

Poetry.

[We have often gratified the tastes of our readers by giving insertion to several of the poetical effusions of Bishop Heber; not because they met our approbation; but because they have received the universal commendation of the Literary World—and because a deep interest appertains to every relic, however trifling, of REGINALD HEBER. He was one of the purest beings that ever adorned humanity. Gifted with high genius—strictly religious without fanaticism or intolerance—benevolent without ostentation—learned without pedantry—and accomplished without vanity, he seemed to have been intended by heaven, to show how very near the angelic character mortal man may approach. He was an ornament to the Church—to his country, and to the world. So long as genius is honored and virtue respected, the name of "HEBER" will dwell upon the lips of posterity, a theme of praise, respect, and admiration. With these sentiments, we give the following Stanzas, whose beautiful characters are typical of the refined spirit by which they were dictated. Let them speak for themselves.]—*St. John Courier.*

LINES.

Room for the Proud! ye sons of clay;
From far his sweeping pomp survey,
Nor rashly curious, clog the way,
His chariot wheels before!

Lo! with what scorn his lofty eye
Glances o'er age and poverty,
And bids intruding conscience fly
Far from his palace door!

Room for the Proud! but slow the feet
That bear his coffin down the street,
And dismal seems his winding sheet
Who purple lately wore.

Ah! where must now his spirit fly,
In naked, trembling agony?
Or how shall he for mercy cry
Who show'd it not before?

Room for the Proud! in ghastly state
The Lords of Hell his coming wait,
And flinging wide the dreadful gate
That shuts to open no more—

"Lo! here with us the seat," they cry,
"For him who mock'd at poverty,
"And bade intruding conscience fly,
"Far from his palace-door!"

Literature.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

FROM "TALES AND SKETCHES."

The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite
O'er the gallant form is said,
And the rough man's cheek with tears is bright,
As he lowers the gentle dead.

The ship again o'er the wide blue surge
Like a winged arrow flies,
And the moan of the sea is the only dirge,
Where the lonely sleeper lies.

GOODRICH.

I shall never forget the day we buried poor Gerard. It was a clear, pleasant morning, between four and five bells of the forenoon watch. The wind, which was about a seven knot breeze, was a little abaft the beam, and in the southern latitude where we were cruising, blew with a welcome freshness on our cheeks. Our studding-sails were set, on both sides, lower and aloft, and they gleamed, in the light of the sun, with dazzling brightness. It had been calm all the day before, while life was slowly exhaling from Gerard's pale lips, and there was consequently but little sea rolling, more than the usual ground swell. Our gallant frigate cut swiftly through the blue water, leaving far behind her a sparkling tract of foam in her wake; not unlike, thought I, as I leaned, in a musing mood, over the taffrail, the light which for a little while will linger on the ocean of time, marking the short and brilliant career of him whom we are about to consign to the deep.

If ever a man combined the qualities of a thorough sailor with those of a thorough gentleman, it was Frederick Gerard. He was not one of your fair-weather officers. His was one of those intelligent, cool, collected minds, which no difficulty can appal, and no emergency, however sudden, take by surprise. I remember, as if it were last night, with what admirable presence of mind he worked our ship out of a most dangerous situation, when she was struck aback, with all sails set, by a tremendous squall, in the British Channel, with a reef of rocks just under our counter, and scarcely sea-room enough to wear the Commodore's gig. The oldest fore-castle sailor on board turned as pale as death, and old Quill Stewart who had been at sea, man and boy, for forty odd years, gave up all for lost.

Not so Fred. Gerard, who fortunately happened to have the deck. With an undaunted heart, he leaped upon the lookout block, and, perceiving in an instant the only chance of salvation, he issued his orders accordingly, in such a clear, distinct, and firm voice, that every sound restored confidence to the crew. The least confusion of thought, or the least hesitation to act, and we should all have perished. But Fred.

Gerard was not the man to be confused, or to hesitate in any situation. He would see more at a single glance than most persons could discover by minute inspection; and his actions succeeded the operations of his reasoning powers so rapidly, that he seemed rather to be propelled by intuition than reflection. When poor old Simmons, the quarter gunner, fell overboard, we were running down from Algiers to Gibraltar, before a strong Levanter; and any one who has ever been in the Mediterranean knows what kind of a wind that is to lay to in. Simmons had been ordered out on the side, to black the bows, that we might not look too rusty when we should come to anchor in the bay of Gibraltar. He was a clumsy old fellow, and had foolishly taken hold of some nine thread ratline stuff, that was rove in the gangway, to keep the young reefers from falling overboard; but his weight tore off the thin piece of board to which it was attached, and down he fell into the waves.

The cry of "a man overboard! a man overboard!" was immediately passed fore and aft, and great was the consternation of all hands, as, looking over the bulwarks, they could but just discern the poor old sailor's gray head, already far astern, and the sea rolling between half mast high. It was a lucky thing for Simmons that Fred. Gerard had the morning watch that day; and it would have done his old heart good, nearly suffocated as he must have been, could he have seen with what promptness his preserver backed the yards, hove the vessel to, cleared away the stern boat, and, giving the trumpet to the other lieutenant, whom the cry had brought on deck, jumped, himself, the first man, into the jolly boat, and pulled an oar most lustily to his rescue.

But I am wandering from my subject. I meant to speak of the burial of Gerard, and the cause which led to his death; not of his nautical skill and noble promptness of daring in a proper cause.

Till a short time before his death, there was not, in all the squadron, a gayer hearted and happier fellow than Fred. Gerard. He was a tall, well built man; and his countenance had received, from his exposure in different parts of the world, a dark tinge, that rather added to, than diminished, his beauty. A sabre cut over the left eye, which had been given him in a personal rencontre with a celebrated West India pirate, whom he had singly met and subdued, imparted a more military air to his expression, without impairing the effect of his regular and classic features. Just before he left home on his last cruise—

"Ah! little thought he 'twas his last!"

he had married a beautiful girl, to whom he had been long and fervently attached. It was a stolen match, and I, and our chaplain, who united them, were the only ones on his part, privy to it. How beautifully her delicate white complexion contrasted with his, as they joined hands before our nautical parson, who, by the way, was more skilled in the mystery of lobsouse and sea-pie, than in the ceremonies appertaining to his clerical character. However, the sacred rite was pronounced, the inaudible whisper of assent passed her trembling lips, and the lovely Jane Dayton became the bride of Fred. He looked, along side of the timid and blushing creature, like a lofty and stately frigate conveying a Baltimore clipper; and he would have been full as prompt and efficient in resenting an injury or insult offered to her, as any of our frigates have ever been in supporting the dignity of the American flag.

Just before we left Gibraltar to run down the coast of Africa, on our homeward bound passage, a vessel arrived, bringing letters to most of the officers of the squadron. Fred, among others, received a packet, which, as was always his custom, he retired to his state-room to peruse. In two or three hours after, when supper was prepared in the ward room, the steward knocked at his door to call him, and, not receiving any answer, opened it—when there poor Fred. was seen, lying stretched on the floor, which was crimson with his blood. In his hand, tightly grasped, was the letter he had been perusing, and a glance at this immediately explained all. His Jane was dead! She had expired in giving birth to a child; and the shock of the intelligence had proved more than Fred. could bear. He had endeavoured to suppress his agony, so as to give no audible intimation of it, and in the struggle of his feelings a bloodvessel had become ruptured, and he had sunk fainting on the deck. Medical assistance was, of course, immediately administered; and it had the effect to produce a partial restoration. Fred's body recovered—but his mind never did. He was no more the gay, cheerful fellow he had been; a heavy despondency settled on his spirits, which soon took the form of a hasty consumption; and in just two months and three days after he received the intelligence of his wife's death he breathed his last.

The word had been passed, when the men were turned to at one bell in the forenoon watch, for all hands to prepare themselves for muster, or, in other phrase, for the ship's crew to dress themselves in their best apparel; and when the quarter master struck five bells, that is, at half past ten o'clock, an order was sent up from the cabin, for the boatswain to call all hands to bury the dead. Scarcely had the deep sepulchral voices of himself and mates reverberated through the ship, before every soul on board was on the main deck, gathered together in a compact group, just forward of the mainmast, anxious to show all the respect in their power to their deceased officer.

The cheeks of many a rugged tar that day were wet with drops of real sorrow for the fate of poor Fred, who was always the favourite of the crew, in whatever ship he sailed. The body, wrapped up in a tarred hammock, and enclosed in a coffin, which the carpenter had hastily constructed, and over which an American ensign was thrown, was passed up the main hatchway, and placed on the bulwark, ready to launch it into the deep. The solemn words of the Episcopal burial service were read in a slow, impressive manner, by the chaplain, and at the sentence beginning, "We commit his body to the deep," the board on which the coffin rested, was inclined towards the sea—the coffin slid from

it—a splash was heard—a deep silence succeeded—and all that was left on earth of Frederick Gerard, sunk, unseen, unheard, down deep into the bosom of the ocean.—Poor fellow.

"No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!"—
[*New York Morning Herald.*]

Varieties.

During the late floods in this part of the country, the following affecting instance of the attachment of a bird to its young was witnessed in the garden of a gentleman living at Tovil. A king-fisher had reared its fragile abode according to the plain but beautiful rules of nature's architecture, and was sitting with maternal solicitude and constancy on several eggs, containing the germ of her expected progeny. The water gradually rose, and threatened to overwhelm the mother and her brood—but, faithful to the dictates of nature, and despising danger when duty was in question, she patiently sat on her nest, and perished in the water rather than desert her charge.—*Maidstone Journal.*

Instinct of Spiders.—A small spider (*Epeira Diadema*, Latreill) had spread its net between two neighbouring trees, at the height of about nine feet. The three principal points to which the supporting threads were attached formed here as they usually do, an equilateral triangle. One thread was attached above to each of the trees, and the web hung from the middle of it. To secure a thread point of the attachment, the spider had suspended a small stone to one end of a thread; and the stone, being heavier than the spider itself, served in place of the lower fixed point, and held the web extended. The little pebble was five feet from the earth. The whole was observed, and is described by Professor Weber, of Liepsic.—*Archiv für Anatomie*, 1827.

Remarkable Circumstance.—At the dinner given at Niblo's on Wednesday in commemoration of Catholic Emancipation, the company sat down about six o'clock; at that moment the western horizon assumed a deep crimson colour, and a flood of golden light was thrown over the beautiful gardens, the soloon, and the adjacent edifices. An uncommon and breathless stillness of the atmosphere prevailed. Presently a distant rolling of thunder was heard, which gradually approached, and at the moment the memory of those departed patriots, Gratton, Fox, and Canning, was announced from the chair, to be drunk in solemn silence, a long and slow peal, like military honours for the dead, reverberated through the building in which the company were assembled.—*New York Albion*, June 20.

The late Levee.—Mr. O'Connell was among the earliest arrivals; and appeared dressed in a court suit of black; he having been presented to his Majesty in Dublin, was not introduced upon the present occasion, but merely made his bow; which was most gracefully and graciously acknowledged by the King.

Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of Acre, yesterday attended his Majesty's Levee. He is not just arrived in this country, as was intimated in a weekly journal; he has been in London for the last three quarters of a year. He is busily engaged in preparing publications for the press; and amongst other matters, it is whispered, "Memoirs of his own Life." Though now advanced in years, he retains all the activity of mind and spirit of enterprise of earlier years; and those who know him intimately speak most flatteringly of the earnestness of his conversational powers.

Tom Moore.—Moore has printed between three and four hundred pages of his *Life of Lord Byron*, which is interspersed with original letters and poems, of singular merit—after the manner of Mason's *Life of Gray*, and Hayley's *Life of Cowper*. Nearly the whole of the manuscript is in town, and the work, consisting of a thick 4to. volume, will be published during the season. Since the death of his eldest daughter, by which the poet and his amiable wife were deeply affected, they have been residing, for change of scene, at his friend and patron the Marquess of Lansdowne's fine mansion at Calne, a few miles from Mr. Moore's cottage at Slepepton.

Law Intelligence.—In opposition to the dictum of Judge Littledale, that a dead duck, was not a duck, Mr. Sergeant Adams has decided that a dead rabbit is a rabbit. The vitality of a duck is one vitality, and the vitality of a rabbit is at another vitality!

Mr. O'Connell has drawn up an Address to the Freeholders of the County of Clare, announcing his intention of becoming a Candidate for the now vacant seat for that County.

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