

POETRY.

Selected.

DEATH.—BY W. O. S. REABODY.
Lift high the curtain's drooping fold,
And let the evening sunlight in;

The bright young thoughts of early days,
Shall gather in my memory now,
And not the later cares whose trace
Is stamped so deeply on my brow;

Let no impatient mourner stand
In hollow sadness near my bed—
But let me rest upon the hand,
And let me hear the gentle tread

I go—but let no plaintive tone
The moment's grief of friendship tell
And let no proud and graven stone
Say where the weary slumber dwell

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

THEY TOLD ME NOT TO LOVE HIM.

They told me not to love him,
They said that he would prove
Unworthy of so rich a gem
As woman's priceless love;

They told me not to love him,
They said he was not true,
And bade me have a care, lest I
Should do what I might rue;

They told me to discard him!
They said he meant me ill—
They darkly spoke of fiends that lure,
And smile, and kiss and kill!

But they forced me to discard him!
Yet I could not cease to love—
For our mutual vows recorded were
By angels hands above.

He dwells in Heaven now—while I
Am doom'd to this dull earth;—
O, how my sad soul longs to break
Away and wander forth.

VARIETIES.

FIRE AT SEA.

MY FIRST CRUISE.—SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

"The breezes freshen, and with friendly gales
Kind Phœbus fills the wide distended sails;
Cleft by the rapid prow the waves divide,
And in hoarse murmurs break on either side.

At Cowes, on the 27th July, 18— we
Finally weighed anchor and left the white
Cliffs of Old England, for the dark waters
Of the Atlantic. With a pleasant breeze
We dropped down the channel, and soon
Lost sight of land. The "world of waters
Was now our home," and at first, I must
Confess, I found it a very cheerless and
Solitary residence. Away we bore, some-
times in tempest, sometimes in calm;

On reaching the main deck, the first
thing that caught my bewildered sight
was the Captain's coat lying in the lee
scuppers! the very coat he had worn two
minutes before in the cabin. I snatched
it up, and stood for a moment lost in a maze
of wild conjectures.

What could have happened? the uni-
form coat in such a situation, notwith-
standing Captain Morley's known puncti-
liousness in all matters of etiquette;
was it possible that that raised look and
apparently causeless trepidation could
have arisen from any mental—; the
very thought of such an event was dread-
ful. I looked anxiously around in all di-
rections, in search of some source of ex-
planation; nor was I kept long in sus-
pense. First I heard a distinct murmur
rising forward from the lower deck—then
an inarticulate sound—and at last spoken
by twenty voices at once, the awful an-
nouncement—Fire!

At sea, and for the first time, who that
has heard that cry can ever forget it! It
is still ringing like a death knell in my
ears; and though many summers have
since passed over my head, the events of
that night are still as fresh in my mem-
ory as if they were the occurrences of
yesterday. Many languages from the near-
est point of land; our boats insufficient to
carry one fifth of the crew, and at best
totally unfit to live for a day in those seas,
if the weather became at all unpropitious,
we had nothing to look for but death in

ble the midshipmen in his cabin, where
he would kindly explain to them some
difficulty in the ship's reckoning or cause
them to read aloud to him; by turns, such
books of instruction or entertainment as
he thought proper to put into their hands;
their diligence and good elocution were
frequently rewarded on such occasions
with supper and a glass of grog at his own
Table, or sometimes even with a hand at
whist. To some rigid disciplinarians,
perhaps, such a practice may appear
highly derogatory to the dignity of a Com-
mander. But Captain Morley was one of
those who conceived that good discipline
was not incompatible with kindness, or
even with considerate indulgence; and
while the mildness of his deportment gain-
ed for him the devoted attachment both
of his officers and men, the respect due to
his situation was never for a moment for-
gotten; and his behests were invariably
attended to with that emulous alacrity
which is only observable when the sense
of duty is mingled with a sentiment of
esteem.

Accordingly I had not long continued
to watch the rippling waters, when I was
summoned below. I found the captain in
the after cabin, sitting in a careless atti-
tude in the corner of the sofa. One hand
held a book, and was resting on the ledge;
the other, on which his head was listless-
ly reclined, was partly hidden among the
dark tresses of his hair. The rich mel-
low rays of the setting sun streamed gor-
geously through the stern windows, tipping
with their ruby light the bullion of his
epaulettes, and throwing what painters
term a broad light and shadow over his
face and figure. Two of my brother mid-
shipmen, who had been summoned for the
same purpose as myself, were just taking
their seats as I entered.

After some general conversation, on
subjects more immediately connected with
the business of the ship, Captain Morley
opened the book he held in his hand, and
presenting it to me, requested that I
would read some passages from it aloud.
It was a copy of "Coleridge's Poems,"
and I found it open at that beautiful crea-
tion "Christabel." In the perusal of
this book I knew the Captain took great
delight, and I commenced to read in my
very best style of intonation. I had al-
ready got as far as the entrancing de-
scription of the mysterious lady, "in the
touch of whose bosom there dwelt a spell,"
and had just given out the concluding
lines—

"I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!"

when Captain Morley suddenly started
from his reclining posture, and leant for-
ward, with an expression of extreme an-
xiety in his face, watching apparently the
repetition of some sound that had alarmed
him. I paused; and for a moment there
was a death-like silence; but at length
the extreme and anxious tension of his
features gradually relaxed, he sunk back
into his former attitude and without re-
mark on either side, I continued my read-
ing. I had not, however, proceeded far,
when I was again interrupted by his
springing suddenly to his feet. For one
instant he remained stationary, in an atti-
tude of extreme attention—his hand a lit-
tle raised, as if to command silence—his
brows knit, his eyes fixed, and his lips
slightly separated; then, snuffing the air,
with eager impatience he rushed out of
the cabin.

I knew Captain Morley to be a man of
the very firmest nerve, and greatest
promptitude in cases of emergency.
Never taken unawares, always prepared
for whatever might happen, he was wont
to behold the approach of tempest or bat-
tle, how unconnected soever, with the
same calm serenity of countenance with
which he paced the quarter deck in sun-
shine and safety. His conduct on the
present occasion, therefore, struck me as
the more remarkable. There was a wild
expression about his face and a hurried
trepidation in his movements, which I had
never before witnessed—a mixture of
alarm and anxiety for which I was totally
at a loss to account.

I did not, however, remain long to con-
sider the probable causes of his sudden
disappearance, but dashing down my
book, followed him hastily out of the cab-
in.

On reaching the main deck, the first
thing that caught my bewildered sight
was the Captain's coat lying in the lee
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minutes before in the cabin. I snatched
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yesterday. Many languages from the near-
est point of land; our boats insufficient to
carry one fifth of the crew, and at best
totally unfit to live for a day in those seas,
if the weather became at all unpropitious,
we had nothing to look for but death in

one or other of his most appalling forms
It was a fearful alternative!
My first impulse, I know not why, was
to rush on deck. I found it almost entire-
ly deserted. On the first alarm, men and
officers had pressed eagerly forward to
ascertain the extent of the evil; and sav-
ing the man at the helm, and Mr. Sands,
the purser, who was pacing up and down
the quarter deck with a look of determi-
ned resignation, not an individual was to
be seen.

"For God's sake, Mr. Sands, where's
the fire, Sir?"
"Is the boatswain's store room, Sir.
Another hour, and there will not be a man
left to tell the tale."

"The boatswain's store room!" I re-
peated, as the thought flashed across my
mind that nothing but a thin bulk head di-
vided this room from the powder maga-
zine. "The boatswain's store-room!"
Then no earthly exertion can save us!"
"Of course not, Sir," replied Sands;
and pointing forward, he directed my at-
tention to a thin column of white smoke
that now began to issue from the fore
hatchway. Uncertain what to do, or
which way to turn, I stood and gazed
upon this harbinger of our destruction, as
it rose slowly up behind the shelter of the
booms; and then, caught by the breeze,
was carried away in eddies, and dissipated
on the face of the waters. The sound of
the drum beating to quarters was the
first thing that roused me, and in obe-
dience to the summons, I hurried instan-
tly to my station below.

The scene here soon became one of
extreme activity. The firemen of the
foremast guns handed in water from the
main deck ports, while those of the after
guns cleared the magazine and got the
gunpowder on deck, where it was stowed
about the mizzen mast, ready to be thrown
overboard, in case the fire should obtain
the mastery. At the fore hatchway,
where he commanded a full view of the
main and a partial one of the lower deck,
stood our gallant commander, without coat
or hat, issuing orders and giving directions.
Strangway took charge of the men be-
neath, and directed the play of the en-
gines. The fire now raged with fury,
and at every fresh discharge of water,
sent up thick suffocating gusts of vapour-
ing smoke. The stores in the room—
ropes, canvass, tarpaulings, and so forth
—being of a very combustible nature,
gave additional impetus to the flames, and
it became a matter of the utmost impor-
tance that as many of them as possible
should be removed. With a rope fastened
round his waist, and hatchet in his hand,
our gallant boatswain made repeated de-
scents on this perilous mission, and was
often dragged out in a state of total ex-
haustion and insensibility. I shall never
forget the scene that presented itself to
me, as I stepped forward to the top of the
hatch to deliver an order from the cap-
tain. Within the burning store room,
his figure enveloped in dense smoke,
but at the same time clearly relieved a-
gainst the red glare of the flame stood the
gallant Parsons, breaking open the lock-
ers with his hatchet, and tearing down
stores of all kinds from the shelves. The
heavy stroke of the axe, and the crashing
of the breaking boards, mixed strangely
with the crackling sound of the fire, and
the hissing of the water. Vigorously, for
a few minutes did the noble little fellow
wield his uplifted hatchet and tear asun-
der the boards of the lockers. Gradually,
however, his stroke became feebler and
more feeble, until at length, completely
overcome by the scorching heat and suf-
focating smoke, he reeled, fell and was
dragged insensible on deck.

For two hours did we labour incessant-
ly, but in vain. The fire was gaining so
rapidly, that the stream of water from the
engine very soon lost almost entirely its
effect. As a last resource, therefore, the
lower deck was scuttled, and water was
brought in buckets, and poured through
the openings, down upon the raging ele-
ment. At first this appeared to produce
a good effect, as the strength of the flame
was evidently subdued; and, in the hope
of extinguishing it entirely by one large
volume of water, Strangway ordered the
men to fill all the buckets, and pour their
contents at the same moment through the
deck. This was accordingly done; but,
to the astonishment of every one, a fresh
flash of fire, accompanied by a dense vol-
ume of smoke, followed the discharge.
The men, for an instant, stood aghast,—
the empty buckets in their hands.—Strang-
way seemed uncertain how he was next
to proceed, and the captain bent over the
hatchway in considerable agitation. A
slight murmur among the men succeeded
his momentary pause. It seemed to refer
to getting the boats in readiness; and the
practised ear of the captain instantly
caught its purport. He started as if struck
by lightning.

"Send the carpenter here!" he ex-
claimed, in a voice almost amounting to
a scream, and immediately the carpenter
was at his side.

"Go on deck, Sir,—render every boat
unfit for sea—and now, men, we shall
sink or swim together!"

A single round of hearty cheers followed
this declaration; and in a minute all were
busily occupied.

Steadily, however, had the axe been
laid to the first boat on the booms, when
Strangway called up the hatchway to an-
nounce that the fire was nearly extingui-
shed. The last flash of flame, and cloud of
dense smoke had been the expiring strug-
gle of the devouring element as the great
volumes of water fell on some vital part.—
By a little active exertion the firemen in a

Being a young sailor at the time, I was
not aware that the Hesperus, being a frigate
of the class denominated Jackass Frigate, had
no magazine forward.

few minutes succeeded in getting it entire-
ly under, and very soon nothing remain-
ed of the conflagration, but the vapoury
smoke that arose from the smouldering
embers.

Such of the stores as were not consum-
ed, were now got up on deck, where they
were spread out and examined, in case
that any latent spark might still be lurk-
ing among them. All, however, being re-
ported safe, the retreat was beat, the star-
board watch set, and an universal silence
speedily prevailed, which contrasted
strangely with the previous bustle. I
well remember, it was my middle watch;
and shall I be ashamed to acknowledge
that while I paced the deck during those
four solitary hours, I breathed forth more
than one thanksgiving to the mighty ruler
of all things, who had thus so mercifully
interfered in our behalf!

Next morning, when I left my ham-
mock and went on deck, I found every
thing in its usual order. The gunpowder
and other stores had been removed below,
the decks and hatchways were newly wash-
ed, and, saving that a strong smell of
burning still lingered about the main and
lower decks, no one could have imagined
that so shortly before, I stepped for-
ward on to the gangway, and found Dar-
by Mullins the carpenter's mate, busy re-
pairing the boat he had disabled the pre-
vious evening.

"Good mornin' to your honor," said he
touching the little bit of tarpaulin hat, as
I passed; I'm glad to see you well and a-
live, after last night's work.—Troth, they
would ha' found it indifferent sailing, that
trusted themselves to this gig, any how.

"Why, Darby, I suppose if you had a
few minutes longer, you would have scut-
tled every boat upon the booms."
"Faith! and wid all my heart and soul,
your honor. Och, it was like a rale gen-
tleman in the captain, to tell us all to sink
or swim together!—Japers! he's none
of your big-wigs, who are afraid of being
seen in honest folk's company!—But who
does your honor think 'll be served out for
the doing of it—had cess to him for that
same?"

"I can't tell Darby, it's no business of
mine, nor yours either, I trust."
"Thrus for you, thrus for you, your
honor; only I couldnt help axing about it,
for Mr. Parsons has been saying that
the captain's been after making vestiga-
shins, and we'd hear more about it yet."

"Darby Mullins," said I, "mind you
your mallet and your chizel, and leave
the captain to take care of his own mat-
ters."

"Thrus for you again, your honor; so I'll
just be after patching up this big hole my-
self was so handy in making; and he a-
gain set to plying his hammer with redou-
bled assiduity."

Whatever investigation the captain had
instituted, with regard to the individual
with whom the fire had originated, the re-
sult was totally unknown, except to the
parties concerned. That due inquiry had
been made, however, we all felt quite as-
sured; for the crime was one of a very se-
rious nature, and not like to be overlook-
ed by so strict a disciplinarian as Captain
Morley. Nay, when the systematic ar-
rangement of everything on board, and
the correct information the Captain usu-
ally had of whatever passed in the ship,
was considered, it seemed extremely prob-
able that the guilty person had been de-
tected. It was not, therefore, matter of
astonishment to myself or any one else,
when at six bells in the forenoon, all hands
were turned up to witness the punishment.
In the fore-part of the quarter deck stood
Captain Morley, dressed in full uniform,
holding a folded paper in his hand, appar-
ently the articles of war. Near him were
the different Officers, in cock'd hats and
side-arms; and a little further removed,
the men. All was now anxiety as to the
culprit; and there was a general murmur
of regret and surprise, when Richard El-
kins, the boatswain's yeoman, was called
forward and committed to the custody of
the master-at-arms. If there was one man
on board the Hesperus a greater and more
general favourite than another, it was El-
kins. Civil and obliging to his superiors,
kind and friendly to his equals, an excel-
lent seaman, and always ready at the call
of duty, he was respected and beloved
both by officers and men. During the war
he had been in the hottest of the fray, and
bore many honourable wounds in testimo-
ny of his gallantry. Repeatedly had he
led the van of his comrades in boarding
the enemy; twice had he by his prowess,
and at great personal risk, saved the life
of an officer; and on one occasion he
swam to the Admirals with despatches,
when the iron shower of balls and grape,
fell so thick that no boat could be trusted
on the water.

The captain, having read before an un-
covered audience the clause in the arti-
cles of war which related to the crime,
folded up the paper, and with a tone of
deep emotion, addressed the unhappy
man nearly in these words:—
"Richard Elkins! through your care-
lessness yesterday, the ship was nearly
destroyed by fire; and your shipmates
have only been saved from the most dread-
ful of deaths, by the merciful intercession
of that Being before whose awful throne
you had nearly hurried them. You have
broken the articles of war, having, in di-
rect opposition to orders, removed a light-
ed candle from the lantern in which it was
placed for safety, and fastening it to a
beam, left it burning in that situation when
you went to supper. In consequence of
this act of disobedience and neglect on
your part, the fire broke out in the boat-
swain's store room. Is this the case, Sir,
or is it not?"

"It is, Sir!"
"Seven o'clock, p. M.

"I therefore, consider it my duty to
punish you, as an example to the rest of
the crew; and much do I regret that one
who is in every respect so deserving a
man, should have incurred so severe a
penalty.—Strip, Sir!"

Without a syllable in his own defence,
or a single plea for mercy, he took off his
coat and shirt, and his brawny wrists were
tied to the gratings. One only appeal he
made, but not in words; it was merely an
expressive glance of his eye, by which he
seemed to request the intercession of his
officers and comrades. The benevolent
commander marked that glance, and it
was reflected back from his own counte-
nance, as if he wished to second the ap-
peal. But in vain; no one spoke, for all
knew that the offence was too heinous to
be forgiven.

The boatswain had taken off his coat,
preparatory to giving the first dozen—the
cat was already in his hand—the stiff fi-
gure of the master at arms stood by pre-
pared to record the stripes, and the cap-
tain paced to and fro upon the deck,
chucking into the air a small bunch of
keys—his common practice when he was
agitated. After making several turns of
the quarter deck, he at length stopped,
and every one expected that he was a-
bout to give the signal to commence.
For a moment he stood gazing on the cul-
prit; it was an interval of the most anx-
ious suspense, and all eyes were eagerly
fixed on him. At last, turning towards
the boatswain, he raised his hand gently
upwards, and gave the unexpected order
—"Cast him off!" In an instant the
bonds fell from the poor fellow's arms,
and he stood, unshackled and undi-
graced among his comrades.

"Elkins!" said the captain, "I can-
not flog you; it is not twenty-four hours
since God forgave us all; it is meet that
I should now forgive you. Pipe down
Mr. Parsons!"

Three rounds of such hearty cheers, as
made the timbers of the Old Hesperus
ring again, succeeded this short, but truly
eloquent address; and I believe I was
not the only one on board, who envied our
noble-minded Commander the grateful
applause of the sea within his own breast—
an applause, which certainly, he must
have that day experienced.—Dublin Uni-
versity Magazine.

Unbind him.

DIGNIFIED CONDUCT OF A YOUNG LADY.

—Eliza Embert, a young Parisian, resolu-
tely discarded a gentleman to whom she
was to have been married the next day,
because he ridiculed religion. Having,
given him a gentle reproof, he replied,
"Tha't a man of the world would not be so
old fashioned as to regard God and Reli-
gion." Eliza immediately started!—but
soon recovering herself, said, "From this
moment, when I discover that you do not
respect religion, I cease to be yours. He
who does not love and honour God, can
never love his wife constantly and sin-
cerely."

YANKEE CASUALTY.—One of the wit-
nesses, whose testimony is submitted to
the Committee of Privileges and Elections
in writing, thus answers the interroga-
tories administered to him:—Question—
"Did or did not your brother, who was
and is a minor, tell you that he had sworn
(in order to vote) that he was above 21
years old? Answer—"No; my brother
told me that he had written the figures 21
on a scrap of paper, which he put in his
shoe, and swore he was above 21."—New
York Paper.

TALMA.—When Talma was once per-
forming Hamlet at Arras, in the fifth
scene, where he is about to stab his mo-
ther, a military stranger was so overcome
by the tragic powers of the actor, that he
was carried out of the theatre. His first
words on recovery were, "Has he killed
his mother?"

"Are you equally expert at backgam-
mon?"—said a gentleman to his apothecary,
after having run his eye over the
Christmas bill. "At backgammon!" re-
joined the man of medicine, "What do
you mean?" "I only thought you might
be," replied the patient, "seeing that
you are such a dab at draughts."

ZENO.—This philosopher said to a gar-
tulous youth: "Nature gave us two ears,
and one mouth—that we might hear
much and speak little."

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