

POETRY.

Selected.

BECAUSE I'M TWENTY-FIVE. BY MISS HORTON.

"Tis wondrous strange how great the change
Since I was in my teens;
Then I had beaux and billets-doux,
And joined the gayest scenes;
But lovers now have ceased to vow,
No way they now contrive
To poison, hang or drown themselves—
Because I'm twenty-five!

Once, if the night was e'er so bright,
I ne'er abroad would roam,
Without, "the bliss, the honor, Miss,
Of seeing you safe home."
But now I go, through rain or snow,
Pursued and scarce alive,
Through all the dark without a spark—
Because I'm twenty-five!

They used to call and ask me all
About my health so frail;
And thought a ride would help my side,
And turn my cheek less pale;
But now, alas! if I am ill,
None cares that I revive,
And my pale cheek in vain may speak,
Because I'm twenty-five!

Now, if a ride improves my side,
I'm forced to take the stage:
For that is deemed quite proper for
A person of my age;
And then no hand is offered me,
To help me out alive;
They think it won't hurt me to fall—
Because I'm twenty-five!

O dear! 'tis queer that every year
I'm slighted more and more;
For not a beau pretends to show
His head within our door;
Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address,
My spirits now revive,
And one might near as well be dead
As say—I'm twenty-five!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

YOU REMEMBER IT, DON'T YOU?
You remember the time when I first sought
Your home,
When a smile, not a word, was the summons to
Come!
Then you called me a friend, till you found
With surprise,
That our friendship turn'd out to be love in dis-
guise.

You remember it, don't you?
You will think of it, won't you?
Yes, yes of all this the remembrance will last
Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember the grief that grew lighter when
shar'd;
With the bliss you remember, could aught be
compar'd?

You remember how fond was my earliest vow?
Not fonder than that which I breathe to thee
now.

You remember it, don't you?
You will think of it, won't you?
Yes, yes of all this the remembrance will last
Long after the present fades into the past.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Coleridge says finely of Shelly, I think, that "he lived neither in space nor in time, but as if by the way." He meant, I suppose, that he was so little affected or interested by the circumstances around him, and the times in which he seemed to exist, as not to belong to the age or to the world, but was as if he had stepped aside from the track of time, while the world, forgetting its passenger, moved by him. The world used a remissness in his case of which it is seldom chargeable. What agent of what mode or line of conveyance ever used the diligence, or had the success, of the world, in decoying or hurrying, *nolens volens*, into its moving machine, the hesitating traveller? To turn the poet's words to our own account, all the world's a stage,* and with the capacity of an omnibus, the punctuality of a steam car, and the inflexibility of a rail road, it chooses a direction, appoints a time, and finds a place, for all the men and women of this moving sphere. "So the world goes" is the signal. The way is cleared. All things must govern themselves according to its times and motions. It would be a wiser folly to delay for one's private convenience on train where we behold in simultaneous motion the dwellers in an hundred homes than to question the right of the world to go when, and where, and at what jog it pleases. If it is a sufficient apology for hurrying business, breaking engagements, neglecting friends, that the steam cars leave at four; how much more for all omissions, deficiencies and imperfections, "that so the world goes!"

He who has travelled much, knows very well that travelling is a condition of great license. One may then indulge in habits seriously condemned at home. Actions become innocent or indifferent which in a state of rest are esteemed injurious and immoral. The stage or the steam boat are no places in which to be prim and decorous. One must relax a little from his dignity and propriety, and fall in with the prevailing tone of feeling. It is folly to assert his personal character, or strive to exert his

* A "stage," as a stage-coach, is a new reading of Shakespeare, which is respectfully submitted.

personal influence with companions of a day. Example cannot be of much weight which is to be manifested for a short season, and before men who are not expecting to see models of excellence. Forsooth, they are travelling too, and men do not support characters when they journey. The toil of the journey is enough without the restraints of propriety. And where one finds this spirit, he must be accommodating. He must sink his peculiarities, be they those of virtue, decorum or profession, in a stage coach. He cannot, again, be very particular in the observance of his usual and conscientious habit, while he is moving from place to place. His private duties are inconvenient. The sleeping two in a room leaves him no privacy. In fine, he must wait till he gets home, before he can renew his accustomed habits and duties, of however private and personal a nature. He must go home before he can act aright.

The world may be said to be on one everlasting journey. It is one great, crowded stage coach. Accommodation is here, too, the principle of action. "So goes the world," and at the signal we may fancy mankind with one universal rush, as if to the last coach, scrambling into the last vehicle. All have in a hurry left their characters, their habits, their principles, behind them. Behold them seated! There is a universal congratulation at their successful settlement. A common journey excites a common interest, and without inquiry into, or minute observation of, the feelings, pursuits, and principles of their fellow travellers, it is "hail fellow! well met," all around. Now is no time for nice distinctions. They are travelling. Shall small private feelings and peculiarities be permitted to disturb the common sentiment of good will? Will any one be rude enough to object to the general tone of feeling, or confess any distaste to the common topic of discourse? Is it not the only wisdom to fall in with the spirit of the place? Will one sit like a churl, in the corner of the coach, cloaked in unsociality? Will not silence be taken for stupidity—the frown of virtue for the cant of hypocrisy—the dignity of rectitude for the self-complacency of pride? Can the world's passengers, a promiscuous throng, appreciate our motives, our good sense, our force of character? Are they enough self-possessed in the exciting journey, to perceive, regard, and be influenced by a good example? Have not they too, left their characters at home? Did they not leave in a hurry, unprepared to meet honestly, decorum or religion, on their tour, and so have dressed themselves in their worst suit, careless of their appearance before the transient crowd? And is it not esteemed untravelled and in bad taste to expose to the jollings of the way and the crowd, and to the dust of the road, the starch and gloss of one's best attire?

The passengers of "the world," are like a traveller who roams the earth for a resting place. He looks forward to every stage at the end of his journey. He arrives there, looks about for a moment—the bell rings—"stage ready!" and loath to quit his companions of a day, he orders on his luggage, and is again a rover. So with the stages of the world; they anticipate the goal and the time, when a home different from the world shall receive them to its quiet bosom; where friends shall surround them—where there will be motive, and reward for acting out the character they would exhibit, without the fear of any misconception—where there shall be rest and retirement for forming habits, acting up to principles, for living a conscientious and a Christian life. But as the journey progresses, the goal travels too. "So goes the world," rings in the ear of the way worn traveller forever. There is no place so retired and out of the way that the world does not pass it. It dines, and sups, and rests, at every town in the whole country. It has its public house in every hamlet. Its bustle, its business, its hurry, its crowd, disturb the quiet of every village. The stage stands before the door of every house. "The world, the world," is heard calling up its passengers in every street and unnamed alley. There is one constant invitation to come, free and for nothing, (thus has the strong opposition of the world to virtue cheapened its fare,) and occupy its seats, and be whirled off upon its un-rending tour, where dust shall dim the eye, noise dull the ear, crowds deaden the feeling, variety cloy and corrupt the taste, till the senses become the inlets of impure, distorted, unreal, indiscriminate ideas.

In these days of universal travel, not to journey in the world is a narrow minded, bigotted, or hypocritical prejudice. It is quitting the most wealthy, tonish, and notorious society. It is confessing a distaste for the fashions, the diversions, the occupations of the polite, which are the fine arts of the age. It

is to be, as it were, the servants of the world's proprietors, who, while they are on their foreign, fashionable, and finishing tour, are left at home to take care of the estate—to watch over and instruct the children—to feed and advise the poor who hang on the world's establishment; it is to be left at home to see that the fences are not broken down, that the gardens are not robbed, that the walls are not dilapidated; to look after the finances without which the world's owners could not travel—in fine, to keep the world's great edifice from going to utter ruin, and its estate from hopeless bankruptcy, through the neglect and extravagance of its masters—to do all the work which enables them to be doing nothing. This it is not to travel in the world. It is to be the veriest drudges and slaves to the severest toil—to have one everlasting working day. It is to be both school master and guardian, both curate and constable, both steward and clerk—and this too, in an establishment which has fewer servants than masters. Can one hesitate which to choose—to travel in the world and fly from toil, or to "stop by the way" to perform all the work that the world makes? It is to choose between riding over the road, and working upon it! To live "by the way," is to make this the deliberate choice. It is to withstand the thousand invitations of the day, to occupy a stuffed cushion in the easiest vehicle, with the most sensitive springs, and the gayest company, and to walk off from the even and easy track into the jolting, stony path "by the way," encumbered with all the obstructions which the world has thrown from its route, and its labors to smooth and level, and speed its course. It is to stand still while all is in motion—to seem to the world's untiring, unflagging speed, a fixed, diminishing, evanescent point. It is to be a sworn foe to all internal improvements which shorten the arduous routes over which honesty and principle are wont to plod, with their small and patient merchandise. This is to live "by the way."

Nevertheless, commend me to life "by the way." If "space" is the arena of the world, and "time" the spirit of the age, I would live neither "in space nor time," but as if "by the way." To all who have taken passage in the world, I give warning that it runs a dusty road. It seeketh the levellest and the smoothest, but it is the lowest in route. It crosseth stands and deserts, and the Pontine marshes. It never emergeth from the shade, nor ascendeth to the clear sunlight, and the wide and spreading prospect. It speedeth till one cannot count the dwellings by the way, and observation wearyeth of monotony. Danger is the only one of all the shifting company that sitteth constant by thy side throughout the journey.

Docile traveller! be advised. Quit thy resolve. Even at some risk, leap from the world's conveyance, and walk "by the way!" live "by the way!"
Cambridge, (Mass.) August, 1836.

GERMAN LOVE OF TITLES.—"The ladies are not behind us in asserting their claims to honorary appellations. All over Germany a wife insists upon taking the title of her husband, with a feminine termination. There is madame-general-ess, madame privy-councillor-ess, madame daybook-keeper-ess, and a hundred others."—RUSSELL. These titles sometimes extend to an almost unpronounceable length; only think, for instance, of addressing a lady as Frau Oberconsistorialdirectorin (Mrs Directress of the Upper Consistory Court.) This may be avoided however by substituting the words "gnadige frau" (gracious madame,) in addressing a lady. It must at the same time be observed that this fondness for titles, and especially for the prefix *von* (of, equivalent to the French *de*, originally denoting the possessor of an estate,) is to a certain extent a vulgarity from which the upper classes of German society are free. The rulers of Germany take advantage of the national vanity, and lay those upon whom they confer the rank, under obligation, while they at the same time levy a tax upon the dignity proportionate to its elevation: thus a mere hofrath pays from 30 to 40 dollars annually, and the higher dignities a more considerable sum. If, however, the title has been acquired by merit, no tax is paid, but merely a contribution to a fund for the widows and children of the class. Certain forms and titles are also prefixed on the address of a letter: thus a baron must be addressed Hoch-geborener Herr (high born sir); a count, a member of the higher noblesse, and a minister, even though not of noble birth, is called hoch-wohl-geboren; a merchant or roturier must content himself with being termed a wohl-(well) geboren, while hoch-edel (high noble) is ironically applied to tradesmen. It may be useful to observe that should the

traveller assist at any fete or reception given by one of royal blood, and not be prepared to appear in uniform, or in full court costume, black will be correct dress; blue coats with metal buttons, white waistcoats, nankeen trousers, &c. will be quite incorrect; black is admissible under the presumption that the party is in mourning.—*Handbook for Travellers.*

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA'S PRAYER BOOK.—The Duke of Orleans has just given orders for a superb prayer book, destined as a present to her Majesty the Empress of Austria. The following is a brief description of this splendid volume:—The text is to be printed in azure letters, on leaves of white watered satin; the initial letters, in gold, and ornamented with brilliantly coloured arabesques. Each page is to be surrounded by a border or vignette, printed in gold, by the method employed exclusively at the *Imprimerie Royale*. Each chapter will be surrounded by a different border, and the letters composing the titles will be formed of delicately colored wreaths of flowers. The volume will be interspersed with fifty vignettes or paintings executed by the most able French artists. Each of these paintings will be enclosed in a typographical border printed in gold. The boards will be covered with cloth of gold, and richly embroidered with double headed eagles. The edges are to be embossed in imitation of the Oriental Manuscripts. The ribbon markers will have at their lower ends gold seals; on each of which will be engraved one of the letters composing the name of the Empress, as patron Saint. The external case, for inclosing the volume, will be ornamented with small medallions or bas-reliefs in gold; the subjects taken from the history of the Virgin. All the studs employed in this case will be tapped by emeralds. It will be fastened by two clasps, representing the symbolical animals of the four Evangelists.—*Court Journal.*

COOL.—Lady Arden complained of a tooth ache.—All the remedies used on such occasions were applied, still she found no relief. At length she decided on sending to Edinburgh, a distance of fifty miles from Clydesdale castle, for a dentist to extract the suffering tooth; and when he arrived, she declared "that her nerves were unequal to submitting to the operation, unless she saw it performed on some one else first."—The friends admitted to the sanctuary of her boudoir, looked aghast at this declaration, each expecting to be called on, but after the silence of a few minutes, and no one offering, she told Lord Arden that he must have a tooth out, that she might judge from his manner of supporting the operation if she could go through it. He appeared amazingly disconcerted, but a few wry faces and serious expostulations having failed to mollify the lady, the obedient husband submitted, and a fine sound tooth was abstracted from his jaw, after which she declared that she had seen enough to convince her that she could not undergo a similar operation.

SILK WORMS AND BALLOONS.—It is calculated that 127,000,000 of silk worms have toiled through their short lives to produce the quantity of silk contained in the new great balloon now in Vauxhall, London. It is calculated that the new balloon will ascend, when inflated with pure hydrogen gas, with twenty eight persons, besides ballast and apparatus.

DOWTON IN LOVE.—A certain old bachelor, who was almost in his dotage, suddenly became a Benedict; every body expressed their surprise but Dowton, who observed, "Love!—love is like the small pox; if you don't take it naturally early in life, you're never safe from its infection to your latest day."

The Naval Museum at the Louvre is about to be enriched with a beautiful model of a three decker, about six feet long, constructed at the arsenal at Cherbourg. It mounts 120 guns, rigged in full complement, and in fact is said to be the most complete miniature specimen of naval architecture ever exhibited.

ENGLISH SUNSHINE.—When Lablache, the singer, returned to Naples after a two year's engagement in England, a Neapolitan accosted him with "How is it possible you can remain in a country so long without seeing the sun?"—"Camico," replied Lablache, pulling out a purse full of gold; ecco il vero sole in Inghilterra." My dear friend here is the true English sunshine.

An eminent London firm has received orders for the execution of two steam engines, of 200 horse power each, for the huge steam vessel now building in Bristol, for transatlantic communication, and which it is expected will be completed in the course of the ensuing sum-

mer. That now erecting at Liverpool for the same voyage will only contain one of 270 horse power. Many of the captains of our packet ships are yet great unbelievers as to navigating the Atlantic by steam, and agree with Dr. Lardner, that "it can't be done." Sam Patch's motto is, however, the Yankee motto "some things can be done as well as others."

NAPOLEON'S FAMILY.—The Revue de Paris states, that the widow of King Joachim Murat, the Princess Caroline Napoleon, was about to take up her residence in France. It appears that permission to do so had been given by M. Montalivet, though the law of the Restoration, which is still in force, is express against the return of any member of the Bonaparte family to France.

DEAF AND DUMB TAVERNS.—This is the name applied to many public houses in Rhode Island, which having been refused a retailer's license, resort to a most extraordinary expedient to supply their customers. The bar is partitioned off in a manner that veils the applicant from the bar-keeper. Through the partition a hole is cut, over which is written in large letters, "Ask and ye shall receive,—knock and it shall be opened unto you." The "customer" approaches, knocks, a hand is presented, and the applicant naming the liquor he desires, he is accommodated, and no one is seen save the customer. As the law does not forbid drinking, but only prohibits selling, it is thus evaded.—*Boston Transcript.*

The garrison of Paris consists of 24,000 men, 12 or 15 regiments of cavalry and infantry, in barracks; within 20 leagues of the capital, 25,000; the camp at Copeigne, 30,000. Thus an army of 79,000 men, which is a third of the whole army, now guard the capital. The drum, the drum, is the street music in Paris, all the day, and at early morning, and at night.

Flour, Indian & Oatmeal, &c.

THE Subscriber has always on hand a good supply of the best Philadelphia, superfine Wheat and Rye FLOUR, Indian and Oat MEAL, Corn and Oats, (when they can be had) for ready money, or other approved payments at the lowest rates. Also—Souchong and hyson teas; soft sugar by the barrel or in retail; best loaf sugar; molasses; coffee; starch; indigo; saleratus; soap; mustard; ground and root ginger; pimento; cloves; black pepper; cinnamon; nutmegs; raisins; currants; figs; prunes; tamarind; fresh soft shelled almonds; confections; London brown candy; liquorice ball, refined juice; peppermint; pilot bread; butter crackers; wine biscuits; pork; hams; cod and scale fish; smoked gasperaux and Digby herrings and salmon in their season; liquid blacking; shoe and scrubbing brushes; horse brushes; white wash brushes; hearth and carpet brushes; ship mops, and deck scrubbers; spades; shovels; scythes; grid irons; bake ovens and pots; metal tea kettles; tin ware; crockery ware; dye woods; alum; coppers; rose pink; prussian blue; mineral green; whitening; yellow ochre; brimstone; sulphur; castor oil; cream of tartar; magnesia; epsom salts, &c., madeira and port wine; Jamaica shrub and spirits; cognac brandy and Holland's gin, &c. &c. A few china tea sets.

Dry Goods, consisting of printed calicoes; muslins; bobbinets; quilting; bleached and unbleached cottons; merinos; merino shawls; gloves; stockings; cold linings; Scotch homespun; apron check; cotton wadding; men's moleskin trousers and jackets; striped shirts; men's cold stocks; silk pocket handkerchiefs; cotton handkerchiefs; window glass and putty; nails and shoe sparrails; shoe thread; cold and white cotton balls and reels.

Families taking quantities at once, will be allowed a proportionate deduction when the money is paid down on delivery of the articles.
M. MACKINTOSH.

Frederickton, June 14th, 1836.

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