

POETRY.

STANZAS, FROM THE PERSIAN.

Fair one! take this rose, and wreath it
In thy braided hair;
A brighter bloom will rest beneath it,
Take this rose, my fair!
The flower, which late was seen to glow,
So lovely on that snowy brow,
Lov'd thy lip, and lightly shed
A dewy leaf of rosy red,
To blush for ever there.

Take this lily, love; and twine it
With thy waving hair:
'Twill gem the ringlets—why decline it?
Take the flower, my fair!
And yet its leaflets, pure and pale,
In beauty on thy brow will fail:
That brow attracts all eyes to thee,
And none will choose or chance to see,
The lily fading there!

ON SNOW THAT MELTED ON A LADY'S
BREAST.

Those envious flakes which came in haste,
To prove her breast so fair,
Grieving to find themselves surpass'd,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

[As we inserted in our last, an article about the inspection, by the Lord High Admiral, of the Royal Sovereign Yacht at Deptford, previous to its sailing to convey the Queen of Wurtemberg to England; perhaps a description of that magnificent Vessel may not be uninteresting at the present moment.]

THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN YACHT.

The Royal Sovereign Yacht, belonging to His Majesty, is between three and four hundred tons burthen, has three masts, is ship-rigged, and is the most splendid vessel, beyond all comparison, ever launched in England. The bust of His Majesty forms the head, surmounted by a canopy, painted crimson, with fringe and tassels in gold. The head rails have carved figures of Peace and Plenty, which support the bust, with a frieze of devices to the bows, carved and gilt. Above the channels is a frieze—boys supporting the Cardinal virtues, united by festoons of laurel. The quarterbadge, representing the Star and Garter, supported by the Lion and Unicorn, is a complete blaze of gilding. The stern is most superbly gilt—in the centre of the taffrel, are the King's Arms, supported by Prudence and Fame. Fortitude and Truth are carved at the sides of the stern, richly gilt. The lower counter is an emblematical painting. On the right of the rudder is Neptune drawn by four Sea-horses, a painting. On the left of the rudder is Britannia pointing to the Arts, a painting. Above the rudder is the Star of Brunswick as if presiding. The upper counter is Cupids with laurel, painted and gilt. Over the poop are three magnificent lanterns, in blue and gold, with stars on the top. The quarter deck is separated from the main deck by a richly carved breast-rail. The sides of the quarter deck are devices, painted, in compartments. The gallery is fitted up for a kitchen, with steam-boilers, and other cooking apparatus. Adjoining it is the Room for the Lords in waiting, in white, with panel mouldings, the roof supported by fluted pilasters, with Ionic caps, all gilt. The passages are white and gold. The roof of the King's room is panelled mahogany and gold; the sides crimson damask panels, the framings gold; twenty carved emblematical figures, the Four Elements, &c. are on pedestals with Ionic caps of mahogany and gold.—Round the rudder case are three beautiful plates of looking-glass, entirely concealing the wood, in frames to correspond. The descent to the State Rooms is by a superb mahogany winding staircase, the balustrades richly carved and gilt, the sides panelled mahogany and gold. The ceilings and doors to the State Rooms are of the finest mahogany in panels, with carved borders, richly gilt. The doors in the centre cabin are covered with mirrors. The chairs and sofas are of crimson damask

in gilt mahogany frames. The wind vane is of plate glass and draw up and down like those of a coach, the sides painted a deep vermilion.—To suspend the tables, that they may sway with the vessel, elegant gilt chains descend from the ceilings, as if for lamps. The side windows, one on each side the stern, are two immense concaves of plate-glass, like mirrors, from each of which, on the outside the vessel, rays diverge to form a splendid star. The predominant feature of the decorations is costly gilding—on the blocks carrying the ladders and the rigging are fully gilt. The vessel was put into this elegant state, for His present Majesty, then Prince Regent, in 1816, at an estimated expence of upwards of sixty thousand pounds: the gilding alone is supposed to have cost near Thirteen Thousand Five Hundred Pounds!

THE WHITE PATIENT.

In the reign of Louis XV. Isissé was the fashionable surgeon of Paris. One morning he received a note inviting him to attend in the *Rue Pot de fer*, near the Luxembourg, at six o'clock in the evening. This professional rendezvous he of course failed not to keep, when he was encountered by a man who brought him to the door of a house, at which he gently knocked. The door, as is usual in Paris, opened by a spring, moved from within the porter's lodge; and Isissé, when it again closed upon him, was surprised to find himself alone, and his conductor gone. After a short interval, however, the porter appeared and desired him to mount "*au premier*." Obeying this order, he opened the door of an antechamber, which he found completely lined with white. A very handsomely dressed and well-appointed *lacquais*, white from head to foot, well powdered and frizzed, with a white bag to his hair, held two napkins, with which he insisted on wiping Isissé's shoes. The surgeon in vain observed, that having just left his carriage, his shoes were not dirty; the *lacquais* persisted, remarking that the house was too clean to allow of this operation being omitted. From the antechamber Isissé was shewn into a saloon hung like the antechamber with white, where a second *lacquais* repeated the ceremony of wiping his shoes, and passed him into a third apartment, in which the walls, floor, bed, tables, chairs, and every article of furniture were white. A tall figure, in a white nightcap and white morning gown, and covered with a white mask, was seated near the fire. As soon as this phantom perceived the surgeon, he cried in an hollow voice, "I have the fever in my body," and relapsed immediately into a profound silence, which he continued to observe during more than half an hour, that he amused himself, in pulling on and off six pair of white gloves, which lay on a table beside him. Isissé was greatly alarmed at this extraordinary spectacle, and at his own reception; and his apprehension was not diminished on perceiving that fire arms were placed within the reach of the white spectre. His fears became at length so excessive, that he was compelled to sit down. By degrees, however, he gained sufficient courage to ask in a trembling voice, "what were Monsieur's commands," remarking, that "his time was not his own, but the public's and that he had many appointments to keep." To this the white man only replied, in a dry cold tone, "As long as you are well paid, what does it signify to you?" Another quarter of an hour's silence then ensued, when at last the spectre pulled a white bell-rope, and two white servants entered the room. He then called for bandages, and desired Isissé to draw from him five pounds of blood. The surgeon, frightened still more by the enormous

bloodletting bus which he had ordered the remedy? "Myself" was the short answer. Isissé too great a trepidation to venture on the veins of the arm, Isissé begged to bleed from the foot, and warm water was ordered for the operation. Meantime the phantom took off a pair of the finest white silk stockings, and then another, and then a third, and so on to the sixth pair, which discovered the most beautiful foot and ankle imaginable, and almost convinced Isissé that his patient was a woman. The vein was opened; and at the second cup the phantom fainted. Isissé therefore was proceeding to take off the mask, but he was eagerly prevented by the servants. The foot was bound up, and the white figure having recovered his senses, was put to bed; after which, the servants again left the room. Isissé slowly advanced towards the fire, while he wiped his lancets; making many reflections within himself upon this strange adventure. All of a sudden, on raising his eyes, he perceived in the mirror over the chimney piece, that the white figure was advancing towards him on tiptoes. His alarm became still more violent, when, with a single spring, the terrific spectre came close to his side. Instead, however, of offering violence, as his movement seemed to indicate, he merely took from the chimney five crowns and gave them to the surgeon, asking at the same time if he was satisfied. Isissé, who would have made the same answer had he received but three farthings, said that he was. "Well then," said the spectre, "be gone about your business." The poor surgeon did not wait for a second order, but retreated, or rather flew, as fast as his legs could carry him, from the room. The two servants who attended to light him out could not conceal their smiles; and Isissé, unable longer to endure his situation, asked what was the meaning of this pleasantry? But their only reply was, "Are you not well paid? have you suffered any injury?" and so saying, they bowed him to his carriage. Isissé was at first determined to say nothing of this adventure; but he found on the ensuing morning, that it was already the amusement of the court and city; and he no longer made any mystery of the matter. The "*mote enigma*," however, was never discovered.

Curious Historical Fact.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles the 1st, a country girl came to London in search of a place as servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those called tub women. The brewer observing a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and after a short time married her: but he died while yet she was a young woman and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and to the young woman was recommended Mr. Hyde, as a skilful lawyer to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her; of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

THE MODERN BRAVO.

BY THE REV. EDWARD IRVING OF
THE CALEDONIAN CHURCH.

And here, first, I would try these flush and flashy spirits with their own weapons, and play a little with them at their own game. They do but prate about their exploits at fighting, drinkings and death despatching. I can tell them of those who fought with savage beasts; yea, of maidens, who

durst enter as coolly as a modern bully into the ring, to take chance with infuriated beasts of prey; and I can tell them of those who drank the mollen lead as cheerfully as they do the juice of the grape, and handled the red fire, and played with the bickering flames as gaily as they do with love's dimples or woman's amorous tresses. And what do they talk of war? Have they forgot Cromwell's iron hand, who made their chivalry to skip? or the Scots Camerons, who seven times, with the Christian chief, received the thanks of Marlborough, that first of English captains? or Gustavus of the North, whose camp sung Psalms in every tent? It is not so long, that they should forget Nelson's Methodists, who were the most trusted of that hero's crew. Poor men, they know nothing who do not know out of their country's history, who it was that set at naught the wilfulness of Henry VIII. and the sharp rage of the virgin Queen against liberty, and bore the black cruelty of her popish sister; and presented the petition of rights, and the bill of rights, and the claim of rights. Was it chivalry? was it blind bravery? No; these second-rate qualities may do for a picked field, or a fenced ring; but when it comes to death or liberty, death or virtue, death or religion, they wax dubious, generally bow their necks under hardship or turn their backs for a bait of honour, or a morsel of solid and substantial meat. This chivalry and brutal bravery can fight if you feed them well and bribe them well, or set them well on edge; but in the midst of hunger and nakedness, and want and persecution, in the day of a country's direst need, they are cowardly, treacherous, and of no avail.

Oh these toppers, these gamblers, these idle revellers, these hardened death-despisers! they are a nation's disgrace, a nation's downfall. They devour the seed of virtue in the land; they feed on virginity, and modesty, and truth. They grow great in crime, and hold a hot war with the men of peace. They sink themselves in debt; they cover their families with disgrace; they are their country's shame. And will they talk about being their country's crown, and her rock of defence? They have in them a courage of a kind such as Catiline and his conspirators had. They will plunge in blood for crowns and gaudy honours, or, like the bolder animals, they will set on with brutal courage, and, like all animals, they will lift up an arm of defence against those who do them harm. But their soul is consumed with wantonness, and their steadfast principles are dethroned by error; their very frames, their bones and sinews, are effeminated and degraded by vice and dissolute indulgences.

The N.B. ROYAL GAZETTE, is published every TUESDAY, by GEO. K. LUGRIN, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, at his Office in Queen Street, over Mr. Stoor's Store, Fredericton, where Blanks, Handbills, &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

CONDITIONS.

The price of this Paper is Sixteen Shillings per annum (exclusive of Postage)—the whole to be paid in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding Fifteen Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Sixpence the first and One Shilling and Sixpence for each succeeding insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash and the insertions will be regulated according to the amount received.

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