

SELECTED POETRY.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

Burying the Dead.

The smoke had cleared, and the breeze and the beam
Came again o'er the land of the violet;
The strife had ceased, save in some one's dream,
As the sunbeam shot over his eyelid.

And the battle field, like a stranding shore,
Lay, after the storm had subsided;
O'er the wreck of hopes, too bright before,
Now the sunbeam mockingly glided.

And many a steed watched the morning ray
On his dead Lord's helmet quiver;
Ah! little he knew, as we drove him away,
Of the sun that had gone down for ever,

Our foemen had left us to bury the dead,
And the birds were now hovering round them;
Lo! the dead—foe and foeman—we laid in one bed,
In the same firm embrace that we found them.

For the wolf howled loud for his morning meal,
And the foe and his foeman lay mingled;
We could scarcely our red-clad warrior tell,
Or his blood-dyed opponent have singled.

And the Highlander, there, lay as calm in his plaid,
As his shroud had been always around him;
And the bosom had hated now pillowed the head
Of the foe who no longer could wound him.

And often we thought how the zealot would sigh
O'er our soldier who died unshriven,
Where our red cross banner alone cheered his eye,
Like an emblem of home and heaven.

Then we cleansed our hands from the blood of the dead
On the grass of the graves where we'd bore them;
And our soldiers we left in as gallant a bed
As thy'd slept where the heather bloomed o'er them.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MILLEROYE.

The breath is failing on my lips,
The light is fading from my eye!
My summons hath gone forth in spring—
I know that I must die.

Fall, fall to earth, ye fragile leaves,
And hide from my lone mother's sorrow
The last and lowly dwelling place
Where I shall be to-morrow!

But shall the fading twi-light bring
Mine own dear maiden here to weep,
I cannot lose such precious tears—
Wake my soul from its sleep.—

His low voice fall'd—the-morrow came—
But not to him—and strangers made
Amid the falling leaves his grave,
Beneath the oak tree's shade.

The twi-light darken'd, and the winds
Pined like a dirge upon the air;
Like tears the leaves fell from the boughs,—
But never came his false love there.

IOLY.

TO SPRING.

Best hope of men, enchanting Spring I
Thy throne is made of budding flowers—
Thy voice is with the birds that sing
Among the leaves of thy green bowers—

Thy Breath is of that sweet perfume
Which comes when violet make their bed—
Thy cheek is of the mellow bloom
That's sprinkled on the daisy's head.

Thine eye is like the sky's deep blue—
Thy robe is of the grassy mound—
Thy gems are of the morning dew—
Thy footsteps make a fairy ground.

AMECNOTE OF MILTON.—Milton, when a student at Cambridge, was extremely handsome. One day in the summer, overcome with heat, and fatigued with walking, he laid himself down at the foot of a tree, and slept. During his sleep two young ladies passed by in a carriage. The beauty or the young student attracted their attention, they got out of their carriage and after having contemplated his beauty sometime without his waking; the young lady, who was very handsome, took a pencil from her pocket and wrote some lines on a piece of paper, and trembling put them into his hand. The two ladies returned to their carriage, and then passed on.

Milton's fellow students, who were seeking for him observed this scene at a distance without knowing it to be him who was sleeping: on approaching, knowing their

associate, they waked him and told him what had passed; he opened the paper which was put in his hand, and read to his great astonishment these lines from Guarim.

Occhi, stelli mortali,
Ministri de miei mali,
Se chrusim' uccedite,
Apperui che farete?

Which may be translated thus—"Beautiful eyes, mortal stars, authors of my misfortunes! If ye wound me being closed, what would ye do, if open?" This strange adventure awakend Milton's sensibility, and from that moment full of desire to find the unknown fair, he some years past travelled through Italy. His ideas of her worked incessantly in the imagination of this wonderful poet, and to that in part, is the literary world indebted for the poem of Paradise Lost.

A few years ago a country gentleman wrote a letter to a lady of rank in town, and sent it through the General Post with the following address:—"To the 25th of March, Foley-place, London." The postman duly delivered the letter at the house of Lady Day, for whom it was intended.

AFRICAN LADIES.—Though many degrees fairer, and nearer our own blue eyed beauties in complexion, when moderately cleaned and washed yet no people ever lost more by comparison than did the white ladies of Mourzuek with the black ones of Bornou and Soudan. That the latter were 'black, devilish black,' there is no denying; but their beautiful forms, expressive eyes, pearly teeth, and excessive cleanliness, rendered them far more pleasing than the dirty half-casts we were now amongst. A single blue wrapper (though scarcely covering) gave full liberty to their straight and well-grown limbs, not a little strengthened, perhaps, by four or five daily immersions in cold water, while the ladies of Mourzuek, wrapped in a woolen blanket, with an under one of the same texture, seldom changed night or day, until it droops off, or that they be washed for their wedding; hair clotted and besmeared with sand; brown powder of cloves and other drugs, to give them the popular smell; their silver ear rings and coral ornaments, all blackened by the perspiration of their anointed locks, are really such a bundle of filth, that it is not without alarm that you see them approach towards you, or disturb their garment in your apartments.—*Denham's Travels.*

Biography of Marshal Suchet.

The Duke of Albufera.—Died at Marseille, January 3d, Louis Gabriel Suchet, Marshal of France, the son of a silk manufacturer at Lyons. He was born in the year 1772. In 1792 having received a good education, he entered into the army as a volunteer. At Toulon, he was an officer in the battalion by which General O'Hara was taken prisoner. He was in nearly all the battles fought in Italy during the campaigns of 1794, 1795, 1797, and was thrice wounded, once dangerously. In the last of these campaigns, Bonaparte made him chief de Brigade on the field of battle. In 1798, having borne distinguished parts in the campaign against the Swiss, he was sent to Paris with twenty-three standards taken from the enemy. He was then made General of Brigade. He was on the point of proceeding with the expedition to Egypt, when he was suddenly retained to restore discipline and confidence in the army of Italy. In consequence of a quarrel with the commissioners of the Directory, Suchet was compelled to return hastily to France to vindicate his conduct. He was afterwards sent to the army of the Danube, at the head of which he exerted himself in defending the country of the Grisons. Joubert, his

friend, having been intrusted with the command of the army of Italy, Suchet joined him as General of Division and chief of his staff; appointments which he continued to hold under Moreau and Championnet, after the death of Joubert. Massena, who succeeded Championnet, made him second in command. At the head of a feeble division of not 7000 men, he long held at bay five times the number of American forces under Milas, contested the Genoese territory inch by inch, retired unbroken behind the Var, set the enemy at defiance, saved the south of France from invasion, and facilitated the operations of the army of reserve, advancing from Dijon to cross the Alps. When, in consequence of the march of Bonaparte, the Austrians commenced their retreat, he followed in their track, harassed them incessantly, took 15,000 prisoners, and by compelling Melas to weaken his army to oppose him, contributed powerfully to the victory of Marengo. In the short campaign subsequently to the armistice, he took 4000 prisoners at Pozzolo, and shared in all the battles that were fought. In 1803, he commanded a division at the camp at Boulogne. He was named a member of the Legion of Honour on the 11th of December, 1803, grand officer of that body in 1804; and governor of the imperial palace at Lacken in 1805. At Ulm, Hollabrunn, and Austerlitz, in 1805; at Saalfeld and Jena, in 1806; and, at Pultusk, in 1807; he greatly contributed to the success of the French arms. In 1806 Bonaparte gave him the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, with an endowment of 20,000 francs; and in 1808, he raised him to the dignity of a count of the empire. The King of Saxony also nominated him a commander of the military order of St. Henry. Suchet was next sent to Spain, placed at the head of the army of Arragon. In 1809, he defeated Blake at Belchite; in 1810, he reduced Lerida, Mequinenza, Tortosa, Fort San Felipe, Monserrat, Tarragona, and Saguntum—routed O'Donnel at Margalef, and Blake before Saguntum—and formed the siege of Valencia. The fall of that fortress crowned the labours of this campaign and obtained for him the title of Duke of Albufera, and possession of the estate of that name. He had previously, at the capture of Tarragona, received the marshal's staff. In 1813, the command of the united armies of Arragon and Catalonia having been confided to him, he compelled Sir John Murray to raise the siege of Tarragona. In November, he was named Colonel General of the Imperial Guards, in the room of the Duke of Istria. Notwithstanding the progress of Lord Wellington in France, Suchet kept his ground in Catalonia for the purpose of collecting the 18,000 men who garrisoned the fortresses and also for retarding the progress of the allies. Receiving intelligence of the abdication of Bonaparte, he acknowledged Louis XVIII. as his sovereign. Several honours, amongst which was that of his being named one of the peers of France, were conferred on him by the restored monarch. On the return of Bonaparte, he accepted a command under his old master to repel the allies. At the head of the army of the Alps, consisting of only 10,000 men, he beat the Piedmontese, and shortly after the Austrians. The advance of the grand Austrian army, however, 100,000 strong compelled him to fall back on Lyons; but he saved that city from plunder by capitulation, and with it artillery stores to the value of half a million sterling. On the same day that the capitulation was signed, he again submitted to Louis XVIII. He received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1816; and, in 1819, his name was replaced on the list of peers.

RELIGIOUS RIOT.

Troubles in Rouen.—Rouen may be considered the Manchester of France; and the French manufacturing population, not essentially different from that of the English; with this exception, however that the English are excited to tumult by distress; while the French, like colts, "wax fat and kick." The Missionaries find in this population ingredients to excite troubles of a religious nature. On the 18th these misguided men attacked the Catholics, while at their religious devotions, and actually threw petards and other missiles into the Cathedral. A letter says, "during the service some of the malevolent made loud menaces others indecently parodied the canticles. The disorder at last reached its heights. The venerable prelate of Rouen attempted in vain to mount the chair; they would not allow him to be heard. The holy sacrament was met with loud groans, at the moment when it was exposed to the veneration of the faithful. The priests with great courage, hoping to penetrate to the middle of that furious crowd, conjured the most peaceful to respect the place in which they were. Great fear was entertained for the fate of those priests, the commissaries of the police being mal-treated in attempting to protect them.

"Thus passed the first day. On Friday, measures having been taken by the authorities to prevent the renewal of these horrible scenes, the place in front of the Cathedral was occupied by a strong detachment of the royal guard, and other detachments were distributed in the church. The women entered by the great door, and had places reserved for them in the church; the men entered at the other doors, and no person was allowed to loiter. The cries "down with the Archbishop"—"down with the Missionaries," were heard without the church; seditious exclamations were heard; the glass of the sacristy was broken, and the females on the return were insulted. The royal guard were frequently constrained to use their bayonets. Disorders of the same nature, although not so violent, took place at the exterior of the churches of St. Sever, St. Maclou, and others.

"About six o'clock in the evening, a furious crowd collected in front of the palace of the Archbishop, and attempted to force the great gate, in order to break the glass in the building, which was separated from the street by a large court. At that instant, two missionaries, returning from the church of St. Sever, were assailed in Damiette street. One of them had the good fortune to escape. The other, M. de Lewenbruck, had his clothes torn from him, and would have infallibly perished, had he not been saved by some honest persons, who hurried him into a house, whence he escaped in disguise."

TO MAKE THE OXIDE OF TIN.

Dissolve it in nitric acid, load the acid with all the tin it is capable of decomposing.

The N. B. ROYAL GAZETTE, is published every TUESDAY, by GEO. K. LUGRIN, Printer to the KING'S Most Excellent Majesty, at his Office in Queen Street, over Mr. SLOOT'S Store, Frederick-st., where Blanks, Handbills, &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

CONDITIONS

The price of this Paper is Sixteen Shillings per annum (exclusive of Postage)—the whole to be paid in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding Fifteen Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Six pence the first, and One Shilling and Six pence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash and the insertions will be regulated according to the amount received.

Agents for the Gazette.—St. John, H. N. H. LUGRIN, Esq. St. Andrews, JAMES CAMPBELL, Esq. Miramichi, J. A. Street, Esq. Westmorland, E. B. CHANDLER, Esq. Sheffield, JAMES TILLEY, Esq. Gage-Town, C. P. WATMORE, Esq. For Woodstock and Northampton, THOMAS PHILLIPS, Esq.