

POETRY.

NIGHT SCENE, IN A CALM.

Extract from a Prize Poem, by Mr. Willis, of Boston.

"The waters slept, Night's silvery veil hung low On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse. The reeds bent down the stream—the willow leaves, With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide, Forgot the lifting winds, and the long stems, Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse, Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way, And lean'd, in graceful attitudes, to rest."

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

(From Absurdities, in Prose & Rhyme.)

"Yes—yes—I'll lead a single life, (A married man is lost.) For the dearer that a wife may be, The more that wife will cost!"

"Ye meddling match-makers may try To wheedle me, 'tis true; But tho' I'll never match your choice, I'll be a match for you."

"Myself to you I'll never lend, So fret, and sigh, and groan; For tho' I am a single man, I'll prove I'm not a lone."

"I've sought all London thro' and thro', 'Mong dames of high degree, I've seen a hundred pretty maids, But not one made for me!"

As scholor I, my friends may laugh, No Benedict they'll find me; Free as the air I'll live and die, If I leave no heir behind me!

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF BONAPARTE.

(From the Mirror.)

THE following deeply interesting narrative of the death and funeral of Napoleon Bonaparte, is written by an officer quartered at St. Helena at the time, in letters to his mother. They contain a journal of the events as they occurred; and as the author had the best opportunities for observation, and his veracity may implicitly be relied upon, the narrative may be considered as a more circumstantial and authentic account of the last moments and funeral of that great man, than has yet appeared. It may be well to add that the letters are printed as they were written, without the slightest alteration.—Ed.

St. Helena, May 6, 1827.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,

"Before this reaches you, you will be aware of General Bonaparte being very seriously ill; as a man of war sailed a few days ago with despatches to that effect. It was impossible to write by her, she sailed so suddenly. Nap. has been ill this long time, but a week ago he was given over, (it was then that the ship was despatched), and the other man of war was ordered to water and get ready for Sea. He was insensible on the evening of the 2d, but on the morning of the 3rd he became sensible again, and knew the people around him; he then relapsed again into a kind of inanimate insensibility, and became gradually cold until yesterday morning, the 5th, when about eleven o'clock a signal was made by the governor to the admiral that he was expiring (and that a signal should be made when he died). The members of the council had been ordered on the 3rd to hold themselves in readiness to repair to Longwood to witness his death; and as to the governor, he almost took up his abode in the new house; things continued in this state until about two minutes before six in the evening, when

the body, and workmen were employed in hanging the room with black; orders were sent for Plaster of Paris to fake a bust of him, but I believe there is not enough in the Island, they are trying how Roman cement will answer. His death is announced in to-day's orders, and that he is to be buried at Longwood with military honours. General Count Montholon has taken the management of the funeral; the body will lie in state, we are to go this evening to see it; I shall then be able to give some information about this wonderful man, who for such a time kept the world in a ferment, and now is an inanimate lump of clay, without a person near him related to him. What a change the thread of his existence being severed has caused in this Island; people who have laid in stock to serve the troops with, have it now lying useless on their hands; horses that were worth £70 will not now bring £10; our huts that we have been obliged to build to put our servants in, and which cost us £6 to £10 each are now useless; for this part of the Island will be uninhabited after we leave it, so that we shall all more or less feel the effects of his death; the report here is, that we are to be reinforced from the 66th, (who are to proceed home) and go on to Bombay, and sail up the Persian Gulf. He, Napoleon, has chosen an extraordinary place to be buried in, in case of his not being removed to Europe, that is in a place called the Devil's Punch Bowl, a little below the public road.

"I have seen him lying in State; it was a most melancholy sight; we assembled at Longwood about 4 o'clock, there were nearly all the officers and private gentlemen in the Island; after some little time we were admitted; the first room was empty, with the exception of one of the servants; in the second was Countess Bertrand; she looked wretchedly ill and pale, her eyes red, and swollen; I remained with some officers she knew, talking to her; she said she was glad the complaint he had died of was such an one that it was impossible he could be saved, or that climate could have any effect upon him. (It was a cancer in the stomach, his father died of the same.) She said she hoped to be permitted to go home, now that it was all over. After a little time I proceeded through the room, (in which he died; I was ushered in by Capt. Grobat, the orderly officer. Napoleon was dressed in full uniform, green turned up with red, breeches, and long boots, a good many orders on his breast, sword by his side and cocked hat on, spurs also on; he lay on the iron camp bedstead that he had carried with him always, and on it was spread his military cloak, on which he lay; Count Bertrand stood at his head, dressed in black, the priest was kneeling by his side, and an attendant, the only person in the room who seemed to have life, and who shewed it only by driving the flies away; his countenance was serene and placid, it was of course fallen in; his features were handsome, and bold; his hand very delicate, and small, and of a beautiful colour; a crucifix was laid on his breast; his nose was particularly handsome, they had, in turning him on the bed, bruised it a little.

"To see a man, who had caused Europe and the world at large so much trouble, lying in a small room, on his military cloak and camp bed, dressed in his full uniform, with only two of his general officers near him, was an awful sight; it struck me so, I could have gazed on him for hours, have taken his hand and kissed it; but I could scarcely breathe while I looked, I fancied him in the different situations he had been in at — in fact, though I was scarce-

another out as quick as formed, than I could write to-night. On going out, I ruminated a long time on the instability of human affairs, and on the little use all his conquests were to him then! What would not thousands of people give to see what I have seen. He will be laid in his coffin, wrapped in his cloak, just as we saw him; the first will be tin, the second lead, third and fourth wood. I shall be on guard to-morrow, when I shall try to see him again. I have been so fortunate as to procure some of his hair, and also a piece of Linen dipped in his blood, curious keepsakes, certainly, but any thing appertaining to such a great man, is worthy of being preserved: I will conclude this on Guard, as well as answer your last—good bye.

Longwood Guard, 7th May, half past 7 P. M.

"I have had a great deal of trouble all day with people wishing to see Bonaparte. I have now got rid of every one, and shall have time to talk to you, my dear Mother, a little while. I went up this morning, soon after I mounted, and after asking leave, went into the room; he lay just as before, his countenance had fallen in a little more, there was only the priest, an attendant, and myself, in the room. I took up his hand, and held it some time, examining the fingers, and his features; the hand which kings had kissed, and which had caused so many to tremble. I never in my life saw a more serene or placid countenance; he seemed in a profound slumber, except the livid colour of his lips and cheeks; on his left were a star and two orders of some kind; these were all the ornaments about him; his hat was perfectly plain, with a black loop, and small try-coloured cockade. I went in afterwards with our men; and as there were only two officers, Rea and myself, I stood at the foot of the bed while the men passed through; their countenances were capital, as they looked on the body—they were indescribable, at least by letter; the smell at this time began to be rather strong, and I was glad to go away as soon as the men were gone. I was afterwards sent for by one of the doctors and shewn his heart and stomach, which lay in a silver urn by his side, they were covered with fat: in the stomach I was shewn the hole, that had caused his death: a hole I could have put my little finger in, I had then an opportunity of observing the sword, which was a plain edged small one, rather old, with a gold and mother of Pearl hilt, plain white belt, the one I suppose which he usually wore. The Countess was sitting in the next room when I went out; after talking to her some time, she advised me to go back and look at him again, as the last time I should see that great man. I did so and took him by the hand, and muttered an adieu to him. I went in once again, they were taking the cast of his head, but the stench was so horrible, that I could not remain; Doctor Burton was taking it with the French doctors: about a quarter past four the governor rode up, and ordered Captain Grobat to be on board the Heron, and sail with the despatches at sun-set; accordingly he was set off in a great hurry at sun-set, which was about a quarter past six.

We shall inter the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte in the Devil's Punch Bowl, at 11 on Wednesday, 9th May. His heart and stomach will be placed in a silver urn, (soldered up,) by his side, in order to be removed to Europe, should it be hereafter thought proper; we are to bury him with the highest military honours; it will be a dismal sight certainly, but more of that hereafter; I must talk as well as I can of what goes on at present. A most beautiful coffin box, which has been bequeathed to the

lid was Napoleon's miniature, set round with the largest diamonds I ever saw, the likeness is an extremely good one of him, when in health. You can have no idea how lonely I feel on guard to night; I know not how it is, but it is so; I have just posted the last sentinel I suppose I shall ever post round his body. I cannot drive his countenance from my mind's eye; it haunts me continually, and the smell is still in my nose and on my hands. I dare say this event will make a great stir in England some time before this comes before your eye, and you will be wondering why I have not written by the ship, that takes the despatches; that is however easier said than done—no one can, I believe, write by this ship.

(To be concluded next week.)

BEE.—In examining the structure of the common working-bee, the first remarkable part that offers is the trunk, which serves to extract the honey from the flowers. It is not formed, like that of other bees, in the manner of a tube, by which the fluid is to be sucked up, but like a besom to sweep, or a tongue to lick it away. The animal is furnished also with teeth, which serve it in making wax. This substance is gathered from flowers like honey; it consists of that dust, or farina, which contributes to the fecundation of plants, and is moulded into wax by the little animal at leisure. Every bee, when it leaves the hive to collect this precious store enters into the cup of the flower, particularly such as seem charged with the greatest quantities of this yellow farina. As the animal's body is covered over with hair, it rolls itself within the flower, and soon becomes quite covered with the dust, which it soon after brushes off with its two hind legs, and kneads into two little balls. In the thighs of the hind legs there are two cavities, edged with hair; and into these as into a basket, the animal strikes its pellets. Thus employed, the bee flies from flower to flower, increasing its store, and adding to its stock of wax, until the ball on each thigh becomes as big as a grain of pepper; by this time, having got a sufficient load, it returns, making the best of its way to the hive.

Some seem to think that the world was made in jest; that there is nothing of moment, so serious in it. There is nothing else. Their is not a fly, but has had infinite wisdom concerned, not only in its structure, but its destination. And was man made only to flutter, sing, and expire! A mere expiative in the mighty work, the marvellous operations of the Almighty? Is joy their point? He that to the best of his power has secured the final stake, has a *sons* PARTNER of joy within him. He is satisfied from himself. They, his reverse, borrow all from without. Joy wholly from without, is false, precarious, and short. From without it may be gathered; but, like gathered flowers, though fair, and sweet for a season, it must soon wither, and become offensive. Joy from within, is like smelling the rose on the tree; it is more sweet and fair; it is lasting; and, I must add, immortal.

Belling the Belles.—The Polish ladies are very vigilant over the conduct of their daughters, and intrigues are not so easily carried on there, as in England; and in some districts, (which is perfectly ridiculous) they are forced to wear little bells, both before and behind, in order to proclaim where they are and what they are doing.

To obtain flowers of different colours on the same stem.—Split a small twig of elder length with, scrape out the pith, and fill each of the apartments with seeds of flowers of different kinds, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, tie the two bits of wood together, and plant the whole in a pot of earth, properly prepared.

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