

POETRY.

Selected.

LAY OF AN EXQUISITE.

BY JOHN FRANCIS, ESQ.

It's really getting quite a bore
To be so much admired!
Thus Adelaide keeps very fond,
Though I am getting tired;
And Laura, with her smiling face,
And pretty Grecian nose,
Thinks herself very sure of me,
But—I shall not propose!

Though I'm the most admired of all
In fashion's golden bevy;
And though all praise my air and grace
At drawing room and levee;
Though laughing Lady Catherine,
And lovely Mary Rose,
Looks very sweet, when at their feet,
Still—I shall not propose!

Thus pale Louisa Harrington
Woo me with many a smile,
While Ann, when at St. George's church,
Looks at me down the aisle;
And Harriet loves to see me placed
Among her host of beaux;
The sweetest tone away is thrown,
For—I shall not propose!

Old Lady Wallace talks to me
About her niece's duty;
And Mrs. Mowbray prates to me
About her daughter's beauty;
While little, fairy, laughing Jane,
Her taper ancle shows,
When riding on her Arab steed,
But—I shall not propose!

Some of them try to win my heart
With talk aristocratic,
Some of them breathe a tender tone,
And grow quite aromatic;
There's Violet's rather azure legs,
And very azure hose,
Lure like a siren—to talk of Byron—
But—I shall not propose!

Lady Geranium Lavender
Writes very touching sonnets,
And pretty Tierney Delacour
Wears prettier cottage bonnets;
And Cora, with her pearly hands,
Sweet loves of purses sews,
She can't not me so easily,
For—I shall not propose!

I visit all their milliners,
To give my taste in dresses,
They ask new fashions for the hair,
(I've got a thousand tresses:)
I go with them to operas,
And though sometimes I doze,
Still it is all the same to them,
As—I shall not propose!

I am asked out to ball or rout
Papas ask me to dinner,
And when we play at whist or loo,
I am sure to rise the winner;
My poetry is beautiful,
And excellent my prose,
And O! it's quite ridiculous,
To think I should propose!

I chat with fathers at their homes,
I flatter mothers out;
I dine with brothers at their clubs,
And—leave them all in doubt:
They wonder with their eager eyes
If I shall ever close,
Now they may know, much to their woe,
That—I shall not propose!

Is it not getting then a bore
To be so much admired?
O! why is Adelaide so fond
When I am getting tired?
In vain is every smiling face,
Grecian or Roman nose,
I've made my mind up, come what may,
That—I WILL NOT PROPOSE!

Holloway.

VARIETTES.

DEL GREEN.

A TALE OF THE SPECTRE SHIP.

In looking upon a large map of the British Provinces of North America, it will be observed that the Bay of Fundy, stretching up between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, is indented with numerous headlands and promontories, some of which stand out to a considerable distance into the sea or bay.

Numerous Islands also are scattered along the mouth of this bay at short distances, forming a sort of chain almost quite across it. These are almost incessantly enveloped in dense fogs during the spring and summer months; but occasionally when these become scattered by the intense rays of the summer's sun, and the winds have ceased to agitate the waters the broad glassy surface of this vast sheet, of a hundred miles in length, and sixty or eighty in breadth, lying in quietness, is seen covered with sea fowl—some on the wing, sailing aloft and traversing the bay in various directions; others in the water, either swimming or screaming, or floating on chips and fragments of wood and bark that have drifted out to sea from the various rivers and small inlets of the lumber districts bordering upon the shores.

To observe a gull or a duck navigating one of these puny vessels, standing erect on his frail barque, as if watching his own reflected image in the glassy surface beneath, while thousands of his fellows are busily engaged round him in gathering the floating sea weed

and offal that are drifting with the tide, is truly laughable.

On a still day, when the tide is retreating from the bay, and the sun is resting on the surface of the waters, numerous shoals of porpoises and grampuses are seen spouting and blowing and sporting, now rising to the surface in quick succession, and now retreating in the depths below; while at intervals, at a distance, the huge whale is heard to pour forth his smoking breath like the discharge of a steamer, raising in broken spray and foam the calm smoothness or gentle ripple of the ocean, and sometimes lying half exposed to view, floating—a huge, black, unshapely mass—on the surface.

The small boats, pink sterns and larger crafts, are seen at anchor, while the fishermen are playing their lines, and raising at every moment some finny inhabitant from his watery element below.

Coasters and merchantmen are seen crossing the bay in different directions, and at diverse distances; some departing for the West Indies and Europe with high piled decks of lumber, and some returning from their voyages laden with foreign commodities for the use of the inhabitants of the Provinces.

From the middle of the bay may be seen at one coup d'œil the islands of Campo Bello, Grand Manan, Tit Manan, Long Island, Brier Island, and the shores of Nova Scotia, with its various capes and headlands, stretching out into that part of the bay called Saint Mary's; and low down in the horizon, as far as the eye can extend its vision, Mount Desert, with its barren and naked rocks.

It was on the afternoon of a sunny day in the latter part of the month of March, in 1798, that a new square rigged vessel, deeply laden with lumber high piled up on the deck, and with fifteen cabin passengers, besides the crew—men, women, and children—was seen making its way with full spread canvas, across the bay, from the port of St. John's to put out to sea for the West Indies. With the little wind that then breathed, she was slowly working her way through the narrow passage that leads out between Great Manan and Long Island; and as the wind died away, the vessel remained almost motionless, so that the morning of the following day found her nearly in the same spot she occupied the evening preceding.

There has been a tradition for many years among the seamen who navigate this bay, and the adjoining waters, that in consequence of some marine disaster in the former times happening to the crew of an English merchantman, through the wicked design of her captain—she being wrecked in her passage thro' the narrow strait that leads near Brier Island—the shadowy semblance of a ship is often seen at night, and amidst the thick fogs that almost forever sleep round these Islands, careering widely along the agitated surface of the deep; and bringing with her storm and tempest so dreadful, that all the vessels which are at this time on these waters meet with inevitable destruction. This magic vessel has often been hailed by seamen, with the supposition that she was some fisherman or coaster, her crew had often been heard talking, laughing, and hallooing amid the dense fogs, and her thin shadowy form dimly discerned through the mists. But the moment she is hailed all noise ceases, the vessel disappears, and after a short interval her crew are again heard at some distance, and in different directions, working their enchanted vessel. The creaking of the rigging, the yoo he voo of her crew, and even the parting of the waters beneath her magic keel, are said often to have been distinctly heard amidst the fogs and darkness of the night. This spectre vessel is the nightly theme of the mariner who navigates the coasts, and is well known to all by the significant appellation of DEL GREEN'S ENCHANTED SHIP. As her appearance is considered the sure harbinger of tempest and destruction, it has become a subject of peculiar dread to seamen, and is looked upon only as the precursor of shipwreck and death.

As the sun arose on this morning, a dark cloud hung down low in the southern horizon, the wind breathed up from the south west, and as the light of morning glittered on the blue waters, and danced upon the gentle ripple that played upon its surface, the scene was indescribably beautiful. The vessel was soon seen underweigh, leaving the bay, and directing her course out into the broad blue expanse of the ocean. The breeze freshened; and ere the sun reached half its meridian height, the vessel was seen gliding through the waters at the rate of six or eight miles an hour, in all the pride and beauty of a staunch, well-rigged ship, departing on a prosperous voyage.

There was, however, some anxiety

on the part of the captain and passengers, in consequence of the dense and dark cloud that still hung in the south, and seemed to rise gradually in rather a threatening aspect. The captain was often upon the deck, for the purpose of making observations upon the weather. The crew, though assiduous at their tasks, were nevertheless heard to remark to one another that 'the sky looked squally'; and the passengers were frequently asking questions of what would be done in case of a storm. About noon the wind seemed to die away, and to haul round into the south east, but before three in the afternoon it again commenced blowing more violently than ever, and many proposals were made by the passengers to return, and put into the nearest harbour.

The sky was completely shut in by clouds, that floated along in dark deep masses. The rain poured down in torrents. The lightning flashed, and the deep reverberations of the thunder, as the electric fluid passed from cloud to cloud, was sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart. The vessel, in the early part of the day, had lost sight of the land, and was by this time far out to sea making, or rather rolling her way over the waves in the direction of the destined course.

One who had never been upon the waters of the ocean, can form but a faint conception of the magnificence of the scene, and of the impression it makes upon the mind when the eye, with its utmost stretch of vision, takes, in the extended prospect on every side, when one wide waste of waters, meets the view, raised into hills and mountains by the winds; and madly dashing and foaming as they urge their onward course toward the land.

The swell of the ocean had so much increased by five in the afternoon, and the wind being so directly ahead, and now blowing a tempest, that the vessel at this time was making but little head way, and this little, with much effort and danger. The heavy deck load of lumber served to render the ship unmanageable, and the deck was often swept over and drenched by the breakers, as they came tumbling in mountains, and sweeping along the side of the vessel.

The darkness of the night was now fast approaching; and the prospect of passing the night in this perilous situation, was rendered still more gloomy by what was very uncommon during such a tempest of wind, a dense fog. During the day a distant sail had occasionally been discovered, and as they were passing out from the bay, had often sailed alongside the pink sterns and small craft of the fishermen, and seemed not entirely to have forsaken the abodes of human life; but now they had lost sight of every trace of human life, and nothing was seen but the wide waste waters around them, and the only visible tenent the petrel—the swallow of the ocean, that during the fiercest tempest skims closely and fearlessly along the surface, keeping time with the waves, and cheerfully picking from its summit the means of its subsistence.

As the last light of day was still lingering on the deep, but every moment growing fainter and fainter, these small birds called the petrel, but known among sailors by the name of "Mother Carey's Chickens," were seen fluttering closely under the stern of the vessel in large numbers. Seamen often attach an unpropitious omen to their presence, and many a hardy tar on this occasion was heard to remark, "there would be a tough night on't." The Captain disheartened, and somewhat alarmed at their situation, ordered the men to take in all the sails, except the mainsail and foresail, bring the head of the vessel near the wind, and "lay to."

Scarcely were these orders finished, when there was a cry of "a sail ahead;" and though the fog and darkness prevented them from discerning any object, talking and shouting, and hallooing were distinctly heard amid the fog, and mists, and the tumult of the waves, so near that the captain, fearing he might be run foul of, or run upon some fishermen or merchantmen, ordered the speaking trumpet, that they might be hailed. No sooner had the first articulate sound broken from this instrument, than all was hushed and silent. Even the wind itself seemed for a moment quiet, and it was fallaciously hoped and conjectured that the storm was subsiding. There was, however, soon heard in the distance, a deep and sullen murmur of the tempest; a heavy undulation of the ocean was felt by the vessel, and as she swung to and fro in the deep channels between the waves, her rigging became strained, and was heard to creak in harsh accordance with the whistling of the wind through her shrouds, while her every joint, as she labored between the waves, seemed ready to part asunder. The Captain turned pale, and the boldest

seamen felt a thrill of horror pass over them, at these appearances; and there remained not the least doubt in their minds that *Del Green's Enchanted Vessel* had been spoken, and that before another morning all on board must perish.

Before the seamen had discharged their duty of taking in the sails, the wind blew a hurricane, the foresail was shivered to tatters, and the topmast had gone overboard. The waves came rushing from the southeast in mountains, and in the intervals of the storm voices were heard in various directions, like those of seamen in distress, the vessel, unable longer to sustain a double reefed solitary sail, was soon running before the wind, under her naked poles; while the howling of the storm through her shrouds, its dismal screaming and shrill cry as it swept by the small cords and blocks, was occasionally interrupted by unearthly sounds that seemed to echo and reverberate along the waves. She drifted madly before the wind, and while the crew were endeavoring to discharge the burthen of the largely and heavily loaded deck into the sea, the mainmast with a tremendous crash, went by the board, having snapped a little above the deck. A universal panic seized the whole crew as they waited in expectation of immediate death.

The waves now beat furiously over the drifting wreck, the remains of the once gallant ship being wholly at their mercy. The dismasted vessel was propelled forward by each successive undulation, with an irresistible force, till it was ascertained that she must have been to the westward of Cape Sable, and that a few miles more drifting would dash her naked hulk upon the rocks either upon Brier Island or Grand Manan. At length, as daylight began to dawn, they discovered a few yards before them, the fog-wrapped Island so much dreaded, with its frowning and beetling precipices, lashed by the thundering ocean, wrought into madness by the winds; and ere the sun arose, the gallant ship, that the day previous had left the bay in so much pride and beauty, was floating in fragments along the shore, and one—one only—of a crew of twenty-five escaped from the disastrous adventure, to convey the dismal tidings of their fate.

THE TWO NAPOLEONS.—Any traveler who may not have been in Italy in the spring of 1819, must have heard of the celebrated Major of the Royal Sardinian Life Guards, who bore so strong a resemblance to the great Napoleon as to excite the wonder of all those who had seen the Emperor.—At that time I was on a visit to the city of Genoa. I recollect that one evening I was at the *café du grand Cairo* with a party of friends, when we observed an officer in the costume of the Guards reading at a table. We were struck with the resemblance which he bore to all the busts and portraits of the Emperor which we had seen. In the midst of our conjectures on the subject, an old French officer, decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor, observing the surprise depicted in our countenances, very politely joined our party, and said, I can easily imagine, gentlemen, the subject of your present astonishment. That officer is one of the greatest wonders in Europe, and as much like Napoleon as if he were his twin brother: indeed some persons here go so far as to assert that both the Emperor and his prototype are from the same parent stock, which may be the case, as the Major is a native of Corsica, and about Napoleon's age. I assure you (continued the French officer) that I was near the Emperor on the night previous to the bloody and disastrous battle of Leipzig. I observed him perusing the bulletins of the army, his attitude, thoughtful mood, and his general demeanor was a perfect counterpart to the person before us. See! he is about taking a pinch of snuff! Napoleon's manner to perfection. In a word the enthusiasm of the French officer rose to such a pitch that all the visitors of the Café were staring at us.

The next evening I went to the opera to hear the celebrated Madame Catalini, and to have a peep at the ex-Empress Maria Louisa and her father, whose visit had been announced. We had not been long seated before we discovered the Major in the adjoining box. He was standing up, his arms folded in the manner of Napoleon, and like him he wore a green coat buttoned up close to the neck, and decorated with two or three orders, which he had won in the Italian wars, and above all, the never to be forgotten little cocked hat.—Soon afterwards the Empress entered her box accompanied by a brilliant suite, but presently the audience were thrown into amazement by some confusion in the royal box. Maria Louisa had caught a glimpse of the counterfeit presentment

of her deceased husband, and her confusion and astonishment were exhibited in the most palpable manner. The King of Sardinia was forced to order him on duty, ten leagues from Genoa, as his person kept the soldiers in constant excitement, who never failed to present arms in passing him.

I understand previous to my leaving Genoa, that Maria Louisa had sent for the officer and presented him with a gold snuff box, with the Emperor's likeness set in brilliants.

THE ARMY.—The second division of the 52d Regiment marched for Ennis-killen on Wednesday, and the third, with the bugles on Thursday. The regret of the inhabitants at the departure of this fine regiment, was evinced on Thursday by thousands cheering them as they passed through the streets. At Castle Place they met the head quarter division of the gallant 74th, which had just arrived from Newry, under the command of Lieut. Col. Mein, when both divisions saluted and cheered each other as they passed. A fine large deer marched at the head of this division. We learn that Sergeant Wallace of the 52d band, brother to the excellent Band-Master, having for some time kindly given his valuable assistance to the Belfast Amateur Band, has been presented by the Members, with a handsome silver Snuff-box, on which was a suitable inscription, as a mark of regard for the individual, and of admiration for his talents as a musician.—*Belfast Chronicle*.

MARRIAGES.—"At Lawrence-street, chapel, in Birmingham, on Sunday last, after the service was over, the congregation was desired to stay, when four Dissenters took the marriage affair into their own hands, in a very short manner. Charles Bradley rose up and read the following document:—

"Before this congregation, I, Chas. Bradley junr., give you, Emma Harris, this ring to wear as a memorial of our marriage, and this written pledge, stamped with the impressions of the 'United Rights of Man and Woman,' declaring I will be your faithful husband from this time henceforward.

(Signed) CHARLES BRADLEY.

"Emma Harris then in turn read as follows:—

"Before this congregation, I, Emma Harris, receive this ring, to wear as a memorial of our marriage, and give you Charles Bradley, this written pledge, stamped with the impressions of the 'United Rights of Man and Woman,' declaring I will be your faithful wife from this time henceforward.

(Signed) EMMA HARRIS.

"The same ceremony was gone through by Roger Holinsworth, and Mary Louisa Bradley, after which the papers were signed by several witnesses, and thus the marriage contract was made without the intervention of either priest or clerk."—*Nottingham Review*.

THE EFFECT OF WOMAN'S EYE UPON AN EXECUTIONER.—Anne Boleyn, being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted at the execution could obtain from her was, that she would shut her eyes; but as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their mild and timid glances; fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen.—He drew off his shoes, and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled to strike the fatal blow, without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation, which shone in the eyes of the lovely Anne Boleyn.—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*.

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