

SELECTED POETRY.

REFLECTION BY STAR LIGHT.

Thou, who with yonder bright refulgence train,
Hast deck'd the bosom of th' ethereal plain;
And bade the moon with light serene,
Each night her Maker's praise rehearse;
Sweet Jesus, cheer life's gloomy scene,
And sin's obscuring shades disperse.

Dart on my darken'd soul one genial ray,
Mild emanation from the source of day.
Thy wings more healing balms distil,
Thy wings more frequent odours bear,
Than gentlest dews from Hermon's hill,
Or Saba's spicy groves prepare.

Rise, Sun of righteousness, my mind illumine,
Guide thro' the darken'd vale and darker tomb;
So death's dread stream shall wait me to the shore,
Where one bright sun shall rise to set no more.

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY GEN I S
'Twas Love Divine that hover'd o'er th' abyss,
And from chaotic wildness—the rude mass
Of shapeless atoms—form'd this beauteous world.
'Twas love, whose breath in undulations soft
Spread o'er the billowy flood's far sweeping wave,
And hush'd the storm of nature into peace
And oh! 'tis love alone whose pow'r benign
Can breathe sweet peace into the troubl'd soul,
Can hover o'er the dark abyss within,
And make the wild chaotic breast of man
An humble dwelling for the Lord Most High.

MONITORIAL.

ON FILIAL AFFECTION.

..... A dotting parent lives
In many lives; thro' many a nerve he feels;
Nor does division weaken, nor the force
Of constant operation e'er exhaust
Paternal love. HANNAM MORE.

Filial affection is that disposition of the mind exercised by a child towards his parents. It is the most refined and natural of our sensations. When a child of any feeling or sensibility reflects what his parents have done for him in his early years, how they bore with his frailties, cherished him in sickness, and stored his mind with useful knowledge, he must find his heart glowing with gratitude towards them.

It is certainly the constant ambition of good parents to instil virtue into the minds of their children, as well as to grant them every indulgence that may not prove prejudicial to them. Is it not therefore reasonable, that after having conferred so many favours on their offspring, they should in return expect their love and obedience? Yes; and the person who is destitute of love towards his parents, is unworthy of being called a human being. His conscience will probably soon render him despicable in his own eyes; he is indeed to be pitied, for he has not had the pleasure of experiencing one of the finest sensations that ever rose in the human breast.

You should honour your parents, and as much as possible hide their weaknesses. When they grow old remember what they did for you in your youth. In return lighten their sorrows, sooth their cares, support their infirmities, and pay great deference to their authority and advice. When you have done all this, and all that it is in your power to do, you will not even then have paid the debt you owe them.

Your parents if they have it in their power, will certainly give you a liberal education. In that case it is your duty to pay great attention to your different studies. Pursue them with alacrity, that you may put them to as little expense as possible. For be assured, that nothing can give your parents greater joy than to see you a virtuous, wise, and useful member of society.

Should you live to become parents yourselves, you will, by acting respectfully towards your own parents, set your children an useful example. They in their turn will prove virtuous and have a veneration for you. On the contrary, if you be not virtuous; if you do not respect your parents, your own offspring will not respect you. So great is the force of example on

the minds of youth. But whether they imitate your obedience or not, a virtuous character cannot be miserable. Having done your duty by the exercise of filial affection, you will be secure of your reward, though the best of parents must sorely feel the ingratitude or disobedience of their children.

I shall conclude in the expressive language of an ancient sage:—

"The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

"Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother for she sustained thee.

"Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition for it proceedeth from love.

"He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease; do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

"Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the forwardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents, assist and support them in the decline of life.

"So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace, and thine own children in reverence of thine example, shall repay thy piety with filial love."

FROM A BOSTON PAPER.

THE DYING STRANGER.

That "the house of mourning is better than the house of feasting," is a sentiment remembered by all when the cold hand of sorrow is wringing the brow; but the lesson is learned at the death bed, and is apt to be left at the grave. The voice that should speak wisdom from the tomb, is hushed in the closing of its portals; and the coffin and the motion descend a like into the darkness of forgetfulness. Death is always clad in terrors, even when it is the aged head that bows before him; but there is something peculiarly melancholy when his shafts strike the young and the beautiful, and the happy. It was not to be expected that the ripe fruit should not fall, that the full ear should not be gathered into the garner; but that the young and tender bud, opening and blossoming amid the summer breeze, should shrink and wither as before the blast of mildew. It was not to be expected, when the sear leaf of autumn is falling, and the full blown rose scattering its leaves, when the hoary grain is gathering to the harvest, that the hoary head too should not be low. But when the arrows of the destroyer strike the young in their youth, and the happy amid their happiness, and those whom we love in the bloom of their loveliness; when the warmth of our affections, as it swells purely up from the fountains of the heart, is chilled and chained in its flow, how difficult do we realize that those whom we loved are indeed but as dust—how chilling the feeling—the unuttered and unutterable thoughts of our bosoms must seek again in their silent sanctuary—that our affections that rose pure as the exhalations of the river, like them before the chill atmosphere of death, must fall back upon the heart in coldness and tears!

Such at least are the feelings with which I have lately revisited the grave of one tendered dear by her virtues and her sufferings. It is now between two and three years since a young Englishman and his sister, a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen, arrived in this country. Having business to transact here, and thinking that a change of climate and sea air might be beneficial to her delicate health, he had brought her with him; and having placed her in a retired and beautiful

situation, he left her to attend his business in another part of the country. But I soon learned that this interesting and beautiful female, was the victim of that disease which in its desolating march sweeps so many of the young and beautiful to the grave. Consumption had fastened upon her delicate frame: and though for a time it appeared to have been checked, it suddenly re-appeared with all the symptoms of rapid and speedy dissolution. Her brother was immediately sent for, but the letters did not reach him till it was too late. I then learned too that she had a lover, whose anxiety for her health had induced him to leave his country to follow her here, and that he was now actually on his passage.

Her situation was now truly distressing; her brother absent, her lover not yet arrived, a stranger in a strange land, the hand of death upon her—yet never did a murmur escape her lips. I visited her constantly, till I thought her too ill to receive me, when I reluctantly discontinued my visits till informed that she had expressed regret at my absence. I immediately called to see her. She was sitting in a chair, her head reclining on the back, with that unnatural but beautiful bloom so peculiar to the disease.—Her eye kindled for a moment as I entered. "This is kind," said she, as I approached and took the hand whose beauty was already wasted into the ghastly semblance of a skeleton. "This is indeed kind. I feel a stranger in your country, but I shall soon go home." I could only reply by pressing the hand I held; my heart was too full for utterance.

"I do not fear death," she continued, "for I am in the hands of that merciful Providence which has ever been kind to me; but I feel I could meet it with more composure under the roof, and amid the friends of my childhood."—"Those trees," & she pointed to some oaks that were waving before the open window, "those trees are beautiful, but they are not the trees of England—of my home. I would now give more to see the elms that stand before my father's door, the garden over which I have so often played, any thing that belongs to home, even the moss upon the roof, or the frost upon the windows, than all your lakes, and cataracts, and mountains." I cautioned her against speaking so much, fearing it would exhaust her. "Oh no!" she replied, "if ever you are a stranger, dying in a strange land, you will know how delightful it is to think, to speak of home. You may receive every attention from skilful physicians, and kind friends, but the heart will yearn for the tenderness of a mother's love, the look that soothes the pain which medicine cannot reach, that arms the effusions of nature against its sufferings. You will then learn how different were the attentions we owe to motives of kindness and duty, from those which the heart receives." After a pause she continued "This dying among strangers is indeed dying. If you could know how the heart turns from all the attentions they offer, to all they cannot bestow, from the looks of pity that surround us, to the looks of love that are far away; that have watched and wept over our cradle, but may not watch and weep over our tomb, to feel the agony of those, who with mute and anxious eye will watch in vain for our return, to think how that eye will grow dim, and that cheek pale, at the thought that the conflict is indeed over, and the child has fallen, unshielded by the buckler of a mother's love, to be denied in death, the kind look of that only eye that was unchangeable through life, to feel the ties of this world draw closer round the heart, at a moment they are to be severed forever, imagine all

this, and you will have but a faint idea of the feelings of a dying exile."

The next morning I went early to visit her. I found her still sitting in her chair, but evidently more weak and exhausted. The bright eye and unnatural bloom were still there, but her countenance was more sunk and hollow. She smiled when she saw me enter, and motioning me to her, told me in a voice much more feeble than I had before known it, that I had come to bid her farewell; and pointing to the sea which was visible from the window near which she sat, she added in a half playful manner, "I shall soon embark. I feel that I have seen the sun rise for the last time, and have pleased myself with the thought that it is the same sun that shines on home. I sit and watch the waters and the breeze, and the clouds that come from the East, as if they could tell me of England and those I love. It seems hard to our weak nature, she resumed, after a pause, to be summoned so easily to leave this beautiful world, yet I regret it more for my friends than for myself. I desire to feel resigned to the dealings of Providence, in all my sufferings, and trust that I can say, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done." Then giving me a small packet of letters, she added "you will deliver this." Then drawing me nearer, and lowering her voice, she continued with some hesitation "there is one to whom my affections were pledged, to whom my hand should have been given. I fear most for him. I dare not think how he will receive the tidings of my death. He is already on his passage to this country, and will soon be here. Promise me never to part with this letter but into his hand." I promised. "One thing more," she added, and she showed me a small miniature portrait of her lover. "It was his first gift," she said, "and I promised never to part with it. When I am dead lay it on my heart, and let it be buried with me. He will visit my grave when he comes; then let him know that I loved him to the last. Promise this." I promised. "It is enough," she said, "Now place me so that I can see the waters. He will come from thence; tell him that all my last thoughts which were not claimed by Heaven, were on home and him." In this situation she expired.

I have since redeemed my pledge. The portrait of her lover was buried with her. I visited her grave with him, and delivered the message she had dictated. But the blow was fatal to one already labouring under feeble health. The canker worm too was in his heart, and the lover now sleeps at the side of his mistress.

A certain gentleman, upon his death bed, laid this one command upon his wild son, that he should, every day of his life, be an hour alone: which he constantly observed; and, thereby growing serious, became a new man.

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