

Poetry.

ELIJAH RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

But then there came
A day of woe. The gentle boy, in whom
His mother liv'd, for whom alone she deem'd
Time's weary heritage a blessing, died.
—Wildly the tides of passionate grief broke forth,
And on the prophet of the Lord, her lip
Call'd with indignant frenzy. So he came
And from her bosom took the breathless clay
And bore it to his chamber. There he knelt
In supplication that the dead might live.
—He rose, and look'd upon the child. His cheek
Of marble meekly on the pillow lay.
While round his polish'd forehead, the bright curls
Cluster'd redundantly. So sweetly slept
Beauty and innocence in death's embrace,
It seem'd a mournful thing to wake them.
—Another prayer arose—and he, whose faith
Had power o'er Nature's elements, to seal
The dripping cloud, to wield the lightning's dart,
And soon, from Death escaping, was to soar
On car of flame up to the throne of God,
Long, long, with laboring breast, and lifted eyes
Solicited in anguish. O'er the dead
Once more the prophet bent. A rigor seem'd
To settle on those features, and the hand,
In its immovable coldness told how firm
Was the dire grasp of the insatiate grave.
—The awful seer laid down his humbled lip
Low on the earth, and his whole being seem'd
With concentrated agony to pour
Forth in one agonizing, voiceless strife
Of intercession. Who shall dare to set
Limits to prayer, if it hath enter'd heaven,
And won a spirit down to its dense robe
Of earth again?

Look! look upon the boy!
There was a trembling of the parted lip,
A sob—a shiver—from the half-seal'd eye
A flash like morning—and the soul came back
To its frail tenement.

The prophet rais'd
The renovated child, and on that breast
Which gave the life-stream of its infancy
Laid the fair head once more.

If ye would know
Aught of that wildering trance of extacy,
Go ask a mother's heart, but question not
So poor a thing as language. Yet the soul
Of her of Zarephath, in that blest hour
Believ'd—and with the kindling glow of faith
Turn'd from vain idols to the living God.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY MISS BROWNE.

My mother! now the glad some spring
Is smiling o'er the earth;
And butterflies on painted wing
In sunny light go forth.
Though all spring days most lovely be,
All fair and full of mirth,
One, one is dearest far to me.
The day that gave thee birth;
It was a day with joyance fraught,
It is a day for deepened thought.

My mother! I remember well
When thou wast not as now;
Remember when Time's shroud fell
Less darkly on thy brow:
I can remind me of the time,
When in life's summer glow,
Thy years had hardly passed their prime,
And scarce one flower lay low;
But clouds thy heaven have overcast,
Since those bright days of pleasure past.

Mother! thy step is not so firm
As it was wont to be,
For secret blight and open storm
Have done their work on thee;
Thy hair turns gray, and I can see
Thy hand more tremulous,
And thy dark eye hath lost its gloe,
Say when it turns on us,
Thy children—then it hath a joy
And light that nothing can destroy.

Yet weep not mother! for the days
Passed by we'll not regret;
The star of Hope, with all its rays,
Is only dimmed, not set.
Fixed o'er thy path it shall remain,
And never more deceive,
And it shall sparkle out again,
To light thy quiet eve;
Flinging a radiance o'er past years,
And brightening all thy fallen tears.

Mother! perhaps the poet's wreath
May ne'er be twined for me;
Perhaps I was not made to breathe
In lofty poesy—
Yet still I know thy tender love
Will think it melody;
Thy partial ear will still approve,
However weak it be;
And thou wilt love the words that start
Thus from the fullness of the heart.

Miscellanea.

THE KING'S DRAWING ROOM.

[From the Court Journal.]

In whatever degree the palm of beauty, of elegance, or fashion, may be conceded to the claims of our fair countrywomen, it is certain that no existing Court could have produced a display equal in pretension to that of last Thursday's Drawing-Room. The tardiness with which a palace, worthy the occupation of a British King, has been provided for the residence of His Majesty, has but too long deprived the metropolis of the advantage of a permanent Court;—of a circle habitually open to the approach of the nobility,—affording an immediate link between the monarch and his magnets, and through them, with the infinite multitude,—and familiarizing in the eyes of the higher classes, that gracious and graceful aspect, which might form its best example and admonition. An Annual Drawing-Room, therefore, has become the solitary occasion of presenting to the notice of the sovereign all that fair succession of distinguished beauty, which in other countries is scattered over the surface of a prolonged season of court days and festivals; and the brightness of a whole firmament of stars is thus concentrated in a single constellation.

The belles of the Court of France may possibly boast a more refined grace of *tournaire*—a more unvarying elegance of attire. Vienna may affect a more exclusively aristocratic dignity. St. Petersburg, a brighter blaze of jewelled splendour, and semi-barbarian gorgeousness;—but, in point of pure, animated, blooming, personal beauty,—of dignity of demeanour, clothing like a diadem the matron-brows of the wives and mothers of our statesmen and heroes,—of the beaming intelligence of intellectual cultivation,—and—far, far above all—in the sweet and chastened simplicity of the young daughters of many a noble house—there exists not throughout Europe—throughout the world—a land that can match with the rich superiority of the Court of George the Fourth.

We confess that we are somewhat inclined to regret the abolition of "the hoop's bewitching round." Some early predilection in its favour—some prejudice respecting the air of grace imparted to the arms and waists by its huge circumference,—some tender reminiscence of

Feet, that beneath the petticoat,

Like little mice, stole in and out,

has certainly disposed us against the adoption of the French court dress; the only concession we have made with regard to "Les etiquette de la Cour de Napoleon." But, after a single moment's contemplation of such figures as those of the Brudenells, Pagets, et mille autres, our objections are peremptorily silenced.

The Drawing Room was pronounced to be thinly attended; yet the ragged spectacle afforded by the hanging sleeves of blonde, falsely denominated "*seduisantes*," whispered of some animation in the Tug of war. By the way, what can have induced the lovely wearers to misapply a veil to a feature so modest as the arm, while so many others remain a *decouvert*?

His Majesty was in excellent looks; and the succession of bright visions passing before him, fully explained his frequent use of the *lorgnette*.

Among the beauties of the day,—however difficult to particularize—we cannot but notice the exquisite loveliness of that virgin queen, Lady Ann Brudenell;—the living image of "A lady-lily looking gently down!"

the beautiful modification of the Paget line of countenance, as exhibited by Miss Bayley, and Lady Caroline Stewart; the faultless *recherche* of Lady Londonderry's dress and her blaze of jewels,—and the splendour of the Falcon in brilliants, officially worn by the Duchess of St. Albans, as wife to the hereditary High Falconer of England. Lady Verulam, who appears to have been formed as a model for the display of

"The robes of high habitual state,"

looked majestically beautiful;—Mrs. Arbuthnot united an equal degree of dignity, with a more than equal proportion of personal loveliness; Lady Jersey was, as ever, *la plus distinguée des distinguées*;—Mrs. Peel, bright as a May-morning,—and Lady Mountbatten, also a Paget brilliant as a dark and star-light night. To these established claimants of the equester were opposed the opening smiles of the graceful Lady Emily Cowper, of Lady Mary Beauchamp, of that Euphrosyne, of Sylvia Doyle, and of the young daughters of the Duchess of Rutland, who in some degree recall the air of their late lovely mother. The pretensions of foreign beauty were maintained by Princess Lieven, graceful as a Persian lilac,—and Princess Esterhazy, glowing as a damask rose.

We can only regret that an assemblage so exquisite in its effect,—a bouquet of such beauty and fragrance is not more frequently placed under the observation of his Majesty.

LIFE BEFORE THE FLOOD.

In the shape of "Fragments of an Antediluvian Diary," we have the following sketches, by Miss Jewsbury, of Manchester, whose name has lately come with much acceptance before the public.

The ideas are striking and poetical, and the language employed well suited to the occasion.

* * * * * To-day I am a hundred years old. How blissful are the feelings of boyhood! My senses are acute as the tree with the shrinking leaf. My blood bounds through my veins as the river pours through the valley rejoicing in its strength. Life lies before me like another plain of Shinar—vast, unoccupied, inviting—I will fill it with achievements and pleasures! In about sixty years it will be time for me to think of marrying; my kinswoman Zillah will

by that time, have emerged from girlhood; she already gives promise, I hear, of comeliness and discretion. Twenty years hence I will pay a visit to her father, that I may see how she grows; meanwhile, I will build a city, to receive her when she becomes my wife.

Nearly three centuries have passed since my marriage. Can it be? It seems but yesterday since I sported like a young antelope round my father's tent, or, climbing the dark cedars, nestled like a bird among the thick boughs—and now I am a man in authority, as well as in the prime of life. I lead out my trained servants to the fight, and sit head of the council, beneath the very tree where, as an infant, my mother laid me to sleep. Jaded, my youngest born, a lovely babe of thirty summers, is dead; but I have four goodly sons remaining. And my three daughters are fair as their mother, when I first met her in the Acacia grove, where now stands one of my city watch-towers. They are the pride of the plain; no less for their acquirements than their beauty. No damsel carries the pitcher from the fountain with the grace of Adah; none can dry the summer fruits like Azubah. None can fashion a robe of skins with the skill of Milcah. When their cousin Mahaleel has been another half century, he shall take the choice of the three.

My eight hundredth birth-day! And now I feel the approach of age and infirmity. My beard is become white as the blossoms of the Almond tree. I am constrained to use a staff when I journey; the stars look less bright than formerly; the flowers smell less odorous; I have laid Zillah in the tomb of the rock. Milcah is gone to the dwelling of Mahaleel; my sons take my place at the council and in the field; all is changed. The long future is become the short past. The earth is full of violence; the ancient and the honourable are sinking beneath the young and the vicious. The giants stalk through the length and breadth of the land, where once dwelt a quiet people;—all is changed. The beasts of the field and the monsters of the deep growl and press on us with unwonted fury; traditions, visions, and threatenings, are abroad. What fearful doom hangs over this fair world, I know not; it is enough that I am leaving it; yet another five or eight score years, and the tale will be complete. But have I, in very deed, trod this earth nearly a thousand years? It is false, I am yet a boy. I have had a dream—a long, long busy dream, of buying and selling; marrying and giving in marriage; of building and planting; feasting and warring; sorrowing and rejoicing; loving and hating; but it is false to call it a life. Go to—it has been a vision of the night; and now that I am awake I will forget it.

"Lamech, my son, how long is it since we planted the garden of oaks beside the river? Was it not yesterday?" "My father, dost thou sport? Those oaks cast a broad shadow when my sister carried me beneath them in her arms, and wore me chaplets of their leaves." "Thou art right, my son; and I am old. Lead me to thy mother's tomb, and there leave me to meditate. What am I the better for my past length of being? Where will be its record when I am gone? They are yonder—on all sides. Will those massy towers fall? Will those golden plains become desolate? Will the children that call me father forget? The seers utter dark sayings upon their harps, when they sing of the future; they say our descendants shall be men of dwindled stature; that the years of their lives shall be contracted to the span of our boyhood;—but what is that future to me? I have listened to the tales of Paradise—nay, in the blue distance, I have seen the dark tops of its cedars. I have heard the solemn melodies of Jubel when he sat on the sea-shore, and the sound of the waves mingled with his harping. I have seen angels the visitants of men—I have seen an end of all perfection,—what is the future to me?"

SCRIPTURE EXPRESSIONS DERIVED FROM CUSTOMS.

It was an ancient ceremony of the Jews, which yet is religiously observed amongst them, to tear their clothes in mourning and affliction. Some Orientals still practise this custom, when any thing uncommonly distressful happens. The Jews make use of much ceremony on this occasion—Sometimes, they tear from the top to the bottom; and sometimes, from the bottom to the top. The rent must be of a particular length. When it is done for the loss of parents, it is never sewed; for the loss of other persons, it is sewed at the end of thirty days. This piece of religious mummery, if it is of no other value, will at least serve to explain a passage, in which Solomon, in his Proverbs, says, that—"*There is a time to rend, and a time to sew.*" Which means, there is a time for affliction, and a time for consolation. Many of the Scripture phrases, that appear unintelligible, are founded on Jewish customs.

Mr. Bruce in his Travels, observed in a cavalcade, the head-dress of the governors of provinces. A large broad fillet was bound upon their forehead, and tied behind their head. In the middle of this was a horn, or a conical piece of silver, gilt, much in the shape of our candle extinguishers. This is called *Korn* or *Horn*, and is only worn in reviews, or public rejoicings for victory. This custom, borrowed from the Hebrews, our Traveller conceives, will explain the several allusions made to it in Scripture. "I said unto fools deal not foolishly; and to the wicked, lift not up the horn—Lift not up your horn on high; speak not with a stiff neck—But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn—And the horn of the righteous shall be exalted with honour." And thus in many other places throughout the Psalms.

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