

POETRY.

Selected.

From the *Taken* for 1837.

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Lady, we never met before
Within the world's wide space;
And yet the more I gaze, the more
I recollect thy face!
Each feature to my mind recalls
An image of the past,
Which, where the shade of memory falls,
Is sacred to the last.

But she, whose charms in thine I trace,
Was not, alas! of earth;
And yet of more than human grace,
For fancy gave her birth;
She haunted me by sunlit-streams,
And burst upon my sight,
When through the pleasant land of dreams,
My spirit roved at night.

Lost idol! why didst thou depart?
O, let thine earnest eyes—
Abstraction! vision! though thou art—
Once more my soul surprise!
She comes! a fair and laughing girl—
Whom happy does she seek?
And raven curls their links unfurl
Adown her blushing cheek.

Her Grecian lineaments are bright
With beauty half divine!
She is a phantom of delight,
Her dark eyes are—like thine!
Like hers thy form—the voice of gloe,
Which happy thoughts attune,
Sweet as the 'entrancing melody
Of singing birds in June!

I clasp her hands in mine once more—
I am again a boy!
The past shows nothing to deplore,
The future all is joy.
We wander through deserted halls
We climb the wooden height,
We hear the roar of waterfalls,
And watch the eagle's flight.

We stand where sunset colours lie
Upon a lake at rest;
And O what clouds of Tyrian dye
Are sloping down the west?
And close above the purple pile,
The evening star appears,
While she who cheered me with her smile,
Now tries to hide her tears!

Enough, the spell is at an end,
The phantom floats away
And I no more may idly bend
At memory's shrine to-day.
I turn to thee, whose beauty first
That shape of love renewed,
Waking emotions that were nursed
Long since in solitude.

I turn to thee, and start to see
Again that face and mien,
Thine eyes' expressive brilliancy,
Those curls of glossy sheen;
Two visions have waylaid my heart—
A false one and a true;
And—by the light of truth! thou art
The fairer of the two.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From *Sketches* by Boy.

THE CRIMINAL'S LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

When the warrant for a prisoner's execution reaches Newgate, he is immediately removed to the cells, and confined in one of them until he leaves it for the scaffold. He is at liberty to walk in the yard, but both in his walks and in his cell he is constantly attended by a turnkey, who never leaves him on any pretence whatever. We entered the first cell. It was a stone dungeon, eight feet long by six feet wide, with a bench at the further end, under which were a common horse-rug, a bible, and a prayer book. An iron candlestick was fixed in the wall at the side; and a small high window in the back admitted as much air and light as could struggle in between a double row of heavy crossed iron bars. It contained no other furniture of any description.

Conceive the situation of a man spending his last night on earth in this cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knows not why—indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping, he knew not how—hour after hour of the three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no man living can deem possible, for none but this dying man can know. He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted his attendants with importunities, neglected in his feverish restlessness the timely warnings of his spiritual counselor; and now that the illusion is at last dispelled, now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helplessness, hopeless state, rushes upon him, he is lost and stupefied, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon, the Almighty Being from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom his repentance can alone avail.

Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is wasting gradually, and the death-like stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle, which echoes mournfully through the empty

yards, warns him that the night is fast waning away. The deep toned bell of St. Paul's strikes—one! He heard it! it has roused him. Seven hours left; and he paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the bible which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts still wander. The book is torn and soiled by use—how like the book he read his lesson in at school just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it since he left it as a child; and yet the place, the time, the room, nay, the very boys he played with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish words of kindness, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. The deep voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its solemn promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation on obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush!—what sound was that? He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet. Hark! Two quarters have struck—the third, the fourth. It is Six hours left! Tell him not of repentance or comfort. Six hours' repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands, and throws himself on the bench.

Worn out with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast; he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with the bright blue sky above them, and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side—how different from the stone walls of Newgate! And she is looking not as she did when he saw her for the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used to do when he loved her, long, long ago, before misery and ill treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature. And she is leaning upon his arm, and looking up into his face with tenderness and affection—and he does not strike her now, or rudely shake her from him. And oh! how glad he is to tell her all he had forgotten in that last hurried interview, and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form and broke her heart!—The scene suddenly changes. He is on his trial again: there are the judge and jury, and prosecutors and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is—what a sea of heads—with a gallows, too, and a scaffold—and how those people stare at him! Verdict, "Guilty." No matter, he will escape. The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open; and in an instant he is in the street, flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, the open fields are gained, and the broad wide country lies before him. Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness astonishing even to himself. At length he pauses, he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on that bank and sleep till sunrise.

A period of unconsciousness succeeds. He wakes cold and wretched. The dull grey light of morning is stealing into the cell, and falls upon the form of the attendant turnkey. Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in that narrow cell, is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. He is the condemned criminal again, guilty and despairing; and in two hours more is a corpse.

THE YOUNG WIFE.—A woman runs a risk of being spoiled by the flattering period of her life that precedes marriage. She is of necessity, then, a first object; and custom has added to the homage which love would willingly render. An individual of a family, who may before have been but little considered, rises at once into importance; and the person she most values is ready to execute the slightest expression of her will.

The sooner that a woman can divest herself of any unreasonable expectations which the devotion of the lover may have excited, the greater the probability of her securing permanent attachment. Courtship is a dream, from which it is better to awake voluntarily, than to be reluctantly roused. It is better to return to ordinary habits—to the sober and calm fulfilment of daily business, in the place assigned by duty—than to cherish an artificial excite-

ment, and cling to a false position. It is a proof of judgment in a woman, when she bestows attention on her husband's character; when she sets herself to study his peculiarities, and to consult them to the utmost of her power. This is the management which is not only allowable, but praiseworthy; for its object is, not the obtaining of sway, but the promotion of mutual felicity.

It is certainly much to be lamented when a young wife yields to a timidity of listlessness, which prevents her from making independent efforts; when she nurses the nervousness which unfits her for all useful services; when, whatever be the call upon her, she is herself in need of aid; and, from never having thought of exerting herself, is incapable of doing so when the emergency arrives. Incidents daily occur which mark either the helplessness or capability of every woman. Sudden alarms, trifling incidents, throw one into uncontrollable agitation; whilst another calmly avoids or relieves the mischief. One is unable to put forth a hand to help herself; the other, without appearance of effort, is ready to help all besides.—One cannot stir without support; the other is continually employed in some useful or benevolent purposes. One reclines upon a sofa, establishing no claim upon others but her own incapacity; the other by her perpetual good offices, lays up a debt which is willingly paid on demand, and thus provides in the best way for her future exigencies.

It not unfrequently happens that a young married woman is oftener alone than she has previously been accustomed to be; and that she misses the family circle with which she has hitherto been surrounded. Let not this, however, depress her spirits, or render her too dependent on her husband for entertainment. Let it, at least of all, lead her to seek, too frequently, relief in company. One of the first things she should learn is to be happy in solitude; to find there, occupation for herself; and to prove to her husband, that, however she may enjoy social intercourse, and especially desire his presence, she needs not either a sister or a friend to entertain her when he is away.—*Female Improvement.*

RECIPES FOR THE LADIES.

We copy the following from the manuscript recipe book of the first rate house-keeper. It may be of use to young married ladies.

Composition Cake. One pound of flour, one of sugar, half a pound of butter, seven eggs, half a pint of cream and a gill of brandy.

Tea Cake. Three cups of sugar, three eggs one cup of butter, one cup of milk, a small lump of pearlash, and make it not quite as stiff as pound cake.

Loaf Cake. Five pounds of flour, two of sugar, three quarters of a pound of lard, and the same quantity of butter, one pint of yeast, eight eggs, one quart of milk; roll the sugar in flour; add the raisin and spice after the first raising.

Pint Cake. One pint of dough, one teaspoonful of sugar, one of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of pearlash with raisins and spice.

Soft Gingerbread. Six teacups of flour, three of molasses, one of cream, one of butter, one table spoon of ginger, and one of pearlash.

Wafers. One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs, beat, one glass of wine and a nutmeg.

Jumbles. Three pounds of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, eight eggs, with a little caraway seed; and a little milk if the eggs are not sufficient.

Soft Cakes in little pans. One pound and a half of butter rubbed into two pounds of flour, add one glass of wine, one of rose water, two of yeast, nutmeg, cinnamon, and currants.

Diet Bread. One pound flour, one of sugar, nine eggs leaving out some of the whites, little mace and rose water.

Wonders. Two pounds of flour, three quarters of sugar, half a pound of butter, nine eggs, a little mace and rose water.

A light Cake to bake in cups. One and a half pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, rubbed into two pounds of flour, one glass of wine, one of rose water, eight eggs and half a nutmeg.

Sponge Cake. Five eggs, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of flour.

Another.—Five eggs, three cups of flour, two of sugar, and a little cinnamon.

Pound Cake. Three eggs, nine spoons full of butter, three of sugar, and three hands full of flour.

Dough Cake. Two coffee cups of dough, two of sugar one and a half of butter, eight eggs, two teaspoonsfull of pearlash, wine and plums, and very little flour.

Cream Cake. Four cups of flour, three of sugar, one of butter, one of cream, five eggs, one teaspoonfull of

pearlash; rub the butter and sugar together, then add the rest.

Shrewsbury Cake.—One pound flour, three quarters of a pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, one nutmeg, one glass of brandy.

Clove Cake.—Three pounds of flour, one of butter, one of sugar, three eggs, two spoonsfull of cloves; mix it with molasses.

THE RIVAL SERGEANTS.—On Wednesday last, in the *Nisi Prius* Court, at Liverpool, a rosy-gilled gentleman of the *Falstaff* genus, Mr. John Green, of Prescott, was called as a witness by Mr. Sergeant Atcherley, on behalf of the plaintiff. On making his appearance in the box, and the oath being tendered to him, he first said that he was a witness on the other side; but being told that it did not signify, as he was also subpoenaed for the plaintiff, he wished to know, before being sworn, who was to pay his expenses. "They promised me £5 or £10," (said he,) but I have only had a shilling for the last five days and (continued Mr. Green, laying his hands upon his capacious paunch, with an air of paternal pride and satisfaction, which might have become the great and immortal Sir John himself) such a corporation as this, is not to be kept up at the rate of a shilling for five days." (Roars of laughter.) The momentous matter having been referred to Mr. Forrest, that gentleman said that £4 10s. would be a reasonable allowance for five days' expenses, and the attorney for the plaintiff immediately handed over the needful to Mr. Forrest, in trust for the witness. "Now (said Mr. Sergeant Atcherley) I hope you will be worth the money to us. Will you trust the officer?" "Well," (said Mr. Green) I have known him for a long time, and I think I can trust him. I have known Mr. Sergeant Atcherley, too, a long time. He and I learned our exercises together." The learned Sergeant seemed rather taken aback at this information, and not very willing to acknowledge the acquaintanceship of the facetious Mr. Green. His apparent chagrin was rather heightened than otherwise, when his lordship good humouredly said to the witness, "As a matter of curiosity, perhaps you will allow me to ask whether my brother Atcherley ever got any rank at all?" "Well my Lord (replied Mr. Green,) I think he got to be an Ensign." (Laughter.) But he (was full private when I was a sergeant; now he is a Sergeant and I am only a private." (shouts of laughter.) "Pray what squad was he in?" asked his Lordship. "Well, my Lord, I am afraid it would take up too much time to tell you now," replied Mr. Green, and so the colloquy ended. Whether his Majesty's Attorney General for the county Palatine is unwilling to recur to the military exploits of his younger days in the militia, because he belonged to the awkward squad, or whether he thinks the reputation of deeds of arms, such as would become a votary of idlers, rather than a drawback on the distinctions of the law, we know not, but certain it is that he did not greet Mr. Green with anything like the cordiality of an old comrade and a soldier.

THE CAMPHOR TREE.—One of the most useful and magnificent productions of the vegetable kingdom that enriches China, and more particularly the provinces of Kiang-si and Canton, is the *laurus camphora*, or camphor tree. This stupendous laurel, which often adorns the banks of rivers, was in several places found by Lord Amherst's embassy fifty feet high, with its stem twenty feet in circumference. The Chinese themselves, affirm that it sometimes reaches the height of more than 300 feet, and a circumference greater than the extended arms of twenty men could embrace; but the English found no instance that justified their description. Camphor is obtained from the branches by steeping them, while fresh cut, in water for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of white jelly, adheres to a stick, which is used in constantly stirring the branches. The fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes in a few hours. To purify it, the Chinese take a quantity of finely powdered earth, which they lay at the bottom of a copper basin; over this they place a layer of camphor, and then another layer of earth, and so on until the vessel is nearly filled, the last or topmost layer being of earth. They cover this last layer with the leaves of a plant called *po-ho*, which seems to be a species of *mentha*. They now invert a second basin over the first, and make it air-tight by luting. The whole is submitted to the action of a regulated fire for a certain length of time, and then left to cool. On separating the vessels, the

camphor is found to have sublimed, and to have adhered to the copper basin. Repetitions of the same process, complete its refinement. The camphor obtained from this tree is less valued by the Chinese themselves, than that imported from Borneo. Mr. Clarke Abel conjectures that the preference proceeds from the adulteration of the article by the Chinese manufacturers, since the mode of refining is well known. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient, the camphor tree is one of the principal timber trees of China, and is used not only in building, but in most articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light color; and, although light and easy to work, is durable and not likely to be injured by insects.

CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.—The following statement, if true, may be invaluable in the treatment of the cholera:—Two men employed in extracting salt from the lakes in the neighborhood of Salzburg, were attacked by the disease, and left by their medical attendant as incurable. Their bodies had become completely black, when the overseer of the works undertook to cure them. He heated a quantity of water from one of the salt lakes to a very high degree, and placed one of the dying men in the bath, keeping up the heat. After being in half an hour the man recovered his senses, and expressed how delightful were his sensations. Upon this the other sufferer was put into a similar bath. By degrees their bodies turned from black to purple, then to red, and at the end of three hours they assumed their natural color, and the men were free from the disease. It may be believed, that the pores, being opened by the heat absorbed the saline particles, which mingled with the blood and liquified it. This corresponds with the known effects of salt upon coagulated blood.

St. Austin, one of the fathers of the Christian church says of intemperate drinking, "Tis a distemper of the head, subversion of the senses, a tempest in the tongue, a storm of the body, the shipwreck of virtue, a woeful loss of time and a voluntary madness."

GENIUS.—The sweepings of the study of a great genius ought to be thrown into the grave with him. Yet, how often are they raked together, and spun into a volume, so that the last work is the worst, and leaves upon the reader an unfavourable impression.

MECHANICS V. POETRY.—It has been ill-naturedly said, that the inventor of the wheel-barrow has done more service to mankind, than the writer of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

HOMAGE TO GENIUS.—Alexander, when he was sacking Thebes, such was his regard for Pindar, made no war with his descendants, and spared even the house he lived in.

NEW GOODS.

JUST opening, a choice selection of Goods, suitable for the Season, which will be found worthy the attention of purchasers, among which are a variety of Cloths, suitable for Gentlemen and Youths, Ladies' Pelisse ditto, Cloaking ditto, Fur of various kinds and qualities; Muffs, Boas, Ruffs, Tippets; Fur lined and turned; Gloves in Buck, Kid and Berlin; Fur Trimmings; Fur lined and trim'd Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Youth; over Boots and Shoes for ditto; Cloth Boots for Ladies and Children; Ladies Hat Boxes; Cap ditto; Gentlemen and Youths' Fur Caps; good Flannels, Merinoes and Homespuns; Swans' Down and other Fills, &c. &c.; a few barrels Apples (New Jersey Pippins); No. 1 and 2 Gibb Herrings; with a variety of other articles.

R. CHESTNUT.

Frederickton, 1st November, 1836.

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