

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

There is, in the wide lone sea,  
A spot unmarked, but holy,  
For there the gallant and the free  
In his Ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep  
That oft to triumph bore him,  
He sleeps a sound, and a pleasant sleep,  
With the dark waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe  
From tempest, or from billow  
Where the storms, that high above him  
Chafe  
Rock not his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death,  
They did not dare to sever;  
It was his home, while he had breath:  
'Tis now his rest forever.

Sleep on thou mighty dead,  
A glorious tomb 'thou'ee found thee  
The broad blue sky above thee spread  
The boundless waters round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here,  
No hand profane shall move thee—  
But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,  
And Warriors shout above thee.

### DIRGE.

Hark! what deep-toned sounds are these,  
Trembling softly on the breeze,  
With intermingling sigh?  
Ah! 'tis Eliza's passing bell:  
Alas! how melancholy well  
Its fitful, solemn accents tell  
Man's doom—all flesh shall die!  
Bows! chimes the slow, funeral knell,  
Ah! 'tis Eliza's passing bell.

How gravely to the hallow'd pile,  
Without or stifled word or smile,  
The slow procession goes!  
Th' affected sigh, the spurious tear,  
The pomp of grief, are absent here;  
Deep sorrow, silent but sincere,  
Each lengthen'd feature shows.  
Bows! chimes the slow, funeral knell,  
Ah! 'tis Eliza's passing bell.

O Death, a ruthless shaft is thine!  
Must youth and beauty, at thy shrine,  
Like age, their homage pay?  
Might'st thou not leave the rose to bloom  
Its short liv'd summer, when so soon  
The winter frost must seal its doom—  
The doom which none could stay?  
Bows! chimes the slow, funeral knell,  
Ah! 'tis Eliza's passing bell.

Might'st thou not let time's gentler hand  
The thread of life, unto the end,  
Not distant far, unwind?  
Could'st thou not heed a parent's pray'r,  
A brother's sigh, a sister's tear,  
A lover's widow'd, wild despair,  
And, once for all, be kind?  
Bows! chimes the slow, funeral knell,  
Ah! 'tis Eliza's passing bell.

Weep, maiden's weep! with cypress twine  
Your drooping locks, and sadly join  
The requiem of the dead:  
Youths, swell the grief inspiring strain!  
'The queen of beauty, long your aim,  
No longer o'er your fetes shall reign—  
'The grave she now must well!  
Bows! chimes the slow, funeral knell,  
Ah! 'tis Eliza's passing bell.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Bermuda Royal Gazette of June 9.

THE BISHOP OF NOVA-SCOTIA.—On Friday last, at about 5 o'clock, p. m., the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, took boat in Hamilton, in order to join the President, in which ship he was by the kind courtesy of the Admiral Sir George Cockburn, provided with accommodations for his return to Halifax. His Lordship was attended by the Venerable Archdeacon Spencer, Reverend Messrs. Lightbourn, Gibbon, &c. &c.—Previous to his Lordship's departure, an Ordination was held in the Church, when our respected fellow townsman, Mr. John Stowe Wood, formerly of Edinburgh College, North Britain, and son of the honorable Stowe Wood, was admitted to the Holy Office of Deacon. This ceremony, always solemn and impressive, was rendered more deeply interesting by the circumstance of its being the closing scene of the excellent Bishop's labours in this, his third visitation. We feel great satisfaction in tendering our public testimony to his Lordship's surprising and indefatigable exertions in the holy and paramount cause in which he is engaged; and, while we gladly state the sum total of His Lordship's public professional labours, during the space of six weeks' sojourn in these sunny Islands—namely, the delivery of 80 eloquent sermons and addresses—the holding of 11 Confirmations, in which 302 white persons including 18 convicts, and 360 of the people of colour, publicly declared their responsible assumption of the obligations of their Baptismal vows—the consecration of one Church, and the Ordination above mentioned; we record with equal willingness, the pleasure universally derived from the agreeableness of his general intercourse, the facility with which he adapted his admonitory conversation to the old and young—the rich and the poor who came within his reach, and the extreme anxiety he constantly evinced to make proper acknowledgements of every attention he had received. We believe that there is not an individual in these Islands who does not regard his Lordship with feelings of deep respect; and for the Clergy in particular, we think we are not mistaken in saying that he is most firmly and indelibly fixed in

their warmest affections, and that the reverential esteem, which they have ever entertained towards his Lordship, from the first moment they had the happiness of knowing him, has, if possible, been increased by his late somewhat unusually protracted visitation, in which they have had more abundant opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with his amiableness of disposition, and of admiring that suavity of manners, which imparts so much grace to the dignity of his station and correspondent deportment; and gives such additional force to the solidity of his truly valuable instructions.

After the Ordination on Friday, the following Address was presented by the Venerable the Archdeacon—to which his Lordship returned the subjoined answer, with tears in his eyes, and in a tone of voice which betrayed strong inward emotion:—  
To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Nova-Scotia, &c. &c.

MY LORD.—We the Archdeacon, Clergy, and Laity of Bermuda, beg leave to return your Lordship our sincere and cordial thanks for this your third visit to this distant portion of your Diocese.

When ten years ago the Divine blessing first brought your Lordship to our shores, our clergy were few and their duties arduous. It is to your Lordship that we are indebted for an increase of the Ministry by the Ordination of several Clergymen, both for a constant and regular incumbency of the livings for which provision had been made by the new Clergy Act, and for otherwise ministering to the spiritual wants of the Colony.

Your Lordship's promptitude on this as on every occasion, combining with your uniform encouragement and support to the Clergy under the labours of their office, cannot but impress us with a deep sense of your Lordship's pastoral care over this portion of your charge.

Since the period to which we allude, your Lordship will have perceived that some exertions have been made to give effect to the wise suggestions and advice of your Lordship; and that by the grace of God, our schools, our religious institutions, and our ministerial labours have been conducive to the promotion of Christian doctrine and consolation, and the maintenance of true religion and virtue in these Islands.

My Lord,—on this as on each of your former visitations to the Bermudas, we have welcomed your presence with gladness and bid you farewell with regret. Your kind and judicious counsel, your truly Apostolic performance of the Episcopal functions, your fervent and eloquent preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, cannot fail we trust, of bringing down upon us and the inhabitants of this land, the blessings which you have so frequently and affectionately invoked. May the same gracious power which has conducted you hither, protect you on all your laborious travels. Wherever duty and the interests of your great and extensive charge may call your Lordship, our hopes, our wishes, our warmest prayers for your health and prosperity will accompany your journey, and we know that we are only expressing the unanimous feelings of the community, in assuring your Lordship that we shall always hail your return to these Islands with joy, and gratefully direct our best efforts to render your visits effectual to the pious purposes which they contemplate.

To the Archdeacon, Clergy, and Laity of the Archdeaconry of Bermuda.

I beg you Mr. Archdeacon, my Reverend Brethren, and beloved Members of the Church, to accept my sincere thanks for your affectionate address of this day, presented to me when about to depart from you, after completing my third visit to this very engaging portion of my charge.

It has been a comfort and delight to me, at all times to join my humble endeavours, with your own, for giving efficiency to that benevolent act of your Legislature which provides for the Clergy of these Islands, for whatever success the Divine blessing may have given to our united efforts, we offer, I trust our warmest gratitude and praise to the author of all good, and we desire as I humbly hope, to use his mercies, as encouragements to our unwearied exertions, for advancing his Kingdom amongst us.

It was my early and anxious wish, and I shall never cease to hope and pray, that he may graciously open a way for the full services of a Clergyman in every Church and Parish in this Archdeaconry, that all among you, in every condition of life, may have the full ministry of the Word, and the full Pastoral attentions of every kind, which it is the delight of the faithful Minister of Christ to afford to every individual under his care. There is much, very much before us, that calls for all our efforts, and all our prayers, in faith and boldness, and I trust we shall never be weary of our Master's work.

Be assured the affection which was excited at my first visit to these interesting Islands, towards yourselves and towards all whom you represent, and indeed towards all their kind inhabitants, has been increased by every renewal of our intercourse. This affection which I gladly cherish, prompts the most ardent desires, and the most fervent prayers for the richest blessings from above upon yourselves, and upon all who surround you. The Sea may divide us, but while God spares my memory, these desires will remain, and these prayers will be offered, that you may be enabled to live here as the faithful disciples of that Lord in whom you believe and trust; and that your passage through this world of trial, may be made by Heavenly Grace, a sure progress towards the glories that surround the Throne of God, and of His Christ. To His mercy and His love I again most heartily commend you all.

(Signed) JOHN NOVA SCOTIA.  
Bermudas, June 5, 1835.

[From the writings of Sir James McIntosh.]

Little more than fifty years have passed since Poland continued to occupy a high place among the powers of Europe. The natural means of wealth and force were inferior to those of few states of the second order. The surface of the country exceeded that of France; and the number of inhabitants was estimated at fourteen millions, a population probably exceeding that of the British Islands, or of the Spanish peninsula, at the era of the partition. The climate was nowhere unfriendly to health, or unfavorable to labour; the soil was fertile, the produce redundant; a large portion of the country, still uncultivated, afforded ample scope for agricultural enterprise. Great rivers afforded easy means of opening an internal navigation from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. In addition to these natural advantages, there were many of those circumstances in the history of Poland which render a people fond and proud of their country, and foster that national spirit which is the most effective instrument either of defence or aggrandizement. Till the middle of the seventeenth century she was the predominant power of the North. With Hungary, and the maritime strength of Venice, she formed the eastern defence of Christendom against the Turkish tyrants of Greece; and on the north-east she was the sole barrier against the more obscure barbarians of Muscovy, after they had thrown off the Tartar yoke. A nation which thus constituted a part of the vanguard of civilization necessarily became martial, and gained all the renown in arms which could be acquired before war had become a science. The wars of the Poles, irregular, romantic, full of personal adventure, dependent on individual courage and peculiar character, proceeding little from the policy of Cabinets, but deeply imbued by those sentiments of chivalry which may pervade a nation, chequered by extraordinary vicissitudes, carried on against barbarous enemies in remote and wild provinces, were calculated to leave a deep impression on the feelings of the people, and to give every man the liveliest interest in the glories and dangers of his country.

Whatever renders the members of a community more like each other, and unlike their neighbours, usually strengthens the bonds of attachment between them. The Poles were the only representatives of the Sarmatian race in the assembly of civilized nations; their language and their national literature, those great sources of sympathy and objects of national pride, were cultivated with no small success. They contributed, in one instance, signally to the progress of science, and they took no ignominious part in those classical studies which compose the common literature of Europe. They were bound to their country by the peculiarities of its institutions and usages, perhaps, also, by the very defects in their government, which at last contributed to its fall, by those dangerous privileges and by that tumultuary independence which rendered their condition as much above that of the slaves of absolute monarchy as it was below the lot of those who inherit the blessings of legal and moral freedom. They had once another singularity, of which they might justly have been proud, if they had not abandoned it in times which ought to have been more enlightened. Soon after the Reformation they set the first example of that true religious liberty, which equally admits the members of all sects to the privileges, the offices, and dignities of the commonwealth. For nearly a century they afforded a secure asylum to those obnoxious sects of Anabaptists and Unitarians, whom all other States excluded from toleration; and the Hebrew nation, proscribed everywhere else for several ages, found a second country, with protection for their learned and religious establishments, in this hospitable and tolerant land.

### ELOPEMENT OF MISS GRANT.

For the last week, the whole of the fashionable world has been in a state of ferment, on account of the elopement of Sir Colquhoun Grant's daughter with Mr. Brinsley Sheridan. Nothing can be more amusing than the manner in which this event is spoken of. Certain dowagers, whose incessant and counter-termining efforts in favour of their own needy sons, have proved "Love's labour lost," talk with horror, wrath, and astonishment of the transaction; forgetting how much cunning and flattery they have wasted, in order to influence the affections of the little heiress; or perhaps, remembered the old proverb—"Two of a trade never agree." The elder part of the community, oblivious of the days of their own youth, and the youths of their grandpas and grand-mamas, murmur words of blame, which tempt us to make out a list of the elopements in every family, for the entertainment of our readers; and we will venture to say, that, like the elder sons of Egypt under the tenth plague, there shall scarce be a house in which there shall not have been one gone; and that not always before marriage.

Perhaps next Saturday we may favour the public with a paper under the head of *Gretta Green Weddings*, which may make the step taken by Miss Grant appear less singular than the world at present believes; for, although it would seem that it is as outrageous now-a-days to make a marriage in the North, as it would be to come to a drawing-room with powdered hair, still there was a time when such marriages were much in vogue; so much, indeed, that an old Scotch lady assures us they averaged one per week.

Meanwhile the newspapers are filled with mysterious hints, the coteries are replete with scandal; and the fact of a young girl making a love match, is thought so amazing and unaccountable, that were the laws of witchcraft still enforced in England, three beautiful sisters would stand a chance of being buried at the stake.

To these three sisters, as to three Fates, the world of fashion attribute the working of that mysterious spell which caused a young lady to marry according to her own inclinations. The political world hint, on the contrary, that Miss Grant's election was made in order to decide the election for Poole; and, either way, Col. Grant pronounces it a "foul conspiracy." But the Duke of Cumberland is the real author of the remarkable events which have taken place, however little his Royal Highness may have intended to forward them. It was to the Duke of Cumberland's influence, in an earlier period of his life, that Sir Colquhoun owed the hand of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Richards, heiress to £60,000; who, exulting (as her daughter has done) that freedom of selection which all women prize, refused several brilliant proposals, including Mr. P—l M—th—n and Lord H—n, and bestowed herself and her fortune on the handsome officer whose brave career subsequently so well justified her choice. This marriage brought property into the family, which was originally to have been divided between two daughters; but the elder dying, Miss Marcia Grant (now Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan,) became the sole heiress in expectation. But for the Duke of Cumberland, this marriage, we repeat, would never have been accomplished. Again, it was the Duke of Cumberland's influence, which sent Sir Colquhoun Grant to stand for Poole as a "Conservative Reformer," and induced him to leave town at a critical moment, when he was so well aware of his daughter's attachment, as to leave her under the close guardianship of his relative, Colonel Grant, and a distinguished officer, with whom he was on terms of intimacy; besides providing her with a government, whose services came too late to be of use to the young lady. His Royal Highness was thus in fact the promoter of both marriages; the voluntary promoter of the marriage of Sir Colquhoun Grant with the heiress, Miss Richard; the involuntary promoter of the marriage of Mr. Sheridan with the heiress, Miss Grant; and if the latter union turn out as happily as the former, we apprehend the young lady will have no cause to repent the rashness of the step she has taken.

On Friday afternoon, about five o'clock, the young couple borrowed the carriage of a friend; and hastily collecting such articles of the wardrobe as two of "the Weir Sisters" as could be spared, set off full speed for the North.

We can inform the curious, that they performed the journey in the short space of thirty-two hours, and were married on Sunday morning. The posting on this road is, we all know, excellent; both for those who fly, and those who pursue; and if Colonel Grant had not preferred the Dover road, for his journey, there would probably have been a neck and neck race.

If such had been the case, the circumstances of this elopement would have resembled still more strongly those which attended the departure of Miss Child, first wife to the Earl of Westmorland, and mother to the lovely and fashionable Countess of Jersey, and the Lady Augusta Paget. The enraged father, in this adventure, pursued the fugitive pair so closely, that the Noble Earl felt compelled to take the strong measure of ordering his servant to shoot one the leaders in Mr. Child's carriage, which was accordingly done; and the delay so gained, enabled the two lovers to become one before they were again overtaken. Lady Jersey inherited from her grandfather, Mr. Child, no less a sum (according to common report) than £40,000 a-year. Miss Grant's eventual property is stated to be only 7 or 8,000 a-year, independent of her father, besides the sum of £40,000 to be paid the day she is of age, which will be in few months.

How the affair may terminate will depend much on the sense of both parties; but we shall carefully watch its progress, and communicate the result to our readers.

The most amusing part of the whole transaction has been the variety of absurd stories circulated respecting this transaction; the boundless ingenuity and malice which have been displayed on the part of the inventors; equalled only by the gaping credulity of their John Bull listeners.

(ANOTHER VERSION.)  
There has been only one topic of conversation this week, and although a

Minister has resigned, or threatened every day, even politics—eternal politics—have been swamped. The elopement all chat about. Is she really worth any thing and how much? Was it an elopement, or a case of abduction rather? Who lent the carriage, and who the money? Who the wardrobe, or who the maid? Such are the questions which every where resound, and to which, in most cases, Echo answers, *Who?* Colonel Grant, a cousin, who represented Sir Colquhoun at Poole in his unfortunate absence, denounced the whole affair the other day from the hustings as a foul conspiracy. These were his words:—"This misfortune has been occasioned, not by manly courtship, but by an infamous conspiracy." Only think! An infamous conspiracy! And what awful conspirators! Why, it will be the most celebrated conspiracy since Catherine's! Three such sisters! A Prime Minister suspected instead of Julius Caesar; but the catastrophe is much more agreeable, and Brinsley himself infinitely preferable to the Roman, though of late, to be sure, the heir of all the Sheridans has looked somewhat fierce with his Persian moustache. When any one inquired the reason of Mr. Sheridan wearing moustaches, the invariable answer was, that he was going to Persia, but now it turns out that he was only going to Greta Green.

It seems the lady took an airing with an honorable poetess, and that, when they were in the park, a fancy seized them for a promenade, and so they got out and walked, and bid the coachman stay. Stay he did, but at ten o'clock, the ghosts just rising from the Serpentine, the deer long asleep, and the park gates closing, John ventured, for the first time in his life, to disobey orders, and return home without his mistress.

It seems that the lady's maid was in the interest of the fire, and so she was despatched to Dartford, with the wardrobe, on a wild goose errand. Just as was anticipated, she betrayed every thing to the Colonel, and the Colonel rushed to Dartford to arrest the happy pair, but the Colonel forgot he was dealing with the posterity of the author of the "Trip to Scarborough" and "The Rivals." The Dartford plot was as good a plot as that of "The School for Scandal," and really, from its vicinity, might have been styled Gunpowder Plot.

It is positively false that the travelling carriage was lent by a minister of state. It was furnished by a friend in the secret, Mr. B—k, a brother-in-law gave his purse, one sister a wardrobe, the other a maid, and the third her good wishes.

And now what has she? Forty thousand good pounds when she comes of age, and at the death of her father the absolute possession of her mother's property, amounting to several thousands per annum; and a life interest in the Frampton estate, one of the most complete estates in the West of England, famous for its partridges, and in a ring fence. But if she marry without her father's consent, the husband has no life interest. If Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan die before her husband, the Frampton estates descend to her issue, and in default of issue to a distant relative. When the hubbub is over, and the envious are silent, we have no doubt that the general feeling in society will be one of rejoicing among all parties, that the Sheridans have now the only boon wanted, and are established in the land they have so long adored.—*Court Journal.*

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