

POETRY.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. SONG OF EMIGRATION. BY MR. HEMANS.

There was heard a song on the chiming sea, A mingled breathing of grief and glee; Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there, Filling with triumph the sunny air; O! fresh green lands, and of pastures new It sung, while the bark through the surges flew. But ever and anon A murmur of farewell Told, by its plaintive tone, That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away, o'er the foaming main!" — This was the free and joyous strain — "There are clearer skies than ours, afar We will shape our course by a brighter star; There are plains whose verdure's loathsome press'd, And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest." "But alas! that we should go," Sang the farewell voices then, "From the homesteads warm and low, By the brook and in the glen."

"We will rear new homes, under trees that glow As if gems were the fruitage of every bough; O'er our white walls we will train the vine, And sit in its shadow at day's decline, And watch our herds, as they range at will Through the green savannas, all bright and still." "But woe for that sweet shade Of the flowering orchard trees, Where first our children play'd 'Midst the birds and honey-bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be, As to the bound of the roe-buck's lee! None shall say, 'hither, no farther pass!' We will track each step through the wavy grass! We will chase the Elk in his speed and might, And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night." "But oh! the grey church tower, And the sound of the Sabbath bell, And the shelter'd garden bowers — We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race To each bright river whose course we trace; We will leave our memory with mountain floods, And the path of our daring in boundless woods; And our works unto many a lake's green shore, Where the Indian's graves lay alone before!" "But who shall teach the flowers, Which our children lov'd, to dwell In a soil that is not ours? — Home, home, and friends, farewell!"

SATAN.

[By the Rev. G. Croly.]

PRINCE of the fallen! around thee sweep The billows of the burning deep; Above the low'rs the sulley, fire, Betwixt thee bursts the flaming spire; And on thy sleepless vision rise, Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand, The spear uplifted in thy hand: Thy gorgeous eye—a comet shorn, Calm into utter darkness borne; A naked giant,—stern—sublime— Armed in despair—and scorning time.

On thy curled lip is throned disdain, That may revenge, but not complain; Thy mighty cheek is firm—thou, pale; There smote the blast of fiery hail: Yet wan, wild beauty, lingers there, The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem, The king is in thy eyeball's beam; Thy torn and grandeur unsubdu'd, Sole chief of Hell's dark multitude, Thou prison'd—run'd—unforgiven! Yet fit to master all but Heaven.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF BONAPARTE.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

Thursday, May 10.—We yesterday interred the remains of Bonaparte with military honours. The funeral I will describe as well as I can. In the first place you must understand the figure of the ground near Longwood. The island, generally speaking, is composed of high and narrow ridges of hills, running, or rather diverging, from Diana's Peak towards the coast, where they terminate abruptly in tremendous precipices; the valleys between these are very deep. Longwood is situated on one of the ridges, and the place Napoleon chose for his bud-

... he in was in the valley between that and St. James's valley, where the town is, and which, from its circular form, is called (at least near the head of it as I said before) the Punch Bowl: the part near the sea is called Rupert's Valley. To get down to the grave a road was made from the public road, which I forgot to mention; runs completely round the Punch Bowl, within a few feet of the summit of the hill, standing down into the valley, and commencing exactly on the side from Longwood. The troops (of which there were about 1,600) were formed from Longwood guard house, on the bank above the road, in succession, by seniority—201 Marines, 66th S. Helena Artillery Regiment, and Volunteers on the left; eleven guns of the Royal Artillery as the firing party. We were at open orders, resting on our arms reversed, band playing the dirge. After a little time the procession appeared through the gate. First came the priest, and Henry Bertrand carrying the censer; after these, Doctor Arnott and the French Doctor; next the undertakers, and then the body. The body of his own carriage had been taken off and something like an open hearse put in its place; he was drawn by four of his own horses, with postillions in his imperial livery. There was a plain mahogany coffin; and instead of a pall, his cloak was thrown over it, on the top was a large book, with his sword lying on it. Napoleon Bertrand and the head valet walked one at each side of the hearse; six of our grenadiers, without arms, marched on each side. After the body, came the led horse, beautifully caparisoned; on either side Counts Bertrand and Montholon; after them, a carriage with the Countess and two of her children in it; all the French were in black. The naval and staff military officers followed; and as soon as the whole had passed the whole of the line, we reversed arms and followed. The troops did not go into the valley, but formed on the road immediately over the grave, in the same order, resting on our arms reversed while the ceremony went on. On reaching the turning of the road leading down, the body was taken from the hearse, and carried by grenadiers of the 20th and 66th, under the command of Lieutenant Connor.

"I must now describe the grave or tomb that was prepared for him. The spot he chose is in the highest extremity of a small garden, belonging to a Mr. Torbet; it is completely overhanged for a space of about thirty square yards or more, with five or six weeping willows; on one side rises a spring of the best water in the island, and which he used every day to send for; this runs down the valley; there is no stream perceptible. Near the grave the moisture is just sufficient to keep the turf completely green and the place cool. Here the grave was dug; its interior capacity was 12 feet deep, 8 feet long, and 6 feet wide, surrounded by a wall about 3 feet thick all the way down, and plastered with Roman cement; about two feet from the bottom, and resting on blocks of stone, the stone coffin was laid, formed like a large stone box, with the lid open, and the lid resting on its edges; over the grave were placed beams and ropes to lower the coffin with. I must, I believe explain it by words. At each end of the grave a triangle was erected, and a beam was laid from one to the other. Ropes, beams, and pulleys were covered with black, the grave was lined with black cloth, and the ground or about three feet round covered with it; the rest was green sod. On the wooden coffin being lowered into the stone one, the lid was shut down, and the salute fired. The next proceeded with the Roman Catholic ceremonies. A subaltern's guard was then ordered from us

to take charge of the grave or tomb, and three tents were pitched for their accommodation. An immense crowd assembled to witness the ceremony, and the Punch Bowl looked like an immense amphitheatre. I gave you a wrong statement of the coffins; the first is tin; second, mahogany; third, lead; fourth, mahogany; and fifth, stone. They intended to have buried him with a silver jug of water, a plate, knife and fork, and spoon, with some of his coins; but were obliged to leave the jug, bread, sword, and cloak, not having room for them. Sir Hudson would not allow any inscription on the coffin; so it is perfectly plain. Soon after the guard went we marched off I shall mount guard there to-morrow. The French people have laid out Bonaparte's plate, arms, clothes, &c. for us to see; we go up in about an hour to look at them. For the present good bye.

May 11.—We yesterday went up, my dear mother, to see the effects of this great man. His bed rooms were arranged exactly as they used to be when he inhabited them; they were two rooms, about 14 feet by 10 each, they formed one of the wings of the house, and opened into each other at the ends; the one nearer the body of the house opened by a glass door into the gardens. He had in each room, exactly similar to each other, portable iron bedsteads, with brass laths for the bed to rest on. The rooms were hung with white; over the fire place, which was at the farther end of the inner room, hung the portraits of his mother, of Josephine, Jerome, and two likenesses of his son at different ages; a sofa was placed near the fire place, and over it hung portraits of Maria Louisa and her child, beautifully painted. As far as I could learn, he used to endeavour to hide his lowliness of spirit; but after one had left him at night, and he thought himself unobserved, he used to break out, and he would go from the sofa to one bed, and from that to another, and back to the sofa; so that he scarcely rested four hours together. His clothes were all laid out in one room; coats, breeches, hats, shirts, stockings, shoes and boots, spy glasses, guns, pistols, cloaks, gloves &c. the coats were plain uniforms of different colours, no ornament, except the star and epaulettes. I tried on one of his cocked hats; he must have had an extraordinary wide head, for it would not fit me when put on square (The way he always wore it,) but did when put on fore and aft. The pistols were the most beautiful I ever saw; there was only one case; it contained two brace, beautifully inlaid with silver and gold. His horse furniture was there also; scarlet, edged with green, gold lace. The guns were fowling pieces of different sorts; one had been sent to him by our king. In the other rooms were the plate and china; there was one complete set of silver, a set of gold knives and forks and spoons, no plates, or any thing else; of course the eagle, with the crown on his head, and lightning in his grasp, was everywhere. There was a desert and coffee service of China, the most beautiful I suppose that ever was made; on each plate was represented some action of Napoleon's; but the most curious plate of all was one with the map of France on it; each landscape and figure represented would bear the most minute inspection; on each saucer the head of some person was represented. I have as yet forgotten to mention where I am writing from. I know you admire some of the names we give places, so you shall have

an infallible remedy for the Tooth Ache.—A lady of this town has favored us with the following receipt, which she says has never failed to produce the desired effects although tried in innumerable instances. Make a solution of Camphor and pulverised Cayenne pepper; dip therein a small quantity of raw cotton and apply it to the affected tooth, and it will give instant relief. To prevent the composition getting to the throat, day a bit of rag over the tooth for a few moments.—Wilmington Herald.

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entry promenading each side of it; it is not yet finished. Two of the French people came to pay it a visit to day; they deplored his loss very much; one asked me for a piece of the willow that overhangs the grave. I could not refuse it to an old servant; he divided it with the other; they put it into the crown of their hats, thanked me very warmly, and declared it of more value than crowns of gold; they then took a drink at his well.

May 20.—This I hope will go in the post this evening; I must therefore soon conclude. A miniature painter, a Mr. Rutize, has taken a very happy likeness of Napoleon after death; he intends taking it home and engraving it. I have subscribed for two copies, which I have desired to be left for my father with Mr. R. B.—; I hope you will like them. The likeness was taken on the second day after his death, previous to the cast of the head being formed. Napoleon has left Dr. Arnott, a physician of ours, who attended him, a gold snuff box and 600 Napoleons, all nice, new-looking yellow little fellows. I have only time to say, give my most affectionate love to my dear father, and my grandfathers in Scotland and Ireland, and ever believe me, my dearest mother, your ever affectionate son, D. C. D.

Calibash.—A sailor once hired a horse for a day's excursion, and, on alighting at an inn ordered the ostler to "calibash" his horse. The ostler was pondering upon this incomprehensible order, when a naval captain and his spouse arrived in a phaeton and pair. The captain seeing him in a brown study inquired the subject of his reverency; he replied that a sailor had ordered him to calibash his horse, and he did not know what calibashing meant. "No!" said the captain, "why, you must cut off his ears and his tail." This he accordingly did, as soon as he had disposed of the captain's equipage. The sailor who had overheard all that passed, immediately descended to the stable, and, taking a knife out of his pocket, ripped up the mouths of the captain's horses, even to their ears. He then ordered his calibashed horse to be brought in front of the window where the captain and his wife were enjoying the fresh air. As soon as the sailor mounted the horse, the captain exclaimed, "So Jack, they have calibashed your horse." "Yes, sir," (rejoined he,) "and I am happy to say that your's have split their jaws with laughing at him."

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