

## POETRY.

For the N. B. Royal Gazette.

The Author of "the Sketch Book" says—"Funerals in the Country are solemnly impressive; the stroke of Death makes a wide space in the village circle, and is an awful event in the tranquil uniformity of rural life: The passing Bell tolls its knell in every ear—it steals with pervading melancholy over every hill and dale, and saddens all the Landscape."

## THE POOR MAN'S FUNERAL

IN MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

To hear the village Bell, tolling at eve  
The solemn Summons, to the funeral  
Of some poor Cottager in Peace departed—  
To see the Bearers move with silent step,  
As though the least rude sound would break the rest  
Of him they carry to his farewell home—  
To see the Rustics at their threshold stand,  
Taking a parting look at him that was  
For many a year their Neighbour or their Friend—  
To hear their rude Lament—"He kept his Church,"  
"Was ne'er at Publican," "save when to spend  
"A shilling given, to drink his Better's Health"—  
To see the children wandering around,  
Each whispering each; anxious to look;  
Yet with a kind of instinct fear impressed  
That bids them at an awful distance keep—  
To see the sorrowing train approach the Yew +  
Co-eval with the Porch it shades; where once  
The Dead himself was in his boyhood wont  
To play his antic tricks; and perhaps his name  
Carved on its antique trunk;—not heeded he,  
That this might be his only Monument—  
To see the Pastor of his little Flock,  
Reverend in Virtue and in Years; approach  
To close the scene—and with his well known voice  
Read the last Prayer o'er the silent Dead—  
Mayhap a secret drop its channel finds  
Adown his furrowed face; a tribute due  
To "auld acquaintance," and the poor man's  
worth—  
To see the Mother, Father, Wife, or Child,  
Give the last offering of affection pure,  
A Flood of Tears; succeeded by a look  
Vacant, yet steadfast—seeming to penetrate  
Through all the dark recesses of the Grave,  
And view its Object in the Realms of Light—  
To see the Mourners silently depart,  
And homeward bend their solitary way—  
To see—to hear all this—and not to feel  
The thousand Sympathies that swell the heart  
Of Mortal for its fellow, were to be  
Heavens Exile, and Satan's Prototype.

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\*In the West of England the Village Inns are called "Public houses" or "Public's."  
† You rarely enter a Village Churchyard without seeing an old yew tree shading a Porch, where the initials of names and old dates are generally found carved by the truani boys of the village.

## THE KING.

The health of his Majesty has been much improved by his visit to Brighton. His time has been occupied exactly as is described in the following letter, which we have received from a gentleman who has had constant opportunities of observing what was passing at the Pavilion. Every thing goes on in the king's residence with the regularity of clock work. His Majesty does not rise at a very early hour, but he has marked out for himself a course of employment, in many respects different from that which in his heyday used to engross his thoughts. Immediately after breakfast he engages in whatever public business it may place him to interfere, and this business he executes with wonderful despatch. He will then, perhaps, have Westor, his tailor, near his royal person in deliberation upon some improvements or changes in the royal wardrobe. In the article of dress his majesty exercises the most liberal and independent spirit. He has been known to order an alteration to be made in one of his dress coats at the expense of 12 guineas. His eye detects at a glance any error of which the tailor may be guilty, and a remedy must be immediately applied. Indeed, so quick are the most costly and intricate transformations in the Royal garments, that a person might attribute them to some extraordinary mechanical process. His Majesty does not entertain much company, but a splendid dinner is every day provided at half past seven o'clock; and the King, although not what is called in the city "a heavy feeder," partakes of almost every dish. Two or three glasses

claret after dinner, are the extent to which he goes, as far as wine is concerned. On these occasions his Majesty never speaks a word to those whom he entertains on political subjects.

The drama forms one of the chief themes of conversation, and Sheridan's name is frequently mentioned in terms of praise, as holding a high station amongst the great dramatic writers. It is asserted that the Royal critic makes admirable comments upon the literary excellence of the old comic writers, and most ludicrously contrasts their labors with those of the authors of the present day.

At nine o'clock precisely the King retires for a short time to his dressing room, and on his return several card tables are in readiness, and his Majesty most familiarly invites his guests to the tables.—To those whom he wishes to sit at his own table, he says—"Come, a game at whist—Marchioness, do you sit there—my Lord, you here—Barnard, there—come now begin." At a distance, soft music is heard while the game proceeds. The King is an excellent whist player—indeed, so great an adept, that while he deals out the cards, he often beats time to the band, and gives instructions for the performance of his most favorite pieces of music. His patience is not, however, like that of Job; if his Majesty's partner happens to commit a mistake—if a repetition of bad play is made, his chagrin is very palpable, although he never in his play exceeds shilling points. He seldom plays more than three rubbers, and at the conclusion he will pay, or must be paid most scrupulously. He then takes leave of his guests, and retires to rest. The only variety in the next day's amusements is the company and the dishes.

—Times.

## THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Extract from a Letter written by "the Convener" to "Saunders Dalap" during the time the former was in Upper-Canada.

FROM THE NEW MONTREAL GAZETTE.

Now you expect a description beyond the poetic quill of Howison or political one of Gourlay; but this my good fellow I cannot do. You must come and see them with your own winking. They are certainly sublime, awful and beautiful beyond my highest expectations. Think of the great St. Lawrence coming over a precipice of 150 feet, divided in the middle by Goat island. More than one half of the water rolls down on the Canada side of the island, the rest on the American side, both falls are one height. The grand horse shoe fall is that on the Canadian side—the noise is deafening but not disagreeable, and the smoking spume, though it obscures the bottom and hinders the eye to penetrate into the awful caldron, makes the whole more awfully beautiful. Look at them every day in the year, and every hour of the day, and new scenes will present themselves. Sometimes the noise lulls—sometimes the spray is full of rainbows and halos. The waters at times seem green and the next instant they are black. Mr. Frost adorns them with his fringing icicles and furbelows of snow, while the sun paints them with streaks and circles of coloured light. Though I were a Milton they would laugh at my muse; and being only a very humble individual, of course it is high presumption for me to speak; but triflers must be gabbling.

As I examined I could not but reflect on the numbers of mankind who have wandered far to see this wonderful spectacle, and of far greater numbers who have heard of the falls but have not been so fortunate as to have seen them. I then considered myself a confoundedly lucky fellow, and said this was well worth leaving Britain for—for this what is a voyage o'er the broad Atlantic? I went down Jacob's Ladder, a ladder which

which the waters fall, and after descending about 200 steps found myself at the bottom of the falls. Now for ye! I looked upon the face of the descending element—I crept along by the side of the limestone precipice and looked through the spume and foaming surge into the caldron itself—heavens—Not yet satisfied I got in between the falls and the precipice and looked through the descending sheet at the sun. Speak not of thrones and happiness! could a soul at that moment be more happy than I was? I was alone—I was curtained by the Falls of Niagara—Nature in her greatness was before me—in a majesty of splendour! Could I at that moment think of any thing else than her author, my own insignificance, and the trust of repose in him through time and eternity?

## DISCOVERY SHIP.

His Majesty's ship Hecla, Captain Parry, bound on a voyage of Discovery to West-Spitsbergen, and the North Pole, lying opposite the King's Yard at Deptford was to have been inspected yesterday, by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who postponed their intended visit until Friday.—On Sunday next, the Hecla sails to Northfleet; four or five days afterwards to Sheerness, or the Nore; from whence she will take her final departure, in the first week of next month.—The Hecla sails on the present occasion alone, unaccompanied by either transport, or other ship of war. Her burden is about 400 tons, and though a post-ship, she only carries two six-pounders, and a complement of 64 men.—This ship is about 12 years old—the expedition to Algiers, in 1816, having been her very first trip. She carries nineteen months provisions, 45 chaldrons of coal, and her water in bulk, or, more properly speaking, in tanks, instead of water casks, which constitutes a great saving in stowage; an object of great importance in long voyages.—The greatest attention has also been paid to the Victualing Department of the ship. In comforts for the crew, the Hecla far exceeds any ship of her size, the sleeping places, tables, &c., being arranged with great judiciousness. Every two men have a large box like an arm chest assigned to them, duly numbered, which serves for a seat.—The tables are covered with green baize. Light airiness, elegance, and salubrity, characterize every part between decks. Two arm-chests, four pumps, three compasses, one of them on an elevated stand, and five boats are upon deck, and three ice-boats have arrived from Woolwich, but are for the present deposited in the King's yard. Round the mainmast is an assemblage of boarding-pikes to keep the bears off, or any such intrusive visitors.

Captain Parry's great cabin contains a library of a considerable number of miscellaneous works; and besides the usual conveniences, a large assortment of clothing, furs, and other equipments, calculated for the climate he purposes to revisit. Fur jackets, coats, or rather tunics, of Esquimaux manufacture, trousers, and fur boots, in great variety, some lined with seal skins; others with wolf, racoon, or bear skins; some for wear in the day time, others to sleep in on the ice, with caps attached to them; some lined with skins of the black and red-footed diver, others with those of eider ducks, extremely soft, warm, and beautiful; some sewed with sinews by Esquimaux ladies, others by London furriers; snow shoes (Canadian) four feet long, with net work of caribou, extremely light, and appropriate for the object; eye preservers of gauze wire, shaped like spectacles, but convex, and some two inches broad, to go round the temples and cheek bones, but leaving the nostrils and mouth uncovered, as the breath, if con-

of ice. The small clothes and pantaloons are provided with straps and buckles in lieu of buttons.—The ice-boats are provided with large wheels of the same circumference as coach wheels, at the stern, and a projecting four foot a-head, to be drawn by rein deer, or in default thereof, by the crew when on the ice, and when in the water are rowed by ten or twelve oars; the iron keels ornamented below, are perforated with holes, to admit ropes, for their being haul off either way; the bottom is painted black, a white streak on each side, and the inner part green. They are of considerable length. The Hecla herself is abundantly found in every thing necessary, has sets of sails, and new cloth to make more, plenty of spare masts, spars, and yards, cordage, ropes, tackle, apparel, and furniture of every kind and description; instruments, both astronomical, optical, and nautical, time pieces, &c. but neither her construction nor additional strengthening, make her sail well for her greatest velocity never exceeded eight knots, under the most favourable circumstances, during their voyage.

*A cure for the Asthma.*—A man by name of Clarke, formerly a merchant in West Indies, was afflicted with the Asthma for several years: he finally cured it, blowing his brains out with a pistol. I presume this is a certain cure—at least never heard of its proving otherwise. However, we would not wish to recommend a remedy, as we have never tried it.—*Ox. Observer.*

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

*Pickle for beef or pork.*—The following receipt for pickling for family use is highly recommended in New-York. It is called the Knickerbocker Pickle, having been used by several old Dutch families in New York.

Take 6 gallons of water, 9 pounds half coarse and half fine, 3 pounds of brown sugar, 1 quart molasses, 3 ounces salt-peter, 1 ounce of pearl-ash.

These ingredients form the pickle, which must be well boiled and carefully skimmed and when quite cold poured over the beef or pork previously placed in the tub or tub; then cover your barrel closely to shut out all dust. The pickle should be sufficient to cover the beef or pork. The ingredients will make sufficient pickle for one hundred pounds of pork.

We have stated upon undoubted authority, that the General Orders, dated 18th Guards, January 22, 1827, which appeared in our last, and the style of which, of course of its extreme propriety, has been much admired, is the composition of His Majesty himself. Of this fact the document itself furnishes intrinsic evidence—the employment of the phrases "the King and his Majesty." It is known to be the uniform custom of the King, when speaking of himself and his people in connection with the precedence to the latter, to use the words "the King and his Majesty." It is never done officially by any one in His Majesty's service.—*Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle.*

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