparte was seated, a servant came behind him and presented him with a glass of wine, which he drank off before he began to eat. This, it seems, was his invariable custom. The dinner was served on superb gold and silver plate, and beautiful china. The meat was served on the side tables by several smart servants in magnificent liveries of green and gold. There was a vast variety of dishes and vegetables, cooked in the most delicate manner. Bonaparte ate of a number of dishes with great appetite. He talked a great deal to me; his conversation was chiefly questions respecting India, and the manners and dress of the natives there.

"Your English gentlemen," said he, "sit an intolerable time at dinner—and afterwards drink for hours together, when the ladies have left them. As for me, I never allow more than twenty minutes for dinner, and five minutes additional for General Bertrand, who is very fond of bon bons."

Saying this, he started up, and we all followed him into the drawing room, where each of the Generals taking a *chapeau-bras* under his arm, formed a circle round Bonaparte; all continuing standing. Coffee was presently brought, and the cups and saucers were the most splendidly beautiful I ever beheld. Napoleon now conversed with all around most agreeably. I admired the china; upon which he took a coffee-cup and saucer to the light to point out its beauties; each saucer contained a portrait of some Egyptian Chief; and each cup some landscape or views of different parts of Egypt.

"This set of china," said he "was given me by the city of Paris after my return from Egypt."

Napoleon then requested me to sing; and I sang a few Italian airs. The Countess Montholon then performed some little French songs, and he joined in humming the tune. A party of reversis was then formed. Napoleon was now in high spirits; he was winning at reversis, and he always liked to win at cards; he began to sing merry French songs. About ten o'clock he retired, making a sliding bow, to his apartments, attended by Count Las Casas.

The second time I dined with Bonaparte at Longwood, the invitation was by chance, and from his own mouth.

His barouche, drawn by four fiery horses, now drew up to the door, and he invited Madame Bertrand and myself to get into it with him, and accompany him in a drive round Longwood. The three French Generals, Bertrand, Montholon, and Gourgaud, were in splendid uniforms; the horses went like fury, and the road being extremely rough, I thought it not improbable that I should have my neck broken in company with the conqueror of the World. Bonaparte was rather abstracted during this drive, but he talked a little of the singular appearance of the gumwood trees, which compose the heads of Longwood and Deadwood Camp.

We were staying at Plantation House, the country residence of the Governors of St. Helena, with Governor and Mrs. Wilks, about a fortnight just before the arrival of Hudson Lowe from England, who succeeded Colonel Wilks in the government of the island.

Governor Wilks, his daughter, and myself, set forth from Plantation House in the Government carriage, a huge vehicle, drawn by six bullocks; for in the steep precipitous roads up and across the island of St. Helena, to proceed in a carriage drawn by horses, would be dreadfully dangerous, nay, almost impossible. These bullocks, therefore, were drawn and driven by three men; and after some hours going across the most dangerous narrow roads, or rather paths, sharp turnings, and precipitous horrors beneath, enough to terrify the stoutest heart, and turn giddy the strongest head, we arrived at Longwood House. We proceeded to visit Countess Bertrand, and the Countess de Montholon.

I must not forget to give my female friends an account of Countess Bertrand. She was the daughter of a nobleman of the name of Dillon—by his wife, an American lady.

The Countess of Bertrand was a most engaging, fascinating woman. She had resided many years in England with her aunt, an English lady of quality. She spoke our language with perfect fluency, but with a slight French accent. Her figure was extremely tall and commanding; but a slight elegant bend took from her height, and added to her interesting appearance;—her eyes black, sparkling, soft and animated. She had, in fact, been a sort of queen at Trieste, when her husband, General Bertrand, was viceroy; and when she held a regular court, her dress was well chosen, splendid and elegant.

I was instantly struck with the elegance, kindness, and dignity of Countess Bertrand. The General, her husband, who was likewise Grand Marshal, presently entered, leading in two of the most ex-

quisite beautiful children I ever beheld, Hortense and Henri. The latter had a profusion of the most luxuriant fair ringlets, hanging from his face nearly to his feet—his hazel eyes were laughing and soft—his snowy shoulders and bare arms were only adorned by a slight sleeve of rich lace—his dress consisted of scarlet silk trousers, with a frock body; he appeared about five years of age.

Hortense was about six or seven years old. She was a brilliant brunette, with a sweetness and archness in her countenance I have seldom seen equalled. An elder boy soon after entered the room, about ten years of age. General Bertrand was a fine martial-looking man, apparently about forty; his manners were open, natural and dignified.

A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.—From private correspondence we glean the following particulars of a painful tragedy, which has just been acted on the stage of real life at New Orleans; fatal as its acts have been already, it is to be feared that "more lives must yet be drained" before the last scenes are closed to our view by the curtain of fulfilment.

Mr. M.—an old and worthy citizen of New Orleans had retired with an ample fortune, and a beloved and only daughter, to his estate in the neighbourhood of the city, where he educated this sole pride of his heart, in all that could adorn her person, or enlarge her mind. In the meridian of her beauty and accomplishments, she was wooed and won by Mr. H.—a gentleman in every way calculated to make her happy;—and for many months they were so, until some mercantile speculations provided for him by the wealth of the father, drew him to England, where he remained about a year.

On reaching his country once more, with his heart yearning for home, and its nameless, numberless enjoyments, he found unequivocal proof of his wife's infidelity. Enraged almost to madness, he taxed her with her guilt, which she confessed to him on her knees, yet refused to yield him up the name of her seducer;—until moved by the tears and eloquence of her wretched father, who acknowledged him to be Mr. H.—a rich young planter. To him the broken hearted parent went, demanding reparation for the loss of his once darling child, and the seducer pledged himself, that if a divorce could be obtained, he would repair the wrong, as far as lay within his power, by an immediate marriage.

The afflicted father besought the injured husband to forego all personal revenge, that he might thus in part remove the stigma which his worthless child had fixed on herself and them. By the aid of eminent counsel, the decree of divorce was speedily procured, and with the document in his possession, the afflicted father once more sought his child's seducer; but now, he peremptorily refused to ratify his pledge and finding all entreaties useless, the father left him with this warning:—"Young man, though your conduct proves you a villain, I will not, without due deliberation, hurry you or myself into the presence of an unoffending God;—I give you fourteen days to reflect on what you have done; if then, you still refuse her satisfaction, you shall accord it to me." The two weeks passed without producing the desired result, and on the following morning at day-light, they met. The old man's eye failed him, while he, with a more deliberate aim, added to the ruin of the daughter, her father's death, by shooting him through the heart.

On the following day, the 20th of last month, the lamented old man was buried with military honors, having fought with distinction in the revolutionary war; and since his death, the planter has received a challenge from the husband, not—as he stated—to atone for the loss of a worthless woman, but to avenge the fall of an honored father. Four others—relatives of the deceased, have followed his example, and it is feared that before this time more victims have been added to the catalogue of deaths, resulting from the indulgence of an unhallowed passion.—*New York Traveller.*

WRECK OF THE EARL OF WEMYSS.

SMACK.—TRIAL OF MR. REEVE.—On Wednesday at Norwich, Joseph Newman Reeve was indicted for feloniously stealing a bag, nine 5l. notes, four Exchequer-bills of 100l. each, and 100 sovereigns, the property of Mr. Pyne; and a box, the property of some person unknown. It appeared that on the night of Saturday, the 31st of last August, there was a most violent storm along the coast of Norfolk, and the Earl of Wemyss, Leith, smack, was very early on the following morning observed near the shore at Brancaster, with her masts gone, and in a most distressed condition. When the tide had a little ebbed, several persons went on board to offer their services; and then it was discovered that no fewer than eleven persons, of whom seven were ladies, had perished in the cabins.—Their bodies were dragged from below deck by boats-hooks, and laid on the companion of the vessel and amongst the unfortunate sufferers were a Mrs. Pyne and two of her children, whose bodies were taken through the skylight from the cabin. The prisoner, or who is the son-in-law of the Lord of the manor of Brancaster, was one of those who went on board, whilst the men were engaged in searching for the bodies. When the body of Mrs. Pyne was brought up, a black bag fell from her arm into the cabin, and the man with the boat-hook fished it up and gave it to the prisoner, who was standing close by, and who threw it towards the companion of the vessel; it was an empty bag. Presently after the

prisoner drew from the person of Mrs. Pyne a black velvet reticule, with a steel chain and clasp. He looked into the reticule and took from it two small parcels packed in paper; one of them contained some "papers with red printing on them" which it afterwards appeared were four Exchequer-bills. The other was a hard parcel, about four inches in length, and two or three fingers in breadth, which a Mr. Green, who was standing by, said was "gold or silver, or something to that effect." The latter parcel, however, was not opened, and the prisoner returned it into the reticule, which he put into his pocket. He also took from one of the rings of Mrs. Pyne an earring, and a ring from one of her fingers, which he afterwards put into his pocket also. During this time the deck was crowded by persons, neighbours of the prisoner, who saw what was going on; and it was stated by the witness that no injury was done, or any indignity offered, to any of the bodies of the deceased. The Captain of the vessel appointed a Mr. Mingay, a merchant of Brancaster, his agent for the care of the vessel and cargo; and Mr. Mingay on the same day, applied to the prisoner to deliver to him the articles he had taken from the person of Mrs. Pyne. He did not, however, state his authority, as agent for the vessel or otherwise. The prisoner declined giving them up, stating that he was sent by the Lord of the Manor to take care of the property and save it from plunder. On the 3d of the same month the prisoner delivered to Captain Nesbitt, the commander of the vessel, the rings and the reticule of Mrs. Pyne, containing four Exchequer-bills of 100l. each, nine 5l. notes, three sovereigns, three shillings, and other articles, as the property which had been found by him in the reticule.—The house in which he lived was searched, and nearly 100 sovereigns were found in the drawers of two rooms, but whether they were his rooms or those of his father-in-law (whose house it was), or of any other member of the family, was not shown, nor was there any evidence beyond that which has been detailed to show that Mrs. Pyne's reticule contained gold or silver. With respect to the box, it appeared that when the prisoner first went down to the vessel, he was on horseback, and that some person who was standing in the water, handed him a dark coloured box, about fourteen inches in length, with which he rode towards a temporary tent erected for the reception of the bodies and property of those who perished, and in which the preventive guard were stationed. He returned in a minute or two to the vessel without the box, and it did not appear from the evidence what he had done with it, though it was shown that he took it in the direction of the tent, and he was absent about the time which would have enabled him to reach it. This was the substance of the evidence for the prosecution. Several of the witnesses spoke favourably of the character and honour of the prisoner. Mr. Baron Vaughan was of opinion that there was not sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defence. The prisoner was therefore acquitted. Sir J. Scarlett then stated, that on the very morning after the transaction, Mr. Reeve had written to the brokers in London, whose names were on the Exchequer-bills with a view to ascertain to whom they belonged, and where her relations lived. He also wrote to the husband of Mrs. Pyne, stating the unhappy occurrence of the previous day, and giving an account of the property in his possession. From the brokers he received an immediate answer; but owing to the circumstance of Mr. Pyne having changed his residence (which he had found on a letter in the reticule) his letter to that gentleman had miscarried. Sir James produced these letters at Court and stated that he had a cloud of witnesses whom he would have called to the character of Mr. Reeve, had the case called upon him to do so.

THE FIREMAN'S DOG.—Our readers may remember to have seen, some time back, an account of a dog, which had taken a strange fancy to fires and firemen, and which scarcely ever failed of being at a great fire, and remaining there until the engines were removed, and whose affection appeared not to be for any particular individual of the body, but for the firemen indifferently. Poor Tyke, for such was his name, is now no more. His customary home was in one of the recesses of Blackfriars-bridge, whence, in the course of last summer, some miscreant, in sheer wantonness of mischief, dragged him, and threw him over the parapet into the Thames. He was rescued by a waterman; but the injuries he had received, his advanced age, and his becoming diseased, rendered it necessary shortly after to drown him, which painful duty was performed by the man who had saved him from a watery grave. A successor to Tyke had started up in a dog which has attached itself to the firemen of the London United Establishment, and which has been named "Chance." He first presented himself at the Walling-street station-house, and was then in a half-starved condition; and although repeatedly driven away, he constantly returned. The men at last took compassion on him, and admitted him as one of their body. He is extremely eager to follow the men to a fire; and no sooner hears the noise of the drawing out of an engine he displays uncommon anxiety to follow it, though, from the dangerous manner in which he rushes into the thick blaze of a fire, the men always secure him in the cellar, if possible, before starting. He takes no notice of the men or engines belonging to any of the other offices. When once he gets to a fire, he will as soon as the fire-plug is raised, rush into the jet of water, and appears to luxuriate

in rolling himself about in it. He will then go and take his stand as near as possible to the flank of one of the engines, and if a means of access to the burning building presents itself, he will rush in and mount upwards fearless of the flames. In several instances he has been pushed smartly for his temerity, but seems not at all to mind it. At a fire in Bow-lane, after an upper floor was wholly consumed with the exception of the joists, he amused himself by hopping from joist to joist while the fire was raging all round him. At last he missed his footing and fell into the cellar, whence he was rescued with considerable difficulty. At another time, when one of the firemen had a torch, he made a snap at the blaze, and burnt his mouth and face severely. A few months back the men procured him a brass collar, on which the following distich was engraven:—

"Stop me not, but let me jog.
For I am the fire establishment dog."

Shortly after, at a fire in Spitalfields, the dog was lost, and is supposed to have been stolen; for, on his return, about three weeks afterwards, he was in a lean condition, and the collar was missing. He is a large dog, somewhat between the black-tanned terrier and the pointer breed. The firemen, as may be supposed under the circumstances, are much attached to him.

MURDER AND SAVAGE PUNISHMENT IN TURKEY.—A letter, dated Constantinople, Feb. 25, says—"Last week a shocking murder was committed in Constantinople; the victim a beautiful innocent young Turkish girl of about 13 years of age. When a child here commences to receive religious instruction, it is the custom for the parents to give a feast to all their friends and neighbours; and the girl in question, who was, in this case, decked out for the occasion in all manner of finery—her head was covered with jewels and gold coins, and thus adorned, she was, with the greatest ceremony, delivered over to a mollah, or priest, much esteemed by the family. The child was so attached to the old monster that she universally addressed him as *babu*, or father. He conveyed her to his dwelling for the purpose of giving her the first lesson; blessings were showered upon her head, and the feast ended. The evening approached, and the mother, uneasy at her daughter's not returning, went to inquire after her at the house of the mollah, who feigned surprise, and interest, assuring her that the girl had quitted him to return home some time previous. Every search was made for her in the neighbourhood in vain; her father, a Captain in the army, was sent for; he went immediately to the mollah, who betrayed such agitation as to give birth to a suspicion in the mind of the agonised parent that there had been some foul play. The house was ransacked to no purpose. The garden was then visited, and fresh-turned earth in a particular spot excited attention. The father seized a spade, and commenced digging with such fury, that a very short time sufficed to lay open before him the mangled body of his murdered child. He drew his sword, and with the greatest difficulty could be prevented from sacrificing the white-headed villain on the spot. The mollah, dragged before the Kadi, confessed that he had destroyed the girl for the purpose of appropriating to himself the jewels and gold with which she was decorated. He was sentenced to be burnt alive, his body being first covered with tar, but, on account of his sacred calling, the execution will not be public."

ATTITUDES DURING SLEEP.—It is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add any thing in the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets would be upon this point, sleep never shews himself a great leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shew himself with an air of infinite superiority—in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest Lord as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures; so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisted fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with a string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and banging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled together: what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

NOTICE.

MR. C. S. PUTNAM, has removed his Office to the Rooms at the corner of Mr. Miller's Brick building in Queen street, and next door to the Office of the Hon. G. F. Street. Frederickton, 30th April, 1834.

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.