

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### IMPROMPTU.

BY MISS JANE ANNE PORTER.

While riding in Hyde Park, and seeing a grave dug there, by soldiers, to receive the remains of the well known old Waterloo horse belonging to the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards, which having become too infirm to sustain life without pain, was to be shot next day, and buried with military honours.—June 29th, 1836.

They have dug a deep grave  
For the Steed of the Brave,  
But not in the red battle-field  
With a heart-bursting sigh  
They have doomed him to die—  
And nobly his life shall he yield!

For the charger that sped  
O'er the burial bed  
Where full many a Briton doth lie,  
Will only betray  
By a wild, scornful neigh,  
How proudly the British-born die!

Let them plant in the soil,  
Where he'll rest from his toil,  
A laurel, whose leaves shall bestrew,  
When the wind blows around,  
And they fall on the ground,  
The dust that recalls—Waterloo!

\* The memorable lane or hollow-way, down which the British Household-troops charged the Imperial Guards of Napoleon.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### "THE NOBLES OF NATIONS."

#### HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

On Palm Sunday, the first day of which the grand ceremonies of Holy Week commenced, we drove to the Vatican about nine o'clock. Even at that early hour the superb Sala Regia was crowded with fashionables waiting for admission; but to obtain that, you must be dressed in black, or in uniform; "frock coats," "boots," and other barbarities are not permitted to enter the chapel, or approach within the lines of guards, during the processions and functions at St. Peter's. This magnificent Sestina chapel being thrown open it soon became crowded to excess. In order to prevent confusion it is divided by a handsome gilt railing; the altar end is destined for the religious ceremonies, the lower for the congregation. The right hand side of this latter is reserved for the ladies. On the left side several of the front pews are appropriated for the foreign ambassadors, military strangers, and other official personages. The remaining ones, which are elevated some feet, and elegantly fitted up, are exclusively for members of royal families; so that the public in general have only the centre passage to squeeze into. Many an imploring look was given to friends in uniform to make interest with the Swiss guards, to obtain permission to enter amongst us—the favoured few.

There were present—the King of Naples, his brothers, his charming Queen, the Queen Dowager, many Princes of Europe; all the foreign Ambassadors, in splendid attire; military of every nation, in their varied costumes; beauty of every clime, displaying every shade and degree of the loveliest of created creatures.

There was an epitome of all that is great and grand assembled for the most solemn purposes. On the walls one beholds depicted (in one of the most striking and esteemed chef d'œuvre of the human art,) the final judgment of mankind, inspiring the audience with reflections of the most solemn kind. At the altar, the sovereign Pontiff, laying aside his temporal dignities, officiates as simple Bishop of Rome. The divine service, chanted by Cardinals and prelates, accompanied at intervals with sacred music of the sublimest description; while it was impressive to witness kings and princes of the earth, or their representatives, from almost every nation; civil authorities; military power; wealth and high rank, with female beauty angelic in devout aspirations to heaven—all forgetting the cares of state, the pomps of worldly grandeur, the vanities of life—here united in humiliation and prayer before the altar of their God.

After high mass and sermon had been concluded, the palms were blessed. The Pope in full pontificals was seated in a chair of state on the left side of the altar; the Cardinals in double row on each side. Each of these, with the bishops, inferior clergy, many Roman and foreign nobles, &c. went up in succession, and received from the hand of his holiness a palm. These branches are about three feet long, of a pale straw colour, having the leaves plaited or curled back in an ornamental fashion. A procession, in commemoration of our Redeemer's triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, was then formed, in which the Pope walked, followed by the Cardinals, &c. including many distinguished strangers. Amongst those thus bearing palms in their hands was a noble and victorious English general,

whose brows had been crowned with triumph laurels in Oriental climes. Having proceeded to the Sala Regia, the procession returned to the chapel in the same order. The blessing was then given, which closed the ceremonies.

On the following Wednesday this Vatican chapel was again thronged with the same assemblage of royalty and fashion, as on the previous occasion, to hear "il matutino della tenebre" or "miserere." The service began about five o'clock. This composition is sung in an impressive style peculiar to itself, to which it is said there is no parallel in the world, although accompanied with no musical instruments of any kind. The vocalists are the most perfect; that it is possible to imagine; and as the day closed, and darkness supervened, it had a solemn and touching effect. On Holy Thursday the Sestina was, if possible, more crowded than formerly. The Pope assisted at high mass, which was performed by a Cardinal; after which the congregation retired to the Sala Regia, through which his Holiness carried the Host in grand procession, to be deposited during Good Friday, in the Paolina chapel, which was splendidly illuminated. We then had to hurry through a court of the Vatican Palace to reach the top of the magnificent colonnade surrounding "la Piazza di St. Pietro," where seats had been prepared for the accommodation of strangers to view the solemn benediction given by his Holiness. This is a gorgeous sight. The troops drawn up in martial array, forming three sides of a square, in the centre of which are the Royal Family of Naples, and many other distinguished personages—the countless mass of living beings crowding the Piazza and steps leading to the portal of the stupendous Cathedral—the appearance of the venerable Pontiff at the superb balcony, raising his arms to heaven, imploring a blessing on the multitude—the instantaneous dropping on bended knee, all joining, king and people, in private prayer—the imposing silence which at this moment prevails—must impress every one, of whatever persuasion, with reverential feelings.

We then proceeded to St. Peter's, where his Holiness washed the feet of twelve pilgrims. This humiliation was performed in the northern transept. A platform had been raised, in order to afford a better view to the anxious spectators, and pews erected for the reception of the Royal visitors, Ambassadors, &c. into one of which I was politely admitted. Ere this ceremony was well finished, we had to set off in a hurry, noble and plebeian—the gentle fair and the robust sex, all crowding and scrambling through the courts of the Vatican, up the stairs, along the magnificent "Loggia di Raffaello," to reach the second gallery of the Palace, where, in a capacious saloon, the pilgrims were to dine, waited upon by the Pope in person. The Swiss guards had here arduous work to keep back the general rush, and only to admit those who had tickets, or were properly dressed. My uniform again stood me in good stead. While way was made for me to pass, I grasped an acquaintance by the arm, and walked him in along with me. The table was placed on one side of the hall on a platform, inclosed by a stout railing. On the opposite side were elegant boxes for their Majesties, and across the lower end of the saloon was a gallery for the ladies. The crowd and pressure in the centre were beyond description—every one pushing on—unavoidably trampling on toes—murmuring in every possible language—all anxious to get a peep. Not relishing this crush-room sort of scene, I managed to edge towards a wicket in the railing which was occasionally opened to admit privileged persons of distinction. I gave a beseeching glance to one of my friends, the "guardia mobile," from whom I had received, on all previous occasions, the most polite attentions. He took the hint; and as the next ambassador entered, gave me a sign to follow. I instantly availed myself of this favor, and soon found myself rubbing shoulders with Marshal Bourmont, on the platform of the Pilgrim's table. Having thus got up a step in the world, and at perfect ease to look about, the scene of distress on the other side of the bar, in spite of compassionate feelings, was amusing—a true picture of the world, where all ranks jostle and scramble for places, and those who succeed but too often spurn at those who fail. The table was tastefully laid out, being decorated with bouquets of flowers, confectionary, fruits, &c., with a bottle of wine to each cover. The dinner, consisting of soup, fish, dressed in various ways, macaroni, puddings, &c. was brought up by a chain of domestics. The different portions were handed by a chamberlain to

his Holiness, who placed each plate of the courses before every pilgrim. It is the custom for these to carry away whatever may remain of his portion, including the silver fork and spoon. For this purpose baskets are placed at the foot of each pilgrim.

While in conversation with Marshal Bourmont, who was attended by one of his sons, and who both expressed their warm acknowledgments for the many attentions they had experienced from the corps I had formerly belonged to, during their refuge in Gibraltar, our notice was attracted by the hubbub which arose in the saloon. Immediately on the Pope's departure, every one was as anxious to make his escape as he previously was to enter. One of the Pope's Chamberlains, on observing this, very courteously offered to conduct us through the private apartments, so as to avoid the annoyance of forcing our way through the crowd. We gladly accepted his obliging proposal, which also afforded us an opportunity of seeing splendid rooms, rich in painting, and objects of vertu, seldom viewed by the public.

On the afternoon of Good Friday the "Miserere" was again sung in the Sestina chapel. The touching psalmody loses nothing by repetition; the dolorous melody seemed to create the same intense interest as was manifested on the preceding occasion. Exclusive of these grand functions, the vespers or evening song are performed as usual every afternoon at Saint Peter's, in the beautiful "Capella del coro." The sacred music is of the most impressive kind, this choir being composed of the most eminent vocalists and organists in Europe. Indeed, as might be expected from the natural genius of the people for this elegant accomplishment, sacred music can nowhere be heard in greater perfection than at Rome. In many churches, on particular feast days, these oratorios are exquisitely performed, the orchestras on these occasions being a reunion of the most celebrated musical artists from St. Peter's and other cathedrals. I recollect, on the last day of the old year, the vespers at the "Chiesa del Gesie" were concluded by a rich treat of sacred music; after which the *Te Deum* was sung in superior style, in thanksgiving for benefits bestowed during the past year. Persons fond of sacred melody may here indulge in this enjoyment without constraint and without expense, the church being always open, and free admission to all ranks. There are in general most crowded audiences, including numbers of foreigners. This facility of hearing so frequently such perfect sacred harmony, unquestionably tends to soften and humanize the asperities and harshness of temper incidental to mankind, elevating the soul and inspiring benevolent feelings.

In the evening we attended at the hospital for poor pilgrims. In this establishment many thousands receive hospitality every year: each is allowed free living, with bed and board for three days. On this evening there were several hundreds, while numbers of persons, including many of the first rank, attended to wash their feet and serve them at the supper tables, which were laid out in long rows in the capacious eating halls. There is likewise an establishment of the same kind for poor women, where many ladies, even of rank, also attend to perform the same charitable offices. Here, as in all the other great hospitals and numerous charitable institutions in this capital, the halls, dormitories, kitchens, &c. were clean and airy; the whole system seemed to be conducted with great regularity and propriety.

On Saturday there was another grand function in the Sestina chapel, and at the cathedral de S. Giovanni Laterano there were many ceremonies attending the ordination of priests and other orders; after which all Jews or Turks recently converted were publicly baptized. On Easter Sunday the concluding grand function takes place in St. Peter's; the Pope comes in procession; being carried in the chair of state, accompanied by all the high church dignitaries. The magnificent nave is lined with National Guards and the Swiss halibutmen. A sermon is preached; after which his Holiness says high Mass, assisted by cardinals, prelates, &c. The temporary pews, fitted up on each side of the grand altar, were occupied by their Majesties of Naples, and all ladies of rank who chose to attend, while the centre space was crowded with military, strangers, public functionaries, &c. The chancel and transepts of this vast and stupendous temple were densely thronged; every pillar, clustered with human beings congregated to do homage to their common Creator. This solemn spectacle, combined with the grandeur of the interior struc-

ture and splendid monuments of art, inspire the stranger with the most solemn impressions, notwithstanding the little sense of decorum displayed in some instances by individuals. When the service was finished every body repaired to the best positions on the piazza in front, or on the colonnade, to view the Papal benediction, which was given with the same solemnities as on the preceding Thursday, but with greater effect, as the multitude of people from the surrounding country increased the number of spectators.

Thus concluded the religious functions for the season. The grandeur of effect, and the solemnity of these scenes must be witnessed to be felt. All attempts at delineation prove feeble; the most elaborate and florid descriptions fall short of the reality. Their inexpressible interest is evinced in the high anticipations, never disappointed, of the numbers of people, of every religious creed and of every country, who travel each revolving season from far and distant climes to assist, by their presence, at these solemn rites.

### MANAGING A HUSBAND.

This is a branch of female education too much neglected; it ought to be taught with "French, Italian, and the use of the Globes." To be sure, as Mrs. Glass most sensibly observes, "first catch your hare," and you must also first catch your husband. But we will suppose him caught—and therefore to be roasted, boiled, stewed, or juggled. All these methods of cooking have their matrimonial prototypes. The roasted husband is done to death by the fiery temper, the boiled husband dissolves in the warm water of conjugal tears, the stewed husband becomes ductile by the application of worry, and the juggled husband is fairly subdued by sauce and spice. Women have all a natural genius for having their own way; still the finest talents, like "the finest pisantry in the world," require cultivation. We recommend beginning soon.

When Sir William L. was setting off on his wedding excursion, while the bride was subsiding from the pellucid lightness of white satin and blonde, into the delicate darkness of the lilac silk travelling dress, the lady's maid rushed into his presence with a torrent, not of tears, but of words. His favourite French valet had put out all the band boxes that had been previously stored with all feminine ingenuity in the carriage. Of course, on the happiest day of his life, Sir William could not "hunt a fault or hesitate dislike," and he therefore ordered the interesting exiles to be replaced. "Ver ver, Sare William," said the prophetic gentleman's gentleman, "you let yourself be band-boxed now, you be band-boxed all your life."

The prediction of the masculine Cassandra of the curling irons was amply fulfilled. Poor Sir William! One of his guests, a gentleman whose wits might have belonged to a Leeds clothier, for they were always wool-gathering, confounded the bridal with one of these annual festivals when people cruelly give you joy of having made one step more to your grave—this said guest, at his wedding, literally wished him many happy returns of the day! The polite admirer of the band boxes found, however, one anniversary quite sufficient, without any returns.

Now, we do consider it somewhat hard "to drag at each remove," such a very perceptible chain; it might as well have been wreathed, or gilded, or even pinch beaked. A friend of mine, Mrs. Francis Caldwell, does the thing much better. We shall give a domestic dialogue in Curzon street, by way of example to the rising generation.

"I have been at Baldoe's this morning, my love," said Mrs. Caldwell while helping the soup, "he has two such lovely Savre tables, portraits of Louis XIVth's beauties; you must let me have them for the drawing room, they are such loves."

"I really do wonder," exclaimed Mr. Caldwell, in his most decided tone, "what you can want with any thing more in the drawing room. I am sure that it is as much as any one can do to get across them as it is. I will have no more money spent on such trash."

"This fish is capital, the sauce is a chef d'œuvre," exclaimed the lady, hastening to change the discourse; "do let me recommend it."

Dinner proceeds, enlivened by a little series of delicate attentions on the part of the wife. One thing is advised; another, which she is well aware is her husband's aversion, playfully forbidden, with a "my dear Francis, you are so careless of yourself—consider les horreurs de la digestion."

Dinner declines into dessert, and Mr. Caldwell eats his walnuts, peeled "By no hand, as you may guess, But that of Fairly Fair."

alias Mrs. Caldwell's very pretty fingers. Towards the middle of his second glass of port, he perceives that there are tears in his wife's soft blue eyes—which become actual sobs as he progresses in the third glass.

"I see how it is, Laura; well, you shall have the tables!"

"The tables!" cried the lady, with an air, as the school boy said of ancient Gaul, quartered into three halves, of disdain, wounded feelings, and tenderness; "I have really lost all wish for them. It was of you Francis, that I was thinking. Can you weigh a few paltry pounds against the pleasure of gratifying your wife. I see I have lost my hold on your affections. What have I done? I whose whole life has but one happiness, that of pleasing you!"

We will not pursue the subject to its last conjugal close of tears and kisses; suffice it to say, that the next day the tables are sent home; not given—but only accepted as a favour.

Now this is a beautiful way of doing business. We seriously recommend its consideration as a study to our lady readers. Scolding does much, for as the old riddle says, "anything" is what "Many a man who has a wife, Submits to for a quiet life."

But, fair half of the world, out of whose very remains the rose, as the eastern proverb has it, was formed at the creation—flattery, that honey of the heart, is the true art of sway. Instead of divide, our now state secret is, "flatter to reign."

A citizen was saying, in company, that he never had seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present whose name was Miss Rye, said, at the same time showing one of her ears—"Here, sir, is an ear of Rye, which if you please, you may behold." The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave it a pinch. "Nay, madam," said he, "you have a wry face, too."

Talent.—What we want in natural abilities may generally and easily be made up in industry; as a dwarf may keep pace with a giant, if he will but move his legs a little faster. Mother! "said the Spartan boy, going to battle, 'my sword is too short.' "Add a step to it," was the reply.

The Sublime and the Ridiculous.—My lodgings on both occasions of my residence here was in the vicinity of the cathedral. In the night of my first arrival at Antwerp, I was amused and surprised to hear the chimes of the cathedral play "Buy a broom." Thought I to myself, Bonaparte was right: "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." The tower of the cathedral at Antwerp—the noblest structure of its kind in Europe—the church in itself the shrine of unpurchaseable, because unparalleled treasures of art—the wonders of Rubens' wonderful pencil, the admiration of the world—and—"Buy a broom." I slept the better for laughter at the ridiculous association of ideas conjured up by this circumstance.—J. Saunter in Belgium.

## NOTICE.

ALL persons having any just demands against the estate of the late Rev. Michael M'Sweeney, of Fredericton, are requested to render their accounts for adjustment within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

MARY ANN M'SWEENEY, Adm'c.  
Fredericton, 15th June, 1836.

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Fredericton, Sept. 25, 1835.

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