

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### THE MOUNTAIN STREAMLET.

From *Tait's Magazine* for July.

Pretty Streamlet! singing, dancing,  
While through meadows green you stray,  
In morning beams your beauty glancing—  
Say, whence come you, young Runaway?

Ay—from the foot of yonder mountain,  
On whose brown side the mist ascends;  
You were nursed beside the fountain,  
Which to the sward fresh beauty lends.

And there—a child—you learned to prattle  
As you might, in hidden dells;  
To crowds of rushes to give battle,  
Or play at bo-peep with harebells.

So, you have left your loves of childhood,  
Round whose neck you fondly curled;  
And come hither, in some wild mood,  
To sport a while, and see the world.

Eh! you have got a roguish twinkle;  
They say you Streams are fond of flowers;  
Well, here they all your path besprinkle;  
—Bright Flora! you'll have gleesome hours.

They say you kiss the flowrets, Streamlet—  
Or so some tattling poets feign;  
Or, is it only but a dreamlet  
Of some flower enamoured swain?

I rather think 'tis they steel kisses;  
When you glide, all slow and meek,  
They bathe their glowing lips and tresses  
On your cooling dewy cheek.

Well! 'tis between you—happy union!  
Long and constant may it prove!  
Streams and Flowers!—a bless'd com-  
munion—  
Beauties, ye were made for love!

Giddy streamlet—ever changing—  
You are not fated for days nor hours;  
Wanton streamlet—ever ranging  
'Mong varied scenes and fairy bowers.

Anon, you'll dart to yonder copse,  
And there some love-lorn birks beguile;  
Which, gently drooping, all their hope is  
That there you'll linger for a while.

But I must leave you, though with sorrow;  
I'd love to trace the waltz you led;  
Pray, give my compliments to Yarrow,  
Remember, ere you go to bed.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### SCENES IN LONDON.

From *Colton's "Four years in Great Britain."*—Just published.

If one wishes to get the pleasantest impressions on entering London for the first time, I should by all means advise him to go in through Knightsbridge, by Hyde Park Corner, in the day time. If it happens to be in the spring, when all the nobility and gentry are in town, and a sunshiny day, in the afternoon at any time from three to six o'clock—better from four to five—he will then see for the first time, not only a truly imposing display of long lines of the most magnificent and costly mansions, public and private, surrounding the richest and most beautiful parks in the world, but there will be presented to his view, as he passes along, a moving world of the richest equipages, which the boundless wealth and the pride of England concentrate in the metropolis at this season of the year, together with stage and hackney coaches, omnibuses, cabriolets, and foot passengers, without number—all in their best dress and most splendid livery, rolling and crowding along that spacious avenue, and swarming in the great park like bees at the mouth of a hive in a May day sun; each one not seeming to regard the movements of the vast throngs that are jostling by him in their different ways, and seeking their own pleasures. If he enters London by Kensington in a private carriage, so as to have the privilege (for no public or common vehicle may go that way) of passing into Hyde Park at the turnpike gate,—if he is on horse or on foot, as he enters those rural grounds, he will have Kensington Gardens on his left, imbosomed by their impenetrable shades Kensington Palace, tenanted by the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria, heir presumptive to the British throne. At the opening of a single avenue through the trees he will catch a glimpse of the royal, but humble dwelling. Before him is every irregularity of natural scenery—of uneven grounds, of sheets of water, of copses of aged and magnificent oaks, and every here and there single trees, variegating the scene. As he advances, a heavy swell of harmony, or a soft melodious strain of sweet music, bursts upon his ear. He inclines that way, and soon there opens upon his view an immense crowd of gayly dressed persons, promenading under the shades within the range of Kensington Gardens; old and young, male and female, the mother with her daughters, the nurse with the little ones; larger and smaller parties; individuals alone; some sitting in chairs, some standing, some walking,—but all observing a common centre, where stands the royal band from Knightsbridge barracks, in their plumes and elegant at-

tire, whose duty it is to entertain the public with the best of their performances for two or three hours in the afternoon. Along the *Ah-ha!* which separates Kensington Gardens from Hyde Park, and within the latter, is drawn up a regiment of mounted ladies and gentlemen, listening to the music, as they sit upon their horses, as if themselves and their beasts were alike charmed; and the moment the band have finished the performance of the piece, and pause to rest, away the whole mounted party dash upon full gallop, like a portion of an army, though not with equal discipline, and in scattered lengthened train make the round of the park, some two or three miles, appearing again at the same point stationary as before, waiting for the band to strike up another piece in their accustomed superior style. While this troop are making the circuit of the park, the foot assemblage in the gardens (which by the by, are nothing more or less than a grove of forest trees, principally oak) disperse among the shades or along the margin of the grove, and make their return, surrounding the band, simultaneously with the mounted party, to be enraptured again by the exquisite performances of those trained and professional musicians. They are always the band of the regiment of Horse Guards that may happen to be stationed at the Knightsbridge barracks for the time being; and perhaps there is no class of musicians in the world more skilled in their art than the several bands of the household troops of the King of Great Britain.

As the stranger passes from the west end of Hyde Park to the east, from the point occupied by this band he will discover two principal ways leading in the same direction,—one for carriages, and the other for horses. The former is nearest to and runs parallel with the public highway, between the one and the other of which is a high wall and a margin of trees some few rods in breadth, running from one end of the park to the other. The way for those on horseback runs nearly equidistant between the carriage road and a broad sheet of water, constituting a lake in the centre of the park, which is created by damming the Serpentine River (a rivulet); and at the point of this dam within the park is an artificial cascade, where the waters of the river plunge down the shelving rocks, laid there by the hand of man, into an abyss, that is overshadowed by a thick plantation of trees, all irregular and natural, as if it were a work of God's creation. A heavy and magnificent stone bridge, of the finest architecture, is thrown across these waters, corresponding with the east line of Kensington Gardens and the west of the park, which is passed in the circle of this favourite and beautiful drive around this enchanting enclosure. The north west regions of the park is a forest planted on undulating grounds, where herds of deer and cattle are seen, as familiar with the sight of this splendid equipage, rolling and rattling around their domains, as with the oaks which overshadow them; and as little startled at one as the other.

Hyde Park contains 395 acres, and is the favourite resort of the nobility and gentry of London, for airing in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. Towards the decline of every sunny day, a perpetual and endless tide of the fashionable population roll out of that huge and vast metropolis, and pour into these pleasure grounds, as if they could never be counted, to breathe the pure air, and to display their equipage and finery. The grounds are left as nature made them, uneven, and clustering with forest scenery, as nature might be supposed to have planted it, in the midst of which lies the broad and extended sheet of water before described. The eastern portion of the park is vacant of trees, and appropriated for reviews of troops, when occasion demands.

On the eastern boundary of the park, about half a mile long, the stranger beholds, as he approaches it, one continuous and solid front of magnificent houses each diverse from every other, but the entire range grand and imposing,—which constitutes the west line of the compact portion of the metropolis, commonly called the *West End*. Half way on the northern boundary of the park is another imposing front, of that portion of the metropolis which lies in the north west. There are four grand entrances to Hyde Park: one at the north east corner, two on the east, and one on the south east, which is known all over the world as *Hyde Park Cor-*

"*Ah-ha!*"—An enclosure, composed of a deep ditch, walled on one side, all below the surface of the ground, to prevent disfiguring parks and pleasure grounds, and intercepting prospects. It is not seen till one comes immediately upon it, and is taken by surprise. Hence the name *Ah-ha!*—an exclamation.

ner. From this point distances are reckoned from the whole south west and west of England.

The entrance is composed of three grand archways for carriages, two for foot passengers, and a lodge, the entire frontage extending 107 feet. The arches are supported by fluted Ionic columns, and the gates are bronzed iron; the whole constituting an architectural screen of the most chaste and beautiful description. Directly opposite, as an entrance to the gardens of the king's palaces—St. James and Piccadilly—is a grand triumphal arch of a far more imposing structure. At this corner, the beginning and west end of the north line of Piccadilly, is Apsley House, or the palace of the Duke of Wellington, if palace it may be called. A few rods within this corner is a colossal statue of Achilles, eighteen feet in height, cast from twenty four pounders, taken at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, weighing thirty tons, and inscribed to "Arthur Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, by his countrywomen."

From Hyde Park Corner the stranger turns his eye from a large body of the metropolis in the south west, composed of Knightsbridge, Chelsea, Pimlico, and Brompton, and from that magnificent corner opposite the grand triumphal arch, St. George's Hospital, down the spacious line of Piccadilly, which is full of all the world, rumbling onward either way, like the noise of an earthquake; and over Green Park, which is half as large as Hyde Park, having Piccadilly on the north, and another range of princely houses on the east, the southern termination of which is the palace built by the Duke of York, now the property of the Duke of Sutherland, and which covers the royal palace of St. James. Just over the royal gardens of Pimlico is described the new palace, formerly Buckingham House, and now about to be tenanted by the King. Farther on, between the new palace on the right and the Duke of Sutherland's on the left, and over the dense shades which cover St. James's Park on the north, called the Mall, rise peering towards heaven the lofty towers and long heavy roof of Westminster Abbey, that venerable pile of ancient and religious architecture, of its kind the peculiar pride of the British metropolis, where lie entombed the relics of Britain's renowned and mighty dead—her poets, her statesmen, her military and naval chieftains, mingling their ashes with those who served under the mitre, and were deemed worthy of this destination.

Onward the stranger moves, and soon finds himself buried in the mighty city. On his left, as he passes along Piccadilly, is a vast field and a weight of houses that might break through the crust of the globe, if it were not thick and strong. On his right, too, he beholds an amazing cluster of similar structures, heaped together. He passes the street of St. James, and looks down on the palace of that name, which, for the meanness of its external show, might be mistaken for an old brewery, or a livery stable. Old Bond street—the famous Old Bond street—comes next on his left, of more reputation than its opening would seem to indicate; but nevertheless, the English, who like old ways better than new ones, still manifest a lingering partiality to this old, favourite avenue, and go a shopping there because their fathers and mothers did. What a crowd of carriages!—two lines running through and through—the coachmen and footmen fighting for their rights. What a rich display of goods, and gold in the windows as plentiful as stones in the streets! Alas! how many husbands are ruined by the stopping of those carriages!

Now comes Regent street—now, grand, more show than substance; the Quadrant, a peculiar beauty; the two circuses; and if I may travel with the stranger a little north, while going east, there is Portland Place, continuous from Regent street, the most spacious and by far the grandest street in the metropolis, leading to a region requiring too particular a description to be noticed here. As we travel back from Portland Place, we may take a look to the right and left into Oxford street, long, spacious, beautiful, rich, and full of bustle. At the foot of Regent street there is Waterloo Place, spacious and grand; magnificent club houses; the Duke of York's monument, standing on the site of Carlton House, the favourite mansion of the last Prince of Wales; Carlton Terrace, also magnificent; Pall Mall; the King's Theatre and Haymarket. Next, Trafalgar Square; Charing Cross, looking down through Parliament street to the Parliament Houses and Westminster Abbey; the Strand; Temple Bar; and here for the present we rest.

## A PRETTY WAITING MAID.

KEEL'S EATING HOUSE, CAPEL STREET, LIVERPOOL.

From Sir George Head's Home Tour.

I would recommend any grumbling, discontented person to pay a visit to Liverpool, merely for the purpose of witnessing a specimen of the art of living well and cheap, as regards the very important affair of dinner. There, chance led me on one particular occasion to Keel's Hotel, which is, I think, in the large street leading from the Mansion House to St. George's Dock; however, at all events, it is what is called highly respectable, both as to its position and its elevation. Having mistaken the hour of departure of one of the boats, I was directed hither by one of the policemen, who, to his recommendation, added, in an awful cadence, that "the magistrates themselves very often dined there."

When I entered the coffee room, near a score of people were seated at different tables, some with their hats on, but all busily eating their dinner, and a chair and table were provided for myself by a good-looking and very smartly dressed young woman, who officiated as waiter. Constant communication was held with the bar at the head of the room, at which three or four other females presided. Upon enquiring what I could have for dinner, the young lady produced the *carte*, whence it appeared that there really was everything an Englishman could possibly desire, in the matter of roasted and boiled meats, meat pies and pastry. Neither was the adage "his *dut qui cito dat*,"—(He gives doubly who gives quickly,)—with in these walls forgotten, for a hungry man has no sooner made his selection, than in half a minute the smoke of the dish is curling under his nose. I think I never partook of a more glorious round of beef, than that of which a plateful was placed before me, together with a delicate lily-white heart of a young cabbage. Next came a delightful apple dumpling well sugared, the fruit transparent and the crust excellent. The garniture of the table was homely but clean, the dishes and covers of queen's metal, as highly polished as silver. And after having eaten a sufficient quantity to satisfy any reasonable appetite, the charge for the whole was only one shilling. To conclude—I asked a gentleman sitting at an adjoining table, how much it was customary to give the waiter, to which he replied, with a look of surprise—nothing. Had I not come to the conclusion long before, I certainly should have arrived at it now, namely, that so long as an individual can procure so very good a dinner, for a shilling, and be waited upon by a tidy young woman into the bargain, England cannot be, in spite of a vast deal of modern philosophy, so very bad a country to live in.

The young person referred to was really the pink of her profession, her movements being quiet, quick, dexterous, and I may add, graceful in a great degree. With no one to assist her, she waited upon a score of people, who were no sooner satisfied than they went away, and were replaced by others; so that the whole set were nearly changed twice over during the half hour that I remained in the room. Her eyes were in every corner at the same moment; every guest found his wants attended to, as soon almost as he was aware of them himself. At all events she was never for a moment still, dropping a fork to one, a piece of bread to another, craving pardon of a third, as she reached across the table for a huge mug, and somewhat in the attitude of a flying Mercury, exposed precisely as much as was decent and proper of a well-turned leg, and then away she would go to another quarter, wriggling about, in a way of her own, though somewhat in the French style, as if her feet were tied together, or like a figure on wheels wound up by clock-work. Such an active being surely never could be still—even in her sleep.

The more the business on her hands, the more rapid the succession of her smiles, which she dispensed gratuitously all around. Every man in the room was sure to obtain one, and if he happened to be young, certainly two yet the "hoc age" mind what you're at, was almost uppermost in her mind; and though she simpered and flirted, and even now and then put on a languishing air, as if suffering either by Cupid or the hot weather, no item, meanwhile, of things furnished on any body's account was forgotten in the bill, and thus she went on from morning to night, attending to the interests of her employer, serving the customers, and in perpetual motion between the coffee room and the bar, so that no ant was ever seen at this work more lively and busy.

Notwithstanding this incessant occupation, she found time for her toilette. Her dress was in the style of a smart

lady's maid. That is to say, she wore a figured muslin gown, with full sleeves, and a small black silk apron. Her stays were tightly laced, her clothes well put on, and her feet neat to perfection. Her cap was adorned with blue ribands, and covered a profusion of ringlets.

Twelve months had rolled away when on paying to this hotel a second and last visit, I saw the same young woman, on the same spot, performing the duties of the same office, in precisely the same manner, and in the same good humour with herself and all the world; and there still, I have no doubt, any other body who chooses to make the experiment, in twelve months more, provided she change not her condition, may also find her.

The following was one of poor Matthews' favorite stories, and when invested with the inimitable drollery of his voice and action, never failed to convulse the house with laughter.

A country bumpkin who had just buried his father, was advised by his friends to go to London, to consult a civilian and to tell him that his father died intestate, and had left six young infants besides himself, and to ascertain if he could not be his executor. Arriving in London, he went to a lawyer's office, knocked at the door, and was invited in, when the following conversation took place:—

"Be you a silly villian?"

"Did you come to insult me?"

"Yes, I comed on purpose. You must know feather died detested, and left six young infidels besides munsell, and I wants to know if I can't be his executioner."

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