

SELECTED POETRY.

CHARITY.

BY SELLECK OSBORNE.

'Tis not the mite, that parsimonious fingers,
With grudging tardiness, their alms bestow,
Nor the reluctant doubtful will, that lingers
'Tween selfishness and ostentation's show.

'Tis Mercy's offspring—Heaven's loveliest child,
That veils our errors from reproach and blame,
Rebukes our faults, in accents bland and mild,
And in her bosom hides the blush of shame.

It was her mantle, that old Noah's son,
With eyes averted, o'er his father spread;
His shame to screen—and thus a blessing won:
While curses gather'd on the scoffer's head.

It is her voice, that from the Saviour's tongue,
Directs the penitent to Mercy's door—
Forgives the past; absolves the careless wrong;
And bids frail mortals, "go and sin no more."

LOOK AT THE STARS.

Look at the stars, when pensive night
Has spread her mantle o'er the sky;
How countless are the orbs, and bright,
That meet the gazing wandering eye.
O'er heaven's blue arch they gaily steal,
And admiration proudly claim;
We see them, but we cannot feel
The charming influence of their flame.

Look at the stars—how faint their beams,
When the fair moon unveils her light;
She shines for us, and lovelier seems
Than all the glittering orbs of night.
So fades the world, its glory dies,
When radiant, pure, and unconfin'd,
Heaven bids its brighter beams arise
Upon the lone benighted mind.

MONITORIAL.

The propensities of mankind too frequently overpower their judgement, and bear them away in a course, which reason does not direct. This has been the case ever since the creation of man, and must unavoidably so continue until a reformation in his nature and constitution takes place. It cannot be otherwise, and man sustain the same rank in existence, which he now does. One link in the grand chain of universal creation would be destroyed should the propensities of man be changed, and he be made to possess different inclinations from what he does at present.

There is a beautiful subordination of parts from the Almighty himself to the minutest of insects. Of the parts superior to us, we have but a blind conception; of the parts inferior, we can converse with more certainty. Although our knowledge of this inferior, irrational part is narrow and confined, yet we are able to discern a certain fitness agreeable to the doctrine of a due subordination of things. The different species of animals with which we are acquainted manifestly declare this. We cannot build any probable, consistent system of existence in another way. Here we can behold a proper adaptation of the works of Omnipotence. Here we can look with astonishment, and admire the profound wisdom of the grand Architect. This creation is a display of the energies of a first cause, and the foresight of a Divine and Beneficent Maker.

No human power is capable of creating one particle of matter. A combination of the wisdom of ages cannot enlarge this globe by the addition of a single, new atom. But the powers of a GOD could call into being worlds innumerable, and adapt them to his Divine pleasure with infinite ease. Of the immensity of his power we cannot conceive, neither can we comprehend all his works. Did we hold a higher station in existence, we should understand more, but lose the name of man—we should be nearer our Maker, but deprived of our present propensities.

Every season of the year, like the life of man, is intermixed, more or less, with beauties and deformities, with storms and sunshines, with scenes both delightful and

disagreeable. Spring like youth, is the season of animation, sprightliness and music. Winter like old age, has more of fears than of hopes, more of pains than of pleasures; its days and nights are tedious and joyless; its prospects are depressing and gloomy. In Summer, as in ripening manhood, all is fervid, vigorous and productive. Autumn like the mature age of man is tranquil and sedate. It presents us first with loaded branches of ripened fruit; and then with fading beauties, falling leaves, nipping frosts, plaintive sounds, dying insects, growling tempests, unmelodious groves, naked hills and pillaged fields.—In the fading verdure of the Woods; in the decaying, falling leaves of every tree, both the young and the old may view themselves as in a mirror, and learn their frailty, and rapid progress to dissolution. But however our bodies fade, let our virtues flourish. Then as verdant and fruitful trees, we shall beautify and benefit the world, and at death be transported to the Paradise above, where our leaf shall not wither, nor our root decay.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

At a moment when the death of the Emperor Alexander is the subject of universal regret, the following anecdote will not be read without interest.

In 1806, the Emperor, in riding from Kowno to Wilna in Lithuania, had got before his suite; he suddenly perceived several persons on the banks of the Wilna, who were employed in dragging something out of the river. His Majesty dismounted, and perceived on approaching that it was a corpse. The Emperor was alone and unknown to the peasants, who did not know what to do with the body. When it was drawn out of the water Alexander caused it to be extended on the ground, assisted himself in undressing it, rubbed the temples, the hands, and the soles of the feet; but all these means were useless. Some moments after, whilst the Emperor was still employed about the unfortunate person who had been drowned, his suite arrived: it was composed of Prince Wolkonsky, Count Lieven, and the English Doctor Wylie, surgeon to his Majesty. All means of re-animation were again tried; the doctor tried bleeding, but the blood would not flow. The Emperor continued rubbing, though the body gave no signs of life. After more than three hours labour the Doctor declared, to the great regret of His Majesty, that all farther attempts were useless, and that the unfortunate person was undoubtedly dead.

Fatigued as the Emperor himself was, he begged the Doctor not to abandon the undertaking, and to try bleeding a second time. Mr. Wylie signified by a nod that he was persuaded of the uselessness of any further attempts, but yielding to the wishes of the Emperor, he tried to bleed him a second time. The blood flowed and a sigh was heard. No language, says the Doctor, can express the emotion and the joy of the Emperor. He raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "My God this is the happiest day of my life, and the delightful tears of gratitude bedewed his cheek. The zeal and the efforts of the attendants were redoubled; the physician thinking that a sufficient quantity of blood had been taken from him, endeavoured to stop it; the Emperor tore his handkerchief, and bound up the arm of the patient with his own hands. The latter, full of wonder and of joy, saw himself in the paternal arms of his sovereign. His Majesty would not leave him till he saw him out of danger, and had caused him to be conveyed to a house where he could have all the attendance that he stood in need of. The Emperor, with great generosity, paid all the expences of his recovery, and provided af-

terwards for his maintenance and for that of his family.

The Royal Society of London, established to save individuals apparently dead, having learnt this anecdote, unanimously resolved to present to the Emperor, through the medium of the Earl of Douglas, the English Ambassador in Russia, the gold medal of that Society and to beg that His Majesty would permit his name to be inserted among the honorary members. The Society caused this fact to be published in a separate publication under the title of *A Case of Resuscitation by his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, &c.*—London, 1824. The medal has on one side the figure of a child endeavouring to rekindle by blowing a light which has just been extinguished, with the following motto: *Latet scintilla forsan, and below the inscription Soc. Lond. in resuscitationem inter-mortuorum instit. 1774.* On the reverse in a crown of oak leaves, in the middle of which is the following: *Alexandro Imperatori Societas Regia Humana Humillime donat.*

THE SUBTERRANEAN PALACE.
AN APOLOGUE

There was an image in the city of Rome, which stretched forth its right hand, on the middle finger of which was written, STRIKE HERE. For a long time none could understand the meaning of this mysterious inscription. At length, a certain subtle Clerk, who came to see this famous image, observed as the sun shone against it the shadow of the inscribed finger on the ground at some distance. He immediately took a spade, and began to dig exactly on the spot. He came at length to a flight of steps, which descended far under ground, and led him to a stately palace. Here he entered a hall, where he saw a king and queen sitting at table, with their nobles, and a multitude of people, all clothed in rich garments. But no person spoke a word. He looked towards one corner, where he saw a polished carbuncle, which illuminated the whole room. In the opposite corner he perceived the finger of a man standing, having a bended bow with an arrow in his hand, as prepared to shoot. On his forehead was written, *I am who I am. Nothing can escape my stroke; not even yonder carbuncle, which shines so bright.* The Clerk beheld all with amazement; and, entering a chamber, saw the most beautiful ladies working at a loom in purple. He then entered a stable full of the most excellent horses: he touched some of them, and they were instantly turned into stone. He next surveyed all the apartments of the palace, which abounded with whatever his wishes could desire. He again visited the hall, and now began to reflect how he should return: "But," says he, "my report of all these wonders will not be believed, unless I carry something with me." He therefore took from the principal table a golden cup and a golden knife, and placed them in his bosom. The man who stood in the corner with his bow, immediately shot at the carbuncle, which he shated into a thousand pieces. At that moment the hall became as dark as night. In this darkness, not being able to find his way, he continued in the subterranean palace, and soon died a miserable death.

In the moralization of this fable, the Steps by which the Clerk descends into the earth, are supposed to be the Passions. The Palace, so richly stored, the world, with all its vanities and temptations. The Figure with the bow bent, is Death; and the Carbuncle, is human Life. He suffers for his avarice, in coveting and seizing what was not his own; and no sooner has he taken the golden knife and cup, that is, enriching himself with the goods of this world, than he delivered up to the gloom and horrors of the grave.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The female mind is naturally credulous-affectionate, and, in its attachment, ardent. If, in her peculiar situation, her assiduities must in any degree be culpable; let us remember that this is but a frail vessel of refined clay. When the awful record of her errors is enrolled, may that sigh which was breathed for the misery of a fellow mortal waft away the scroll, and the tears which flowed for the calamities of others float the memorial down the stream of oblivion! On the errors of women let us look with the allowance and humanity of men. Enehanted woman! Thou balm of life! Soother of sorrow! Solace of the soul! How dost thou lessen the load of human misery, and lead the wretched into the valley of delight! Without thee, how heavily would man drag through a dreary world! But if the white band of a fascinating female be twined around his arm, how joyous, how lightly doth he trip along the path!

That warm and tender friend, who in the the most trying situation, retains her fondness, and in every change of fortune preserves unabated love, ought to be embraced as the best benison of Heaven—the completion of earthly happiness.—Let a man draw such a prize in the lottery of life, and glide down the stream of existence with such a partner; neither the cold, averted eye of the summer friend, nor the frowns of an adverse fortune should produce a pang, nor excite a murmur.—*Ireland's Works.*

Why will not men be contented with appearing what they are? As sure as we attempt to pass for what we are not, we make ourselves ridiculous. With religious professors, this ought to be a consideration of importance; for when we assume credit for what we do not possess, we break the laws of God in more ways than we are aware of; vanity and deceit are both implicated.

Two men of the sword, one from Virginia, the other from Kentucky, meeting at an Inn in Pennsylvania, over a bottle of wine, an altercation took place, which ended in a challenge from the Virginian, and accepted by the Kentuckian. The seconds were chosen and the preliminaries agreed on; which were, that they should stand back to back and march, and neither to fire till both had wheeled.—They took their stand and both marched; the Virginian turned and saw his antagonist still marching forward, cried out "where are you going!" to which the other answered, casting his eye over his right shoulder, "I am going to Kentucky, Sir."

"Under the Rose"—That is privately or secretly. The rose was it is said, sacred to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, and therefore frequently placed on the ceilings of rooms destined for the receiving of guests and implying, that whatever was transacted there should not be made public.—*Brady.*

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