

POETRY.

The following beautiful lines are by the Honourable St. George Tucker, of Virginia, on his being asked why he had ceased to court the poetic muse:—

Days of my youth,  
Ye have glided away.  
Hairs of my youth,  
Ye are frosted and grey.  
Eyes of my youth,  
Your keen sight is no more.  
Cheeks of my youth,  
Ye are furrow'd all o'er.  
Strength of my youth,  
All your vigor is gone.  
Thoughts of my youth,  
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,  
I wish not your recall.  
Hours of my youth,  
I'm content you should fall.  
Eyes of my youth,  
You much evil have seen.  
Cheeks of my youth,  
Bath'd in tears have you been.  
Thoughts of my youth,  
Ye have led me astray.  
Strength of my youth,  
Why lament your decay.

Days of my age,  
Ye will shortly be past.  
Pains of my age,  
Yet awhile ye can last.  
Joys of my age,  
In true wisdom delight.  
Eyes of my age,  
Be religion your light.  
Thoughts of my age,  
Dread ye not the cold sod.  
Hopes of my age,  
Be ye fix'd on your God.

ON A LADY WHO DIED IN CHILDHOOD.  
The breath which you surrender, I receive:  
I enter on a world—'tis yours to leave:  
My cares are a I to come—yours are all past;  
And my first moment proves my mother's last:  
My life, your death—your pangs, my power supply:  
I kill in birth—and you in bearing die."

THE FRENCHMAN AND PIGS.

A Frenchman in a luckless hour  
Sought shelter from a sudden shower  
Beneath a gateway, where he viewed  
A sow with all her motley brood  
Of little pigs: "Ah! ah!" quoth he,  
"O'colour quel divertit!  
Beaucoup I admire dese little ting,  
Ma foi, dey thought of eating bring;  
En vérité, as I'm one sinner,  
'Twould make a magnifique grand dinner!  
But den de English laws so strick,  
Dey people hang for such a trick;  
And though de hunger be bad ting,  
Me rather dat than take one swing;  
But no one see, and if I scape,  
And no fear come from my neck cape;  
Oh den 'twould be a charmant treat,  
Like gourmand, roasty pig to eat;  
Ma foi, ma foi, as I'm one sinner,  
'Twould make a magnifique grand dinner!"  
The point thus argued, one he seized,  
And place beneath his coat, well pleased:  
When piggy squeaked so long and loud,  
As soon alarmed the neighbouring crowd;  
The mother sow loud grunted too,  
And piglings, to their brother true,  
Soon gave the Frenchman cause to rue.  
Swift off he ran but closely follow'd;  
Stop thief! stop thief! the people halloo'd!  
In vain, alas! was all confession,  
The pig was found in his possession;  
Examined straight, and guilty found,  
The culprit humbly bowed around,  
And said—"Messieurs, attendez-vous,  
To what I now parlez to you—  
'Tis true each word vat I shall say,  
Me be one gentilhomme François;  
Me nor know vat you call de teef,  
Hear de affair, and den believ;  
De mama pig, and children six,  
Me own, did my attention fix;  
So to dix little pig—I say  
Come live wid me a month, I pray;  
Then English me did tink he spe k,  
For he cried out—a week! a week!  
Well I reply, de time's but small,  
I take you for a week, dat's all."

THE MERCHANT OF BALSORA;  
OR, THE MAGIC RING.

Had a wise man owned this same ring,  
he would no more have thought himself jus-  
tifiable in criminality, than if he owned it  
not.

Many centuries ago, in the city of Bal-  
sora, there dwelt an honest and industrious  
tradesman, named Bonbec. He had a son

called Conloff, whom he had educated with  
the greatest tenderness and to the utmost of  
his means. As the young man grew up,  
his progress rewarded his father's exertion;  
and his amiable disposition relieved the old  
merchant's parental anxiety. Bonbec had  
amassed a sum sufficiently large to support  
his family with credit; and to enable him  
to leave his son the means of acquiring  
wealth and consequence.

Conloff was given to retirement and re-  
flection; in his solitary moments he mused  
on the actions of men, as he saw them dis-  
played in the course of his daily avocations.  
He beheld the merchants defraud each other,  
whenever they could do it undetected; the  
Cadi was not inaccessible to corruption;  
and the Caliph himself, the Prophet's vice-  
gerent, was surrounded by false and inter-  
ested courtiers, whose representations blind-  
ed the eye and closed the ear of the mo-  
narch; whose machinations polluted the  
fountains of justice. O holy Mahomet!  
he would exclaim—if thy servant had but  
an atom of thy power and a ray of thy in-  
telligence, how would he expose these hy-  
pocritical believers!

About this time a caravan arrived at Bal-  
sora. They had been absent two years  
from the city; during which period, they  
had taken an extensive circuit in their  
journey to and from Mecca, and had met  
many other companions traversing the de-  
sert. They brought with them the pearls,  
the perfumes, and the silks of Arabia,  
the delicate tissues of Cashmere, and  
the glittering treasures of Ormus. Many  
philosophers were in their company, travel-  
ling to observe mankind, and enrich their  
own country with the observations which  
they gleaned in the regions they visited.

Conloff was engaged for several days,  
in exchanging and trafficking with these  
merchants. In the course of his negotia-  
tions, his attention was frequently arrested  
by a company of Dervishes who arrived  
with the caravan and conversed in the bazar  
on the state of the city and of others which  
they had seen. Conloff fancied that one  
of their number took particular notice of  
him. This was a venerable old man, whose  
white hairs proclaimed him of an extended  
age; but his complexion had not lost its  
bloom. His eyes were grey, and flashed  
with intelligence. He leaned on his staff  
and surveyed the lively tumult around him,  
with air of one who had seen mankind  
in all their different aspects and attitudes.

Conloff was one day surprised by the Der-  
vishes advancing towards him. The old  
man measured the youth with a steady  
glance, and bade him follow. Conloff  
bowed and obeyed in silence. The Der-  
vish trod with a firm and quick step,  
through the streets and suburbs of the city.  
They came at length to a plain, at the ex-  
tremity of which they descended into a  
deep, green valley. Here grew a solitary  
gigantic palm, at the foot of which mur-  
mured a clear and narrow streamlet. The  
Dervish seated himself there, and thus ad-  
dressed his eager companion—"On this  
spot, a century ago, I was born. It is now  
what it then was; while revolutions have  
shaken empires, and levelled the mightiest  
cities. From this valley I shall never go  
more. Azrael has received his commission;  
I hear the rustling of his pinions. Of all  
the discoveries of a life, spent in examining  
the nature of men, genti and angels, and  
exploring the mysteries of nature, this ring  
on my finger is the most valuable and dan-  
gerous. It has the power of rendering its  
owner invisible, by turning the diamond  
towards the palm of the hand. Providence  
has thrown you in my path; you were des-  
tined from the beginning of time to inher-  
it this magic legacy, by which you may do  
much good, or bring ruin on yourself and

others, as you are guided by prudence, or  
hurried away by rashness or passion. You  
will find, O my son! that you have de-  
sires, which have hitherto been buried with  
in you, as that jewel was in the flaming cen-  
tre of earth, before I descended into the  
tremendous cavern from whence it was torn.  
Be cautious and discreet. And now my  
hour is come. Take this bequest; inter-  
me beneath the shadow of this palm, where  
my mother felt for me the pains of woman.  
There in its last tenement, whether my soul  
is destined to reanimate another mass, or  
shall pass into the world of spirits, and the  
communion of the prophet, there will lie all  
that then is left, of the wisdom and fame of  
the Dervish Atalmulc."

The old man leaned back against the  
palm, closed his eyelids and uttered no  
other sound. Conloff laid his hand upon  
his heart; but it had ceased to beat. With  
awful reverence, he dug up the earth from  
around the foot of the palm, wrapped the  
Dervish in his long vestments, and laid  
him in the grave he had chosen. Having re-  
placed the sod, he marked the situation of  
the valley, and retraced his steps towards the  
city.

The sun threw his last golden beam up-  
on the plain, as the eyes of Atalmulc closed  
in their eternal sleep. As Conloff traversed  
the plain, the uncertain shadows fell  
thicker around him. He descried two men  
at a distance, moving with cautious steps,  
and apparently bearing a burden. He de-  
termined to try the virtue of his ring, turn-  
ed the jewel inwards, and advanced towards  
them. Their conduct showed that they did  
not observe him, and he continued to watch  
their movements. He now perceived that  
they were slaves, and were supporting a  
chest, which they carried with extreme  
carefulness. When they arrived at the  
centre of the plain, they cast their eyes  
round with much anxiety; perceiving no  
object near them, they commenced turning  
up the sand, and soon came to an iron  
door. This they raised, and having struck  
a light, descended, concealing their taper.  
Conloff followed them. He saw nothing  
but a small square excavation, in which the  
two slaves deposited their chest, and imme-  
diately quitted the place and closed the  
earth over the vault. Conloff secured  
the materials with which they had lit their  
taper: he watched them until their forms  
were lost in darkness, and prepared to re-  
examine the place. "Innocence," said he,  
"loves not all this mystery; there is some-  
thing wrong in this business, and Allah  
wills that I should detect it." Making  
these reflections he again entered the sub-  
terranean chamber; he broke open the box  
with much difficulty, and his sight was daz-  
zled with the splendor of Jewels—larger  
and more brilliant than any he ever before  
had beheld. His eye sparkled with trans-  
port as he gazed on the treasures before  
him. "It were," said he, "a dowry fit  
for the daughter of the great Caliph, or his  
Queen Zodiade." But he checked his  
exultations; for conscience suggested that  
he had no right to what he saw. It was  
the property of another, which he was anx-  
ious to secure. "And yet," exclaimed he,  
"why this anxiety, if it was gained by ho-  
nest industry? No—it is probably the  
wages of crime; it was stolen from some  
unfortunate merchant, or wrung by the  
withered fingers of avarice, or the iron grasp  
of tyranny, from starving misery, or hope-  
less servitude." He gazed again on the  
treasure; and seizing the precious box,  
quitted the chamber, replaced the earth, and  
proceeded to the city. As he lingered on  
the verge of the plain, conscience again told  
him, that, by whatever means the jewels  
were obtained, he had no more right in them  
than any other man, and was guilty of a crime

at least as great as their possessors. His  
first impulse was to return; but, thought  
he, robbers are now prowling; and though  
unseen myself, I cannot open the cave  
without observation. I will keep this  
treasure, as a sacred deposit, until I disco-  
ver the true owner. Thus silencing the  
deep voice within him, he regained his  
home unnoticed, and secured his prize in a  
private apartment. He then entered the  
streets in search of farther adventures.

As Conloff passed through the streets his  
attention was arrested by a great crowd as-  
sembled round the door of the Cadi's house.  
His curiosity was excited, on beholding  
such a collection, at so unusual an hour; he  
advanced through the midst of the popu-  
lace into the room where justice was ad-  
ministered, and perceived a man, wringing  
his hands, and tearing his hair, with every  
expression of grief, that refused all consola-  
tion. "My daughter! my daughter!"  
he exclaimed, "the villain has ruined my  
child, and villain has ruined my child, and  
will leave her to perish." "Every possi-  
ble search has been made, Sir," said the  
Cadi "to-morrow we will renew our in-  
vestigation; meantime the gates of the city  
shall be doubly guarded." After many  
vehement imprecations and bursts of grief,  
the merchant departed, and the mob disper-  
ed.

Conloff followed the stranger until they  
were free from observation; then revealing  
himself, told him he had heard his com-  
plaints, and thought he might prove of ser-  
vice to him. "My name," said the mer-  
chant, "is Mirgeban; I am a merchant  
of Damascus, and was preparing to travel  
to this city, in the course of my business.  
An aged villain, whom I had considered as  
my friend, took advantage of the bustle of  
my affairs, carried off my daughter, the  
pride and hope of my old age, with all  
my treasure; which, for the convenience  
of transportation, I had converted into  
jewels. He then joined the caravan, which  
has lately arrived in this city, took my name  
and personated me. I follow'd as soon as I  
had discovered his black treachery, and af-  
ter many perils in the journey, after hav-  
ing been attacked by robbers, who depriv-  
ed me of the pitiful remnant of my prop-  
erty, and of the documents I had brought to  
prove my identity and assert my rights, I  
reached Balsora. But my destroyer has  
taken his measures effectually. I have rea-  
son to believe him in one of the narrow streets, in  
the opposite extremity of the town; but the search  
of the officers has proved unsuccessful; friendless  
and unknown, my truth suspected, my rights un-  
supported, I am left to die in a distant country."  
"How were your jewels packed?" asked Con-  
loff: "In a bark chest," replied Mirgeban,  
"bound with iron, with a verse from the Koran  
inscribed upon them, which the impious wretch  
disregarded."—"Allah be praised," exclaimed  
the youth, "I have already been the instrument  
of performing one act of justice." He bade the  
merchant await his return, flew to the house of  
Bonbec, and soon restored the box to Mirgeban.  
The latter could not express his gratitude; he  
offered to divide the contents with Conloff, if he  
would meet him at his caravanerai on the next  
morning. The youth rejected the offer, and the  
merchant was lost in wonder at his disinterested  
behaviour. Conloff inquired the name and situa-  
tion of the street, where the false friend was sup-  
posed to have concealed himself; and left Mirge-  
ban promising to meet him the next day. Making  
himself invisible, he traversed the city, and gained  
the spot to which he had been directed. All was  
now silent around. The shops were closed, and  
the Mussulmen had retired to their couches. He  
had not been waiting long, before he espied a man  
advancing towards him, with cautious and appa-  
rently anxious steps. He soon recognised the per-  
son of one of the slaves, whom he had before seen  
on the plain.

To be Concluded in our next.

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