

POETRY.

Selected.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WAS I RIGHT, OR WAS I NOT?

Was I right, or was I not?
The age exact I cannot tell,
But 'twas some time in teens, I wot,
That I came out a dashing belle.
My mother call'd me "hair-brained chit,"
But that I heeded not a jot,
For little Miss must flirt a bit,
Was I right, or was I not?

Away I sparkled in the ring;
And soon was known as false and fair:
Oh 'twas a dear delightful thing,
When first we make a swain despair.
There was young Frederick all on fire,
Who vow'd and swore—I know not what!
Of course I left him to expire;
Was I right, or was I not?

Dear me! I felt a trifle sad,
When all cried out "what have you done?"
For sure enough, I loved the lad,
But who'd take up with number one?
So vive l'amour! I gaily cried,
And he, poor wretch, was soon forgot—
For I had a hundred sparks beside;
Was I right, or was I not?

Some shook their heads, but I had skill;
Lovers and friends I went on winning,
What will you have? I flirted still—
Because I flirted at beginning.
A long gay train I led away;
Young Cupid sure was in the plot,
I thought the spell would last for aye—
Was I right, or was I not?

But now 'tis come into my head
That I must grow discreet and sage,
For there are hints my charms have fled,
And I approach "a certain age."
So the next effort—that's my plan—
I'll nail decisive on the spot;
'Tis time that I'd secured my man,
Am I right, or am I not?

But ah! though gladly I'd say "Yes,"
The looks of all the men say "No,"
Who would have thought 'twould come to this,
But mother says "I told you so."
Friends, lovers, dangles, now are gone;
Not one is left of all the lot,
And 'tis a "maiden all forlorn!"
Is it right, or is it not?

From the Dublin University Magazine.

EMANCIPATION SONG.

We have little doubt that the writer of the following Song has dealt with the Oar-man, and thus acquired a presentiment of the consequences of Emancipation.

But emancipation come,
Ha, Ha!
Den massa look ber ghum,
Ha, Ha!
Me drink him grog, and eat him prog,
And steal him cask ob rum,
Ha, Ha!
And steal him cask ob rum.
Den me kill massa goat,
Ha, Ha!
Den me wear massa coat,
Ha, Ha!
Me kiss him wife, me steal him knife,
And cut 'im ugly throat,
Ha, Ha!
And cut him ugly throat.
Den me shall live on rum,
Ha, Ha!
And sleep all day in sur,
Ha, Ha!
No work, no flog, but beer and grog,
As soon as the day's begun,
Ha, Ha!
As soon as the day's begun.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the English Chronicle, May 2.)

The report of the proceeding which took place at the nomination of the candidates for the representation of South Devon, yesterday, will be found in our columns of to-day. Of course the scene at Exeter, the place of nomination, was one of a very bustling and animated description, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, which was enough to damp the enthusiasm of all but the most ardent partisans, of which each side appear to have had a large number in the field. But for the descriptive part we must refer to the report itself, and will proceed to make a few observations, touching the nature of this important contest, and the principles of the candidates.

It cannot be with any truth asserted that the battle about to be fought in South Devon, is one between the Whig and Tory Principles;—if it were, we should confine ourselves to merely relating the particulars without taking any part in the conflict. Lord John Russell does not come forward on the present occasion as the representative of Whig principles;—he has abandoned them, as the condition of obtaining the support of Mr. O'Connell and the Irish "tail." Need we say more to prove this than to state that the proposition relative to the Irish Church, which Lord John carried, by the assistance of the Popish Members, is the one that he opposed last year, when brought forward by Mr. Ward, the Radical member for St. Alban's? If there was any difference between the two propositions, it was that Mr. Ward's was less strong against the Irish Church, than that of Lord John Russell's. But it was not an abandonment of principle alone which the Whigs exhibited upon this occasion. They did it with an open and flagrant contempt for their constituency, which showed that with the dereliction of principles they had lost the sense of shame. Last year they declared their incompetency to legislate at all, with regard to the Irish Church. Without first obtaining the necessary and authentic information by means of a Commission delegat-

ed by the Crown, whose report was to form the basis of whatever legislative proceeding it might be thought proper to adopt. The Commission was accordingly issued—the termination of its labours was drawing near; but before that report was presented, the Whig Statesmen, with Lord John Russell at their head, at whose instance that Commission was issued—who had declared its report to be indispensable as the groundwork of any Legislative measures—those very Whig Statesmen themselves bring forward the rejected proposition of Mr. Ward, or one rather more strongly worded respecting the Irish Church, and by the assistance of the Popish party in Parliament, carry it, and force Sir Robert Peel to resign, who by preferring the sacrifice of power to that of principle, has greatly raised himself in public estimation.

Lord John Russell and his colleagues having thus regained power by advocating the principles of the Popish party—which they had formerly, in the most emphatic manner, repudiated, can no longer be considered as the representatives of Whig principles. They have sold themselves for place to the enemies of our Protestant Church and Protestant Constitution, and they must now carry their principles into practice, or their Popish Allies will turn upon them, and extinguish the power which through their instrumentality they have obtained. To oppose Lord John Russell, therefore, in his attempt to regain possession of the representation of Devonshire, is not to set up for Toryism—but to defend from its Papal and destructive enemies the British Constitution. As to the assertion made by Lord John's supporters, that the confiscation of the property of the Irish Church, and its transfer to Papal, among other purposes, will be a panacea for the evils of Ireland, and restore its tranquility, is only a repetition of the gross fallacy which was urged in support of the admission of Roman Catholics to seats in Parliament, which, notwithstanding a solemn oath, they now make instrumental to the subversion of the Protestant Establishment. Restore the tranquility of Ireland indeed! while O'Connell and the Whigs refuse any system of poor laws to his famishing, and consequently, desperate population! Has not the Repeal Agitator, the ally of Lord John Russell, repeatedly declared that nothing short of the repeal of the Union would satisfy him? Lord John then is the champion, not of the Whig principles, but of Popery and Repeal!

BANK SWINDLING.—There is consternation in the money market to-day. Stocks are falling and long faces are to be seen in Wall street. The rage of speculation has driven business to the turning point. Foreign exchange is now at that point where the exportation of specie commences.—To add to the panic which this circumstance is occasioning, we understand that the Bank Commissioners popped in unexpectedly upon some of our Banks yesterday, and found their loans extended fifty per cent. beyond the amount authorised by their charters. They begged hard not to be reported to the Legislature, and promised to curtail instantly. This makes their debtors look blank. We do not believe that any serious revulsion in the money market has commenced yet; but such a revulsion, and the worst that has been experienced since the war, is not far off.—N. Y. Eve. Post.

This exportation of specie is a threatening symptom. If the premium on those foreign bills of Exchange which our Merchants want to pay their European creditors with, be so high as to make it cheaper to send specie aboard to discharge these debts, we may thank the United States Bank for it. That infamous institution has played a double game in this important business. It has in the first place, endeavoured to monopolize the traffic in foreign bills, and keep the rate of exchange as high as possible, to the great injury and embarrassment of our foreign commerce. To make the demand more pressing for their bills of exchange, they have done all they could to make specie scarce, by draining the South and West of it and sending it abroad. This scarcity of specie drives Merchants into the purchase of bills of Exchange, at the highest rates to which the Bank may think fit to hold them, and at the same time makes room for the excessive paper issues with which the U. S. Bank, on the other, are deluging the country. These excessive issues make money plenty—multiply insolvent borrowers on fictitious capital—stimulate to over-trading—promote gambling speculations—and, while they tend to raise the price of property, and the cost of living, diminish the reward of honest labor, and unsettle the general condition of the world of trade.

Such are the rapid and mischievous operations of our paper money system, in what we call prosperous times. If we look at the real condition of the Banks, while they are at work creating this dangerous state of things, we shall readily perceive upon what a brittle basis rests all this delusive prosperity. The Banks are really insolvent, while they are boasting of making every body rich. They are utterly unable to pay their own bills according to their tenor. If a run upon them should take place, caused by any sudden panic such as may be produced by an unfavourable state of the foreign exchange—by scarcity—by a foreign war, or by intestine commotion—or the arts of the U. S. Bank and its borrowing dependants and attorneys—they would not only be ruined themselves, but they would beggar their creditors or all who hold their irredeemable trash. As an illustration of the condition in which such panics might overtake even the boasted banking institution of Massachusetts, take the situation of some of those Banks as described in Mr. Huntington's Resolution, adopted at a meeting of citizens of Boston on the 1th of March last. Those Resolutions state, 1. That the one hundred and five Banks in this commonwealth have

averaged, in their three last returns, less than one dollar in specie, to eight dollars in paper, which is about one half the specie that well conducted Banks should always have on hand.

2nd. That had as this general condition of our Banks may be in the aggregate, the situation of some of them considered separately, is infinitely worse.

3rd. That the specie in the Atlantic Bank, Boston, was but the 26th part of its paper circulation.

4th. That the specie in the Commercial Bank, Boston, was but the 46th part of its paper circulation.

5th. That the specie of the Bank of Brighton was but 62nd part of its paper.

6th. That the specie of Railroad Bank, Lowell, was but the 63rd part of its paper.

7th. That the specie in the Bank of Norfolk, Roxbury, was but the 72nd part of its paper.

8th. That the specie in the Phoenix Bank, Charlestown, was but the 73rd part of its paper.

9th. That the specie in the Old Colony Bank, Plymouth, was but the 79th part of its paper.

10th. That the specie in the Hampshire Manufacturer's Bank, Ware, was but the 85th part of its paper.

11th. And that the specie in the Mechanics' Bank, New Bedford, was but the 116th part of its paper circulation—or NINE DOLLARS IN SPECIE, FOR EVERY ONE THOUSAND IN PAPER!

There are few persons so far gone in the paper-money mania, as to dispute, after reading such statements as these—the conclusion announced in the same resolutions, that, as upon the most approved Banking principles, the paper issues of Banks, should never exceed their specie in a greater proportion than three, or FOUR TO ONE—the condition of the Banks of Massachusetts is a disgrace to its financial character, is indiscreet, and its legislation, threatens the stability of credit, as well as the value of property, and CALLS LOUDLY AND IRRESISTIBLY FOR REFORM.—Boston Daily Chronicle and Reformer.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

THE DUEL.

A TRUE STORY—FROM THE FRENCH.

During the few years which immediately preceded the insurrection of the negroes of St. Domingo, this fine French Colony had reached the summit of prosperity. Perseverance and industry had smothered within the Island more gold than the mines had ever yielded to the Spaniards; but in its train came all the vices of luxury and dissipation. Under the burning tropical sun, men's passions, by nature ardent, become violent and ungovernable, when wealth gives them unbounded opportunities of indulging them.

At the time to which I refer, 1788, the prevailing passion among the rich inhabitants of St. Domingo was that of gambling. But those games which require either skill or calculation, did not suit these modern Sardanapaluses. They required for their amusement, games, the success of which depended on chance alone; games where one bet will swallow a large sum—games at which men lose or gain fortunes, by the throw of a die.

The professed gamblers had recourse to dice to stimulate their slumbering energies, and it was not an uncommon thing to see a whole plantation, or a princely dwelling put at a stake. A dozen dice would be thrown on the table, the gambler would select three, which decided his fate.

In 1788 then, if my memory be a true one, the son of a rich sugar planter held the rank of captain in the regiment of Port au Prince. Captain Sevrey was about twenty-six or seven years of age, and, though heir to an immense fortune, he had entered the army from choice. He had no rivals in the Colony in all manly and athletic exercises, and was a particularly good swordsman and marksman, but though brave upon rashness, he never abused his skill. But high-spirited and impetuous, he had already been engaged in a number of duels, in which he had received many and few scratches; while his better directed aim had made a fearful and bloody chasm in the society of St. Domingo.—Though possessing many good qualities, Sevrey was more feared than liked, for all his frankness and manliness could not always obliterate the remembrance of his impetuosity, and unfortunate propensity for fighting. It is hardly necessary, I presume, after this account, to say that he was a gambler.

One evening, a few persons were assembled in the chief gambling house of Port au Prince, and were amusing themselves for a few dollars, until the gamblers collected in sufficient numbers to animate the game. A French Naval Officer, commanding a frigate then in the port, entered the tavern, and walked directly towards the bar, to get some lemonade. As he passed by the table where they were playing, he glanced at it, and perceived a few pieces of money before some of the players. "Who will throw?" exclaimed Sevrey. "I will," replied the naval officer. He approached the table, carelessly threw his dice, and with-

out watching to see the result of his efforts, he returned to the bar to finish his glass of lemonade. "Captain Montford," cried Sevrey, "you have won;" and he immediately pushed towards his unfortunate adversary a large piece of gold. At the sight of this enormous sum, Captain Montford, who thought he had only risked a dollar or two, looked perfectly amazed, and pushing aside the heap of gold, he said, "Gentleman, I should be greatly wanting in delicacy, if I appropriated this sum as if I had honorably won it. I assure you, that when I joined in the game, I thought I was only playing for the very moderate sum I saw on the table. Therefore I cannot, I will not take this money." "Take it, take it, Captain," said Sevrey. "It is assuredly yours; and if you had lost, instead of winning, you would have paid it." "Indeed, Sevrey," replied Montford, "you are much mistaken, if you suppose so. I should not have thought myself bound to pay such a sum, had I lost, and therefore it is, that having won, I will not take it." "You would have paid it, Captain Montford, had you lost," exclaimed Sevrey imperiously; "I—I tell you, you would." There was something in the tone and manner, even more than in the language, of Sevrey, which displeased the naval officer, and which prompted him to answer tartly. This produced another more imperious reply from Sevrey; and when their friends would have interfered to part them, they found it was too late. Each party considered himself so insulted, so aggrieved, that a duel was inevitable.

"Captain Montford," said Sevrey, "I do not wish to take any undue advantage of you, and I know that, with the sword and pistol, I am your superior. Therefore, to make all fair, I propose to you, that a pistol be loaded by a third person, and that we should toss up for the first fire, and let the winner blow out his adversary's brains."

"Agreed," replied Montford; in a low, firm tone. The whole company shuddered at this horrible proposal. Some of the players left the house, unwilling to witness this bloody scene—others, filled with brutal curiosity, gathered round the two gamblers, who, seated facing each other, divided only by a table about four feet long, were patiently waiting the preparations for the duel.

While a third person was loading the fatal pistol, in the presence of Sevrey and Montford, a death-like silence pervaded the whole assembly, and this awful stillness was unbroken, save by a few calm words, exchanged between the adversaries, who alone, in this dreadful moment, seemed to retain their self-possession. When the pistol was loaded, Sevrey and Montford each took it, and examined it in turn, to see that all was right, and then it was put on the table by the dice. It was decided that the highest number should be the winning one; each man took the three dice, and it fell to the lot of the naval officer to throw first.

He shook, with the utmost calmness, the dice which were to decide a matter of life and death, and then threw them on the carpet. The spectators sprang eagerly to the place where they fell, and proclaimed the number "eleven."

"Captain," said Sevrey, "you have thrown skillfully, and the chances, I think, are in your favor. Now listen to me. If, as I think it likely, you should be the winner, show me no mercy; for I declare to you, on my honor, that if I am the favored one, you need expect no quarter at my hands. If either of us show mercy to the other, he is a coward."

"Go on, Sir," said Montford, "and spare your impertinence. I require no man to teach me my duty."

Sevrey smiled ironically, and shook his dice, as if preparing to play. The next moment the dice were rolling on the carpet, and in a faltering voice one of the bystanders called out "fifteen."

The circle which had formed round the two officers gave way involuntarily, and clustered round Sevrey, while Capt. Montford, finding himself alone, still facing his enemy, rose instantly, and calmly and firmly waited Sevrey's approach.

"Your life is in my hands, Montford," exclaimed Sevrey, seizing the pistol. "Command your soul to God, for your hour is come."

"Fire, Sir," replied the manly sailor, putting his hand upon his heart, "an honest man is ever ready to die." He had not time to say another word—the ball from Sevrey's pistol had fractured his skull, and covered with his blood the spectators of this tragedy. After this horrible duel, the whole blame of which was by common consent cast upon Sevrey, this young officer, already dreaded by his fellow citizens, became the object of disgust and abhorrence to them. Finding himself avoided by his best friends he made no efforts to conciliate their favor, but re-

turned contempt for contempt, hatred for hatred. When the insurrection broke out in St. Domingo, he enlisted in the ranks of the enemy, and fought under the orders of the English General Maitland. He there exhibited great personal courage and great military ability. The insurgents were indebted to him for all their victories, until the battle Des Iyris, where a ball killed him on the spot, just as his troops were gaining their most brilliant victory.

NEW BRUNSWICK ALE.

Messrs. Keltie & Younger, Brewars, in the City Saint John, having appointed the Subscriber their Agent for the Town of Fredericton and its vicinity, beg leave to acquaint the Public generally, that they can be supplied with the above excellent article in ten or thirty Gallon Casks, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. per gallon. Messrs. K. & Y. particularly request that their friends in this place will apply to the subscribing Agent, who will forward their orders, make delivery, and receive all payments for the same.

R. CHESTNUT.

Store at Steam Boat Landing.

N. B.—The persons who gave orders to Mr. Younger a few days ago, can receive the articles ordered, by applying as above.

Fredericton, 10th March, 1835.

M. MACKINTOSH,

In returning grateful thanks to Friends and the Public for past favours, offers for sale at the lowest rates for Cash and Country Produce,—

SUPERFINE and Rye Flour; new Oatmeal; prime Mess Irish Pork; HERRINGS and Fat Mackerel; smoked HERRINGS; dried Cod and Scale Fish; firkins Butter; roll Butter; New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Cheese; Teas; Coffee; Sugars; Molasses; Jamaica Spirits; Cogniac Brandy; Holland Gin; low priced Wines; London Porter, in bottles; cask and boxes Raisins, by retail; dried Currants; best Valencia and soft shelled Almonds; superfine Durham Mustard; root and ground Ginger, best quality; Allspice; black Pepper; Nutmegs; Cloves; Salsaparilla; boxes Mould Candles, short 6's; Soap; Starch; Indigo; Logwood; Fustic; Copperas; Allum; Rosin; Sulphur; Epsom Salts; Saffron and Tobacco; Table Salt; Powder and Shot; corned Pork and Hams; Printed Calico; Scotch Hosiery; red and white Flannels; bleached and unbleached Cottons; coloured lining Cottons; Bobbin and quilting Net; a few Ladies and Gentlemen's Silk Handkerchiefs; Men and Boys Comforters; Guernsey Frocks, assorted sizes; Crochery Ware; Britannia Metal Tea and Table Spoons; Window Glass; Nails; Scissors, assorted sizes; gold eyed Needles; Pins per lb. and in papers; hair and dressing Combs;—Country made Socks and Mitts, &c. &c. B's Pilot Bread; Oatmeal by the Bushel.

Queen-Street, Fredericton, }
December 2nd 1834. }

LAND FOR SALE.

ROBERT RANKIN & Co. have a number of Lots of LAND in the County of Carleton, which they wish to dispose of. Any Person wishing to purchase will be informed of the situations and conditions, by applying to WILLIAM J. BEDDLE at Fredericton.

21th March, 1835.

LAND FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD AT EASY PAYMENTS.

A very valuable Tract of LAND, in the Parish of Wakefield, in the second Tier of Lots near the Town of Woodstock, County of Carleton, containing 550 Acres, about 40 acres of which is cleared. Also—150 Acres of excellent Land, in the Parish of Wakefield, in said County, adjoining Mr. Milberry. For further particulars please inquire of RALPH M. JARVIS, Esq. of Saint John, or MARK NEEDHAM, of Fredericton.

Fredericton, 10th March, 1835.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Honorable John Murray Bliss, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested within nine months from the date hereof: And all persons indebted to the said estate are desired to make immediate payment to

GEORGE P. BLISS, } Administrators.
L. A. WILMOT, }

Fredericton, 27th September, 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.

AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

SAINT JOHN,	Mr. Peter Duff.
SAINT ANDREWS,	Mr. G. Miller.
DORCHESTER,	E. B. Chandler.
SALISBURY,	R. Scott, Esq.
KENT,	J. W. Weldon, Esq.
MIRAMICHI,	Edward Baker, Esq.
KENT, (CO. OF YORK)	Geo. Moorhouse, Esq.
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NORTHAMPTON, }	Mr. C. Raymond.
SHEFFIELD,	James Tilley, Esq.
GAGETOWN,	Doctor Barker.
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HAMPTON,	Mr. Asa Davidson.
SUSSEX VALE,	Mr. Samuel Hallett.
	J. C. Pail, Esq.