

SELECTED POETRY.

THE MEZEREON.

WHILE vegetable tribes on hill, or dale, Tall, or minute, in hot-house, or the field; Soon as the sun-beam warms the southern gale, With genial influence, verdant foliage yield:

Not so the early plant, Mezereon nam'd, The first enliv'n'd of dull winter's gloom; As if of barren ornament sham'd, Foremost of shrubs, emit its early bloom.

Just so the real Christian: ere he spread Profession's foliage round; (too often vain!) Before his lips, repress'd by humble dread, Attention midst the holy throng obtain.

Mis thoughts the buds of true repentance bear, Sure evidence of seasonable fruit; The fruit of filial love and godly fear, Which richly germinate from ev'ry shoot.

O! may my soul, Mezereon-like be found, Fruitful in heart, and in profession true: Ne'er let me, Lord, within thy hollow'd ground, Hypocriety's gay leaves expose to view.

MONITORIAL.

THE GRAVE.

Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave, The just, the good, worthless and profane; The downright clown, and perfectly well bred; The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean; The suppliant statesman, and the patriot stern— The wrecks of nations, and the spoil of time; With all the lumber of six thousand years.

WHO is it, O grave! that can say he fears thee not? Where is the man who has been hard to assert, that he is void of the fear of thee? He who is basking in the sunshine of wealth, to whom fortune has been propitious, and on whom she has bestowed her gifts in abundance: is he fearless of the Grave? doth he think at any time that he can with his riches purchase a reprieve? No! he cannot harbor such an idea for a moment: Conscience will loudly inform him, notwithstanding the boasted riches which rendered him enviable, that he must soon visit that

darksome place Where no device, nor knowledge ever came

Is it in the power of him who hath ascend'd the highest pinnacle of unbounded authority; who governeth his thousands; who at will giveth or taketh the life of a subject, and is accountable to none; whose power is absolute, none daring to counteract his designs, or dispute his will; I say, is in the power of such an one to bid the "king of terrors" begone?—Alas! Death obeys him not: he must likewise "shake hands with dust, and call the worm kinsman." Can the vain-glorious man, who liveth in the absurd belief, that an hereafter is a mere dream; who saith in his heart, there is no God; who vauntingly exclaimeth, "where is the God you worship? shew him to me and I will likewise adore him"—Can he relieve himself from his fears? or has he made a covenant with death? Sacrilegious and profane wretch! too soon wilt thou see HIM! too soon wilt thou stand before the bar of thy justly offended Judge!—Many suppose a character of this description is entirely divested of all fear of the Grave—Mistaken notion!—Let us view him on a bed of sickness, what horror surrounds him! he now dreads nothing more than that future state, the existence of which he once affected to believe knowing, as he does, that he must, unavoidably, soon appear before that GOD whom he had hitherto despised!—dreadful thought!—If this temerarious and blasphemous wretch is not exempt from that fear of the "narrow cell" which o'erpowers all mankind, who is; Is the son of Esculapius, who with his

boasted implements of art, And all his well-cram'd magazines of health, presumes to attempt to deprive death of his

victim? Far from it—he too! must surrender himself up an unwilling victim: he must likewise be laid in the cold tomb, where thousands have preceded him, notwithstanding his boasted catholicism for the preservation and prolongation of life. All! all! must indubitably acknowledge the subduing power of the messenger of the grave; and to that power all must resign themselves—Alas! those who now are in the enjoyment of all sublunary things; who flatter themselves they are yet to be preserved many years, may, perhaps, in only a few hours visit that mysterious and unintelligible "bourne from whence no traveller returns" to tell

"The secrets of his prison house."

"Tell us ye dead will none of you, in pity To those you left behind, disclose the secret? O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out, What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be."

O dreaded, obscured silent Grave! how many hast thy insatiable maw devoured! and yet the living are unprepared!—Death, the remorseless and cruel monster, hurries all to "eternity's dread brink," regardless of the prayers and intreaties of surviving friends and relatives—The grave incloses us, and we are no more heard of

"Invidious Grave; how thou rends in sunder Whom love has knit and sympathy made one; A tie more stubborn far than nature's band."

EXTRAORDINARY CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

A young lady, in the last stage of consumption, was lately restored to health by the following extraordinary and accidental remedy:—She had been long attended by the faculty, but derived no benefit from their assistance, and considered herself verging to the end of existence, when she retired, during last summer, to the vale of Taunton-Dean, in Somersetshire, with intention to wait, in solitude, the hour of approaching dissolution. Whilst in that situation, it was her custom to rise as early as her malady would permit, and contemplate the beauties of nature from her chamber window, from which she observed a dog belonging to the house, with scarcely any flesh on his bones, owing to disease, constantly go and lick the dew off a camomile bed in the garden; in doing which the animal was noticed to alter its appearance, to recover strength, and finally look plump and well. The singularity of the circumstance was impressed strongly on the lady's mind, and induced her to try what effect might be produced from following the example of the quadruped. She accordingly procured the dew from the same bed of camomile, drank a small quantity each morning, and after continuing so for sometime, experienced a wonderful relief; her appetite became regular, she found a return of spirits, and in the end was completely cured.

My brother Jack, late one evening in January, proceeding in his gig to Southbarrow was stopped on Bromley hill by a highwayman, who, presenting a pistol furiously demanded his money. I will not say that Jack took fright, but his horse did, and with a violent plunge galloped off at full speed. They highwayman's foot being struck by the wheel, he was immediately unhorsed, and dashed to the ground; while his horse, now left to his own guidance, mechanically followed the vehicle. Jack, in total ignorance of the whole proceeding, hearing the horse behind the gig, naturally concluded the highwayman in full pursuit, and expected every moment to have his brains blown out. However on entering the town he discovered his error, to his great relief; stopping at the inn, and desiring to speak to the landlord, he related the circumstance, and then delivered the horse to him, ordering it to be immediately advertised according to the usual form— if not owned, or demanded within ten days

from the date hereof, it will be peremptorily sold to defray expenses.' As may be supposed, the horse was neither owned nor claimed, so therefore sold; and Jack, pocketing the affront, cleared upwards of thirty pounds by what he called "robbing a highwayman." Reynolds's Memoirs.

RURAL SIMPLICITY. A young Cockney Lady, whose ideas of a country life, were formed from reading Thompson's Seasons, received an invitation to spend a few weeks with her aunt, about fifty miles from London, and was extremely disappointed at the total absence of that Arcadian simplicity which she had pictured to herself in a country life. One day, however, she considered herself fortunate, by encountering a shepherd returning from the fields, with crook in hand "Youth," said she, "Why have you not your pipe with you?" "Be-kase, ma'am," answered he, "I han't got no backee."

CHAIN OF BEINGS. Silumen and sulphur form the link betw'n earth and metals; vitriols unite metals with salts; crystallizations connect salts with stones; the amianthis and lytophites form a kind of tie between stones and plants; the polypus unites plants to insects; the tube worm seems to lead to shells and reptiles; the water serpent and the eel form a passage from reptiles to fish; the anax nigra are a medium between fishes and birds; the bat and the flying squirrel link birds to quadrupeds; and the monkey equally gives the hand to quadrupeds and to man.

The expence of a Chinese feast is estimated at about £10,000 sterling, but then it is not a simple dinner or a supper, such as is given here, but open house is kept for a week, when, the most costly and expensive viands are constantly in use, and it is no uncommon thing to see a single tureen of their famous bird-nest soup, that does not cost less than 5 or £6000. A Chinese mandarin gives such a feast about once in 14 years.

NATIONAL PARADOXIES.—A late conversazione party, where several gentlemen from Ireland and Scotland were present, and the discourse turning on national peculiarities, a lady observed that the three nations might be thus characterized:—The Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting!

A Scotchman lately arrived in this country, and being ignorant of the kind of poultry used, enquired of a market man the price of a quater visioned fowl, say ng, "What do pou ax for that broad-faced Terkey, sir?" The possessor of the bird seeing Sawney's mistake, said, "That's an Owl, sir." "I dinna care a d—d how owl he is, an' d'ye think I binna eaten broader fac'd Terkey's than this an'ay and wi' ridder een, too."

He who is mean enough to cringe to those above him, in order to acquire riches, and consequently power, and to throw himself into the most shabby situations to gain his point, will certainly expect to be accosted with the same servility by the e below him, when they are so unhappily reduced as to ask a favor of him; and feel himself extremely mortified if they discover the slightest propensity to approach him upon a similar footing. A wretch of this stamp, when an old friend, with whom a long intimacy, has subsisted, comes to avail himself of that intimacy, will as certainly treat him in the most imperious manner, and with all the supercilious airs of an affected great man, give indisputable proof of the littleness of his mind.

MARTYRDOM OF A MONK.—The martyrdom of a monk of the convent of the Virgin Mary, in Aracynthe, says a Zante paper, is the subject of admiration among the faithful here. This old man having been brought by the Turks before the tribunal of Roushid Pacha, who asked him what his name was, answered—, "Ambrose." "Your country?" demanded his persecutors. "The monastery of the Holy Virgin," replied the monk.—"And your dwelling?" "My dwelling places," said he, "were these rocks, until they were levelled by your soldiers; and soon," lifting up a cross at the same time, "my dwelling will be in heaven." "What have you done with the sacred vessels of the church?" "I have rescued them from the defilement of your soldiers." "Where are they?" "That secret rests with myself."—"Speak!" "You may put my body to the rack—God only has power over my soul." They immediately began to apply the torture—not a word, however, escaped him, but "Lord have mercy on me!" They drove sharp instruments under his finger nails, but the martyr glorified God, and prayed for his persecutors, who, enraged by his patience of suffering, impaled him, and left him to perish in view of the trenches of Missolonghi. This news was communicated by a Piedmontese deserter.

When Mr. Clay became unpopular in his district, for favoring the "Compensation Bill;" Mr. Pope, who early had the misfortune of losing one arm I believe, in an apple-mill was set up as his rival. During the electioneering campaign, Mr. Clay playfully asked an Irish native, which candidate he should vote for? Mr. Teague good humouredly replied: "Och! Mr. Clay, I think I shall vote for the man, who can get but one hand into the treasury."

From the Ohio Press.

A True Story.

The following has been communicated to us as a "fact-matter."

In the neighboring county, a widower, who had acted the part of a brute and a tyrant to his wife, went shortly after the demise of his spouse, to pay his respects to a buxom widow, who, like her suitor, had not the best reputation for suavity of manners and meekness of temper. The following dialogue ensued:

He. Well, Madam, I am come to see you.

She. Well, you may just clear out again, for I'll have nothing to do with you. You need'at think to get me. You abused and whipt your first wife; and I know what kind of a fellow you are.

He. Yes, I did, and if I had you I'd give you a correction every time you deserved it.

Strange as it may appear, they were united in the "blissful band of matrimony" in three days afterwards!

"Was ever woman in this humor wood?" "Was ever woman in this humor won?"

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