

SELECTED POETRY.

ELEGY.

THE DEAD BEGGAR.

Written in the Church-Yard at Brighthelmstone, by the much admired English Authoress, Charlotte Smith; on seeing the Funeral of a Pauper who perished for want.

Swells then thy feeling heart, and streams thine eye O'er the deserted being poor and old, Whom could reluctant, parish charity Consigns to mingle with his kindred mould?

Mourn'st thou, that here the time-worn sufferer ends Those evil days, that promis'd woes to come, Here where the friendless, feel no want of friends, Where e'en the houseless wanderer finds a home!

What tho' no kindred crowd in sable forth, And sigh, or seem to sigh around the bier; Tho' o'er his coffin, with the humid earth No children drop the unavailing tear:

Rather rejoice, that here, his sorrows cease, Whom sickness, age, and poverty oppress'd; Where death, the leveller—restores to peace The wretch, who living knew not where to rest.

Ah! think, that this poor outcast, spurn'd by fate, Who a long race of pain and sorrow ran, Is in the grave, even as the rich and great, Death vindicates th' insulted rights of man.

Rejoice! that tho' severe, his earthly doom, Tho' rude, and strewn with thorns the path he trod, Now, (where unfeeling fortune cannot come) He rests upon "the bosom of his God!"

MATERNAL FONDNESS.

There is a feeling in the Mother's breast, There is a wish unutter'd, unexpress'd, Which, like a secret not to be reveal'd, Dwells even at her heart in silence seal'd; It is that hope of happiness she forms For her young offspring:—which not at all the storm Of life, its wees, its sickness, nor its pains Can vanquish, but unchangeable remains; It is a Mother's hope that still increases Till the existence of its object ceases.

MONITORIAL.

Our years As life declines speed rapidly away, And not a year but pilfers at he goes, Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep.

Should we take a retrospect of a few years, consider what has been our employment, and the scenes we have passed through, we should readily acknowledge the fleetness of time. A year seems as a day, quickly gone, and remembered only by some trivial events, barely sufficient to stamp its short duration on our memories. Days of rejoicing and nights of pleasure pass away in rapid succession, and leave behind but a faint recollection of them. Reverse the scene, and anticipate some period, which will bring us prosperity, and a gratification of our most ardent wishes. Here time drags heavily along, and pains us in its tardy flight. Hours seem days and days years, which keep us too long from the joyous moment we anxiously seek. It at length arrives, and is succeeded by other events, which envelop this in misty darkness scarcely discernible. Thus by a succession of events, age creeps on us, and destroys the blossoms of youth. The bud of tender years expands into full bloom, displays its beauties for a season, is exhilarated by the warm breezes of noon, and withers at the ruder blast of evening. Juvenile pleasures cannot forever last, nor youthful grace remain in despite of age. Growing years will steal away the charms of twenty and dispoil it of its beautiful variety of complexion. A rosy countenance, the emblem of health and usefulness, is followed by wrinkles, which pilfers away the graces of younger days.

Reflection will show us the vanity of boasting of juvenile charms, since we cannot retain them as age comes on us. We may deplore the loss in silent sorrow, for rivers of tears will never restore them. Those transient beauties are gone, have taken their flight to

other regions, and have forever escaped our search. Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we should puns, bad language or false grammar.

REFLECTIONS ON A THUNDER STORM.

When the lightening flashes and when the thunder rolls, do we, as it were hear the Almighty speak in the one, and see a glimpse of his tremendous glory in the other! If when the clouds pour out water, when the air thunders, and the arrows of his lightning are sent abroad, it is natural for the guilty to tremble, for the just to pray, and for all to look up to HIM whose voice is thus mighty in operation; where will the ungodly, where will the unbeliever, where will the habitual sinner appear, when the Lord himself descends from heaven with a shout, a shout that shall unbar the gates of death, recal the scattered dust of all mankind, and wake that dust to life.

May we ever listen to the Almighty when he speaks in thunder or looks in lightning, and call to mind that awful period when the final trumpet shall summon us to the bar! may every such season, be improved to this beneficial purpose! And though thunder and other effects are under God, owing to natural causes, and may be accounted for on natural principles; yet let us remember, that natural causes are causes by the God of nature, and that the effects which they produce, are in truth the effects of his all active, all governing providence. And this is the glorious God that maketh the thunder. Such a view of things will render the most obvious events lessons of the highest instruction, and means of spirital improvement. Thus considered, thunder teaches, and lightening holds the lamp to knowledge: nature becomes subservient to grace, and the laws of the material system directs to heaven. And should we not aspire to the friendship of that Being, whose voice shakes the earth, and whose eyes are as a flame of fire? Should we not approach his footstool, humbled in the dust of repentance, and trusting in the propitiation of HIM, who hushed the more infinitely dreadful thunder of divine resentment, and in his own blood, quenched the lightning of vindictive wrath? Possessed of an interest in his availing merit, and conformed to his blessed example, we need fear nothing. Though the earth were removed, and the hills carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters should rage and swell, and the mountains shake at the tempest of the same; yet, safely anchored on the Rock of redeeming merit, and lodged in the arms of God's everlasting love, we should be equally free both from danger and from dread. Let the inferior thunders grate upon the ear; let sublunary lightnings flash terror on the eye, so we are enabled to take shelter beneath the hiding place of a Redeemer's righteousness, and his spirit in gentle accents, whispers comfort to the heart. Happy they, who thus dwell beneath the defence of the Most High, who abide under the shadow of the Almighty, and to whom his faithfulness and truth are a shelter and buckler.

ANNECNOTE.

The late Dr. F. went to dine one day, with the Rev. Mr. D. who was noted for his extreme parsimony, whereby he had amassed a large property. After the cloth was removed Mr. D. invited his friends to walk out and view his improvements and inclosures. He led him through a delightful meadow, which was highly improved and decorated by nature, and by art. There, said Mr. D. "this meadow, with those adjacent fields, and woods, are my own—and had you have used your parishioners as I have mine, you might now, instead of your present indigence, been possessed of as valuable acquisitions as you see I am. "Your

remark is very true," replied the other, "But it very forcibly reminds me how well those words of Dr. Watts apply to your case, when he says, "What though large streams of golden sands Through all his meadows roll, Yet he's a wretch with all his lands, Who wears—a narrow soul."

BOW-STREET.

Symptoms of an Unhappy Marriage.— Mrs. Dorothea Wilkins, a comely, well dressed matron, was brought before G. R. Minshull Esq. charged with having threatened to take away the life of her husband, Mr. Pajer Wilkins, a respectable masterbuilder. "And is it possible, Peter!" said Mrs. Wilkins, when she saw her husband standing before the bench, ready to give evidence against her—"is it possible, Peter, that it should come to this at last?"

Peter made no reply, but, looking steadfastly, at the Magistrate, he told how he had been wedded many years to Mrs. Wilkins, and how saving the first year or two, he had found matrimony to be but a very sorry piece of business; and how sorry he was that he ever had any thing to do with it:—"for," said he, "Mrs. Wilkins is a woman of such a termagant spirit, that I can get no peace with her."

"No, Peter Wilkins! there is no peace for the wicked;" cried Mrs. Wilkins, interrupting the thread of his narration, and shaking every feather in her bonnet.

Mr. Wilkins resumed. He repeated, that she was a woman of such a termagant spirit, that he could get no peace with her; she was eternally at him, about something or other, so that his life was a burden to him. Yet he could have borne that; he could have found in some part of his soul a drop of patience, to bear up against the terrors of her tongue—but he had recently discovered that she had another husband!—"Don't tell lies, Peter Wilkins! Don't tell lies!" exclaimed the gentle Dorothea—"you have not discovered any such thing. No, Peter Wilkins I had suitors in plenty before I saw you, and I was fool enough to be wheedled over by you to turn off the honest men, and marry the rogue! No, your Worship, no; I never entered a Church with any other man than Peter Wilkins, and I defy him to the proof! for I will not live under the sander."

His Worship here observed, that unless Mr. Wilkins meant to prosecute his wife for the alleged bigamy, he had better not have said any thing about it; and he reminded him that she was here at present on a charge of having threatened "to do him some bodily harm."

Mr. Wilkins replied, that she had repeatedly threatened to take away his life. "I threatened your life, Peter!—I threaten your life!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins; "never, never, never, never! I never threatened your life, Peter; no, Peter no!" "No!" cried Mr. Wilkins, seemingly a good deal astonished in his turn, "No! didn't you jump into the gig, as I was driving up Long acre, and cuff me shamefully?"

"Pooh! Peter, do you call that threatening your life? And if I did cuff you, hadn't I cause for it? Haven't you deserted me, your lawful wife, to live with that good for nothing, fat old toad, Mrs. Mims?—Haven't you, Peter Wilkins?"

Peter was silent; but his Worship requiring some explanation touching this sad Mrs. Mims, he explained, that having separated himself from Mrs. Wilkins in consequence of his having discovered that she had another husband, he had taken lodgings in the house of Mrs. Mims; and he begged to assure his Worship that Mrs. Mims was a most respectable lady.—"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs.

Wilkins, "Mother Mims a most respectable lady?—Why, Peter, have you lost your senses? Your Worship, she has not one morsel of respectability about her, as you shall hear:—Last Christmas day I went to her house to look for my husband, which I had an undoubted right to do, for I had not a sixpence in my pocket, to get me a dinner; and behold you, when I went in, there sat Peter Wilkins! and there sat the most respectable Mother Mims! and there stood a large plum pudding! and here stood another large plum pudding; and there stood a sirloin of beef! and here stood a dish of mince pies! and neither the respectable Mother Mims, nor my precious Peter Wilkins, had the heart to ask me to take a bit of any thing!"

[Here Mrs. Wilkins wept, and Peter cried "Pshaw!"]

"Don't pshaw me, Peter!" said Mrs. Wilkins, drying her tears—"I'll not endure it Peter Wilkins! And didn't your respectable old toad, when they saw my blood was up, and she feared I should batter you both with her confounded plum puddings, didn't she try to coax me to be quiet with her. Now, don't you put yourself in a passion, Mrs Wilkins—pray don't— that's a dear lady—now do sit down, and let us take a quiet glass of brandy together; now do, that's a dear, Mrs. Wilkins.' Poh! how I hate the fat wheedling wretch!"

The Magistrate admonished Mrs. Wilkins to keep her temper; but Mrs. Wilkins was so full of what she called "Mother Mims' munimeries," that she could not. She affirmed, that the "respectable old toad" only wanted to wheedle her into sharing Peter Wilkins between them! "But," added she, "that shall never be!—I'll have no partnerships, Peter; and if you like her better than me—after having been your lawful loving wife for fifteen long years—she may have you altogether! but, by jingo! you shall maintain me, Peter."

Peter appeared perplexed; but the Magistrate began to manifest signs of Impatience at the length of their talk, and, therefore, Peter took pen in hand to sign his deposition, declaratory of his fear that Mrs. Wilkins intended to do him some grievous bodily harm; whereupon, Mrs. Wilkins suddenly clapped her hand before Peter's eyes, and, pushing him back from the paper, she very pathetically conjured him not to perjure himself by signing it. "Don't sign, Peter!" said she. Why will you perjure yourself? You know it is a lie, Peter, and why will you perjure your precious soul by signing to a lie? Do what you will with me—prison me, and punish me how you will, Peter, but do not, do not sign that false paper!"

Peter relented—he laid down the pen. The Magistrate recommended him to be satisfied with her word of honour, that she would not annoy him in future; the word of honour was given, on condition of his abstaining from Mother Mims; the condition was repeated, and these turtles withdrew.

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