

POETRY.

THE DYING BLIND-BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

(From the World.)

Mother, I am dying now,
Death's cold damps are on my brow;
Leave me not—each pang grows stronger,
Faster watch a little longer,
Sweet it is your voice to hear,
Though dull and heavy grows mine ear;
Wait and take my last adieu,
Never Mother loved like I did!
Though your form I ne'er might see,
Your image was not hid from me—
Stamp'd on my adoring mind,
Beautiful but undefin'd;
Ever fair and ever bright,
That vision fill'd me with delight.
Well I know what's to come,
Those oft-press'd forms I could not see,
Might I all their beauty view,
None of them would rival you.
Life to me was sweet and dear,
While I liv'd the tale to hear,
Told by you on wintry hours,
All to make your blind-boy mirth;
And I loved my voice to join
In chorus of those hymns divine,
By which you fondly taught your boy,
To look to Heaven with hope and joy.
Sun or moon I could not see,
But love measured time for me
When your kiss my slumber broke,
When I knew the morn had woke;
And when came the hour to pray,
Then I knew 'twas close of day,
When I heard the loud winds blow,
And I felt the warm fire glow,
Then I knew 'twas winter wild,
And kept at home—your helpless child!
When the air grew mild and soft,
And the gay lark sang aloft,
And I heard the streamlet flowing,
And I smelt the wild flow'rs blowing,
And the bee did round me hum,
Then I knew the spring was come.
Forth I wonder'd with delight,
And I knew when days were bright;
When I smelt the green bell's side,
Fancy traced the prospect wide;
And 'twas pleasant when I press'd
The warm and downy turf to rest—
Now I never more shall come
The many paths around my home;
And you will often look in vain,
Nor hail your wanderer o'er again;
Never more an eager cry,
Where he lay, or if he lay;
Or with low and plaintive tones,
Humming to himself alone,
On a bed of wild flowers stretch'd
Starting when a flower was catch'd,
Till nature whisper'd 'twas my mother,
And affection gave another!
But 'twas mother thus to die,
With my mother by,
Then to be in life alone,
When the sad every friend was gone,
Mourn not o'er the broken hearted,
Mother long shall we be parted;
Soon in vale which ever bloom,
Which unfolding flow'rs perfume,
In realms of life, of light and joy,
You will meet your poor blind boy!

* It has been related of some, who were recovered from early blindness, that they evidently expected to find those whom affection and kindness had endeared to them, the most beautiful to the eye.

AN EASY-GOING CAPTAIN.

The Captain of a cruising frigate in the Mediterranean, on descending the ladder for his cot, about eight o'clock in the evening, and contemplating the felicity of a dozen hours' uninterrupted repose, left orders with the Officer of the watch to be made acquainted of any change in the weather. Towards midnight it suddenly began to look black to windward, the breeze freshening to a long-continued squall, which obliged the Lieutenant to shorten sail to the fore-sail. The topsails were clewed down for reefing. Here the Captain was informed of the change of weather, and the sail the ship had been ordered to in consequence. "Eh!" said the Captain, "it blows hard, does it?"—"Yes, Sir," replied the Lieutenant, "there's every appearance of a gale."—"Very well," said the Captain, "let me know if it blows harder." At twelve o'clock the First Lieutenant, who had been for the last half hour watching the state of

the weather, made up his mind to disturb the Captain for the permission of the band, telling him that he thought it necessary to send the top gallant yards down, and make all snug, for it was blowing a perfect gale. "Do so," says the Captain, "and—let me know if it blows harder, or any thing particular happens." Both yards and masts struck, the fore and main topmasts taken in, the fore-sail reefed and let again, before the watch was called; just after which, the Second Lieutenant, in obedience to the orders left him by the noble First, went down to report the loss of main-top-sail, which had blown clean out of the bolt-rope. The gallant Commander had been awake by the noise occasioned by the splitting of the sail, and the moment the cabin door opened, and the Officer of the watch entered, as he had expected, promptly ordered him, on his stating the case, to set the storm-stay-sails ad-ding, as he laid himself down again, "and you know,—ah! let me called if it blows harder." The ship laboured much, and just after daylight shipped a great tremor down sea, which made all shake again; washed away the lee-wind-hammock netting, and with it nearly half the watch. The gale, if possible, was still increasing, the sea running mountains. The Officer of the watch reported the sad catastrophe. "And it blows very hard, does it?" seriously, said the Captain. "Very hard, indeed, Sir," as mournfully replied the Lieutenant; "I think I never knew it to blow so hard."—"What, Sir?" responded the Captain, as he turned himself round, in thought of some further order; "what, you never knew it blow so hard?"—"Never, Sir," said the Lieutenant, positively. "Then, Sir, let me know when it moderates."

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS.

Mass in the Royal Chapel.

During my sojourn in Paris, I was one morning presented by a friend with a ticket of admission to the Royal Chapel where mass is performed before the King. I passed through the gardens of the Tuilleries, and presented myself at the iron gate of the corridor which leads to the door of the Chapel, at which, having surrendered my ticket to the officer on guard, I was admitted, and passing between files of armed soldiers, took my seat immediately in front of the altar.

The ceremony was not yet commenced, and I employed the few minutes that elapsed before the entrance of the King, in gazing with admiration upon the magnificence of this Royal house of prayer, where art has exhausted her power to charm the eye and captivate the imagination. Perfumed lamps and tapers of transparent wax, mingled their golden light with the rays of noon transmitted through crimson curtains, and ringing the vaulted roof, and the superb columns of pure marble, and associated pavement with all the gorgeous hues of sunset; before me was the altar glittering with gold and jewels, and separated from the worshippers by a railing of ancient oak exquisitely carved and gilded. Above me on either side were galleries filled with titled beauties, and opposite the altar, the Monarch's seat, decorated with crimson velvet and studded with the golden emblems of royalty.

While I was admiring the splendour of the scene, the distant sound of footsteps and the voices of officers upon guard suddenly breaking upon the stillness of the chapel, announced the departure of the King from his apartment. As he drew near the deep silence prevailed throughout the assembly. Another moment, and a herald announced "Le Roi." The shrill trumpet and the spirit-stirring drum, from their station be-

neath the royal gallery, made the echoed of resound with the stately march of Henri Quatre. The soldiers that lined the aisle and surrounded the altar, like statues clothed in all the grim array of war, presented their arms—and the mortal toad of all this pomp, a his old man with feeble steps and hoary hair, advanced, surrounded by his nobles and those renowned general and statesmen, who, under the auspices of Napoleon, had driven him and all his race from France—at the same instant the venerable Archbishop and his train of attendant priests and ministers, in the splendid habits of their sacred function, proceeded from the sacristy arranged themselves before the altar.

As soon as the King had taken his seat, the loud flourish of warlike instruments was hushed, and the ministers of religion, the armed troops, and the congregated worshippers, all bowed to the ground before their sovereign—again for a moment the sound of war resounded through the Chapel—the soldiers recovered their arms—the King knelt and clasped his hands, and the solemn ritual of the mass commenced. This imposing ceremonial of the Catholic Church was performed with every attribute of pomp and magnificence; the well-toned organ with all its majesty of sound combined with every instrument of rich and solemn music, and the melodious voices of exquisite singers to touch the heart and elevate the thoughts to heaven. Beautiful boys, the scions of the noblest families of France, attired in gorgeous robes, attended round the altar and assisted in the ceremonies, while clouds of fuming incense wreathing from golden censers—the soft and beautiful, yet glowing light—the exquisite paintings, and the strains of voluptuous music that breathed around, conspired to enchant the senses and fill the soul with the most delightful emotions.

As the solemn rite proceeded, the sound of the loud instruments grew faint and died away, and a single female voice of surpassing sweetness began a slow and melancholy solo, pouring forth long notes of mournful cadence, and seeming to describe the tragic scene of Calvary, where the Holy One of heaven completed his sacrifice of mercy to mankind, and purchased for the fallen race of Adam the pardon of their transgressions with his own most righteous blood. As the plaintive strain advanced, a deeper voice joined in sad accents to the song—a sweet toned bell was heard—and in a moment as if with one accordant motion, the assembled worshippers bowed themselves down to the ground—the hymn was elevated—for an instant the mournful sound was broken by the clash of arms as the soldiers knelt and grounded their weapons—every breathing creature in the chapel sunk upon the knee—and for a few moments no sound interrupted the reverential silence.

Again the pealing organ poured forth its full tide of harmony—the chorus of voices joined in the song of praise now raising to the sustained fullness of hope and humble confidence, and now swelling wave upon wave, to the triumphant jubilate of adoration and worship, rejoicing in the salvation perfected, the glorious work performed, filling the earth with joy and the heavens with hallelujahs, borne upon the volumes of exulting sound. Once more the drums rolled their loud voice of adulation—the harsh trumpets brayed—the clang of presented arms re-echoed through the chapel—and the splendid pageant passed away.

Human Time Piece J. D. Chevally, a native of Switzerland, aged 67, has arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in

reckoning time by an internal movement. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells, and vibration of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of continuing a succession of intervals exactly equal to that which the vibration of sounds produced. Being on board a steamboat on the Lake of Geneva, he engaged to indicate to the crowd about him the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any one chose to name, and this during a conversation the most diversified with those standing by; and farther, to indicate by the voice the moment when the hand passed over the quarter minutes, or half minutes, or any other subdivision previously stipulated, during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention and rattle his hand at the conclusion of the time fixed. His own account of it is thus given: "I have acquired by imitation, labor, and patience, a movement which neither thoughts nor labor, nor any thing can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each motion of going and returning, gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute, and these I add to others continually."—Atlas.

Guildhall, Monday.—A new mode of Raising the Wind.—The trustees of a friendly society called "The Royal Pensioners' Society," applied to the Magistrates for their assent to the repeal of one of the rules, which entitled each member to receive £6 on the death of his wife, towards defraying funeral expences, provided such assistance was not claimed more frequently than once in every four years—that is, that no member should become a widower sooner than every four years! In consequence of the latitude allowed by the clause, some members, tempted by the bonus, had appeared, contrived to bury their wives regularly within the limited time, and the means they adopted were simple—they always fixed their affections upon women whose days were "dwindled to the shortest span." An old bedridden dame of ninety had more charms in their eyes than had a blooming buxom lass of "blushing sixteen." Upon hearing the case, and receiving sufficient proof of the practice complained of, the Magistrates repealed the clause, and substituted another, by which each member, though he marry fifty wives, can only have a funeral allowance for one during his whole life.—Plymouth Journal.

A paragraph in the Maidstone Gazette begins in the following accidentally witty manner:—"A pair of swallows have this season built their nest in the servant's bed room at Mrs. Finch's, Rowling-house, Goodnest, near Wingham."

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