

POETRY.

THE INVITATION.

Oh come, with thy blue eyes of beaming,
Thou nameless one, whom I love best;
When the sunbeam of crimson is streaming
Thro' the lattice that looks to the west.
Oh come, when the birds with their singing
Fill ev'ry recess of the grove,—
And such thoughts in the bosom are springing,
As kindle the spirit to love!

Oh come where the elm tree encloses
The mossy green seat in its shade,—
And the perfume of blossoming roses
Is borne on the breeze of the glade;
The streamlet is sparkling beneath us,
The brier-cover'd banks are above,—
Around are young lilies, and with us
Soft thoughts that speak to us of love!

Oh come, for afflictions are thronging
To darken my life to a waste;
Oh come, for my spirit is longing
The bliss of thy presence to taste!
Though dark disappointments have wrung me,
And tho' with my fate I have strove,
Whate'er were the arrows that stung me,
I have found a resource in thy love!

Oh come, for thy smiling has cheated
The woes of my breast, and so well
The darkness of sorrow defeated,
That nought else on earth could dispel;
Without these my being would wither,
And pleasure a bauble would prove,
Forget not, sweet maid to come hither,
And solace my heart by thy love!

MRS. RAMSBOTTOMS DAUGHTER.
FROM THE QUEBEC MERCURY.

To Mrs. Ramsbottom, care of John Bull,
Esq. London.

Dear Mother,

As you desired, I now sit down to give you an account of what I have seen in this new World or America as it is called after Christopher Columbus who discovered the United States of Canada—We sailed as you know from Liverpool in a monstrous fine ship named the Silly Richard, Captain Oldwretch, who told Mr. Fulmer that she carried on board nearly 500 tons. I suppose of sugar, but he did not say, and for my part I wonder where in the world he had contributed to put them all, for tho' I looked down into the hole I could not see any.

Captain Oldwretch is quite a gentleman and as F. says; a perfect Merino: he laughed at me however one day when I happened to pop out that I was afraid I should find myself at a loss in New-York, as I could not speak Dutch, and as the folk there were all Geraniums; Fulmer, (silly man) turned quite red at my acerb remark, as he rudely called it; and the Captain very politely intimidated to me, that they had left off speaking Dutch in New-York several Jeanyrations back, and knew nothing now but plain unfishticated English like myself, which I was glad to hear.

We landed in safety at New-York formerly called New-Hampstead, and Mr. F. being anxious to go northward (tho' being very cold I thought we were quite near enough to the Poland basin as it was) we did not remain long enough to respect all the curiosities of that fine city—I am told however that the best history of it, is one by Nickour-bacco so named from having been a notarial old smuggler of that article.—Well there being ice and snow enough, we commenced our journey in a Slay and covered with poultry to keep us warm, we preceded most rapidly.—These slays are so called I believe from the number of parsons who are early killed by their turning over; at least so a gentle and intelligible native informed me—For my part I got only one capseyes during all the journey, and that did me no harm except covering me with confusion, one's clothes is apt to be so sadly decomposed on these occasions, and Mr. F. after muttering something which I did not quite under-

stand about "Dinah's full orb" said prettily enough that I blushed "Silvester's rosy red"—a particular fine rouge I suppose—Our road lay along the noble river Hudson, which you know rises at Hudson's Bay; and after a long course disembargoes itself into the great Antarctic Ocean at New-York—it is almost as fine as our Thames. Passing Lake Champlain, which however is real plane enough in winter, if I may be allowed an innocent Judy Spruce, we at last reached the Front-ears of Canada, and here instead of going on in a Slay to Montreal, they put us and our booty into a Carry-whole which I liked better as being more safe—the principal difference between the two is that the Carry-whole's bottom is lower down its runners than the other, only mind these runners are not legs and feet but shaped like a rocking-horse.

Our driver was now a real Canadian, that is he spoke French and smoked a pipe all the way—Among others things he told my husband that tobacco is here a plant ingenious to the soil. Being the first native I had yet seen I took particular notice of his dress or custom as it might truly be called, which was he said made of a tuft de pay: it consisted simply of a long great coat with a centre round the waist and a capicum to put over the head to keep it warm in very cold weather—underneath a close Harlequin vest, and pantaloons below the same. He also wore a hare Cap on his head, which he wanted to persuade Fulmer was made of Martins' skins and I humoured the Joke for F. seemed actually to believe that the Martins flew about here covered with fur instead of feathers. I however winked to the driver to let him see that I did not swallow it—and for such a story teller I never saw a man keep his continence so gravely. We had occasion to stop at Blowfinely half way between St. John's and Laprarce and I find that the women dont wear stays but curseitis (an ugly word) which are by no means so good for shewing off neglected shapes as our English stays.

On reaching Laprarce we came at once to the Board of the majestic St. Lawrence: nothing can exhale the noble appearance of this stream, which here widens out to an excursive lake, and at this season, as our Canadian friend observed, prohibited a superb field of glass. It was also curious to notice the double row of bellows, as they call them, placed by the folks to distinguish the line of road—these bellows are always fur trees. As we aproximated the city of Montreal (or Marry all as I find the French denounce it) our driver who was considerably past his grand climbatic pointed out to us the Spysers of the different Churches, and said he well remembered when some of them had no spysers at all—He also shewed us a high pilow with a statute of Lord Nelson a top of it, and observed that the back of the Statute should not have faced his natural alimant.

Quite over done with the fatigue of so long a journey with scarce an interlude of rest, we joyously delighted at Roscoes Hotel, who is also a retarator: we have our own department in the House, and take our meals in for'rat; but there is also I find an ordination here every day which is attended by good company. We have been here only one day and I find that I require to compose myself after so much slaying; I have therefore persisted on Fulmers remaining here a little in order to enervate our strength before we precede to Quebec: when we arrive there I will note down any highdeers that may run in my head, and in the mean time this letter which you will consider as an Happy Tommy of all my remarks hitherto will be forwarded by the rales of Canada and New-York, which I am told are nefarious

for punctuality and vigilance. I remain,
Dear Mother,
Your delightful and affected daughter,
L. FULMER.

P. S. Fulmer desires his best compliments and says he will write when he is the vain—but that at present it is in vain for him to attempt to write—how droll he is mother.

P. P. S. On second thought I shall send a copy of this to the Newspaper here and get it printed as we are a travelling under an asseming name. L. F.

LORD BYRON IN HIS SHROUD.

"It was however a most interesting corpse, very little changed, (owing of course, to being saturated by the spirits), and but for the grim and grizzly white satin shroud, might be thought to be merely sleeping; the hair was thin, curly, and some cur off; the ears appeared shrivelled, as if withering away. He had indeed a singularly formed ear; the lower lobe instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the flesh of the cheek, growing into it. His eyes closed, hollow, and some what sunken; his lips full, livid, and finely curled, the lower one divided in the middle; the mouth closed; his finely formed chin still preserved its Grecian outline of beauty; his cheek wan; his forehead ashy, bare, open and somewhat high, and the whole contour and appearance of his head and features were peculiarly striking, and possessed of rivetting attraction; it was beautiful, calm, holy, and awful, and creating the deepest and sweetest contemplation, for on his countenance there was a placidity which bordered on contentment and happiness, exciting a feeling strongly in its favor; and when his gigantic and departed spirit was contemplated, in connexion with his wan figure stretched out in Death, and seen by the sombre torchlight of a dull room hung round with black, pervaded by gloom and silence, it unseated the soul as it gazed on those lurid lips, which but the other moment echoed melody—those closed and lacklustre eyes, the tomb of all their fire, and all his inspiration; that frozen inanimate brow and stiff-straight hand, which, but to touch, strikes, from a world unknown, with a sure aim, the dart of its long levelled unearthly coldness into the heart and soul—that silent, quiet, motionless form, which but the other day, shook the wide world, and made it ring again—now cold—insensible—and indifferent to what is done to't—the empty pagentry, and the mourning World; do what you will, 'twill not upbraid—so yielding, humble, doth greatness here become!—hush! his spirit may be hov'ring here,—watching, pitying us—ah! let me look around—living I knew him well—where?—Spirit! Byron! where, where art thou?—speak!—wake!—where!—ah! what an awful pause hangs on that word where!—how taciturn—how wonderful is death! Here then is the boundary 'tween this world and next; and as I clasp the hand of thy chill spongy corpse, left a few minutes behind that which animated it, I hang midway between them—fearful position—between Death and Life eternal—the dead and living joined—uncertain link—loop-hole of life—circle of Death—unystic invisible existence! where!—where is that minute?—that—and that—parts of myself—where? ah! I am Death, a-kin to thee before me—but of less holy, calm and enviable complexion, though hurrying fast towards this acme of serenity and blessed repose—how sweet he looks!—as if just now he was receiving the comfort of a happy World and had forgotten this.

"Can this be death? then what is life or death?—Speak!—but he spoke not—'Wake!'—but still he slept.—

But yesterday, and who had mightier? With? A thousand Warriors by his word were kept in awe: he said, as the Centurion saith, 'Go,'—and he goeth—'come,'—and forth he stepp'd.

The trump and bugle, 'til he spoke, were dumb—And now nought left him but the muffled drum!"

Hist! hist! oh, hist!—no, not a word! his own tones animate not him who animated thousands by them; what voice shall rouse thee then—what, but the one which called thy Spirit hence, can send it here again? what, save the voice of the Almighty, whom now thy soul dost see!—Thou see!—What, do I now behold a man who looks upon the dread, august majesty of the all-puissant God of this tremendous universe—its countless worlds and stars, which mayhap even at this moment thy soul measures, counts, sees, names and soars among—awful and terrible precipice of thought and sight!—Tell me—oh! tell me what and how it is hereafter!—who says thou see'st nothing lies—'tis more than thou canst utter—'tis as the name of him who made the whole—unutterable!—Death, thy Knowledge and thine Estate are enviable—clothe me quickly in them! 'Mid spheres of truest knowledge art thou! thy depth, thine height—perilous and unfaiborable!—thy World, the universe—thy comrades, spirits of highest, brightest Intelligence! If perchance thou lookest upon us, 'tis in pity of our blindness and our lot—hailing our last hour as our happiest;—nay! but thine haughty port unmoved by words, clenched and determined lips, and piercing, thrilling look of silent, placid, inflexible immortality, do blab it out, though thine high station in the universe forbids thee to converse with me. Fare thee well then—'en farewell my friend! as I do shake thine icy hand it doth impart its chillness to mine whole frame, a cold and native death-sweat creeping all over my body, curdling my blood, floating—drowning my struggling soul—infusing the sensation of hereafter into my naked spirit!—When we do meet again it is beyond the grave—where I, as thou dost now, shall know the mystery and attain the knowledge. Fare thee well! preserve those tears which I inure within thy sunken bosom, until we meet again, then I will waft them hence in the rapture of my Spirit!—a lingering last look at thee on thy bier—à Dieu je te commende!—Adieu!!

EARLY RISING.

Early rising contributes as surely to personal beauty, as the dawn does to the beauty of the world. Shape, complexion, expression, the dignity arising from the sense of having performed a duty, the pleasure from cheerful blood, all contribute to make the charmer more charming.

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