

POETRY.

THE AMERICAN ENSIGN.

[The subjoined spirited verses will give the reader a tolerable notion of the naval enthusiasm of the Americans. The idea of the land "which tamed the lion's earthquake wrath"—however exaggerated as far as concerns the taming, we ought to consider a compliment, inasmuch as it describes most characteristically the nature of British warfare, and confesses also what the Americans felt of it, even at the very moment when they could talk of having tamed it.]

Flag of the planet gems!
Whose sapphire-circled disdems
Stud every sea, and shore, and sky;
Oh, can thy children gaze
Upon the silver blaze,
Nor kindle at the rays
Which led the brave of old to die?
Thou banner beautiful and grand,
Float thou for ever o'er our land!

Flag of the stripes of fire!
Long as the bard his lofty lyre
Can strike, though halt inspire our song,
We'll sing thee—round the hearth,
We'll sing thee—on strange earth,
We'll sing thee—when we forth
To battle go, with clarion tongue,
Flag of the free and brave in blood,
For aye be thou the blest of God!

Flag of the bird of Jove!
Who left the clouds and stars above,
To point the hero's lightning path;
Around thee we will stand
With glittering sword in hand,
And swear to guard the land
Which tamed the lion's earthquake wrath!
Flag of the West! be thou unfurled
Till the last tramp arouse the world!

Flag of two ocean shores!
Whose everlasting thunder roars,
From deep to deep, in storm and foam;
Thou with the sun's red set
Thou sink'st to slumber; yet
With him, in glory great
Thou risest and shall share his tomb!
Thou banner, beautiful and grand,
Float thou for ever o'er our land!

FRIENDS.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Friend after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire!

There is a world above
Whose parting is unknown:
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH GLUTTON.

[Continued.]

But if such were some of the local and particular waking miseries of my excess, what, oh what tongue may give utterance to, what pen portray, the intolerable terrors of my dreaming hours! For many months of my protracted and painful re-establishment, I dreamt every night—not one respite for at least three hundred weary and wasting days—quotidian repetitions of visions, each one more hideous than the former. I dreamt, and dreamt, and dreamt—of what? Of pig—pig—pig—nothing but pig. Pork, in all its multiplied and multifarious modifications, was ever before me. Every possible form or preparation into which imagination could convert the hated animal, was everlastingly dangling in my sight, running around me, pursuing and persecuting me, in all the aggravation of the most exaggerated monstrosities. The scenery which accompa-

nied these animal illustrations was always in keeping with the sickening subject. Sometimes, as I began to doze away in the mellow twilight of an autumn evening, or the frosty rarefaction of a winter's day, or a day in spring, it was all one—a sudden expansion of vision had begun to open upon me; and be it remembered that I always fancied myself of Hebrew extraction, Abraham, or Joseph, or Isaac—a Rabanite or a Carait, as the case might be—the high-priest of the synagogue, or an old clothes man; but in all cases a Jew, with every religious predilection and antipathy strongly fixed in my breast. A sudden expansion of vision, I say, began to open upon me—vast wildernesses spread far around—rocks of tremendous aspect seemed toppling from mountains of the most terrific elevation. The forms of the former were of the strangest fantasy, but all presented some resemblance to a boar's head; while the hills showed invariably, in their naked and barren acclivities, an everlasting sameness of strata, that presented the resemblance of veiny layers of pickled pork, and the monstrous flowers with which the earth was bespread were never-ending representations of rashers and eggs! A sickness and faintness always began to seize upon me at these sights; and, turning my glances upwards, I was sure to see the clouds impregnated with fantastic objects, all arising out of associations connected with my antipathy and loathing. Gigantic hams were impending over my head, and threatening to crush me with their weight. My eyes sunk, and I caught the peaks of horrid hills frizzled with the grinning heads, and pointed with the tusks of the detested animal. The branches of the trees were all at once converted to twisted and curling pig tails. Atoms then seemed springing from the sand; they were soon made manifest in all the caperings and gambols of a litter of suckling gruntings. They began to multiply—with what frightful celebrity! The whole earth was in a moment covered with them, of all possible varieties of colour. They began to grow bigger, and instantaneously they gained dimensions that no waking eye can bring into any possible admeasurement. I attempted to run from them, they galloped after me in myriads, grunting in friendly discord, while magical knives and forks seem stuck in their hams, as they vociferated in their way, "Come eat me, come eat me!" At other times I pursued them, in the frenzy of my despair, endeavouring to catch them, but in vain; every tail was soaped, and as they slipped through my fingers they sent forth screams of the most excruciating sharpness, and a laugh of hideous mockery, crying in horrible chorus, "What a bore, what a bore! Bubble and squeak! Bubble and squeak!" with other punning and piggish impertinencies of the same cut, and pattern. Then, again, an individual wretch would contract himself to a common-sized hog, and, rushing from behind between my legs, scamper off with me whole leagues across the desert; then, gradually expanding to his former monstrous magnitude, rise up with me into the skies, that seemed always receding from our approach, and stretching out to an interminable immensity; when the horrid brute on which I was mounted would give a sudden kick and grunt, and fling me off, and I tumbled headlong down thousands of thousands of fathoms, till I was at length landed in a pig sty, at the very bottom of all bottomless pits.

At other times I used to imagine myself suddenly placed in the heart of a pork shop. In a moment I was assailed by the most overpowering streams of terrible perfume, the gravy of the fatal dish floating round my feet, and clouds of suffocating

fragrance almost smothering me as I stood. On a sudden every thing began to move, immense Westphalian hams flapped to and fro, banged against my head, and beat me from one side of the shop to the other—huge flitches of bacon fell upon me and pressed me to the ground, while a sea of the detestable gravy flowed in upon me, and over me. Then rightful pigs' faces joined themselves together, and caught me in their jaws, when, called in by my shriek, which was the expected signal for their operations, three or four horrid-looking butchers rushed upon me, and, as a couple of them pinioned and held me down on my back, another stuffed me to choking with pork-pies, until I awoke more dead than alive.

Once, and once only, I had a vision connected with this series of suffering, which I must relate, from its peculiar nature, and as the origin of a popular hoax long afterwards put upon the world. I dreamt one night, that preparations were making, on a most splendid scale, for my marriage with a very beautiful girl of our neighbourhood, to whom I was (whatever my readers may think) very tenderly attached. The ceremony was to take place, methought, in Canterbury Cathedral. I was all at once seized with a desire to examine the silent solemnity of the Gothic pile. I entered, I forgot how. A rich strain of music was poured from the organ-loft. A mellow steam of light flowed in through the stained glass of the windows. I was quite alone, and the most voluptuous tide of thought stole upon my mind. While I stood thus in the middle of the aisle, a distant door opened, and the bridal party entered. My affianced spouse, surrounded by a clustre of friends, glittering with brilliant ornaments, and glowing in beauty, approached me. I advanced to meet her, in utterable delight; when, as I drew near, I saw that the appearance of every thing began to change. The pillars seemed suddenly converted to huge Bologna sausages; the various figures of saints and angels, painted on the windows, were altered into portraits of black porkers; the railings of the different enclosures took the curved form of spare ribs; the walls were hung with pig-skin tapestry; the beautiful melody just before played on the organ, was followed by a lively and familiar, tune, and a confusion of voices sung, "The pigs they lie," &c.

while a discordant chorus of diabolical grunting, wound up each stanza. In the mean time the bride approached; but what horror accompanied her! The wreath of roses braided round her head, was all at once a twisted band of black puddings. Hog's bristles shot out from the roots of what was so lately her golden hair; a thin string of sausages took place of her diamond necklace; her bosom was a piece of brawn; her muslin robe became a piebald covering of ham sandwiches; her white satin shoes were kicked, oh, horror! off a pair of petticoats; and her beautiful countenance—swallow me, ye wild boars!—presented but the hideous spectacle, since made familiar to the public, under the figure of THE PIG-FACED LADY!!! Hurried on by an irresistible and terrible impulse, I rushed forward, though with loathing, to embrace her; when instantly the detested odour of the hateful gravy came upon me once more; the pillars of the Cathedral swelled out to an enormous circumference, and burst in upon me with a loud explosion; the roof fell down with a fearful crash, and overwhelmed me with a shower of legs of pork and peace-pudding; while, in the agony of my desperation, I caught in my arms my hideous bride, whose deep-brown skin crackled in my embrace, as I pressed to my pursuing bosom the everlasting fac-simile of a roast pig!—In after years I took a fit

of melancholy enjoyment in setting afloat the humbug of the Pig-faced Lady.
(To be concluded next week.)

NAUTICAL SERMON.—When Whitfield preached before the seamen at New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise, and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?"

It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose with united voices and minds, and exclaimed, *Take to the long boat.*

Heroism in a Quaker.—In the late American war, a New-York trader was chased by a French privateer, and having four guns and plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy, rather than to be taken prisoners. Among several other passengers, was an athletic quaker, who though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards and forwards on the deck, without any apparent fear; the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the French, which was very soon put into execution; and the quaker being on the lookout, the first man that jumped on board, he unexpectedly sprang towards him, and grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly said, "Friend thou hast no business here," at the same time hoisting him over the ship's side.

SIGNS.—Over the door of a house at Cricklade, in Wilts, is the following:—"Shoes mended according to the latest and most approved method.—Drowned persons, on application immediately, restored, so as to prevent the complaint ever returning.—N. B. The person must not be dead."

GALEN.—It was chance that led to the conversion of Galen, who, though an atheist, was a strict observer of nature, but finding a skeleton, he thought it too curious a construction to be the production of chance.

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