

Poetry.

THE SISTER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

She sleeps!—but not the free and sunny sleep
That lightly on the brow of childhood lies!
Though happy be her rest, and soft, and deep,
Yet, ere it sank upon her shadow'd eyes,
Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'er-sweet
Her soul's meek stillness—she had prayed and wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,
The early lost—the beautiful—the dead—
That unto her bequeathed a mournful home
Whence with their voices all sweet laughter fled:
They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,
As from the world where no frail blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of earth—
Not as they were when binding up the flowers,
Telling wild legends round the winter hearth,
Braiding their long fair hair for festal hours;
These things are past;—a spiritual gleam,
A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet if the gloe of life's fresh budding years
In those pure spirits can no more be read,
Thence, too, bath sorrow melted—and the tears
Which o'er their mother's holy dust they shed
Are all effaced;—there earth has left no sign,
Save its deep love retouching every line;

But oh, more soft, more tender, breathing more
A thought of pity than in vanish'd days;
While hovering silently and brightly o'er
The lone one's head, they meet her spirit's gaze;
With their immortal eyes they seem to say,
"Yet sister—still we love thee—come away!"

'Twill fade, the radiant dream!—and will she not
Wake with more painful yearning at her heart?
Will not her home seem a yet loonier spot,
Her tasks more sad, when those bright shadows part?
And the green summer after them look dim,
And sorrow's tone be in the birds wild hymn!

But let her hope be strong! and let the dead
Visit her soul in heaven's calm beauty still!
Be their names utter'd, be their memory spread
Yet round the place they never more may fill!
All is not over with earth's broken tie—
Where, where should sisters love, if not on high?

A COUNTRY SABBATH.

From Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity.

Thou unimagined God! though every hour,
And every day speak thy tremendous power,
Upon the seventh, creation's work was crown'd,
When the full universe career'd around!
Then ever hallowed be Thy chosen day,
Till Nature die, and time shall roll away!

Sweet Sabbath morn! From childhood's dimpled prime,
I've loved to hail thy calm-renewing time;
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingling murmurs floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long wing'd away,
And blissful hopes harmonious with the day.
On thy still dawn, while holy music peals,
And far around the lingering echo steals,
What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And bursts the thralldom of terrestrial woes!
Who, in His temple, gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels the majesty of Heaven is there!
The listening silence of the vaulted pile,
Where gather'd hearts their homage breathe awhile
The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral incense swelling to the skies,
All raise the soul to energies sublime,
And bless the solemn sadness of the time.

Emblem of Peace!—upon the village plain
Thou dawn'st a blessing to the toil-worn swain;
Soon as thy smiles athwart the upland play,
His bosom gladdens with the brightening day,
Humble and happy, to his lot resigned,
He feels the inward Sabbath of the mind.

And when, with bending knee and rev'rent tone,
He's breathed his vows unto Jehovah's throne,
Serene the thoughts that o'er his bosom steal,
When homeward winding for the Sabbath meal!
There shall kind Plenty wear her sweetest smiles;
There shall his rosy children play their wiles;
And there the meek-eyed mother muse and joy,
And court with frequent kiss her infant boy:
At noon, a ramble round the burial-ground,
A moral tear on some lamented mound;
Or breezy walk along the green expanse,
Where summer beauty charms the ling'ring glance;
These are the wonted blessings of the day,
That all his weekly toils and woes repay;
And when arial Night hath veiled the view,
And star-gleams twinkle on the meadow dew,
Some elder boy beside his father's knee
Plies the old story, and read the Holy History
Of their prayer, or chanted hymn, shall close
French, till he sees him to a sweet repose.
Picture of the true.

Varieties.

Cure for the Fever and Ague.—A writer in the Charleston Mercury recommends the following prescription for the cure of the Ague:—Take a gill of very strong coffee mixed with an equal quantity of lime juice; the dose to be taken just before the fit of ague is expected. A single dose had cured an acquaintance of the writer, who had nearly forgotten it when he came across a review of "Dr. Pouqueville's Travels in the Morea" which contained the following Paragraph:—

"I have often seen *intermitting fevers* subdued entirely by a mixture of *coffee and lemon juice* which is the general remedy for them, all over the country. The proportions are three quarters of an ounce of coffee ground very fine—two ounces of lemon juice, and three of water. The mixture to be drank warm and fasting."

We hope that the above remedy may be extensively tried and its efficacy thoroughly tested, it is very simple and very attainable; and should it prove efficacious, it will add more claim to our favorite beverage, Coffee, for favorable regard and universal use.

There has recently been submitted to his Majesty a manuscript and splendidly illustrated work of the lives and actions of all the Princes of Wales. The narratives are written in a beautiful hand, and in the various characters and after the style of writing of the different ages, and present singular specimens of penmanship. Each life has appended to it a likeness of the Prince, painted somewhat according to the former manner of illustrating missals, &c., and heightened with gilding, precisely after the manner of ancient times. There is a portrait of every Prince, from Edward of Carnarvon to his present Majesty, several of which have never been engraved. The several portraits are within rich borders of gold, in the taste of each period of art, with embellishments of armorial bearings, heraldic badges, copies of all the monuments of Princes of Wales in existence, &c. The commencement of each life is characterized by an illuminated capital letter, after the manner of rare and valuable ancient missals in raised gold. It is the work of ten years' study and application. His Majesty returned a letter with the work, expressive of his high admiration of it.

Extraordinary and Revolting experiment.—An experiment to ascertain the degree of heat it is possible for man to bear, was made a few days ago at the new Trivoli, at Paris, in the presence of a company of about two hundred persons, amongst whom were many professors, savans, and physiologists, who had been especially invited to attend by the Physician Robertson, Director of his Establishment.—The man on whom this experiment was made is a Spaniard of Andalusia, named Martinez, aged forty-three years; a cylindrical oven, constructed in the shape of a dome, had been heated for four hours, by a very powerful fire. At ten minutes past eight the Spaniard, having on large pantaloons of red flannel, a thick cloak also of flannel, and a large felt, after the fashion of straw hats, went into the oven, where he remained, seated on a foot-stool, during fourteen minutes, exposed to a heat of from forty-five to fifty degrees of a metallic thermometer, the gradation of which did not go higher than fifty. He sang a Spanish song while a fowl was roasted by his side. At his coming out of the oven, the physicians found that his pulse beat one hundred and thirty-four pulsations a minute, tho' it was but seventy-two at his going in. The oven being heated anew for a second experiment, the Spaniard re-entered, and seated himself in the same attitude, at three quarters past eight, ate the fowl, and drank a bottle of wine to the health of the spectators. At coming out his pulse was 176, and the thermometer indicated a heat of 110 degrees of Reaumur. Finally, for the third and last experiment, which almost immediately followed the second, he was stretched on a plank, surrounded with lighted candles, and thus put into the oven, the mouth of which was closed this time. He was there nearly five minutes, when all the spectators cried out, "Enough, enough," and anxiously hastened to take him out. A noxious and suffocating vapour of tallow filled the inside of the oven, and all the candles were extinguished and melted. The Spaniard, whose pulse was 200 at coming out of this gulf of heat, immediately threw himself into a cold bath, and in two or three minutes after was on his feet safe and sound.

CONSCIENCE.—From the *Broken Vow*, one of a series of tales just published by Mrs. Caddick, we copy the following forcible description of that internal monitor, which is justly designated as the umpire of the Deity:—"Conscience is the divinest gift of God to man, it is that which ever speaks, if man would listen, of an omnipresent Deity. It is not the thunder peal, nor the flashing lightning; it is not the raging of the ocean storm, nor the terrific fury of a tornado; nor the fiery boiling of the lava from its mountain furnace; it is none of these that speak terror to the heart of man, but the spirit within him that says these are the avenging forms of an offended God.—Conscience! It is the consciousness, deeply implanted in the soul, of the existence, of the unescapable presence of a Superior Being; and its upbraiding are the torments, the self-abasement, and the confusion of one who knows himself to be standing before a justly offended Judge.—Let a man have sickness, and sorrow and scorn, and shame of face, and poverty and exile, every evil that can be poured out of the vials of wrath upon suffering humanity, and he may bear all with patience, save the horrors, the undying horrors of a reproving conscience."

Police, Mansion-House, London.—The Lord Mayor received the following strange communication on the subject of the dangerous and ridiculous fashion of wearing tight stays. It was directed to Mr. Hobler, whose assistance was privately requested, and read aloud in the Justice-room

there being a person present on the part of the complainant, who waited the reply of his Lordship:

KENTISH TOWN.

"Sir—I have rather an extraordinary sort of complaint to make to the chief magistrate, but although there exists no legal mode of counteracting the evil to which, through you, I beg to call his Lordship's attention, the interference of a man of influence, from his station in life and his experience may produce some alleviation of the mischief I am about to describe. I have three daughters, over whom their mother, I regret to say, exercises a controul quite independent of me. This controul, so far as it regards moral and religious restraints is most unexceptionable. They go to chapel regularly, and are as rigid in their conversation as any females, in the world. What I have to object to simply refers to their dress, and to but a very narrow portion of that. It is with a deep sense of self-abasement I state to you, Sir, that my wife encourages my children, by her example, to persist in following the hideous and perilous fashion, of which I entreat your most serious condemnation. I mean the fashion of squeezing in the waist, until the body resembles that of a pismire or ant. [A laugh.] Of all the dandy abominations that every received the sanction of our aristocracy, this is the worst. The least injurious effect of it is, that it fixes a deformity upon the human shape; and yet this effect, instead of working in the way that might be expected upon the vanity of the sex seems to be the great charm and recommendation. The whole of the reign upon which the stays press, becomes, if we believe Mr. Lawrence and other great authorities, diseased as well as distorted. The lungs and liver, and other parts of the viscera, are all screwed up together, and the stomach is totally divested of its power in regulating the system. My daughters are yet living instances [God knows how long they may continue so] of the baneful consequences of this dreadful fashion.

Would you believe it, these stays are bound with steel in the hole through which the laces are drawn, so as to be able to bear the tremendous tugging which is intended to reduce so important a part of the human frame to one third of its natural proportions. They are unable to sit, walk, stand, as women used to do. To expect them to stoop would be absurd, and to witness the attempt alarming. My daughter Margaret made the experiment the other day to show that she was quite loose. The effort was too much for the strength of the steel and whalebone vice with which she was enveloped. Her stays gave way with a tremendous explosion, and I almost thought she had snapped in two. [Laughter.] But this, ridiculous as it was, was not the least advance towards remedy or abatement of evil. My girls are always complaining of pains in the stomach, lassitude, and if something be not done to stop this wasp-waist mania, rapid decay must follow. Hoping that the Lord Mayor and you, Sir, may excuse this liberty, in consideration of the fatal nature of the grievance, and that some advice and admonition may be given to both mothers and daughters, I have the honour to remain your humble and obedient servant.

[To F. Hobler, Esq.]

The Lord Mayor said, he wondered that the gentlemen did not get a share of this censure. He was sure there was a fierce competition between the sexes, in the articles of tight waists, and if ladies and gentlemen were to cut themselves in two in the conflict, it would be no fault of his. [A laugh.] He did not see how it would be a breach of the peace.

Mr. Hobler observed, that if the waiting maids of the contending parties did not take care, they might get into a very serious scrape, for if a lady or gentleman were to expire under the operation, the lawyers might give it the name of murder, and them who aided and assisted might come in for a share of the penalty. [Laughter.]

It was here represented to his Lordship, that the writer of the latter felt serious alarm for his children, who, whenever he complained, pointed to some other ladies, whose figures were equally plundered of their fair proportions.

The Lord Mayor said he was afraid that if he objected to the fashion, the ladies would more pertinaciously adhere to it.

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D. B. SHELTON.

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