

**SELECTED POETRY.**

**BEAUTIFUL BALLAD.**

Oh! lady, buy these budding flowers,  
For I am sad, and wet and weary;  
I gather'd them ere break of day,  
When all was lonely, still and dreary;  
And long I've sought to sell them here,  
To purchase clothes and food, and dwelling,  
Valour's wretched orphan girls—  
Poor me and my young sister Ellen.

Ah! those who tread life's thornless ways,  
In fortune's golden sunshine basking,  
May deem my wants require no aid,  
Because my lips are mutt, unasking;  
They have no heart for woes like mine,  
Each word, each look, is cold—repelling.  
Yet once a crowd of flatterers fawn'd,  
And fortune smiled on me and Ellen!

Oh! buy my flowers they're fair and fresh  
As mine and morning tears could keep them,  
To-morrow's sun shall see them dead,  
And I shall scarcely live to weep them!  
Yet this sweet bud, if nurs'd with care,  
Soon into fullness would be swelling,  
And nurtur'd by some generous hand,  
So might my little sister Ellen.

She's sleeping in the hollow tree,  
Her only home—its leaves her bedding;  
And I've no food to carry there,  
To soothe the tears she will be shedding;  
Oh! that those mourner's tears which fall,  
That bell which heavily is knelling,  
And that deep grave were meant for me,  
And my poor little sister Ellen!

When we in silence are laid down,  
In life's last fearless, blessed sleeping,  
No tears will fall upon our grave,  
Save those of pitying Heaven's own weeping.  
Unknown we've liv'd, unknown must die,  
No tongue the mournful tale be telling,  
Of two young broken hearted girls—  
Poor Mary and her sister Ellen!

No one has bought of me to-day,  
And night is now the town o'er shading,  
And I, like these poor drooping flowers,  
Unnotic'd and unwept am fading;  
My soul is struggling to be free—  
It loathes its wretched earthly dwelling!  
My limbs refuse to bear their load—  
Oh God! protect lone orphan Ellen.

**MONITORIAL.**

*Preamble to the Laws of the Locrians.*

The laws of Zaleucus, lawgiver to the Locrians, who lived before the days of Pythagoras are introduced with the following preamble:

No man can question the existence of a Deity who observes the order and harmony of the universe which cannot be the production of Chance. Men ought to bridle their passions, and to guard against every vice. God is pleased with no sacrifice but a sincere heart: and differs widely from mortals, whose delight is splendid ceremonies and rich offerings. Let Justice therefore be studied: For by that only can a man be acceptable to the Deity. Let those who are tempted to do ill, have always before their eyes the severe judgements of God against wicked men. Let them always keep in view the hour of death, that fatal hour, which is attended with bitter remorse for transgressing the rules of justice. If a bad disposition incline you to vice, pray to heaven at the foot of the altar to mend your heart.

**THE GOLD REGION.** The editor of the Western Carolinian, says he has been informed by a Mr. Angus Chisholm, living thirty miles from Salisbury N. C. a short distance from the Narrows on the east side of the Yadkin River, in Montgomery county, that considerable quantities of gold, have of late, been found on his land. There are, at this time 50 to 100 hands constantly at work there; and there finding averages from two to five penny-weights per man per diem. The gold is 23 to 25 carats fine, and is found from the size of a pin head to that of a hickory-nut. Mr. Chisholm has obtained, in one way and another, about 4000 dollars worth of gold this year. The same paper, of a subsequent date,

contains a letter from Mr. Charles E. Rothe, of Salisbury, in which he states that he has lately made some geological excursions in Randolph county. He says, hitherto the mineral wealth of that country has been but imperfectly known, it being situated in the north-east part of the gold region. This section is more broken and mountainous than any other sections of the gold country; the gold he has there discovered, is scattered more extensively, and in finer particles than in other places; as well on the summits of the hills as in the vallies and beds of water-courses. This gold is equal in purity to that found in any part of the gold region, and is about 23 carats fine.

It has been incorrectly supposed by some, he says, that gold was formed in the alluvial tracts, but this opinion must certainly appear erroneous, when it is known that gold is not unfrequently found on the summits of elevated portion of country as in the case in Randolph county. He traced the gold in the fissures of rocks, as well in the higher as in the lesser elevated land. These veins have been burst asunder by subterraneous explosions, and the gold scattered over the adjacent regions, and some of it carried down in the water-courses.

There is a quartz formation in the lower part of Randolph county, near deep river, containing lead and copper ores, though in inconsiderable quantities, on the surface of the earth; he thinks they may prove more abundant a short depth under the ground. As these veins are similar to those in which gold is found, they may probably contain gold with ores of other metals.

Skillful management is all that is necessary to work these veins with great profit; and in the course of time others may be discovered of equal richness.

**VEUVIUS.** The tragic fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum forms a terrific page in history. There had not been any previous eruptions of Vesuvius for several centuries; no memorial of such an event could be found since historians had existed to record its phenomena. The whole mountains was overshadowed with forest trees and the most luxuriant vines and vegetation; a retreat for which Marshal says, the gods of pleasure and gaiety forsook their most favoured abodes. What a horrid surprize, then, it must have been to the inhabitants of those ill fated cities to behold the sudden and violent eruption which spread such desolation around? While the inhabitants of Pompeii were considering whether it would be safer to flee or remain, a tremendous shower of hot boiling mud and gravel suddenly descended on them, burying the whole city 60 feet deep. During another period of this dreadful eruption, torrents of lava, rolling over Herculaneum, buried it forever, a hundred feet deep, in what is now of course a solid mass of rock. This event happened near eighteen centuries ago, and was equally fatal to many other beautiful towns which stood thick upon the coast of the Bay of Naples.

What thought can reach,  
What language can express the agonies,  
The horrors of that hour! An earth beneath  
That threaten'd to devour—an atmosphere  
That burn'd and choked—ashes that fell for  
rain—  
Thunders that roared above—thunders that  
grou'd and heav'd below;  
And solid darkness round;  
That like an ocean of black water whelm'd,  
And pressed upon the earth!

**PADDY,** who was arraigned before a court for horse stealing, after having pleaded not guilty, the judges asked by whom he would be tried? "By the twelve apostles," answered the prisoner. The Judge informed him that would not do, for if he was tried by them, he could not have his trial until the day of judgment. "Faith (says Paddy) and I have no objection to that neither, for I am in no hurry about it at all, at all.

**FINE THOUGHTS.**—"Finally, whatever may be our thoughts, our words, our writings, or our actions let them all be subservient to the promotion of science, and the prosperity of our country.—Pleasure is a shadow; wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is extatic in enjoyment, perennial, unlimited in space and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices it fears no danger, spares no expense omits no exertion. It scales the mountain, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, encircles the globe, explores the sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great and ascends to the sublime! No place too remote for its grasp; no heavens too exalted for its reach; its seat is the bosom of God, its voice the harmony of the Word. All things in heaven and earth do it homage, the very least as feeling its care, and the greatest as not exempt from its power. Both angels and men, creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring it as the parent of peace and happiness."

**MORNING AIR.** The most wholesome and invigorating air of the day is usually at day break. The man who rises at the dawn of day may enjoy a pleasure that is denied to a slumberer. It is the best time for exercise. The birds gaily carol, to welcome the rising sun and to waken man to industry. The glorious orb of day is in itself an object of more magnificence than the Falls of Niagara or Mount Etna, the Peak of Teneriffe, or Etna. Yet how many traverse sea and land to behold these terrestrial objects, while perhaps they never saw the rising sun in its utmost splendor, the sublimest spectacle in creation.

**SEA ANECDOTE.** An English captain hailed an American vessel, and asked what she was laden with. The master wishing to set off his cargo to the greatest advantage, answered with a flourish of Bostonian rhetoric, "Fruit and timber." The fact was, the cargo consisted of potatoes and broomsticks.

**ANECDOTE.** During Congress, members of either house, are, at times invited to dine at the President's table. Once, with some others, a raw buckskin was thus honored. Being awkward, and not knowing the names of the new fashioned dishes, when his plate was changed, and he was asked what he would choose next? "More bacon and greens;" said he, true to old Virginia, and awhile after, when his plate was again changed, and he was again asked what he would take next? he again answered, "I think I'll take a little more of bacon and greens." When, after dinner, the waiter brought to the buckskin an ewer of water to rinse his finger tips, up he took the ewer, and drank it off; and presently again came the waiter with another ewer full, when he, already, half bursted with water, began to quaff this also, not daring to refuse in fear of being thought ungentle; but when a bout half done—"By Jonah! (cried he) I believe ye mean to burst me; and I'll be drowned, if I drink any more."

**POPULATION OF EGYPT.**—It is computed that there are in Egypt 2,514,400 inhabitants; of whom about 200,000 are Copts, 2,300,000 Fellahs, and 14,400 foreigners. Copts are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and pretty generally inhabit the towns; and the Fellahs, a mixed race of Arabs, Persians, Syrians and Egyptians, live more commonly in the villages and devote themselves to commerce and agriculture. The number of villages in Egypt is 3,475; of which about half are in Lower

Egypt. According to M. Langles, the population of Cairo, in 1830 was 263,106; M. Mengin estimates it only at 200,000; allowing eight persons for each house; and he considers the population of Alexandria to be from 12 to 13,000.

**A CHINESE JEST.**—Ming Yang, one of the judges in the shades below, sent up an Imp to this world of light to fetch him a doctor of repute and skill. "When," says he, "you come to a doctor before whose door there are no complaining ghosts, that's the man." The imp takes the charge; and up he ascends to the regions of light. Every doctor's house he passed had lots of angry injured ghosts thronging about, wailing and complaining of their wrongs. At last he comes to a house where he sees only one single ghost flitting backwards and forwards before the door. "This is my man," says he. "This must be a successful practitioner, and have a great name no doubt." In return to his inquiry, the answer was, "Sir this gentleman set up business but yesterday."

An unemployed weaver meeting with an acquaintance the other day, was making his complaint about the present unequalled depression of business and state of general distress. His friend with great elongation of visage, exclaimed; "Ah! Jamie, the hand of Providence is in't; it's a just punishment for our sins." "It may be sae, an' it may not be sae," replied Jamie, "canna say; but there's ae thing I'm sure o', gin that which you say be true; the weavers suffer mair their for sins than any set o' man that I ken o'!"—GLASGOW CHRONICLE.

**BLACK EYED SUSAN.**—Gay wrote his well known ballad upon Mrs. Montford, a celebrated actress cotemporary with Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love and the ingratitude of a bosom friend, deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a receptacle for lunatics. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told that it was Hamlet. In this tragedy, whilst on the stage, she had ever been received with rapture in Ophelia.

The recollection struck her, and with that cunning which is so often allied to insanity, she eluded the care of the keepers, and got to the theatre, where she concealed herself until the scene in which Ophelia enters in her insane state; she then pushed on the stage, before the lady who performed the previous part of the character could come on, and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could effect. She was, in truth, Ophelia herself, to the amazement of the performers, and the astonishment of the audience, Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On going off she exclaimed, "It is all over!" She was immediately conveyed to her late place of security, and a few days after,

"She, like a lily drooping,  
Then bow'd her head and died."

The N. B. ROYAL GAZETTE, is published every TUESDAY, by GEO. K. LUGRIN, Printer to the KING'S Most Excellent Majesty, at his Office in Queen Street, over Mr. SLOOT'S Store, Fredericton, where Blanks, Handbills, &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

**CONDITIONS.**  
The price of this Paper is Sixteen Shillings per annum (exclusive of Postage)—the whole to be paid in advance.  
Advertisements not exceeding Fifteen Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Six pence the first, and One Shilling and Six pence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash and the insertions will be regulated according to the amount received.  
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