

POETRY.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY HENRY KIRK WHITE.

I. When marshall'd on the nightly plain, To glittering host bestud the sky; One star alone, of all the train, Can fix the singer's wandering eye.

II. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from every gem; But one alone the Saviour speaks, It is the star of Bethlehem.

III. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark, The ocean yawnd, and rudely bow'd The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

IV. Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem; When suddenly a star arose, It was the star of Bethlehem.

V. It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark forebodings cease; And through the storm, and dangers' thrall, It led me to the port of peace.

VI. Now safely moor'd!—my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's diadem, For ever and for evermore, The star!—The star of Bethlehem!

Bethlehem, where our Saviour was born, (for there was another city of the same name in the tribe of Zebulun,) is situate on the declivity of an hill, in the tribe of Judah, two leagues distant from Jerusalem, and near thirty from Nazareth. The birth of our Blessed Saviour, (more than its extent or riches,) has made Bethlehem ever since a place of high renown, which is generally visited by pilgrims, and, at present, is furnished, not only with a convent of the Latins, but also with one of the Greeks, and another of the Armenians. Here are shewn you the very place where our Saviour was born; the manger in which he was laid; and the cave or grot in which the Blessed Virgin hid herself and her divine babe from the malice of Herod, for some time before their departure into Egypt. Here are shewn you likewise the chapel of St. Joseph, the supposed father of our Lord; the chapel of the Innocents; as also those of St. Jerom, St. Paula, and Eustochium. About half a mile eastward from the town, you see the field where the shepherds were watching their flocks when they received the glad tidings of the birth of Christ, and not far from the field, the village where they dwelt

SELECTIONS.

A TRIP TO ROME, IN A LETTER TO JOHN BULL.

DEAR MR. BULL.—Why don't you write to us—oh call? We are all of us well, and none of us no more, as perhaps you may suppose, except poor Mr. RAM.—of course you know of his disease, it was quite unexpected, with a spoonful of turtle in his mouth; the real gallipot as they call it. However, I have no doubt he is gone to heaven, and my daughters are gone to bath, except LAVY, who is my pet, and never quits me.

The physicians paid great attention to poor Mr. RAM., and he suffered nothing; at least that I know of. It was a very comfortable thing that I was at home shay new, as the French say, when he went, because it is a great pleasure to see the last one's relations and friends.

You know we have been to Room since you heard from us; the infernal city as it is called; the seat of poepry, and where the Poop himself lives. He was one of the Carnels, and was elected just before we was there: he has changed his name, not choosing to disgrace his family. He was formerly Doctor Dallyganger, but he now calls himself LEO, which the Papists reverse, and call him OLE or OLENESS. He is a fine creature, and was never married, but he has published a BULL in Room, which is to let people commit all kind of sin with out impunity, which is different from your Bull, which shoes up them as does any

crime. He is no Poop this year, for he has proclaimed JEW BILLY in his place, which is very good, considering the latter gentleman is a general, and not of his way of thinking.

Oh, Mr. BULL, Room is really a beautiful place. We entered it by the coin of Molly, which is just like the coin and Sally at Porchmouth, only they call Sally there Port, which is not known in Room. The Tiber is not a nice river, it looks yellow; but it does the same there as the Tames does here. We hired a carry-dey and a cock oily, to take us to the Church of Salt Peter, which is prodigious big; in the centre of the pizarro there is a basilisk very high, on the right and left two handsome foundlings; and the farcy, as Mr. FULMER called it, is ornamented with collateral statues of some of the Apostates.

There is a great statue of Salt Peter himself, but Mr. FULMER thinks it to be Jew Peter, which I think likely too; there were three brothers of the same name, as, of course, you know; Jew Peter, the fortuitous, the capillary, and toe-nails; and it is curious that it must be him, for his toes are kissed away by the piety of the religious debauchees who visit his shin or shrine. Besides, I think it is J W Peter, because why should not he be worshipped as well as JEW BILLY? Mr. FULMER made a pun, LAVY told me, and said the difference between the two JEW BILLIES was, that one drew all the people to the sinagog, and the other set all the people agog to sin. I don't conceive his meaning, which I am afraid is a Dublin-tender.

There was a large quire of singers, but they squeaked too much to please me; and played on fiddles, so I suppose they have no organs;—the priests pass all their time in dissolving sinners by circular confusion, which, like transmigration, is part of their doctoring; the mittens in the morning, and whispers at night, is just equally the same as at Paris.

Next to Salt Peter's Church is the Church of Saint John the Latter end, where the Poop always goes when he is first made; there is another basilisk here covered with hirogriffins.

I assure you the Colocynth is a beautiful ruin—it was built for fights, and Mr. Fulmer said that Hell of a gabbler, an Emperor, filled his theatre with wine; what a sight of marvels, Mr. B. oh, so superb!—the carraway, and paring, and the jelly and teacup, which are all very fine indeed.

The Veieran (which I used foolishly to call the Vacuum till I had been there) is also filled with statues—one is the body of the angel Michael, which has been ripped to pieces, and is therefore said to be Tore-so—but I believe this to be a poetical fixture:—the statue of the Racon is very moving, its tail is prodigious long, and goes round three or 'em—the Antipodes is also a fine piece of execution.

As for paintings there is no end to them in Room—MR. RAFFLES Transmigration is, I think, the finest—much better than his Harpoons:—there are several done by HANNAH BELL SCRATCHY, which are beautiful; I dare say she must be related to LADY BELL, who is a very clever painter, you know, in London. The Delapidation of St. John by George Honey is very fine, besides several categorical paintings, which pleased me very much.

The shops abound with Cammyhoes and Tallyhoes, which last always reminded me of the sports of the field at home, and the cunning of sly Reynolds a getting away from the dogs. They also make Scally hories at Room, and what they call obscure chairs;—but, oh Mr. B. what a cemetery there is in the figure of the Venus of Medi-

one, which belongs to the Duke of Lusk and eye—her countenits are perfect.

We walked about in the Vicissitude, and hired a macarou, or as the French, alluding to the difficulty of satisfying the English, call them, a wucky to please. And, of course, explored the Arch of Tigh as and the Baths of Diapason. Every day exposes something new there, to the lovers of what they call the belly art, who have made a great many evacuations in the Forum. Poor LAVY, whom I told you was fond of jolly quizzing, fell down on the Tarpalin Rock, in one of her levities. Mr. FULMER said it would make a capital story when she got home, but I never heard another syllab about it.

One thing surprises me, the Poop (who wears three crowns together, which are so heavy that they call his cap a urer,) is always talked of as Paw paw, which seems very improper, his Oleness was ill the last day he went to the Chapel at the Choir and all, having taken something delicious the day before at dinner; he was afterwards confined with roman ic gout; but we saw enough of him after, and it was curious to observe the Carnals prostituting themselves successfully before him—he is like the German corn plaster which Mr. RAM. used to use—quite unavailable.

However, Mr. B. the best part of all, I think, was our coming home—I was so afraid of the pandittis, who were all in ambush with squabades and Bagnets that I had no peace all the time we were on roof—but I must say I liked Friskheart; and Tiffaly pleased me, and so did Miss SANTS's Vitis and the Casket Ally; however, home's home, be it never so homely, and here we are, thank our stars.

We have a great deal to tell you, if you will but call upon us—LAVY has not been at the halter yet, nor do I know when she will, because of the mourning of poor Mr. RAM.—indeed, I have suffered a great deal for shag green on account of his disease, and above all, have not been able to have a party on Twelfth Night.—Yours truly,

DOROTHEA RAMSBOTTOM, Pray write dear Mr. B.

AWFUL NARRATIVE.

From the Liverpool Mercury.

The following interesting account is given by the late Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, when editor several years ago of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." It has hardly a parallel, in its kind:—"I once in my early days," says Dr. Currie, "heard (for it was night, I could not see) a traveller drowning, not in the Annon itself, but in the frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sand of Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest; and according to the common expression, brought in the water three foot abreast. The traveller got upon a standing net a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post shouting for half an hour for assistance, till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of night, and amidst the pauses of the hurricane, his voice heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance,—no one knew where he was;—The sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose,—the tide had ebbed,—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind."—It is hardly conceivable that any incident ever occurred better calculated to excite the strongest sympathies in human beings; and it is told in a manner, and wrote with brevity and feeling that could not be improved.

HEALTH.

(From Sir A. Cooper's Lectures p 68.)

"The means by which I preserve my own health, are temperance, early rising, and spunging my body every morning with cold water, a practice I have pursued for thirty years; and though I go from this heated theatre into the squares of the hospital, in the severest winter nights, with merely silk stockings on my legs, yet I scarcely ever have a cold; should it happen however, that I feel indisposed, my remedy is one grain of calomel combined with four of castoric extract, which I take at night, and a basin of hot tea, about two hours before I rise the following morning, to excite a free perspiration, and my indisposition soon subsides.

"An old Scotch physician, for whom I had a great respect, and whom I frequently met professionally in the city, used to say, as we were entering the patients' room together, 'Weel, Mister Cooper, we ha' only two things to keep in mind, and they'll serve us for here and hereafter; one is, always to have the fear of the Laird before our een, that 'ill do for hereafter; and the other is, to keep your bowels open, and that will do for here.'"

To Cure the Tooth ache.—Rub between the bands some strong brandy, and stuff up the effluvia strongly. This, we are told by one who used it, is infallible. We think it may relieve in some cases, on the principle of counter stimulus; the nerves of the nose and those of the teeth are from the same branch of nerves, the maxillary pairs.—Medical Adviser.

Voltaire, the Inventor of Printing.—Mouctar Pacha, son of that Ali Pacha who, after putting to death so many human beings, was himself doomed to meet a violent end, looked upon Voltaire as the author of this pernicious discovery. "If he ever falls into my hands," says Mouctar, "he shall swing for it without mercy. I will not suffer in my dominions (added his Excellency) a man more learned than myself. His Excellency could not read.—News of Literature.

A Canon of Exeter Cathedral died a few weeks since. A gentleman crossing the Cathedral yard, in that city, accidentally met a friend, to whom he said, "So Canon H— is dead."—"Indeed!" replied the other, "I was no aware that Canons went off in that way." "Yes, they do," rejoined the first, "for I have just heard the report."

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